



# HOMESPUN



WORK







# HOMESPUN

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# THE WEAVE

## THE SPIRIT OF WORK

MARY KATHERINE BRADLEY

When morning shows her face, I hurry forth  
And go wherever men may need my aid.  
I see large cities, towns, and country homes.  
I built them all. I come from God Himself  
To help all men. I build the bridges wide;  
I make the ships that cross the ocean's breast;  
I write your books and scenes, and I inspire  
Musicians for their tasks. I am to all  
A blessing. Come and follow me. I'll make  
You what you hope someday, sometime to be.



# LOST AND FOUND

*A Play in One Act*

HARDY ROOT

CAST: Samuel O'Leary, an overworked author.

Richard Mason, his friend and adviser.

A Scrub-woman.

*Curtain rises on the dimly lit office of SAMUEL O'LEARY. A desk is at right center. It is bare except for telephone and a few papers. Two overstuffed chairs are at each end of the room. SAMUEL O'LEARY stands gazing out of the window at the back of the office. RICHARD MASON sits in one of the chairs smoking a cigar.*

O'LEARY: (*Pointing out of window*) Look out there. People, people, people. Coming, going—always in a hurry. (*Pause*) Sometimes, Dick, I feel that I'm different from most people—maybe it's conceit—but God knows I hope I don't appear the fool to most people that they do to me.

RICHARD: Oh, come, come, old man—you're tired. Come on, O'Leary, I'll tell you what's wrong with you—you work too hard. Sit down. (*O'LEARY crosses room and takes seat beside DICK.*) You write too much. The fact that you're a well-known novelist is no reason why you should spend every minute of your time writing—you're exhausted. And now just because your brain is tired, you're taking it out on those people down yonder who have never done a thing to hurt you.

O'LEARY: But you don't understand what I mean. (*Pause*) Life, to me, seems useless and empty. (*Gets excited*) Honest to God, Dick, I've even thought of suicide—I——

RICHARD: Suicide? Well, there's something to laugh at. Imagine the headlines—"Samuel O'Leary kills self because of life's futility." (*Laughs, but it appears forced*) Seriously, though, Sam, you need a rest. (*Pause*) I've got it! I'm going to Florida next week on business. How about going down with me? That's just what you need—warm ocean breezes—moonlit nights——

O'LEARY: I'm sorry, Dick, but it can't be done. I've got work

to do. I've promised a book to my publisher before next week, and it isn't half finished.

RICHARD: O, drat it all, man—don't you ever tire of working?

O'LEARY: That's just the trouble—I've worked so much until it's become a part of me; it's killing me by degrees. It's worse than liquor; it's worse than drugs. Oh, it's awful, Dick. You don't know; I've tried to break away, but I can't—I can't——

RICHARD: Surely you have enough power to keep from working?

O'LEARY: Listen. I'm going to tell you something—you probably won't understand. I doubt if even I do. I used to be just like you: happy and carefree. I skimmed along the surface of things and never tried to understand anything. Then I began writing. Day by day stories would form in my mind, and I would write them down. Slowly things began to clear up. With each new character I created life in general became more transparent—until now I see completely through it. Oh, I tell you, it's empty—it's useless! (*Gets up and crosses to window.*) Come here. (RICHARD *gets up and crosses to his side.*) See those people down there? See those automobiles—see those buildings—everything you see is a result of industry; and I tell you, Dick, that industry is blowing this country to perdition; it's her deadliest enemy, but people don't realize it.

RICHARD: (*Pause*) Maybe you're right. Perhaps I don't understand things the way you do. But what I don't know certainly won't hurt me.

*At this moment a scrub-woman enters. She carries a mop and a bucket. She is raggedly dressed.*

SCRUB-WOMAN: (*Stammers*) P-pardon me, sirs; I thought ye had gone home—I was gonna tidy up yer office, but I'll be goin'.

O'LEARY: O, never mind, go ahead and clean up. This room's a mess, anyhow. (*She shrugs her shoulders and begins cleaning up. Long pause, then:*)

SCRUB-WOMAN: (*Still working*) Pardon, Mr. O'Leary, but I've allus wanted to know if you weren't Irish—yer name sounds like it—I'm Irish meself.

O'LEARY: Why—er—yes, I am but——

SCRUB-WOMAN: Oh, I knew ye were. I was born in County Kerry—it's been a long while ago (*Stops working and grows reminiscent.*) I can see those bonny green hills and hear those songs in the distance now——.

O'LEARY: (*Reminisces*) Yes, and—(*Catches himself*) Yes, yes, but no matter. When you get through in here, the other room needs cleaning, too.

SCRUB-WOMAN: Yes sir, I'll be getting to it now. (*Exits*).

RICHARD: Now there's a happy person, Sam. She hasn't much lease on life, but she's happy—and after all that's what really counts.

O'LEARY: Oh, bosh—she's nothing but an ordinary scrub-woman. A vulgar——

RICHARD: (*Angrily*) Yes, and you'd be better off if you were in her shoes! Listen to me: either you're going to drop all these foolish notions about—about life's futility—and crazy people, and such things or I'm through with you! Why, man, you're getting on my nerves.

O'LEARY: I'm sorry—I'm sorry. (*They sit down.*)

RICHARD: Sam, you're troubled by the same symptoms that have been troubling people for years—so don't get the idea that you're different from anyone else. When Stephenson wrote "Dr. Jekell and Mr. Hyde," he hit the nail squarely on the head. Every person is composed of two persons. I'm convinced of that.

O'LEARY: Bosh, absolute nonsense. A fairy tale.

RICHARD: Maybe it was a fairy tale. I'll put it differently. There are two parts to every human life. One part is jovial—it's carefree and happy-go-lucky. The other part is serious—it's the brain—it's the emotional part. Now the happiest person—or should I say the luckiest person—is the one whose two inner souls are perfectly balanced. But, I'm sorry to say, there are but few people of this class. People as a rule are either too silly or too serious. Now, I'll tell you your trouble.

O'LEARY: Since when were you a doctor—?

RICHARD: Listen. You've worked too hard. You have over-taxed the mental side of your person—and in doing so you are breaking down the other part. That's why I say you need rest—you need to balance the two natures.



O'LEARY: Well, you ought to make an excellent writer. That's wonderful material for a story—but as for me? It's worthless.

RICHARD: All right, have your way; but mind you—if you keep up the pace you've acquired, in another month I'll not be surprised if—if (*almost whispers*) you go completely insane!

O'LEARY: Now you're talking sense. You know, Dick, I doubt if I have the mentality that I should have. How do I know I'm not crazy? How do I know you're not my keeper? (*Laughs long and hard.*)

RICHARD: O, fiddlesticks, man; be quiet. Here, (*looks at watch*) it's nearly seven o'clock. My wife is waiting supper for me. (*Picks up hat and coat and moves to exit.*) Well, if you decide that what I've told you is right and will go to Florida with me, let me know. Goodbye. (*Exits. After brief pause the Scrub-woman enters.*)

SCRUB-WOMAN: Well, sir, I've finished—I'll be going now. (*Starts to exit.*)

O'LEARY: No, wait er—er—

SCRUB-WOMAN: Rosie's me name, sir.

O'LEARY: Oh yes—er sit down, Rosie.

SCRUB-WOMAN: Oh, but should I, sir,——

O'LEARY: Yes, it's all right. I want to talk to you. (*She seats herself awkwardly*) You say you were born in Ireland?

SCRUB-WOMAN: Yes sir——.

O'LEARY: So was I. Great country, what?

SCRUB-WOMAN: (*More at ease*) Oh, yes sir, as I was saying awhile ago—I can see the green hills and hear the babbling brooks now. No sir, there's no country like Ireland. Why, sir, even her people are different. They aren't busybodies like Americans. They don't rush around like stampeding cattle. They takes it slow and easy and enjoy the real beauty of life.

O'LEARY: These American people are queer, aren't they?

SCRUB-WOMAN: Yes sir—why——.

O'LEARY: (*Talking more to himself*) Yes—they work too hard—they don't play enough—the whole country is going mad—mad!

SCRUB-WOMAN: Yes, ye're right, sir—'Course ye understands it the way I do 'cause ye're Irish too. (*Rises*) Well, I'll be gettin' along now. Goodday, sir.

O'LEARY *grunts his goodbye without noticing her.* SCRUB-WOMAN *exits.* Long pause.

*Then in reminiscent way:* O'LEARY: "Ireland—babbling brooks—green hills—." (*At this moment the 'phone rings. It rings three times before O'LEARY reluctantly answers it. Then—*) Hello—yes, yes—this is he. What? When am I going to finish your book? (*Laughs loud*) I'll finish it when I get darn good and ready. I'm going to Florida! (*He bangs up receiver and whispers softly*) Rest—rest—rest—.

CURTAIN



## BEAUTY OF WORK

ROSEMARY KUHN

When I view work in all its varied ways—  
A farmer's daily, hard, relentless toil,  
Despite the rain's caprice—or scorching rays,  
To wrest a meager living from the soil;  
A painter's consecration to his art,  
His striving after fame with eager clutch,  
His work inspired by high-resolving heart  
To reach at last the flaming master's touch—  
I wonder at the ones who spend their time  
In idleness—and my eyes fill with tears  
That they are discords in life's perfect rhyme,  
Unknown—unsung by bards of future years.  
Poor fools! they are so blind—they cannot see  
God's plan to help us face eternity.



# EARLY GUILDS

MARY HELEN KING

**D**URING the middle ages there developed organizations called guilds, or *gilds*, as it was more often spelled then. A guild was a voluntary association created to aid and protect its members. It brought about a strong spirit of co-operation and Christian brotherhood. The guilds may be divided into three main classes: the religious, the merchant, and the craft guilds.

The religious guild was the first to be organized; it was the group of people who feasted and worshipped together. Gradually these people, joined together by their worship, saw the advantage of co-operating in their business also. As a result, the first merchant guild was formed in 779 A. D. The organization existed in one form or another until the middle of the eighteenth century. It reached its greatest importance during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when guilds were the ruling power in every community in England. It was little less important on the continent.

The merchant guild was an organization of all traders within a community, whose purpose was to regulate trade monopoly. It prevented competition of strangers and of merchants not belonging to the guild. At times feeling was so strong that violence was resorted to, and the shop of a non-guild competitor would be razed to the ground. This did not often happen, however.

As the rural communities increased in size, the one merchant guild was slowly replaced by many small craft guilds. The latter were organizations of men whose work was similar. There was no actual struggle between the merchant guild and the craft guilds; there was just a natural replacement as the latter gradually usurped the former. The main object of the craft guilds was to regulate the hours of the workmen and to supervise the class of goods made. The regulations were very strict, and the craftsmen were often penalized by heavy fines. These fines were divided between the town treasury and that of the guild.

Throughout medieval times life revolved around the trade and craft guilds. They often developed into religious and fraternal

organizations with social aims, but the regulation of industry was always paramount. If a member was in distress, he was aided willingly by his fellow workers. If he died, his widow and children were cared for. Sons usually were trained in their father's trade.

Within the craft guilds there were three classes of workers: the master craftsman, the journeyman, and the apprentice. The apprentice was a boy or young man hired out to learn a trade. His apprenticeship lasted from three to twelve years, depending upon the type of work. The more difficult the trade, the longer the term of his service. Any boy of good morals and average intelligence might begin, but only the ones with great determination succeeded, for the life was very hard. He was much knocked about, probably eating scraps of food left from his master's table, and sleeping in a garret. His clothes were always old and uncomfortable. Of course the impossible sometimes happened when a favored apprentice married his master's daughter and lived happily ever after, but this was indeed rare.

When the young man was thoroughly skilled in his trade, he became a journeyman. He was then a hired worker under a master. His hours were long, and his work was hard; if he was industrious, however, he managed to save from his earnings.

When a journeyman had saved a little capital, he might establish himself in business as a master craftsman. As a proof of his ability he was expected to produce an unusually fine piece of work. His highest ambition was reached when he became a master with his own shop.

A master could not hire more than two journeymen, or more than three apprentices. In this way the small industries were maintained. An organization of five persons was a rare thing; the master with one apprentice was most usual.

Sometimes companies grew out of the craft guilds. That is, all the master craftsmen in a community formed one large merchant guild, similar to the original ones, but larger. These were called merchants' or journeymen's companies.

The guilds were very valuable in mediæval times, but later they became a serious impediment to progress. They prevented all improvements in industrial processes; any use of originality or any



new devices were prohibited. As a result, many industries remained almost stagnant. The guilds were finally broken up by the French and Industrial Revolutions. There developed the idea of individual liberty, that every man had a right to free competition. Also there was a great increase in industry, and capital and labor became two separate classes with a wide breach between them. The old guilds were unable to cope with these new ideas and the wider fields which they opened and were soon overpowered by the new industrial era.

It is probable that our modern labor unions had their origin in the medieval guild, for though the guild was an organization of employers and the modern unions are organizations of labor, they both have the same main object, that of protection and co-operation.



## IN A DREAM

CHARLES SHARPE

In a dream I had a vision of a horde of dwarfs in strife.  
Each one earnestly was tooting on his own ill-tuned fife.  
Stars shone down in all their splendor, and great beauty filled  
the place.  
Neither slacked they in their discord nor made pauses in their  
race;  
But the pageant of all beauty passed unnoticed through the night  
While the blind and ugly creatures still waged doggedly the fight.  
  
Then I wondered at the meaning of such stark and gruesome sights  
And such eager selfish squabble in the din, each for his rights.  
Such a contrast to the beauty that was shed around the place  
And so puzzling to my thinking till I saw one dwarfish face.  
What a tale thereon was written—what devotion to the strife!  
With a flash it dawned upon me—this is man and this is life.

# THE DRAFTSMAN

FILLMORE WILSON

**I**N a small, stuffy office a stoop-shouldered man sits on a high stool under a green-shaded light. Before him is a large, slanting table, on which rests an array of curious instruments. A sheet of white paper, covered with seemingly meaningless drawings, is spread on a wide, smooth board. The general aspect of the table, the office, and the man is unpretentious and commonplace, but in spite of his appearance, this patient worker plays a very vital part in this machine age. He is a draftsman.

The man on the stool manipulates his tools deftly, efficiently. Under his skilled hands the maze of lines grows, but it is still unintelligible to anyone but a person trained to read it. To the expert machinist, who in time will receive the product of the draftsman's work, the drawing will not appear as a mere jumble of lines. To him it will be a pattern from which he will fashion an intricate machine of microscopic precision.

In every phase of manufacturing the draftsman's work is absolutely indispensable. Without him, the skyscraper would be only a dream. No automobiles would travel the highways of America. The air would not be shattered by the roar of airplanes. Industry would subside, and inventors could not patent their creations. All this, and more, would happen if this one profession were destroyed.

However, the draftsman is no more important than the architect, the mechanic, or any other specialist. All are necessary to each other, and to the world. All must co-operate to carry on the work of the nation.



He made  
His work a song.  
They say a song can make  
A crown. The crown is his. A crown—  
A song.

*Phyllis Morrah*



# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## THE WORKERS' SONG

LANE BARKSDALE

To churn, to sweep,  
To grease the baker's pans;  
To slave to eat,  
To drive the moving vans  
Is but to toil to eat—  
To eat, to live to sing.  
Ah! there's the thing:  
The workers' song.

The washerwoman rubs  
Our shirts upon her boards  
And soaks and scrubs  
Our socks amidst a horde  
Of scintillating suds;  
But the beauty's in the song  
Of the toiling throng.  
Sing, washer, sing.

The aged sexton lugs  
His body up the stair,  
Raising his hand, he tugs  
At the rope in the air.  
" 'Tis cold," he shrugs.  
But the beauty's in the song  
Of the toiling throng.  
Pull, sexton, pull.

The potter-man must turn  
The shaping wheel  
And pattern vase and urn  
For the world to feel  
Its whims, to like or spurn.  
But the beauty's in the song  
Of the toiling throng.  
Turn, potter, turn.

The bent engraver cuts  
Away at an etching  
Which, with "ands" and "buts,"  
Some declare "quite fetching."  
What bosh to an etching.  
But the beauty's in the song  
Of the toiling throng.  
Cut, engraver, cut.

The gray old digger digs  
And dreams away  
Of youthful jaunts and jigs  
And fashion's fire away  
And stares at soil he digs.  
But the beauty's in the song  
Of the working throng.  
Dig, delver, dig.

To pull the ropes of blending chimes,  
To pattern the pots of modern times,  
To engrave the cuts for fanciful rhymes,  
To dig the grave that avenges crimes,—  
All turns the world upon its pole  
And gives the stages  
To the whole  
That whirls and sings in the rhythmic swirl  
Of this ever toiling world.



# CURING TOBACCO

RUTH HILL

THIS is the last barn. For almost a month we have been curing tobacco, firing one or the other of the barns, and sometimes both. As soon as we have kept a barn heated for about five days and nights, and then finished it by "killing" it—letting the fires die out and leaving the tobacco in the barn for two or three days afterwards before storing it in the packing-house—we have filled the barn up again with the sticks on which the green leaves are hung, and started the fires afresh.

Every night someone has stayed at each of the two barns, sleeping a while, getting up to renew the fires, inspect the leaves as to color and dryness, and see if the thermometer inside the barn indicates the correct temperature (the heat has been increased gradually day by day until the thermometer now registers between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred degrees), and then going back to sleep.

Tonight, since the curing will be over tomorrow, my sister and I have decided to sleep at the barn nearer the house. Our two brothers are tending the other one. After supper we go down through the squash-patch to the barn. It has already grown dark, and the twin fires at the front of the barn look like huge, glowing eyes.

Father is there when we arrive. He has just put more wood on the fires. Sister has brought a magazine; she sits down and begins to look through it. There is a lantern hanging on a nail; it is lighted, but it attracts so many insects that father soon blows it out.

I have been sitting on the ground, looking through the long tunnel in which one of the fires is built. However, the smoke is now stinging my eyes so much that I must move. I get up and go around to the door at the side of the barn. I open it partly and stick my head in. How good it smells! How warm the air is!

Then I sit on a big rock under an old oak tree for a while and look up through the leaves at the stars. But it is chilly under the tree, and I am driven back to the fire. Father has rolled up in an

old quilt under the shelter. Soon sister and I climb up on the bunk opposite the fires. We take off our shoes and get between the ragged quilts.

After a while I hear a shuffling sound beneath the bunk. I lean over the edge and look. It is the dog, come to sleep near the fire. I lie down again. Sister has gone to sleep. Some of the straw that we are lying on has gotten between our quilts. I scramble around, trying to pull it out, and Sister stirs drowsily, then goes back to sleep. There is no noise but the chirping of crickets and the occasional falling of the wood in the fire.

Tomorrow night there will be a chicken-stew here to celebrate the finish of the tobacco-curing. That will be great fun; but shall I enjoy it as much as this? I doubt it.



## THE WORKERS' PRAYER

RUTH HILL

The miner digging grimy coal,  
The farmer plowing up the dirt,  
The runner panting for his goal,  
The seamstress working on a shirt,  
The teacher searching luckless brains,  
The lawyer arguing a case,  
The doctor curing people's pains,  
The potter finishing a vase —

This is the prayer that each must pray:  
"Let me do my work from day to day."

# FLOTSAM

HELEN CRUTCHFIELD

Sweat, grime, toil,  
Daily ignominy, and nightly worry—  
For what are these things?  
Why should a man be subject  
To the law of labor  
Only that a saue-faced man may rule the world  
From a smooth desk?  
Much more than this—  
The nails are broken,  
The palms dirt-lined,  
The backs bent,  
That a man may give his children  
Cleanliness and beauty-filled hours.

Through the long day  
The stress of brain, the pull of muscles,  
And the manipulations of calculating hands,  
Each thought, each swing of pick,  
Building a new world,  
Setting up order and beauty  
Out of chaos.

Little child, do you know  
By what strength and labor  
Your days file by so smoothly?  
Do you ever see the great black men  
Who stoke your furnace,  
Sending heat through the arteries of an apartment house?  
Do you notice the grocer's boy  
Driving an open truck through the heat and cold?  
Do you see the thousands of people passing under your window,  
Each one with a purpose,  
Running your world for you



Until you shall be old enough  
To take the whip-hand?

This man who loiters on the street,  
This person, down at heel,  
His belt pulled tight around his waist,  
These shiftless eyes  
That once read Homer and the gentle Vergil,  
Four months ago even,  
He would have held up his pride  
And walked with quivering nostril  
Past a free-lunch counter.  
Now he has let the final barriers down,  
And begs a nickel for a cup of coffee.



## FUTILITY

QUENTIN DIXON

As much as I have tried to break away  
From rhyming awkward thoughts in sickly verse—  
As much as I have fawned on prose, the lay  
Of faintest inspiration is a curse  
That gropes for poetry. I think my Muse  
Must be a patient soul to haunt a pen  
Decrepit as my own. I shall abuse,  
Eternally, my God and fellow men,  
Inflicting all the harshness of my song,  
Squeaking and childish, upon the thirst  
Man's heart has held since dawn. Pitchfork and prong  
Applied too well! Of victims, I the first,  
Can never reach the peace of straight-laced prose,  
But ever agonize the poet's rose.

# SILVER-DRAGONED HOPES

ALWILDA McLEAN

Eddie Winthrop chewed the end of his pencil, moved uneasily in his chair, and watched the plump editor of the *Weekly Herald* as he turned page after page of printed sheets. Eddie was not a mind-reader; in fact, he was only a short story writer; but this time he did read Garland G. Hargrave's mind, or at least one word of it—"Latham—Latham—Latham." The editor opened his mouth. Eddie waited—yes, he was right. The first word that struggled from the vocal organs of the *Weekly Herald's* editor and came booming across the room was "Latham." "Latham," said Garland G. Hargrave, "is working on something new." He paused, seemingly to let the announcement gain full effect on the young man across the room, "Latham or somebody," he remarked glancing suggestively at Eddie, "has to fill up this space. That little number we published last week was great. Why, that boy Latham is a marvel as far as short-story writing is concerned."

Eddie knew that Latham was working on something new; he usually was, because, for some strange reason utterly unknown and bewildering to Eddie, he always managed to have something to write about. Eddie knew too that somebody had to fill up the short-story space, and that Peter Latham was a fine short-story writer. The editor was also aware of the fact that Eddie was very well acquainted with the subject of conversation; that was just his way of rubbing it in. Eddie rebelliously suppressed a desire to chew a hole in the corner of Garland G. Hargrave's desk, made a dash for his hat and coat, mumbled something about lunch, and hurried from the room.

He passed through the little room reserved for himself and Peter Latham, and had his eyes not already been a bright green they would have turned so as he glared at the little sign on one desk "Peter Latham." He paused just long enough to administer a resounding kick to the side of Peter's desk and limped painfully from the office.

Ten minutes later he sat alone in a little restaurant. "A plot,"

thought Eddie frantically; "I've got to write a story, but how can I do it without a plot—without even a subject or a suggestion of where to get one?" He frowned and displayed his ill-humor by vigorously stabbing the prongs of his fork into the broiled fish before him. Why, he couldn't let that big petted baby run off with another edition of the *Weekly Herald*. Why, it might even cost him his job. He couldn't lose his job—he couldn't—

Eddie suddenly experienced that creeping sensation that one feels when he is being stared at. He looked up and discovered a tall, odd-looking man, who asked rather suddenly, "I wonder if perhaps, sir, you would be interested in buying an umbrella?" He dangled a long, black umbrella with a silver, dragon-shaped handle before Eddie's startled eyes, but as he spoke he swayed and would have fallen had Eddie not helped him to a chair. "I'm sorry, sir; perhaps I annoy you," he gasped, "but you observe that I am faint; I have not eaten for two days."

"Er—why—um—could I help? Buy you some bread or—or soup—?" stammered Eddie.

"I am no beggar, sir; but maybe if we could make business," he added, indicating the umbrella.

"Oh, sure—sure, how much did you pay for it?" asked Eddie.

"Fifteen dollars, sir."

"But how is it," inquired the surprised boy, "that you pay fifteen dollars for an umbrella two days ago and now you are starving?"

"Sir, I am a poet; we are emotional—an artistic nature always is. We do strange things—but I fear I detain you."

"Not at all," lied Eddie; "on the contrary, I have nothing to do."

"You will not understand, sir, because you have probably never been in love. When one is in love, and so strangely as I, he is foolish, thoughtless. You see, I have never known her—only seen and wanted her. She lives in the building across the street from mine—I can see her from my window; and, oh, sir, she is so lovely, and little and fair. Her hair is like moonbeams and her eyes—her eyes—they must be blue, a crystal, sky-blue. Oh that I could go nearer and really see!"

Eddie frowned.



“And then,” continued the poet, “the other day it rained. I realized that I am a fool, but I had watched her all day; and then I saw her come out in the rain and stand waiting on the porch, waiting for some sort of protection from the dampness. Beneath my room is an umbrella shop, and this price was their lowest; but I was desperate. You must have heard of such meetings, sir, you know—the gentleman offers his umbrella and——; but when I had purchased it, she was gone, and I——.”

Eddie was beaming. What a dandy short-story! He actually frightened the poet by snatching the umbrella from him, thrusting fifteen dollars in his face and running from the restaurant as if it were on fire. “Peter Latham couldn’t beat that,” thought Eddie, as he banged the office door and scrambled toward the little office and his typewriter.

But upon entering he forgot the object of his great rush, for Peter Latham was sitting contentedly at his typewriter. His eyes twinkled. A smile played happily around the corners of his mouth, and leaning against the side of his desk was a long black umbrella with a silver dragon-shaped handle.



## JOBS

JOHN McNAIRY

It was a late afternoon in “dog-days,” and the city sweltered under a temperature of 102 degrees. On the second floor of a bank building a small, dignified man took time off to mop his face and gaze at the busy street below. He watched in particular a uniformed policeman who was rapidly clearing up a snarl in the stream of cars flowing by him. In a miraculously short time he had cleared the jam and now stood on his perch in the middle of the street, a master over the pulsing of the mob, an intellect directing the mass. The small man turned back to the papers on his desk; and in

spite of the gold-leafed "President" on his office door, there was a yearning in his heart and melancholy in his face.

At the country club a young man in old clothes leaned disconsolately over the porch railing, talking to one of the caddies. "You're lucky today, Billie, because Mr. Howard, the wealthy bank president, wants you. I wish more members were like him. If they don't complain about one thing, it's another. Balls, bad clubs, bad greens, pert caddies—as if I were to blame about them all. Golf lessons to give from morning to night, fat old millionaires and their fatter wives, who revert to their own style the minute I turn my back, and then demand to know why they didn't break ninety! And Jimmie Shark and his equals always rushing me into a four-some, and handing me sly little digs when they happen to win—good gosh, a pro isn't a superman. I wish—Oh, hello Mr. Howard. Want Billie to caddy for you? Well, he's as good as there are."

He watched the two walk away, and a hungry look came into his eyes. "If I only had a real job like him——!"

A uniformed cop plodded slowly homeward from his beat. Although of rugged construction, his ten hours of traffic directing and street walking had exhausted even him. Maggie should have on a cup of tea, he thought, and he would catch a wink of sleep before he set out on his night fire patrol. His gun was feeling heavy tonight; it had been a long time since he had used it; he sometimes wished something would pop loose, but he had to think of Maggie and the kids. Money earned on the force was certainly well earned; he wished he had drawn some better paying job such as, well, professional golfing. That was a real job—good pay, classy clothes, and nothing to do but knock little rubber balls around, with soft grass to walk on instead of hard pavement—oh, well, maybe things were all for the better! But there was still a little ache in his heart as he plodded slowly homeward.

# THE DAY'S END

MARY ANNA GENTRY

Laborers hurrying through the dusk of a brisk autumn evening seem to have one purpose: to reach home, the restful haven of all. Among faces turned toward their goal, each presents an individual picture.

Here is an old man, his face furrowed by the years, urging his tired limbs forward. His clothes are threadbare and his shoes badly in need of repair, yet he has a neat appearance. In one hand he is carrying a battered tin lunch box; with the other, he is pressing a lumpy paper sack against his body. He represents the meek, subdued, aged workman.

The street is quiet except for the shuffling of the old man as his form dims in the gathering dusk. Then the fast tapping of high heels is heard in the distance. The noise becomes louder as a tall, slender girl approaches. Her cheeks are brightly rouged and her lips a vivid red. Her jaws are moving rhythmically up and down on a piece of gum. A lock of stringy hair has escaped from underneath her cheap, close-fitting hat. A strand of glittering beads is clinging tightly against her scrawny neck. The hem of a bright red dress hangs below the thin, drab coat she wears. She halts, draws a compact from a pocket, and touches the tip of her nose with the puff. Her long, pointed nails are carmine—the latest thing in Paris, she has read. She turns the corner abruptly and vanishes, leaving an atmosphere of cheapness behind her.

A middle-aged negro woman, hurrying down the street, walks in a cloud of happiness. She is clad in a white uniform, over which she is wearing a dark blue coat. She is neat and tidy, the picture of a perfect nurse. Her dark, round face is wreathed in smiles, and her eyes twinkle. Her plump body sways from side to side with every step. She seems anxious to reach her home and family.

A huge, large-boned workman strides by, his hard face turning neither to right nor left. He is carrying a large box of tools, which he shifts from one hand to the other. His clothes are made of a cheap material, and the sleeves of his coat barely reach his wrists.



The brown hands are covered with grease, and there are long streaks of black oil on his trousers. He moves very rapidly and is lost in the dark shadows.

The day is ending. Laborers in all walks of life are hurrying home. A night of rest will follow—then another day of work—work—work.



## MAKERS AND BREAKERS OF MEN

FAY HOLDER

Twenty typewriters clicked furiously; twenty brains raced simultaneously. Seventeen men in shirt-sleeves, with disheveled hair, open collars, and rumpled ties thrown to one side worked with intense concentration. Three women in sleeveless dresses, with fingers flying, sat with eyes and minds riveted on the work before them. The "make-up" man sat, with his jar of paste before him, fitting stories together to form pages. Galley boys rushed into the editorial room for copy, back to the composing room, out to the proof reader's desk with typed galleys, and again to the reporters for more copy. From the composing room came a roar of linotype machines, and from another door the staccato notes of the A. P. machines. The shrill ringing of twenty telephones rent the air at once; twenty voices barked replies, then lost themselves in the confusion.

Each sound, peculiar to its own source, could be singled from another; but all the sounds together constituted a din that could be heard in no place other than a newspaper office.

Here were the men behind the stage, pulling the strings that move the wooden actors before the public eye. Here, men were made; here, men were torn to shreds and thrown into the gutter. Here, reputations of prominent citizens were ground underfoot; solutions to crimes were blazed to the eyes of all nations. Here were only twenty individuals, but they were the men who sow the first seeds of public opinion. These men were the makers of history and the breakers of men.

# “THE MAN WITH THE HOE”

CHARLES SHARPE

“And he grieves not and never hopes nor fears,  
Is dead to rapture and despair,” you say.  
“A brother to the ox—a blighted brain—  
Knows nothing but the hoe from day to day.”

Then why the look of sadness and the tears  
At evening as he views the little mound?  
This little one—been gone about two years—  
Was not forgotten with sad funeral round.

And why the tones of hope and holy fear  
As he, while gazing at the reddening east,  
Speaks out his little prayer in God’s own ear?  
Is this the “brother to an ox?”—a beast?

Why stands he still so long with idle tools  
And, silent, has forgotten self and hoe?  
Mistake it not for blighted brain of fools;  
He is inspired, and deepest thoughts here flow.

What if he’s never heard of Plato’s deeds  
And knows no classics save the starry skies?  
His thoughts are free from taints of custom’s creeds,  
Which fits him better to philosophize.

Spurn not this simple lab’rer of the field  
Because with lords his manners meanly rate;  
He knows not how hypocrisy to wield,  
For he’s a man made in the purest state.

# A PRINCELY SLAVE

BEVERLY BURGESS

Probably one of the strangest stories of the old plantation days is the romantic experience of a princely slave, Prince Omeroh. The setting of it is none other than the state of North Carolina.

On a high bluff overlooking the Cape Fear River was the county seat of Governor Owen—Owen Hill. To this retreat, in the rear of which were miles of aromatic, health-bearing pine forests and a profusion of fragrant yellow jasmynes, Governor John Owen of North Carolina used to come when wearied with political cares.

Now the genial and gossipy captain of the Fayetteville steamer that plied between Fayetteville and Wilmington would inform the Governor as to the news of these two towns. It was in this way that Governor Owen heard of a runaway slave who had been caught near Fayetteville, lurking in the woods. The fugitive aroused much curiosity by his not knowing one word of English, but speaking fluently and gracefully a language which no one could understand. He was therefore placed in jail to await developments and the discovery of his master.

Much happened in the walls of his cell, so the captain of the steamer related. They were covered with strange characters, traced in charcoal or chalk, which no scholar in Fayetteville could decipher. Something in the man's manner made the jailor treat him with consideration, and his jail mates believed him to be a conjuror.

The boatsman's story made such an impression on Governor Owen and his brother, General Owen, that they determined to go with the talkative captain and see this captive for themselves. Their first interview with Omeroh convinced both gentlemen that he was no ordinary person and was certainly not a negro.

Governor Owen immediately made plans for his comfort, as he suffered severely from the cold, and in a few weeks succeeded in finding out that Omeroh had escaped from a cruel overseer near Charleston, South Carolina. He had been taken prisoner by negroes off the coast of Africa and sold to white traders. The Charleston planter, being both ignorant and cruel, had started to strike



Omeroh. This was too much for the high-spirited Arabian, who was, as was learned afterwards, forty years old and had been a hereditary prince of the Foulah tribe in Arabia. Being fleet-footed, tall and strong, he succeeded in escaping to North Carolina.

The Governor had become so interested in Omeroh that when the Charlestonian came to claim his property, the Governor paid him about nine hundred or one thousand dollars and became Omeroh's master.

In the home of the Governor he was made a Christian and treated kindly. His Bible translated at his request in Arabian may now be found in the Davidson College library. He was taught English. Soon after, the Governor offered him his freedom, but he declined it, saying that his wife and child in Arabia had probably forgotten him and that he feared he could not convert his tribe if he went to them, since they were firm Mohammedans. He was then installed head butler at Owen Hill, where he remained until his death in 1859.

He was honest and faithful always. His quaint writings in Arabic were found on the pine trees around Owen Hill. In these he begged the neighbors not to let him be separated from his master. Of course the neighbors were never any the wiser. He learned that Governor Owen would always protect him in every way, however.

Surely some good has come from the tragic fate of "Uncle Moro," as the Governor's children called him, for it was the means of sending the Bible to Arabia. This translation being perfect, at the request of "Uncle Moro," was sent to Arabia as the first. "Uncle Moro" now sleeps in the family graveyard at Owen Hill, and his photograph is valued by all the surviving descendants of Governor and General Owen as that of a cherished member of their household.



He used  
To sit and dream  
Of what he'd make his work.  
And now he sits and dreams how work  
Made him.

*Phyllis Morrah*

## JENKINS AND JENKINS, PLUMBERS

REX METZ

Jenkins is an expert in his chosen profession, plumbing. It has been rumored that Jenkins's father had a hand in the construction of the Roosevelt Dam; so it is natural that young Jenkins should follow in his father's footsteps and take up the task of stopping holes in water systems.

When he was a tot of three, Jenkins occasioned no great pride in his family by stopping up water spouts with cement. It was then that he met his first plumber, one who had been called to remove the cement from a faucet; but, alas, he saw only the seamy side of this one, caused no doubt by the cement. Nevertheless, the profession of plumbing exercised a strange, but powerful, fascination over his infant mind, and he determined to adopt it as his life work.

So at the tender age of thirty-seven, he bought two monkey wrenches and a hammer and opened up the establishment of Jenkins and Jenkins, Plumbers. There seemed to be no cause for the second Jenkins. He had no son, and his father had died some years before from a wound received in the War of Roses; nevertheless, there was a very excellent reason. The single name Jenkins, so Jenkins said, sounded more like a dry cleaning plant than a modern up-to-date plumbing business; hence the two Jenkinsees.

As I said, Jenkins is an expert in his chosen vocation. He has been known to work half a day on a small leak in the smallest kitchenette, in the smallest apartment on Lake Shore Drive. Perhaps his long hours may be explained by his many diversions from his work. Since his rates are low, (which, instead of his excellent work is probably the reason why he is still in business), his clients feel obligated to offer him any refreshments he may express a desire for. He has been known to take sixty minutes to consume a chocolate soda and a ham sandwich, chocolate being his favorite flavor and ham his favorite sandwich. There are also many other desired flavors, and many an anxious housewife has watched with growing concern the steadily increasing number of sodas and sand-

wiches drunk and eaten by Jenkins in the course of a day's work.

It seems that Jenkins is destined to live many years, while following his honorable profession, and making away with sundry refreshments. Six months ago he celebrated his one hundredth anniversary by drinking six cups of coffee and eating a round dozen ham sandwiches, not to mention repairing the town millionaire's gold-fish pond, the drain pipe of which had been stopped up with cement by a three-year-old.



## TO A BOOK

JOHN MCNAIRY

Look at that book! What an air of superiority it seems to have. Such an extra sense of cocksureness its Cordovan leather binding inspires. It has such a smug certainty of being outstanding that it seems almost to speak. Turn its pages. The paper is of excellent quality; the printing is dignified and readable; the phrasing is correct and forceful.

Most people like that book; I liked it once myself. I got the facts for my term paper from that book. I worked long hours on the thesis. When it came back there was a brief note at the bottom: "Excellent presentation, but your facts are unforgivably muddled." That is why I am taking this post-graduate course.



It's work,—  
Not play, that counts;  
And we must find that out.  
But if we know this secret now,  
We're made.

*Thurman Steed*



# BEAUTY OF WORK

BEVERLY BURGESS

Our Creator has placed us here to live, and to live is to work. To work for our living is to live for our work, for in it lies all the beauty of honesty and pride.

Our work is what we make it. It can be a wailing-post for our sorrows or a song of our happiness. It is the vital part of our existence, bringing to light hidden ambitions and offering a way for the unfortunate to redeem themselves.

The pride instinctively aroused by a well-done job cannot be found elsewhere. Work encourages the young and creates new life for the old. There is something so beautiful in honest toil that it has inspired artists and musicians to use it for the theme of their masterpieces.

When the world is engrossed in labor, it sings with the hum of a turning wheel, the rhythm of a stitch, and the tone quality of a busy factory.

The world at work is like a great boiling pot; the bubbles burst for the famous, the bubbles last for the fittest, and the bubbles fail to rise for some. The pot, however, never fails to hum a tune.



# WARP AND WOOF

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Miss Tillet  
Miss Craig  
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## *Our Theme*

AFTER much consideration the HOMESPUN staff has selected for its theme for this year one which in our estimation is relative to the times and which may be treated very effectively by high school students. The theme is *What Men Live By*, and as the separate themes for the four issues of the magazine we have, of course, selected *Work, Worship, Play, and Love*, carrying out this central idea in the order named.

This first issue we present as the embodiment of its theme, in the hope that this may be a starting point for the year. About

Christmas the second issue will be brought out, celebrating the season as it was originally intended to be celebrated. *Play* will be the third issue, and the last, *Love*, will come out about the time young men's fancies turn to that subject.

*What Men Live By* is full of possibilities for creative and informative writing, for surely it is a subject wide enough in its scope to be dealt with in some fashion by every one. Each year the staff endeavors to place before the student body suggestions for articles, short stories, poetry, and essays which may stir up the grey matter lying dormant in the heads of so many of our boys and girls. One of the prime ambitions of HOMESPUN is that it eventually will be more representative of the school; will have a wider range of contributors.

Surely this year when there are so many problems facing each of us, there should be a response from each person in some form or other; for instance, whenever have people needed more the solace of religion than now? What high school sophomore has not discoursed upon love? We all have ideas upon these subjects; we each know what we consider the elements by which a man may live honorably and profitably, so we should have many contributions this year.

*Helen Crutchfield*



## *How Strange*

I have just turned up a brick in my backyard, a brick under which there existed a perfectly harmonious group of workers. Under that brick there was thriving an ant kingdom, or better, I shall call it an ant family. As soon as I tilted the brick, hundreds of little black ants began to rush about, gathering up minute white sacs. Each of those black ants was a nursemaid; and each of those white sacs was an ant baby, a pupa. There is a particular baby for which each nurse is responsible, and in times of calamity it is the duty of the nurse to carry its protege to safety. That is the life work of the nurse ant. Some one had to work in that capacity for the nursemaid when she was a child, and she must do it in turn.



The ant believes as man believes: that turn about is fair play, especially in work.

An eminent scientist once wrote that while he was sitting on the porch of a mountain cabin, an ant came across the porch; and when he perceived a crack in the porch, he felt about with his antennae, saw that he could not cross, then went away. A little later he returned with a pine needle which he placed across the chasm, and on which he crossed to the other side of the crack. That ant was an independent worker. He had his job to do and called on no one else.

Ants are not human beings, of course; but in spite of their seeming insignificance they can teach human beings many lessons.

In our cafeteria there are a great number of workers; there are the cook, girls who serve, and boys who help about here and there. There is a purpose in their holding their jobs, mainly for some form of sustenance. Those of us who eat in the cafeteria have a very arduous task, one of sheer drudgery. We must wait upon ourselves and then after eating must take our trays to the window for the dish-washer—a terrible task to ask of senior high students, isn't it?

The other day a husky young athlete found waiting on himself too hard. He was sitting at a table with a group of fair damsels. Suddenly he perceived a member of our student body who was working in the cafeteria, and he hailed that lad with this request, "Hi, there, bud, bring me a glass of H<sub>2</sub>O, will you?"

How odd if that ant had said to the scientist, "Hi, there, bud, bring me a pine needle, will you?"

*Lane Barksdale*



## *Trappings*

The philosophy of the pleasure seeker in this world is not to be criticized. Since I try to be an optimist, I zealously proclaim my opinion that the real purpose of this life is that one genuinely rejoice in his lot. I state this opinion merely in passing, because I don't understand life well enough to substantiate an argument

justifying this outlook. Nevertheless, I accept it, and so does everyone else. However radical it may sound, we all do as we please.

When we stop to consider, it occurs to each of us that we never performed a premeditated deed without first deciding, so far as our understanding allowed, that the accepted course of action would yield the greatest joy in the end. By way of explanation I point to an experience common to all. When an elder or a superior person authorized in our guidance and instruction threatens us with some punishment if we do not comply with certain distasteful terms, our first action is a process of weighing the possibilities of grief in either course. Do we prefer the unpleasant task with the satisfaction of accomplishing it or the escape from the displeasure plus the threatened consequence? It is a matter left entirely to our own pleasure, and we cannot say that we were forced to do it against our will. Every problem we face is such and is solved by similar methods of choice.

Who will dare to affirm that man is not a pleasure-seeker? The most pessimistic or serious-minded human will not voluntarily inflict self-torture or even take unpleasant medicine unless it seems the instigator of less suffering than the pain for which it is designed as a cure.

Who can testify that man is not justified in following his natural course? The instinct for saving life is no stronger in man than this instinct for directing it through channels of profit measured in terms of happiness.

Since this is instinctively man's creed, all men, however foolish their practices, are to a great degree justified in their "pursuit of happiness." It is seldom the underlying motive of man's action that deserves reproof, for it remains constant to the creed; it is more often the methods of attainment which are too many times urged by a false or misunderstood purpose. For example, we may consider a case with which we are all familiar and which, by the way, was the cause of this statement of these my sundry opinions. In the study-halls of our school, and it is just as true anywhere, there are two distinctly different types of people. Both are slaves to the common goal of happiness. The difference arises in their conceptions of this term.

We find one character who, much to the study-seeker's disgust, finds no pleasure in the drudgery of self-education and seems to believe that a pleasure forfeited now is a pleasure lost forever with no future recompense. He, therefore, deeming study an enemy to his happiness and considering the teacher his enemy's most powerful ally, begins his warfare against both by whatever annoying pastimes he can invent. He is most particular to present a jolly face to make it apparent that he is successful in avoiding his enemy and has retained his pleasure.

In sharp contrast to this we find the other character denying himself such artificial pleasures for the sake of his studies. He is no less diligent in his search for joy than the other but has visions of a greater pleasure than idling time at chewing gum and giggling. Since the present drudgery takes on an attractive aspect when seen as a means to the coveted goal, he is far from unhappy and feels a contented satisfaction in the realization that he is building up resources from which he may draw a fruitful yield of joy later on.

The former character has no such hope for the future; and in the midst of his superficial pleasures often despairs at the emptiness of life. He knows not the true character of happiness and has mistaken kid-like amusements and outward show of merriness for the genuine emotion.

We are all too often cajoled into paying a high price for counterfeit joys, simply because they display the "trappings . . . that a man might play."

Pleasure is fickle and often eludes those who seek her most zealously. The best way to win her favor is through labor. Each drop of honest sweat is a shining sacrifice upon her altar. She never deceives the laborer by counterfeiting but visits him in her sincerest form.

*Charles Sharpe*



The time  
We need for work  
Can easily be found  
In only half the priceless hours  
We waste.

*Maurice Polk*



## *Dry Wit*

It has always been a matter of deepest regret to us that our humor department has never received the honor it has deserved. By the process of elimination, you can find that "Ravelings" must be our attempt at wit—very feeble, if we go by criticisms of our magazine.

We thought that some of our last year's articles were very funny; in fact, we were actually proud that we had at last achieved that difficult branch of writing—humor that was literary, or literature that was humorous. We eagerly distributed the magazine to the public and waited to hear the congratulations and commendations of our readers for "Ravelings," recognizable in its true state at last.

Our hearts full of anxious wondering, we issued our second number. Surely now the public would understand—but, no. The year dragged through, sadly and seriously; for not a laugh did we provoke.

At last came the time to send our publication to the National Scholastic Press Association for criticism. Here, at last, was someone who would know humor when he saw it. Here was someone who would not need to see the word "Jokes" to know when it was time to laugh. Our letter from them praised us very highly. With delighted hearts we scanned the pages of their criticism until we came to the page headed by the fateful word "Humor." One tell-tale sentence caught our eye—"HOMESPUN has no humor department."

Woe are our high school humorists!

*Edward T. Cone*



# TANGLED THREADS

## A VACANT HOUSE

LOUIE BROWN MICHAELS

There's a vacant house in the lot next door,  
And it seems sort of lonely—to me,  
For clover and weeds have captured the place  
Where the grass and the flowers used to be.

The welcome mat's gone, and the door is closed;  
And the porch is alone—in the sun;  
And everything's still when the stars come out  
And the night has just begun.

The garden gate needs more white paint,  
And the shutters that look on the lane  
Are asking the same of passers-by—  
“Please, won't you come again?”

The rooms are large and empty—now,  
And footsteps sound loud on the floor.  
Why, the saddest thing in the world—to me,  
Is a vacant house—next door.

# DOCTOR SALTEN

JESSIE DOUGLAS

EVERY morning and every evening at the same time, without fail, he walked down East Dale Street. He was a man about sixty-five years old; but instead of being shriveled and worn-out, he was short and fat and walked with such a brisk pace that he looked like a small cyclone, or perhaps an express train. Everybody, every day, stared at him, for he was queer. He wore a gray striped suit that was perhaps the fashion forty years before and wore a hat that was the talk of the polite society of the town. It was a light tan hat, one of those high stove-pipe hats. Every day, whether it was raining or whether it was clear, he wore that hat. He walked by, completely unconscious that the eyes of people were staring at him, that the gossipers of the village were talking about him, or that every citizen in Berryville was worrying himself to distraction over him.

He had moved to Berryville with his nine-year-old grandson about a month before and had started a dog and cat hospital. His hospital was on Thomas Street, two doors from the city hall. It was a dark green building with the words, *Doctor William Salten's Dog and Cat Hospital*, painted on it in large sweeping letters of bright red. He had a flourishing business, for every individual in the town either had some priceless nondescript mongrel or a precious striped alley-cat.

Dr. Salten's small shop was always in the utmost confusion with the deafening sounds of woofs, bow-wows, and meows, and with the old man himself trying to shout orders and prescriptions across the room to his grandson, Edward. Edward was a good assistant and a good nurse. He knew what pills were for what ailments and had the touch of an artist when it came to quieting homesick puppies.

The door opened, and Miss Marjorie McNair, an outstanding old lady and social leader of Berryville, walked slowly and sadly in, carrying in her arms a drooping, forlorn-looking collie pup.



"Dr. Salten," she said, "something is the matter with my little dog."

Dr. William Salten, who was on his knees trying to force some food down the throat of a struggling airdale, looked up.

"Oh, Edward," he called, "tend to this lady." Edward's voice had a provoked but positive tone. "I can't, grandpa; I am trying my best to give Mr. Belding's dog a flea bath; but she just won't keep still and is splattering this old soapy water all in my eyes."

"Dr. Salten, with a patient sigh, put the airdale back into his cage. He stretched himself, walked to the front of the store, and greeted the sorrowful lady. "Good-morning, Miss McNair," he said, "now what is the matter with Jackie?"

She sat down in a nearby chair and began sniffing. "Oh, Dr. Salten, poor Jackie, do you think he will die? He has eaten about twenty of my reducing pills. I had taken one before breakfast and had left the box opened on the pantry table, oh dear!"

The old man adjusted his glasses upon his red shiny nose, held Jackie in his hands at arm's length, and began thinking. "Well," he said very slowly, "it's pretty serious, but I think I can fix him up all right. I will give him some pills and a little tonic to build him up, but how is it that the likes of you be taking reducing tablets? Why, Miss Marjorie, you are just right."

Miss Marjorie blushed deeply, cleared her throat, and smoothed her dress over her plump figure. "Well—er, thank you, Dr. Salten, that is nice of you; but—er, I think that I could improve a bit."

He was grinning from ear to ear. "Nonsense," he said; "well, let us see; I could let you have Jackie about five or six o'clock tomorrow."

After gossiping for about half an hour she left very much consoled about her dog and very much affected by the doctor's flattery.

He gave much more attention to Jackie than to his other patients. "You know, Edward," he mused, "Miss McNair must have been a belle in her day; and not that you've asked my opinion, but I would call her rather comely now, and so sweet." His eyes had a dreamy expression. "Yes, and rich, too; I wonder now.

Edward, call up Miss McNair, seven-eight-five-two, and tell her not to bother, that I will deliver Jackie myself as I go home."

As the boy hurried into the back office to the telephone, Doctor Salten put on his light tan, high, stove-pipe hat, stood before a full-length mirror, and turned slowly around, straightening the creases in his queerly-made gray striped suit. He looked at his short round reflection. "Not so bad," he thought; "just need a brushing down and a flower bud."



## NOSTALGIA

ELSTON FIFE

It's been so long since I have seen  
The lace work of a tree  
Against the cold, transparent calm  
That I know as the sea.

Where palm trees grow along the road  
That leads to white surf breaking,  
I want to rest, absorb the waves  
And wind and gold leaves shaking.

I wonder if I ever will  
Stop longing for the ocean,  
For shimmering trees and cloud-banked skies,  
And water in fierce motion.

# ON AN ISLAND OFF BEAUFORT

JOHN McNAIRY

About seven o'clock on the morning of August 20, 1931, a small fishing boat plowed steadily along, rolling from side to side in the heavy Atlantic swell. Along the gunnels and on top of the cabin were seated many boys, Boy Scouts of Greensboro, who were spending the week in Beaufort. They were silent now, watching the island which they were approaching.

Coming to within thirty feet of the beach, the skipper, turning off the engine, steered the bow into the wind, while Jim, his son, dropped the anchor overboard. "Boys," said the skipper, "it's too shallow to bring the boat in any farther, so three of ye at a time get in the skiff, and I'll drift ye on the beach."

There was a rush for the skiff, and I managed to be one of the first three to go. The skipper paid out a long rope fastened to the bow of the skiff until we were about twelve feet from the beach. Then he suddenly yelled, "All out." As we had expected to step onto the beach, we hesitated, not knowing what to do. The skipper decided for us, however, for he began to pull the skiff back to the boat, so we all jumped, shoes and all, into the water. It was luckily only knee deep, so we waded ashore and woefully began taking off our shoes. The ones left on the boat profited by our example and removed their shoes and socks, so we were soon assembled on land.

Leaving our shoes and socks to dry on the beach, we started out to explore the island. Crossing a short stretch of woods, we came suddenly on a high sand dune, all of thirty feet high, and stopping in an almost perpendicular slope. Everyone let out a yell and scrambled madly to the top. Then we would get a good run and jump out into space, shooting downward ten, fifteen, or twenty feet before we hit sand and slid to the stop. It was the nearest thing to flying we had ever seen, and we really had a hilarious time.

Soon we got tired of this and moved on along the edge of the dune looking for better places to jump. We came out finally at the other end of the island, which was not covered by dunes, but was covered with sea shells. Never had we seen such an abundance



or variety of shells. They were there in all shapes, sizes, and conditions, and colored with all the tints of the rainbow. Everyone started collections to take home, and the flat island echoed with the shouts of delighted boys as they found an especially good shell, or a new type.

By midday everyone had all he could carry, so all assembled on the beach for sandwiches and cake. Before eating, however, all the boys wanted to go surf bathing. The undertow on this particular beach is very curious in that it runs down the beach instead of out to sea. The surf was so heavy that morning that the undertow was like a swiftly flowing river. Two men of the party were stationed on the bank fifty yards apart and the boys, after going in opposite the first, had only time to make a dozen strokes before they were swept down to the second man and had to come out. In this way there was a constant stream of boys passing back and forth, but the thrill of the high rollers was more than enough to offset the trouble of having to come out so often.

After fishing all evening, we gathered at four o'clock and had an oyster roast. The oysters clung together in big clumps larger than a basketball, so each boy would carry a clump to the fire, after having washed the oysters thoroughly, and set it in the flames. After the oysters had roasted in their shells, we would break open the shells, cut loose the oysters and eat them. Of course there was an abundance of dirt sprinkled in, and there was no bread or salt, but to us they tasted like the choicest fried oysters served with careful seasoning at home.

While waiting for them to cook thoroughly, we sat and watched two fishing boats lying motionless on the mirror-like bay as they waited for a school of mullet to come inside. Slowly the sun sank down behind them, and the sky turned to a crimson red in a beautiful sunset, lovely to see. It was a fitting climax to a day I shall remember as long as I live.

# SHADOWS

LOUIE BROWN MICHAELS

Last night the wind was playing  
    Out in my garden small,  
And the gayest little shadows  
    Were dancing on the wall.

Perfume came from roses.  
    The winding garden walk  
Was flooded with the moonlight  
    And transformed to silver chalk.

And then as I stood watching,  
    I heard the faintest sound  
Like the opening of the garden gate—  
    And so—I turned around.

The palest little lady,  
    All clothed in thin chiffon,  
Came tripping through my flowers  
    With a basket on her arm.

And having sprinkled everything  
    With diamond drops of dew,  
She vanished down the silver path  
    Into a mist of blue.

I wondered——if she would return;  
    Myself—I cannot blame  
In thinking her a shadow  
    That faded as it came!

# To B.

HELEN CRUTCHFIELD

I ate of the bitter fruit  
And recoiled at the taste.  
I ran to a cool spring to drink,  
But the bitterness remained.  
There was a sweet apple I ate,  
Oh, many sweet things!  
Always the first tang ate at my throat  
And burned my heart.  
It was only after I found a fruit  
Bitterer than the first  
That my throat was unlocked.





# PATTERNS

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

*Young Europe*—VALENTINE THOMPSON

“Go east, young man, grow up with Europe,” Horace Greeley would say today if he were alive. “Cross the Atlantic and find, not the ‘Old Country,’ but a land so new in its economic, political, and diplomatic atmosphere that only the cobbled streets of old cities, the cathedrals, monuments, and inevitable manifestations of nationalist obstinacy bear witness to the fact that those nations are the same we met in our history books, that we saw in our pre-war travels.”

This fact Miss Thompson brings out in *Young Europe*. As she sets sail from New York, Miss Thompson writes that she has the feeling of an “explorer when sailing toward the Unknown.” For it is a different Europe as portrayed by Miss Thompson from the way we are accustomed to think of it as separate, wholly disunified nations, symbolized by a red or green splotch on a varicolored map. She treats the economic and political situations in the various countries as a drama more thrilling than any novel or play ever written. The breath-taking progress of Europe in the last hundred years is brought home to us, and Miss Thompson throws a new light on the old Franco-German problem, the wide division in German politics and the people themselves, and the position of the new Poland trying frantically to make double time, repairing, patching, trying to make up for a century lost out of their national life. She gives her impressions of such famous men as the late Aristide Briand, man of peace; Premier Laval, his successor; Chancellor Bruning and many others.

Miss Thompson does not claim to be a diplomat or a political personality. She is merely "one of the crowd" who has now and then been admitted behind the curtain which separates the public from the drama that is going on. This is her excuse for a most readable and entertaining book.

*Rosemary Kuhn*

*Von Loon's Geography*—HENDRICK WILLEM VON LOON

*Von Loon's Geography* is a fascinating book; indeed, it is the only geography I have ever read that was such. It does not give pages of figures and statistics and exports and imports and populations and square miles; it treats geography from what Mr. Von Loon calls the "human" standpoint. According to the author, history and geography are inseparably bound together; each one causes the other. I had never realized to what an extent this is true until I read the chapters on Japan, Australia, and South America. In these and in every other part of the book the writer explains a country's history by its geography and vice versa.

Not the least important part are the pictures. They are at the same time delightful and most illuminating. A glance at a picture such as "Eclipse," "The North Pole and the Equator," or "The Desert" is worth more than a page of writing.

The maps also are very interesting. Some of them are very unusual, such as the three-dimensional type and those which reduce continents to geometrical figures.

The style is entertaining; but in some places it is a little too popular, verging on slang. Nevertheless the book as a whole is well written and worth reading.

*Edward T. Cone*

*Only Yesterday*—ALLEN

In his informal history, *Only Yesterday*, Frederick Lewis Allen contrives to tell in an interesting way the outstanding events of the nineteen-twenties. In weaving together the happenings of the past twenty years he reveals the fundamental trends in national life and thought during that period. He carries us through evils

wrought by the great war, through Coolidge prosperity, to our present economic situation and hard times.

His account ranges from the scandals of the Harding administration to the daring of Colonel Lindbergh; from the Sacco-Vanzetti murder case to the marriage of Ellen Mackay to Irving Berlin; from Red Grange, the spectacular football star, to the boom in Florida real estate. Finally, it ends in the fatal crash of the stock market which started us on the downward slump and the depression of '31.

Thus we have pictured to us again events half forgotten, vague recollections of what has been. We thrill again to the Lindbergh miracle, shudder, too, at the gruesomeness of the Snyder-Gray murder case, and are concerned again with the plight of Floyd Collins.

*Only Yesterday* is interesting in that it presents a period close at hand.

*Irma Lee Graves*



## AN APPRECIATION OF LEWIS CARROLL

EDWARD CONE

A hundred years ago was born a great artist. He taught mathematics, but mathematics was not his art. He composed poetry, but poetry was not his art. He wrote fiction, but fiction was not his art. No, his art was nonsense, pure, sheer, delicious, rollicking, musical, artistic nonsense—nonsense like "Alice in Wonderland," nonsense like "Through the Looking-Glass," nonsense like "The Hunting of the Snark." His name, so pedants would have us believe, was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. His real name was Lewis Carroll. But, alas! The encyclopedia gives no Lewis Carroll, only a C. L. Dodgson. It does not understand that it is to do its duty; if a man is christened Charles L. Dodgson, Charles L. Dodgson must he be. The encyclopedia is no place for nonsense.



I wonder if the men who wrote the *Britannica* ever read the "Hunting of the Snark." I wonder what they would say to this:

"They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care;  
They pursued it with forks and hope;  
They threatened its life with a railway share;  
They charmed it with smiles and soap."

Or this:

"No fossil can be crossed in love;  
An oyster may be crossed in love,  
Oysters are not fossils."

I can imagine them talking to themselves, asking how one could seek a Snark (what is a Snark, anyway? Never heard of it!) with thimbles, or forks, or smiles, or railway shares. And who ever doubted that oysters were not fossils?

No, Lewis Carroll is not for such as these; he is too far above them. Notice that I say above them. I have found that most people like *Alice* better now that they are adults than when they were children—indeed, so a young lady of sixteen told me. But one of the most learned (but certainly not the wisest) minds I know told me he did not see a thing in Lewis Carroll. I daresay the discourses of Epictetus would appeal to him more. Yet Lewis Carroll did one thing that neither Epictetus nor Archimedes did—he added a word to the English language, a lasting monument to his nonsense *chortle*. What a remarkably expressive word! It is a combination of *chuckle* and *snort*, yet who but a master could effect such a close and anomatapoetic union? "Jabberwocky" is full of others just as good, such as the "menisy borogovis" and the "trumious bandersnatch."

"But," I can hear some grave person object, "What is a bandersnatch?"

In answer I can only chortle. Remember, you serious-minded, that Lewis Carroll taught mathematics.

# RAVELINGS

## THE GREEN BUBBLE

LANE BARKSDALE

Way out in the woggly waters of a wiggling stream  
Lived a perchy fish all made of cream, all made of cream.  
His eyes were blue  
And his nose was too,  
And his tail was a moony beam, a moony beam.  
Now in tales of old  
'Twas often told  
That he lived in a palace all made of gold,  
And in his yard  
Was a candy mountain  
And a great big fountain  
Of pink lemonade——so cold  
That the sun once felt  
As though it would melt  
And flow away, and flow away.  
Then there came a girlie fish so fair and sweet, so fair and sweet;  
Her hair was silken fluff;  
Her cheeks a pinky puff;  
And lavender were her feet, feet, feet, and lavender were her feet.  
Now the perchy fish wedded the girlie maid  
And they lived in a caramel shell  
(Is the tale the mermaids tell)  
And there they stayed, and stayed, and stayed.

## THAT CAT SUPERSTITION

HARDY ROOT

**N**OR some reason people have conceived the idea that to sleep in the same room with a cat is dangerous. I don't know where this old-fashioned superstition originated, but as far as I'm concerned it's absolutely wrong. In fact, I will go even further and say that it's dangerous *not* to sleep in the same room with a cat.

Well, if your curiosity is sufficiently aroused, and you are wondering why I'm so particular about sleeping with a cat, I'll tell you. It's like this: one night I was sound asleep, and for some reason I awoke with a sudden start. You know how you'll be dozing off and dream you're falling and nearly jump out of bed. Well, that's how I awoke; only I didn't dream I was falling. I dreamed someone was in my room. For some reason I was shaking with fright.

I tried to console myself with saying I had merely had a bad dream. But somehow it seemed too real to be a dream. Then the truth struck me. There *was* someone in the room! I could barely make out his dim outline as he moved noiselessly about.

I may have been a bit frightened before, but when I saw that huge, bulking form moving about, real honest-to-goodness terror set in. My muscles grew tense. I tried not to breathe, which made me breathe all the harder. Peculiar little sensations ran up and down my spine, and my heart beat so fast and heavy that the springs to my bed squeaked at regular intervals. I wanted to scream but I dared not. I wanted to get up and run, but I was so weak from fright that even an utmost effort would have been in vain.

The intruder had now turned on his flashlight and was making a careful survey of the surroundings. The spot of light moved slowly across the wall and finally rested on my dresser. The burglar (for I was convinced that he was a burglar) moved silently to the bureau and began ransacking my belongings. Once he stopped and gave a little grunt. I decided that it was a grunt of satisfaction at having found my wallet.



Outside, a car filled with merry-makers whizzed by. Words cannot express the envy I held for them. Oh, if I could only have been outside with a crowd of people, instead of up there in a dark room with a desperate criminal.

The ray of light flashed for a second on the mirror of the dresser, and I caught a glimpse of the most horrid-looking countenance I had ever seen. Small, piercing, blood-shot eyes, a long beaked nose, and a ruffled head of thick, black hair, made up a terrible looking creature, even to be created by a most imaginative person, let alone really to exist.

After rambling through every drawer in my dresser, he slid silently to my clothes closet and began going through my every suit of clothes. I knew he wouldn't give another grunt of satisfaction, because my wallet, which contained only a few dollars, was the only thing of real value in my room. He bumped his head against the door, and I could almost hear him curse to himself.

After a long search through the closet, he suddenly turned and began moving towards my bed! The pangs of terror I felt made the rest seem foolish. I was more than merely frightened; I was hysterical; I was panic-stricken.

I lay there, my eyes glued on the ceiling, waiting for the inevitable moment when I would feel his fingers around my throat. Then, just before he reached the bed, a high-pitched scream rang out. It was blood-curdling. At first I couldn't make out what it was;—then I realized it was my cat. The intruder had evidently stepped on its tail. The burglar backed away—his breathing became heavy, and he sank into a chair on the opposite side of the room. He rested his flashlight in his lap, and its beams shone right in my face. Well, that was the last straw. With one big jump I was half way downstairs. In less time than it takes to tell, I had summoned the nearest cop from his beat, and back to the house we went.

Now, with the cop by my side, I became very courageous. We hurried upstairs to my room. What I saw when we opened the door nearly knocked me off my feet: there was the burglar still sitting in the chair, staring into space, with the flashlight still shining on my bed. The cop pulled out his gun and said, "O. K.

buddy, I got you covered; let's get goin'." But the crook didn't move a muscle. He just sat there gazing into space. This made the cop mad, so he went over and gave the man a shove. The burglar fell head-first on the floor. The policeman knelt beside him and, after a brief examination, exclaimed, "He's dead!"

Everybody tried to find out afterwards what I did to scare the crook to death. Being very modest I just said, "Oh, it wasn't nothing."

Suppose I do get the credit for it, the cat doesn't care, as long as he has a pint of milk a day and has the privilege of sleeping in a warm, cozy room.



## ONION SANDWICHES

ED GAMBRELL

We had been sailing down the lake and were making about four knots an hour. It was about two o'clock and the whole crew was hungry. We should have eaten about two hours sooner; but as we had decided to take advantage of the wind while it still blew, we kept on sailing.

It was early summer, and we considered ourselves lucky to get such a nice wind, especially in this season. The lake, High Rock, was the water on which we had been for the last two days in our twenty-four-foot whale boat.

All of our food had been eaten except a can of beans, a can of pineapple, eight pounds of onions, and five loaves of bread. It would be the next night before we went to shore, so that meant that we would have practically to live on onions for the rest of the cruise.

We had eaten breakfast at six that morning, and it was two then; so it was decided that we would eat, even if a storm came up. We hauled down the mains'l, the fores'l, and then the jib. The anchor was thrown overboard to keep the boat from drifting.

It was agreed that the beans and pineapple should be saved for breakfast the next morning. Without a word we set to work on the onion sandwiches.

All at once I heard a yell. I turned around, and to my surprise I saw Brig standing over John de Butts with the tiller in his hand; de Butts was holding his head as if he were dazed. In fact, he was very much dazed, because Brig had just hit him over the head with the tiller. I asked Brig why he had done it.

He said that de Butts was supposed to be peeling onions, but that he was putting the peelings in a pan and throwing the onions overboard. The whole crew nearly died laughing. We should have given Brig a medal for his action.

I managed to "put below" six onion sandwiches, which was the record. Gosh, what an odor! If any one ever smelled like onions, we did. I had eaten onions before, but never a half a pound.

We sailed a little that afternoon and for supper had a repetition of our dinner, except that the backward fragrance of those marvelous odor-producing onions had made an expected increase of several hundred percent in our appetites.

Our next morning breakfast consisted of beans and pineapple, accompanied by more onion sandwiches. At dinner and supper we had still more onion sandwiches. At dinner I decided that I was tired of onion sandwiches, so I tried eating my onions without bread, but I changed my idea very quickly. You can give me onion sandwiches.

Those sandwiches cured me of any craving I've had or ever will have for onions. Every time I moved I tasted, smelt, and saw onions. I don't see how we stood being around each other, but it was evident that we didn't notice each other for our own aroma.

That night we returned home, not getting in until every one had gone to bed. The next morning at breakfast I forgot to hand out gas masks, and the whole family was almost asphyxiated by onion aroma.

One of the family asked me if I had been eating onions. I replied, "Well, I hope I don't smell like this all the time."



## OVERWORKED

(Inspired by *The Century Handbook*, pages 120-121)

HILLIARD CLEIN

The sun-kissed meadows were in full bloom. The wind-tossed treetops, reigning supreme, stood like sentinels against the gorgeous sky, and feathered songsters poured forth their melody. The seething mass of humanity was conspicuous by its absence. With bated breath I was green with envy for those who could lead the pastoral life, but I was doomed to disappointment. At one fell swoop a ferocious canine, attempting to fill a long felt want, nearly launched me into eternity, but his plan was nipped in the bud. From a treetop, tired but happy, I was the monarch of all that I surveyed. However, the canine did justice to a good meal composed of the seat of my pants. Something within seemed to say that my last sad rites would soon be performed. Gridiron hero that I was, proud possessor of victory at many a pugilistic encounter, I was unable to cope with this excruciating situation, as luck would have it. I was too full for utterance. But suddenly, I proved to be a foeman worthy of his steel. From the treetop I hurled myself down upon him, breaking his spinal cord. Considerably the worse for wear I attended my wedding where the officiating clergyman entered me into the bonds of matrimonial wedlock.



## INCOMPATIBILITY

IRMA LEE GRAVES

"Ah wants to divorce mah man," said Sal.

"I sho don't lak dat nigger.

A po provider he sho am,

'Case dis is how I figger—

"Dat coon's done got some 'ligion,

And dat sho am de dickens;

'Case since dat day dat triflin' man

Ain't brought me home no chickens."

# PRINCE CHARMING

IRMA LEE GRAVES

In ages old, as we are told,  
In days of Cinderella,  
A prince was known, ere he was grown,  
As quite a charming fellow.

So, in tower tall or castle hall  
Engaged in fancy darning,  
Each princess prayed, as plans she made,  
To win this prince so charming.

But only one could have the Son.  
Still he, with nothing daunted,  
Passed many by without a sigh  
And chose the one he wanted.

At a fancy ball in a palace hall  
The two were wed mid laughter,  
And hurried away to a kingdom gay  
Living happily ever after.

And even now we maidens vow  
We have our beau ideal,  
And we are sure he will appear  
In a chariot that is real.

But waiting long is a sad, sad song,  
And so, when we are bored,  
We'll accept a chap, who's a perfect sap,  
And ride away in a Ford.

# MAN POWER

PAUL CURTIS

When in the course of human events a boy decides to buy a Ford, he should make sure it will run before he gets it. The one that I had just bought for ten dollars was sitting in front of the house, a nice ornament, but otherwise useless.

My attempts to use it for something besides a pushmobile were made in vain. A neighborhood conference, composed of all boys from six years old and up, was called. We decided that in order to start the Ford we should let it roll down a big hill in gear.

After we had pushed the antiquated contraption to the top of the hill, we let it roll. I used the choke, the gear, and everything else trying to get it started, but when I got to the bottom, the motor was still slumbering peacefully.

The sad part of this tale comes now. My manpower had deserted me. I was afraid to leave my precious Ford (I still had faith in it) so far away from home. My simple task was to push the Ford up the hill.

For the next hour I worked as no man has ever worked before. I would push my monstrosity of tin about a foot (it took a great deal of effort) then put on the brake and rest until I was able to push another foot. For a full hour I labored. As I passed the college, the college girls began to laugh. Evidently the sight of one boy pushing a Ford up the hill appealed to their sense of humor. I could have assured them there was nothing funny in the situation.

By the time I had reached the top of the hill, I was completely exhausted. Nevertheless, victory was mine. I had succeeded in temporarily defeating the law of gravity.

That afternoon my cranking efforts were rewarded, and my Ford actually started. I rode around the block all afternoon, while the deserters looked on with envy. Oh! how sweet is revenge.



# THE GRAVE-DIGGER

SUSAN BARKSDALE

Mr. Digwell rose early on the morning of January 1, 1929, and proceeded to put on his tattered bits of clothing. He shuddered at the thought of his task and looked wearily out of his darkened windows. It was nearly two o'clock, and his job had to be finished by three.

Mr. Digwell was a very old man of some sixty-odd years whose bent figure, gray hair, and shrunken face well suited his occupation. He was the village grave-digger, and had been for thirty years. His mind had flown with the years, thus leaving him rather forgetful.

But to return to the incident at hand, Mr. Digwell was to dig the grave of a very eccentric millionaire and have it finished by three in the morning. Upon the following night at the same hour Mr. C. Henry Willington, the millionaire, was to be buried.

Mr. Digwell put on his overcoat, picked up a dirt-smearred spade and a pickaxe, and stepped out into the drizzling chill of the early winter morning. To have watched him stumble slowly up the rock-strewn hill to the graveyard beyond, one would have thought a spirit had escaped its tomb, so gray and bent and tattered was he. He reached the gates, queer fancies racing through his mind, and entered the old cemetery with its rugged headstones glinting like gray ghosts in the pale light of his lantern. From the gates to plot sixty was some considerable distance through uneven graves of uncertain years. Mr. Digwell went cautiously but quickly. The stones on either side seemed trying to keep pace with him, and a screech owl nearby persisted in crying out in moanfully wierd sounds, while far away dogs bayed at the clouds. He tried to whistle but found it impossible, due to the lack of teeth, so proceeded in silence.

Reaching plot sixty, he found the right hand corner and set down his lantern. He raised his pickaxe and brought it down heavily. Suddenly it flew from his hand, struck something hard half way to the ground.

Mr. Digwell stood shaking a moment; then gathering his remain-

ing courage he flashed his lantern on the spot at which the accident occurred. To his amazement he saw a new tombstone reposing at the head of a grave, upon which he was standing. Going nearer, he read the following inscription:

CHARLES HENRY WELLINGTON

BORN NOVEMBER 13, 1875

DIED NOVEMBER 28, 1928

As I said, Mr. Digwell was rather forgetful.



## OLIVER BRADY

*With Apologies to Edwin A. Robinson*

IRMA LEE GRAVES

Oliver Brady, ignorant child,  
Grew dumb as he refused to study;  
He was a sort of vagrant wild—  
His brain was muddy.

Oliver loved the days of old  
When schools one never could afford.  
The vision of professors cold  
Would make him bored.

Oliver slept in study hall  
And worried 'bout his small finances.  
He dreamed of party, picnic, ball,  
And peppy dances.

Oliver Brady hated D's.  
When reports came out he'd do some junking.  
Oliver swore and stamped his feet  
And kept on flunking.



# THE SHUTTLE

*The Cryptian*—Crypt School, Gloucester, England

We welcome you, the *Cryptian*,  
From England far away;  
Now that we've read this magazine,  
We feel that we must say  
How much we like the articles  
From houses, farms, and such;  
And that one on the relic hunt—  
We like it very much.

*High School Record*—Camden, New Jersey

Your magazine is truly good,  
Although the poems are few;  
For sketches of your high school life  
We send our praise to you.

*The Mercury*—West Springfield, Mass.

Your whole publication's attractive;  
We like both the inside and out.  
The cuts help the contents immensely;  
You have put all complainers to rout.



*Glen-Nor Crier*—Glenolden, Pa.

The *Glen-Nor Crier* photographs  
Deserve our comment and our praise,  
And likewise the alumni page  
Which follows graduates on their ways.  
Your articles on school events  
Show that the writers don't lack sense.





# THE WEAVER'S GUILD

## WEEDS

ISAAC GREGORY

There is a world of tragic fortitude  
In the unceasing struggle for mere life  
That is the lot of weeds howe'er endued  
With strength they be to wage the bitter strife.  
Outcasts they are, harassed, sought out, and killed  
With a relentless wrath that knows no stay.  
Sore hurt, still with a courage deep instilled  
They rise to the unequal mortal fray.  
Twice pitiful their doom since at the first  
It was unseeing chance that did decide  
That these should suffer pain and want and thirst;  
That those be cherished tenderly aside.  
I sorrow for this flower called a weed—  
Its fearful fate to live and living bleed.

## TOO WEARY A LOAD

*Awarded the O. Henry Short-Story Prize at the June commencement.*

EDYTHE LATHAM

OLD ANNIE SAND stood trembling before the cheap gray casket. Slowly her soft eyes took on an expression of deep pity. Her hands shook, and she was hardly able to hold back the lid. It seemed in that instant that a dark cloud passed over all the earth, and out of that darkness there came to her a great understanding. She looked away—and wept in her new knowledge. In those few moments all the long months of the past year passed before her. Again she saw the sad, embittered face of Jonney Blair. It all came back to her now, in stark cruel realism.

\* \* \*

Jonney Blair was one of those to whom God had given a twisted body and a beautiful soul. That is, it once was beautiful. It was a thing of bitterness now. Her poor twisted back had caused a mental anguish far greater than any piercing physical pain.

It was in her pathetic girlhood that Jonney Blair had realized the futility of ever growing into womanhood. For Jonney Blair there would be no little children to guide, and teach, and hold in her arms! There would be no happy home and kind devoted husband, for what man would marry a pitiful shell of a woman with a hopelessly twisted spine? For Jonney Blair the end was at the beginning.

Little by little, a great bitterness crept into her heart, crushing the beauty and the sweet tolerance of her soul. Gradually she lost her faith in God and cursed that cruel fate which had given her an eternal burden. She was silent and moody.

When old Jesse Blair died, Jonney was ill for weeks. She seemed to have lost all her own frail life with her dear old father's passing. After that she really never lived—a new Jonney Blair existed in her crippled body. Then came a desire to leave her home and go into the city to work. She was obsessed with the idea. A madness had seized her.

Many nights old Annie listened to Jonney pour out all the



pain that lay clutching at her heart with steel fingers. More than once she heard Jonney cry out, her voice harsh and strained, "Oh, Annie Sand, I hate their eyes—their sympathetic eyes! I'll show them someday I can be loved! I'll show them that it isn't just pity."

Not long after that Jonney left and went to the city. When she said goodbye to old Annie, she leaned close to her ear and whispered, "When I come back, Annie, it will be—my husband and I." There was a strange gleam in her eyes, and her mouth curved ironically. Annie wondered.

Then came letters, tired and weary letters telling of new work in the life-pulsing city. Annie answered as best she could in her almost illiterate scrawl. Then came a letter with strange, simple lines. "I have found him, Annie, and he loves me—loves me, a cripple. Pray for our happiness." Thus Jonney Blair found a husband.

Somewhere there is an old quotation which goes, "There is a destiny which shapes our ends——." Jonney Blair's happiness was short-lived. Three months later Annie received a slim white envelope with a narrow black border.

It read, "There can be nothing but pain for me, Annie. Never will I know a joy that lasts. I am bringing his body home to rest by that other I loved so. And they say there is a just God! How that hurts!" It was a short note—bitter and poignant.

And so, poor Jonney Blair returned, bearing the body of her husband in a steel casket. There were no tears, only the terrible silence of bitterness, and a hurt too deep for tears.

The morbidly curious all came to sympathize and see the earthly remains of this man—Jonney Blair's husband, but they never looked upon his face. "He doesn't look himself," Jonney explained to their questioning eyes.

\* \* \*

The afternoon of the funeral had come. Jonney Blair was resting in the sweet, cool bedroom above.

Old Annie was placing the too-sweet lilies about the closed coffin. The darkened room of death was still save for the gentle rustle of Annie's skirts. She paused a moment in her movements.

Then, as if from her betraying thoughts, she flushed guiltily. The flush faded, and her eyes turned toward the casket again. "There's no reason I shouldn't see him—Miss Jonney's husband," she murmured and started toward the coffin. Her eyes blurred as she thought of the sadness of the life of Jonney Blair. She was so young to be so tragic a figure. Her hands faltered a little as she placed them on the lid. She lifted it slowly, hardly daring to look. Then—her eyes fell—and a gasp of horror passed from her lips! The coffin was empty! There was no imprint of a body—there had been none.

Old Annie Sand stood trembling before the cheap gray casket. Her hands shook, and she was hardly able to hold back the lid. Softly she closed it again—and wept in her new knowledge.



## BEAUTY

Beauty is a single gesture,  
A momentary flash,  
The swiftness of the scarlet dawn,  
The thunder's crash.  
Beauty lives but a moment,  
Then quickly dies.  
A fool is he who sees its death  
And turns and cries.

*Joyce Heritage*





