

W. J. Foxell

# HOMESPUN

School Issue



W. J. Foxell





# HOMESPUN

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W. Troxell



# THE WEAVE

## A DESERTED SCHOOLHOUSE

REBECCA HEATH

Through the dusty panes of the schoolhouse  
The moonlight sifts,  
Lighting up the shadowed corner of the room  
Where the chalkdust drifts.  
Softly, like a caress, across the battered desks,  
The stray beams play,  
Making little ghost-children in the places  
Of the ones by day.  
Though the air is still and the room forlorn,  
There are echoes there  
Of the joyful sounds of footsteps  
On the still night air—  
And the phantom silver fingers trace the  
Figures on the wall,  
While across the shallow door-sill  
Little shadows fall.  
But at the first cock-crow announcing  
The dawn  
The little moon-children are scattered  
And gone—  
The room is empty again but gay,  
With an eager air for the children of the day.



# THE SCHOOLDAYS OF FOUR FAMOUS POETS

LUCY CROCKER *and* ELIZABETH BOYST

THERE is hardly a person who has risen to fame in the world in recent years, or even in time gone by, who has not had some kind of an education. It may not have been received at college, at high school, or at grammar school. Nevertheless this education has been received either by companionship, from nature, or from experience itself.

In the past century or two there has been a struggle leading upward toward the education acquired from the school. Ambition to succeed in the world has led men to take advantage of this method of learning. The lives of practically all who did so have been influenced by it. Particularly was this the case with four poets—three English and one an American—Tennyson, Carlyle, Coleridge, and Emerson. For each of these their schooldays had some definite meaning and brought about some meeting or occurrence which they carried through life.

The one desire of Tennyson's whole life was to write poetry. For sixty-six years he practiced this art to the exclusion of all else. He was by nature shy and retiring, disliking the noise of men and liking to be alone with nature.

He was born in a rectory of Somersby, Lincolnshire, in 1809, the son of Reverend George Tennyson and Elizabeth Tytche. It is said that as a child he gave much less promise than any of the other children. At the age of seven he went to his grandmother's in Louth in order to attend a famous grammar school. It was there that he acquired his hatred of school caused by the inscription in Latin over the door of Solomon's cruel admonition: "Spare the rod and spoil the child." He was no doubt impressed by the obedience of his teachers to this warning. After four years in this formal atmosphere he returned home and was fitted for the university by his scholarly father.

The next year Tennyson entered Trinity College, Cambridge. College life was not without its reward, for there he met Arthur

Hallam, who became a very dear friend and influenced his life greatly. In 1831 Tennyson left college without a degree and with the ill will of his teachers, who seemed to regard him as a hopeless case. He would not study the books they wanted him to. He was never a candidate for academic distinction, and the only honor he received while at Cambridge was a prize for his poem, "Timbuctoo." This brought him encouragement, which was enhanced by Arthur Hallam's declaiming the piece in public. From then on he put his attention more arduously to verse. He felt that he must write.

Hallam's life influenced Tennyson's in causing him to write his most beautiful poem, "In Memoriam," after Hallam's death in 1833. This poem placed Tennyson among the world's most famous poets. Surely his life was influenced by a boy he met at school.

Thomas Carlyle was born at Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1795. At nine years of age he entered Annan grammar school, where he acquired the name "Tom the Tearful." For the teachers of those days he had only ridicule, calling them "hide-bound pedants." At the wish of his parents, however, he endured this distasteful school life until 1809, when he attended Edinburgh University. There he spent five miserable years, of which he tells us: "I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of shy humor, proud enough and to spare, and had begun my long curriculum of dyspepsia." This nagging illness was the cause of much of his irritability of temper which frequently led him to scold in public and for which he has been severely handled by critics.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the thirteenth child of Reverend John C. Coleridge, of Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire. As a child he was extraordinarily precocious and, being the youngest, he was naturally petted. It is said that he could wrap his father around his finger. At the age of three years he attended a dame school and learned to read in a short while. Before he was six years old he had read the Bible and the *Arabian Nights*. Then he entered his father's school and stayed there until he was nine.

His father died at this time, and there was no money in the family with which to educate the children. Coleridge went to the charity school of Christ's Hospital in London. At this school he excelled in reading. Thinking he wanted to become a doctor, he read medical works written in English, Latin, and Greek, and learned a Latin medical dictionary almost by heart.

Middleton, who afterward became Bishop of Calcutta, called attention to Coleridge, saying, "There's a boy who reads Virgil for amusement." He encouraged the boy to write and especially to memorize. If he were giving a lecture and had forgotten to bring his book, he would call on this tall, fair-haired boy with big, dreamy eyes, and would find that on practically every occasion he could recite page after page verbatim.

It was at this school—the last that he attended before going to Cambridge—that he met Charles Lambe. They were great friends and Lambe had much influence on him. However, a thing which meant even more than this was a book of sonnets that he found written by William Lisle Bowles. It strongly influenced his poetical development, as well as that of Wordsworth, because it showed that modest, simple, sincere verses which were free from conventional frippery could be written.

Even at this charity school Coleridge did not run around with the boys, although they did like him because of his fairness and sweet temper. "Just as when a little child, he used to wander over the fields with a stick in his hands, slashing the tops from weeds and thistles, and thinking himself to be the mighty champion of Christendom against the infidels, so now he would lie on the roof of the school, forgetting the play of his fellows and the roar of the London streets, watching the white clouds drifting and following them into all sorts of adventures."

"Men have testified of Emerson that he was radiant with goodness, that his presence was like a benediction, that he exhibited the meekness and gentleness of Christ. To have been such a man is better than to have been a great writer." Yet at one time even such a man as Emerson was a boy. At this time it was that his beautiful character was formed.



Quite unlike the children of today, Ralph Waldo Emerson began his school career as a little lad only three years old. Even at such an age as that, much was expected of him, for in only two months' time his father remarked that he had not yet learned to read very well. From the first, little Ralph was inclined to stay by himself. For some reason the regular boyish sports did not appeal to him. This fact later made it hard for him to meet people in the ordinary way. From this school Emerson went to one kept by Mr. Lawson Lyon. He was a severe teacher, and he believed in the free use of the rule and the cowhide.

When Ralph was eight years old, his father died and left his wife with six children to support. It would probably have been better for her to have moved from the parish house to a smaller one, but she wanted to keep the boys near schools. Out of necessity she took in boarders, and the boys did most of the housework. Ralph and his brother Ed took turns wearing their one overcoat. They had little time for play, and what spare moments they did have were devoted to reading and to study. Thus it was that Emerson was brought up in an atmosphere of hard work, moral discipline, and wholesome self-sacrifice.

At the time when there was such great material poverty in the family, there was in the household an old maid aunt named Mary Moody Emerson. Although she was their aunt, the only one of the boys who liked her was Ralph. He later said that it was an education to have lived near her. Mary Moody was really one of the strongest influences that shaped his mind and character.

In 1813, at the age of ten years, Emerson entered the Latin School in Boston. The building itself was being remodeled, so for a time classes were held in different places; sometimes they were recited in the attic of a large house, and again down at the mill pond. In this school he was studious, but by no means brilliant. His compositions were always correct. He began writing poetry here, and at the end of the year he was called on to recite original poems.

The following year he spent in Concord. There the students liked his poetry. The next year when his family was leaving

Concord to return to Boston, the boys stood him on a barrel and had him recite a farewell ode.

As Emerson's group of friends in his schooldays was small, so is his audience today. He is not the most entertaining of our poets. However, he brings to those few who do understand him the deepest and most helpful of messages. "He calls them to sincerity, to faith, to truth, telling them that in the tasks to come divine help is near:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When Duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'  
The youth replies, 'I can'."

Thus we see that even those writers whom we study and admire today had some of the same trials at school that we have.



## THREE THOUGHTS

ELIZABETH BOYST

A tiny light sparkling on high,  
An eye of God looking down from the sky—  
A star!

A golden glow in the heavens at night,  
The heart of God making the world bright—  
The moon!

A ball of fire burning above,  
The soul of God overflowing with love—  
The sun!



# SELF-EXPRESSION THROUGH LITERATURE

LOUIS BROOKS

ALL existence is nothing more than an effort at self-expression, and self-expression is always difficult. The beasts of the jungle perhaps succeed best, for they are without restraint and their needs are so admirably simple. To eat, sleep, and voice themselves through half a dozen gutturals is more or less sufficient. The complexities of life, however, make the lot of man far less simple. He wants to express himself and often he can not.

Literature is perhaps the most adequate and at the same time least easily attainable form of this necessary expression. Jazz, that cry out of the jungle, is the simplest, and yet in its way jazz has a power of directness that nothing else can approach. There has always been jazz and always will be. It had its beginning in the first half-pained, half-joyous cry of the first man; it will last as long as man lasts. Jazz is elemental, and like all elemental things, brutally forceful. Literature is no less basic, but it is more æsthetically powerful. The voice of jazz and the voice of poetry correlate to bring about a deeper expression, to interpret life more fully. From the primal simplicity of the beast man, expressed in a few direct sounds, to the unfathomable longings of the man-god, seeking expression through myriad channels, is a long step, a step whose history is the history of the world from the first amœba to the greatest poet. To understand it is to understand the human essence. We are all seeking to understand it. *Ecce homo* is the injunction which every one directs toward himself in the hope of being better able to interpret himself. Only the thinkers are aware of this introspection, but it is going on nevertheless. In our own eyes each of us is a cosmic center, and each of us is seeking desperately in our particular way to define our being. Self-expression is the universal ambition.

I know a man who has sought to express himself through the written word from earliest childhood; in fact I think he dictated stories even before he was able to write. Of course these were of the so-called "blood and thunder" type patterned after the fashion

of the dime novel, save that they were not endowed with that morbid element apparently so essential to the paper-back volume. This child wrote because he had to write. There was something in him which demanded expression and which could not be refused. Up to perhaps the age of fourteen he continued to turn out what might be called adventure stories. Then came a change. This youth began to think, either much more than formerly, or else along entirely different lines. Philosophy and religion gripped him, not as a follower of any system, but as an ardent student. He had a passion for theories, and the study of human nature and human ethics. He began to probe, to analyze and seek the depths of human emotion. His writing took on a very different form, a form which he tried to model after the best authors, both in subject and in style. He began writing along this new tact about the time he entered high school and he is still at it.

The trouble with his work lies chiefly in this. He portrays human nature, but his knowledge is second hand. *He has not lived deeply enough.* He analyzes emotions and discusses their reactions with about the same actual knowledge that a man might describe the slums who had never come nearer them than the top of a sight-seeing bus. True the author intuitively comes close to the proper result, yet this obvious unfamiliarity leaves his writings cold and stiff. The only manuscripts which are really good are those which interpret emotional experiences of his own, and these have a weakness in them that he is not able fully to analyze himself.

This would-be writer has emotional depth all right. He feels poignantly a desire to write, but it is merely an aching longing to express himself. What he does not feel is a desire to write on some particular subject. He once told me that the past five years of his life had been one continuous effort to express himself, sometimes through the medium of social intercourse, sometimes through physical activity, but chiefly through literature—a continuous effort which had been in the main futile.

My writer friend had an excellent theme for a character study. It consisted of the history of a man who stumbled through life seeking a creed. He had seen life in its every phase, and had



listened to the precepts of many religious teachers, and studied many philosophies. Never was he able to reconcile these beautiful theories to the facts of life. Each went a certain distance, but always it fell short in the end. At last this man, who had sincerely sought after the truth, was forced to conclude that all was futility, and that there could be no practical religion and no practical philosophy. I do not know whether my friend intended for him to die in this belief, or whether he planned to reconcile him finally. Whatever the intention, it would have made an excellent character study. But my friend never completed it. The trouble was that he was reaching beyond himself, striving to express things which he had never deeply experienced. He himself had never spent years in seeking a religion, nor did he know intimately any one who had. He knew very little actually about such a struggle of the soul. He saw in it a splendid study, but he lacked the background, the personal experience. This is an example of his habit of reaching beyond himself.

His main trouble is this, I think. He wants to be a writer and writes merely to be writing. The desire to express himself by means of literature is predominant, the thought or emotional experience woven into his manuscript is nothing more than a medium, a subject upon which to write. Its particular nature is incidental. He is tortured with a multitude of vague ideas, among which the central one is "write"—it makes little difference what. He aspires to great things, however; therefore he seeks lofty subjects, subjects beyond his reach. I have advised him to give up this practice and seek to live more deeply, to gain a more varied knowledge. Then and only then can he really write feelingly. Then he will have subjects which in themselves cry for utterance. Perhaps then he will cease to tear up dozens of half-attempted manuscripts and cease to close up his typewriter with a feeling of utter futility.

This, in general, is the experience of one who is seeking self-expression through literature. He who is content to express himself through jazz has an easier road, for there is always some one else to create the jazz. For one who is satisfied to read what the

poets have written and take it as the expression of his own inmost soul, or who finds solace in religious dogma, the way is not so difficult, though all expression is difficult to a degree which makes its attainment very precious. But for him who must write, for him who knows that only in that which he himself has written can he find the ultimate expression of his being there is no peace.



## I'M SORRY

CARMEN PATTERSON

You *say* you're sorry,  
But, by the way,  
You say that often—  
Just yesterday.

You've hurt my feelings  
And others' too;  
You say, "I'm sorry,"  
But that won't do.

You can't heal the hurt  
That easily, friend,  
If you're not careful,  
Friendships will end.



## 610 NORTHROP STREET

GRACE CURTIS

HASTILY Bruce Chandler turned the pages of the telephone directory. He ran his finger down the B's. "Blackmon—Blackwood—Blair—ah, here it is!" he exclaimed as he read: "'Joseph T. Blake, residence, 610 Northrop Street. Phone 2688-J.' I'll surprise old Joe and run out to see him."

As he emerged from the telephone booth, he spied a taxicab. "610 Northrop Street," he told the driver as he hopped into the cab.

Bruce was in particularly good spirits that morning, for he was on his way home from New York, where he had put over a big deal for his company. He was only a young business man, but the company already realized his value to them. They trusted important transactions to him. He was very popular among the younger set in his home town, being noted for his sparkling wit and good humor and the ability to make the best of any situation.

But his train had been delayed for two hours in Bedford, so Bruce decided to make the best of it. Suddenly he thought of Joe Blake, a college chum, who lived in Bedford. He was glad of the chance to visit Joe and his wife, whom Joe described in his letters as "perfectly adorable."

The cab drew up in front of a neat little bungalow. Bruce paid the driver and, taking his bag, ran up the steps. A young girl dressed in pink gingham answered the bell. "Could this be Joe's wife?" he asked himself. If so, she certainly fulfilled Joe's description.

"Er—uh—is Joe here?" he stammered.

"Joe?" she queried. "Oh, yes, come in. I just *know* you're my long-lost cousin, Jimmy Price. Dad will be tickled to death to see you. But we weren't expecting you until a quarter after four. Come on in and have a seat. Mother! Dad! Here's Jimmy!"

Bruce was bewildered. He had gotten the wrong house, he supposed. But the girl in pink was so charming. "Why not stay and play the game?" he asked himself. The real Jimmy Price would not be there until 4:15, he reasoned, and by that time he would be on his way back home.

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Joe. "Well, well!" he exclaimed, extending his hand. "So this is Jimmy Price, Betsy's son. Betsy was my sister, Jim, and a humdinger at that. She had a whole string of beaux, but finally eloped with Gerald Price, your father. She died when you came, and Gerald died of grief two months later. We lost track of you entirely until I read an announcement in the paper of your connection with that furniture company. Well, we're mighty glad to see you. Just make yourself at home.

"Jimmy, this is my wife," he continued as a stout, matronly woman entered with the girl in pink. "And this," he said, "is my daughter, Nancy."

So her name was Nancy! It suited her perfectly. Her light brown hair was long and wavy, and her deep brown eyes smiled at him as she acknowledged the introduction.

They sat down and began talking. Mr. Bradley liked to talk of old times, so Bruce learned much of his "former life." He had only to listen to Mr. Bradley and comment every now and then. He was careful not to say anything that would call for details which he could not supply. During a lengthy discussion of Betsy's childhood, Bruce managed to steal a furtive glance at Nancy. She saw him and smiled. He was encouraged a little until he remembered that she thought of him only as a cousin.

Just then the doorbell rang. Nancy went to the door. Suddenly, for the first time, Bruce realized that the real Jimmy Price was almost due. Perhaps he was at the door now. His heart was in his throat when Nancy returned.

"Mother," she said, "Mrs. Thomas returned the coffee she borrowed."

Bruce gave a sigh of relief. But still he must get away quickly. The other fellow might come at any time now. He was in a

terrible fix! Mrs. Bradley noticed his fidgetting and suggested that they go outdoors.

"Nancy, why don't you show Jimmy your garden?" she asked. "Nancy is very proud of her garden," she said, turning to Jimmy. "She has flowers and vegetables, too."

"Why, that would be splendid," Bruce agreed, forgetting everything else. Nancy consented, and the two went out the back door together.

Nancy was very enthusiastic over her garden. She loved to work in it, and took great pleasure in the flowers and vegetables that grew there. Bruce watched her as she flitted about from one different kind to the other.

"Nancy! You two come here," came the voice of her father from the door. Bruce had entirely forgotten his position until he reached the living-room door. There stood a strange young man with Mr. Bradley. After Nancy had been introduced, Mr. Bradley said, "Mr. Price, I want you to meet Mr. Price. And now will you please tell me which one of you is my nephew, Jimmy Price?"

Bruce glanced at Nancy, who had a puzzled look on her face.

"Er—uh—I guess I should explain," began Bruce. Then he told of having to wait two hours for his train; of his friend, Joe Blake, whom he had entirely forgotten; and also of the mistake he must have made when directing the driver of the taxi.

"I thought that Nancy must have been Joe's wife. He has always told me that she is so pretty. That's why I came on in. I asked for Joe and she called you, Mr. Bradley. Not once did I say that I was Jimmy Price. Why, Mr. Bradley, you even told me that I looked like your sister!"

Suddenly Mr. Bradley burst out in laughter. The situation had struck him as being extremely amusing. He finally recovered enough to ask, "Well, what is your real name?"

"Bruce Chandler," he replied.

"Not Dick Chandler's son?" asked Mr. Bradley.

"Why, yes, that is my father's name. Did you know him?"

"Did I? I should say! I went to college with him. Why, one day——." Mr. Bradley was off again, speaking of his school days.



Mrs. Bradley was talking to Jimmy. Mr. Bradley, afraid that he would be left out of a family discussion, began talking of Betsy again. Bruce walked over and sat down on the settee beside Nancy.

"Miss Bradley," he said, "I'm sorry I let you think I was your cousin. I know you and your parents must think I'm dreadful for acting the way I have. Won't you let me make it up to you? I've missed my train now, so I'll be here until tomorrow, at least. Couldn't I call you up?"

"Dad thinks it's a good joke on himself and I do, too. He went pretty far when he said you resembled Aunt Betsy. And please don't call me Miss Bradley. I'm not used to it; every one calls me Nancy."

"All right, and don't forget—my name is Bruce," he said, as he rose to leave.

Mr. Bradley insisted on his coming back to see them. He even asked Bruce to spend the night with them.

"Thank you, Mr. Bradley," Bruce said, "but I think I'll run over to see Joe. I may stick around a few days, though, and do a little business for the company. I'm coming back, though, to see all of you."

Bruce stopped in a corner drug store a few blocks away. He entered a public telephone booth. Hastily he turned the pages of the telephone directory. He ran his finger down the B's. "Blackmon—Blackwood—Blair—ah, here it is!" he exclaimed as he read: "'Joseph T. Blake, residence, 610 Northrop Avenue. Phone 2688-J.' I'll surprise old Joe and run out to see him."

As he emerged from the telephone booth he spied a taxicab. "610 Northrop Avenue," he told the driver as he hopped into the cab.

# AN OLD DESK

REBECCA HEATH

In a darkened, dusty corner  
Of an old schoolhouse  
I stand.  
I am just a warped old desk,  
Carved and cut by a nimble  
Boy hand.  
And my thoughts traverse the furrows  
Of the deep initials there  
On my face;  
They are filled with memories—  
Joys and tragedies that time will not  
Erase.  
This deep-carved figure on my side  
A tousle-headed boy cut out  
The symbol old—  
Two hearts entwined—while from across the aisle  
Looked on a little girl with  
Hair of gold.  
They have long ago been swallowed up  
In the struggling crowds of men  
And in life,  
And their lives have lost themselves  
In the maze of time and war  
And in strife.  
But sometimes on happy days,  
When the alumni come to see  
Their childhood school,  
I may see the proud men and women  
Who once were humbly bowed  
Before its rule.  
It was on such a day, and in June,  
That the tousled-headed boy—now a man—

Wandered here,  
And caressed my battered face, and when  
He came to the heart, I thought  
Shed a tear.  
While he stood over me  
With his memory gates wide and with  
Bowed head,  
*She* came up, with a gentle touch on his sleeve,  
And said,  
“Are you Johnny Martin, whom I  
Had such fun with  
Long ago?”  
And with eager eyes he answered,  
“Yes, I know,  
“You are *her!*” He touched the deep name  
Reverently. Then swiftly they told the happenings of  
Twenty years;  
Calmly told the recollected joys  
And fears.  
Both were married, and I guess  
They were happy. As they parted,  
Or did I just imagine that  
They gazed wistfully at the heart?  
I am just a warped old desk,  
Carved and cut by a nimble  
Boy hand,  
But my thoughts and memories  
Travel far from the darkened, dusty corner  
Where I stand.



# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## WHAT PRICE GOSSIP

C. E. C.

THE school grounds of the Auburn High School were buzzing with excitement. Groups of boys and girls scattered around the yard were eagerly discussing Grace Moore's party. Very few and far between were parties in Auburn, and so this function was hailed as a great event. The favored ones had known of it two weeks ahead and were all the more excited because it was to be a masquerade party.

Miss Sylvia Lancaster, an English teacher, was busily correcting some theme papers when Grace Moore burst into the room.

"Oh, Miss Lancaster," she cried, "the worst thing has happened! Today mother found your invitation to my masquerade party in her desk. In some way it had been left in there and hadn't been mailed. I'm so sorry! But you'll come, won't you?"

"Of course I'll come, and you mustn't worry about the invitation at all. I understand perfectly. But what about something to wear?"

"Oh, just scrape up some kind of a costume—anything will do. And don't forget—tonight at eight-thirty."

Miss Lancaster, inwardly thrilled as much as any of the younger people, hurried home immediately after school to rig up some kind of a costume. While rummaging around among her possessions, she came upon a pack of fortune-telling cards. Suddenly a bright idea struck her. At college she had told fortunes at almost all of the parties. Why couldn't she do it tonight? It would be

heaps of fun, and no one but Grace need know. But her costume—yes, there it was in the bottom of the box, wrinkled, of course, but it would take only a few minutes to remedy that. With this in mind, she set to work.

By nine o'clock that night the party was in full swing. The colored costumes made a striking contrast as the merry couples danced to and fro in the crowded room. Confetti, paper caps, and toy balloons added to the gayety of the scene. The laughter and the happy chatter of the boys and girls mingled with the snappy piece of music which was being played.

As the music ceased, a rather bold-looking boy—otherwise known as Johnnie Green—in a nonchalant manner sauntered up to a gypsy maiden who had been standing in the shadow of a huge palm watching the dancers. The girl turned inquiringly to him.

"Having a good time, Grace? It's too warm in here. Come on, let's go for a walk."

He took her arm, and the two walked out. It was one of those nights made for romance—a night with a gorgeous full moon which played with the shadows of the trees, and which wove a fanciful tale around this cowboy and the maiden in her brightly-colored dress. When they entered the garden, Johnnie said, indicating a marble bench, "Let's sit down here and talk a while."

Without speaking they sat down. Shortly the silence was broken by a rather surprised question from Johnnie, "Say, Grace, you surely didn't invite that dinky old-maid school teacher to this party?"

"Whom do you mean?"

"Old Lady Lancaster!"

"Oh—! Oh, yes!"

"Humph! Might have known it! You would do a thing like that! It's a good thing she has to wear a mask. We gentlemen need something to protect our eyes."

The gypsy maid gave a peculiar laugh, but she said nothing. The boy eyed her for a few minutes, then mused softly, "I wonder what she'd do if she knew that I ate my breakfast in English class

today. Ha! Ha! That was a take-off! The boys didn't think that I'd go through with it, but I showed them. It reminds me of the time I ate crackers on class last year. I dropped some of the crumbs, and when she saw them she told me to stop tearing up so much paper and throwing it on the floor. We ought to pass the hat and buy her a pair of glasses. The time I put that rat in her desk drawer—oh, gee! She doesn't know yet who did it, but she'd love to pin it on me."

Johnnie paused for response, but getting none, he continued: "Grace, you girls surely missed lots of fun. I remember that when you got out to practice for some kind of a chorus Mr. Lee had, when she went to the office to see if it was all right she told us that we could do anything that we wanted to just so we didn't make any noise. We did what we wanted to all right, and, believe me, we didn't make a sound! When she came back there wasn't a soul in that classroom. It was her first year and she didn't know much. I bet she thought that we had gone to the library to look up the life of Tennyson. If she only knew! Maybe those roses I brought her yesterday will bring my grade up from a 'D' to a 'C.' Oh, boy! I know my teachers!

"By the way, Grace, I thought that you were going to dress as a pirate. That's what I heard you tell Rebecca. Why did you change?"

"Oh, I thought that this would suit me better," the gypsy maid replied.

"Say, I'm tired of looking at that black mask. Here, let me take it off, and we can put it back on before we go in."

"Johnnie! Stop that! I—I—you—you know that I can't do that when I told the others not to."

"I guess that's right. I hadn't thought of that. But gosh! You scared me at first. The way you told me to stop and called my name sounded exactly like 'Silly' Lancaster!

"Speaking of 'Silly,' she makes me tired. Heck! I can't even move but what she hollers at me to be quiet. Looks like a fellow could talk once in a while. Shucks!"



There was a silence. Then, "I hear 'Chuck' Evans on the porch. They must be serving punch. Come on. Let's go up."

As they got up and walked towards the lighted house, the man in the moon seemed to wink his eye. His fanciful tale was almost over. Just as the cowboy and this maiden in the brightly-colored dress had come up to the porch, a figure dressed in a pirate costume ran down the steps toward them and said in a strangely familiar voice, "Hurry up, Miss Lancaster! We're waiting for you to tell fortunes."

Johnny stared—gulped—and with bulging eyes ran out into the night.

"Oh, gosh! I'm in for it now!" were the words which drifted back to Miss Lancaster as she started into the house.



## LATE!

GRACE CURTIS

The tardy bell was ringing;  
The boy stood in the door;  
His schoolmates' friendly greetings  
He would surely hear no more.

For this poor chap had done  
A very dreadful thing, I fear—  
He'd lost the room's half-holiday,  
Which they had held so dear.

Then to the young dean's office  
Hurried he without delay,  
To discover that that afternoon  
An hour he must stay.

# LITTLE SHIPS

REBECCA HEATH

Little ships, frail ships,  
Just embarking from the bay,  
Scarcely ready for your trips  
Today—today!  
“Can’t you wait a little longer?”  
Plead the people standing near.  
“We would keep you ’til you’re stronger  
And it’s clear!”  
But the little ships there tugging  
Never heed the people’s cry,  
And the left-behind ones whisper low,  
“Good-bye—good-bye!—”  
Not a backward glance or turning,  
They just see the great waves leaping.  
They know not the hopeless yearning  
And the weeping.  
And oh! the big ships skimming by  
Are scornful of the joyous cry  
That’s sung.  
Perhaps an older, kinder ship  
Will point to them the way to go  
To escape the dangers of the trip,  
And woe.  
And when the veils of night descend  
To mark the end of another day,  
The wrecks of some, blown by the wind,  
Are far away.  
The others you may see on days  
When the sky is a limitless field of blue,  
For they wave as they pass on their separate ways:  
At me, at you!

# HELPFUL ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

ISAAC GREGORY

There are many and sundry ways to please your beloved teacher. It is possible to show your affections from the moment you enter the room in the morning till you leave it at 3:30 o'clock.

It will certainly please her extremely if, when you enter the room, you try to imitate a dray horse with your feet. I think that slamming your books on your desk with all possible gusto will bring her blessings upon your head. It will surely entertain her greatly if you call across the room with your stentorian voice to a friend, asking him how he likes his new teacher. She will think you very considerate if you carry on a stage-whispered conversation with your neighbor during the five-minute quiet period.

When classes begin, there are other ways to make your teacher enjoy herself and notice you. She will be overjoyed to have the opportunity of watching the cow-like movement of your jaws chewing your gum-cud during an important lecture. It will add greatly to her composure if you play with the shades while she is talking. Nothing will delight her more than for you to write love notes to the-only-girl-in-the-world during study period.

After so delightfully entertaining the teacher through the day, there are a few finishing touches that can be added to complete her happiness. She no doubt will love as a nerve sedative to hear you whistle shrilly. After the bell has rung, it will be the last word in a pleasant last impression if you give the door the habitual lusty bang on leaving, just as a way of letting her feel that you never forsake a habit once formed.

After all these evidences of wishing to please her, I am sure that highly grateful individual will give you an "A" on deportment. If she should so far forget herself and you, it behooves yourself to get busy at home and have the admiring mamma phone to find the reason why.



# YOUNG BROTHER ENTERS SCHOOL

JOHN FOSTER

"Hey, get out of here. I don't wanta get up."

"Mamma thaid for you to get up. It's time to go to school."

I turned over, and as I valiantly struggled to consume two hours' sleep in three minutes' time, I heard voices:

"He thaid he didn't wanta get up."

"Edward. Oh, Edward!"

Pause.

"Edward Jones, get up. This is the last time I'm going to call you."

Prolonged snore.

"James, you go tell Edward that I said get up immediately."

By this time I was dressed with the exception of my shoes. Presently I heard two feet climbing the stairs and then down the hall toward my room. A little head peeked around the corner of the door.

"Mamma thaid——"

As the shoe bounced from the place where the little head had been, I heard two feet beating a retreat on the steps.

I started downstairs. As I did, I glanced down and saw at the foot of the stairs a boy. He stood very erect with a box of pencils, impotent in his small hands as yet, and my report.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go."

With each word, the man-sized red bow which concealed his neck wiggled.

"Listen here, young man. Any time that Edward Allen Jones, Jr., goes to school *sans* breakfast, there'll be something happening. Do you get that?"

Evidently the young man did "get it," for he stood with labored patience as I ate a hearty breakfast.

I had hardly finished the last bite of toast when I felt a little warm hand slip into my own. Two dancing blue eyes met mine. They were impatiently dancing. They almost said aloud the anxiety of the little body.

And if you've never experienced the thrill of leading a younger one to school the first day, you've missed a lot. As you approach school, you glance to your side and again the eyes of the one there meet your own. They again dance. If you listen closely, they seem to say, "You're the most wonderful person in the world, I know." You forget all that has gone before. You wouldn't have missed this occasion for anything in the world—not anything!



## EARLY IMPRESSIONS

HAROLD KIRK

"Why hello, Bill," said James as they met in the hall, "how are you liking it over here?"

"Nothing extra," replied Bill. "I don't like my English teacher at all. She gives us ten sentences every day to hand in, and my history teacher—my, my!"

"I hear they have barns, chickens, and cows over here, and it sure does look like it from the sight of the walls I passed a minute ago, and on the door was written in large letters, "Barn B, Stall 8."

"They don't have any ground over here as we did in grammar school. You have to amuse yourself the best way you——"

"Look out," interrupted Bill, "here comes a whole army of sophomores. Boy, look at those paddles! Guess we had better be making ourselves scarce around here. Tough luck, they have discovered us! There goes the bell, though; I guess that spoiled their little party. Now for A4."

# THAT FIRST DAY

LUCY CROCKER

The first day at school is more or less terrifying, and when one encounters a teacher who looks as if she were a relic of the dark ages, it is doubly so. I never shall forget how my instructor looked on that memorable day. When my little friend and I, elated over the idea of going to school, reached the door of our classroom, and saw the one who was to dispense knowledge to us, we quieted down instantly and walked in as if we had been caught in the act of stealing sheep.

Her hair was pushed back so tightly that the sight of it was painful to the beholder. The white shirtwaist and skirt which she wore were starched so stiffly that they rustled when she walked. To complete her stern appearance, she wore a high, stiff collar and a white four-in-hand tie.

My companion and I seated ourselves in a double desk as near the back as possible. She surely couldn't hear us talk there, we thought.

"Now, children, I absolutely will not allow any kind of noise," Miss Green, the much-feared teacher, announced. We would sooner have thought of flying than of uttering a sound.

Nothing unusual, however, happened until the end of the day. Then suddenly one little boy, who could stand the stilted atmosphere no longer, piped up, "Miss Green, which had you rather be, a woman or a school teacher?"

That question was too much for that austere lady, and much to our surprise, she actually laughed. The next day she came to school looking as if she were a human being.



# VENGEANCE WAS MINE

ANNIE LOUISE ROGERS

Last night while looking over an old scrap book, I came upon a piece of blue silk material. Beside the faded piece of silk was written: "Miss Jackson, Ha! Ha!" At first I could not imagine what it was supposed to represent. I was on the verge of tearing the cloth from the book when I remembered that it was a piece of my fifth-grade teacher's dress.

Again I was back in Lindsay Street School with all my school chums. It was a hot, sultry day in June. Everybody was tired and almost desperate for some kind of excitement when the teacher began to sneeze. She went to the cloak room, a little box of a room partitioned off in the far corner of our session room, to get her handkerchief.

Margaret Yates, the girl sitting next to me, dared me to shut and lock the door on Miss Jackson. She was the most dreaded of all the teachers, but I simply could not resist the temptation of locking her in that stuffy little "box." I slipped from my desk and carefully, but very surely, locked the door.

Miss Jackson at once began kicking and knocking on the locked door. Some one finally let her out—and gee whiz, but she was furious. At first no one would tell her who locked her in. When she said it wouldn't be so hard for the culprit if he owned up, I confessed at once.

I would have certainly hated to take what she considered hard punishment, because that afternoon after school she gave me a terrible lecture. She made me promise never again to move out of my seat without permission, and made me walk around the school building one hundred times. Can you imagine anything more brutal?

When I had finished this task I went back to the room to get my hat. There on the floor of the cloak room was a piece of blue material. I was elated, because when I had locked the door of the cloak room a piece of Miss Jackson's dress had been torn off. After all, my prank had not been in vain.

# AW! MA!

SARA SCOTT MOORE

"Oh, Ma! Don't make me go to school today.

"Aw, gee, Mom. Uh—er—I gotta pain, Ma. Yes'm, honest.

"I can't take no medicine. I ain't that sick.

"Well, really, I think a day fishin' would do me worlds of good. Johnny is going.

"You know, ma, you're really the nicest ma I know of.

"Yes'm. Even better than Johnny's, and you know his ma said he could go.

"If I gotta take medicine I'll go to school instead, but gosh, Ma, don't be so hard on a fellow.

"Well, I'll go on to school.

"Gee whillikins, what else? My ears and neck ain't dirty. This ain't Sa'day, anyhow.

"Aw, ma. You ain't got no boy feelin's at all. All you think of is some little thing that only a prissie girl or woman would do.

"No-o-o, I didn't really mean you was prissie nor nothin' but —aw, gee, I'll go wash my ears an' go to school."



## CHALK-DUST

R. H.

Chalk-dust—

Only yesterday it was words, kindling

A brief fire that glowed brightly,

Then sputtered out.

Today the ashes, cold and gray,

Remain the only sign that those words were

The heat of yesterday.

# STUDY—AND HOW!

CARMELLA JEROME *and* MAENETTE GRAFF

"Hey, Dot, how 'bout spendin' the night with me? Y' know, we gotta write that theme for tomorrow, and we're s'posed to write on the same subject. The mo' help, the better!"

"Wait a second, Betty, and I'll see what Mom says. She hates for *this* child to gad on school nights!"

"Aw'right. Come on up after supper if you can. 'Bye."

"Well, Dot, you *did* get here, didn't ya? I'm evermore glad."

"Yeh, I'm here. C'mon, let's get to work—it's nearly seven now."

"Wait a second; let's play just *one* game of double solitaire, Dot. Jimmy showed me the cutest new way last night. I've gotten most of my French, anyway, and I want to relieve my mind."

"Gee, there's the phone, Betty. Bet'ch it's Sammy. He said he'd give us a ring. You go see."

"Uh-huh, it's Sammy-boy all right. An' he wants to spiel a word or two, so you talk to 'im. I *must* glance at that fierce proposition in geometry. C'mon."

"Well, that's that, Betty. He just wanted to see 'bout a date for the week-end. Shoo, wish we could have dates during the week. We sure miss the big times, all cooped up studying. Don't we get the tough breaks, though? Say, put down that book! I hear Bob's old Ford outside!"

"Golly pete, Dot, we might as well dish these books, right now! Hi there, Bo—you, too, Billy. Wanta play some bridge a while?—What'd ya say? Go to a dance—tonight? You *know* we can't, so quit your kiddin'. Do wish we could; here it is only eight o'clock, and we're in for the night.—Bet you all have a high time—who ya gonna get, since *we* can't go?"

"Whoopee, Betty, that t...i...ckles me—it does! Those two cats'll be *second choice*. Rah, rah!"



"Let's dance just one record, Dot, 'n' then make these li'l' *garcons* move on. We *gotta* write that theme."

"'Bye, see you all tomorrow. Wish we could go. We're sorry 'bout that! Ta, ta."

"Listen, Betty, let's have a tub and then write that pesky theme in bed. How 'bout *that*?"

"Suits me. C'mon."

Splash!

"I just can't think of anything, Dot. And this pillow's *so* soft, and—oh, stop popping that gum! I was 'most asleep . . ."

"Well now, Betty Smith, I'm not goin' to write *all* this by myself. I wrote most o' that paragraph, anyhow. So s'pose *you* have a burst of inspiration for a while."

"Heck, I simply don't feel the irresistible urge tonight. School just wears me down when it comes to new ideas. So park that gum and cut off the light. Goo' night."

"Same back at ya."



## THAT AWFUL BUGBEAR

EDWINNA JONES

As I leave the classroom, a feeling of dread settles over my spirits like a wet blanket. An ultimatum has just been presented to me: either write a good theme or receive a red ring in the little black book which holds my future within its thin sheets. Now to my mind, a circle is not half as desirable, however artistically it may be written, or in what delicate colors it may be painted, as an A—just a plain, unvarnished A. Descending the stairs, I seem with each step to approach nearer a maelstrom. My whirling thoughts are confused; in that chaos not a single thought brings a shining ray of hope to my depressed heart. On the way home I revolve several ideas in my mind and reject each one as unworthy.

Upon my arrival home, the friendly walls and associates of that abode fail to encompass me within their warm atmosphere. Seizing two pencils with beautiful points, and a pack of paper, I shut myself in the library, hoping the critics and writers of the days of yore may be an inspiration to me—but in vain! As time passes, and I have accomplished nothing except a broken pencil point, I become desperate. I *must* have a theme ready to hand to the instructor in the morning. I cannot eat; I cannot think. My brain refuses to function properly. In my extremity I implore the Muses, who aided Virgil so nobly, to have pity on my sufferings and release me from this madness. In my despair I am ready to commit myself to anything in order to procure a theme. The cold sweat breaks forth on my forehead; my body grows clammy; my blood slowly congeals in my veins. Just as I unlock the door and prepare to yield myself entirely to this gloom, my collie approaches me, rubbing her nose in my cold hand to tell me she believes in me still.

Instantly the hardness in my heart melts, and with tears of joy and appreciation in my eyes, I exclaim, "You blessed Gyp! I will write of you. Surely there can be no finer subject for my sketch than my one friend."



# WARP AND WOOF

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## *A High School Need*

PERHAPS the greatest stress in present-day education should be laid not on the classroom or laboratory equipment, nor on the method of instruction, but on the instructors themselves. A salient feature of any first-class college or university is the fact that the instructors are selected with particular attention to their capacity as influential factors in molding the lives of those who study under them. It is not sufficient that they be thoroughly capable of imparting knowledge; they must also be capable of



teaching the student how to live. Their greatest task is to prepare their pupils for a life richer and finer than it would otherwise be. If they fail in this duty, they have failed as teachers regardless of their technical knowledge.

The question which arises is this: If such importance is laid on this quality in the college instructor, why should not far more importance be placed upon it as a requisite of every high school instructor? Certainly the college man and woman have molded their lives along certain definite lines. They are of course amenable to radical changes, but the value of a proper foundation can not be stressed too much. If this is so emphasized in the scholastic field, why not in the field of character to a far greater extent? Every high school teacher should be not only a technician, but a skilled guide pointing out the way of life.

This is the condition which should exist, but what are the facts? High school instructors are often chosen, it seems, with little or no thought as to their personality. A formal degree is usually sufficient recommendation, it appears. The result (the reference is not to any particular institution, but to schools in general) is that an extremely small percentage of these teachers are capable of imparting to the student anything beyond technical information. They have ideals, no doubt, but are incapable of passing them on. This is of course comparatively speaking. They are instructors, not companions and leaders.

Rousseau's scheme of education is impractical, but there is much to be learned from him, much which it behooves modern educators to consider more seriously. Modern students can not gather *en masse* about a Socrates or Plato and listen while the way of life is pointed out to them, but modern pupils can and must come in contact with leaders, men and women who have something to impart which can not be learned from a text book. Why wait until the pupil is nearly mature before making such contact possible? This is our greatest need in education, that our teachers be vital, magnetic personalities.

Louis Brooks

# TANGLED THREADS

## MY KNIGHT

LOUIS BROOKS

*"Perhaps we have lived before."*

In a museum of ancient things,  
Swords and spears and Egyptian kings,  
Savage charms and Indian rings,  
And suits of armour all about,  
I chanced on one of vaster height  
Than worn by warriors of might  
Whom artists oft picture in fight.  
For a man of giant frame this.  
A half o'er six feet it towered.  
Grim darkly the eye-holes glowered.  
I fancied bold knights turned coward  
Before this soldier of old.

Then after a moment I smiled,  
For I knew my thoughts ran wild;  
Soon I feared my senses beguiled.  
Queer! I was visioning strange things.  
I saw a king with gemmed crown,  
At his feet a motley clown.  
Then soon I saw the king frown  
And toss aside an official letter.

A young knight strode through the hall;  
Stood before the king, grim and tall.  
"Sire, I have answered your call."  
He dropped down on bended knee.

The king, lifting jewelled hand,  
Plucked a gem from his gold band.  
"Carry you this through Afric land."  
He raised the knight to his feet.  
"And go you with him as squire;  
Follow him past desert or mire;  
Die for him if need is dire."  
He looked commandingly at me.

\* \* \* \*

Oft and oft past desert redoubt,  
Or hiding from Moorish scout,  
Dying, parched within and out,  
We fought onward to the goal.

We knew little of our trust,  
But bear it full through we must;  
Fierce quickened the battle lust,  
Bold came the blood to our veins.  
What was this quickening the heart?  
But we were men, ours man's part.  
"Ah, show them full well the art  
Dear to all knighthood." He closed  
With a chieftain, his great sword  
Swung aloft. "To the death," he roared.  
"Allah, akabar," answered the horde.  
Fiercely they swept upon us.

Grim cries, "Allah ul allah akabar,"  
"Press onward." Foes close and far,  
Death all 'round; above one star,



Then many, as Afric night fell.  
Or pain or wound as night fell.  
And then one vast, chaotic hell,  
Blackness! Abysmal, endless well,  
From whence flowed infinite suffering.  
A limitless, Stygian stream  
Like vampire of an evil dream  
Drawing the blood we each deem  
Most precious and needful to life.

To right and left flash the blades,  
Swiftly the last daylight fades.  
Warriors charge forward, grim shades.  
Fierce clash and my knight is down,  
About him many a Moorish head,  
About and about quiet lie the dead.  
"Die for him." My sword reeks red,  
As close upon me they press.  
And now my horse stumbles, lame,  
A swift blow, all is aflame.  
Back I reel, down, down . . .

This is curious, I feel no pain.  
Ah, where was I, Caesar, Charlemagne?  
Here, perhaps this will explain,  
This vast armour by the wall.



## ON OUR 1969 REUNION

JUANITA DAY

**W**E had been friends since our high school days, Jennie and I. And for a couple of years we had not seen each other. So you can imagine our pleasure when we met again in Greensboro. Such talking and laughing you never heard. But underneath it all was that deep strain of understanding that had existed between us ever since we were pals in the class of '29 of G. H. S. Remember how our acquaintance began? Haven't I told you? Well, you knew I was a stranger there in my senior year. It was then she was so sweet to me. From that time on our friendship has grown stronger—a case of mutual admiration, which is rather unusual for two girls.

To get back to my story, though, we spent one lovely week together in Greensboro. "Jennie, why you're just as dear as ever," and, "Oh! Ann, haven't things changed?" Such was our talk. Of course we wanted to go back to the high school and see how different everything was. Remember, it was 1969—just forty years after we graduated. It was great fun and I'm sure Jennie enjoyed it quite as much as I did. Both of us were in our later fifties, but we felt just as young and gay as we had forty years before. In fact, I never did really grow up, which, perhaps, was just as well for me.

Greensboro is an immense city, and believe me, the high school is no little institution. Greensboro is now the largest city in the South, because it has taken in all the surrounding towns, including High Point.

We visited several classes in the high school. All the rooms were extremely expansive. "So this is psychology class; ahem!" Jennie said, as we entered one room. They had positively the most interesting and useful studies. "Ann," laughed Jennie, "we should have had this course." For we were now in a class studying about how to get along with people. Of course, to me that statement was ridiculously funny, because Jennie always managed that part

of life's game well. She has a heart full of genuine sympathy and understanding. I do want you to meet her; you'll love her, I know.

And oh, it was so funny for us to see both boys and girls cooking in the home economics department! But we both decided that was very practical, since in these days women do fully as much business work as men. The husband can get supper, the wife, breakfast. Personally, I never especially liked that idea, but it's popular.

Probably the largest class we visited was in voice training. I remarked, "Jennie, I do wish I had been able to take this class in high school, because I have to speak a great deal over the vitaphone, and other like instruments." All countries carry on conversations with one another now.

Of all places, we enjoyed the athletic field most. One part of this great expanse was devoted to aviation. As we walked toward that section we heard yells such as, "That's the stuff—come on, big boy. Down here. Whoopee, wasn't that a landing!"

"What are they doing?" I inquired of Jennie. It didn't take us long to learn that a boy had just made a very successful parachute jump. That was the favorite sport of the boys.

But listen, let me tell you about the girls. There were twelve of them, and each one was seated in a plane, ready to go. Zzzzzzz-zz—z sounded the engines, as the planes rapidly ascended into the air. "Remember, Ann," Jennie remarked, "that when we were going to school, aeroplaning was still in its infancy, almost. You recall Amelia Earhart, don't you? Didn't we think she was a real heroine?" Meanwhile the planes were racing, and it was a thrilling spectacle. They were all so small and so gracefully built—and each one a different color, flaming red, brilliant blue, golden yellow—how pretty they were! The girls loved flying better than any other sport.

What's that? Oh! they weren't up long, and just as soon as they landed, twelve boys ran towards them, and one boy jumped into each plane. Again the planes soared into the air, and this time they formed a line. Almost instantly, the whole group of boys jumped. Ten seconds later we all saw a dozen parachutes



unfold and glide gently down through space. These students were surely skilled.

Really, though, we couldn't spend all our time out there; we had to hurry back to town to fill a luncheon engagement.

The next day we visited the newest and most modern grammar school—the one near Diamond Park.

"Ann, who in the world is screaming so?" Jennie truly made me laugh because she was so serious. "Sounds more like African language to me," I jokingly replied. Wasn't it a coincidence then, that just as we stepped into the room we heard an inharmonious group of voices yelling, "Jambou, jambou?" Then I knew. It was geography period and the pupils were studying Africa by means of television. We could see and hear the negroes dancing around and screeching, "Jambou," always "jambou." It came to me quick as a flash, the meaning of this word. It meant "hello." Long ago I had learned that, and it had remained in some corner of my memory. "But to whom are they saying 'hello'?" I questioned. And at that moment we saw a white man appear. So you see that was the cause of the commotion.

It was quite interesting, but soon we went to another geography class. This one was studying Spain in the same way. Aren't schools wonderful now? I declare, every day in every way they're getting better and better. As we looked, we saw a beautiful Spanish woman speaking swiftly to a dark Spaniard—the kind that in olden times would have made a perfect cavalier. "Esta un mal diablito!" gritted the woman, as her eyes flashed. This promised to be interesting.

What then? Oh, of course that was turned off, and we missed an excellent quarrel. It was only by accident that we saw and heard that much.

But I see I am tiring you, so that's enough for this time. I'll come again, though. Just one word more—this is too good to hold back. Jennie is coming in a day or two to visit me, and I'll surely bring her over often. She is still a charming mixture of sweetness, fun, sincerity, and kindness. Good-bye!

# EVOLUTION IN POLITICS

KERMIT MITCHELL

Back in the deep, dark ages, according to nobody in particular, this old earth of ours churned around, fermented, and worked over the materials she possessed. After years of search and research, her glance rested on the jellyfish. She gave it a careful examination, assembling its weak and strong points, and finally began on it a series of experiments toward an end. She made the jelly-fish come up out of the sea and offer himself as a sacrifice on the sand. Then she carefully regarded the sun beating down on the jellyfish and irritating it; and she watched the irritation grow into black spots, and the black spots into lungs. After the death of millions of jellyfish in this process, she rested, and considered her labors at an end. The superb march of years and numberless jellyfish had produced the politician.

The hero enters here, bowing pathetically among the men, acting the idiot among the women. He is book-fed to the point of mental numbness, and although he has been stuffed with schooling, he has come out unscathed. He has learned to forget the things he ought to remember, and to remember the things he ought to forget. As for forgiveness—to him, there is none. He has been thoroughly trained from a political baby up that what his party does is right and what the other party does is wrong. When some good thing that the other party has done is suggested to him, he can mention—and does—a million and one things that were not done, a few thousand things that should have been done, and all the things that would have been done by his party.

But that's only a start. After he has told you all he knows about what has and has not been done, he is ready to start on his real subject, which consists of running down the opposite party. In a few minutes he can paint a verbal picture that would make you blush to the roots of your hair, were you unfortunate enough to be of the enemy. Propaganda, injury, insult, slander, gossip—all of them are displayed before your very eyes and in the worst

way. It's his greatest sport, this mud-slinging, and the more, the merrier.

One of his most popular methods seems to be the making of a secret investigation of the other party's nominee, and, in a confidential mood, broadcasting it to the world. Again he disgusts the world by bringing up the moral issues of the enemy. Then, as a dessert, he brings in those things we just should not mention, as temperance and religion.

So, after all, our politician is really the life of the party. Of course, he runs the other side down a bit and maybe exaggerates some, but it's all in fun (after it's over) and we shouldn't be hard on him for that. Like everything else, he has his good points.

Some day, in the future ages, we will lose the politician of today and his mud-slinging will return to the jellyfish from whence it came. Then this old earth will groan, and start all over again.



## WORDS

MARY LEET UNDERWOOD

Words, words, words,  
How they forsake me in my hour of need!  
They come rumbling and tumbling in incoherent masses;  
They come falling and stalling while my lone thought passes;  
Thus they leave me in wretched despair.  
Madly I tear at my hair  
While they float swiftly by me—  
Jumbled words.



# PLANNING MY FUNERAL

CARMELLA JEROME

Oftentimes when I think that I haven't been fully appreciated by my mother and father, I, at once, begin to plan my tragic death and funeral. I like to think how sorry my family will be when they realize that they were the ones who were the cause of it.

I can see myself stretched out on the bed with a sad, forgiving smile on my pale, cold face. And I can imagine mother, father, and my brothers crying and lamenting that they had been so cruel to me and had made me work so hard. They shall get no comfort from my beautiful, angelic smile because it will make them realize more fully how much they misunderstood me.

When the funeral procession begins and they see the long line of mourners and the large number of wreaths to be laid on my last resting-place, they will weep all the more, for they will see how many friends I had who really appreciated me.

My thoughts of my death and funeral always end at that point, because I again come back to a normal state of mind and realize how much my family does for me, and how little work I really do—which is, I'm sorry to say, very little.



# A POUND OF BUTTER

JUANITA DAY

It happened when I was in the fourth grade—this unforgettable experience.

Mother was planning to bake a cake for some missionary meeting. (What a calamity—to think it was not for us!) Well, as I was saying, mother wanted some butter for the cake, so she

started me to school early, in order that I might have plenty of time to bring it home.

Reaching the store, I purchased the commodity, and as unconcernedly walked on to school. Then I was terribly distressed, because I could think of no suitable place to keep the butter until noon. Of course, to such a scatter-brained little girl, it did not occur that home was the place for it right then, not twelve o'clock.

School began in much the same way all schools do. In our room we went through the general work—reading, and 'riting, and 'rithmetic. Following these, in the middle of the morning we had our calisthenics—at least that is the name the teacher gave them, but to us they were cal—cal—i something; for we never could pronounce that exceedingly large word. Arms above head, arms at side, arms horizontal—one, two, one, two.

So it went, and just as we had our arms suspended in mid-air, in walked that dreadful person, the principal. A principal signified to us at that time all power of earthly punishment. When he came in and asked if Juanita Day was in the room, I just quaked. All the others had lowered their arms, and there I stood, with my arms straight out and my heart in my mouth. I timidly said, "Yes,—yes, sir—I'm Juanita." Then to my deepest humiliation he asked, "Little girl, what did you do with the butter? Your mother telephoned and wanted to know what had become of it." All eyes were turned upon me, and I fervently wished the floor would open and swallow me. But strangely, nothing happened. Gradually summoning up courage, I replied, "Why—why—the butter is in my desk." And there it was, slowly melting away in the heat of the June sun.

# PASSING NOTES

SIDNEY STERN

"Say, Tom, that makes the third note the 'Old Lady' has gotten in the last two days. I don't see how she got mine; I was so very careful. I believe she can see through wood. Some day we are going to get her if it is the last thing we do. There is one thing we have to admit; that is, she is not stingy with the home work. Today she gave us twenty-four math problems. We had better go now before she comes along and gets on her ear."

"Fred! Give me that note; I am very much ashamed of you."

"Please don't read it; I won't ever write another."

"Fred, you know my rule is to read all notes to the class. What is fair to one is fair to all. Give me that note now or stay after school."

Fred handed her the note and began looking sick. Of course the "Old Lady" had to say it hurt her as much as it did Fred, but that a rule was a rule. She began smiling and unfolded the supposed love note. She read it to herself first and began turning red. Then she told Fred to stay after school.

We students were never told by the teacher the contents of the note, but of course Fred couldn't keep a good joke like that. The note had read:

"You had better look out, because curiosity will kill most any old cat."





# TO A BUTTERCUP

GRACE HOBBS

Little yellow fairy,  
Queen of the fields,  
Treasurer of the morning,  
In your coffers you clasp  
Big crystal tears that dawn sheds  
Over the dying stars.

Little maiden,  
Dainty daughter of the tinkling brook,  
Dancing pupil of the wind and rain,  
How pure that beauty hid in your velvet soul!  
And how sweet the poetry found deep  
In your golden heart.

Little flower,  
Simple comrade of field and dale,  
Friend of the chatting, ruddy-cheeked boy,  
You run laughingly beside him down the sun-flecked lane.  
You bend shamefully your head,  
While his boots mangle and crush your fragile body.

Little lover,  
Gypsy rover of the woods,  
Emblem of beauty,  
In your mirrored petals  
I see the purity and grace and charm  
That only nature's child could have.

# HOW THE LILY GOT ITS SPOTS

GRACE HOBBS

A lily faced the summer breeze  
With a proud and happy face,  
And as the leaves fluttered by,  
Its petals stirred with grace.

The wind whispered softly,  
"I love you, Lily dear—  
I always will protect you,  
So reject all of your fear."

The lily proudly moved its head,  
And with a little sigh,  
"I do not need your help—  
So please pass me by."

The Indian paint brush bowed low  
At the lily's feet—  
It whispered, "Dearest maiden,  
I will keep your petals neat."

"Don't need you, either, so go away  
And leave me here to rest.  
I can protect myself  
And keep my petals best."

Thus came friends to the Lily,  
Each with due affection,  
And praised unsparingly  
Her grace and white complexion.

But Lily treated each  
With absolute disdain;  
And brushed out with haughtiness  
Each loving little plane.

The sun looked on and wondered  
Just what would be right,  
To reveal to the Lily  
An enemy's great might.

This is what he did,  
Because Lily hated speckles—  
He shone real hard on her,  
And now she has some freckles.



## MOCKERY

LOUISE CHEEK

I beheld beauty in the lowering sun;  
Heard the wind moan through pine trees;  
Breathed the odor of lilacs;  
Watched the winter dusk  
Set with stars.

Each moment of beauty sang a song to me;  
My heart kept time to its rhythm.  
Ah, the world did not listen!  
It gave me only laughter;  
Now I am still.



# THE HITCHING POST

MARTHA SHUFORD

It stands at the curb in expectant attitude—a relic of by-gone days, so ignored that no one has even thought to take it down.

Once it was a fine hitching post. The upright pole was new and shiny, as was the carved horse's head on top of it. Now it is old and rust-streaked.

I sat and looked at it the other day. Automobiles whizzed by, but the little horse's head was lifted just as proudly as though glossy Prince and Nellie, hitched to their glistening carriage, were about to stop at the curb.

Don't laugh at it. The old hitching post is more than a piece of iron. It is a symbol of the days of our grandmothers and grandfathers, the pioneers, who lived in a time of fewer comforts. It is a symbol of the debt we owe to those who paved the way for modern conveniences and modern beauty.



# A THUNDER CLOUD

KATHERINE WAGNER

Clouds—

Somber curtains that veil the smiling blue  
Of summer skies.

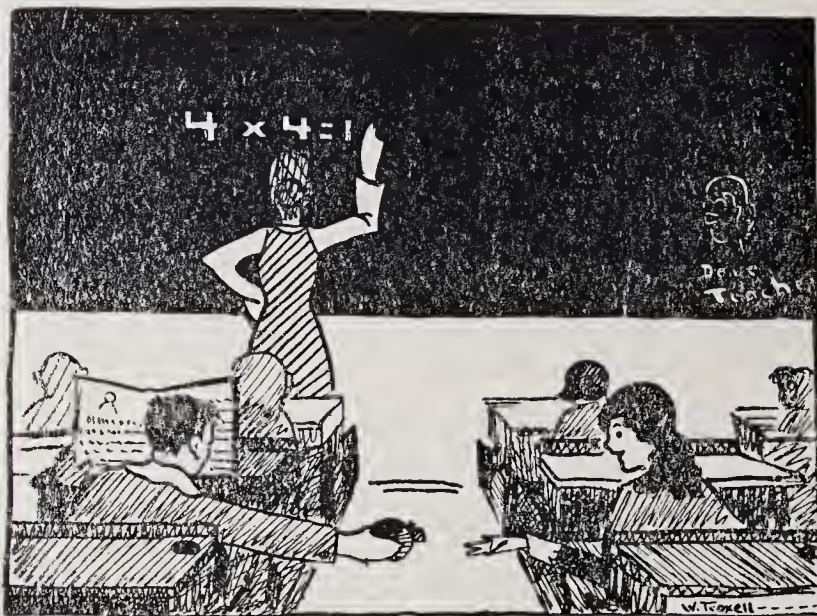
Suddenly like a gleaming sword,  
Flashing cruelly to the cringing earth,  
The lightning comes,  
And in its wake the thunder peals.

Then, their fury spent,  
The clouds move on,  
And once more the sun smiles happily  
Upon the earth.

# LOST

L. E. F.

She was here and now she is gone.  
Oh, she is still here for others,  
But to me she is gone.  
I felt her drawing away,  
Knew that she was not wholly mine,  
Now only half mine,  
Now not mine at all.  
God! How desolate is my heart,  
And just the other day it was bright,  
Bright because she made it so.  
Ah, so much can happen in a week.  
But then there will be next week,  
And anything may happen in a week.



# PATTERNS

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

*With Malice Toward None*—HONORE WILSIE MORROW

Lincoln, a man with very few friends, is portrayed by Honoré Wilsie Morrow in her book, *With Malice Toward None*. The story starts when the war president enters the White House. The reader goes with him all through his administration and through the terrible war between the states. The story ends when Lincoln is at the height of his success. He has kept the Union together. The fighting of brother against brother has ceased. There is a great problem before Lincoln, but he faces it cheerfully, optimistically.

This truly great man is criticised on all sides. Political men of his time differed with him on nearly all subjects—reconstruction in particular. Lincoln's view was the humane; others' views, the opposite.

Dealing largely with politics, the book would be uninteresting except for the personal touches of Lincoln's home and home life. Little Taddie's pranks are given a great deal of consideration. It is shown that even a president's son is a regular boy and this particular one a very mischievous one. His father loved him dearly, and Tad idolized his father. Mary, Lincoln's wife, is portrayed as a talkative, sympathetic woman, who becomes violently angry at the way her husband allows himself to be treated.

Miss Morrow points out that Lincoln's sense of humor kept him buoyed up sometimes when defeat and despair stared him in the face. The sins of the whole nation—North and South—were placed on his shoulders. We wonder if there is justice, and if so, where?



In my opinion, this life of Lincoln (not all of his life, but the most important part of it) compares favorably with others that I have read. Miss Morrow has succeeded, I think, in putting life into the story. I hold the memory of Lincoln a little dearer in my mind for having read the book.

*Carmen Patterson*

*Beau Ideal*—PERCIVAL C. WREN

“Greater love hath no man.” This was the theme running through *Beau Geste*, that story of how brother dies for brother, and friend for friend. In *Beau Ideal* the story is that of a man who, out of love for a woman he could never possess, offers his life and freedom in her service.

There is something in the style of Percival C. Wren that is different. It has a force and an interest that is gripping. In his themes and in the treatment of these themes it is worthy of Hugo, while in its absorbing interest and unusual mystery it rivals the best adventure novel. One feels that Mr. Wren’s characters are living heroes; each is a “Beau Ideal,” an unforgettable figure, yet each is decidedly human; each fights moral conflicts as thrilling as their battles with desert Torengs or wily Arab chieftains.

In *Beau Ideal*, Mr. Wren takes his characters from America to England, from England to the burning sands of the Sahara, with its storms, its Arab raids, and its mysteries. And against this background in the awfulness of the Zephers, the penal battalion of the French Foreign Legion, the reader finds Otis Vanbrough, American, who has intentionally succeeded in being sentenced to this living death.

To all those who are lovers of Percival Wren’s narratives of life in the Foreign Legion, that most famous and romantic of all fighting units, *Beau Ideal* will be a welcome addition to an already cherished library. To those who delight in stories of how men went forth following the “beau ideal,” the holy grail of these modern knight-errants, this book and both its companions will prove a find. For those who desire an evening of thrilling adventure there is no better work.

*Louis V. Brooks*

# RAVELINGS

## THAT GRASSHOPPER

GOLDIE GOSS

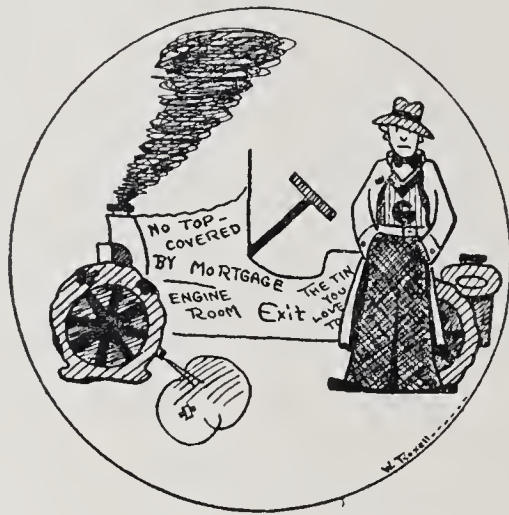
TUESDAY morning, on entering biology class, I was greeted with the cheerful announcement that we were to draw grasshoppers that period. I could not imagine my drawing a grasshopper! The idea, while ridiculous, was at the same time sad.

However, I tackled the job like a football player, but, alas, with no results—at least my teacher said that if the chloroformed grasshopper had awakened it would not have claimed its supposed-to-be-twin brother on my paper. This meant in so many words, “Goldie, draw another grasshopper.” Very many thoughts entered my head, but only a meek “Yes, sir,” left my mouth.

After lunch I went in to see that conscientious biology teacher to get another grasshopper to take home and draw. “Here, Goldie, I’ve just put this one to sleep,” he said, handing me a grasshopper carefully laid out in wax paper. I put the poor sleeping victim into my desk to rest peacefully while I went to chapel, entirely unaware of the real condition of this ugly green creature which I was so loath to touch.

When I came back from chapel, instead of finding my grasshopper asleep in the paper, I found him perched on the ceiling looking as if he were grinning at me. Now in my room there are some bold, fearless young men who will tackle any job that offers adventure, so these instantly volunteered to get my saucy grasshopper, “dead or alive.”

Hearing these terrifying words, the grasshopper flew to the window, but as it was closed had to remain on the window-pane. The young heroes soon saw that the two-legged fellow was headed off, so they made a bold dash for the window. I also made a headlong rush for the window, and to my misfortune (and the grasshopper's good fortune) we all collided, gently seating about three of us on the floor and leaving the rest of us not knowing whether to laugh, cry, or feel indifferent. The grasshopper took his chance and was seen no more. I was left minus a grasshopper, plus a zero, and off of grasshoppers for life.





# THE SHUTTLE

*Edited by* HAROLD CONE

WE find one of the weakest departments of high school magazines to be the exchange department. In the majority of cases a magazine attempts to criticise too many publications in one issue. Recently we read a magazine in which fifteen publications were commented upon on one page—this is an exception, perhaps, but it illustrates the point. As a result, each criticism is too brief and too general to be beneficial to the magazine criticised. Mere complimentary remarks, while serving to encourage a publication, cannot take the place of good constructive criticism. By no means do we consider our own exchange department an example. We strongly feel the need of improvement. However, it is our belief that good constructive criticism is a valuable and necessary factor in any exchange department. We suggest, therefore, to the editors of these departments that they deal with fewer publications in one issue, that they read these more carefully, that they criticise several features in moderate detail, bringing out good and bad points alike, and that they feel free to make suggestions.

We feel sure that if this were the policy of exchange editors, we could all profit by each others' suggestions.



*Odds and Ends*, Northwestern High School, Detroit, Michigan

Knowing that it had received first honor rating at the National Scholastic Press Association Convention, it was with great anticipation that we began reading the May issue of *Odds and Ends*, published by Northwestern High School, Detroit. The feature that interested us most was the good short stories. Particularly did we like "Happy"; that was splendid. "On the Sea of Life"

was very good also. How do you manage to get such interesting stories? Your poetry, however, did not quite reach the standard of your stories, it seemed to us. We think your magazine would look better if you did away with "Poet's Pages" and distributed the poetry a little more. We did like this, though, taken from "Life," particularly the last line:

"The summer sun sinks in the western sky;  
The moon comes up across the water's glare;  
The day is done with all its toil and care,  
And night comes on to croon a lullaby."

We consider ourselves fortunate to be listed among the exchanges of *Odds and Ends*, and feel that it is a publication which no school should miss.

*The Whisp*, Wilmington High School, Wilmington, Delaware

Your literary department is excellent. The story, "Duality," deserves much praise. We enjoyed reading your poems, but we suggest that they be interspersed with your stories in one section. This might eliminate the continuation of articles in the back of the magazine. We might also suggest that you put the author's name beneath the title of the article in order that it may be seen more easily, especially since many of your articles begin and end on different pages.

We found the following poem in the "Sharps and Flats" number of *Peaks* (Asheville High School), and we wish all our readers to see it. We believe it is truly a work of art:

#### RECOMPENSE

This song to you I dedicate,  
Who scoffed and sneered,  
In manner most indelicate  
My spirit seared.  
With taunt and jest  
You did your best;  
Now I do mine!

*Oren Whitehead*

# THE WEAVERS' GUILD

*Edited by* LUCY CROCKER

## EVIDENCE

FRANCES CARTLAND

### CHARACTERS:

Jenny Reed, the Girl  
Mr. William Reed, the Father.  
Mrs. Hetty Reed, the Mother  
Betty Reed, the Sister  
Jim Reed, the Brother  
Mary, the Maid

SCENE: A dining-room. There is a table in the center of the room with five chairs around it. A small antique table is to the right near a large window. A door at the back is open revealing some steps leading upward. Beside it is a chair. Another door leads to the kitchen and is in the left wall. Beside it is the buffet. The table is set with the necessary breakfast things besides cereals in bowls, cream, sugar, an electric coffee pot, and some pear preserves.

TIME: Eight o'clock in the morning.

*Enter a small girl about ten years old. She has brown hair and eyes. She wears an abbreviated blue dress, white socks, and black slippers.*

BETTY: *(to herself)* White, w-h-i-t-e, white. Black, b-l-a-c-k, black. Green, g-r-e——. How is it, two e's or ea? Oh, goody! *(She forgets spelling as she sees the preserves on the table.)* I just



love pear preserves! (*Goes to the table and taking some preserves in her fingers, quickly bestows them to her mouth.*)

Enter MRS. REED. *She is a stout, well-built woman, wearing a house dress.*

MRS. REED: Betty, child, what are you doing? Have you been in the——?

BETTY: (*licking her fingers*) Oh, Mother, how do you spell green? Is it two e's or ea?

MRS. REED: Two e's, dear.

BETTY: Thank you, Mother. (*Footsteps are heard clattering on the stairs.*)

MRS. REED: Will that boy never learn to walk like other people? He makes so much noise.

Enter JIM. *He is a fresh-faced boy of sixteen. He has on a dark blue suit.*

JIM: Morning, Mother. Hello, kid (*to his sister*).

Enter MR. REED behind JIM. *He is tall and heavily built.*

MR. REED: (*jovially*) Good morning, everyone. (*Kisses his wife and slaps JIM on the back.*)

JIM: Morning, Dad.

BETTY: Oh, Daddy, how do you spell green. Is it two e's or ea?

MRS. REED: Why, Betty, can't you remember? I told you not three minutes ago.

JIM: I know why she can't remember. I bet she has——

BETTY: (*Sticking out her tongue at him*) You be still, Jim Reed, or I'll tell a few things I know.

MR. REED: Never mind, you two, that will do. Is Jenny coming down to breakfast, Hetty? (*BETTY and JIM discuss a matter rather hastily as their father and mother are talking.*)

MRS. REED: No, William, I told her she might sleep this morning. The child has to get up so early at school.

MR. REED: Just like a woman! Hetty, you should not pamper Jenny so much. Come on, you children, let's eat. (*He goes to the head of the table, MRS. REED to the foot, and JIM and BETTY to*

one side. *The chair opposite is JENNY'S. For a time there is general talk in asking for sugar, cream, coffee, and the like.*)

BETTY: Mother, what did you say?

MRS. REED: Betty, don't interrupt me, dear, while I'm making out my grocery list. *(To MR. REED)* William, will you ring for Mary?

MR. REED *rings the bell, and instantly the door to the left opens and a trim maid appears. Without any disturbance at all she removes the cereal plates and serves the rest of the breakfast. General topics of the day are discussed by all but BETTY, and she takes a large helping of preserves. She hurriedly eats these and takes some more. As MARY finishes serving, the telephone rings and she quickly answers it.*

MARY: Yes'm, this is 1500-J. Miss Jenny? I think she's in bed asleep. But wait a minute, please. *(Comes to the door at back of the room.)* Mrs. Reed, isn't Miss Jenny in bed?

MRS. REED: Yes, Mary. If it is June calling, tell her that Jenny will bring over the pattern when she gets up.

MARY *goes back and repeats what MRS. REED said, then comes through the room and goes into the kitchen.*

MR. REED: *(Picking up newspaper beside his plate)* Let's see what the news is this morning. *(Reads headlines, which is his usual morning custom. His wife and BETTY and JIM eat, but listen with attention.)* "Six Men Killed in Mine Cave-in"—"Young Girl Held for Robbery"—"Boy Drowned in Lake"—"Whiskey Found in Abandoned Car"—"Local Girl Elopes With——"

*Bell rings and MARY goes through room. She comes back with a telegram which she gives to MRS. REED. Then she goes out left door.*

MRS. REED: Maybe I better wake Jenny up. This telegram is for her. *(Rises and goes up steps. MR. REED continues reading paper.*

JIM: Betty Reed, you'll get sick if you don't stop eating preserves. Why, you are the only one who has eaten any this morning.

BETTY: *(placidly taking more preserves)* That's all right. You'd be a lot sweeter if you'd eat some.

JIM: Then, Miss Smarty, why do you eat so much?

BETTY: 'Cause I like 'em. But I certainly don't need 'em to make me any sweeter.

JIM: Ah, you! There's simply no use talking to you. You are just too young. Anyway, you are only a girl. (*Resumes eating.*)

MRS. REED *comes running down the steps and sinks into a chair by the door.*

MRS. REED (*panting*) William——Jenny——

MR. REED: (*rising*) Hetty, what is it, dear?

BETTY *and* JIM *look up.*

MRS. REED: Jenny——gone——

MR. REED: Now, now, Hetty, calm yourself and tell us all about it.

MRS. REED: I went up to Jenny's room to give her the telegram. She wasn't in the bed, so I looked in the closet, as the door was open. I thought she might be in there. William, (*dramatically*) her hat box was gone. I'm sure she has eloped. Oh, my oldest! (*moaning*) She's so impulsive.

MR. REED: (*slowly*) Now, Hetty, I don't think she's done anything like that. But let's read the telegram. (*Opens the envelope and reads aloud.*) "Will be there in time for dance. Dick." Now, that doesn't help us out a bit. But, Hetty, I'm not a bit worried. Perhaps Jenny just stepped out to a neighbor's. However, we had better go up and take a look at her room.

*They go out the door and up the steps, followed by JIM and BETTY. MARY comes in the room.*

MARY: Law, what's all this I hear? Wonder could Miss Jenny have really eloped? (*Goes to the door and listens.*) I can't hear a thing. (*Disgustedly*) They are all the time afraid I'll hear something. (*Sees telegram on table and reads it.*) I bet it's all a frame-up. Something to put them off the track. I read all about it in a story in "Lovers" last week. Let's see now, this girl didn't love her parents, so she ran away from home to marry this boy. They sent a telegram——(*Exits as family comes back down the steps. BETTY is not with them.*)



MR. REED: Now, Hetty, let's sit down and discuss this thing calmly. I still don't believe Jenny has eloped.

*All take proper chairs around table. Just then BETTY comes in waving a piece of paper in the air.*

BETTY: (*excitedly*) Look what I found! Look what I found!

MR. REED: Bring it here, Betty. Where did you find it?

BETTY: On Jenny's desk. It's a letter. (*Hands it to him.*)

MR. REED: (*reading aloud*) "Dear father: You and mother have never understood me. I have tried to work hard and get some appreciation from you, but it has all been of no avail. I am leaving home to be married. Do not look for me. You will not be able to find out the man's name, I do not think." That's all, Hetty. I never knew that our daughter felt like this. If we only could make amends, but it is too late. But, we might try to find out whom she went with and perhaps send them a message of some kind, if we can locate them.

BETTY: (*importantly*) I imagine I can tell you.

MR. REED: Well, tell us, then.

BETTY: (*Hesitating because she wants to be begged*) Maybe I better not say anything.

JIM: She doesn't know a thing. (*beatedly*) She just wants to seem important.

MR. REED: Never mind, Jim. Go on, Betty.

BETTY: Well, last night about six o'clock I went down town with Jenny to get her a dress. After she bought it we were in front of Hanes' Drug Store when Fred Pickett came up to us. Jenny sent me in the store to buy a cake of soap. I just know it was 'cause she wanted to talk to Fred. I went in, but I could see out of the window. They were talking awful fast, and when I came out they nearly stopped talking. I didn't sit up in front with them, 'cause I just didn't want to.

JIM: (*sarcastically*) It's a wonder you didn't hop right in front first. You're so curious, looks like you'd want to hear all you could.

BETTY: I am not curious. Mother, make him stop.

MRS. REED: Let her finish, Jim.

BETTY: I couldn't hear what they were saying, but one time we went over a bump in the road and it kinda knocked me up to the front seat. Then I heard Jenny tell Fred to be on time. That's all I know 'cept when we let him out Jenny told him to bring Dave and Celia with him. Don't you have to have two witnesses when you run off and marry, Mother? (*Eats some preserves, thinking that she has earned a reward.*)

MR. REED: Now, Jim, do you know anything?

JIM: No, sir, only early this morning I heard a car stop out in front of the house. It must have been around three o'clock.

MR. REED: (*to MRS. REED*) Hetty, has she been going with this fellow long?

MRS. REED: (*tearfully*) No, William. I'm sure she doesn't love him. Oh, why has she done this?

MR. REED: Don't act so, Hetty. You know that our daughter wouldn't marry a boy she doesn't love. What did she take with her? We can at least find out how long she will be gone.

MRS. REED: That's the queer part of it. She only took two dresses and a hat beside what I suppose she wore.

MR. REED: (*losing his cheerful air*) That's right. That's right.

MRS. REED *weeps again.* BETTY and JIM *silently continue eating.* Enter a slender, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl. She is dressed in a black hat, coat, gloves, shoes and stockings. She carries a black pocketbook.

JENNY: What is the matter with——? (*She gets no further, as all make a rush at her. They try to speak at once.*)

JIM: Are you married?

BETTY: Is it Fred Pickett?

MRS. REED: Is he with——?

MR. REED: Why didn't you ever——?

JENNY: (*laughing*) Wait a minute. What's all this about? I don't understand.

MRS. REED: We thought that you had eloped.

BETTY: (*excitedly*) The letter! The letter!

JENNY: (*She takes off hat, gloves, and coat, and puts them on chair by the door. She has on a black dress trimmed with white.*) Let me start breakfast, then tell me all about it.

MARY comes in immediately with a tray filled with food. None notice her coming without being summoned, as none had seen the crack in the kitchen door during the whole discussion. She puts the breakfast before JENNY and goes out door again, leaving it cracked.

JENNY: (*starting to eat*) Now, tell me.

JIM: I heard a car stop——

BETTY: Your hat box is gone——

MR. REED: Let your mother tell Jenny.

MRS. REED: June called first and I didn't go up to awaken you. But when a telegram came, I thought you had better get up, as it might be important. I went to your room, but you were gone. The closet door was open, and thinking you were in there, I looked in. Then I saw that your hatbox was gone. Also two dresses, a hat, and what we supposed you were wearing was missing. We thought that you had eloped. Betty told us about your taking Fred home last night and how you two talked as if there was an important matter. Then Jim said he heard a car stop out in front of the house early in the morning. So——

JENNY: (*interrupting, as she can keep quiet no longer*) The evidence seems to be all against me. But I certainly am not married. I went over to Hazel's—I forgot about her going off until this morning. Mother, I didn't have time to tell you before I left. All the girls lent her something to wear. The poor kid was the most grateful thing I have ever seen. She thought that she was going to have to wear her own old clothes and carry them in a battered suitcase. I let her use my hatbox, too. She didn't resent our aid at all, and I'll bet she has a marvelous time. Now, about Fred. We were only discussing his taking me to the dance tonight. The car Jim heard stop was bringing Molly Winton home from a dance. So, there is my elopement smashed to smithereens.

MR. REED: But, Jenny, what about this letter? (*Hands it to her.*)



JENNY: (*glancing at it, laughs*) Oh, that! No wonder you people thought I had run off. Why, Dad, that's only a part of a theme I'm writing for school. Who found it? (*BETTY glances at her sister across the table.*)

BETTY: Oh, yes, and Jenny, how do you spell green? Is it two e's or ea?

JENNY *appears not to have heard her, as she reads the telegram, so BETTY takes some preserves on her plate and eats them. MRS. REED continues to make out the grocery list. MR. REED is again absorbed in the paper, although he refrains from reading out loud. JIM rushes from the room on hearing a pal's whistle outside. The door to the kitchen closes altogether. Curtain.*





