

# HOMESPUN



STANLEY WILSON

OUR HERITAGE



# HOMESPUN

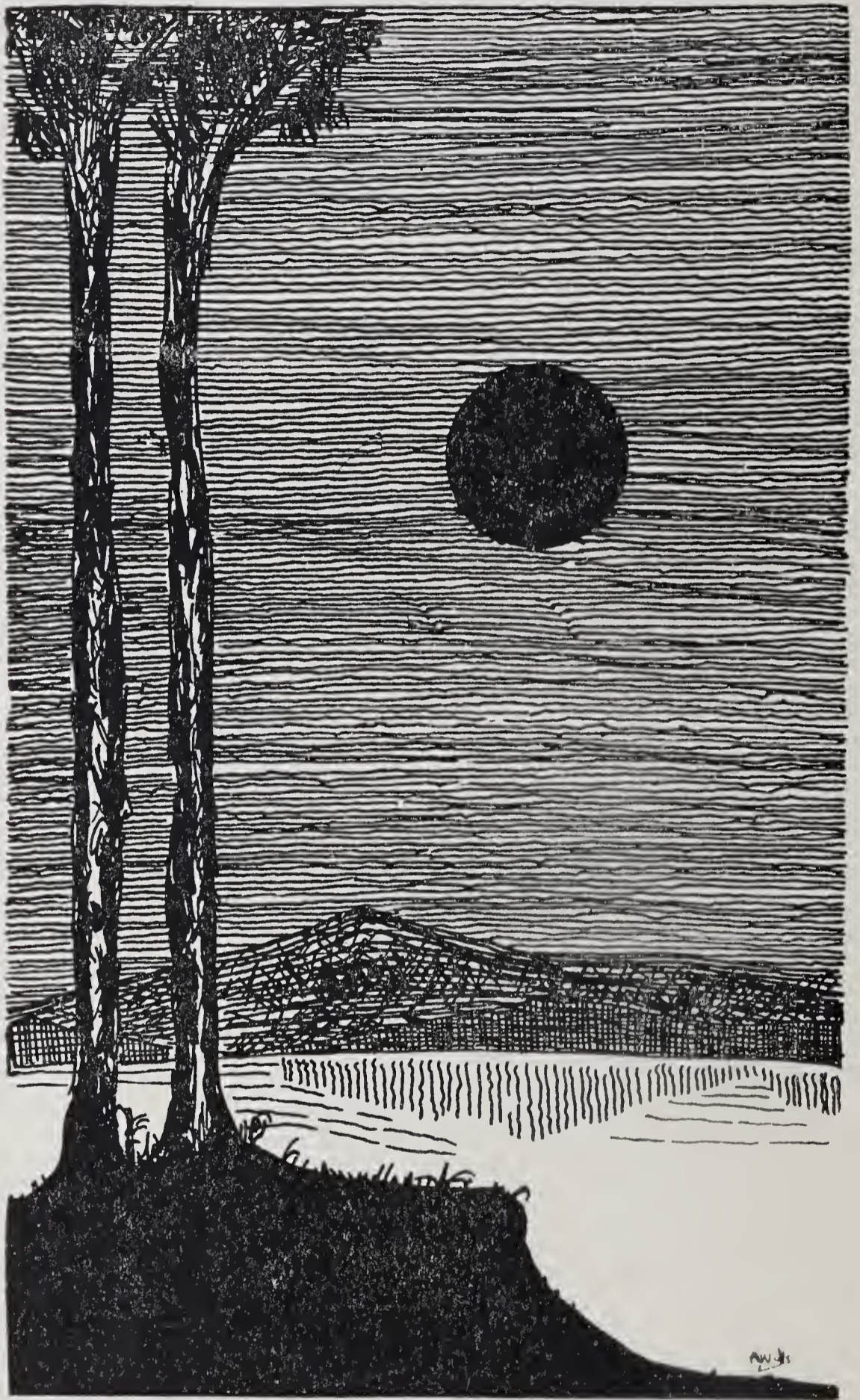
A LITERARY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE  
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL, GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 23, 1926, at the  
Post Office at Greensboro, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879

VOLUME VI    NOVEMBER    .    1930    NUMBER 1

## Contents

|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| FRONTISPIECE.....                                    | Anna Wills          |
| THE WEAVE  |                     |
| Our Heritage ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                   | Isaac Gregory       |
| Racial Elements in North Carolina.....               | Kate Wilkins        |
| The Little Rebel.....                                | Manie Leake Parsons |
| Carolina ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                       | Nancy Hudson        |
| COLORS IN THE WEAVE                                  |                     |
| Poet, Sing! ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                    | Susanne Ketchum     |
| Faith of the Fathers.....                            | Katherine Clements  |
| Phantom Voices ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                 | Grace Hobbs         |
| Old Mac Ross.....                                    | Katherine Clements  |
| Forget Not ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                     | Margaret Banks      |
| The Origin of Tar Heel.....                          | Virginia Wyrick     |
| WARP AND WOOF  |                     |
| Looking Ahead.....                                   | William Edgerton    |
| Carry On.....  | Manie Leake Parsons |
| A Misconception.....                                 | Nancy Hudson        |
| TANGLED THREADS                                      |                     |
| Within My Heart ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                | Susanne Ketchum     |
| Ambition's Call Unheeded ( <i>Verse</i> ).....       | Nancy Hudson        |
| Through the Arch.....                                | Anna Wills          |
| Revenge.....   | Billy Edgerton      |
| Chant ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                          | Grace Hobbs         |
| The Sphinx ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                     | Vivian Bast         |
| As They Pass ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                   | Nancy Hudson        |
| Beauty ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                         | Susanne Ketchum     |
| Autumn Imps ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                    | Lois Lazenby        |
| For Me ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                         | Grace Hobbs         |
| Windows ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                        | Grace Hobbs         |
| A Star ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                         | Susanne Ketchum     |
| PATTERNS   |                     |
| The Green Pastures.....                              | Edward Cone         |
| Laughing Boy.....                                    | Helen Crutchfield   |
| RAVELINGS  |                     |
| Sir Walter Raleigh ( <i>Verse</i> ).....             | Henry Bagley        |
| Pedigreed Ancestors.....                             | Joe Gawthrop        |
| The Human Side of the Food Question ( <i>Verse</i> ) | Henry Bagley        |
| Breaks in Battalions.....                            | Anna Wills          |
| The End of Time ( <i>Verse</i> ).....                | Henry Bagley        |
| Cows.....  | Nancy Hudson        |
| THE SHUTTLE.....                                     | Frances Kernodle    |
| THE WEAVERS' GUILD                                   |                     |
| Unattainable Gods ( <i>Verse</i> ).....              | Louis Brooks        |
| Thunderstorm.....                                    | Rebecca Heath       |





# THE WEAVE

## OUR HERITAGE

ISAAC GREGORY

The heritage of man is manifold,  
But two stand out among the other things,  
As would two lords among their underlings.  
In songs both old and new they have been told.  
The first is courage firm—the will to hold  
The head unbowed to tyrant law; to sing  
The song of liberty with heart-felt ring.  
And last is love more precious than pure gold.

It is from this, our heritage, that we  
Derive the means of all our earthly might.  
It is through love of fellowman, of God,  
And native land that we are grandly free.  
This love and courage bold may we keep bright  
To win the praise of the eternal Bard.

# RACIAL ELEMENTS IN NORTH CAROLINA

KATE WILKINS

IT is often said that the population of North Carolina is almost entirely of pure English stock. This statement, however, is incorrect. Four principal racial elements have been fused together to produce the modern North Carolinian. First, of course, is the Anglo-Saxon; second, the Celtic Scotch-Highlander; third, the Scotch-Irish; and fourth, the German.

The commercial Englishmen were the first to settle in this state. Due to the fact that they outnumbered the other races, their influence has been more strongly felt than that of any other people. The English came down from Virginia with the peaceful purpose of buying land from the Indians. They settled in Albemarle, and from there their settlements spread out over the flat lowlands of eastern Carolina even to the Piedmont. Their history here is like themselves, somewhat unromantic, but displaying an almost incredible amount of common sense. These people with their law-abiding, home-loving natures have given North Carolina some of its most enduring possessions: the English church, the English law, and the English language.

The second great element, the Scotch-Highlanders, came seeking peace from the greatly disturbed conditions in Scotland. They settled in the Cape Fear region and had their chief village in what is now Fayetteville. For many years they lived their simple, religious lives in peace and content. Because of the Highlanders' honorable characters and deliberate convictions, both armies in the American Revolution were anxious to secure them as allies. The Scotch wished to remain neutral, but that proved impossible. Most of them remained faithful to the mother country. When peace was finally restored, this people quietly united in the great work of putting a new-born nation on its feet.

The liberty-loving Scotch-Irish, though, have perhaps done more to advance the cause of democracy in our state than any other race. The Scotch-Irish were originally those who emigrated from the west lowlands of Scotland to Ulster, Ireland, when that part of

Ireland was vacated by lords fleeing before the wrath of James the First, who had intercepted their treasonable correspondence with Spain. The industrious Scotch proved to be excellent colonists. However, such strong Presbyterians greatly resented the placing of all Ireland under Catholic rule and left their newly-established homes to set sail for America. The Scotch-Irish first settled in the North, but later they ventured south and west. In North Carolina the colonists built their homes in the Piedmont section—many, in our own Guilford County. Mecklenburg, however, was the central point of colonization in this state. These people, whose lives centered about the church, were intelligent and industrious. According to one writer, their greatest fault was that often “their prudence degenerated to distrust, and their thrift to avarice.” In North Carolina history this race is outstanding in its patriotism, especially in connection with the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence and the battle of King’s Mountain. The Scotch-Irish have always been interested in our government, commercial undertakings, and education. From such antecedents has sprung a long line of soldiers, statesmen, and preachers who have always stood for truth and right.

The last important racial element in North Carolina is that of the German. Early German emigrants are known as “Palatines” because they first came from a section around Heidelberg called “The Palatinate of the Rhine.” Like the Scotch-Irish, they first settled in the North, but came south for one of several reasons. Many left Pennsylvania because lands could not be obtained in that state without great difficulty. Others came in the endless quest for adventure, and some, filled with a burning religious zeal, came in the hope of converting the Indians. These colonists settled for the most part between the Neuse and Cape Fear rivers. One group of Germans came over with some Swiss settlers headed by Christopher de Graffenreid, who named their chief city New Bern after the capital city of their native land. These people underwent many hardships and showed themselves to be frugal, industrious, and just. Two German religious sects, the Lutherans and the Moravians, came to this state to obtain greater religious freedom. The Moravians founded communities upon their own principles so that they could

be free from all outside interference. These settlements soon became centers of early education and culture. The Germans were a superior element among our first citizens.

Although the English, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, and Germans were the most important races to settle in North Carolina, there were, of course, other elements. A small band of French Huguenots established themselves on the banks of the Neuse River to which they had come from Virginia where, for want of land, they had not prospered. These French colonists were thrifty and skilful. At the present a large percentage of North Carolina's inhabitants are negroes, the progenitors of whom were brought over by the slave traders in the early years of our history. The only true native North Carolinians are the Indians. Today, the bedraggled remnants of that proud race that used to roam wild and free over all of Carolina are living on two Indian reservations in the western part of the state.

These are the races that have founded the state of North Carolina and together have produced the modern North Carolinian. The future welfare of the state depends upon this North Carolinian, and we cannot understand him without a knowledge of his predecessors. The Scotch-Highlanders gave him loyalty to his leader and fiery courage; the Scotch-Irish, shrewdness in business, deep religious convictions, and patriotism; the English, love of home and respect for law; and the Germans, skill and desire for scholarship. The youth of North Carolina has a great responsibility resting upon his shoulders—the advancement of this commonwealth which the first North Carolinians worked so diligently to make secure.



# THE LITTLE REBEL\*

MANIE LEAKE PARSONS

THE fair, wan mother turned her head on her pillow and gazed tenderly at the tiny bundle Aunt Millie held in her fat black arms. It was, in reality, an ugly little bundle, red and squirming under its pink blanket. But to the weary mother it was beautiful and precious, for it was her son, only one day old. Aunt Millie held him on her ample lap, carefully bathing him before the open fire. The old woman talked constantly to the baby in a soft, crooning tone, now and then raising her voice slightly to address the mother.

“Yes, suh, he’s mammy’s own honey-chile, ain’t he? He’s got de purtiest eyes in de whole family—an’ he’s gonna have a purty nose, soon’s it gits over bein’ so little an’ kinda squashed-like.” All the while she bathed him gently—the tiny hands, the rose-petal ears, and the “squashed-like” nose. When she came to this part of her task (though she enjoyed it so one could scarcely give it that name), she spoke slightly louder.

“I ’clare ’fo’ goodness, Miss Jo, this heah chile’s got de littlest nose I ever see! Cain’t do nothin’ with um.”

Miss Jo, who was used to Aunt Millie’s queer expressions, only smiled as the old woman kept up her steady monologue. Finally, the baby was bathed, powdered, and dressed, and Aunt Millie placed him in the bed by his mother. What bliss to feel his soft little head on her arm! And musing thus, the mother sighed happily and slept by her son.

They christened him Alexander, but from the moment he was carried back from the altar he was called Alex. And Alex he remained throughout his sunny childhood; in fact he never really outgrew that name. With his curly, blond hair, deep violet eyes, and strong, sturdy little body, he was a striking-looking, attractive little boy. Every one on the plantation from the smallest darky to his own father loved him most of all, though he had two fine, handsome older brothers. But, with all this adoration, Alex

---

\* This story is based upon the life and death of my great-uncle, Alexander Moore.

remained unspoiled, generous, and natural, loving the world in general and being grateful when his brothers allowed him to take even the smallest part in their games.

Alex admired his older brothers extravagantly and longed to be able to do the things they did with such apparent ease. Upon their bidding he would climb the highest tree, swim the widest place in the river, and ride the wildest horse, though his heart sometimes sank with freezing fear. However, aside from a broken leg, Alex came through their tutelage unharmed, and at sixteen was as strong and brave a boy as ever came out of Dixie.

And now at sixteen, for the first time in his life Alex found the skies, which had always been so cheerfully blue, dark and threatening. The South's liberty and rights had been questioned, and her sons had risen to fight.

It was a pitiful struggle from the first, and, as time passed and the end drew near, it became heart-rending—thinning ranks, whose gaps were filled by courageous little boys who knew nothing of the world at peace, much less torn and red with war; insufficient supplies; and ports and roads of communication seized by the enemy. Only the courage and loyalty of the men were as strong as at first, every mother's son of them a rebel, and proud of it!

Naturally, Alex caught the spirit, the eager fever the war inspired, and begged his parents to let him go. Silently he watched his brothers leave, splendid in their uniforms of gray, and implored his mother to let him go too. But her heart was already aching with suspense and heavy with grief, and he was her last, her baby son. Finally, Alex gave up and resigned himself to the sad, quiet life of the plantation.

How different it was there now! All the slaves had departed, lured away by the magic, mysterious word, freedom. Only Aunt Millie and Uncle George, her husband, remained. Hence, Alex found himself a very busy person, for the large house and extensive grounds required much attention. The fields had long been abandoned and, though the summer was at its height, they stood bare and forlorn. No luscious green corn, no hardy cotton grew in their long rows as they had for so many years past. No sweating, singing negroes plowed and chopped their regular furrows. No more

gay parties, lit by hundreds of candles and entertained by tuneful orchestras, kept the old house company in the soft summer nights. All in all, Alex found it very lonely; so he kept busy most of the day in self defense.

One day his mother gave him a note to deliver to a friend of hers across the river. Alex took it gladly, for he knew the Confederate Army was encamped on the opposite banks, and he hoped to see the soldiers. As he drew near the ragged tents of the camp, he suddenly met an officer at a turn in the path.

"Hi, there, my boy. Where are you goin'?"

"Down the river a little," replied the lad. "I've got a note to deliver for my mother."

"And what's your name?"

"Alex Moore. I live over that way. Both of my brothers are in the army."

"Well, why aren't you? How old are you?" asked the officer.

"I'm sixteen. I want to enlist, but my mother and father say I'm too young."

"Well, you come with me. You won't have to enlist. You're conscripted!"

And so Alex was led into the camp, given a uniform, and registered in the army. In spite of all his requests, he was not permitted to return home even long enough to tell his parents goodbye. In a day or two the division moved on into territory strange to Alex. But even though it was strange, he welcomed it, for it meant resting for weeks until they received further orders. The long, hot days of marching had been doubly hard on this untrained youngster, loaded with his heavy rifle and pack. But he became resigned, and when at last they reached camp, he tried not to think of home, or his mother and father.

One day, however, he seemed to be sunk in a mood of depression from which nothing could rouse him. All day he had lived in the past, the happy, carefree days that, as he realized, were gone forever. Finally, he decided to go down to the river and bathe, thinking that perhaps he would feel better if he got up and out.

Slowly he walked to the river's edge and then a little up stream, where the water was clearer and the woods quieter. As he bent low

and the cold water met his face, a hot burning needle pierced his back. He felt a choking sensation, his head seemed to reel, and, with a gasp, he fell face downward into the peaceful stream. His blood, warm and red, oozed from his mouth into the water.

And even as the Yankee sharp-shooter triumphantly carved another notch on his rifle butt, the friendly river carried the boy's blood on downstream. On, on, it floated, till at last it reached the very curve upon which stood the lovely, white house he had been born in such a short, short time before. It flowed into the widest stretch, which he had so proudly swum under his brothers' critical eyes. On, on, and into the sea, the strange, huge sea, which he did not know, had never seen.



## CAROLINA

NANCY HUDSON

I think there was a silence in heaven  
When God made Carolina—  
A throbbing silence of reverence.  
I think the angels wept dew-drop tears,  
Trembling, white-heart tears,  
To see the beauty  
Of a perfect land.  
I think there was a song in the Maker's soul  
When He fashioned Carolina—  
A song of green rivers and high mountains,  
Of fertile valleys and a wind-swept sea—  
A song of happiness—  
A song that was "Carolina."  
I think He sang the song—  
Sang the song to the waiting earth,  
And the song was writ upon the earth—  
Writ in notes of ice and fire,  
And the song was "Carolina."



# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## POET, SING!

SUSANNE KETCHUM

Poet, sing a lovely song  
Filled with truth and beauty!  
Poet, sing a joyful song  
Thrilling to the skies!  
Poet, sing of shore and mountain  
And the rolling land between!  
Sing a wondrous song of beauty  
For the long-leaf pine!  
Sing of orchards in full bloom;  
Sing of luscious fruit;  
Sing, poet, sing of Carolina!

# FAITH OF THE FATHERS

KATHERINE PAGE CLEMENTS

AT the outbreak of the Revolution, almost within hailing distance of the present site of the Guilford Battleground, there lived a family of Friends named Bland. None could speak evil of Reuben Bland. Tall of stature and broad of frame, with silver locks of hair hanging down to his shoulders, he was a venerable patriarch. He, in common with a number of his neighbors, was an expert gunsmith. Many of his guns were used by the colonies in their struggle with England. God had abundantly blessed him and his good wife Rachel with a large family, and they in turn had reared these same children in the strict Quaker doctrine and in the love of God.

It was Reuben's dearest wish that some day his eldest son, Peter, would enlist in the army of the Lord. He was never happier than when speaking to Peter; he would talk of the time "when thou wilt go about thy Father's work." It seemed that Peter would fulfill his father's desire, for he always delighted in poring over books pertaining to the Quaker doctrine and theology.

One night Peter looked up from his studies to inform his father, "Father, in the morning I am off to join the Continental Army."

A look of pain and surprise mingled in old Reuben's eyes. "My son, wouldst thou forsake the faith of thy fathers? Thou knowest that we regard war as sinful and mockery to God."

"But here in thy Book, father, it says, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends.'"

No further word of protest arose from Reuben's lips. He had taught his children to be self-reliant and to make decisions for themselves.

"If it appears in the Good Book, it is so. If thy conscience dictates it, go."

The next morning when Peter awakened, an hour before sun-up, he found his father already up and about the place. When the time came to make his departure, his father offered to accompany him away. Seizing his favorite rifle and a small bundle, turning to

his wife, he took her in his arms and kissed her. "My good wife, I go to kill varmint which of late have been pestering the surrounding countryside. Doubtless it will be sometime before I return."

His wife understood. "Goodbye, Reuben, God be with thee." The two vanished from sight down the road, swinging their guns in one hand and their bundles in the other. They made a beautiful pair. One was young and straight as a sapling; the other was old, but equally as straight.

Months were to elapse before the two fighting Quakers were to return again to the scene with which they were familiar. Shortly after leaving home they received their baptism of fire as members of the Continental Army. Then, together with their comrades in arms, they engaged in many skirmishes with the British. Sometimes they were victorious; on other occasions their hearts were saddened by defeat. The hardships which they suffered were untold. It was not uncommon for them to wade knee deep in mire and mud, which was reddened by the blood of fallen comrades.

When they again saw their homeland, they were members of General Greene's detachment, who were in hot pursuit of the Red-Coats. Only a short distance from their home, under the gallant leadership of General Greene, a Quaker himself, and a brave officer, they encountered the British under Cornwallis in a running battle. Although outnumbered, the Colonials made a courageous stand against the superior force of the enemy. It was here that young Peter went down with a ball from a British musket through his heart. Reuben had only time to lay his son gently down, and then he was off, bent on annihilating the entire British forces under Cornwallis to end the struggle for American independence. He saw the British lay down their arms as the bands played that stirring air, "The World Turned Upside Down."

Reuben was to return a short time later to his little farm. He was to be hailed as a hero, and with characteristic modesty he was unaffected by the songs of praise sung to his name.

There was one, however, who did not rejoice in the success of Reuben. He rebuked him openly. "Thou didst wrong, my friend. Here in the Holy Book it is written, 'Blessed are the peacemakers'."

“Wouldst thou accept only portions of the Book and reject the rest?” And he pointed to the passage which Peter had read the night before they had been off to war—the passage that had changed his entire life. “Parson, after thou hast been buried as a forgotten divine, history will point to my son and bless his name.”



## PHANTOM VOICES

GRACE HOBBS

Our hand—our pens—our souls  
Have fashioned lovely things  
That sparkle in the sunlight  
Like hidden, singing springs—  
That lie trembling in the twilight  
Like some heart-poet's theme.  
Our phantom voices plead to you  
To strive—and gain—and dream.

You, too, are singers of rare songs  
Of curling smoke sent through the trees,  
Of lonely woodland vales in spring  
And sunny songs of birds and bees.  
Your heritage is song—our songs  
Of joy and freedom given;  
Your land, a canopy of joy;  
Your promise—ours—heaven.



# OLD MAC ROSS

KATHERINE PAGE CLEMENTS

OLD MAC ROSS had been sheriff of Rockingham County for years and years. No other man in that section could ever be as good for the job as he. He was a smart old man. He owned the largest farm in the county, not to mention all the property that belonged to him in the city. His twelve children had all been educated. That was a thing that could not be said of many people in that day, especially of those who lived in a village as small as Wentworth. Old Ross had been the one who nominated the last President. Oh, there are lots of other things that could be said about him, for a finer man never lived than Old Mac Ross. He was a gentleman through and through.

It so happened that Wentworth was in Rockingham County; and since hanging was one of the duties of the sheriff, this was a thing that Old Mac Ross had to do.

Now Orange Ross was an ancient negro that had been in Old Mac's family for years. Old Mac could remember how, when they were children, Orange's old father, Ephraim, used to tell them stories. Orange had been Old Mac's favorite of all the slaves on his father's plantation. And even after they had grown up, and Old Mac had become so prominent, he had still been a friend to Orange. Sometimes Orange would come and work for him for two or three years. Then he would go off and wander around, only to return. But lately, Old Mac had sort of lost track of Orange.

Then came the startling news that Orange Ross, negro, had killed a man. Killed a man! Ah, it could not be true! His own dear old colored friend? But it was true!

A negro man had run off with Orange's youngest daughter. This had broken old Orange's heart; and when they did finally return, and he saw the man, Orange was suddenly seized by a violent fit of anger. He just pulled out a gun and shot the man. And that was all there was to it.

Old Mac pulled out a handkerchief to stop a tear that was sliding down his face. He knew that this story Orange had been

telling him was true—every word of it. And yet—oh, he could not bear to think of it—hanging his life-time friend.

The day of the hanging arrived. It was ten minutes before the time set for Orange Ross to be hanged. Those of us who were there and saw old Mac Ross waiting have all agreed that never before or since have we seen such a look of pity and distress on a man's face. And then Orange was brought in—a shaky, trembling old negro—bearing the look of one who is meeting death. As his eyes met those of Old Mac Ross, a slow, sad smile crept over his face—and then faded as slowly.

Old Mac Ross retained that quiet composure that we had all noticed, until, just as the negro was pronounced dead, he gave a low short cry.

“I didn't kill him—it was the law,” he muttered.

And then Old Mac Ross fell in a crumpled heap at our feet—dead!



## FORGET NOT

MARGARET BANKS

Red blood—  
Running in the snow  
Like some hideous poison;  
Grief—  
Clutching men and women  
And tearing hearts and souls from weak bodies;  
Trouble—  
Looming large on the black horizon  
And wiping out the light of day;  
Pain—  
Crushing all thought  
And piercing men with fiery brands;  
Hate—

Gnawing through all barriers of love  
And smashing them to bits;  
Death—  
Dropping crushed bodies from its fingers  
And snarling at cries for mercy;  
These—yes, these  
And all other horrors  
They endured for us.

And who are we?  
Blood of old England, Scotland, and France—  
Americans, one and all—  
Rejoice in your freedom,  
Abide in your peace,  
But forget not those who have toiled!  
Oh, forget not those hungered, sickened men,  
Those grief-stricken, half-crazed women,  
Those suffering, fearing, dying lines  
That gave you the torch you bear!  
They lit its flame with their scarlet blood;  
It burns with their sad, white bodies.  
Hold it high, American youth, high over the world,  
And remember the price they paid!



## THE ORIGIN OF TAR HEEL

VIRGINIA WYRICK

The North Carolinian's nickname is "Tar Heel." There are several stories of how this name originated. Some of the stories may, of course, be legends and some may be true; nevertheless they are all interesting.

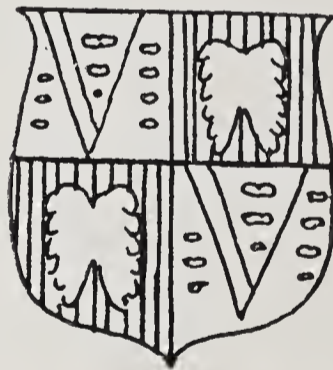
One version is told about the planters of a neighborhood in North Carolina gathering together with all their families for a big all-day picnic. After having a big time all day, all the families settled around a big bon fire that night. In order to decide which

plantation was the best, they decided to have a dancing contest in which one slave from each plantation was to participate. It was so difficult, however, to decide the winner that they were forced to try another plan. This time they put tar on the negro's bare feet; then the men threw coins on the ground, and the slave who got the most money to stick to his feet won the contest. From this unique contest some people say that "Tar Heel" originated.

The version that every North Carolinian should be proud of, however, is that about the North Carolina soldiers during the Civil War. One of the generals of the army during the Civil War said that the North Carolinians stood their ground so firmly that it looked as if they had tar on their feet. Usually when a person from another state asks a native of North Carolina why it is called the "Tar Heel" State, he tells the story of the soldiers.

Immense quantities of turpentine, resin, tar, and pitch are produced from the forests of North Carolina. This fact stated by histories is the real reason that North Carolina is called the "Tar Heel" state.

So it is seen that there are several versions of the origin of the nickname "Tar Heel."



# WARP AND WOOF

## EDITORIAL STAFF

WILLIAM EDGERTON, *Editor-in-Chief*  
MANIE LEAKE PARSONS, *Associate Editor*  
GRACE HOBBS, *Associate Editor*

### *Assistant Editors*

Susanne Ketchum  
Nancy Hudson  
Katherine Page Clements

Henry Bagley  
Frances Kernodle  
Martha Shuford

Edward Cone  
Helen Crutchfield  
W. B. Davis

### *Art Editors*

Anna Wills  
Frances Jones  
Lynwood Burnette



### *Typing Editors*

Merle Garrison  
Ruby Blalock  
Mary Spencer

### *Business Managers*

Rigdon Dees  
Clary Holt

### *Faculty Advisers*

Miss Tillett      Miss Craig  
Miss Lee          Miss Walker

---

## *Looking Ahead*

THIS year, in selecting a theme to be carried out in HOMESPUN, we turn homeward, look about our own doorstep, and choose as our objective an attempt to interpret and portray life in North Carolina as we who live here see it. We do not wish to advertise or to glorify our state, for we know that North Carolina is far from perfect; she has her faults as well as her virtues. But we do believe that in our own native state there lies a vast store of tradition, and history, and drama, and romance that, as yet, has scarcely been touched upon in literature. Therefore, it is with the hope of making some worthy contribution to the literature of North

Carolina that we endeavor to translate into words some of the atmosphere that is present in our native state.

To us, the youth of North Carolina, falls a task and a privilege that cannot be fulfilled by our elders. Although the viewpoint that comes with age and experience is far more valuable than the unripened outlook of youth, still, age has lost some of the glamor and optimism that fades with the passing years. Age retains memories of younger days, but it can no longer think as youth. Accordingly, it is our hope that we may put into permanent form our impressions of North Carolina—impressions that are fast growing dim in the swift transition of youth into maturity.

So it is that we turn first to our heritage—to the customs, and traits, and the colorful history that have been handed down to us through many generations.

We North Carolinians are descended from a mixture of several races. The English, the Scotch, the Germans, the Swiss, and the Dutch have all combined to make the North Carolina of today. Each race, by its settlement on our soil, has left a deep imprint upon the state and the people. Each has imparted certain characteristics to its descendants; and these characteristics, blended more smoothly together by each new generation, are present in the North Carolinians of today.

Few of us boast of being descended from aristocracy. We are proud, however, of the fact that the people who settled upon the shores of Carolina were a hardy, pioneering folk—honest, industrious, religious, lovers of justice and freedom. These, rather than coats-of-arms, titled ancestors, and royal lineage, are the qualities which have actually guided the destiny of our state; and these are the principles which constitute our heritage—a heritage upon which we look with pride.

*William Edgerton*

## *Carry On*

What a lot we have to live up to here in the Greensboro High School! What a heritage of scholarship and leadership we have had handed down to us! For Greensboro High School has always been one of the foremost schools in the state, participating in many activities, and usually standing in the forefront. The students, now long ago graduated, who gave the school the beginnings of a reputation for leadership, have each left something to it as it is today.

Former editors of *HOMESPUN*, who helped this grow to what it is today, when it should be a source of pride to every student in school, have each left a decided impress on the magazine. So it is up to the present staff to carry on and hold the torch high.

The teachers and students who were first interested in various extra-curricular activities and encouraged their organization in Greensboro High School have left a very definite influence on the school. One can hardly imagine the school without its publications, its debating club, its opera and music contests, its dramatic club, and its French club. Somewhere, in years long gone, a teacher or pupil in Greensboro High School saw the need of these organizations here and began to form them into clubs. To them, certainly, we owe a debt of gratitude!

And so we all leave something here when we depart to other interests and other paths. Good or bad, worthy or unworthy, we leave an influence on some activity, on scholastic records, or perhaps only on a few students whom we leave here, and who, in turn, pass that influence on to others. Does it not seem then that each of us would like to leave something worthy of emulation, something we can think of later with pride?

*Manie L. Parsons*

## *A Misconception*

It is a grave misconception on the part of outsiders that North Carolinians pronounce the name of their state "North Ca'lina." Whether we are accused of this because of our supposed slowness of speech, or because of some few who really do say "North Ca'lina," one is not sure. At any rate, it is most assuredly a false belief.

I find that the majority of the people of North Carolina pronounce every syllable of the words (not, of course, including the negroes). I also find that outsiders coming into our state very often mispronounce it "North Ca'lina." Perhaps they do it in an attempt to imitate what they think is the Southern dialect, which many of them find attractive, or from an habitual carelessness; or occasionally, very, very seldom, it is from ignorance. However, they receive no encouragement from the genuine North Carolinians.

We shall welcome the day when this belief is destroyed, and we are credited with a natural *celerity*.

*Nancy Hudson*





# TANGLED THREADS

## WITHIN MY HEART

SUSANNE KETCHUM

Oh, reds and browns and russets of October,  
Fear not that when you fall to earth,  
You shall be soon forgotten,  
For my heart shall make a place for you;  
My soul shall take you in,  
And when the skies have lost their color  
And the trees are dark and bare,  
I shall be just as happy, for  
I know there is color  
Within my heart.



# THROUGH THE ARCH

ANNA WILLS

Just at twilight I stopped and gazed. Through the black arch of the bridge the grey-blue pavement led—up a slight incline, then down again. On either side were tall, black poles, placed uniformly there, at the top of which were lights that were yellow in the coming night. To the right I could see the dark silhouette of a tall building, with its jagged top against the sky, still crimson with sunset's glow. It was silent—beautifully silent—and I sighed as I passed on.

. . . . .

Just at midnight I stopped and gazed. There was no black arch—everything was black. The dim lights cast a dull glow on the nearby buildings. The sky was a sea of darkness; where the sky and street met I could not tell. It was silent—deathly silent—and I shuddered as I moved away.



# A LOVELY THOUGHT

SUSANNE KETCHUM

A lovely thought  
Escaped my mind,  
Slipped out,  
Was lost.  
A lovely thought  
That haunts me  
Was lost  
Because  
My mind was filled  
With trivial things.

# REVENGE

BILLY EDGERTON

**T**HE Rattler had seen only three men during all his life, and none of the three had seen him. That is why he was still alive. One of the three had passed him at a distance no greater than the snake's own length, but a peaceful disposition on the part of the Rattler had enabled him to remain unseen.

It was during a hot afternoon in late summer, while he was sunning himself on a log, that the Rattler saw his fourth man. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, he had found himself awake. Soon he heard in the distance the crackling of heavy feet tramping upon dry leaves. Motionless as death itself, he waited and listened as the sound became louder. In a moment he saw coming toward him that most dangerous of all animals, that creature whose mind is more deadly than the claws of a grizzly or the fangs of a mountain lion. Coming toward him at a slow, steady gait, never hesitating, never turning, was a man.

The man came nearer. Now he was scarcely ten paces away; now five; now three. When the man was barely two strides distant, when two short steps lay between him and two deadly fangs, the big snake began to rattle.

The man stopped, jumped back, and ran a short distance away. For several moments man and snake were silent and immovable, neither of them daring to take his eyes from the other.

Then the Rattler saw his enemy pick up a long stick and slowly approach him. When the man was near enough, he raised the stick high, held it poised a moment, and brought it down with a crushing force upon the Rattler's outstretched body.

Weakened by long exposure to weather, the stick hit the Rattler and broke, causing the man to lose his balance and to fall slightly forward.

Quickly the Rattler coiled, spread his jaws wide, and struck, burying two slender fangs deep in the legs of his enemy.

The stranger began a loud, frenzied jabbering, which the Rattler, having only the mind of a snake, could not understand. Howling

madly, a hand upon his bitten leg, the man hobbled away in the direction whence he had come.

The Rattler felt tired, and weak, and sick. Every muscle in his body ached, and his wounded back was beginning to swell. A passionate hatred arose within him—hatred of that man, of all men. Why had this stranger tried to kill him? Snakes killed only for food, or to save themselves; but men—the Rattler could not understand . . . .

It lasted more than half the long night. Just that one spot on his back at first; then the pain began to spread. It was a maddening pain—one that gripped his body like the merciless jaws of a steel trap. It was paralyzing, unbearable, even for a snake.

The first gray streaks of morning had not yet begun to appear when the Rattler found that his whole body was feeling numb. The pain—there was no more pain. He could no longer feel anything; he could scarcely move; and his eyes were becoming dim. But the Rattler did not care now; he just wanted to go to sleep—to forget everything.

Just before the stars had begun to fade from the morning sky, the Rattler crawled out of his tired, wrecked body and floated upward. It wasn't very clear to him just how he did it. One moment he was lying on the ground, feeble, wounded, helpless; and the next moment he found himself hovering above the earth, looking down at his former self, at the old Rattler. A moment ago he had been imprisoned in a weak, maimed body; and now he was free—free to do as he wished, free from all physical worries.

Several things, however, troubled him greatly. Never again would he feel the thrill of stalking his prey at midnight, of sending terror to the heart of every creature with the ominous sound of his rattle, or of coiling and striking the enemy and sinking his fangs deep in warm flesh. No, they were things that belonged to his first life; they belonged to the life of action.

But with this new existence came new senses: he could hear, and see, and think better now—better even than he had in the days before he met that last man. Perhaps, after all, he would be satisfied with this new way of living. It was queer, though; he'd never thought about being happy in that other life. He hadn't thought

much about anything then. His first life had been one of adventure—of hunting, and fighting, and killing; of matching all his forces against the strength and cunning of his enemies. There had been no time then for meditation.

But this second existence seemed to be passive. Like an eagle that soars far overhead, seeing all the drama, and struggles, and tragedies that happen beneath, so the Rattler was an unseen witness to all that took place in the forest. The eagle, though, could swoop down from the skies and take part in an occasional battle; but the Rattler had always to remain just a spectator.

A day passed, and night came again. And with the falling of darkness the Rattler felt himself drawn by some unknown power back to the place where his lifeless body lay. It was irresistible, this power. All night it held him there, close to that big, limp corpse. He hated that body—hated it because those unseeing eyes stared up and laughed at him. His own body, the body he had once lived in, lay there and mocked him and sneered at him. It filled him with insane rage. He wanted to pounce upon it; to tear it to pieces; to sling the pieces far down the mountainside; to go away, far away; and never to return to be tormented by those maddening eyes. He was powerless, though; he could not move. He could do nothing but stay there and look at those eyes.

Morning finally dawned. And just as a yet-unrisen sun began to redden the eastern sky, the Rattler found himself free once more—free from the grip of that terrible force.

His first impulse was to fly from the spot, to go far from every familiar sight. He turned for one last look at that relic of his former life before he left it forever. He looked again, hesitated, then went nearer. The skin of the corpse was moving. No, it was not the skin; it was ants—hundreds of them. Ants, and flies—yes, and worms—were crawling over his own flesh, defiling his own body.

Revenge! That was what the Rattler wanted—revenge against the man who had caused it all—revenge against the brute that had doomed him to exist forever without living—revenge . . . . .

All day the Rattler hunted, wandering aimlessly at first, but never allowing a possible hiding-place to pass unnoticed.

Twilight found him far from the scene of his mortal encounter with the man. And once more, as darkness came, he felt himself pulled back to that corpse. Again he was held there through the long night, and his desire for vengeance grew stronger as he watched his own flesh being slowly devoured by a swarm of insects.

Again the Rattler was released at sunrise, and again he began his desperate hunt. This time he followed the path by which he had seen his aggressor leave. Around the steep mountain, through a narrow gap, then high up on a barren ridge, and down into a green, fertile valley, still the path led onward. Through the whole morning the Rattler followed it, always going slowly, and searching to right and left as he went.

Toward midday the trail turned and led more steeply downward. Lower it went, turning, twisting, doubling back, always going down.

Finally the trail grew more level. On either side the soft, green moss of a higher altitude was replaced by thick bushes and tall grass. The ground became soft, even soggy and muddy in places. The trail led onward to a narrow stream of water, then turned sharply and continued near the bank.

But the Rattler went no farther than that turn in the trail. He stopped, looked down, and stared long at what he saw on the ground before him. It was a man—his man—lying there at the edge of the creek, one leg half in the water, the other sprawled across a rock, and plastered with dark, dry mud. Both legs were bare almost to the hips, and the one that lay in the water was much larger than the other. The big leg was dark in color—dark blue, and purple, and black.

The eyes of the man were opened wide, and the Rattler noticed that they were shiny and still. There was something strange about them—something uncanny.

A green fly lit on one of the man's eyes and crawled unmolested across its glassy surface.

Then with a feeling of satisfaction the Rattler turned away and started back up the trail that led to his native hills. The Rattler had his revenge.

# CHANT

GRACE HOBBS

Hush! Hush! The water's saying—  
Hush to little wee papooses,  
Hush to all the lonely forest,  
Wrapped in shadows,  
Clothed in glory  
From the portals of the day.

Hush! Hush! The water's saying—  
Hush to little wee papooses,  
Hush to all the moonlight  
Playing in forests,  
Kissed by flowers  
From the rainbow of the sky.

Hush! Hush! The water's saying—  
Hush to little wee papooses,  
Hush to sounds of lonely wind  
Playing on the water,  
Versed in music  
From the blackness of the sea.



# THE SPHINX

VIVIAN BAST

Below the towering silent Sphinx I stood  
And gazed upon its stately visage fair.  
Through all the passing years it has been there,  
Still watching all that happens, bad or good.  
What lights did on this silent statue gleam?  
What crimes or noble deeds have met its view?  
Whose artist hand that mystic concept drew?  
Whose mind envisioned such a noble scheme?

Beneath its guarding feet are mysteries  
Placed there by hands that are forever stilled.  
Although an ancient thing its wonder is,  
My mind with thoughts of it is newly-filled.  
To gaze at this I travel all the seas,  
For there it dreams, though all that lives be killed.

# AS THEY PASS

NANCY HUDSON

Here comes a little man.  
He is a meek little man  
With a kindly face and graying hair,  
Dull blue eyes and receding chin.  
I bet he is browbeaten.  
I bet he has a big wife—  
A hardy, rugged, strong wife.  
I bet she has broken his habits,  
His few whimsical, harmless habits.  
I bet there are no ash-stained floors in his home now,  
No paper-littered desks as he would like them,  
No lanky fishing poles adorning his walls any longer.  
I bet the people say, as neighbors will,  
"She is just the wife he needs.  
She will look after him."  
I bet she has curbed, and beaten, and broken his soul—  
His weak, tired, little soul, always so meek.  
And I bet she scolds and nags—  
Ever scolds and nags.  
And I bet he smiles gently and obeys her.  
Poor, tired, little man!

Here is a boy selling papers—  
A tiny, loud-voiced boy.  
Already there is shrewdness in his eyes.  
Already his tone is hard and cold.  
Too soon!  
Too soon!

Now a woman passes,  
Dressed neatly and unbecomingly.  
Her hair is pulled in a firm, tight knot.

She is a big woman.  
Perhaps she is the wife of the little man.  
Perhaps she is the wife of another little man.  
Poor, tired, little man!  
Poor, tired, little men!  
She is one of their crosses,  
One of the many crosses  
Meek little men must bear!

I see a tall man striding by—  
A robust, honest-faced man.  
Perhaps he is going to buy a paper  
And then go to the ball game.  
He would like to read a paper  
And make worldly comments on the news  
To an admiring young wife,  
And keep up with the sporting events.  
He would like the ball game—  
That man.

Into a hospital door goes a woman  
Bearing flowers.  
On her face is a self-righteous look.  
Her features are calm and capable—  
Capable—that's it—capable!  
And the big woman was capable, too!  
So very capable!  
This woman feels she is doing her duty.  
She radiates complacency.  
The flowers she carries are roses.  
The florist chose them for her.  
I know he did.  
She would have chosen zinnias  
(They are so practical).  
But I am glad she has the roses.  
The sick one will like roses.

And perhaps, after the woman has gone,  
The sweet aroma of her flowers will drown out  
The smug atmosphere she left behind.  
Roses will make the sick one happy—  
They are such lovely, perfect things.  
It is good to be happy.

I hear her laughter—  
High-pitched, artificial laughter,  
Exaggerated phrases.  
I see three merry faces,  
Three chalk faces  
With carmine lips  
And black-fringed eyes.  
I see three sallow youths  
Lounging beside a drugstore,  
Cigarettes drooping from their mouths.  
Young America is walking down the street.  
Young America is loafing by the drug store.

A puppy barks.  
It is a little, nameless cur—  
A frisky mongrel.  
He capers down the street,  
Dashing at wind-blown papers,  
Pawing cast-away gum—  
Eager to play—  
Challenging the world to play.  
Such a gay little puppy!

A man passes in a handsome car.  
A liveried chauffeur pilots him.  
He sits back, hands resting on a gold-topped cane.  
His eyes are piercing.  
Perhaps he is searching for something.  
Perhaps he is searching for happiness.  
See the droop to his mouth.

See the lines in his prematurely-old face.  
Oh, poor man! Poor, rich man!

A whistle blows,  
A five-o'clock whistle.  
Throngs fill the sidewalks.  
The street becomes gray and black with human life—  
Teeming, milling with human life,  
The streets are full of human life,  
Are full of faces—  
Sallow, yellow faces.  
Faces—  
Faces of little men and big women—  
Big men and little women—  
Girls—  
Boys—  
Faces. Faces churning, pushing, shouting!  
Faces frowning, smiling, laughing wildly!  
Set, grim faces.  
Relaxed, pudgy faces.  
Everywhere faces.  
Faces of men and dogs alike.  
No matter—they're just—faces.  
This is the mob, the crowd, the populace—  
These faces,  
These gray, putty masks of faces.  
This driving storm of faces.

O God, keep me from it—  
From being one of them.  
Keep me from following the herd.  
God, let me be more than a face.

# BEAUTY

SUSANNE KETCHUM

I had a friend, a fine old man  
With whom I took my morning walks.  
His head was bent,  
His shoulders stooped,  
His hair as white as snow;  
And his grey eyes sparkled with joy  
As we walked through the trees in the wood.  
One morning, in autumn, as the leaves were turning red,  
He turned to me and said,  
"You must always love the glory and the beauty of the fall."  
But so very young was I  
I could not understand,  
And soon I asked,  
"But, Captain, what is beauty?"  
The old man did not answer.  
Instead he pointed to a leaf  
That was falling to the ground.

Long years have passed  
Since that bright morn.  
My friend has gone his way,  
And now I see how true he was.  
For beauty is a burning leaf  
That's falling to the ground.

# AUTUMN IMPS

LOIS LAZENBY

Some wee tree-elves  
In tall tip-pointed caps have overturned  
Their paint-pots in a fit of  
Wicked glee,  
And ev'ry leaf  
Is dripping russet bronze  
Or yellow brown.  
The imps, disdainful of the colored mischief,  
Frolic on  
Till—tired of fun—the tiny tyrants yawn  
And crawl  
Into an acorn cup and  
Fall asleep.



# FOR ME

GRACE HOBBS

Touch the moon for me tonight  
When your canoe slips through its gleam;  
Touch it softly, gently,  
Then leave it there to dream.

Let your gliding, gray canoe  
Slip through the willow's hair—  
And tell me if the stars are hiding  
And singing love-songs there.

If they dream, perhaps you too  
Will lean where the lilies are  
Dreaming in the moonlight—  
And touch for me—a star!

# WINDOWS

GRACE HOBBS

Your inward fires of soul and being  
Speak from your eyes  
Of thoughts  
That dream  
Of far-off things,  
Of leaves sibilantly falling—  
Elevated thoughts  
Of joyous things  
That long ago began  
And still are lovely music  
Softly played . . . . .



# A STAR

SUSANNE KETCHUM

One lone star  
In the vaulted sky,  
And one lone star  
In the waters.  
One lovely star  
Miles above me,  
And one within my reach.  
I reached out my hand  
To touch it,  
But it vanished.  
I've heard that stars  
Are only found in heavens  
Far above our reach,  
But once  
I *almost* touched a star.



# PATTERNS

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

*The Green Pastures*—MARC CONNELLY

One of the most interesting of recent plays is *The Green Pastures* by Marc Connelly. It was suggested to the author by Roark Bradford's *Ol' Man Adam an' His Children*, and it is styled "a fable."

This powerful drama is an attempt to portray the ideas that the Southern negroes have of God and the Biblical characters. Although the rendition of these conceptions is certainly humorous, one can easily see that humor is not the aim of the play. At moments it is distinctly pathetic. When one looks back over it, it strikes one with a feeling of almost grandeur. Surely such a drama can not be sacrilegious, as some claim it to be.

The play opens in a negro Sunday School, with the preacher reading from the Bible. The scenes following are the Bible stories as pictured by the negro. Jehovah appears as a tall negro, in full dress; in speech and action he is a typical negro. The action follows the Old Testament, ending with a hint of the birth and crucifixion of Jesus.

Perhaps the most amusing passages in the entire play are those that deal with the life in heaven. The first scene in heaven is a fish-fry among the angels. Several scenes are laid in the Lord's private office; the angel Gabriel, familiarly called Gabe by God, is the Lord's secretary.

On the whole, I consider this play a masterpiece of both humor and pathos. I can easily understand why it has been such a success on the stage.

*Edward T. Cone*

*Laughing Boy*—OLIVER LA FARGE

The Pulitzer prize novel of 1929, by Oliver La Farge, is the story of a New Mexican Indian. Its simple beauty combined with the portrayal of the child-like, half-pathetic life among the Indians makes the book worth one's reading. Effectively told, the clash of modern ideas with the deeply-rooted religious sentiments of the Indian boy causes one to pause and wonder at the advisability of introducing American ideas and customs among the people of the plains and forests.

The book is dedicated to the only beautiful squaw La Farge had ever seen; and from his description Slim Girl, the heroine of the story, must be her embodiment.

The songs that Laughing Boy sings are beautiful prayers of a deeply-moving type and add much to the loveliness of the story. La Farge's descriptions of the singing feast produce a half-weird picture of Indian festivals.

Laughing Boy, a half-wild Indian boy from the hills, is drawn to Slim Girl at a singing feast. They go to live near a white man's town, but only Slim Girl ever goes into the town. Both are happy until one day on a chance ride through the village the eyes of Laughing Boy are opened to the infidelity of Slim Girl. The courage of Slim Girl is shown when Laughing Boy pulls his own arrows from her arm, and she shows no sign of pain.

Moving and simple, the story of Laughing Boy is sure to convey to most the naturalness of the Indian and his relation to the white man.

*Helen Crutchfield*

# RAVELINGS

## SIR WALTER RALEIGH

HENRY BAGLEY

Walter Raleigh was the man  
Who founded Old North State.  
'Twas in the sixteenth century,  
But I forgot the date.  
He's the man who spread his coat  
In mud for England's queen,  
So she wouldn't have to get all wet  
And spoil her crepe de chine.

Walter was the first white man  
Who learned to smoke a pipe.  
He liked to smoke tobacco that  
Was mild and very ripe.  
And now we buy his tin-type  
For fifteen cents a can.  
A bully way to advertise—  
He's quite a canny man.

# PEDIGREED ANCESTORS

JOE GAWTHROP

Perhaps you have never taken the trouble to pause for a moment, or even two moments, and think about your ancestors. If you have, you needn't read this; but if you haven't, you'd better follow closely.

Besides the various types and kinds of monkeys from which we are supposed to have descended (and some of us no doubt did) and leaving out the wild and woolly, mostly woolly, cavemen and cave-women who were most likely our far distant cousins, just stop for a moment, or even a minute, and think about our colonial ancestors. According to "truthful" stories told by various people, these ancestors were super, extra, ultra, A-1 de luxe, special, pedigreed folk. They were, indeed, marvelous people, capable of performing many great and wonderful deeds.

Take, for instance, the case of "Bull" Rush. (Bull was his real name; so we will call him Bull for short). Bull didn't come over on the Mayflower. That may seem strange, but Bull went the Mayflowerites one better. On one dark moonlight night he gently hopped into a rowboat and paddled off into the still night. After several months of wandering on the high seas and the low seas, he stumbled upon an idea. This sounds queer, I know, but the poor little idea got right in front of him, and he didn't have time to go around it. His idea was that if he rowed twice as fast, he would get to land twice as quickly. He was, indeed, a mathematical genius. Anyhow, one thing led to another, as things have a habit of doing, and before many moons and Junes Bull landed on the shores of North Carolina. He didn't know that was what it was, but nevertheless, it was.

His next move was straight ahead, and, would you believe it, he saw an Indian. How the Indian got there Bull didn't know. How Bull got there the Indian didn't know. Neither knew how either got there; so they shook hands and lived happily ever after. Bull bought an acre of land from the Indian and built a house on

it—the land, not the Indian. Bull took a vote from the council, which was Bull, and elected Bull king over this land. Bull appointed several committees with Bull as chairman. Thus, the republic of Bullmania prospered under King Bull, until the coming of the English. When the English came, Bull got married, and thus the kingdom of Bullmania had its Waterloo.



## THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE FOOD QUESTION

HENRY BAGLEY

Said the cannibal chief to his mate,  
“Of all of the people I’ve ate,  
I cannot but feel  
That by far the best meal  
Was that freshman from Florida State.”

Said his wife in indignation,  
“Where’s your sophistication?  
Why, I wouldn’t eat  
A star athlete  
Before his graduation.”

“Well,” the cannibal cried in disgust,  
“Eat missionary stew if you must,  
But I’ll use prudence  
And stick to my students—  
Old pie made of freshman comes ‘fust’.”

# BREAKS IN BATTALIONS

ANNA WILLS

"Yes," I agreed sadly, "I guess we ought to have her—" then, more cheerfully, "At least we won't have to have her again for a long time."

Hence, it was decided that on that particular night a dignified teacher was to be invited to dinner. So, at the appointed time I drove over to bring the dear lady back.

When I returned with the company, mother had her hands all greasy. It was up to me to afford entertainment until she could come to my rescue. As we entered the living room, the honorable brother was there. I knew he would make trouble. He was comfortably lolling in the big cushion chair, reading *Popular Aviation*. He ignored us altogether. I sidled over and nudged him. Then, hoping to wake him to politeness, if nothing more, I attempted an introduction.

"Bobby," I began bravely, hoping and praying he would say the right thing, "I want you to meet—"

"Aw heck," he blurted indifferently, "I ain't interested in them school-teachin' dames."

My mind went blank. I must have colored dreadfully. Oh, why couldn't it have been one of my friends he had said it to—anybody rather than an English teacher.

There must have been an awkward silence, for I was too overwhelmed to speak. There we were, all three standing, and the gentleman—no that is not the right word—that horrid little brother of mine still lolling comfortably in the big cushion chair.

It was mother who deserved a medal then. She entered, breaking that mortifying silence with her cheering greeting. The manner in which she asked Bobbie to fill the water glasses was one to be envied. And he left the room without a word.

Things glided safely on while Bobbie was not there; but then supper, and Bobbie had to eat. He can be a remarkable conversationalist. He has a lot of dry humor, which often crops up at the

ideal moment. Perhaps he would take a turn for the best tonight, I thought, and surprise us all. But when he saw the concern that was registered on my face, a familiar twinkle flashed in his big, brown eyes, and I knew that we were approaching thin ice.

However, it held up very well. And, to my surprise, Bobbie started a conversation with the teacher.

"Do they let the pupils choose their own teachers at your school?" he asked. When she answered in the affirmative, he remarked, "I bet your classes are nearly empty." He laughed a half-triumphant laugh, then pretended to realize that he had said the wrong thing. "I mean I bet they rush you, 'cause you're so easy on 'em." Then he continued in rapid sentences, "I mean they like to see you blow up. I mean they like you. Maybe you let them hand in themes a week late. I mean you grade 'em easy."

He hardly stopped for breath as he dashed headlong into a network of breaks. The more he tried to cover up, the worse he got. Finally, he saw it was hopeless and stopped.

"Gorsh," he said apologetically, "I don't know what I mean—Mother, may I have some more bread?"

Fortunately, the party concerned laughed as heartily as we did. I don't know why we laughed; but it was thanks to that that we got through that siege.

Bobbie went to the kitchen to get more bread, according to mother's instructions. While there, he upset all the pans in the kitchen and sent them banging to the floor. Then he returned saying, "There ain't no more fresh bread, mom, but here's some of yestiddy's."

He placed upon the table a tray containing a piece of dried toast, a muffin, and several hard biscuits, all covered with ants. His face was beaming. But at mother's stern look of reproof he trudged back to the kitchen.

It was a wonder that any of us finished our supper. Somehow, the guest struggled through.

Afterward we went into the living room. Before long, a neighbor boy came in and asked Bobbie to go out with him. But no, Bobbie said he had company.

Finally the guest announced that she must go. This meant that everything was over at last. I escorted her to the car, opened the door for her,—there sat Bobbie.

It must have been a perfect day for him; but ever since, I have believed that old saying:

“When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.”



## THE END OF TIME

HENRY BAGLEY

Those tiny hands were cold and still.  
I stood there mute and sad.  
A lump came in my throat—I cried.  
How *could* I tell my dad?

That oval face was white as snow.  
I picked it up to shake it.  
Oh, why did I snatch Papa's watch?  
I might have known I'd break it.



# COWS

NANCY HUDSON

I think it is the time someone told the truth about cows—those gentle, soft-eyed, low-mooing creatures. They are really wolves in cow's clothing, and dangerously vicious wolves, at that.

I don't like cows. In fact, I detest cows. Not bulls—just cows. You expect bulls to be ferocious; you know just about what they are—but cows, they are such hypocrites. They have such soft, meek eyes. They are so big and cumbersome. Somehow, I can't imagine them running, or galloping, or moving any faster than a shambling walk.

I couldn't. But that was in the past. Now I am undeceived. The veil has been bitterly snatched from my eyes, and I see cows in their true worth. They can run—quite fast—and they can jump fences, too. And those horns, the pretty, copper-colored horns that look so ornamental! You ought to feel them. I used to think a gentle moo sounded quite harmless, but when I reflect upon it, it really does sound rather eerie—like a person moaning up the scale.

There are no signs put up on posts outside of pastures saying, "Beware of the cow." I firmly believe there should be. It would give the intruder at least half a chance to come out uninjured. One starts strolling nonchalantly across the field. The cow gazes mildly at you—and goes right on grazing. Your few qualms, to which you now own up, are quelled. You feel a kindly inclination to pet the gentle creature, a feeling which you suppress, just in case—well, you have heard of cows' being vicious. This one is so calm and peaceful, you are almost convinced she is the original contented cow. You ply your way blithely across the pasture, all fears you have had now dispelled.

When you are about half way across, you hear a little thudding sound behind you. You pause and gaze a little curiously, indifferently, over your shoulder. You behold the cow gallowing toward you, head lowered. You are as surprised as if that mountain at your right had taken legs and was pursuing you. You are no longer

indifferent. For an instant you stand, your mind in a turmoil; then you take to your heels. She follows and rapidly gains on you. You hear her snort viciously. You feel hot, contemptuous breath scorching your legs. You contemplate waving your white handkerchief in the air—an admission of defeat—but you refrain from this, as you are afraid she might take advantage of her victory. With a last little spurt of energy, you reach the fence, over which you drop with one long sigh of relief. The cow also, with graceful ease, vaults the fence. Fortunately, you have landed beside a tree. You climb it in record-breaking time and are safely perched on a limb when the cow butts the trunk of the tree. When she sees that she can not reach you, she stares at you bashfully, like a shamefully-grinning schoolboy caught in a rash act, and shambles away.



# THE SHUTTLE

**M**AGAZINES are just beginning to frequent the staff room of HOMESPUN again. Only a few have arrived so far this school year; some of these, however, are most interesting and attractive.

Of course, we are unable to comment on all of the magazines that come to us, but we shall certainly read and enjoy them and profit by seeing what other schools are doing in the literary field.

*Odds and Ends*, a magazine from Detroit, Michigan, contains a very fanciful poem centered around a longing for something that never comes—an emotion, characteristic, it seems, of most high school students these days. It goes like this:

“A strange fancy holds me in its power,  
I long for freedom, love, and fun,  
I hate the stillness of the hour,  
I’m glad when each day’s tasks are done.

“I’m tired of doing things continuously;  
The way they ought to be—just so;  
Earth holds just loads of joy for me,  
But when it comes—I bid it—‘Go.’

“I want to roam alone—yet with a heart,  
That fills my soul with constant gladness;  
I want to go to greener hills and never part,  
And let my mind not think of any sadness.

“What is this fancy that has hold of me  
That from me, ties of school and home has rent?  
Depart—far—far—I’m waiting patiently,  
You haunting, wicked, demon—Discontent.”

“The Idol,” one of the essays in *The Red Pen*, published by the Scribblers’ Club, Reading, Pennsylvania, makes one have great respect and admiration “for a short, stooped, half-bald man” whose personality is skilfully revealed in this most delightful sketch. His untiring patience in teaching a night school, his friendship with the writer, and his gentle ways make the reader have “a tangle in the heart.” His soul is so wonderful that the writer says, “In our walks there gradually grew between him and me a love so pure and spiritual that it filled the day with intoxicating sweetness.” This writer has truly a style just suited for writing this type of essay! Her descriptions make one wish to know her characters. In closing she said these words, “He put fragments into my character and mind that make me today a different person from the one I might have been.”

We shall always find such magazines as these both interesting and helpful.



# THE WEAVERS' GUILD

## UNATTAINABLE GODS

LOUIS BROOKS

Behold!

Young gods stand before you,  
Eager gods and goddesses,  
Persuasively seeking to consummate their deity  
By gathering about them  
A multitude of followers.

Alas! man is so wretchedly finite,  
So bound and circumscribed—  
A fish in a net—  
A squirrel futilely running  
With the revolving cage.  
Could we but reach beyond  
This mortal grasp  
And close with eager hands  
Upon the fruit of a finer world,  
A sphere wherein man is not betrayed  
And undone by his own upward strivings.  
—But such is not to be.

Before you are arrayed, the gods  
Choose, and think not your choice  
Of great import.  
It is but the prelude to an agony  
Of unfulfilled desire.

For having chosen,  
And striving to serve that god,  
Your eyes will behold the splendor of other deities,  
Your heart will turn wild with mad longing,  
And at last,  
In blind confusion  
You, but a single being in the doomed, unnumbered  
    multitude,  
Will fall  
A sacrifice upon the broken altar  
Of unattainable gods.

They cry out in their wretched plight,  
"There is an evil one,  
A devil!"  
Then others gently answer,  
"Nay—but there are too many beautiful gods."

# THUNDERSTORM\*

REBECCA HEATH

MR. ISAAC WIDENER sat grumpily in his musty study and brooded over the world in general. Priceless Rembrandts gazed from the walls; first editions waited there on the shelves for some eager scholar; but he did not see them. The taste of spring was bitter in Mr. Widener's mouth, and the sight of his possessions made him remember too much. He felt very old and disgruntled as the bright May sunshine enveloped the out-of-doors. Somehow it made him feel even older and grumpier than ever to see such fresh warmth just out of reach and see the bare, cold unfriendliness of his own domain.

But an enchanted May morning like this one would put spring-time into the heaviest heart, except of course Mr. Widener's. He even went so far as mercilessly to crush a fly that was buzzing harmlessly on the window pane. However, the sight of it lying there mutilated made him feel rather sick, so he rang for Garrick to take it away. Garrick came in haughtily, as befits a cousin once removed of an English lord's valet called to such a menial task.

But even Garrick's stoic heart was touched by the sight of the lonely old man who had nothing to do. Perhaps love did it, for Garrick was seriously considering "asking" the lady's maid next door.

"If you'll pardon me, Mr. Widener," he said, "the garden is quite pleasant at this time of day, and your doctor suggested that you stay out in the air quite a bit."

"Don't want to go out," grumbled Mr. Widener. "Anybody'd have a sun-stroke if he went out in that sun. Unhealthy!"

Garrick left noiselessly, with a plan forming in his mind to take the afternoon off, rent a car, and take his lady driving.

Old Isaac sat still except for the drumming of his fingers on the arm of the chair. His eye was caught by a book which stood out of line on the shelf. He tried to divert his attention, but

---

\* Awarded the O. Henry short-story prize at commencement, 1930.

always his eye strayed back to that annoying, untidy book. Finally he got up and pushed the offending book back into its place.

Mr. Widener was growing more and more irritated when suddenly a bird, a graceful, cocky little bird, flew and perched on a spray of a climbing rose outside the window. The weight of the little bird was sufficient to bend the rose down so that it could be seen from the inside of the study, and Mr. Widener stared wide-eyed at the phenomenon—a bird—a real bird—singing to a crimson flower just outside his window. It was almost unbelievable. Why, he hadn't seen a bird that close since he was—how old? He must have still worn knickerbockers. Old Isaac chuckled, actually chuckled. What a young scamp he used to be, he mused. The memory sent him racing back over the years to days—they seemed to have all been like this one—when he could stay out all day in the warm sun with no fear of a sunstroke. And there was a little girl—a nice little girl who didn't tell on people. Once when the fellows weren't looking, he had picked a bouquet of daisies with a few of his father's pampered carnations tucked in for good measure, and given it to her. She hadn't even laughed.

Old Isaac jerked himself away from these thoughts; he had almost forgotten that he had a grudge against the world. He was old and alone with no wife and no heir to leave his money to. It wasn't his fault that Mary and he had quarreled just because he wanted to be sensible and save up some money before he got married and Mary didn't. She had agreed, however, but somehow the time kept stretching out longer and longer, and the more money he got, the more he wanted. Finally they had quarreled, and Mary had married Tom Waring, and they had gone to New York. The newspapers had published an account of Tom's death five years ago. Couldn't help wondering where Mary was.

Funny after all these years he was still remembering Mary. Why, he would do anything for her, anything—even forgive her. A knock at the door startled him out of his sacrificial mood, and he glowered at Garrick, who entered with an envelope in his hand. It was a note brought by a gardener's little boy and addressed in an old-fashioned feminine handwriting to "Mr. Isaac Widener." Mr. Widener opened it with trembling fingers and read:



“Dearest Isaac:

I have come back to this little town once more to look for my lost youth. We make lots of mistakes when we are young, and I am sorry for any of mine that have caused us any unhappiness. We are both getting old, Isaac, and know better. If you think it's not too late, and you'd like to see me again, I'll be waiting for you in the rustic summer house where we used to sit this time of the year. I shall wait a half hour; and if you are not there, I shall know I'm just a foolish, old, imaginative woman and will catch the first train back.

Mary.”

Old Isaac stared unbelievably at the slip of paper. Mary—Mary come back to him at last, after all these years! Mary, whose face had peered provocatively through the lattice of the old summer house. Old Isaac could scarcely believe it. But there it was.

Upstairs he rummaged around and found a youthful white suit and spent fully ten minutes over an elaborate toilet. He carefully trimmed his mustache, tucked a silk handkerchief in his pocket, and finally found himself ready. His heart fairly raced; he had never been so happy. His feet sprang down the steps like a school boy's and into the study. He flung open the window and broke off the magic rose as a charm of spring to put in his lapel.

Just as he turned to leave there was an ominous roll of thunder, and Isaac noticed for the first time that heavy, black clouds had risen from the west and were lowering threateningly overhead. Just as he looked, the storm broke and heavy sullen rain came pouring down in a rage.

Mr. Widener stopped. The magic was all driven away. The steady monotonous downpour had replaced the bird's song. The rose that had looked so perfect on the bush had a blight on it, and some of the petals were yellow and splotched. Mr. Widener threw it disgustedly away. Couldn't go out in all this rain. Might catch pneumonia. Besides, Mary would wait till it was over.

For a long time he sat there, getting gloomier and glummer all the time. Finally the rain slackened, and the sun burst out in a

new radiance, glistening through the drops of water and bediamonding the whole out-of-doors. Somewhere a bird chirped hopefully, and Mr. Widener half rose to his feet. Perhaps she had waited—just a little while. The sharp scream of a train whistle broke the sounds of the renaissance outside and seemed to jibe at the little old man, who knew that it carried away his last shred of hope—of love.





