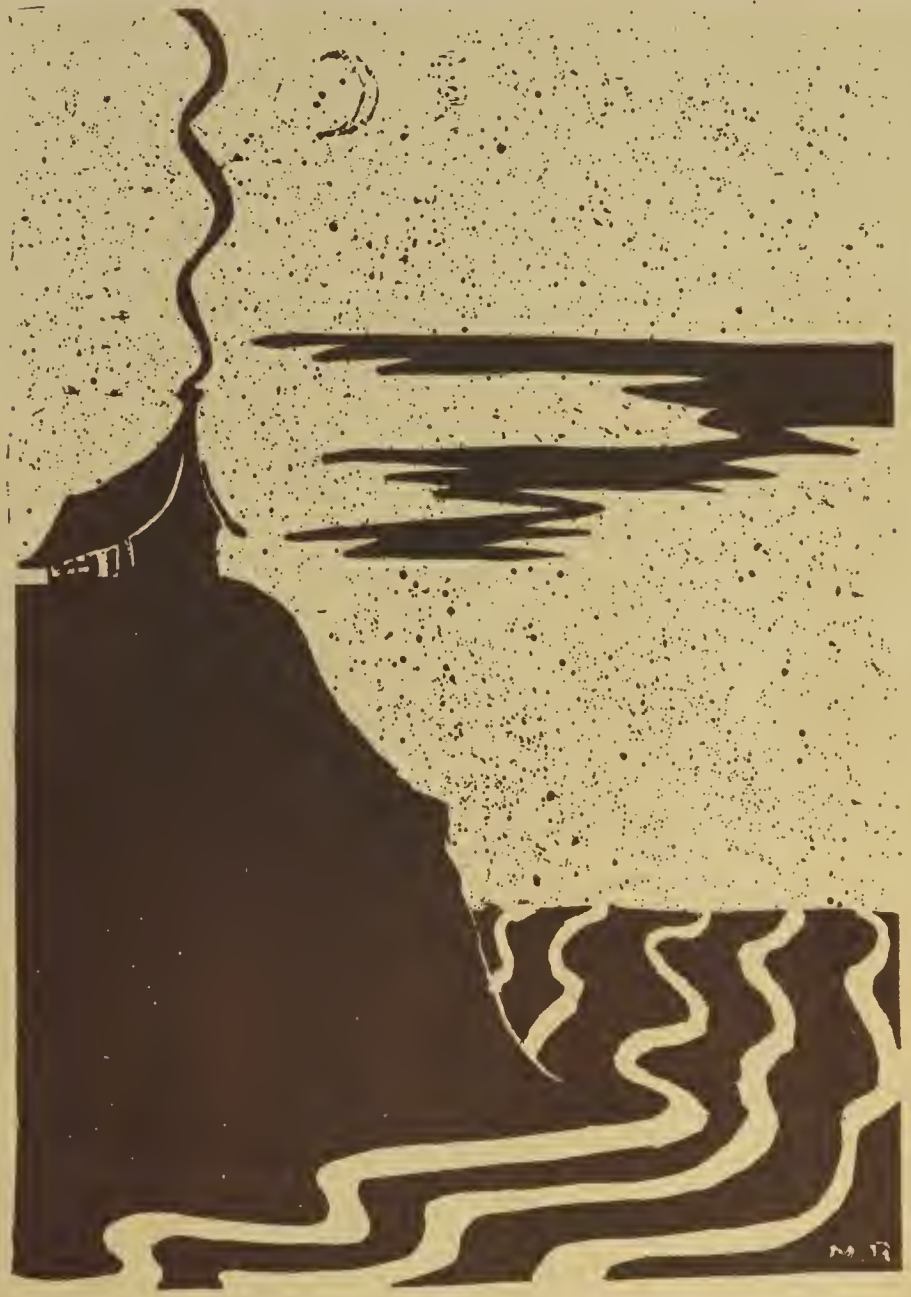
HOMESPUN



THE FOUR ELEMENTS

FIRE

HOMESPUN

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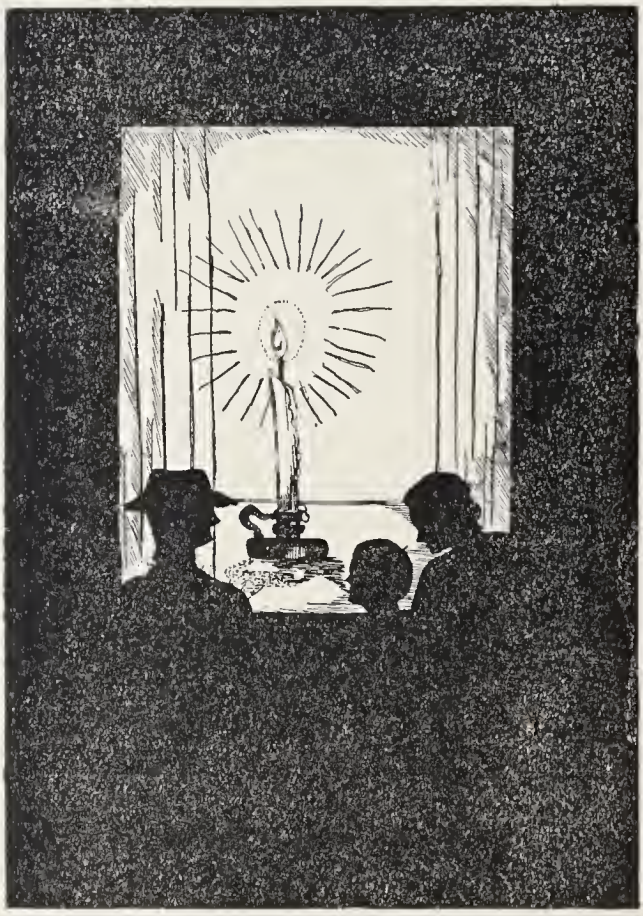

THE WEAVE

For Those Who Pass

Mary Louise Stone

When twilight unfurls its purple robe,
And sunset's dripping crimson melts away,
There are men who latch their casements tight
And draw the blinds to heat and light;
But opening mine, I place a torch at close of day
For those who pass my way.

When dusk wears night's blue cloak,
God does not hide the starlight,
Nor fold in from our sight the mystic moon beams;
But lights each silver lamp to gleam.
And so upon my hearth I light a fire and lift my shutters high
To lonely souls who hurry by.

Ashes

A One-Act Play

Vivian Bast

Characters:

Dr. Hardin
Maizie Swift
Matilda Hode
Jonathan Hode
Richard Burbank
Waynne Le Fort
Albert Donaldson
Muggs Jones
Oletha

Scene: In an inn on an island off coast of Italy.

As curtain rises, Maizie *is seen at window.*

Maizie: It's rather quiet now.

Muggs: Perhaps it's gonna stop *(eagerly).*

Richard: No such luck.

Albert: Strange, isn't it?

Richard: What?

Albert: I don't know that we should be together like this. Yesterday we were strangers—and now—

Dr. Hardin: And now we're going to die together.

Maizie: Uh, it gives me the creeps.

Dr. Hardin: It's a fact, and you might as well face it.

Maizie: I'm not used to facing facts. I never have, and it's too late to start now.

Muggs: Gee, I wonder if this is all.

Richard: What do you mean "all"?

Muggs: All the people in the Inn.

Richard: Never thought of that. I'd better go see. *(Exit.)*

Albert: I'll go with you. *(Exit.)*

Dr. Hardin: Rather chilly in here. *(Buttoning up coat.)*

Maizie: The glow keeps me warm.

MUGGS: Gee, wonder if we could build a fire. *(Crossing to fireplace.)*

MUGGS: Say, it's already laid—got a match?

DR. HARDIN: No. *(Abruptly.)*

MAIZIE: Here's one. *(Throws box to him.)*

MUGGS: Thanks.

MAIZIE: Keep 'em; I won't need 'em anymore.

RICHARD: *(Enters, followed by* Waynne, *lawyer,* Mr. *and* Mrs. Hode.*)* Found these three upstairs. The rest seem to have gone.

MR. HODE: What is it? What has happened?

ALBERT: You mean to say you don't know?

WAYNNE: Why should he know? I don't know what's wrong myself.

MAIZIE: Well, dearie, it's about time some one told you, and if you're the praying kind, you'd better get busy.

WAYNNE: Why should I?

JONATHAN HODE: Yes, why should she?

MAIZIE: See that red glow? *(Pointing out window.)*

WAYNNE: Yes.

MAIZIE: That's the volcano.

MRS. HODE: You mean it's erupting?

MAIZIE: That's it.

WAYNNE: But the man said——

DR. HARDIN: We know he said it wouldn't erupt, but it has, nevertheless.

RICHARD: It's the first time it has for fifty years.

ALBERT: It will probably be the last time—for us.

WAYNNE: Why should it? *(Defiantly.)*

DR. HARDIN: When the crater erupts, it will cover the town with hot, fire-burning lava.

MRS. HODE: Horrible! *(Shuddering.)*

MAIZIE: Isn't it?

WAYNNE: But why stay here to be burned alive? Where is every one? Where is the inn-keeper? *(Goes to door.)* Señor Oletha.

MUGGS: No use callin' him; he's gone.

WAYNNE: Gone? Gone where?

MUGGS: To safety; to the mainland.

JONATHAN HODE: But why didn't he call us to warn us of the danger?

ALBERT: More than likely he was in too big a hurry to be annoyed with such trivial matters.

MRS. HODE: Trivial?

WAYNNE: But why wait here? Let's get a boat and leave.

MUGGS: There ain't no boats.

JONATHAN HODE: No boats?

MUGGS: Naw, the natives grabbed 'em all and left.

WAYNNE: How do you know that?

MAIZIE: Dr. Hardin and Mr. Burbank went to see.

WAYNNE: So they left us here to—to——

DR. HARDIN: To die!

MRS. HODE: Perhaps they did not think, my dear.

MUGGS: They did it on purpose.

WAYNNE: They couldn't have. They couldn't be so cruel!

ALBERT: Well, it seems that they have.

RICHARD: What are we going to do?

JONATHAN HODE: Do?

RICHARD: Sure, to pass the time away.

DR. HARDIN: I suppose you're suggesting that we play hiding-go-seek or something.

ALBERT: What do you want to do? Sit and think of how you're going to die?

DR. HARDIN: Why not? That's better than making a fool of myself.

ALBERT: Meaning what?

DR. HARDIN: Meaning just this; I'm——

MAIZIE: Gentlemen—if such you are—be seated. I have a suggestion to make. Here we are, eight people. Yesterday most of us were strangers; today we are bound together by ties stronger than any other.

MUGGS: Yeah?

MAIZIE: Yeah, death. (Waynne *shivers.* Richard *takes her hand.)* I suggest that each of you tell why you have come here. Remember the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Agreeable?

DR. HARDIN: I object. The reasons I had for coming here are no one's business but my own.

ALBERT: Afraid? *(Sneeringly.)*

DR. HARDIN: No. *(Grimly.)*

MUGGS: Why should you worry? What you tell here ain't going no farther. Dead men tell no tales.

MAIZIE: Nor do dead women. What do you say? *(Looks from one to the other.)*

WAYNNE: As you wish.

RICHARD: O. K. with me.

JONATHAN HODE: Mother? *(To wife. She nods.)* All right.

MUGGS: Shoot!

MAIZIE: How about the doctor and lawyer?

DR. HARDIN: I guess so.

ALBERT: Go ahead.

MAIZIE: Very well, Mr. Burbank, we'll start with you.

RICHARD: Here goes: My name is Richard Burbank—age twenty-nine—nationality American.

WAYNNE: Really? Me, too!

RICHARD: Good. I lead the usual life. Went to prep. school, then Princeton. Parents died and left me some money which I spent foolishly and decided to travel with what was left—and here I am. Anything else?

MAIZIE: Now you, Mr. Donaldson.

ALBERT: My name is Albert Donaldson. Age forty-five. Nationality, Scotch parents, I—er—well——

DR. HARDIN: Afraid? Don't worry; no one will tell.

ALBERT: I was the guardian of a very wealthy boy. I swindled him out of his fortune and left him penniless.

MRS. HODE: Oh!

ALBERT: I went to Monte Carlo and lost it. Except for one thousand dollars I had laid away, I was broke. I came here and——

MAIZIE: And here you will remain. Suppose we hear from you now.

JONATHAN HODE: Me?

MAIZIE: Yeah, you.

JONATHAN HODE: My name is Jonathan Hode. My wife and

I are Welsh. Born in Wales. I married Matilda at the age of twenty-two. We have two children, both married. We sold our farm and came away for a second honeymoon. *(Smiles at Mrs Hode.)*

MATILDA: I might as well finish. Jonathan and I have been mighty happy together. Our only dissatisfaction was that one might die before the other—and now——

JONATHAN HODE: And now we will get our wish and go together.

WAYNNE: Love like yours is wonderful.

MATILDA HODE: It's something more than love, my dear. It's faith, companionship, and courage.

RICHARD: Courage?

MATILDA: Yes, courage to overlook the little faults and grievances that are bound to arise.

WAYNNE: You seem to have found it.

MAIZIE: I envy you.

WAYNNE: And I——

RICHARD: Perhaps it's not too late.

WAYNNE: You mean you and I?

RICHARD: Yes.

MAIZIE: You're next, Jones.

MUGGS: I ain't much on telling things, but I'll try. My name is Muggs Jones. Nationality, American. I was born in New York thirty-five years ago. My old man was a night-worker.

WAYNNE: A watchman?

MUGGS: Naw, a crook. A second-story man. When he croaked, I carried on his work. Gee, I was on the road to success until the cops got me.

ALBERT: You were sentenced?

MUGGS: Yeah, for twenty years; I got away.

DR. HARDIN: Escaped, eh?

MUGGS: Sure.

JONATHAN HODE: But how did you get away from the U. S.?

MUGGS: Borrowed a grip and a guy's passport.

ALBERT: You mean you stole it?

MUGGS: What's the diff?

RICHARD: But the description?

MUGGS: Ah, it was one of those things that could fit anyone, you know, height medium, eyes blue, and the usual line. I've been all over the world and to think I had to wind up at this dump at this time. *(Disgustedly.)*

WAYNNE: Poor man.

MAIZIE: What's your tale of woe?

WAYNNE: Mine is scarcely interesting. My name is Waynne Le Fort; born in Ohio, of French parents. I am twenty-three.

RICHARD: So young. *(Mutters, but* Waynne *hears him.)*

WAYNNE: To die? Oh, I don't know. It will be the first really exciting thing that's happened to me. My mother died at my birth, and my father remarried. *(A frown crosses her face.)* I was sent away to school so that "She" wouldn't have to be annoyed. When I had had all the schooling possible, I was sent abroad ostensibly to finish my education, but in reality to keep me away from home. I'm glad this is happening; glad, I tell you; glad that I won't have to go home to her.

MAIZIE: I don't blame you, dearie. Now doc, you take the spotlight.

DR. HARDIN: My name is Doctor Hardin. Born in England. Age, forty. I secured my training at Cains. I worked myself up to a high position. I was the foremost brain surgeon in London. My one failing was drink. One day I murdered my best friend.

WAYNNE: Murdered him!

DR. HARDIN: Technically no, but in my own heart, yes. I had had entirely too much to drink, and at the most delicate part of the operation *(gestures)* my hand slipped. I have been traveling for years, trying to forget, but my shame is too great.

MAIZIE: So that's why you always refused to take a drink? Now what's next? Guess I'm the only one left. I've been wandering around over the world with our friend, Dr. Hardin. Born in America twenty-nine years ago—not much education. My life could come under the head of that old saying, "She had no mother to guide her." I went the usual way of the wrong type of girls. I've had my regrets, but what can I do? This death is much too good for my kind.

MRS. HODE: You have a brave heart, my dear.

MAIZIE: No, I haven't. I'm really scared to death.

ALBERT: Quite a mixture. A crook, a murderer, a farmer and his wife, an unloved step-child, a spoilt man, a thief, and a—— *(He looks at* Maizie.*)*

MAIZIE: Please don't.

ALBERT: Oh, all right.

DR. HARDIN: I say, there's a boat down there, and some one is coming here. I think—yes, I'm sure it's our landlord.

WAYNNE: Rescue! *(Looks at* Richard.*)*

DR. HARDIN: Respite.

MUGGS: Gee!

Door opens and Oletha *enters.*

OLETHA: So sorry, señor—seniorita, I fail to warn you. Come back.

ALBERT: So we see.

DR. HARDIN: Well, what are we waiting for? Let's be off.

OLETHA: One moment, señor. Most embarrassing. I can take one only.

RICHARD: You mean you can only take one person to the mainland?

OLETHA: Si, señor.

MUGGS: How come?

OLETHA *(looks at him puzzled.)*

MRS. HODE: He means to say, "Why can you take only one?" Haven't you a boat?

OLETHA: So sorry, but my boat, she is full. Too many people, and over she go. One only I take—no more.

MAIZIE: The old devil! Why couldn't he have come sooner?

RICHARD: It's quite some distance from here to the mainland.

WAYNNE: I think it was very nice of him to tell us at all. He didn't have to, you know.

OLETHA: Make haste! make haste!

DR. HARDIN: Well, who shall it be? How about you, Mrs. Hode.

MRS. HODE: No, thank you, I shall remain with Jonathan.

DR. HARDIN: And you, Miss Le Fort?

WAYNNE: I shall stay with Richard.

RICHARD: Oh no, you won't.

WAYNNE: Richard, are you going to deny me the pleasure of having some one to want me?

RICHARD: Can't you be saved and still know that I love you?

WAYNNE: I shan't leave you.

RICHARD: I hope you won't be sorry.

WAYNNE: *(Takes his hand)* I won't.

DR. HARDIN: Mr. Donaldson. *(Sarcastically.)*

ALBERT: Not I; money's gone. I might as well be gone.

DR. HARDIN: You, Jones?

MUGGS: You think you're heroes, don't you? Well, I can be a hero, too. I'll stay here.

DR. HARDIN: Don't stay on that account.

MUGGS: I'm staying.

DR. HARDIN: Very well. Maizie?

MAIZIE: Need you ask?

DR. HARDIN: Oletha, I'm afraid it's all or none.

OLETHA: Foolish señor, I'll try to get back in time. *(Exit.)*

Silence for a few moments.

MAIZIE: *(At window)* There he goes. See, he's waving good-bye.

DR. HARDIN: *(Startled)* Good-bye? Looks to me as though the old boy is trying to tell us something.

MAIZIE: What's that?

Grey ashes are seen swirling outside window.

DR. HARDIN: Um—ashes.

ALBERT: *(Rushing to window)* Look! It's pouring out.

RICHARD: You mean the lava?

MUGGS: Yeah.

Matilda Hode *and* Jonathan Hode *kneel at chair.*

JONATHAN HODE: Heavenly Father, as we enter Thy gate, forgive us for our worldly sins and help us to be as Thou wouldst have us be. Take us by Thy hand, Oh Lord, and lead us into Thy kingdom.

Slow curtain.

Fires of Industry

Quentin Dixon

The great, blue glistening machines
Stood grim and silent.
A man was dead.
Soon the man was forgotten—
The hungry fires groaned and roared;
The big machines slid into the long, unpassioned movement,
And clanged and roared and shuddered—
Till another man was dead.
Men died—shriveled, feeding the hungry, snarling fires.
Now and again the great machines would slowly come to a halt,
And the remnants of a man
Were raked from the teeth of the livid, leering giants,
For they were servants of mankind
And they must work for men.
The great machines shuddered
And laughed—
A deep, cruel jest.
The fires snapped and seared the sides
Of the hard blue-steel;
The great wheels turned ponderously
With a lunging motion.
They must work for man.
There was no time to lose.

* * * * *

No one but the great, wise machines
Heard the strangled cry
That soon died away
Into the old, hard sounds
Of long, bright steel
Sliding through red fires.

Prometheus

Elizabeth Craven

In the beginning all things were Chaos—shapeless, mixed, confused; the earth was not solid; the air was not clear; the seas were not liquid. Then the gods and nature separated the elements of this mass: the fiery part, being lightest, became the heavens and abode of the gods; the air was next in weight and divided the heavens from the earth below; the seas supported the earth.

After the air became transparent, the stars appeared in the sky, fish in the water, and animals on the land. But the gods desired a nobler being over whom to rule. Therefore Prometheus, the son of Titan Iapetus and Cylmere, took some earth in which there yet remained a spark of the fire of heaven and mixed it with water; he moulded this in the image of the gods. He gave this new being, man, an upright stature, unlike any animal, that he might raise his face to heaven and gaze at the stars.

But the brother of Prometheus, Epimetheus, to whom had been given the task of providing every living thing with a method of protection, had been too generous; he had left no gift for man. Prometheus, loving this thing which he had created, stole from the chariot of the sun a spark of fire, which he hid in a hollow fennel stalk and brought down as his gift to man. With this wonderful gift added to his already superior origin, man was able to cope with all the animals. He could warm his shelter and thus be independent of climate; he could fashion weapons with which to kill beasts, and tools to cultivate the soil; and with the help of Prometheus, he learned to make coins with which to trade.

Prometheus was in all ways the friend of mankind; it was he who introduced art and civilization to them; it was he who always interceded when Jove was angry; it was he who saved the race when Jove sent the flood to destroy them. But the wills of the king of the gods and the protector of man often clashed. The stronger ruled, and Jove had Prometheus chained to a rock on Mount Caucas

where huge vultures pecked at his liver forever. He could have freed himself by revealing some secret which he possessed, but he refused to yield to the will of his oppressor; thus he became known for his strength and endurance under persecution.

Byron, one of the many poets throughout the ages who have written of Prometheus, says of him:

"Titan! to whose immortal eyes
The suffering of mortality,
Seen in their sad reality,
Were not as things that gods despise;
What was thy pity's recompense?
A silent suffering, and intense;
The rock, the vulture, and the chain;
All that proud can feel of pain;
The agony they do not show;
The suffocating sense of woe.

"Thy godlike crime was to be kind;
To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness,
And strengthen man with his own mind.
And, baffed as thou wert from high,
Still, in thy patient energy
In the endurance and repulse
Of thine impenetrable spirit,
Which earth and heaven could not convulse,
A mighty lesson we inherit.'

Colors in the Weave

The Fire of Youth

Martha Burnside

The fire of youth lies yet unquenched by the waters of age.
Fed by ceaseless driftwood from those seas,
It flares to crack the ceiling of the sky.
It knows no boundaries; it claims no boundaries.
It flashes at the moon; it grasps for the stars;
And undaunted by failure,
Laughing,
Leaps at the sun.
No waters can drown its glory;
No seas can submerge its splendor;
No sky can oppress its vivacity.
Jealous, the surging water creeps to its feet.
Covetous, the sky presses down on its growing height.
Ever laughing, growing, widening,
The fire of youth shuns the waters,
Mocks the seas,
And breaks wide the ceiling of the sky.
The fire of youth lies yet unquenched by the waters of age.

Nero

BLAZES

Quentin Dixon

Nero sat in state, surrounded by his hastily mustered court, upon the brow of a somber hill and watched Rome burn. Nero was pleased. So the court was pleased.

Rome, the eternal city, the vast strain of polished towering marble, the city of filthy, odious dens, where thieves and priests jostled—Rome was burning. There was no moral to it all. It was fire—lying low and threatening—eating steadily with a blue mouth —sending a shimmer of calm, deadly smoke into the over-bearing sky. The pale, silent fire crept along—far and wide—creeping; it clutched and withered.

A night wind breathed the aching smell along the brow of the crest, where Nero stared with fixed eyes, gloating. The wind shivered through the startled forest—Nero smiled. A livid red smeared the dying city over with its angry color.

Nero turned and chuckled evilly. The bedraggled court smiled its approbation. Slowly the red faded, but still out into the black night it leered with its one red, smudgy eye.

CHARCOAL

Nancy Hudson

Nero sat on the hill and saw Rome grow black, saw the flames simmer into coals, and the coals into charcoal, and the charcoal into an eternal, hopeless blackness. Even the dust faded into the night, black without a star.

Nero sat, and his harp grew heavy with smoke, and the seared strings snapped in two and fell in scorched, ebon pieces at the foot of his smoked throne. Nero sat and chuckled, and his chuckles became as the sound of dead ashes rubbing, and his limbs were

stained black by the fires of Rome. Blackness gathered round about him, a black mist on a black land.

And Nero sat till blackness was all of him, sat till even his soul grew black, black and blacker than the ashes of Rome, a black soul darker than all color, sooted by many dead fires.

Chimneys

Elizabeth Craven

A chimney stands against the sky,
Watching the years as they pass by.

It has seen much of those who go
For such a short space to and fro.

They have sat in its flickering light
The only glow in the dark of night—

And with voices thoughtful and low
Spoken of God, whom they well know;

Of farm and crops, war and nation,
Of stars, yes, and all creation.

The years go on; the chimney stands;
The fires are made by other hands.

Yet still they talk of crops and God—
These people made of fire and sod.

Smothered Coals

Edith Latham

Aaron
had a fire
in his soul!
He wanted to live,
and dream,
and create beautiful things
with his hands————
fragile teakwood boxes
and little porcelain lockets.

But Aaron
had a sick wife;
so he stayed on the farm
And plowed the two acres
of barren ground
'till at last he died.

The undertaker
noticed his slim, lean hands——
and wondered?
There was dirt
in the cracks
of the fingers.

* * * * *

A fire,
we are told,
is smothered
when covered by dirt.

By the Fireside

Frances Foust

A fire was crackling on the huge, old-fashioned hearth; chestnuts lay roasting in the edge of glowing coals. The room was warm and lighted only with the fire-light. Outside the wind whistled and whined through the tall mountain pines.

Peals of laughter and bits of gay conversation drifted from the adjoining room.

"Say, Jess, let's play bridge."

"Mary wants to go for a stroll—"

"Oh, we want music and dancing."

Soft strains of music reigned where chatter had been before.

It was a week-end party at the De Monte's cottage on Lake Glen-Echo. "Aunt May," Dr. De Monte, and Georgia Lee completed the party of nine young people.

The door was opened quietly, and Jessica De Monte came into the room to sit on her favorite stool and test the chestnuts. Old dog Gips raised his head, blinked, wagged his tail, and slept again.

It was all Dr. Dick's fault, she thought, this isolation from her friends in the city. She was not really ill; her heart was normal except when he turned his fine gray eyes upon her; then it skipped a beat and raced away. At his order they were living at their mountain home, and her father had given up his classes at college that he might be with her. Now Dr. Dick had gone to Europe without a word for her. The long winter months stretched ahead, with only Dad and Aunt May for company.

The bronze curls dropped to outstretched arms, which now rested on the sofa beside her. Long minutes were spent thus—it amounted to hours and such time for thoughts!

There was commotion in the next room, and Jess raised her head to wipe away stray tears. It was probably Jimmy Lane, for he said he might come in after work. It took several minutes to straighten the unruly curls before the mirror in the dimly-lighted room.

One more tear to wipe away—maybe it was self-pity?

Strong arms were around her and a wet, cold cheek to her own. Oh! cruel man, he had seen that stray tear and asked the meaning, had not waited for the answer, and now her woman's pride was in the dust.

Before the fire they sat, she, with her face hidden against a firm shoulder; and he, with his cheek against the curls.

"——and a fire like this in our house of dreams."

Autumn Isn't Kind to Painters

Quentin Dixon

A painter stood alone in color—
Drowned in aching, heavy color;
Tried to catch an autumn morning
On his bare and dusty canvas.
All his colors dried and sickened.
Dazed, he turned to heave a sigh;
But groaned, and broke his heart in colors,
As they gloried, bursting by.

Autumn isn't kind to painters—
Men who strain to catch a remnant.
Autumn holds the puny mortal
In a careful, cruel hand.
Jealously, she grips her colors—
Strains the poet's heart in two—
While his anguished eye is rolling
On the glaring, angry hues.

A Gypsy Song

Nancy Hudson

With a swirl of scarlet and bronze,
A light laugh, a brisk breeze,
A tambourine's mad clink, on dancing feet
Comes Autumn,
Fairest of gypsy maids.
Her eyes are shining jet.
Her lips are full, and round, and large
With laughter.
Her skin is a smooth deep olive,
And her teeth are like firm, even, glistening bits
Chisled from the heart of perfection's lily.
She comes riding on a dappled faun,
Does Autumn,
Riding and singing a merry, wild song,
A gypsy song,
Gleaned from the ecstasy of other worlds.
Men have heard the gypsy song,
The choice, the cream of men have heard and heeded
The gypsy song of Autumn,
The gypsy queen.
Listen,
And perhaps, some day, you'll hear
The dainty delicate tap of prancing faun's hooves
Sinking into umber earth,
Or, maybe, the laugh of Autumn
At Pan, her weird, wood-god lover.
And if you hearken deeply,
And your ears are tuned to woodland melodies,
And if in your veins the red blood pounds and you have
the thirst for wandering,
The eager gypsy thirst,

You may—if you listen well—
Like those others, these favored men,
Hear the lilting song of Autumn,
Queen of all gypsies
And all gypsy hearts.

The Hermit of the Fire

Constance Blackwood

Way up in the backwoods of Maine, where seemingly trees grow upon trees, and rocks upon rocks, lives an old hermit. He may be centuries old, if one should judge his age by the length of his white flowing hair and beard. This old man practically lures all tourists to him with his fantastic tales. He is known as "the hermit of the fire," because for ages he has constantly kept a small campfire burning near his dilapidated shack on top of the mountain.

For years every summer I climbed to the summit of the mountain many times to see and hear my old friend, whose campfire beckoned like a guiding hand out of those dark Maine woods. Even after many visits I always quickened my pace when in sight of his campfire, impatient to hear the weird tales and fortunes the hermit of the fire always had for the interested one.

But there came a time when I experienced an extreme disappointment when I climbed that rugged old mountain. I climbed on and on, this time without finding the beckoning hand of the campfire to guide me. I was frightened to think what had happened. The campfire, constantly kept burning, had burned out—— the soul of the hermit had passed on.

The Dying Season

Margaret Wagner

Autumn—
Flaming, burnished gold—
Calling to my soul.
Color cries from earth's every fold,
From each blazing hill
Proclaiming Him, His might, His will.
Frosted, crystal dawns
Like clutching fingers—
A warming, glowing ball
Set high—
And over all
A deep blanket of sapphire skies
Covering and protecting—
God in disguise.
'Tis Death—
The glorious death of a season.
O Almighty One,
Thou hast heard my plea!
In all this splendor
Thou hast given me reason
To foresee
That death will be a victorious strife,
A new beginning, not an end,
Of life
For me!

Campfire Magic

Kenneth O'Brien

Who knows the magic alchemy of a campfire in some lonely, forgotten place? He who has felt the sepulchral oppressiveness of shadows on giant boles, gnarled and gaunt; of inclosing foliage, restless, whispering eerily to itself. Shifting, lighting and shading objects in negative monochromes, vacillating, deceptively enheartening him whose imagination grasps at lurid flickerings, it causes strange things to grip his fancy.

There is something in a campfire which transports man's instincts back through countless centuries, æons, millions of years—causes strange, forgotten impulses to tug dimly at his emotions, the strongest of which is fear. For these emotions which struggle through dim layers of consciousness to those of actuality are the ones which made primitive man huddle closely to the burning coals, the focus of his courage. He possessed a sensitive quality which made him fear, not physical things, but their aspect, and his fire was a bulwark against the strange terrors conjured up by his fancy.

Resurrection

Mary Rucker

I watched a startling sunset
Through a silver mist of rain
And thought, "A sight this lovely,
I'll never see again."

But God saw it in its splendor,
Watched it slowly die away;
And resurrected all its glory
In this glowing autumn day.

Autumn Skies

Louie Brown Michaels

Autumn skies were sad today—
So sad!
They stretched themselves across my way
And barred my path.

Happy I could once have been—
Quite gay.
Had I not seen their soft clouds swim,
Remembering spring.

For in the spring a wood I found
For me.
In the wood a lake whose sound
Laughed cares away.

And oh, you skies who are today
So soft,
Your peaceful color is lake-gray.
You make me sad.

A Silhouette Against the Fire

Grace Smith

High
On the summit
Of a darkened, sweeping slope
Stands
A figure against
The mauve curtain of night.
Her vigilant form is silhouetted
Against
The glowing light
Of a dying campfire.

Standing
A solitary being—
Serene
Stretching her arms
Upward
Rejoicing
In the beauty of
The night.

Beauty—
Tinkle of dew on cool blades,
Dripping sweetness of lilacs,
Smothering glory of dusk,
Soft caress of tiny fingers.

Mary Louise Stone

Glowing Coals

Louie Brown Michaels

Somewhere within a forest,
By pine and hemlock old,
A gypsy maid I sighted,
Who danced by glowing coals.

Dark eyes, gay lips, black tresses,
Red scarf, dress burnished-gold—
Wide bracelets shone and jingled—
She danced by glowing coals.

She sang, she danced, she whistled
A tune into my soul;
And even now I hear it
When I gaze into glowing coals.

Flickering Shadows

Flickering shadows—
Glimpses of light and of shade
On the walls of the hut and the palace,
Depicting the age-old story,
The story of mankind.

Archibald Scales

Bits of Nothingness

Mary Leigh Scales

When at first the fire was lighted,
It burned and flamed with a passion;
The world seemed to reflect its glow.
Then the bluer flame of ambition
Replaced enthusiasm's fire
And licked at position and power.
All that was rapidly consumed;
The great mass crumbled and crashed.
A pile of glowing embers was left—
Memories to warm the tired soul.
Then the warmth faded from the coals;
And a heap of cold, forlorn ashes
Remains—sad bits of nothingness,
The curtain of the play—the end
Of life's hopes, sorrows, and ambitions.

WARP AND WOOF

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Presenting Our Magazine

Almost everyone recognizes the fact that Homespun is divided into departments. These divisions have long been accepted without question; yet few people actually realize the use and significance of each. Perhaps knowing them would promote a more sympathetic understanding and appreciation of the magazine, so I take this opportunity to explain them.

In view of the title, the *home-spun* theme is carried out in each department. For instance, the "Weave", the first department, means the entwining of threads into a textile. That's just what is done there; poems and stories go together to bring out, as a fabric, the central idea of the issue.

Though the real weave of a material is solemn enough, it often has interesting tones and tints. In "Colors in the Weave" these tints, the lighter works, are presented.

Warp consists of threads running lengthwise in a fabric. Woof is its texture. Editorials are naturally suggested here, for they may seriously and concisely treat the entire subject.

In most pieces of home-spun goods there are tangled threads. Tangles are little patches unrelated to the rest of the weave. Usually they are regarded as unfortunate; yet sometimes the traces of tangles can be more beautiful than the material they are entangled in.

All apprentices must have patterns, lest they lose their individuality in too much freedom and too little learning. Young weavers copy masters' materials until they can make fine goods of their own. So, in literature, we youthful aspirants set the best books as our goal toward which to strive.

Ravelings are the left-over portions of a material, that part that easily comes out. This is what we choose to call our humor department.

The shuttle is "a device to carry the weft to and fro between the warp threads." Figuratively speaking, may not all high school literary magazine staffs be considered warp threads and the weft the products of their labors? Then the exchange department acts as a shuttle, carrying the writings to and fro between the different staffs.

Apprentices do not remain apprentices always. Eventually, having learned enough to warrant their independence, they graduate into a higher class. Often these graduated ones return to form clubs, or guilds, in which to continue the study of their craft and, maybe, to instruct those apprentices as they once were. Weavers of cloth have such guilds, and so have the weavers of dreams, one

group of whose skilled fingers turn back through the years to fashion here once more a literary fabric.

HOMESPUN is indebted to Mr. W. R. Wunsch, its founder, for most of these captions.

Nancy Hudson

Presenting Fire

All matter is composed of four elements: fire, water, earth, and air. Each element is in itself a complete study, a life within a life. Each offers vast possibilities, which have been recognized and developed on scientific and economic bases; their potentiality in literary development is to be somewhat treated in this year's issues of HOMESPUN.

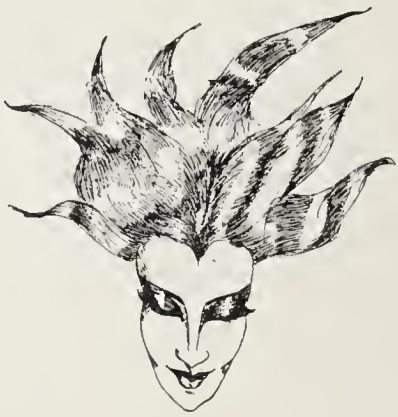
For the first issue we have chosen the subject "Fire", which is peculiarly suitable to the flaming beauty of autumn. What is more suggestive of flame than the burning brilliance of an October tree? What more firelike than the ripple of gleaming grain? What could be more burning than the warmth of a September sunset? Its very colors are autumn's colors and the embodiment of the tones of fire: the glowing russets, the blazing oranges, the streaks of crimson, the eerie, half-ethereal blues, and the vibrating scarlets, like leaves quivering from a limb. They harmonize into a glorious, flaming season, a magical season, exulting as a torch when it burns its brightest.

Since the beginning of civilization, fire has been the instrument of man. It has slowly burned away barbarism and established the foundations of cultivation. Greatly upon it rests the superiority of man. It has a history more romantic than medieval stories of knighthood, more ruthless than an Oriental conqueror. It was as essential in the progress of mankind as the alphabet. Through its heat human beings developed from wild creatures gnawing bleeding bones to a civilized people. In it were welded the swords and

scabbards of the knights of old, to kill, to conquer, to triumph. It burned martyrs and destroyed that city of unrivaled grandeur—the incomparable Rome. It molded powerful steel beams and heated giant buildings. It has warmed man, and it has killed him; it has furnished him magnificent cities, and it has destroyed those cities. It is not master, but instrument of the master; not conqueror, but sword of the conqueror—a keen, sharp, dangerous sword, difficult and effective. And it is the danger of fire that fascinates us, repels, yet charms us. We unwillingly respect it; though we curb it, we can never tame it.

Fire has been discussed in many aspects and phases; it has been the subject of philosophies, has burned itself into science, has blazed its way down the pages of history. Now we present it to you to the best of our ability in high school literature, the essence of autumn, the destroyer, the erector, the forger, the melter, the hinderer, the helper, the deserving first of the four great elements!

Nancy Hudson



TANGLED THREADS

A Tribute to Edison

Quentin Dixon

A great man has died.
A genius has dug his old gray head,
Smiling through the mists,
Into the face of death.
Slowly, the black rim of history
Creeps over another
Of that race of men
Who will not die—
Who send their souls burning down the ages
To the end of time.
Look while you may, mortal,
Into the deepening gloom
Where an old gray face glimmers—
A king of men has hit the same grim trail
Which all have trod
And all must tread—
Down through the shifting weirdness
Of the shadows
Into the Valley of the Shadow of Death.
Something too deep for tears,
Too sweet and sad for mourning
Has fallen like the tender, stirring hush of night—
Edison is dead.

His Presence

Nancy Hudson

God is with me at the dawning
When the mists begin to rise.
With a graceful finger of cloud
He writes in the sky
All the order of life
And the rules I must live by.

God is with me in the evening,
When the skies turn rose and gold.
He comforts me with gentle whispering
From the leaves of old oak trees
And fans anew my courage
With each soft breeze.

God is with me through the night.
He lights myriads of twinkling candles
In the heavens
So that I will not fear
And through the drowsy hours I will know
That he is near.

God is with me.
He has carved a little round hole in the sky
Through which he looks down
From Paradise to me.
In the day the hole is brilliant
With His Presence,
And men call it the "sun".
In the night he captures fairy mists
And weaves them over his eye
So that the hole may grow dim
And mortals may sleep.

Then men call it the "moon".
But I know it is His face
Looking down from Paradise
To remind me
That God is with me
Always . . . . . .

The Story of Pan

Nancy Hudson

In the days before the world began
There dwelt in a far golden place
Known as "Paradise"
God, and Jesus Christ, and Satan, and myriads of white-winged angels,
And one whose wings were russet,
And whose eyes were as old as the first oak tree,
And as young as a happy smile;
Whose lips were wide and full with laughter,
Whose soul was full of gypsy music,
Who was Pan.
All day long in the days before the world began
In that far-off happy land
He gaily piped to the angels,
And piped to the coin-speckled pheasants,
And piped to the sheep in the Lord's pasture,
Blowing his heart to music.
Yet, while he piped and danced,
There stole into his adventurous life
The subtle influence of Satan,
A wicked deceptive creature

With a heart as black as moonless nights.
But, because evil makes a glamorous appearance,
And because he smiled, and bowed, and fawned, and flattered,
Satan won enough followers to raise an army
Against the Almighty God.
Pan was adventurous, and here was greatest adventure;
Pan was daring, and here daring ran rampart;
Pan was restless, and here was a new enterprise;
So into this army,
Playing his pipes and whistling,
Came the merry angel, Pan.
Commanding a great, glittering army,
Satan marched to the throne of God.
In his hand lay a jeweled sword,
And across his shoulder was flung
A cape of brilliant gold.
His troops were arrayed in shining, glaring armors—
All but the adventurous angel, Pan, who scorned all display
And went a-waring with his pipes slung across his shoulder,
And his steel sword in his hand, and his great russet wings unadorned.
Thus, one fierce, ostentatious host,
The army of Satan marched into the presence of the Lord.
No host had He summoned.
Alone He sat in His kingly chair,
Clad in a soft white robe,
Having no arms nor armor.
Yet in His presence the army paused,
Awed and deeply stirred,
Until Satan cried his damnation, "At Him, ye soldiers!
And win yourselves power."
Then rumbling, lowering, the angels advanced,
Casting their flashing metal lances at their God.
The Lord arose, stretching forth His hand.
The missles paused in their flight;
The rebellious ones fell back before Him.

Their brilliance wilted; their avarice subsided;
They knelt, defeated, subdued.
Thus God overthrew the wicked one
And banished him and his forever
From the kingdom of Heaven.
The golden gates were opened,
And the troops of Satan marched slowly through
With hideous forms half of man and half of beast,
For no longer held they the right to the semblance of the image of God,
Stripped of their white wings,
Stripped of their pride and arrogance,
Down, down into the infinite abyss
Of eternal Hell.
The Lord stood by the gates,
Looking on them with calm, compassionate eyes,
In which lay the sadness of all knowledge.
In a little, still, pathetic pile beside the gate
His eye beheld
The melodious pipes of Pan.
Then the Creator's eye dimmed with a maze of tears unshed,
For He loved the merry, mischievous scapegrace,
Pan.
And Pan, turning longingly back
For one last gaze at the beauty of heaven,
Beheld the tear in the eye of his master,
And in his wild, proud heart felt an answering pang
Of overpowering love for Him.
On swift cloven hooves
He ran back and threw himself at the feet of God.
"Lord," he cried, "forgive me! Forgive me!"
From him pride and arrogance fell away,
Conquered by his hopeless, unselfish love.
Gently, softly,
The voice of the Lord carressed him,
"Thou art forgiven."

Pan knelt trembling
And kissed the feet of his master.
"Now," he cried,
"I go to Hell rejoicing!"
"Not to Hell, repentant Pan,"
Continued the divine voice;
"Thy maimed body
Shall be reproach enough
Of thy wickedness.
Pick up the pipes
And play once more for the angels of heaven.
From henceforth
You shall be our shepherd."

* * * * *

If, in the woods or meadows,
Or along a moonlit lea,
You hear a torrent of wild melody,
Turn quickly,
And perhaps you will glimpse the grinning, mocking face of Pan
With its crinkling, blue, young-old eyes,
And its great laughing mouth,
That once did not laugh.
If, across the azure sky
You see the white clouds scurrying,
Harried by some mischievous rogue,
Know that Pan
Is piping his sheep
Across the blue pastures
Of Paradise.

Swamp Orchid

Lily Smith

Each hemlock was a bit of dense haze hidden amongst the fog and drumming rain. Strathmore slushed along unsteadily as the thousands of mosquitoes zoomed about his head, making large welts rise wherever there was exposed flesh. He should have been mad, stark crazy from the presence of these black insects that came and swarmed about his eyes. His whole body was hot with a burning fever. Now and then he raised a blue bottle to his lips—tasted of its bitter contents—which gave him the feeling that malaria was a little farther away than it really was. He cursed the Louisiana swamp land, while dizzily smacking humming, black bugs. He was half insane from sheer silence. For miles and miles he had walked—hearing nothing but the continuous splash of the rain, the sucking gurgle of soggy mud, and the maddening sound of the mosquitoes. Yet Strathmore never thought of turning back, if he was successful; if he found the object of his hunting, his name would spell *fame*. Ah—how he would like *fame*.

Fatigued, he took the pack from his back and sat upon it, fanning the insects while resting. He wondered if Withers had beaten him. The world would give Withers its sympathy, because Withers was a botanist; but the world knew very little (so Strathmore believed). It was true that what Withers did was done for the world. But, if he was too ignorant to commercialize his discoveries—well, that was his fault.

So far as he, Strathmore, was concerned, Withers could be damned.

As he reached for his compass, he saw in the mist the form of a dark, black snake—one to be feared. He could have killed it—but, then, why? And, with this question why, which he could easily have answered, in his mind, he picked up his sack, strapped it on his back, filled his mouth with quinine, and started on.

On and on he went, blindly battling with mosquitoes. The rain had slackened—now it dripped from the tree tops—now it had

stopped. But the humming of the Anopholes became more audible, and the biting more vigorous, as the swarms increased. Suddenly, as the fever became more raging, he bumped into a bit of sheer wall. Immediately he realized that he was near the object of his search.

The weather had cleared off somewhat, and he could plainly make out the wall in front of him. With the aid of his compass he made his way around to the other side of this natural circular structure. Here he saw the two openings about which he had heard. The lower one was on the ground, and the upper was about fifteen feet up in the perpendicular rock. Slowly he groped his way through the doorway, stumbling over one black object and kicking another. His flashlight was dim and gave just enough light to show up the watery swamp.

Strathmore's heart beat rapidly; soon he would be famous. Half maddened by the increasing fever, and excited, he plunged into the black swamp, flashing his light about. Yes—it was there. Far off in the center he saw a strange magenta-pink flower. His pulse quickened. Here was his orchid; this magnificent flower would make the ink with which to spell the word *fame*. What if Withers were to come? For the moment he tried to think only of the flower, and grasping it, root and all, he looked around for more.

Far off somewhere he heard footsteps—slow, soft-moving footsteps. His feverish brain was infuriated. He felt raging mad. Withers was coming. Yes, it must be Withers.

Quickly, like a mad person, he darted his eyes about, hunting for something—he was not sure what. Suddenly those same quick eyes spied the upper opening; he could easily climb up to it. Nervously he made his way up, thinking all the time of what he would do. He looked out. YES—there at the lower opening stood the misty figure of Withers.

Strathmore's entire mind swirled with jealousy. What if Withers should find another specimen? Quickly he pushed loose a large stone and let it fall upon the figure below. A low rumble issued forth. Strathmore was sent reeling backwards, as the wall fell, blocking the entrance forever.

Withers was unharmed. Stones do not hurt bits of fog.

Depths of the Sea

Constance Blackwood

How plainly I remember that night,
Something like this night,
Stormy——
Unconquerable rain.
Black clouds for miles around.
The only difference being,
Not a cozy room like this—
Warm fire, cheerful shadows—
But a tearing, raging sea,
Slashing, whipping endlessly,
All hands on deck—
Those two buddies,
Courtney and Dave,
Friends 'til we had docked at the last port.
There was a girl,
A beautiful girl.
She split that friendship.
And even though they hated,
They were forced now to work together
Side by side
To ebb that raging sea,
Monster of death.
Everyone was busy with his thoughts
Each with his own.
But, somehow,
I watched Courtney and Dave.
Suddenly, there was a mighty wave.
The rest was easy.
Courtney tapped Dave gently,
And Dave was lost in the swirling sea.
Just a sea-tragedy,

A man washed over-board.
No one knew but me.
For nights it haunted me.
Should I?
Then, there flashed across my mind
A picture of my wife,
That loving wife
That I would see so soon,
Once a girl of Courtney's and mine.
He gave her up to me.

* * * * *

So, only you, Courtney, God, and I know.

Dawgs

Lane Barksdale

"What is y'all gwine have in dat tent?" demanded Jezabel of Louise Peebles.

"Oh we're going to have a dog show. Why do you ask?"

Jezabel had been watching for some time the hoisting of an old brown tent by Louise Peebles and two other white children. She often came across the cemetery and watched them playing in the Dog Catcher's back yard. They had tea sets, dolls, play stoves, and such like, and they liked to play with her also. In fact all white children like to play with little negroes, probably because the latter can be managed easily, or maybe they are good mixers.

The Dog Catcher was Louise's father, Mr. Peebles, who appeared in "Missionary Work."

Jezabel soon developed energy enough to ask how much the show would cost. Louise pondered for a moment, then decided to give the afore-mentioned queen a complimentary ticket. Jezabel

rejoiced, but she still didn't understand just how a dog show was run. And inquiring further into the matter, she found that all you had to do was to bring a dog to the show, and the prettiest dog got a blue ribbon.

"What's a blue ribbun no how?" she asked.

"Oh Tanager, a blue ribbon is what all pretty dogs get—blue ribbons are worth a million dollars," replied Louise.

"Louise!—Louise! Louise, darling, come to lunch." This was Mrs. Peebles' voice, and as Louise entered the back door, Jezabel, or Scarlet Tanager, ran homeward, turning over in her mind a way in which to get a dog. A dog absolutely had to be obtained before the following morning—because—well, Tanager wasn't going to waste a free ticket.

After dinner she sought out St. Peter, and putting the two great heads together, they conceived of a plan by which they could easily procure a dog.

As it happened, there is a dog directly across the street from Jezabel's home, and this was the place from which she and St. Peter planned to procure the needed canine.

The dog pound is a well fenced-in place, having a page fence cover the entire front. The extreme rear, however, is protected by Buffalo Creek and a few closely woven willows. Inside there are the main office and two large kennels. Herein the canines dwell. These kennels are constructed out of wood, something like the palings which one used to see in fenced-in front yards.

READER NOTICE—This is Part II. It is a painted picture—read it as such.

PART II

About half past three of the afternoon following the morning on which Tanager received her invitation she and St. Peter went down to the water's edge and set sail in the Ark. Now it would have been much easier for the two to have gone by land, but it was decided that the dog could be smuggled much better by water.

The Ark sailed slowly around the bend and was drawn up to the shore by the Saint.

"Lawd, I bet Sheba'd have uh fit if'n she know'd we tuk dis boat," remarked Tanager upon alighting.

Just as she stepped upon the shore, the sky began darkening; there was no sun, and large drops of rain fell here and there, splattering the willow branches.

"Uh—it's gwine rain—" exclaimed Peter.

" 'S'all duh better," said Jezabel, "caus'n now nobody kin see us when we gits de dawg."

Slowly they made their way through the willows; Jezabel was walking freely, and Peter was following with a large canvas laundry sack—needless to say it was probably taken by one of his cleptic relatives who had worked at the Columbia Laundry Company.

The thunder rumbled momentarily, then was followed by eight or ten jagged streaks of lightning. In the distance among the sounds of flying paper and trash doors could be heard slamming as the dog pound staff gathered in the office.

"Open 'at doah now," whispered Tanager.

Slowly Peter obeyed, and taking a wooden peg from the latch, he peeped inside.

At this point the storm began raging, and the dogs started howling—in low hollow tones.

St. Peter didn't know exactly how to begin this burglary job. Finally the two decided to open the lower portion of the door and to hold the bag so that the dog would have only one place to go. Quietly they let the bottom up; having already placed the sack over the hole, they waited. Alas! Nothing happened, nothing at all.

"What's a-matter?" asked Jezabel.

"Oh no."

"Well why don——"

Instantly there was a low k-plunk in the bag. Something fat and waddly had fallen in. Tanager's face lit up—at last a dog.

The remaining dogs, noticing that one of their members had left, surged up against the door.

"Unh," grunted Peter, pushing with all his might.

"Gawd," grunted Tanager as she felt another thud in the bag. Then another.

"Lawd, dat makes three d——"

Another thud.

"Set down dat doah, St. Petah; I kain' even shut dis bag."

Peter pushed down—a dog "yelped"—drew his head inward, and then Saint let the door drop instantly.

"Foah dogs—oh, lawdy, how's I gwine shut dis bag," cried Jezabel, drawing the cords together.

"Come heah, Petah, 'n he'p me wid dese heah dogs; how come you jes' keeps standin' dere?"

Peter advanced in her direction, and the two pulled, grunting and mumbling, the cords together.

The four canines yelped, moaned, groaned, and did everything that a dog could do.

Tugging, the two little negroes dragged the bag of freshly acquired dogs through the willow patch, on down to the creek bank. There they decided that the animals would not fit into the vessel. So up the creek in the raging rain they trudged dragging the bag.

When at last they arrived at home, Peter put the dogs in the chicken coop and started toward his home to get some dog clothing.

The dogs began yelping; but as Tanager's mother was not at home, there was no particular need to hush them.

Later on in the afternoon Jezabel learned that Sheba too had plans of entering the dog show.

The following morning Jezabel met Peter, and the two went down to the coop to get the dogs. Jezabel had planned to give the smallest, which was a low squatty German beagle hound, to Peter and to keep the best for her own use. But all these plans were wrecked; for when they came to the coop, there was not a dog in sight. Jezabel's heart sank. After all her tugging and laboring, this was what she got—nothing.

Fifteen minutes later she was peeping over the fence of the Peebleses' back yard. She had wondered why the dogs had stopped howling the night before—now she knew. As her eyes peered over the fence, she saw Sheba, Solomon, Mark, and Hebrews, all with dogs. The first thing she heard was Sheba saying—

"I'se 'sponsible for all dese dawgs, and de one dat gets de prize gives it to me."

There were besides Sheba, other contestants, mainly with children. Mr. and Mrs. Peebles and Louise were the judges.

"Where'd you get these dawgs—Sheba?" asked Mr. Peebles.

"Oh they's some we'se had for a long time."

At this point Jezabel whispered eight words to Peter, and he ran off in the direction of his home.

As Mr. Peebles was awarding the blue ribbon, a tall negro man peered through the back gate.

Louise's father recognized him and said, "What do you want, Watt?"

The tired Watt replied that all the dogs in kennel two had got out.

"How did that happen?" asked his superior.

"I don' know suh; they jus' got loose."

Then he spied the four dogs Sheba had—his eyes lit up. Sheba was his daughter. Walking over, he started to turn her up and spank her. His face was angry.

"What's wrong with you!" demanded Mr. Peebles.

Watt turned around. Sheba fled from the back yard and made for the woods.

"Dem's some of de dawgs whut's got a-loose—and I spent yestiddy morning ketchin' dat black un!"

"Well, what has that to do with Sheba?"

"She let 'em out," cried the irate father.

That night Jezabel insisted upon having her window open even if she had to tolerate the mosquitoes. And as she began slumbering, she heard a lumbering sound, as Sheba's father's hand, raised mechanically in the act of spanking his daughter, returned.

Jezabel turned over and buried her head in her pillow and snickered, smacking her lips as she tasted the sweet sounds—revenge.

PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

A Lantern in Her Hand—Aldrich

Because the road was steep and long,
And through a dark and lonely land,
God set upon my lips a song
And put a lantern in my hand.

—Joyce Kilmer

Joyce Kilmer in this bit of verse admirably expresses the thought of *A Lantern in Her Hand*. This volume by Bess Streeter Aldrich is unusual in that it takes the complete life of a woman and contrives to make it interesting.

From the time Abbie Deal, born Abbie Mackenzie, was eight years old to her death at eighty she was to be continually searching, plunging forward into the wilderness, getting new ideas.

In her girlhood Abbie was an idealist. She wanted to paint, to sing, to write. But, as the wife of the hard-working Will Deal, she could do nothing but lend her strength and courage to the settling of the new west, to which she and Will had journeyed in covered wagons.

Through years of hunger, of cold, of hardships Abbie kept "upon her lips a song." She labored to bring advantages to her children. Abbie never realized her dreams, but they materialized in her sons and daughters.

Abbie's life is a glorious example of sturdy character. The plot is nondescript beside the vivid characterization of Abbie Deal.

Joyce Heritage

The Torch-bearers—Alfred Noyes

At intervals during the last ten years Alfred Noyes has published a trilogy in verse about science and scientists, in spite of the differences which exist in tradition between poetry and science. The first book, *Watchers of the Sky*, deals with the great astronomers from Copernicus, through Newton, to Sir John Herschel; the second, *The Book of Earth*, deals with the biologists and geologists from Pythagoras to Darwin and Huxley; and the third, *The Last Voyage*, deals with the wonders of modern science and the riddle of the universe. In this epic poetry Mr. Noyes has showed the unity which should exist between literature and science and accomplished his purpose in giving us his vision of the courage and greatness of the men of all ages who have searched after truth.

The inspiration for these volumes comes to Noyes on a night spent in an observatory on a mountain in the western part of the United States where he was waiting with friends for the appearance of a new constellation. He goes out on the dark hillside alone; here a vision comes to him. He sees the deathless torch carried by the men who have gone boldly into the unknown in search of knowledge; he sees that the flame flickers, but is always kept burning and handed from one eager hand to the next; he sees that they look for no reward and that, each, in the end

> "——If he fails, he fails
> Utterly. He at least will have no time
> For fresh beginnings. Other men, no doubt,
> Years hence, will use the footholes that he cut
> In those precipitous cliffs, and reach the height,
> But he will never see it."

Yet, too, Noyes sees their youth and humaness and their fear that their work may be lost. In this vision the torch is handed to him that he may sing the song of their everlasting fire. He accepts it, saying:

> "——Let my breast be bared
> To every shaft, then, so that Love be still

My one celestial guide the while I sing
Of those who caught the pure Promethean fire
One from another, each crying as he went down
To one that waited, crowned with youth and joy,—
"Take thou the splendor, carry it out of sight
Into the great new age I must not know,
Into the great new realm I must not tread."

Elizabeth Craven

STUDENTS OF GREENSBORO PUBLIC SCHOOLS: *New Wings*

There is nothing so welcomed into the world of book-lovers as a new and unusual volume; whether it be poetry or prose makes little difference.

We have had published in our own city a small anthology which differs greatly from most anthologies. It is made up of ingenious thoughts that have crept from the minds of little children as well as from those of high school students. Little ideas that have been scrawled out upon paper by first-graders are printed in just as big type and are read with just as much enthusiasm as are some of our most popular books.

This pamphlet bears the interesting title of *New Wings*. The book was compiled by a committee of three teachers: Miss Marjorie Craig, a member of our own faculty; Miss Joanna Curtis, an English teacher at Gillespie Park Junior High School; and Miss Effie Taylor, of Central Junior High.

New Wings is divided into five parts. The first portion is called "Flutterings" and is made up of short poems written by children from six to thirteen. These bits of verse are very brief and unusually expressive. In the following poem we are easily able to see what this six-year-old child wants us to see:

"Rain soldiers, rain soldiers
Bounce up and down."

Following "Flutterings" comes "Lifted Wings," which is made up of compositions on such subjects as: "Tending the Baby," "Mr.

Sun," "Our Garden," and others which add greatly to the originality of the collection.

The section after "Lifted Wings" is to me the most delightful one in the entire anthology. It is entitled "Soarings" and contains an enjoyable group of longer poems. In this part we find contributions by many of our students and by those of other schools. Rebecca Price, a girl with whom we are not yet acquainted, has contributed many distinctive pieces of poetry and prose. Next comes "Flight," which is filled with prose articles and short stories.

The last section, "Sky-Ways," contains nothing but plays. One of the most powerful of these is Rebecca Price's "Silver Spangles," which lends much to the fineness of the book.

All in all we take this volume to be quite an accomplishment, and it certainly marks an advancement in the creative writing in our city.

Penelope Webb

RAVELINGS

The Green Tent

(Another New Testament Story)

Lane Barksdale

They all sat behind the tombstone of Mr. Drinkwater, looking on sadly at the funeral services which were being held about fifty feet feet away. Lobelia's face was molded into hard, drawn lines. Ida, or Acts, was sobbing jerkily; and the tears, like tiny dew drops, raced down her cheeks rapidly. The boys of the tribe were silent; they realized the seriousness of the death of the person who was slowly being let down into the grave, but they were not moved to tears. Sheba understood the horror of this gloom, but she was unable to keep from her eyes a brilliant lustre which gleamed there.

Soon the services were over; and as the last cars filed away and the men began throwing on the dirt, Sheba suddenly turned to her associates and in cold, harsh tones gave them a command. Three of the boys then proceeded in the direction of a large broom-sedge field, which lay just to the other side of the newly-dug grave.

The two grave-diggers echoed forth in melodious tones "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and were just beginning "Don't Step On De Cross, Lil' Chillun! Don't Step On De Cross," when they heard the crackling vibration of flagrant blazes which bobbed up from a field of flaming sedge near by. The soloist, excited by the fire, rushed in the direction of the nearest fire alarm box.

In the meantime Sheba and her crowd worked laboriously, dismounting some things which they particularly wished to extract

from the freshly-made grave. When the siren of the fire truck could be heard near the cemetery, the queen and all her Ethiopians had crossed Buffalo Creek and disappeared into the woods beyond.

The firemen weren't long in extinguishing the conflagration. Such field fires were an every day occurrence in or about Old Testament; therefore there was no inquiry.

After the trucks had left, the two grave-diggers trudged slowly up the hill and would have again begun work had not their eyes suddenly missed something—missed an article of a cool grass-green color, an article of shade. The tent was gone!

It worried them terribly; first, because they did not relish working under the broiling July sunshine; and secondly, because they were responsible to the funeral company for the tent. That meant ten dollars from their pockets.

One of the men suddenly turned to the other saying, "John, you's managin' dese ditch diggahs; so you's sponsible fo de tent." The addressed John looked sick; in fact, his pigment turned so as to resemble that of another race. He resembled something rather uninterpretable as he proceeded to the tender of the cemetery to see about the matter.

* * * * *

Meanwhile a Biblical queen sat upon the stump of an old pine tree commanding a group of young Testamentians to pitch a grass-green tent. This queen, Sheba, wore around her neck a gorgeous wreath of chrysanthemums, on which was a tag bearing the lettering "May She Rest In Peace." Finally the tent was up, and then Sheba ordered Solomon to place her rose quilt at her feet. Solomon soon returned with a magnificent pall of roses, the kind that the florist sells for five hundred dollars. Sheba jumped down from her perch and soon lay, like Cleopatra, on a pall of roses. Sheba was always doing that; it was her hope and ambition some day to recline on a *chaise-longue,* smoking a sweet-scented cigarette through a ten-inch holder. She had seen such done by the women in the movies, and she wanted to see it in reality.

She soon decided to practice her movie act. In the future she

planned to see such signs as "Lobelia Smith in 'Love's Idle Kiss, an Old Testament Production.' " She called Solomon to her side and said, "Solomon, you's my John Gilbert, ain't cha?"

The proud Solomon answered that he was none other than the famous John Gilbert.

"Well, I'm yo Greta Ga'bo, ain't I, John?" she asked.

"So you's mah Greta Ga'bo, honey; dat's jes' what chu is."

Then the noted Gilbert laughed, showing his teeth in an attempt to make them sparkle as does the noted actor. Next the impostor clasped the famed Garbo in his arms and was on the verge of kissing, when she elusively moved her lips, making the lover's mouth fall into a network of oily hair. The love scene was suddenly interrupted by Jezabel, who came rushing into the camp to inform the inhabitants that Mr. Hinkle was on his way in search of the tent. No thought was needed; within five minutes these Testamentians had vanished into thin air.

The following morning the club held a meeting of utmost importance. The first thing on the program was to send scouts to see if the tent had been discovered by the graveyard officials. The report was that it had not. As the messengers made this announcement, a whooping yell went up almost whole-heartedly from every member of the crowd. They all wanted a summer camp, a place where they could live as white children do in the summer time. They wanted to toast marshmallows and eat watermelons under the shade of a tent. Jezabel above all wanted this place of delight to be established on the hill across the creek. However, though the anticipations were many, Sheba was not as enthusiastic as she hitherto had been. She declared the camp idea to be a dangerous one, saying, "If'n we 'uz to hab a camp up dere an' dat Mistah Hink'ul wuz to kitch us, he'd sho send us to de juv'nile cou't, an' we'd git 'lect'ocuted. Yup, sho's I'se bo'n, we'd git 'lect'ocuted." Electrocuted; ah, electrocuted; the mob gasped. To be electrocuted was to be killed.

"Whut fo could dey 'elect'ocute us, Sheba?" asked Hebrews.

" 'Cause you dun steeled a tent fum of'n de grabeyard," answered the queen.

"Yu de un whut tol' us to git it," cried a crew of males.

"Well dat ain't nuthar heah naw yonder; yo bettah git dat tent down of'n dat hill and bring it ter me fo'un I takes a notion to git chu hanged."

That was that, and six boys started in the direction of the hill and returned about dinner time with the tent.

Solomon accompanied Sheba to her home. On the way they discussed many important matters; and as she was about to enter her door, she turned to Solomon and said, "Solomun, I'se got ter git me un a 'em chase longs, and a cig'rat holder; so I dun decided to sell 'at old tent. Tain' nothin' but'n a bothah, no how."

"Naw 'tain't nothin' but'n a bothah—well I see yu aftah dinnah," he said.

"Yo gwine ta he'p me sell 'at thang—we kin go up ta de auction tent aftah dinnah."

After hearing these last words, Solomon left and ran to catch up with Jezabel in order that he might accompany her home. As he arrived at her side, he said, "Sheba sey she gwine sell dat ol' tent."

"Since whin?" asked Jezabel.

"Dhat's what she say," said Solomon.

"How cum she gwine sell it? 'Tain' hun no mo'n it's mine."

"Well she say she gwine sell so's she kin git her a chase long an' a cig'rat hol'er; den she kin be mo lak' Greta Ga'bo."

This last sentence was uttered as Jezabel entered her door, at the same time bidding her companion good-bye.

That atfernoon all the children except Sheba, Solomon, and Jezabel were playing "Snake in the Gulley" down at the fork. The fork is made up of two sets of railroad tracks, one which slopes very deeply, because it runs down the hill back of the cut-stone factory. The other is just an ordinary level track, which, if followed, will lead into town. The two tracks are connected, or disconnected, by a simple derailing device.

The reason that Jezabel was not playing "Snake in the Gulley" was that she had just finished lunch when her mother sent her to the store. When she went, she cut across the cemetery; but upon

seeing the children playing, she decided to return the other way. As she neared the far gate of the cemetery, she beheld an individual which everyone in Old Testament tried to avoid, though they all knew him, and he knew them all by name. This person was Mr. Hinkle. As Jezabel approached him, he said "Hi, there, Tanager, how are you feelin'?"

"I'se jes' fine, thank ya; how's youse?" Jezabel replied in her most polished tones.

"You haven't seen anything of a green grave tent with *P. B. and Company* stamped on it, have you?" This question was put forcefully by the cemetarian.

"I seed one over there," she said, pointing to a tent about five yards away.

"Oh I don't mean in the cemetery; I mean one that's been stolen. Well, if you see one, you better tell me. I might give you a little reward."

Jezabel soon returned from the store, and she stopped to watch the game of "Snake in the Gully." The game was in full swing when suddenly a low rumbling was heard, accompanied by a considerable vibration of the track. Quickly Acts yelled, "Watch out!"

Everyone looked up, for coming swiftly down the track was a hand car propelled by a terrified-looking little colored boy named Solomon. Behind him sat the Queen on a throne of carefully folded green canvas.

"Look out," screamed Jezabel. "Y'll derail dat track fo dey gits heah. Hep me push dat rod up! Push dat rod up fo dey runs ovah us."

Meanwhile the queen in her chariot was coming nearer and nearer to the pickaninny subjects, but not a one moved. Instead of getting out of the track, they just watched her.

She yelled, "Git off'n dat track fo we runs ovah yu."

Not a soul budged, and when the hand car came to the place where the children were playing, it gracefully turned and at break-neck speed rolled down the inclined track that led to the cut-stone factory. Sheba was in a fit of terror. She tried to cling to Solomon, but he wrenched free and jumped from the rolling car into a nearby

ash pile. He was closely followed by her highness, the queen. The car rolled into a freight that was parked at the rear of the factory. It turned completely over and lost the tent in a rubbish heap.

About five o'clock that afternoon Jezabel called at Mr. Hinkle's home to deliver an important message. Mr. Hinkle in turn gave her fifty cents, having called up a down-town auction house.

The following morning Mr. Hinkle presented his bulky body before the manager of England's Expert Auctioneers. "I am sorry to disturb you," he said to Mr. England, "but I must inform you that this green tent is the property of the Poole and Blue Funeral Parlor. It is stolen goods which must be returned at once. How you came by it I do not know, but I must take it."

"How came you to know that it was here?" inquired Mr. England.

"Oh, I have a way of finding out anything; but the fact is, a little colored girl told me about it."

"Could you describe her, sir?" asked Mr. England.

"Yes. She is black—like most negroes. Her nose is flat, and she always wears a red dress."

"And her face—is it scarred?" asked Mr. England.

"No—except for a small scar above her lip. But come, what are you trying to do—stall me?" asked Brother Hinkle.

"Nope," said the auctioneer.

"Well then, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Hinkle.

"Oh nothing—only I have just paid her for the damned thing."

Youth's Fire

A Playlet in One Act

Archibald Scales

Scene: *Any English class in any high school at the beginning of the fall term. As the curtain rises, the teacher is standing in front of the class. The class seems to have a delayed case of spring fever.*

Teacher: *(Reading)*

"On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd its signet sage,
Yet had not quench'd the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth."

Now, class, take that line, "fiery vehemence of youth." Youth is always associated with fiery acts. Young people are always alert and attentive to what is going on and——

Loud snores are heard from the back of the room. Curtain.

Depression's Way

Richard J. Fluharty

There goes the best pal I have ever had. Even though she did wax temperamental at times and try me to the end of my patience, she was true to me. Many are the enjoyable trips I have taken with her, and though the trials and tribulations were great and numerous along the way, she always stuck by me until our return. A few days' rest, a little repainting of her complexion, and she was ready to go again.

Ever since I met her, over two years ago, we have been steady companions. We understood each other thoroughly, I believe, from the start.

During times of plenty I gave her the best and plenty of everything she wanted; but this depression has been too much for me. I sold her to another boy. Good-bye, old Ford.

The Old Watchman

Cecil Scott

Yes, 'twas many a year ago that I left my old home in Scotland —forty-four to be exact. I was just twenty, a mere lad, who set out to make his fortune partly because of a poverty-stricken home with five more little Scotch bodies to feed. I went to Edinburgh to get meself a job on a tramp steamer so as to work my way over to America where I could put me up a little wine shop.

Well, sir, after two weeks on that foul-smelling boat, New York sure did look good. When I got settled, I found out that I didn't have enough money to put up the plant so I goes to me cousin, who came to America five years before. Me and him decided to go in together, and we put us up a little place down by the river. We started making a drink that in the old countree was called cherry wine, but they had to have some new-fangled name; so they called it "Dr. Pepper" and put up signs that said you must drink one at ten, two, and four o'clock.

I couldn't see no sense to this but my cousin said that all Americans was fools, so I let it go at that. Well, in about two weeks it began to sell. The first week I got a hundred dollars; the second, five hundred; and the third a thousand. After that it was so much I couldn't even count it. Ah, but by this time that dern cousin of mine was getting jealous of me. He soon got some lawyers and came around to my place. They talked and talked until finally I signed a paper I couldn't read.

I found out later that I had sold my shares of certified "Dr. Pepper" for five hundred dollars. That made me so mad I could have killed that dirty crook, but my lawyer said it would not do any good. When I received my five hundred dollars, I came down here and got this job watching the railroad crossing. It don't pay much, but I get enough to buy my coffee and—say, boy, it's four o'clock. How about watching the crossing for me while I run over and gets meself a refreshing "Dr. Pepper"?

THE SHUTTLE

Torch—Morrell High School, Irvington, New Jersey

It seems to me that your articles
(Of course, I may be wrong)
Could bear a little lengthening
And still not be too long.

I don't see the points to some of your jokes
(Perhaps there is not any);
And although your poems are good, do you think
That over three are too many?

The Purple Quill—Ball High School, Galveston, Texas

I like your stories, *Purple Quill,*
I like to read your poems, too;
But I don't like to read a book
With advertisements scattered through;
Nor do I like to read once more
A joke that I have seen before.

Libertas—Liberty High School, Reading, Pa.

Your high school shows marked aptitude,
In the *Libertas* duly embued,
I'm sure we could benefit
By our perusing it—
From articles we have reviewed.

Edison Gleam—Edison High School, Minneapolis, Minn.

You have attained in the highest degree
That quality all esteem:
Interesting, valuable articles each,
That appear in the *Edison Gleam*.

Red Pen—Senior High School, Reading, Pa.

Your authors need skill in composing;
Their styles are quite amateur,
And if you will pardon my saying,
Their talent is quite immature.

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Red Dirt

Isaac Gregory

Note: When Edna St. Vincent Millay lectured at N. C. C. W. last year, she said that she thought that the red soil of Virginia and North Carolina, which she had just glimpsed for the first time, was one of the most beautifully inspiring sights she had seen. That statement of hers made me see its beauty, too; hence this poem.

For years and years and years I gazed, unstirred,
At brick-red earth. I gazed, but that was all
I saw—just dusty fields. And then I heard
A poet sing about those fields and call
Them beautiful. Inspired, I turned again
To view the ancient, rusty-looking land,
And it had changed. It seemed no longer plain
And crude. Instead that softly crimson sand,
That lasting mirror of the sunset's hue,
Identified itself with all the rest
Of Nature's lovely sights. And so my view
Was changed, because a poet cleverly stressed
The charm of common things that ugly seemed
Until, for me, through her, their beauty gleamed.

Time

Bill Edgerton

"And tell me, where have our yesterdays gone?"

THE YOUTH

What do I care for the Past?
The Past is dead
(Or perhaps lies sleeping in books—
In old, musty books).
Yesterday I was a child;
Now I'm a man—or nearly so—
And I have no time to waste upon worn-out years.
Think of it—all the earth, the air, the seas;
The distant places—Hong Kong, Rangoon, Sarawak,
Mecca, Singapore, Lhassa, Bangkok—
And I with only one life to live!
Only one miserly handful of years to learn and work and play and love!
I have no time to waste upon yesterdays.
Yesterdays are dead;
Today is fast dying;
I love in tomorrow!

THE MAN WHO SLIPPED ONCE

The Past is a demon
Menacing, horrible,
Its misshapen body crouching in darkness
Like a heap of smouldering embers,
Ready to leap into air at the tiniest breath of wind,
And to race through the future with footsteps of flame,
Leaving behind it a silent, smoky trail of dead ambitions.

I have been trying for many weary years to find God;
But always, just as I was about to see the Light,
A heavy cloud of yesterdays would come between me and Him.
Many times have I struggled upward toward Happiness,

But always the mud of old years clung to my feet
And dragged me down.
Men told me the Past was a dead thing, buried, forgotten;
But I say to you now that the Past lives forever in the souls of men.

THE CHILD

Yesterday?
Yesterday was just—oh, I know what yesterday was.
That was when I found the other wheel to my wagon.

You see, I just go to sleep,
And then it's tomorrow;
Then this will be yesterday.
That's where all the days go.
Don't you see how easy it is?

THE OLD MAN

Once I saw a boy standing beside a river.
Upstream the water tumbled toward him from nowhere;
Downstream the water slid out of sight into nowhere.
The boy dropped a chip in the river
And watched it drift on . . . . on . . . . on . . . .
Out of his sight,
Out of his memory,
Into oblivion.
And all of it—river and boy and chip—was a picture of Time.

And I turned away wondering whose was the wisest reply.

GHOSTS

LOUIS V. BROOKS

Last night I walked disconsolately with the ghosts of all my yesterdays.
I had come from a certain place unhappy;
Old longings I had often known crept through me,
Bringing in their phantom train

Memories that were better left buried.
And then I turned into a familiar street,
And after that I did not walk alone.
Ghosts of many yesterdays moved softly by my side.

This building was a school.
I had gone there for a long time,
And behind those walls the fabric of my life
Had been spun in delicate patterns.
(There were many ghosts about me,
Ghosts of the beginning, and ghosts of the end.)
I knew all these shades,
I spoke familiarly to them,
And the sound of their voices hurt me
With a memory of old things half forgotten.

I passed on to another street,
And there too phantom shapes hailed me,
And I saw that these were the ghosts of my former self,
Many ghosts representing many times,
For I had been much in that street:
And likewise the ghosts of my friends.
There was a girl who had lived across the street
And then gone away.
Many boys had known me here,
And we had loved one another greatly in those days.

I said to myself that here was the sum total
Of all that I had been,
And that after my own fashion
I rather liked these ghosts.
I was somewhat sad from wanting to join them.
When I went out of that street,
I knew that I left behind
More than I took away.