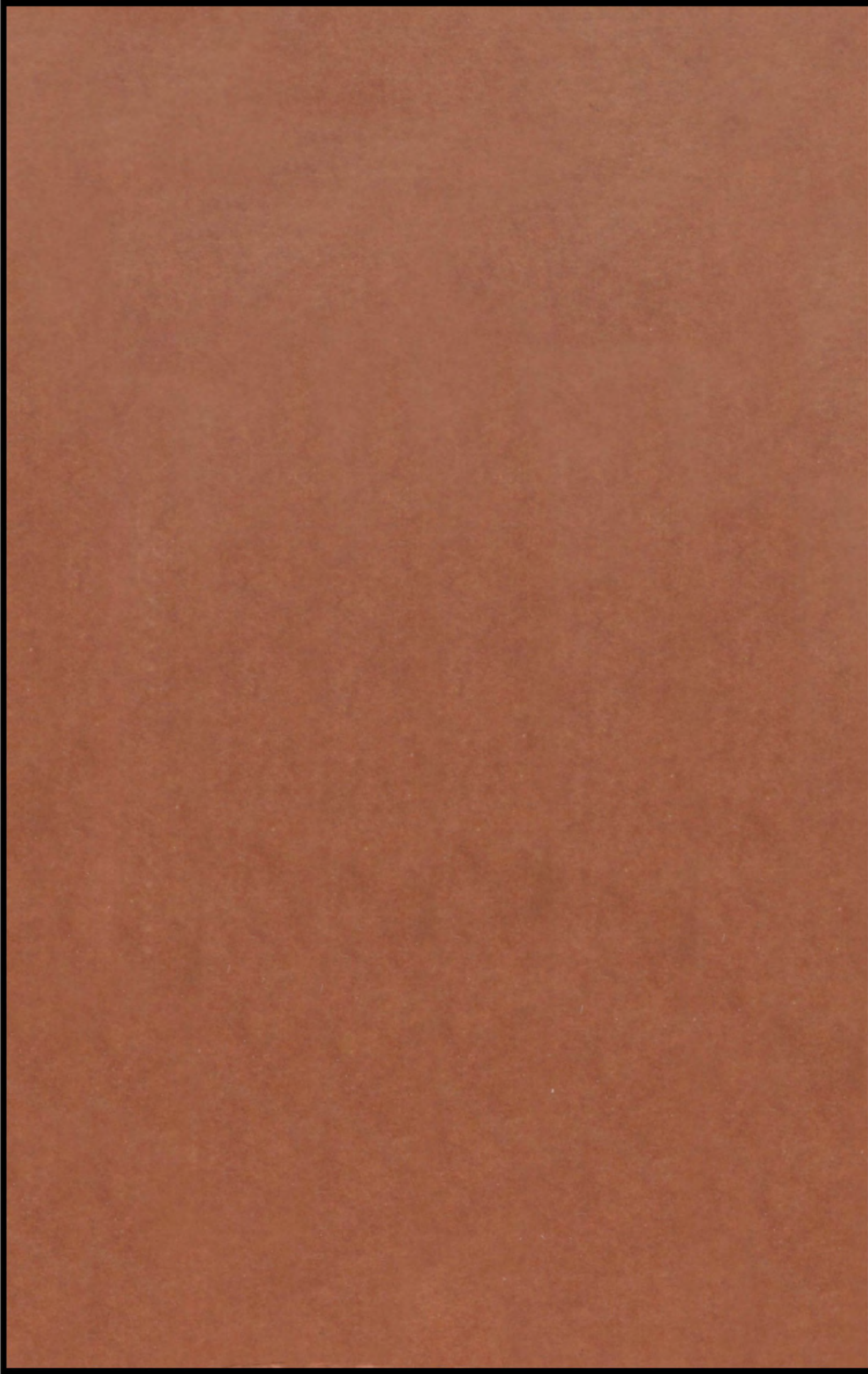


The Weather Cock

Barstow School



The Weather Cook




1928



520



THE
WEATHER-COCK



THE BARSTOW
SCHOOL

1928



MEDILL SMITH GATES

Dedication

BECAUSE she has been unfailingly generous with her time, her talents, her possessions, and her efforts in the interests of dramatics and scholarship in our school; because she has made every girl feel the vitality as well as the gaiety of her personality; and because, as an alumna, she exemplifies the ideals of the Barstow School, we, the Board of 1928, gratefully and affectionately dedicate this volume of *The Weather-Cock* to Mrs. Gates.



THE MAIN BUILDING

Foreword

THE *Weather-Cock* has endeavored in this volume to present to the students and friends of Barstow a record of the activities during 1927-28, and indirectly to give them pleasure. We hope that such a record will foster the pride and strengthen the devotion of those who will carry on the traditions of the school.

The Faculty

PRINCIPALS

Helen Burton Williams.

Miriam Folsom Babbitt, Assistant Principal.

UPPER SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

Helen Burton Williams, A. B., Wellesley College, French and History of Art.

Lenore Brownback, A. B., University of Kansas, French.

Evangeline Lewis, A. B., University of Michigan, English.

Frances M. Esterley, A. B., Oberlin College, English.

Lillian Goucher, A. B., University of Missouri, A. M., Glasgow School, Latin.

Marjorie Davis, A. B., University of Michigan, Mathematics.

Ellinor Runcie, University of London and University of California, History.

Winifred Turner, A. B., Smith College, Science.

MIDDLE SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

Anna Beth Cox, A. B., Knox College, M. A., Northwestern University.

Faye Fullerton, Illinois Woman's College, Northwestern, A. B., University of Illinois.

Elizabeth Aiken, A. B., Queen's University, Belfast, Ireland.

LOWER SCHOOL INSTRUCTORS

Miriam F. Babbitt, Bridgewater Normal School, Columbia and Harvard Summer Schools, Director of Lower School.

Helen Brown, Froebel Training School, formerly in Kansas City.

Helen Searles Liggett, Ph. B., University of Chicago, Graduate work in University of Chicago Summer School.

Mme. C. de Voches, Convent of the Sacred Heart, Paris, France.

Mary Louise Lennon, Teachers' College, Kansas City, Missouri.

Mary Lyons, Wheelock Kindergarten Training School, Boston, Massachusetts.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTORS

Janet K. Smith, Wellesley College, Art.

Irmgard Kuntze, Teachers' Seminary, Berlin, Germany, and Thomas Whitney Surette School, Concord, Mass., Music.

Virginia Bradfield, Boston School of Physical Education, Physical Education.

Captain Percy Fleming, Fencing.

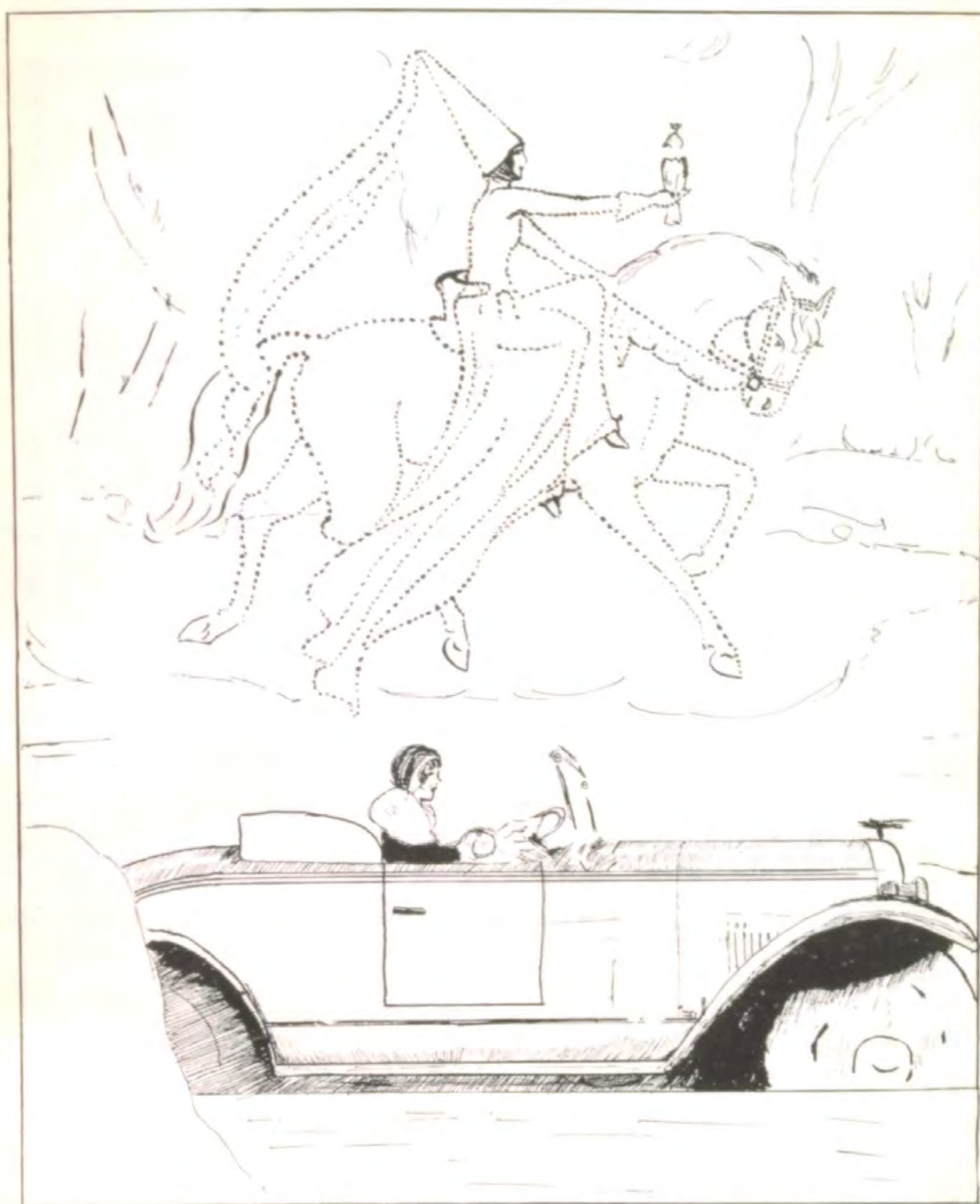
Reginald Davidson, English Speech.

ADMINISTRATIVE STAFF

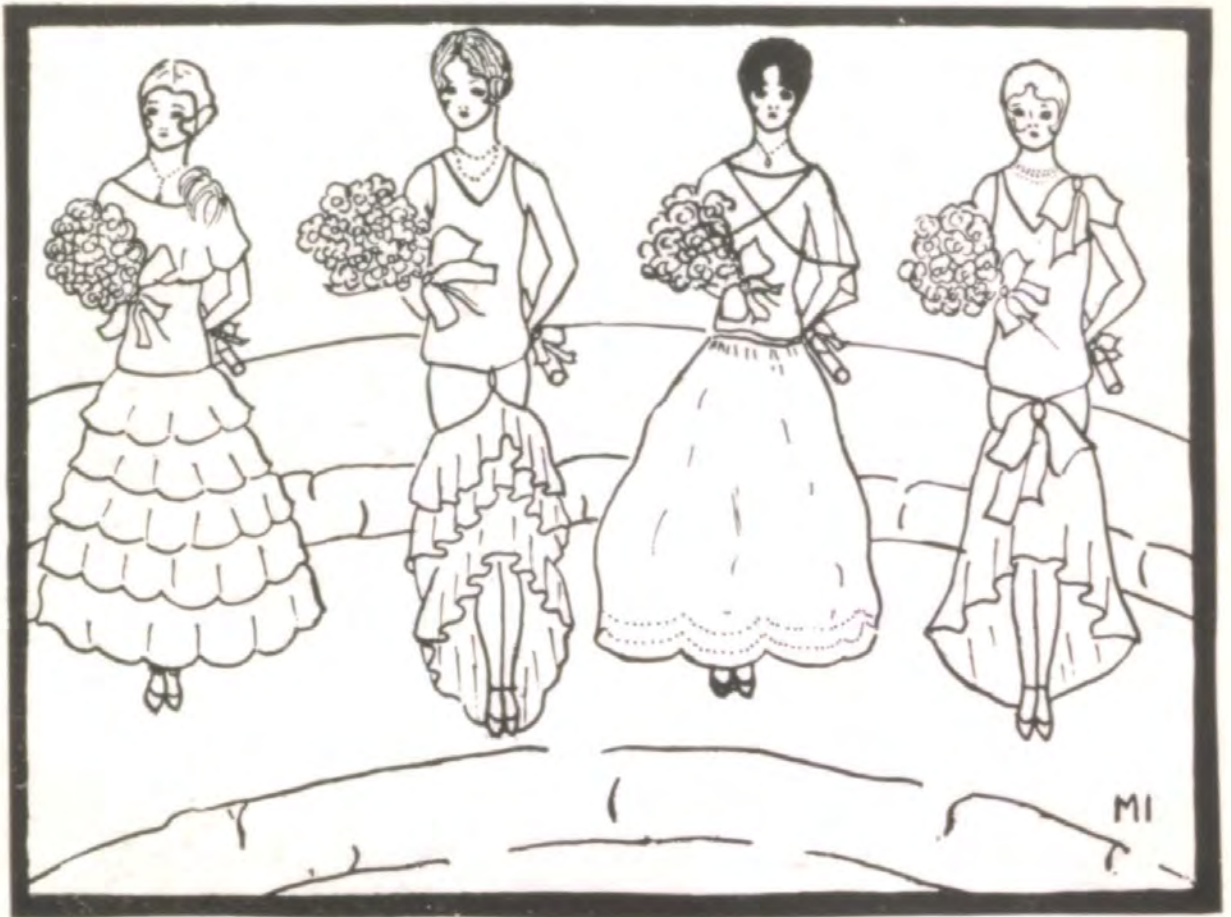
Florence R. Shelton, Head of Dormitory.

Dema H. Maxwell, Head of Dining Room.

Maxine Maxwell, Smith College, and Sarachon Hooley School of Secretarial Training, Secretary.



UPPER SCHOOL



The Senior Class



THEO JOHNSTON, 1926

Tete is a splendid Senior president. No one is more dignified, yet no one on occasion can be more comic. Her methods of entertaining are "little ditties," stories about Fort Smith, psycho-analysis, funny faces, or take-offs on the play. If she doesn't go on the concert stage, she should start a school for applying make-up. Even Mrs. Shelton cannot detect Theo's work.

BARBARA MIZE, 1926

Bobby, class president the first semester, writes entertaining essays about reducing, based on experience and desire; and of course since she is from Atchison, she is very original. She is athletic too, having played on the school team for two years. Although she declined to take Vergil, she spoke Latin fluently in the play. She is very generous about lending her glasses to anyone.

ELIZABETH ARMSTRONG, 1926

Libby has a real sense of humor: she understands all the wit in *Love's Labour's Lost*, as well as the Seniors' remarks in Latin. She is quite a traveler, many of her week-ends being spent in Columbia, Lawrence, or Joplin. Every Monday she reports having had a whirl.

LAURA GAIL BOWLING, 1926

Laurie looks like a picture out of *Vogue*. She usually wears golds or browns to go with her hair and eyes. It was really too bad she had to be a man in "*Love's Labour's Lost*" because she is so feminine and fastidious. However, she is a very thorough Council representative under her dainty manner.





ANNE LEE BROADDUS, 1924

Anne Lee has the most individuality of any girl in the class. Her concise mode of expression and straight thinking will go far to help her in College Boards. We were proud of her skill and good looks in the horse show. And none of us minds if her desk overflows with books.

LAURA BROWN, 1924

Laura is the most versatile Senior, probably because she has learned to concentrate. She has made the best grades in the class, especially in Latin and French. She could even understand taxi drivers when she was in Paris. Last year she was Weather-Cock business manager, guard on the basketball team and a member of the Glee Club. This year, however, she gave up everything but Pretenders and College Boards for Smith.

KATHERINE FIELD, 1924

Since K is very capable and unselfish, she does all the hard jobs in the class. She is a great success as business manager of the Weather-Cock. She has been secretary of the Pretenders, a Council representative, and a member of the Glee Club. Everyone "makes a dive" for her car and Floyd at three-thirty, for K will always take you home.

CARA LEE GOODWIN, 1915

Cara Lee represents the finest traditions of Barstow. She has been in the school longer than any other girl, and now as president of the Council, she is indeed the first girl in the school. With her deep, rich voice and patrician face, she is invaluable to the Glee Club and the Pretenders.



ELLYN HILDEBRAND, 1927

Ellyn comes from Southwest to Barstow in her Chrysler every morning, and leaves at two-thirty. Perhaps this variety is what keeps her happy and unhurried all the time, for Ellyn's dark eyes are always smiling. If she happens to be at school at three-thirty, she is besieged by girls going south who want to ride home in her "rumble."



MARTHA IRVIN, 1917

The third in the trio of "old girls" is Mart. She is always in the midst of a secret because her disposition and jollity make her a perfect "best friend." On the stage she is one of the Pretenders' best men. Last year she was a jolly good fellow, and this year she was a constable. Her love of music and her splendid voice have made her prominent in the Glee Club as well as popular among Seniors dressing for gym.





MARGARET RUTH JOHNSON, 1925

Bob is very emotional. Whether she is driving the school team to play harder, trying out for Pretenders, or thinking about her baby sister in Wichita, she puts her whole heart into it. Her clear soprano voice and tiny feet are the envy of every girl in school.



ELSIE KELLOGG, 1924

Mrs. Gates says Ek was made for low comedy. At any rate she is one of the funniest girls in the class. In the Pretenders' plays last year and this, she convulsed both the cast and the audience. Her accomplishments are rather diverse. In spite of her comedy she is president of the Glee Club, secretary of the class, and a "shark" in math.



HARRIETT LANGSDALE, 1924

Hattie is always "devoted to the cause." Whether it is fasting during Lent, her chemistry, or arguing, she is unfailingly persistent. To look at her (she is very fresh looking) or to hear her sing, you would never think her stubbornness could triumph over all the rest of the Seniors. Her chief joys are wearing period evening clothes and seeing the Prince of Wales.

IONE SHAFFER, 1927

Ione is quiet, considerate, and studious. Although this is her first year at Barstow, she has won a remarkable reputation by her well prepared lessons, and loyal observance of rules and customs. She is planning to enter Goucher next year.



PAULINE SNIDER, 1917

Peter is noted for her personality and presidencies. She has been president of the class twice, president of the Pretenders, and chairman of committees on everything from the Needlework Guild to the Prom. Pauline is taking College Boards, and will probably be the most popular prom-trotter at Vassar in a year or two.



JESSIE ADELE STEMM, 1928

Jessie was greatly handicapped when she first came to us from the Starette School in December. She was behind in her subjects and was entering a new school in the middle of the year; but she has come through with flying colors. Her unselfish disposition has made her many friends, and she has won quite a reputation by singing in the Glee Club and dancing with her brother at the Prom.





ALICE STEPHENSON, 1924

Steve is very athletic, but not particularly "rah-rah" about it. She has played on the school team two years, and this year pushed the Seniors to winning the cup. Last year her hair was her chief worry, for she had none at all; but now it is her pride because it is curly, and nearly long enough to do up. She is most entertaining when she is singing or dieting.



MARY JOSEPHINE TODD, 1927

Jojo is an army girl and has to spend a lot of time explaining the Army to the American history girls. She returned in September from the Philippines, from where she brought back a colorful complexion and material for many essays. Underneath her quiet manner there is a delicious sense of humor.



PEGGY TOURTELLOT, 1924

Peggy is a perfect blonde, and may some day be a photographer's model. She can explain perfectly everything she has or hasn't done, and keeps the coat-room howling with her stories about last week-end. She will always be remembered as Kate Hardcastle in *She Stoops to Conquer*.

MARY ELIZABETH TUCKER, 1925

Tuck is very swank, spending her week-ends in the country, and her school days in town. But instead of being an athletic country girl, she is pretty and domestic, sings, and dreams about Columbia.



MARGARET TULLOCK, 1926

Margaret has dignity. Even when she is trying out for Pretenders, or explaining why she hasn't her Vergil, she has the proper Senior poise. She has a world of knowledge on everything from chemistry to polo, or sailing on Cape Cod, that she will impart to you if you sit by her at lunch.



JEAN WARE, 1926

Jean is a tall blonde from Denver. She is everything a Coloradoan ought to be. She is friendly and cheerful, athletic enough for the team and presidency of the Athletic Association, and brave enough for College Boards. She is always at Pretender rehearsals in spite of the hours she says she spends on her chemistry.





DORA WOOD, 1927

Dora is the most outstanding new girl in several years. Although she entered late, she made the basketball team, the Honor Roll, the Pretenders, and won the greatest academic honor, the editorship of the Weather-Cock. Besides excelling in school activities, she is very popular. Her dark eyes and southern accent are only part of her charm.

BETTY WOODARD, 1926

Betty, pride of the dormitory, comes all the way from Tiffany, Wisconsin. Her piquant profile and low musical voice are greatly admired. She is a very practical person too, although her blonde hair belies it; her time is always planned to the minute, her graph paper has never disappeared, and she is the real owner of the "colored pencils."

L'ENVOY

*In vain shall we scan the familiar places
When autumn comes again,
But forever within our hearts the traces
Of their spirit will remain.*



"IONY"



"MART"



"TETE"



"LIBBY"



"JES"



"K"



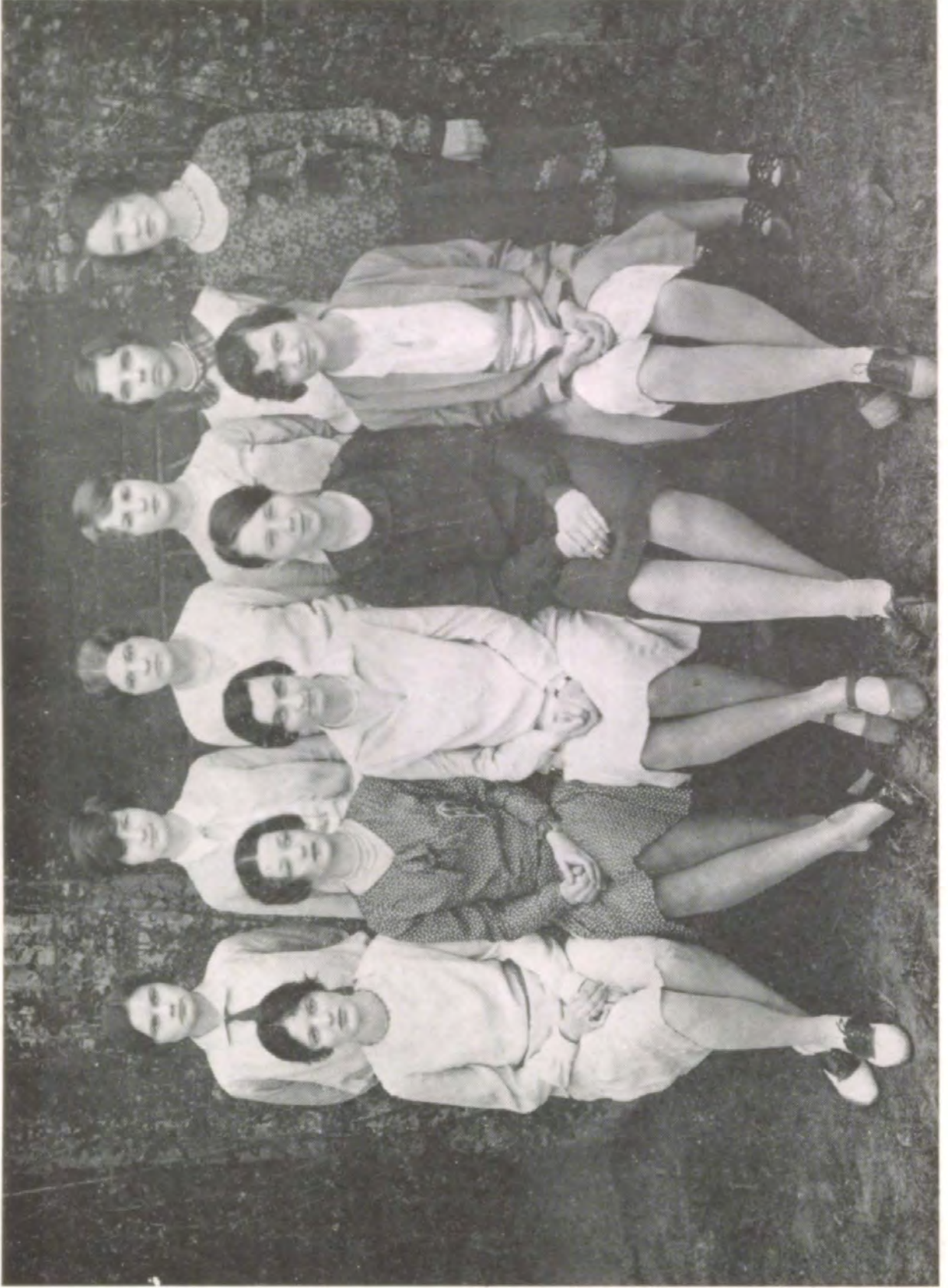
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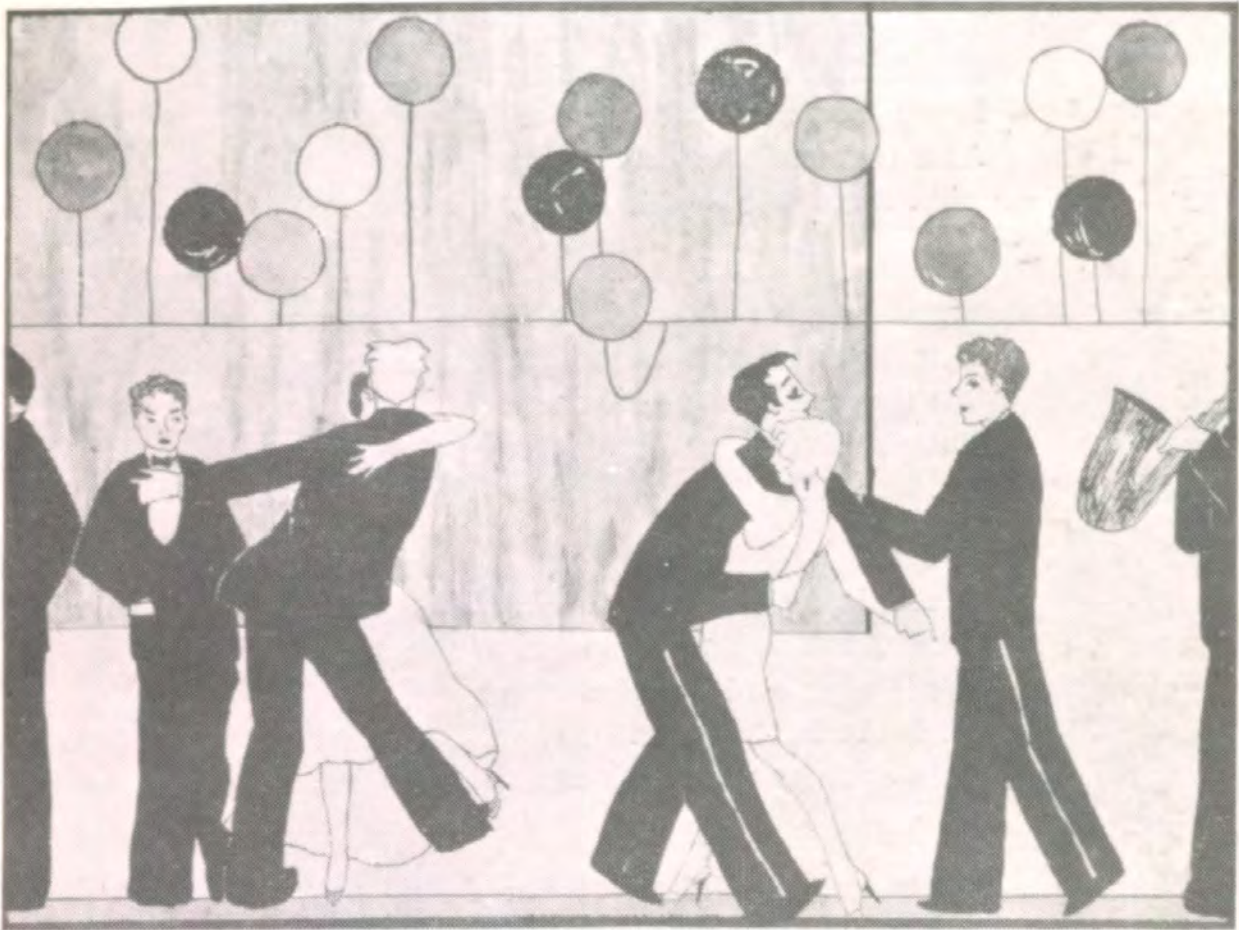
"BOB"



"BOBBIE"



THE JUNIOR CLASS



The Junior Class

Junior Jingles

THERE is a young lady named Peggy,
 Who is exceedingly leggy;
 She twists her dark hair
 With really an air,
 This wispy young oddity, Peggy.

There is a sweet gay thing named Mary,
 Who flits around like a fairy;
 When asked for a dance,
 She cries, "Not a chance!"
 This popular sub-deb called Mary.

Eli, the brains from Atchison,
 To lessons easily catches on;
 When made toastmistress,
 She hid her distress,
 This clever brunette here from Atchison.

There is a blonde maiden named Nancy,
Who seldom wears clothes very fancy;
From Lawrence she came,
And returned for each game,
This fortunate maiden named Nancy.

There is a smart midget named Frances,
Who seldom will take any chances;
She'll work and she'll fret,
But she'll win out, you bet,
This modest, bright student named Frances.

There is a lithe flapper named Punkie,
Whose actions resemble a monkey;
She'll sing and she'll dance,
With the best she will prance,
This spunky young monkey named Punkie.

A girl with red hair is our Jean,
Who's exceedingly lanky and lean;
When asked to recite,
She trembles with fright,
This timid young rose-bud named Jean.

A classmate whose last name is Crane
Came wandering down Cherry Lane;
When she stopped at this school,
She proved no one's fool,
This agreeable lady, Miss Crane.

There is a gay miss called Georgette,
Who is quite a decided coquette;
When she comes to school,
(She does not, as a rule),
All are cheered by the sight of Georgette.

Our Bertha's a new acquisition,
On the team she played center position,
In History of Art
She has made quite a start,
Though her pictures don't tend toward adhesion.

We have a new member, Victoria,
When she saw us she cried out, "Begorria!
What an uproarious class
Have I encountered, alas!"
And promptly fell ill. Poor Victoria.

Our Katherine is eight months a Junior,
And hopes that she may be a Senior,
(If she learns to write verse
And in French to converse)
This young and fidgety Junior.

There is a fair damsel named Dofy,
Who down to the southland did mosy;
Although she has left,
She remembers us yet,
This fortunate beauty named Dofy.

Hats off to Betty the frank,
On her truth you always can bank,
But she left us flat
With a smile and a pat,
Whom the authorities oft hungered to spank.

We once had a lady named Chapman
To whom various mishaps did happen;
Her appendix, her nose,
Her eyes and her toes,
Did all serve our spirits to dampen.

There is a fine lady named Turner
Who sponsors our class without murmur;
When asked to help out
She does not pout,
This admirable sponsor named Turner.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



The Sophomore Class

Sophomore Sentiments

WE simply could not live without Betty Davis,
 When perplexed in our lessons, she's right there to save us.
 A better class president we couldn't have found,
 If we had hunted the wide world round.

Our faithful front-seater is "Gervie" Gates,
 She has real school spirit, and trouble she hates.
 She has a new Ford, the most beautiful type
 And we'll catch a ride when the time gets ripe.

Virginia Sprague's drawings are the very best,
 They are much more clever than all of the rest.
 Not only in art, but in other things, too,
 She will be successful, she sees her plans through.

Eleanor Flautt is our tiniest girl,
We envy her hair its natural curl.
Without any question she's good in her books,
But better still she's cute in her looks.

Nancy Broadhead's a mighty fine sport.
A class always has need of a girl of her sort,
For although we tease her from dawn until dark,
She never responds with a "catty" remark.

Winifred Wittmann's a regular brick,
When we have all quit, our Winnie will stick.
She's conscientious as any one could be
And she'll be successful—just wait and see.

Elizabeth Ritchey is such a gay soul
That often her laughter's beyond control.
When you hear a giggle, no matter where,
You can bet your life that dear "Lizzie" is there.

There's no need explaining that joyous girl, "Slats,"
For we all know that her hobby is hats.
At interior decorating she hopes to excel,
It goes without saying, she ought to do well.

We've a right pretty miss, and not a bit silly.
Her name? Can't guess it! It's Barbara ("Willie").
She's very obliging, as sweet as candy,
And all folks agree that she's just a dandy.

Caroline Hyde is our basketball player,
As forward for Barstow there's no one can stay her.
This wench works so hard, that one would be led
To think she might be a bit off in the head.

A sport of the sports is Helena Miller,
On the basketball team she was a thriller,
In riding horseback she is some little dasher,
And my! oh my! What a heart smasher!

If Carolyn Ayres had a bad disposition,
Often she'd be in a critical position.
She whispers continually, as naughty girls will,
We'd really miss her if she should keep still.

There's "Aggie" Low, who's known to be studious,
But of her love for Caesar we are quite dubious.
When he is "in danger of safety" we implore
That he'll get out of it soon—poor bore!

In study hall notice that Lyon, Nancy,
She lives up to her name, since she's awfully prancy,
So clumsy—she trips on her very own feet
Till we are afraid she'll not get to her seat.

Miss Runcie, our sponsor, we all adore.
For her justness and knowledge she's been praised before.
She has two red tablets which cause much delay,
For always these Red Chiefs are slipping away.





The Freshman Class

Freshman Follies 1928

FEATURING

M. L. BUSH—Prima Donna and Danseuse

B. EVERHAM—Monologist

PART I.

A. VACATION SONG AND DANCE ACT

Pinewood.....H. Minty in the "Camp Stomp"

Nova Scotia.....E. Jones in the "Canadian Strut"

Europe.....D. Kashner in the "European Toddle"

Home in K. C.....M. S. Crabbs in the "Horse Trot"

B. TABLEAU—FRESHIE STUDIES

Starring B. EVERHAM as "English" in a snappy monologue

Characters:

LatinN. Leonard

AlegbraB. Forrester

HistoryC. Webb

FrenchMlle. Rosaleé Guignon

ArtD. Castle

GOUCHER and DAVIS
Advisers

"Come to us with your questions and problems"
(By appointment only)

- C. FASHIONSF. Goetz
Ace says, "A show in herself"
- D. SPECIALTY
"Mammy Songs"M. L. Bush
- E. "THE REHEARSAL"—an unfinished playlet in one act
Scene—Gymnasium
Time—March to May, 1928
Characters—You know who.

PART II

- A. "HARMONY HONAHS".....L. J. Lathrop, F. Punton, J. Flintom
presenting the latest song hits.
- B. DOUBLE FEATURE
"Sketches," original pieces read by..... B. Everham
illustrated by
Interpretive DancingM. L. Bush
- C. "TILLIE THE TOILER," a three act play that lost the prize.
Ensemble
- D. THE LARVAI SISTERS.....C. Wight and C. Waldo
introducing that glorious dance
"THE FANDANGO"

VACUUM DESK CLEANER

Guaranteed to absorb all notes, gum, and other stray trash.
Call C. Wight for demonstration

E. GRAND FINALE

Pla-Mor, a general meeting place

- (1) Meeting friends
- (2) Meeting parents
- (3) Meeting the ice

ENSEMBLE

STAFF FOR THE COMPANY

Scene shifter	}	
Curtain puller		
Property man		
Electrician	FRANK
Carpenter		
Piano mover		
Flower presenter)	
Assembler of seats for audience	Amos
Gowns for Misses Bush and Everham	Barstow Green Room
Gowns for rest of company	Barstow Green Room
Hats for entire company	Barstow Green Room
Last minute properties	Dormitory

PATRONIZE

The Freshman Pharmacy

Drink at our

FOUNTAIN OF KNOWLEDGE



THE DORMITORY



The Dormitory

A Dormitory Fable

(It's all in the way you read it)

IN a deep dark WOOD
 Was a sign "be WARE"
 Near a humble hut
 Far from trumpets BLAIR.

In this WOOD'ARD by
 Did HYDE a man
 With a great BROADHEAD
 From whom people ran.

O'er a TOLL bridge near,
 JOHN'S SON did pass,
 HASTINGS to school
 To meet his dear lass.

One day as they went
 They BLANCH (ed h) ARD with fear,
 For out of her head
 TU LOCKS disappeared.

O'er the BOWLING green
 And the SPRAGUES of grass
 Hurried this CHAPMAN
 And his little lass.

To the teacher he said,
 "I could not believe MIZE;"
 To the teacher she said,
 "It DAVIS surprise."

How RITCHEY was
 This man knew not,
 He found himself poor
 And JOHN'S TONS a lot.

"CHALL ISS be a FLAUTT to
 My welfare?" asked he,
 "Shall I LAT I MER man
 Dare overcome me?"

So straight to a bank
 This dread man did go,
 And he GOETZ in a fury,
 And curses his foe.

At the bank was John's wife,
 KASHNER check,
 "I WIL COX it from her,"
 And to her he did beck.

But John's wife was wise,
 And beat with her stick,
 Till he LEON (leaned) ARD on a tree
 And said, "Oh, I am sick."

But SH' ELT ON to her stick
 Though he was AIKEN with pain,
 Till a WESTERLY wind,
 Came bringing some rain.



LITERATURE

Claremore



HERE is a little town in Oklahoma known as Claremore, which, according to Will Rogers, is the best town in the world. Whether this is some of his humor or merely loyalty to his birthplace, I cannot tell. At any rate, it is not an accepted fact.

Claremore is a typical small western town. There is a main street on each side of which are two or three barn-like hotels. These hotels have balconies, supported by half-rotten posts. A hamburger stand, a shade lighter than the dust which rises from the unpaved streets, attracts the visitor's eye, because of the glaring advertisements pasted on its sides. Next to this is a shoe store. High laced boots displayed in the window, resemble the mustard used by the hamburger stand. Further on is a men's clothing store, in front of which hangs a pair of overalls so large that one cannot imagine a human being wearing them. All the buildings look hastily thrown together for only temporary use. That is the chief impression one receives in Claremore. Nothing is permanent. It seems as if it would not take long for the whole town to be dismantled or to crumble into ruins.

After being the birthplace of Will Rogers, Claremore's chief claim to fame is its sulphur baths. It has become quite a health resort for those who cannot afford the more exclusive French Lick Springs or Hot Springs. However, I rather doubt the health giving propensities of Claremore. Anyone who is able to endure the boredom of a season there is not very ill anyway.

Last summer I drove to Claremore with my family to meet a train at four-thirty in the morning. We arrived at this metropolis an hour early and decided to have breakfast to take up the time. As we were driving slowly down Main street, searching for some sign of life, two hounds that were using the middle of the road for sleeping quarters, sat up and with a remarkable demonstration of the fearlessness of the West, merely yawned in our faces as we turned out of our path to avoid them. I looked back and saw that they had resumed their first posture as if nothing had happened. We kept on until we found one place open. This was the Imperial Cafe. We were sitting on the stools at the counter drinking coffee and munching doughnuts when my attention was drawn to a nickel slot machine which resembled a victrola. Drawn as if by a magnet, I walked to it—I have a passion for putting coins in slots, even having ridden on the busses in Chicago to hear dimes click as they dropped into the conductor's fare-box—and was about to play a record telling of the death of Floyd Collins, when I saw a sign forbidding its use after eight o'clock at night. The guests at the hotel across the street, most of whom are

there because of ill-health, had objected to having their rest disturbed after this hour and had succeeded in having a law passed against the innocent victrola. The proprietor and I agreed that this was not constitutional, but he hadn't been able to do anything about it as yet.

Scarcely any time passed before two rather old working-men came in for their breakfast. They had just finished their night-shifts somewhere down the railroad tracks, and they opened their conversation by telling the proprietor in an unexcited drawl that there had been a freight wreck a few minutes ago with seven men hurt. Also a new well had been opened at Amarillo and there were good jobs for everyone. They were thinking of moving on. As their conversation continued, it turned to the subject of Will Rogers, who is uppermost in the minds of all Claremorians. It seems the boys were planning to have a square dance for him when he came back that year. We were interested, and glad to find new listeners, they eagerly launched upon the subject of his life. Bill came back every year, and they gave all kinds of old-time parties that they knew he liked. He had never changed a bit. No sir, there was no big-head about Bill Rogers. That Hollywood hadn't hurt him. He still didn't drink or smoke. On and on they continued to enumerate the virtues of their foremost native son. By the time we left to meet the train, I could easily understand why Will Rogers loves Claremore. In all the cities where he has received the adulation and praise of so many important persons, I am sure he could never find such blind worship as the people of his own town give him.

DORA WOOD, *Senior*

Rainy Days



SITTING in church, and hearing the minister speak of the desolation of an earth without rain, my thoughts wandered to the most common reaction of people against it. Perhaps because of the uncertainty of rainfall, people seldom consider the possibility of rain as a determining factor in the making of plans. We plan a picnic for Friday, assuming that it will be a fair day. When Friday dawns, cloudy, with intermittent thunder-showers, the picnic is inevitably postponed. Fair weather picnics are a common experience, but whoever deliberately hopes for rain as an asset to these occasions?

Upon waking up on a rainy morning, my first thought is always: "Rain again! What shall I wear?" Our wardrobes, like our activities, presuppose fair weather, for what vain person, in buying a new dress,

expects to see it completely devoid of line and plaits, as the result of contact with an unexpected thunder-shower? The clothing merchants have nothing to offer in the line of rainy-day apparel, except the many-hued slickers, rubbers, and umbrellas, which either are always out of order, or are to be found at any place except where most needed. Even though one is dressed for rainy weather, one's clothing is sure to get damp.

Many people, however, find the inconvenience of rainy days which affects merely material matters, quite offset by the sheer joy which such a day promises in confinement and curtailed activity. Many tasks laid aside for just such a day, may now be accomplished without interruption. The housekeeper flies to the attic, there to sort over and classify the accumulation of months. The author is free to think out and write an elusive chapter. The shopkeeper, between infrequent sales, can re-arrange and catalogue his stock.

Although it may seem rather indolent compared with the bustling activity of the housekeeper, the author, or the shopkeeper, I like nothing better than to spend a comfortable morning in bed, either sleeping, or drowsily listening to the patter of rain on my window, or reading a book. But also, always, at my happiest moment, I suddenly remember a dentist's appointment, or some equally painful mission which takes me out in the wet.

However, to let our petty reaction to rain guide Providence, would be more disastrous than the average human knows. It is obvious that rain is the source of all the moisture necessary to the existence of the human race and that in less time than one would believe the entire earth would be crying aloud for water could none be obtained. Does it not seem unreasonable then, that any person should ever bemoan a rainy day? After all, our objections are always personal and selfish. What does it matter, in the long run, whether a picnic is spoiled, or a dress bedraggled, if the rainfall is adequate to the demands of growing things so necessary to the sustenance of human life?

PEGGY TOURTELLOT, *Senior*

Hats



ACCORDING to the old saying, a perfect lady is always known by her shoes and gloves, but the personality of anyone, particularly of a woman, is revealed by the type of hat that she wears.

Sitting one morning in an automobile parked on a much frequented street in the down-town district, I amused myself by trying

to analyse the character of each feminine passerby according to the hat she wore. Mind you, I am not an accomplished or a professional character reader; I merely like to pretend that I am, in an amateur way. At any rate, I had a particularly fortunate point of vantage that morning, because I happened to be opposite a window the display in which attracted the eye of each shopper, and caused her to pause momentarily in passing. This gave me an opportunity to inspect each piece of headgear to my heart's content.

First came the flapper, nonchalantly strolling along, with a red beret on the back of her head, and much curly hair protruding. As she stopped to look, and incidentally to powder her nose, I recognized her as the typical modern girl, whose creed is freedom to express herself in all situations.

Next, the business woman who has no time to stop for trifles, hurried by. Her small black hat, pulled well down over her eyes, indicated a well-ordered mind, good taste, and no frivolity—in business hours, at least.

Now the young matron, whose chic Dobbs's model expressed her refinement and accentuated her charm, stepped into the line of my vision. By the very smartness and quality of her attire, I immediately recognized in her the happy and protected woman of leisure.

Next came the elderly lady, obviously from a small town, who still clings to the mid-Victorian weighty headgear, which is firmly anchored with hat-pins to the massive coil of hair which adorns the crown of her head. This masterpiece is fearfully and wonderfully constructed of velvet: stiff brim and high crown, large rosettes of velvet, and a timid feather curling above the elaborate ensemble.

Then in rapid succession passed two types of persons seen on almost any city street. First came the emigrant, who in the pressure of accustoming herself to a new environment has entirely overlooked personal vanity and who still wears the shawl over her head, reminiscent of the custom of her fatherland; then two nuns whose impersonal headdress indicates the sacrifice they have made of the material for the spiritual.

One often wonders why there seem to be so many different styles and types of hats for feminine selection, until she realizes that human nature demands a great variety in order to express its personality. The indifferent woman will invariably take the clerk's choice. The business woman, her mind occupied with more important affairs, will make her decision hastily and decisively for the simple and durable hat. The matron with sufficient leisure and means at her command, makes her choice thoughtfully and painstakingly. Thus it is not by word or deed alone that we express our personality, but by our very clothing, whether consciously or unconsciously selected.

PEGGY TOURTELLOT, *Senior*

On Dressing

DRESSING is like shopping. You can jump into any clothes which meet the requirements of convention, pulling them on frantically before rushing off to a pressing engagement; just as some people shop distractedly, paying no heed to the merits of their purchases. Or, like my good friend Miss D—, who shops "systematically," you can lay out the appropriate clothes, then dress on schedule.

Manners of dressing vary according to person, circumstance, and age. I recall, as a child, watching my mother dress. She invariably put on her hat before her dress and spent more time "doing up" her hair and "going over" her nails than she did in the actual donning of her clothes. This was most amazing to me, as most of my dressing time was spent in lacing my unnecessarily high shoes (at least I thought so) which my good mother forced me to wear until I reached the proper age for wearing oxfords. Many, many hours of my early youth were also consumed in washing my neck, or in having it washed by an altogether too thorough maid. Oh, how happy I was when I was first entrusted with my own washing! In a short time this joy, too, wore off; not that I mean I no longer keep clean, but ceremonies of greater importance have replaced it. Now I hurriedly bathe, step into a few scanty clothes, and spend the rest of my time pinning up my straggling locks, painting my face, and wondering if a certain M— will admire my new frock.

To me nothing is so fascinating as watching some one dress. I always watch my mother and my numerous aunts dress when they are going to a party, and I revel in moving pictures in which the young and beautiful heroine is assisted by an impressive maid into a sparkling evening gown, which causes the dashing hero to fall in love with her. In scenes of this type I prefer the customary setting of a French boudoir with a canopy over the bed, and a taffeta dressing table scattered with innumerable perfume bottles, Dresden powder-boxes, and jewelry. The effect is also heightened by an open closet door showing the heroine's extravagant wardrobe, some French lingerie strewn across a chaise longue, and a pair of evening slippers thrown on the bed.

But aside from the indescribable interest in watching some one dress, I think much can be told about the person herself, whether she is artistic or awkward, painstaking or careless, happy or worried.

ANNE LEE BROADDUS, *Senior*

Walking



I AM a boarder at the B—School for girls, which is located in one of Missouri's loveliest cities. This city's wide, winding streets, bordered with tall tranquil trees; its verdant spring, its humid summer, its brilliant autumn, and its crisp winter, give to my diurnal walk a setting infinitely picturesque.

Take away the setting, and walking itself frees me of my cares, puts into my soul new faith in the world, and buoys me up to the point where I feel on a level with those fleecy bits of whiteness floating lazily above my head.

At the close of classes on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoons, I walk in a group of not more than four girls (see Rule 2 on notice glued to the closet door of each girl's room in the dormitory) west a few blocks to a busy little street crowded with stores of all sorts. There is a bakery possessing a window crammed with juicy pies, oozy cream puffs, sticky cakes, and live-looking gingerbread boys. There is an antique shop where one may find the most inviting little bed and the daintiest dressing table in the world. And most popular of all is the corner drug store where each boarder may purchase two sundaes, or their equivalent, a week. (See Rule 4 on notice glued to the closet door of each girl's room in the dormitory). On these days I must walk briskly lest I be late in returning, and the rapid long strides that I am compelled to take, prepare me for the inevitable hour's study before dinner.

On Friday when the entire afternoon is at my disposal, my speed rather slackens in the usual walk westward, as I observe with interest the imposing mansions and the small bungalows, the front yards of both filled with bicycles and dogs.

On Saturday, when the boarders may go down town to shop, and on special occasions lunch and attend a movie, I find that a lagging walk is entirely out of place among the jostling crowds of bargain hunters.

Coming from church on Sunday, however, my speed dies down at a most amazing rate, because the people are so interesting that I like to stop and watch them. There are pretty girls with wholesome helpings of lipstick, good looking young men in cream-colored roadsters, and speeding limousines driven by black chauffeurs, but owned by the bored-looking elderly couple in the back seat. At times I almost come to a standstill, and finally arrive at the dormitory just in time for dinner.

Walking is beneficent pleasure. What could be a better combination? It brings color to the palest cheeks, merry smiles to the frowning face, and a better understanding of the outdoors to the mind. To walk is to live.

BARBARA MIZE, *Senior*

Sunday Morning Breakfast



YEAR or two at boarding school never fail to create in the most listless diner an appetite equal to, if not above that of the most indulgent epicurean. Isolated from scrutinizing relatives, censorious brothers, and exacting beaux, a girl in her spare moments naturally consumes more than a necessary amount of cakes, pies, and other pastries. Then approaches Christmas with its prospective balls, teas, and sledding. A too rounded figure has no place amidst these frolics. Alas! the girl must fast!

Every human being possesses two selves; a good one and a bad one. Sad to say, they continually quarrel; sometimes they even fight. It has been proved that boarding schools are one of the most popular scenes for such battles.

My battle on Sundays begins when the first bell in the morning beckons me from dreams of a pleasanter land and bids me arise. The battle continues while I bathe, while I dress, while I powder my nose. The battle rapidly approaches its climax a half hour later, when the breakfast bell, a changed bell, for it has this time a merry, inviting ring, makes its voice heard among gay girlish greetings.

We troop down the stairs, the blessing is said, and we commence the fruit course. My considerate self speaks to me: "Now, this morning when you have finished the apple-sauce, ask to be excused, go upstairs and write letters or study."

I answer: "Why, of course, I shall ask to be excused in just a few moments. I'm not *one bit* hungry." I feel quite virtuous until, alas, the fruit is devoured and I remain seated at the table. Others, with an incomprehensible will power or else with an enviable unconcern, are leaving the dining room. I am glued to my chair. The maid brings in coffee and cocoa. I state my choice, having decided (thanks to my impish self) to tarry a few moments longer in that delightful atmosphere. Suddenly, an enticing aroma floats to my nose, and at the same time locks my muscles so that I cannot move.

"Come, come," says my better self with an encouraging smile.

"Oh, no, you're not going," contradicts another self which has long ears and a pointed tail.

In comes Mary, bearing a blue china plate loaded with crisp, golden, triangular shaped delicacies, known by all true Americans as waffles. She passes them to the head of the table, to the girl on her right, (I struggle to arise), to the next girl, (I struggle like a drowning man who rises for the third time), then to me. A thousand visions flash through my mind as she patiently stands there, tempting me with the steaming plate. A clear picture of Christmas, with my full figure in a tight evening gown, is completely over-shadowed by

the more vivid picture of hot waffles oozing with butter and dripping with syrup. My good self with a short gasp faints clear away. My bad self looks maliciously on and grins triumphantly. I partake.

Let us skip a period of about twenty minutes, for I am afraid that repetition may be tiring. When I have eaten, well, what matters it how many, I cast a furtive look around, and leave the dining room. I am defeated.

BARBARA MIZE, *Senior*

Mr. Jones, Farmer



R. Robert Jones, far better known as Bob Jones, is a person of unlimited interest to me. Since he is a tenant on the farm where I spend a larger part of the summer vacation, I have had many opportunities to observe him. His personal appearance at once excites your interest. He seems to be about fifty or fifty-five years old, but in reality is in his middle seventies. He is tall and upright, for it will be many years yet before Bob Jones will allow himself to be bent with age. His scant hair is of such a color, that it is hard to tell whether he is an out-and-out tow-head, or is blessed with venerable white locks. His blue eyes are never without a merry twinkle, and his mouth is an ever-changing feature. Most often it is spread in a huge grin, but sometimes is twisted into some awful grimace, supposedly to scare the many children who are forever delightedly thronging about him.

His love for children is only natural, as I think his own family, now grown up, numbered eight or nine. One by one they have married and gone, until only Forrie, the baby, now twenty-one years old, and six foot four and a half, is left. He is a home-loving soul, and is one that will never wander far from the nest. Once he decided to start for Texas to make his fortune in the oil fields. He bought himself an old car, and succeeded in reaching Kansas, but then turned and ran back home like a scared chicken. So much for Forrie.

Mrs. Jones is an equally typical country person. Work has been her shining star through life, and at the present time it still seems to glow as brightly as ever. It is my private opinion that some day the poor woman will just lie down and die, worked to death. Nevertheless, she loves her Bob, who returns it in a rough tenderness for "Ma."

As a farmer, Bob Jones is a marvel. How he can help clerk in the little old country store of his cronie, Josh Arnold, and at the same time run a good-sized farm, has always been one of the seven wonders to me. Perhaps the able assistance of Julius, ex-stowaway, ex-hod-

carrier, ex-coal miner from Hungary, very much ex, but not very wise, has a great deal to do with it. At threshing time, the busiest time of the year for a farmer, Bob is usually standing by, apparently talking busily of some important matter, while poor Julius is working furiously, pitching shock after shock of grain into the huge-mouth of the threshing machine.

But wait until the weekly Friday night dance above the store. Who is the busiest man there? Farmer Jones. His son playing the fiddle, his daughter the piano, and he himself surrounded by all the outfit of an honest-to-goodness drummer, all together make the "turkey in the straw" do the "black bottom." From nine until two he plays, then goes home to bed, only to rise again at four to milk. But he is contented, and prefers his little farm in Wisconsin to all the mansions of New York or Chicago.

BETTY WOODARD, *Senior*

Mike's Picture



LONG the sidewalks of the tenement district of one of America's large and prosperous cities, there sauntered a boy not more than ten years old. His wizened features bore a leer which might have marred the countenance of an aged, embittered criminal. A tattered derby perched on the right side of his unkempt head, held secure by a projecting ear. His clothes hung loosely about his undernourished body, like the rags on a scarecrow. As he walked on, his eyes roved keenly along his path. He descried an object in front of him and lifted it to his mouth. The next passerby was startled by a curt command, "Gimme a light, willya." A match was instantly whipped out, for Mike was a born leader whom none refused. He was the autocratic ruler of the toughest gang of gangsters' children in the city. As he strolled on, he was accosted by one of his lieutenants, "Where ya goin', Mike?"

"To the dump, you can't go with me." Mike's selfish little soul, trained by hard experience, was unwilling to share the spoils he would find there. He turned a corner and, spurred on by the actual sight of his goal, covered the remaining distance in record time considering the length of his legs.

The city dump was a most unpleasant place—a rank conglomeration of decaying food, old cans, and discarded trash. It was deserted except for Mike and a few negroes emptying their daily collection of refuse, gathered alike from huge mansions and squalid cottages—for there is no social distinction in the dump. Mike began vigorously kicking tins right and left, examining what lay hidden behind


this and that. Suddenly something drew his attention—an odd and beautiful object to find in a dump heap. He picked it up, wiped it on his shirt, and then looked into the eyes of the kindest face he had ever seen, a man about whom several angelic looking children were grouped. The picture bore the inscription "Suffer little children to come unto me." The sardonic expression on Mike's face became one of intense seriousness, then a slow smile of sympathy lighted his features. The understanding and love mirrored in His eyes overcame the boy's natural distrust. Mike's ugly face absorbed some of the sweetness he gazed upon and he resembled the children in the picture.

In this mood he felt a need for companionship and, strolling over to the negroes, was soon affably conversing with them. Suddenly a shrill yell startled even the lazy complacent negroes. Instantly Mike was alert. He turned on his heel, raised his head as if trying to sense from what direction the call came. An answering yell burst from his lips and as he ran forward, the picture fell from its resting place in his ragged pocket.

Several minutes later Mike was in the thick of a gang battle. Rocks flew back and forth. One chanced to strike Mike's tousled head, but only seemed to incense his war-spirit. With muttered oaths he led his gang into a fiercer onslaught. His lips were compressed in a thin straight line; his eyes smouldering with hate, reflected fierce determination. His whole face mirrored the inflexibility of his heart. What chance had he in this environment to be like the children in the lost picture?

DORA WOOD, *Senior*

At School in the Philippines

LL laughter, screams, and singing finally dwindled down to giggling, the light patter of bedroom slippers, and smothered whispers in the dormitory, and half an hour after all was supposed to have been quiet, only faint sounds could be heard—not enough to keep the tired inmates of Brent School awake. I emitted a great sigh, thinking how good the bed felt, and wishing that morning would never arrive.

In the midst of silence, of which cats are not the least in awe, there arose a series of staccato hisses which grew louder every minute and terminated in a wild race up and down the hall. This ceased, and I sank into the land of dreams, only to be roused by each cat chasing his own tail. Shouts and missiles did no good—in fact nothing did until the offenders were locked in the basement, and only muffled "meows" pierced the walls.

Much to my despair, however, cats were not the only ones having a midnight frolic. Some mosquito, evidently mistaking my net for his

house, wandered in, and only by my turning on the light could he be routed. This was not the easiest matter in the world, with my roommate mumbling at me to stop brandishing that flashlight in her face, the matron frowningly enquiring the cause of all this commotion, and several sleepy heads peeping in at the door.

Fate also took a hand in the disturbances, for a few of us were violently awakened, about an hour later, by a shaking and bucking of bed, house, and all. Those who were lucky enough not to feel this heard the cries of "All out" in various scared tones. Never before had those stairs been covered in such a short space of time. Half running, half falling, we arrived at the nearest large tree all unaware that we had been stepping on gravel, and were standing on pine needles. Cold as the night was, none dared return for wraps and shoes, for a large quake usually follows a small one. After a half hour of shivering and waiting, during which nothing happened, we returned to bed though not to sleep.

By now it was a little after three, and, for at least a couple of hours, all the persuasion and threats of punishment in the world could not have kept the small girls from their chatter. The best one could do was to turn on the light and grumblingly prepare the next day's Latin.

At six fifteen the detestable rising bell rang, and I should hate to tell of the hard time getting sleepy room mates out of bed, and of the number of demerits received for falling asleep in class that day.

MARY JOSEPHINE TODD, *Senior*

The Seventeen Mile Drive



IN the heart of California, between Santa Barbara and San Francisco is Monterey County—Monterey county with its remnants of the Spanish, its artists' colony, and The Seventeen Mile Drive. When you first go to this part of California, you are shown Del Monte Lodge. It is a quaint little hotel built high up over a bay. After you have duly admired this and The Hotel Del Monte, you drive to Carmel, a town of cottages, scattered through the hills which overlook the sea. These are not ordinary summer cottages filled with children and bathing suits; they are the summer homes of painters, poets, and dramatists. There are no streets in Carmel, only crooked dirt paths which are scarcely less picturesque than the cobble-stone streets of Monterey. Everything about Monterey is old. An old mission has stood there for centuries, a monument to the coming of the Spanish. The huddled buildings and cobble-stone streets, too, look like the remains of old California.

Now that you have seen all the surrounding country—quaint, picturesque Monterey County—you are driven to the entrance of a woods. If you were in northern California, you would expect a grove of "big trees"; in southern California, an amusement park; but there you behold The Seventeen-Mile Drive. The whole view is like a picture out of a fairy tale. The road is hidden by tall, gnarled trees which bear the mark of many storms. Through the trees you can see the Pacific, which stretches north and south for thousands of miles. It is a different Pacific however; it is a sparkling mosaic of blue, white, and green. The water is blue or green in streaks with almost definite lines between the colors. The waves break on the white rocks with a sparkling flash. The gulls fly from rock to rock. There are miles of this magic sea with no boats nor bathers to spoil the laughing iridescence of the waves. It is all something unreal, and when you leave it, you remember it as a dream.

ANNE LEE BROADDUS, *Senior*

The View from My Window



ONE January evening when I raised the window just before retiring, the cool, tranquil air that floated into the room carried off all my drowsiness and bid me gaze awhile on the beauty of the night. I pulled my wrapper closely around me and sank to my knees, the window sill serving as a resting place for my elbows, and my hands for my chin. I opened my eyes wide.

Splotches of soft snow, made dazzling by the silvery rays of the distant moon, covered at intervals the frozen black earth. Gray shadows, thrown off distastefully by their masters, the trees, lay prostrate on the snow and ground. Above, glowered the enormous black trees themselves, with their branches reaching to heaven like grasping fingers. Beyond, in a semi-circle, thousands of yellow lights of the city enclosed moving lights of speeding cars. They seemed insignificant in comparison with those all-beautifying moon rays.

I shivered, for the air was growing cooler; but I could not go to bed until the picture framed in the window was entirely absorbed. I felt lonely, friendless, unhappy. I raised my eyes toward heaven.

There were myriads of friendly, twinkling stars arranged like body guards to the monarch moon. Some were in stiff, straight lines, some scattered in chatty groups, others all alone; but each returned my steadfast gaze with a welcoming expression. I looked for the man in the moon, but found instead the willowy form of a swiftly running woman with her long, dusky tresses floating behind her.

Was she fleeing from an enemy, or merely from a persistent suitor? I decided on the latter, for the atmosphere was too kindly for any discomfort. How happy they all were up there! I felt less lonely, not quite so friendless. And beyond was the black, billowy sky like a vast canopy. It covered everything: moon, stars, lights, trees, shadows, snow, ground. It was distant, yet not remote, and all were in its power. It was gentle, yet firm, and above all protective. Why, I had a friend, a true friend, that would always guard me! I arose, and happy and exalted, went to bed.

BARBARA MIZE, *Senior*

A Country Road



KNOW a little country road that to me is almost human. It is never lonely, for it has as a companion, a quiet, peaceful little river, and side by side the two amble on, never far apart. The road is shaded by large benevolent oak trees, which seem with uplifted arms to shower blessings on those who pass beneath. Perhaps the little road tires of a one-sided view of life, and so it meanders over a dilapidated, rustic bridge to the other side of the river, seeking companionship, and new ideas from another source. The two wander on in close friendship. Sometimes the little road, seeking excitement, runs off to some country village, but it grows lonesome, even among the many people, and back it hastens to its friend.

In the spring the road awakens from the lethargy of winter, when it is frozen hard and covered with a soft blanket of snow. The great oaks too, are budding out into new verdure, and not without a hint of competition, for each tries to be grander than the other. In the summer I like my road best. In the oaks the wind whispers of the oriole's new nest, and the little road, kicking up a cloud of dust, rushes away to parts unknown to tell the glad news. Beneath the cool shade of its trees, the weary traveler finds a place to rest and to ponder. As the weather grows colder, and summer gives way to fall, the little road becomes very sad. On its breast are the scattered leaves of the great oaks who have grown suddenly tired and cannot hold them any longer. All are preparing for winter, and the oriole's nest is deserted. Then finally comes winter—the season which everyone has anticipated and dreaded for so long. But the little road, buried under great white snow drifts, is unable to enjoy the merry shouts of the skaters on the river, the jingle of bells on the sleighs, and the stamping of horses. For covered with old Father Winter's soft white blanket, the little road quietly slumbers, blissfully ignorant of it all.

BETTY WOODARD, *Senior*

Ships

THE ships that go a-sailing
 Out upon the sea,
 Are the most intriguing
 Of all the ships, to me.

With steady towering masts
 And large patched sails,
 With weather-beaten hull,
 And hand-worn wooden rails.

With heavy rusted anchor
 And wooden portholes small,
 These are the ships I love,
 Old, romantic, tall.

MARGARET TULLOCK, *Senior*

Books

DUSTY, shabby, much-thumbed volumes,
 Tiny print on yellow pages,
 Faded, drab, and time-worn covers—
 Relics of forgotten ages.

Bright and shiny, new-bound volumes,
 Generous print on spotless pages,—
 Startling red and yellow covers—
 Heralds of the coming ages.

Whether drab or gay the volumes,
 Printing large or small on pages,
 Bound between these various covers
 Is the thought of all the ages.

BARBARA MIZE, *Senior*

May

WHEN I wake up on a May morning
 And hear the birds singing,
 And see the sun shining,
 And the flowers and trees budding,
 Nothing can keep me in bed.

When I sit in school, dreaming
 Of fields far away stretching,
 And a cool brook babbling,
 And an oak tree shading,
 Nothing can force me to study.

Then, when it is evening,
 And the sun is setting,
 And the birds are nesting,
 And peace is reigning,
 Nothing can make me so happy.

PEGGY TOURTELLOT, *Senior*

The Tulip

A TULIP grew by a red brick wall
 Midst tulips of every hue.
 Every moment of every day,
 It thought of the work it must do.

"I must grow strong and I must grow tall
 And my blossoms must be the best."
 So the tulip worried early and late
 And never stopped to rest.

The plant grew strong and the blossom gay,
 Midst tulips of every hue;
 But they took time to enjoy their task
 Though they knew there was much to do.

And when the season of spring was past
 And the blossoms had blown away,
 The hard-worked tulip envied the dreams
 Of those who had enjoyed each day.

ELSIE KELLOGG, *Senior*

My Candle

SHINE!
 Shine, my candle, thy light
 Of red
 And yellow-blue,
 So falteringly,
 Uncertainly
 Glowing;
 Of sure,
 Dancing,
 Smiling
 Joy.
 Straight from the burning wax,
 As thou sendest
 Thy rays,
 To gleam in
 The dusk,
 Shine, my candle, thy light!

LAURA GAIL BOWLING, *Senior*

By Night

IT'S like a snake of diamonds
 A mile or two in length
 Moving, sparkling, flashing
 On a road as black as jet.

Hidden among the diamonds
 Are rubies here and there,
 And oft an emerald or two,
 Gleam like serpents' eyes.

What a pity that in truth
 These jewels are but lights
 Attached to every speeding car
 That passes in the night.

MARY JOSEPHINE TODD, *Senior*



Death

IT hovers like a watching bird,
From its throat no call is heard;
It reaches forth its claw-like hands,
And steals the best of all the lands.

BETTY WOODARD, *Senior*

An Opinion

IF you were old and bent and worn,
And all your meagre clothes were torn,
And all your friends were dead or gone,
And dull despair came with the dawn,
Would you weep?

Oh, I should laugh my cares away,
And wait with hope for coming day,
And hold my head undaunted high,
And never have a thought to die.
I should not weep.

BETTY WOODARD, *Senior*

Two Prizes

IT was a gala day for the small town of Harvey. It was the day for the poet, John Rand, to visit us. Rand, who had lived in the town as a boy, had offered a twenty dollar gold piece to the boy or girl under eighteen who should write the best poem. The poems were to be read before Rand in the town auditorium and would be judged at that time. Many youthful geniuses applied pen to paper. Of course, we all expected the prize to go to Frank Statler, who had written poetry before, but there was always a chance for someone else.

Rand arrived in the morning—a tall, spare man with kindly brown eyes. I thought I remembered those eyes perfectly. Before he arrived I had argued quite heatedly with Jed Todd as to whether his eyes were blue or brown. Jed had insisted that they were brown, and I that they were blue. However, it is all cleared up now. I was thinking of young Joe Bradley, who died. I, with other worthies, including Mrs. Stanton, who thinks she runs the town, was on the reception committee. When Rand stepped off the platform of the train, Mrs. Stanton ran up to

him, wrung his hand, and asked him if he remembered her. He laughed pleasantly and said that he did. We all knew what the laugh meant, except of course, Mrs. Stanton herself. How vain is woman-kind! I did not ask him if he remembered me, I merely waited for him to say so of his own accord. He would have, too, if Mrs. Stanton hadn't taken it upon herself to introduce everyone, before he had a chance to speak to me. Later, when I mentioned to him that I remembered him very well, he said he thought that he recalled me. I hope Mrs. Stanton heard, although she was speaking to someone else at the time.

In the afternoon we assembled in the auditorium. Rand sat on the front row, with Mrs. Stanton at his right hand. One by one our young poets mounted the steps to the stage and recited their carefully-formed lines. Frank Statler had written an admirable piece on "The Battle of Gettysburg." When he recited it, the whole two pages, with gusto, a number of hearts sank; the prize would surely be given to Frank. I noticed one little girl reaching surreptitiously for her handkerchief. After Frank, one more was called, George Counell. George was a quiet, unassuming boy, of whom no one ever took much notice. It was a surprise to us all when we heard his name, and saw the boy climbing up to the platform. He was quite embarrassed, and as he stumbled on the top step there was a rustle in the audience. What an awful thing stage-fright is! The boy could not speak. He stood before us awkward and blushing furiously. For a prolonged moment we waited. Then came a high titter from some silly girl. George could bear it no longer. He turned dazedly and stumbled off the stage to his seat. I saw that he had tears in his eyes. He sat down, heedless of the people about him.

Meanwhile, Rand consulted the notes he had taken, then arose to announce the name of the winner. The hall became quiet, tense.

"The prize," said Rand, "will be given to"—he looked more closely at the paper in his hand—"Frank Statler." Immediately every one cheered. Amid paper wads and clever side-remarks, Frank walked up to receive the twenty dollar gold piece. Rand gave him the prize, shook hands with him, made a short speech to him and to us, then everyone left.


Jed Todd and I fell into conversation on the way out. Our talk grew so animated that we were the last to leave. Just as we were going out the side door, we looked toward the front of the hall and saw a little act which we shall never forget. George Counell was standing, blankly looking at a piece of paper in his hand. Rand was looking over his shoulder, unnoticed by the boy, and we heard him say:

"That is very beautiful poetry you have written. You shall have a prize too. Here is a buckeye from that old tree on Second Street. I have carried it with me ever since I was a boy. May it bring you as much luck as it has me!"

Jed and I stole out the door, but not before we had taken one look at the boy, holding his inestimable treasure, an old buckeye, just like any off the old tree on Second Street.

ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *Junior*

The Fatal Tome

T wasn't an unusual book; in fact, its only claim to distinction lay in its size. When the Rev. Mr. Hamilton Sigbee Wofflington, M. A., Ph. D., D.D., set down his learned ideas concerning the life hereafter in a good-sized volume, he had not the slightest intention that on some future date this tome would be used as a missile to lay his grand-nephew prone on the deck of an Australia-bound steamer, with a rapidly developing bump over one eye, and a dazed impression that he was in Heaven floating on a sea of white flannel scented with *Nuit de Noil*, and a red-headed angel kissing his classic brow. In a few moments the mists had cleared away sufficiently for Hamilton, Jr., to hear a sweet but distracted voice frantically calling him, "Hammy! Hammy! Oh, my sweetest baby-boy! Speak to me! Tell me you're not dead and I'll *never* throw things again! I'll marry you at once! I love you!" Under similar circumstances any other young man would have yielded to temptation and remained for a while in a recumbent state while sweet nothings were whispered in his ears. Hamilton, however, heroically raised himself to his knees, demanding, "Do you mean it?" and seizing her hand pulled the angel, who had now developed into a very modern young lady, to her feet, and without waiting for an answer, jerked her after him across the deck in the direction of the Captain's cabin. Arrived there, he demanded of that astonished gentleman that he marry them at once.

Several hours later, in a comparatively private nook of the upper deck, sat a tall blonde young man, his curly hair disheveled and a stern determined look in his eye which could not dim his supreme happiness. Beside him, with her brilliantly red head on his shoulder was the erstwhile angel. Rumped by his tempestuous and bearlike affection, there remained to her none of the insulted pride with which she had launched the fatal book which had torn two young people from their respectively spinster and bachelor states. "Why," he sternly demanded, "did you hit me?"

"Because," came the shamed but defiant answer, "I loved you."

"Well, the least I can say is that you have strange ways of showing your affection! Please, in the future, restrain your emotions or lead them into gentler channels. But—Heavens! haven't you married Carter? I never thought—fool! Why did you let me go on? Idiot——! Now, there's the devil to pay!"

"But,—wait a minute. You see, I did not marry him!"

"Well—why—but—but what are you doing on here listed as Mrs. Norman Carter?"

"I ran away from him, so he missed the boat; and now he'll never guess that I went on anyway."

"My hat's off to Mrs. Jesse James! But how did you do all this?"

"Let me start at the beginning, and if you stop me I'll *never* tell you."

"All right, shoot!"

"In the beginning, I loved you from the minute I saw you."

"Humph!!"

"It's true!" I'd have married you in a minute until you began telling me how wonderful your great-uncle was, and the final straw was when you started reading me his awful old book. I'm sure I don't care what the Rev. Ham thought about Heaven! Then Norman came along and he was such a change from you that I thought I loved him. The most serious author he ever read was Edward Lear. He quoted him constantly. I found out I didn't love him half as much as I do you." At this point she disappeared into a smothering embrace. "Stop! Be quiet or I won't tell you any more! Anyway, I thought that maybe I could make you jealous; so I accepted him when he proposed to me. We were going to be married just before this boat sailed. It didn't seem to affect you at all; everything indicated that I would have to marry him after all. In fact, we were on our way to the chapel in one of those funny little old Victorias when he turned on me with a vacuous grin and said:

"There was a young lady named Grace,
Who was dressed in a gown of white lace;
When en route to the church
The cab gave a lurch
And that was the end of sweet Grace."

He then began to chortle to himself. I gave him one despairing look, jumped from the carriage and ran to the hotel. There I gave the doorman ten dollars to stop Norman while I got my things. Of course my bags were already on board and I knew this would be the last place where Norman would look for me, so I came aboard. It seemed perfectly natural to see you coming toward me, but when you handed me that execrable old book, and said it was a wedding present, I wanted to scream. You can see the only thing left to do was to throw it at you. Of course you understand now——."

"Well, but——"


For a time the old lady sitting in the cabin behind them heard nothing; then just as she had decided they had gone, she heard two long sighs and an ecstatic question, "But Hammy, what are *you* doing on here?"

"Well, when I thought you were going to marry Carter, I decided to go to Australia to forget about you. So here I am. I didn't know you were going to be on this boat until a few minutes before I gave you your, pardon me, our wedding present. Look, darling, it's late; we must go down."

Long after their voices had ceased to float up to her on the crisp sea air, the old lady sat musing, "And to think that Carter didn't want to marry her after all. After she had forced herself into his arms, isn't it lucky that the unfortunate Grace forced her out again?"

PEGGY CHALLISS, *Junior*

Enemies

S the last echo of the scream died away, Fred was out of bed and running, gun in hand, toward the door. Outside, in the narrow street which was teeming with natives, he met Captain West and Don.

"It's that damned tiger again, I suppose," said the Captain. "Mahar's a cursed ass not to overcome his superstitions and have the beast killed. You can bet your bottom dollar," he continued, "if the old demon killed his son, he'd forget his ancestral training and start an extensive tiger hunt."

Further conversation was stopped by a native who came running up and gasped breathlessly: "It is Rahman that the holy one slew, oh Heaven Born."

"I thought as much," muttered Captain West. "Well," he added, "I suppose Mahar's mad enough now to start a real hunt."

"Rightly hast thou spoken, oh Heaven Born. I have been sent to summon thee and thy young friends."

The white men found the Sultan pacing the floor of his palace in agitation and sorrow.

"Thou hast heard of my bereavement?" he questioned as they entered.

"Yes, Mahar," answered Fred, "and we have come to offer you our assistance."

"My loss can never be atoned for," said the sultan sadly.

"Oh, but surely it will relieve your feelings to kill the tiger?" questioned Captain West hopefully.

"Yes," replied the sultan, "love of my son makes me forget my early training. When his mangled body was brought to me, my old beliefs slipped from me like a cloak and I stood a civilized man, according to the ideals of your great university. My soul cried out at the great wrong done me. We start at dawn to search for the man-eater."

The three men were awakened in the gray of the morning by the tramping of many beasts. On going out of their huts, they found the sultan, seated in the howdah of one of the foremost in the cavalcade of elephants, giving orders for the preparations for the hunt. The men climbed into their howdahs, the mahouts prodded the elephants, and the party started off.

After crossing the river which separated the village from the jungle, they found themselves in a dense forest of undergrowth, with now and then a glimpse of some beautiful bird, or rare orchid; and once a great anaconda wended its sinuous way overhead.

Old Yaran, the head shikari, was in the lead, in the howdah of a veteran tiger-fighter. He was one of the few tribesmen who knew the way to the lair of the lame one, a distant waterhole. His little beady eyes were always fixed on the almost imperceptible trail which only a native could have discerned in the maze of other paths which probably led to waterholes or far off salt licks. The tiger's abode was some thirty miles distant from the village, and the journey would require three days at best. However, the sultan planned to shorten this time by traveling at night.

Just at dusk of the second day, the party came to a wide expanse of jungle grass in one corner of which was massed a great heap of jumbled rocks. Near this was a waterhole, and here the lame one made his home. As there was no breeze stirring, by which the tiger could scent their approach, the time seemed ripe for the attack. The ponderous elephants pushed into the grass silently, and soon the entire party could discern many little paths which crossed and recrossed, but all gradually turned in the direction of the waterhole. Suddenly the foremost elephant stopped, and on looking ahead Yaran perceived two glowing golden balls peering out of the grass. He gave a triumphant shout and fired. Instantly his beast was forced to its knees by the sudden onslaught of a maddened tiger, and Yaran was flung head-long out of his howdah, his gun flying in the opposite direction. The tiger, seeing that his victim had escaped, turned to follow him, and immediately the whole party rushed their animals in a body around the stricken man. The lame one, on perceiving that his prey was safe, turned and fled into the rank grass. The leader ordered the others to return and make camp just outside the jungle grass, from whence the attack could easily be renewed in the morning. The elephants slowly turned around and started out of the undergrowth. Unexpectedly, the foremost trumpeted, and the horrified party saw a streak of flecked gold spring out of the grass and onto the back of the cringing Yaran. There came a rending sound as the great beast ripped open the native's back; then Captain West's rifle spat fire, the man-eater leaped into the air and fell writhing on the ground. The men dis-

mounted and approached him, their guns in their hands, but the great tiger was dead, his lame foot raised awkwardly in the air. Behind him lay the mangled wreck of his only enemy, Man.

FRANCES TAYLOR, *Junior*

The Waking Town

IT is early, early in the morning. As yet everyone is still asleep, held fast in bed by dreams. The silvery moon gliding overhead sinks swiftly beyond the horizon, and in the east the first faint beams of day are visible. Hark! What is that? Cock-a-doodle-do! There was never a time-piece so accurate as Master Chanticleer. Somewhere a meadow-lark tunes his voice which has become hoarse from the dew. A clatter of horses' hoofs makes one turn impatiently in his bed. Then, "Whoa, Dobbin!" A milkman rattles his bottles up the steps and deposits them directly beneath the sleeper's window. By this time the thrush and the cardinal are beginning their morning hymn to the sun, which now bathes the city in golden light. The sun rises higher and higher. Housemaids begin to stir drowsily to the tinkling tunes of their alarm-clocks. Then, "Sunday morning pa-a-a-per!" Can anyone sleep through that? The longed-for Sunday morning has come, but the desired rest is not to be enjoyed.

JEAN BLANCHARD, *Junior*

An Autumn Scene

QUIET, with the quietness which was made of tiny noises—the gentle flicking of leaf against leaf as they fell, an occasional note from the flocks of migrating black-birds, and the faint sigh of dying grasses—this quiet pervaded the long wooded vista. The long greensward stretched away like a green-brown carpet, pinned here and there with a great oak, regretfully changing its linked scarlet mail for a suit of crisp seared brown, or an elm, dropping one by one, now fast—now slow, its mortal drops of gold. Along the rocky wall, poplars, interspersed with somber pines, reared their proud heights like guardian swords of flame, protecting sentinels of the gnarled and fall-blackened trunks of the nobler trees. The sumac stalks, like war-decked Indian chiefs, lifted their red-plumed heads above the moss-covered wall on which spread great fans of crimson-tipped ivy. Far down the long aisles of trees, barred now and then with purple shadows, in strange contrast to the golden, drenching sunlight, was a birch trunk of ethereal whiteness, prostrate at the foot

of a black-sheathed, grey-branched walnut, a vivid splash of blood-red vine, reaching creeper arms around its slender whiteness. This was like a human tragedy, the slim young bride dead at the feet of her hoary lover, and a dull, ever-spreading red stain where the silver dagger had entered, her only means of escape from a life of sorrow. A smoky blue haze, like time, veiled the scene and softened the memory of the bitter tragedy. A clinging, memory-laden odor of crisp brown leaves tinged with the odor of burning brush, filled the air. One could almost hear the snap and crackle of the tongues of orange flame devouring the leaves which had fallen from their summer glory.

PEGGY CHALLISS, *Junior*

Autumn from a Hill

FROM a hill top one may look upon the myriad forms of autumn. One will see, clad in their war-bonnets of rich hued leaves, which vary in color from a greenish-yellow to red and russet-brown, the trees standing out like savage black warriors, who are making a final heroic attempt to resist their merciless enemy, Winter. They stand, made brave by their rich finery, flaunting a last defiance in the face of their ever-nearing doom. Now and again a dry leaf is persuaded by the restless breeze to float lazily to the ground and join many of its kind already sleeping there. The red or brown ivy clings like a leech to the sand-stone walls, while the rank grass and shrubs, some green, some dusty grey, resemble stooped and weary people. Intermittently, the dead leaves stirred by some vagrant wind or passing motor, crackle and swirl in a vain attempt to regain their former resting places. Off and on, a migrating blackbird calls raucously to a friend in some neighboring tree, and they carry on an animated conversation. The dusty smell of dry leaves prevails, and occasionally comes the pungent whiff of a bonfire. Above, wispy white clouds hover motionless in the infinite haze of blue. Over all, like a benign father, the warm sun sheds a soft, yellow light. Such is autumn.

FRANCES TAYLOR, *Junior*

Thoughts of a Dumb-bell in Cicero Class

BEING a gentleman who speaks greatly over my head, Cicero does not interest me as he should. When recitation begins I am very alert. I can translate the first sentence and part of the second. Perhaps I shall have a chance to display my knowledge. I do not. Presently my mind wanders off. I look out of the window to see a beautiful car flash by. Where does it

go? Some place where Cicero does not figure, certainly. In fact, I know that the people there do nothing but read and eat chocolate custard in front of an open fire. An open fire with crackling logs and beautiful dream castles among the embers. In every corner of the fireplace beautiful princesses are carried off by black-minded magicians and rescued by shining princes with golden hair. How I should love to be one of the beautiful princesses! Life is without problems for them; the shining prince with golden hair is sure to stride in at the crucial moment. Life in a Cicero class is much more difficult. The crucial moment passes by without a rescuer, and the low grade goes down in the record book. There is no living happily ever after. There is the living under the disapproval of teacher and parent. I shall weep in a moment. Life is so hard—What? Oh, uh, it is ah——(whisper from friend in rear, "third person, singular")—third person, singular. Blessed friend! Life is sweet after all.

ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *Junior*

Etta and Gertie

HELLO! Hello! Operator! Main 4000 please. "Me and my shadow stro-o-olling dow—" Oh, hello; that you, Etta? This is Gertie. Say, I just called to tell you—No; you don't mean to tell me! And after all the trouble you've had! My land! But have you heard about Mrs.—. Of course I don't blame you, poor thing, and at your age, too, but have you heard about— Yes indeed, they do charge high there; um-hm, to be sure! My no! By the way, have you heard—Well you just go to Doctor Lewis; it's amazing how he helped Sara Janey. Yes, indeedy! But have you heard—I think so too. Isn't it funny how we think alike? But I guess nearly all well-educated people do. No, I haven't read that yet, I'm so busy. You haven't heard, have you, about Mrs.—. I haven't tried that yet, how much sugar do you use? Wait a jiff and I'll write it down. All right, two cups—uh-huh-yes, yes-um-hm. Thanks, darling. But let me tell you— No, I really have to go now, I just wanted to tell you the news. It's so nice calling you because you always let the other person talk, too. Well, good-bye, dearie, Bye-bye!—Yes, you do, you old cat. Humph!!

PEGGY CHALLISS, *Junior*

Pets



ULIA is an uncommon dog. Her pedigree is unknown. We speak of her as Heinz—fifty-seven varieties of hound at least are certain. She is a small black dog, with a fetching figure. We have only to enter her in any dog show to litter our house with cups and blue ribbons. She happens to be sway-back and to have a very long, bony tail with a button-hook tip. Her legs are ludicrously short; one can hardly understand how they are able to transport her round, fat body from place to place. Her feet are small, and as she walks, her front feet are set very daintily, one in front of the other. She has a slender, pointed face, set with two very large and pathetic brown eyes, and surmounted by two tiny ears, which are always pointing directly upward. Very seldom does she do anything wrong, and when she does she looks so sad that she is easily forgiven. Her tail, while not at all beautiful, is always wagging, and she is a very pleasant little animal to have about the house. She came to us as a stray, and because of her unusual figure, was given the name of Julia.

NANCY WILSON, *Junior*



WE have a most remarkable cat. Anyone seeing Extra for the first time, loves her. When she was given to us, a round black ball of fluff, she was named Extra because of the extra work involved in keeping her. She is now a much older and wiser cat but remains as enchanting as ever. Her short black tail is full and silky. The claws in her aristocratically small and dainty feet are always curled under with care when she plays, in an absurdly kittenish way for one so dignified. Two tiny ears peek straight up from her round little black head, and her very big and yellow eyes are peculiar even for a cat. Some time ago, Extra appeared with a family of five—Addison, Minnie, Spencer, Dummy, and Blanche—all just as black as their mother. Of late we have decided that Extra is somewhat of a rounder, for some friends, leaving our house far past the hour when a respectable cat would be out, found her wantonly romping with her masculine friends on Second Street Hill. In spite of her being a wayward cat, she is really a dear, and we all dread the time when she will no longer be here to claw the stuffing out of our chairs.

PEGGY CHALLISS, *Junior*

The Noble Knight

W HERE are you going, my ain true love?
 O where do you wend your way?"
 "I am going off to the wars, fair heart,
 Here I cannot stay."

"What will happen in the wars, my love?
 What will happen there?"

"The most noble knights of the land will fight,
 And many'll be hurt right sair."

"When will you come back, my love?
 When will you me wed?"

"When a' the bloody war is o'er,
 Unless I may be dead."

"O say na sae, my ain true love,
 O say you will not go,
 For I fear, I fear that if you leave,
 You'll ne'er come back nae mo."

He's leaped upon his coal-black steed,
 He's ridden into the south,
 But first he's given her kisses three,
 Upon her ruby-red mouth.

He rode into the thickest fray,
 He slew men all around,
 The battle waxed fierce and hot,
 And red blood stained the ground.

He fought right brave with wild fury,
 He fought with might and main,
 But ere the woeful battle closed,
 That noble knight was slain.

O lang, lang will his lady wait,
 O lang, lang will she weep,
 For she'll ne'er see her ain true love,
 He sleeps in holy sleep.

ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *Junior*

The Wicked Mither

O WHA is this that haunts me now,
 Gives me no sleep nor rest?
 Who makes my bed a weary place?
 This is no idle jest."

"Nay, nay, my wicked mither mine,
 Remember not your son?
 You threw me in a deep, deep well,
 Of pity you had none.

"You left me in that cold, dank well,
 You left me there to rot.
 You laughed and sang the whole day through,
 Your son you soon forgot."

"Away, away, haunt me nae mair,
 The curse of hell I bere.
 O I did slay you, little son,
 Oft times I've rued it sair."

For three whole nights she slept nae whit
 Woe to that cruel wife!
 Her son's grave was her death-bed, too,
 In it she lost her life.

BETTY CARTER, *Junior*

White Clouds

G LISTENING white clouds in a sky of blue,
 Shining white islands in an ocean of blue,
 Gleaming white castles in a field of blue.
 They excite me,
 I tingle,
 I long passionately
 For something.
 They invite me
 To linger,
 To dream enchantingly
 Of nothing.
 Glistening white clouds in a sky of blue.

ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *Junior*

Spring Fields

JOLLY are the fields today,
Shining golden in the sun;
Posies now are bright and gay,
Jolly are the fields today.

Wooly lambkins frisk and play,
Babbling brooks join in the fun,
Jolly are the fields today,
Shining golden in the sun.

MARGARET CRANE, *Junior*

The Poplar Trees

THEY stand, our stately poplar trees,
So slim, so straight, so high,
Like pointed exclamation marks,
Against the sapphire sky,

In autumn time like golden swords,
To guard the grass and flowers,
They stand upon the hillside green,
Throughout the weary hours.

In summer time like sentinels,
They watch the garden gate,
They seem like patient comrades,
Never too tired to wait.

NANCY WILCOX, *Junior*

To A Lady's Picture

HOW I wonder what that enigmatic smile of yours must mean,
My lady of the picture.
How I wonder what your eyes, so innocent of guile, have
seen,

My lady of the picture.

Whose lips have kissed your smooth, long tapered fingers?

What is the mystery which still about you lingers?

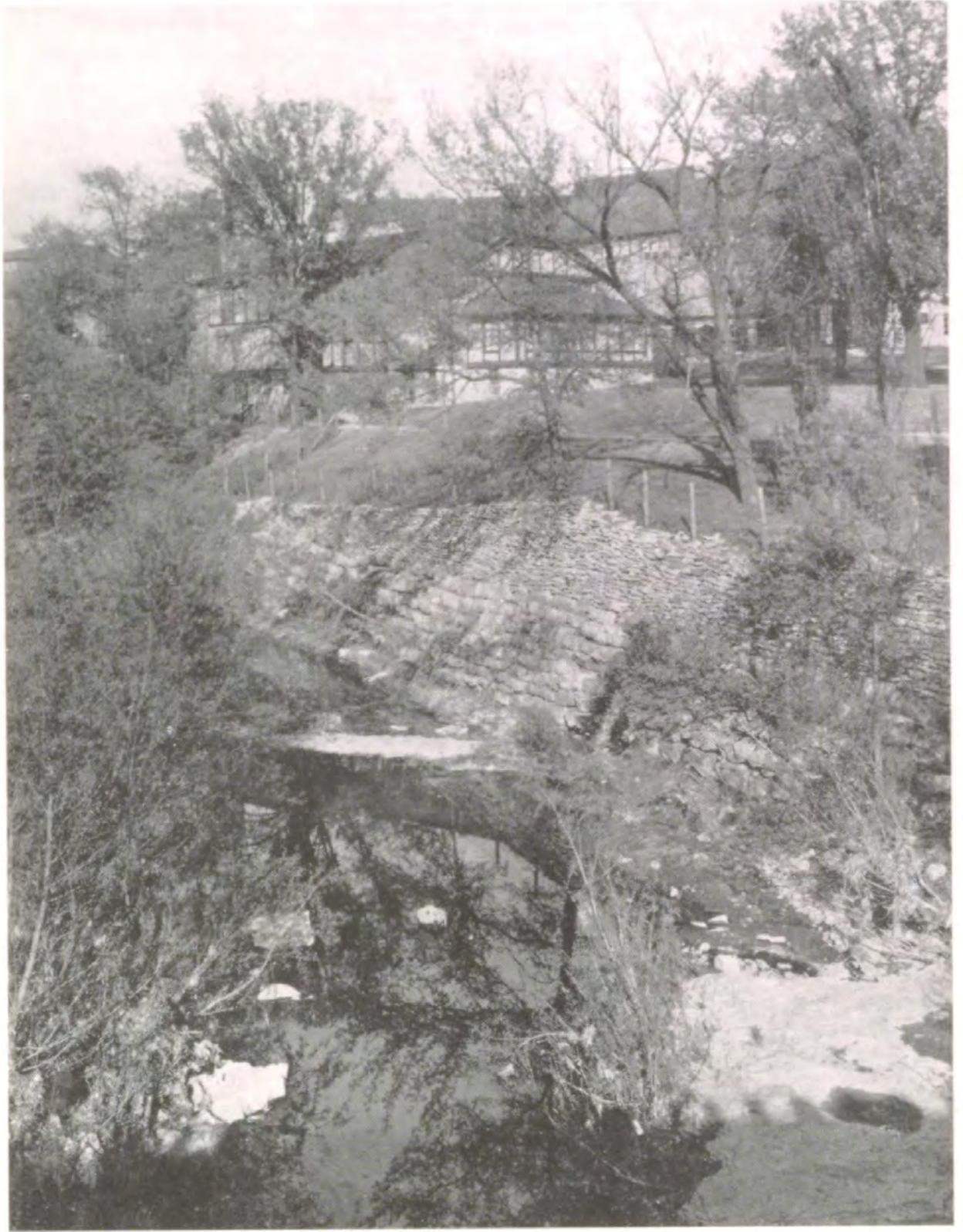
My lady of the picture?

Through all the countless ages, kings, nobles, peasants, pages,
Have died at your command.

What suffering souls have you to purgatory damned,

My lady of the picture?

PEGGY CHALLISS, *Junior*



My Clock

BUSILY, eagerly ticking, ticking,
 Patiently, cheerfully clicking, clicking,
 Faithfully, willingly, sticking, sticking
 Fast to your duty of ticking, ticking.

All thru the day you are working, working,
 Thinking impossible shirking, shirking,
 Smiling, nor finding life irking, irking,
 Endlessly, ceaselessly working, working.

Tranquilly thru the night swinging, swinging,
 Sleepless, I hear your low singing, singing,
 Rest and repose to me bringing, bringing,
 Lulling to sleep with your swinging, swinging.

Oh, how I love you, clock grinding, grinding,
 Never complaining nor minding, minding,
 Nothing but joy in life finding, finding,
 Teach me your patience in grinding, grinding!

ELIZABETH HASTINGS, *Junior*

Quatrains

(*With Apologies to Gray*)

THE bell now rings the closing time of joy,
 The lowly herd in classes soon will be,
 The teacher plods to teach of ancient Troy,
 And leaves the study-hall alone—to me.

Now out of doors grows the glowing light,
 And all the air is peaceful, save when hordes
 Of autos pass in ever hastening flight,
 And rowdy honkings sound from distant Fords.

Save that in yonder lowly bush or tree-tower,
 The chirping jay does to her mate complain
 Of naughty boys who wandering near her bower,
 Molest her new and happy, hopeful reign.

NANCY WILCOX, *Junior*

A Thought

THE hand of God doth touch me,
 Whene'er I touch a flower;
 The hand of Him doth lead me,
 Whene'er I need His power.

NANCY WILCOX, *Junior*

The Leaning Tower of Pisa



TWO years ago, when we were making a long stay in Florence, we decided to go to Pisa for a day.

We left Florence at ten o'clock on a bright Sunday morning, and by noon we were nearing the ancient city on the Arno River. Suddenly the passengers jumped from their seats and crowded to the windows on one side of the car. In that way they could get a fleeting glimpse of the leaning tower, which can be seen at a distance from the train. Some of these passengers were tourists who had only a few days in which to see Italy, so they were trying to get an impression of the great building of Pisa without leaving the train.

At the station, we took a little cab, drawn by a slow, old horse, and jogged across the Arno bridge, and through the quiet streets of the old town for about a mile. Turning a corner, we found ourselves confronted by one of the most beautiful groups of buildings in the world—the cathedral, Baptistry and Leaning Tower of Pisa.

This bell tower is round and of the Romanesque style of architecture. It was finished in 1350, and is one hundred and seventy-nine feet in height. It is made of eight stories, six of which have arcades of columns surrounding them. The eighth story is smaller in diameter, and contains the great bells. It is said to be a terrifying experience to stand on top of the tower while the bells are ringing and causing the tower to tremble with reverberations.

The tower today leans fourteen feet from the perpendicular. This is what gives it such a strange and spectacular appearance. To view it from some angles almost frightens one. There is a staircase inside by which it can be ascended. In making the ascent one does not notice the inclination, until reaching the top and looking down.

Probably the architects did not intend to make a leaning tower. Most people think that it began to go down on one side while the construction was going on, probably through some weakness in the structure, or by some shifting of the soil underneath. Because of this strange leaning, visitors sometimes fail to notice that the tower is one of the most beautiful in Italy.

BARBARA WILLIAMS, *Sophomore*

The Unnamed Baby



Q H, but that was a narrow escape. My funny old Aunt Tabitha, whose skirts almost touch the ground, has offered Dad a hundred dollars to call me Abigail. She says it was her grandmother's name. Well, at least it would have been better than Sophronsie. Aunt Harriet wired us that she would not bequeath me her ruby and jade pin unless they called me Sophronsie.

My goodness—who wants a ruby and jade pin anyway, if she has to be called such an “unspellable” name? They might even be out of style by the time I grow up, and think what a pity that would be. I do wish they would hurry up and decide, as none of my dresses or blankets have come yet. Mother insists on having them monogrammed, and they really can't be finished until my initials are known. Then, too, winter will soon be here, and I will need my extra blankets. —My goodness—what was THAT name?—Arminda! Grandmother Jones has suggested Arminda! Now isn't that just like her? And Grandfather Smith wants it to be Fredrika—after some distant relative of his who has just died. I really wonder how all this will turn out. At first I was sure they were going to call me Stephanie. They said something about its being euphonious. Next they suggested Amelia Lillian. Certainly nothing could have been worse than Amelia Lillian Smith—not even Sophronsie. They are still calling me “baby.” Some people insist on calling me “it.” “Oh, isn't *it* cute?” I would at least like to be called *she*!

Today really seems to be the crisis. All the family is assembled to make a final decision. I am on pins and needles! Aunt Josephine has gone to get the Bible. Aunt Millicent will open it while Uncle Gregory holds it. Then Aunt Amanda will point to a name.—Oh, they have opened the Bible. Now they are pointing to a name. Hurry, say it out loud.—Oh, really!—There must be some mistake. No! Well maybe the middle name will be better.—It isn't.—Oh, I think I am going to faint. They have named me Hannah Jemima Smith.

NANCY LYON, *Sophomore*

Twilight

TWILIGHT holds me
 In her arms.
 I feel her filmy shadows
 'Round me;
 Her cool, refreshing embrace
 Soothes me;
 Her sweet, soft breath
 Stirs my hair.
 Weird shadows
 Play upon the grass,
 Behind the bushes,
 Among the trees;
 But I do not fear them,
 For I feel secure—
 In Twilight's arms.

CAROLYN AYRES, *Sophomore*

A Summer Afternoon

THE sun shines brightly,
 While I lie under a leafy tree
 Trying to escape the glaring light.
 Everything is still—
 The children play no more;
 They are tired,
 Hot,
 Sleepy,
 Cross.
 The air is humid,
 Sultry;
 The grass is brown,
 Dead.
 A robin calls,
 A bluejay shrills his hoarse cry,
 A red-bird whistles sweetly.
 And now the birds are still—
 Not a sound,
 Not a breeze,
 All is quiet.

CAROLYN AYRES, *Sophomore*

Retrospection

IHAVE seen the clouds at sunrise,
 When the sky was a golden-red.
 I have heard the chirp of baby birds,
 When they wanted to be fed.

I have felt the spell of the forest,
 When night was beginning to fall.
 I have enjoyed a number of things,
 But these the most of all.

I have walked through a path in the forest,
 When autumn was all aflame,
 I have watched the violets peep shyly forth,
 When spring was coming again.
 I have played with the tiny chipmunks,
 When the world was in the fall.
 I have enjoyed a number of things,
 But these the most of all.

BETTY DAVIS, *Sophomore*

The Fading of Day

NOW the western lights are sinking,
 Like majestic kings are they,
 Purple, flame, and golden monarchs,
 Moving silently away.

On they ride past clouds, soft, floating,
 On to realms across the deep,
 Bearing from us daylight's splendor,
 Leaving us with night and sleep.

AGNES LOW, *Sophomore*

The Cherry Trees

THE cherry trees in Washington
 Are very pink against the sun.
 Around the Tidal Basin stand
 A beauteous gift from a foreign land.

On Easter Day the sight is rare:
 These branching trees with blossoms fair,
 The fresh-clipped lawn, the water blue,
 The cloudless sky of delicate hue.
 I thought I was in fairy land
 Such beauty there on every hand.

GERVICE GATES, *Sophomore*

My Father

MY father has an honest face,
 Of lying there is not a trace.
 He holds his temper very well;
 Of idle gossip he'll not tell.

He went to war as all should do,
 A noble man he's through and through.
 His eyes are brown, and gray his hair,
 His cheeks are red but not so fair,
 He's very short, and rather stout,
 He likes to fish, and catches trout.
 His teeth aren't straight, his eyes are brown,
 He has a young and boyish frown.
 He also has a roguish smile,
 But he doesn't talk in language vile.
 A man of modesty is he,
 He's perfect, so it seems to me.

GERVICE GATES, *Sophomore*

An Interlude



NE had to go down a few steps of brick, crumbling at the edges from the burden of those many in search of knowledge, scandal, or adventure, and through the bookshop, a square, sombre room, with its rows and rows of books quiet and untouched for days, to find the little room in the rear.

The widening shadows all but concealed the poet seated motionless at his table. His pen had fallen from his hand and he sat there oblivious to his surroundings, his sad dark eyes looking beyond every thing—for he was running hand in hand over the smooth green hills with his love, and they were singing and laughing as do happy, care-free children, and finding flowers to make wreaths for each other, and for bouquets to give to some one—every one. And there was sunshine—sunshine everywhere, a blue sky, and there were roses on her cheeks; she was so strong, she would never again be tired.

“Ah! my dear, that I could have taken you from this wretchedness!”

Rising he crossed the room to a table, where rested a pair of women’s shoes, tiny and very worn. He bent over and reverently kissed them. Shuddering and with an agonized cry, he hurried to the door, and went into the street. Darkness had fallen.

“So much the better,” he muttered. “I shall have to recognize no one.” He walked dejectedly on, no particular end in view. It was raining now, and cold, but he went on, seemingly unmindful of it.

Shortly his attention was arrested by a small hand slipping into his. He looked down to see a very small boy, his little face drawn with cold, his blue eyes filled with tears.

“Please sir, it’s snowing and *you* have no hat. There is no money and my little sisters are cold, and my mother is ill.”

“Child, how can I help you?” said the poet. “I am poorer even than you, for I have no sisters, no mother, *no one* to love. Where do you live?”

“Come, I shall show you.”

The boy leading, they were soon walking through one of the poorest districts of London. They entered a door, went down a few steps, along a dark, narrow hall and into a room, bleak and miserable. Rags were stuffed into the cracks around the windows. There was a small fire place, but no evidence of fire or fire wood. A woman lay ill on a bed, which was covered with thin, worn bedding. Two little girls were huddled together in a corner under an old blanket, and a boy of four was sleeping on a cot near by. The room was dingy and cold, and one could plainly see there had been no meal that day.

“See, Mother, I have brought some one to see us. He is alone—even more than we.”

"To bring any one here, Tommy, is to make him more miserable. Oh, to think that this night of all I should be ill, and unable to even feed you."

"Never mind, Mommy," said one of the little girls. "St. Nicholas will find us. They say he always does."

"St. Nicholas?" asked the poet. "Is this Christmas Eve?"

"It is, surely. Dear Lord, why must my babies suffer so?"

The poet seemed awakened as from a dream. "Tommy—quickly, come!" and with that they were both out in the cold again, hurrying on toward the main street of the district.

What a difference between even this cheap little street, its decorated shop windows screaming their tawdry wares, and the wretched squalor of Bright Hollow. Bright Hollow—what irony.

"Tommy, faster, we must find Phelps. I will get a few pounds from him, until tomorrow. He can have my books. He will trust us, I'm sure."

Soon they came to the engraver's shop, and as good luck would have it, Phelps had not yet gone home. As the poet and Tommy hurriedly entered the shop, Phelps turned to them; his attention was at once arrested by the expression on the poet's face.

"Allen," he said, "what has happened? You have not looked as happy in months. It is good to see you so."

"But perhaps not so *good*, my friend, when you know my mission. I am here for a loan, a couple of pounds, Phelps—it's Christmas Eve you know. Tommy and I need it. We want to buy food and coal, and toys for the children. Toys—do you hear Phelps? Gay new Christmas presents that will make children happy. You may have the books, the whole shop."

"Allen, old fellow, it's worth the money to see you forget your sorrow. Here are five pounds and welcome. Forget the books, we'll settle this later."

"What a friend, Phelps! Tommy, give Mr. Phelps your address, and invite him to come tomorrow and see the happiness he will find."

"Yes sir," said Tommy. "2½ A Bright Hollow. It'll be warm, sir, and thank you, sir. Do come, sir!" and they were gone.

"What a God-send," said Phelps to himself.

Such an orgy of spending—Tommy was speechless, happy to tears. They bought a great piece of meat for soup for Mother, potatoes, beans, and some ham. "Something that will keep," they decided, and best of all, a lot of little cookies, cut in different shapes, all decorated and festive. And they found some ginger bread St. Nicholases and six huge red pop-corn balls. Then they bought a kimono for Mother, and there were warm stockings and shoes for the children, and dollies for the girls, with eyes which opened and shut, and they said something when you poked them. For little brother they found a silly little monkey

which was supposed to jump gayly and tip his hat if you didn't wind him too tight, and a "bran" new blanket.

"Now, Tommy," said Mr. Allen, "you take some of these home, put them under the steps, get your wagon, and meet me one block this side of the bridge, and we'll go to the yards for some coal. And Tommy—"

But Tommy was half way home by this time and wouldn't know until tomorrow that he was to have a watch, a real one, so he'd keep his business hours straight, and a fine pair of woolen stockings and some very shiny black shoes.

The shop-keeper, delighted to sell so much, gave them a tiny tree which he knew he wouldn't sell now, because of the late hour, and some fancy paper for decorating. So it was a huge mound of moving bundles that met Tommy a block this side of the bridge.

The coal bought, they were soon returned and arranging everything in a fitting manner for the occasion. The poet nearly ruined the poor little monkey, making him perform so often, and they were busy till early morning, tearing and cutting the different colored paper into all shapes imaginable for the little tree, and arranging the wonderful surprises for the children and Mother.

There was a promise to Tommy to return bright and early the next day, when they would cook the dinner and Mr. Phelps would come. The children would be so happy, and Mother, she'd cry a little, of course, women always do; and Tommy would pat her, and hold his breath that he'd not cry; and he would see his watch,—but of course he didn't know that.

"I heard, Annabell," whispered the poet, as he went into the night.

Was it only the whispering of the wind that seemed to say, "And you answered, Allen."

ROSALIE GUIGNON, *Freshman*

Victory to the Helots



YOUNG Thespis, lithe, muscular, and handsome, with wavy chestnut hair, and clear, brown eyes, was home on a month's leave from the harsh military camp where he had been for ten years, with scarcely a glimpse of his loving family. He was as strong as a lion, and an able soldier, for the grueling toil which all Sparta's youth must undergo as a matter of course, had changed him tremendously from the sturdy, merry seven-year-old

who had left the proud, loving mother and sister with his father long ago.

As the youth stood under the plain, unadorned portico, overlooking the fruitful vineyard, his slim sister, Sylvia, fragile, yet vigorous, and simply garbed in a robe of palest mauve, came to him, a smile illumining her fair face.

"Why, Thespis, think; 'tis ten whole years since you left our hall. I had not thought to see you grown so tall and stern."

" 'Tis but the life, Sylvia," he said carelessly; then continued, "but see how many slaves we have. How they toil like busy bees, plucking the purple grapes and bearing them to the wine house. I had not thought that there could be so many Helots anywhere."

His glance swept the rows and rows of hurrying, intent figures, who, hard and wild of mien, filled the vineyard. Sylvia shrank behind him as he spoke, and in a terrified whisper she said, "Brother, why did you speak of them? They fill one with fear and misery. Look! Look at their faces, brutal and untamed. Father says our Helots are treated like princes compared to those the country round, but he cannot prevent them from talking with those of Demosthenes, who are wretched and who are many of them closely related to some of ours. Their wild desire for freedom spreads thus, and is dreadful to behold. And," her voice sank so as to be scarcely audible, "I heard father conversing with Demosthenes, who said that the only way he could stop their mutterings was to pull out their tongues."

"Oh, Sylvia!" the cry broke spontaneously from Thespis' lips. "But our father, what said he to cruel Demosthenes?"

"He said," replied Sylvia, "that he had found best results from treating his fairly, and that unless Demosthenes and his like stopped their torture of the poor creatures, the whole body would go mad with rebellion. See, even now Bruttium, our most valued slave, is walking by the terrace. Look at his face!"

Indeed the face which Thespis beheld was the most agonized that he had ever imagined. There were dark, sunken eyes, full of suppressed fury, a hawk-like nose, and a mouth misshapen and drawn with suffering and grief. Deep furrows seamed his leathery face, about which straggled his wild, unkempt hair.

"But," said Thespis, "said you not that father Claudius uses him kindly?"

"Ah, yes, but the trouble is this—in the days when you were at camp, we were pressed for money, and father, to pay Demosthenes, was forced to give him Bruttium's devoted wife and four of her young sons. Demosthenes would have no others, as they looked strong and promising. And now they've all—had—their tongues—drawn out." She paused with a shudder and pressed her white hands to her eyes. "One girl alone remained with Bruttium, because she looked rather

delicate. Oh, Thespis, you must remember Tarqua! She was the one."

Well did Thespis remember the slight, dark, tousled youngster, who, favored by his mother, had been allowed to play with her babes. By closing his eyes, he could almost recall her red, childish lips, which he had often kissed in their play, and her soft eyes and ruddy cheeks.

"And Tarqua now?" he queried.

"Look, there by the well." Sylvia pointed a slim finger, and the youth, gazing there, beheld, leaning on the well-curb and looking into the well's black depths, a young girl of lithe, muscular figure, clad in a short, white robe, girded about the waist by a coarse rope. Her feet were bare; bare also her olive tinted arms. Her face was obscured by the mass of raven hair hanging loosely about it. Even as he looked, she drew easily from the well a brimming vase, with careless grace placed it on one shoulder, and with light, swinging stride, her head held high, her face fully revealed, she started up the path to the house. Eagerly Thespis searched her face. It had changed in those ten years. The laughing mouth was straight and bitter, the laughing eyes were secretive and smoldering, the olive cheeks were clear and pale.

As she approached the outdoor court, Tarqua beheld the beautiful pair looking down at her, but she gazed steadily before her. Hated though they were, she realized their culture and superiority. What a bearing had Thespis! Her heart leapt as she remembered the happy childhood days, and then sank low again. Oh, the delicate sheerness of Sylvia's silken robe! None of that was for her, the degraded Tarqua, none! Not the slender rope of pearls twined in Sylvia's golden curls, nor the gold-laced sandals encasing Sylvia's tender little feet. For Tarqua, only labor and the rocky road. Apollo! It could not last thus!

She passed swiftly into the cool, dark interior, through the low-cut door, into the mistress' chamber. There reclined Helena, the lovely, sad-eyed mother, dreaming of the days when her children were innocent babes, rolling on the green turf among the buttercups. On Tarqua's entrance she aroused herself and removed her sandals that the girl might bathe her feet. Then she bade her summon Sylvia and Thespis.

Hastening to obey, Tarqua approached the brother and sister, and inclining her head, said in a low, clear voice, "Your mother, Helena, bids you go to her."

"Oh, poor Tarqua, how sad you've grown! Won't you smile for me?" exclaimed Thespis impulsively. Somehow his heart turned toward this strange girl with whom life had dealt so harshly. He looked kindly, eagerly, at her.

It was as if she had struck him in the face. Her eyes remained cold and level, her vivid lips pressed more firmly together. In the same even tone she repeated distinctly: "Your mother, Helena, bids you go to her."

Taken aback, all Thespis could do was to raise his sister's hand and lead her to their mother's apartments. Behind them at a respectful distance walked the Helot's daughter, anticipating further errands.

As the three entered the room, a sudden oppressive silence came over all, heavy, forbidding. Then without further warning the floor rocked open, the earth roared, and winged terror flew over all. Mother and daughter, thrown on the silken carpet, lay white and silent. Instantly Thespis, amid gigantic quakes and tremors, and the tumultuous din, made his way to them and held them close in his protecting arms.

A great block of marble ceiling crashed down; then another, and still another. Helena moaned with terror; Sylvia shrieked: "Oh, Diana! Zeus! Apollo! If they strike us!!"

None of them noticed Tarqua, who had lain crouching near the staircase on which she had been thrown, clutching desperately at the stones, blood pouring from a gash in her forehead, until with a wild cry, she sprang up, her face mad with feeling, the crimson blood streaming over her cheeks, hair, and robe. She leapt with one bound onto the largest fallen block, and flinging her arms to the now open skies above, screamed to the cowering women and awed youth before her:

"The Sign! Ye Gods! The Sign! The land will drip with blood! Oh, Apollo! The change has come!" With that she sprang lightly from the block and tore from the chamber, shrieking madly after her the mystic words, "The Sign."

Several minutes later, when the earth had ceased its uproar, another sullen murmur echoed through the ruined house. Nearer and nearer it came. A vague alarm touched Thespis' heart. He gently raised his mother and sister and led them to the one corner of the room which had not collapsed. With his strong arms, he half-shoved, half-lifted four or five of the gigantic stones toward them, and with these and pieces of the broken overturned furniture, he built a tolerable barricade about the two Spartan women. The sullen murmur by this time had risen to a roar, which seemed almost at the very door, and in which could be distinguished the demoniacal screams of half-crazed women. He now realized the significance of that human thunder. It was a revolt! A revolt of the bestial Helots against their owners and oppressors! How could he, single-handed, hold them off with only his gleaming sword? Quickly he slipped both sword and dagger from their sheaths.

"Mother and Sylvia," he said, "never let those dogs get you!" He took their hands, pressed them to his heart, slipped into those of his mother the gleaming dagger, and then strode swiftly and resolutely through the doorway to stand on guard without.


"O, Zeus! Help me," he breathed, as he grasped his sword more tightly.

Suddenly a yellow stream of sweating, half-naked creatures poured into the hall and stood snarling, waiting for some one to lead the attack on the determined youth with the white face. Bruttium was at their head, and—horror of horrors!—Tarqua was by his side. She was a different Tarqua now; her face was wrapt with the hysteria of the mob, her eyes blazing hate, her cheeks fiery. About her temples was a blood-stained rag; her hair was tangled and matted with blood. In one hand she held a short, two-edged axe; in the other, the back of which she passed over her face as if steeling herself for what was to come, was a bright knife.

She gazed straight into the eyes of the tense boy. She knew he had done no wrong. She knew he had given her many a kind word, and in a way admired her. She knew he was a true Spartan and did not deserve to die a dog's death. Yet, unhesitatingly, with superhuman force, she hurled the axe unerringly at his broad, noble brow. Then, crying passionately, "Victory to the Helots!" she threw herself upon her knife.

ELEANOR JONES, *Freshman*

Wanderers

HE dying embers of the gypsy campfire cast a soft glow over the gaudy costumes and dark compelling faces of the singers. On the ground slept naked brown-skinned children, exhausted by a day of happy-go-lucky scampering about the country side, their skinny bodies rolled into grotesque little bundles. A few men in gay waistcoats and flapping trousers strolled lazily to and fro, some smoking, others joining the singers, as some old, well-loved folksong was begun. An old hag grinned over her cards, clutching them with withered fingers, and mumbling some strange jargon. The women in their gay kerchiefs and dirty clothes moved heavily about, carrying water to the horses and gathering up the remains of a supper.

Apart from this group sat a pale, dreamy-eyed stranger. Stranger, but friend as well, for his frequent visits to the camp, having brought no ill-luck, were now taken as a matter of course.

A lithe young woman in a full bright-colored skirt and fringed shawl, stepped out of the painted wagon. Shining gilt bangles glistened in her long black hair and at her throat. As she approached the singers, they began again the plaintive melody. Then, as though unable to resist its haunting charm she began to dance, as can only a child of these wandering tribes. As the dance ended in a gladsome mad whirl and the wild gypsy tune in a wistful lament, the stranger stared transfixed. The dancer went over to him, and gazing up with her liquid dark eyes and a wide beautiful smile, she said, "My friend, why do you sit here so sadly, listening so long and saying so little? Come, my Franz, I will walk to the cross-roads with you. See what a lovely night it is, how the moon beams down upon us." Gaily, intimately, she linked her arm in his. They strolled together along the silvery-white road.

"The moon and the road are all very nice when one is gay—but I am not," he said crossly.

"So you are beginning again; have I not told you, my Franz, that I will marry you tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow," he answered with a sneer, "and for weeks you have been telling me that each day."

"Does that annoy you, my Franz? Did you not seek from me that answer?"

Wafted on the breeze, a deep song reached them. As they turned in the direction from which it came, they saw the tall, swiftly-moving silhouette of a man against the sky.

"It is my father returning from the village. Quickly, Franz, he must not see us here. Farewell, my dear, until tomorrow."

"Remember, tomorrow."

The next night, upon reaching the spot which had become so familiar to him, he was startled by the still silence. No light shone through the trees, and no echo of the glad mad gaiety of gypsy music reached his ears. As he neared the clearing he was convinced. They had gone—all of them—and as suddenly as they had come, to roam the open country of the world, living in the midst of civilizations, but not belonging to them.

Suddenly a shining object caught his eye. He saw a bangle fastened on a string, which tied a piece of paper to a branch of a locust tree. Peering closer he read: "It cannot be—until tomorrow."

ROSALIE GUIGNON, *Freshman*

When the Moon Turned Gray



DIANA gazed lovingly upon the snow-bound earth stretching in trackless wastes below her. Lazily her orange-yellow head wandered over the sky and rested at last upon the form of Endymion, the shepherd, sleeping in the snow. He was a lad who even as he slept bore the sublime expression of a Grecian god. His eyelids lay heavy upon his cheeks as in some deep, eternal sleep.

But soon she left him with a sweet, sad kiss and hurried on where the lights of a village twinkled and danced like the eyes of a happy child. Here in this town called Bethlehem, she saw a man and his wife making their way towards a stable. And when they entered, the man, Joseph, prepared a bed of sweet-smelling clover for the woman to lie upon.

Then Diana left them, and the small stars frolicked around her, but she was troubled, for the face of the woman stayed in her mind as though it were printed there. The joy and happiness, the extreme beauty that radiated from her entire person, cast a shadow over the feelings of Diana. She brooded silently and allowed the clouds to skim hither and thither across the ruffled beauty of her face. Suddenly she was aware that one small star cast itself away and grew in size and beauty as it moved, until it rivalled the brightness of her own rich glory.

Again she drew nigh to the spot where Endymion lay hidden in the snow. But, lo, there was only an imprint where he had lain. Then indeed was Diana astounded. She hurried forth following the beauteous star. As she neared Bethlehem, she stopped suddenly, for she saw Endymion no longer as dead but sound and well, striding through the doorway of the stable. And suddenly she saw him fall to his knees and humble himself before this woman with the new-born child upon her lap. Then came three kings offering myrrh, and frankincense, and gold to the mother. Then she noticed in her tragic despair other men and women in the stable, offering like presents. She noted, too, that the beasts seemed to have stopped their monotonous lowing, and stood awe-struck at the scene. And then Diana, the beautiful golden queen, lost her glorious color and stood old and silvery, robbed of her eternal youth to see the look of adoration on her lover's face. Even the stars sensed the situation and stopped their gambling. The heavens turned blacker and the stars, now fitful, appeared like peep-holes in a crepe-hung sky.

MARY SCOTT CRABBS, *Freshman*

Night



TWO slinking figures glided stealthily into the shadows of the forest where their forms mingled with those of the trees. In the darkness they crept on, warily, until finally they stopped in the shadow of a bush and waited, silently, watchfully. None knew of their presence save the moon and the stars overhead.

Soon came another figure, alone.

Then, a thud, a muffled cry, the snapping of twigs,—silence. The silvery moon shone innocently in the sky, yet cast a wan weird light upon the earth.

The next morning the frolicking streamlet, bubbling out from the gloomy forest, gave no sign of what it had seen the night before, but perhaps it told the secret in its murmurs to the sea.

CONSTANCE WIGHT. *Freshman*

Thoughts of a Scotch Terrier



MY! At last we've come to school. With this woman driving, I'm surprised I got here at all. Now it probably means about an hour's wait, but it's worth it, seeing my mistress. Study hall is let out. See all those girls. I don't think any of them are as pretty as Helen. Look at that girl with all those books. I surely can thank my lucky stars I don't have to work like that and go to school. It's all plain bunk! I know a plenty and I never went to school at all. Oh gee! that big express truck would have to get right in the way. That package going into the dormitory is a whopper. I wouldn't waste so much money. The idea! I would save mine. Here comes a group of girls to go skating. Now that looks like real fun. I wish I could learn to roller skate. Up-ee, that girl almost took a spill. Well, well, I'm beginning to get impatient. We've been waiting twenty minutes and still no sign of Helen. Another dog coming onto the scene? Impossible! Doesn't he know this is my school and no other dogs are allowed? He's one of those old bull dogs. I hate the very name. Oh! I wish I could get at him. I'd show him who's boss around here. Look at him put his front paws on the window. He hasn't as much dignity as a small child. I'll show him how he should act. Oh! such manners, I can't look at the vile canine any longer. I guess I'll turn my attention back to school now. My! Doesn't the girl coming out of the building look studious? Those shoes of hers surely are spiffy. I wonder if her head's as bright as her heels. That's the best dressed one I've seen. Well, at last here comes Helen. Haven't you got a welcome for your good old faithful Sandy? Now, now, that's better; I knew you'd come over with it.

DOROTHY CASTLE, *Freshman*

A Christmas Song of Bells

THROUGH the darkness crystal clear,
Pierce the sounds of chiming bells,
Through the bitter, biting cold,
Into frost-etched, hidden dells.

Ringling of the infant Christ
Nestled on his mother's knee,
While the shepherds round him watch,
Offering curly lambkins wee.

When the bells ring soft and high,
Then the lambkins seem to bleat
Happy there on shepherd's breast,
Seeing Jesus' face in sleep.

When the bells ring loud and deep,
Incense through the air seems waft
From the caskets of the kings,
Scented, lined with satin soft.

As the rippling cadence peals,
Let the blessed vision rise—
Mary, radiant with joy,
Joseph, grave, with anxious eyes.

Sweet chords chiming softer still
Are both kings and shepherds low.
Prostrate laid before the Babe,
Their humility to show.

Thus, when o'er the stillness float
Liquid notes of melody,
Peace and joy be on the earth,
Jesus watch 'twixt me and thee.

ELEANOR JONES, *Freshman*

Markland

TINY harbor-beaches edged with pearl gray sand
Where the rolling billows hurry in to land,
And the white-sailed vessels long to take their rest,
Though they used to think they loved the salt spray best.

Cloud-flecked skies of azure, deepest, clearest hue
Bright above dark spaces which the sun gleams through.
And over which the seagulls wheel with shrieking cry,
Darting off to islands black against the sky.

Clean fresh breezes whipping gently heaving bay
 To myriad laughing wavelets, sparkling silver, gay
 As the elfin children with eyes like mermaids' own,
 Playing by great boulders on the smooth sands thrown.

Such is Markland lying on a golden day,
 But I love it better when the clouds grow gray;
 When, with wild wind sweeping, wild waves towering high,
 Great white bursts of spindrift are hurled into the sky.

ELEANOR JONES, *Freshman*

Canada

HERE'S to the land of the evergreen
 And the tang of the salt sea air.
 Here's to the land where the mist comes in,
 Rolling damp from the sea.

Here's to the shores where the rocks loom high
 And the spray swirls up to the top.

Here's to the sea where the whitecaps dance
 And the waves come roaring in.

And here's to the crags where the sea gulls cry
 As they hunt the rugged coast;

And screech hoarse calls as they scan the sea,
 Searching for watery prey.

CONSTANCE WIGHT, *Freshman*

To a Sea Gull

OVER the boundless ocean blue
 Flies the vagabond of the seas.
 Rugged coasts no mysteries hold,
 None, sea gull, for you.

Churning waters all so clear
 For those keen piercing eyes.

Watery prey no place can hide
 If you, sea gull, are near.

Battling winds no fears can hold
 For those strong wings of grey.

Snowy skies no troubles bring,
 For you, sea gull, are bold.

CONSTANCE WIGHT, *Freshman*

Special Honor Roll

(Girls who have received no grade below 90 on term reports listed)

Elizabeth Hastings, Junior: November, January, April
 Betty Davis, Sophomore: November, January
 Winifred Wittmann, Sophomore: November, January
 Dorothy Castle, Freshman: January
 Rosalie Guignon, Freshman: November, January, April
 Eleanor Jones, Freshman: November, January, April

Honor Roll

(Girls who have received no grade below 85 on term reports listed)

Laura Brown, Senior: November, January, April
 Ione Shaffer, Senior: November
 Peggy Tourtellot, Senior: November
 Dora Wood, Senior (entered late): January, April
 Frances Taylor, Junior: January
 Nancy Wilcox, Junior: November
 Carolyn Ayres, Sophomore: November, January
 Nancy Broadhead, Sophomore: November
 Caroline Hyde, Sophomore: November, January, April
 Elizabeth Ritchey, Sophomore: November
 Winifred Wittmann, Sophomore: April
 Dorothy Castle, Freshman: November, April
 Agnes Low, Freshman: April
 Harriet Minty, Freshman: November, January

Donors 1927-1928

WEATHER-COCK 1927 FUND—Webster's Dictionary, The Encyclopedia Americana, miscellaneous volumes, vase and flowers, to the Upper School; Books to the Middle School.

PRETENDERS—Moving picture machine.

CLASS OF 1925—The Pageant of America.

MRS. MARVIN GATES—Scholarship Shield; Freshman-Sophomore Dramatics Cup.

ACTIVITIES





THE CO-OPERATIVE COUNCIL OF THE UPPER SCHOOL

Co-operative Council 1927-1928



AS soon as school opened last September, the Co-operative Council took up the work that it had so successfully begun last year. The reins of student-faculty government were left for one month in the hands of the old representatives, and then, during the second week of October, representatives for the year 1927-1928 were elected. The aims of the organization, namely, to unite the efforts of the faculty and students toward (a) understanding and upholding the ideals and traditions of the Barstow School, (b) organizing and developing school activities, (c) developing a sense of personal responsibility and power in each member of the Upper School, were explained at the opening of school one morning. A regular time for meetings was set and the Council was well started on its second year at Barstow.

During the first semester, the Council had luncheon together in a separate room every Friday. During the second semester there has been a Council tea the first Tuesday of every month. Shorter meetings have been held each Tuesday after school.

The first business to be taken up concerned quiet in study hall and order in filing. Arrangements were made for reliable members of the Junior and Senior classes to take charge of study hall. Monitors were placed in the lower hall to supervise the filing to and from classes, and certain rules were made regarding these two matters.

The Council has undertaken supervision of the bulletin boards this year. Once a month different students are appointed to post articles on the Current Events, Kansas City, and Art boards. Girls from all classes, as well as visitors to the school, have enjoyed the topics of interest that are posted each week. A committee has also been put in charge of the table in the back of the Assembly Room, and it is always in a neat and orderly condition. A well thought out plan for desk inspection was drawn up by a special committee, and unanimously agreed upon.

Although, of course, the hopes of the Council have not been fully realized, the government of the Upper School by members of the Upper School has progressed smoothly. A feeling of personal responsibility in every member of the school is the standard that the Council is working toward. Greater success in the years to come is the sincere wish of the Council of 1927-1928.

CARA LEE GOODWIN, *President*

Members of the Council:

Mrs. Williams, Principal
 Miss Lewis
 Miss Runcie
 Miss Turner

} Faculty Representatives

Cara Lee Goodwin, President
 Katherine Field, Vice-President
 Laura Gail Bowling

} Senior Representatives

Barbara Mize and Theo Johnston (Senior class presidents, ex-officio
 Representatives respectively.)

Jean Blanchard
 Elizabeth Hastings

} Junior Representatives

Gervice Gates
 Betty Davis

} Sophomore Representatives

Harriet Minty
 Celeste Webb

} Freshman Representatives



The Pretenders of 1927-28

OFFICERS

FIRST SEMESTER		SECOND SEMESTER
Laura Brown.....	<i>President.</i>	Pauline Snider
Theo Johnston.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	Jean Blanchard
Katherine Field.....	<i>Secretary.</i>	Barbara Mize
Anne Lee Broaddus.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	Peggy Tourtellot

MEMBERS

Mrs. Williams	Margaret Ruth Johnson
Mrs. Gates	Theo Johnston
Miss Babbitt	Elsie Kellogg
Mrs. Shelton	Elaine Lathrop
Miss Lewis	Barbara Mize
Miss Turner	Pauline Snider



THE PRETENDERS

Jean Blanchard
 Laura Gail Bowling
 Anne Lee Broaddus
 Laura Brown
 Peggy Challiss
 Katherine Field
 Cara Lee Goodwin
 Martha Irvin

Alice Stephenson
 Frances Taylor
 Peggy Tourtellot
 Margaret Tullock
 Jean Ware
 Nancy Wilcox
 Dora Wood
 Betty Woodard



HE Pretenders of 1927-28 were very fortunate in being again under the direction of Mrs. Gates. We hope that those who carry on next year may enjoy the same privilege.

At the beginning of the year, former members seemed to take a renewed interest in the organization. One of the first meetings was attended by Mrs. Field and Mrs. White, two of the original members, and Miss Barbara Roe, the first girl ever to try out. For many years she has taken a professional interest in dramatics and has acted in several Shakespearean plays. She told us of her try-outs in the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and said it was the most terrifying experience in her life, even more so than her try-out for the Pretenders.

Mrs. Schaufler has spoken to us about the development of drama and the technique of drama. Her talks were so interesting that some of us have been inspired to attempt writing plays. Also Mrs. Gates has talked to us, and read one Italian, one Russian, and one Norwegian play to give us an idea of the drama of other countries.

We were very pleased with all the try-outs this year, and especially proud of Frances Taylor, who, because of her excellent interpretation of her lines, was accepted *cum laude*.

The custom of giving plays without much previous preparation was revived this year. At one meeting we were entertained by *The Aulis Difficulty* and *Catherine Parr*.

This season there have been unusual opportunities to see well-known plays in Kansas City. All the Pretenders attended three of them: *Mr. Pim Passes By*, performed by the New York Theatre Guild; *The Merry Wives Of Windsor*, with Otis Skinner, Mrs. Fiske, and Henrietta Crosman; and *She Stoops To Conquer*, made most amusing by Mrs. Leslie Carter, Fay Bainter, Pauline Lord, and Glenn Hunter. As we presented *She Stoops To Conquer* last year, it was perhaps the most interesting to us.

We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Gates for her generosity and hospitality. No one could have taken a more enthusiastic interest in all the work and play of the Pretenders, and we wish to express our appreciation to her. *Love's Labour's Lost*, given under her direction,



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

was a decided success for the organization. The following committees also contributed immensely to the production:

Tickets—Elaine Lathrop; properties, lights and scenery—Miss Moore and Miss Turner; posters—Miss Smith.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

King of Navarre.....		Cara Lee Goodwin
Biron	} Lords attending the King.....	Jean Blanchard
Longaville		Theo Johnston
Dumain		Laura Gail Bowling
First Lord.....		Pauline Snider
Second Lord		Peggy Challiss
Boyet	} Lords attending the Princess.....	Laura Brown
Mercade		Jean Ware
Don Adriano de Armado.....		Elsie Kellogg
Sir Nathaniel, a curate.....		Katherine Field
Holofernes, a schoolmaster.....		Barbara Mize
Dull, a constable.....		Martha Irvin
Costard, a clown.....		Alice Stephenson
Moth, a Page to Armado.....		Frances Taylor
A Forester		Elaine Lathrop
Musicians attending the King.....	}	Margaret Tullock
		Nancy Wilcox
Princess of France.....		Dora Wood
Rosalind.....		Anne Lee Broaddus
Maria	} Ladies attending the Princess...}	Peggy Tourtellot
Katharine		Betty Woodard
Jaquenetta, a country wench.....		Margaret Ruth Johnson

The Junior Play

As a Thanksgiving celebration for the entire school, ably directed by Miss Lewis, the Juniors presented *Three Pills In A Bottle*. The good interpretations made the Pretenders realize that they must work untiringly to make their play as successful. Georgette Longan, a committee of one in charge of the properties, rendered valuable assistance.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tony Sims.....	Nancy Wilcox
Widow Sims.....	Dorothy Munger
A Middle-Aged Gentlemen.....	Jean Blanchard
His Soul.....	Frances Taylor
A Scissors-Grinder.....	Betty Carter
His Soul.....	Elizabeth Hastings
A Scrub Woman.....	Margaret Crane
Her Soul.....	Lucy Chapman

The Sophomore and Freshman Plays

EARLY in the second semester Mrs. Gates presented to the school a cup which was to be awarded for the best play given unaided by the lower classes. The Sophomores chose a dramatization of *Oliver Twist*, and the Freshmen, *Neighbors*. Both classes were rehearsing daily, when suddenly an epidemic of influenza descended upon the school. From then on, the date set for the presentation of these plays was postponed innumerable times, always for some very legitimate reason. Finally, with the last weeks of school already brim full of "affairs," the classes decided that it was impossible to give the plays. The Cup, therefore, waits to be awarded at some early date next year. The present Sophomores are sad to relinquish their chance to compete for the Cup, and the Freshmen are equally glad to anticipate another opportunity.





The Glee Club

HONORARY MEMBERS

Miss Barstow
Marion Talley

Miss Witham
Mrs. Williams

Margaret Lackland Stoddard, '19

MEMBERS OF GLEE CLUB

Jean Blanchard
Mary Linda Bush
Dorothy Castle
Margaret Crane
Katherine Field
Eleanor Flautt
Frances Goetz
Cara Lee Goodwin
Margaret Ruth Johnson
Elsie Kellogg

Dorothy Kashner
Harriet Langsdale
Mildred Latimer
Georgette Longan
Elizabeth Ritchey
Jessie Adele Stemm
Alice Stephenson
Virginia Sprague
Mary Elizabeth Tucker
Celeste Webb



THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club of 1928 held its first meeting on October 4. The officers for the year were elected: Elsie Kellogg, president, Mary Elizabeth Tucker, secretary, and Georgette Longan, treasurer. Bids to new members were issued, and the Glee Club started on its year's work at once.

This year has been devoted to preparation of "Hansel and Gretel," an operetta which was given May 11 in the school gymnasium. The audience was delighted by the scenery and costumes which were designed by Miss Smith, the beautiful tableau of angels, and the dancing, but most of all by the able acting and singing of the "leading ladies." The success of this innovation should be a precedent for the program of future Glee Clubs.

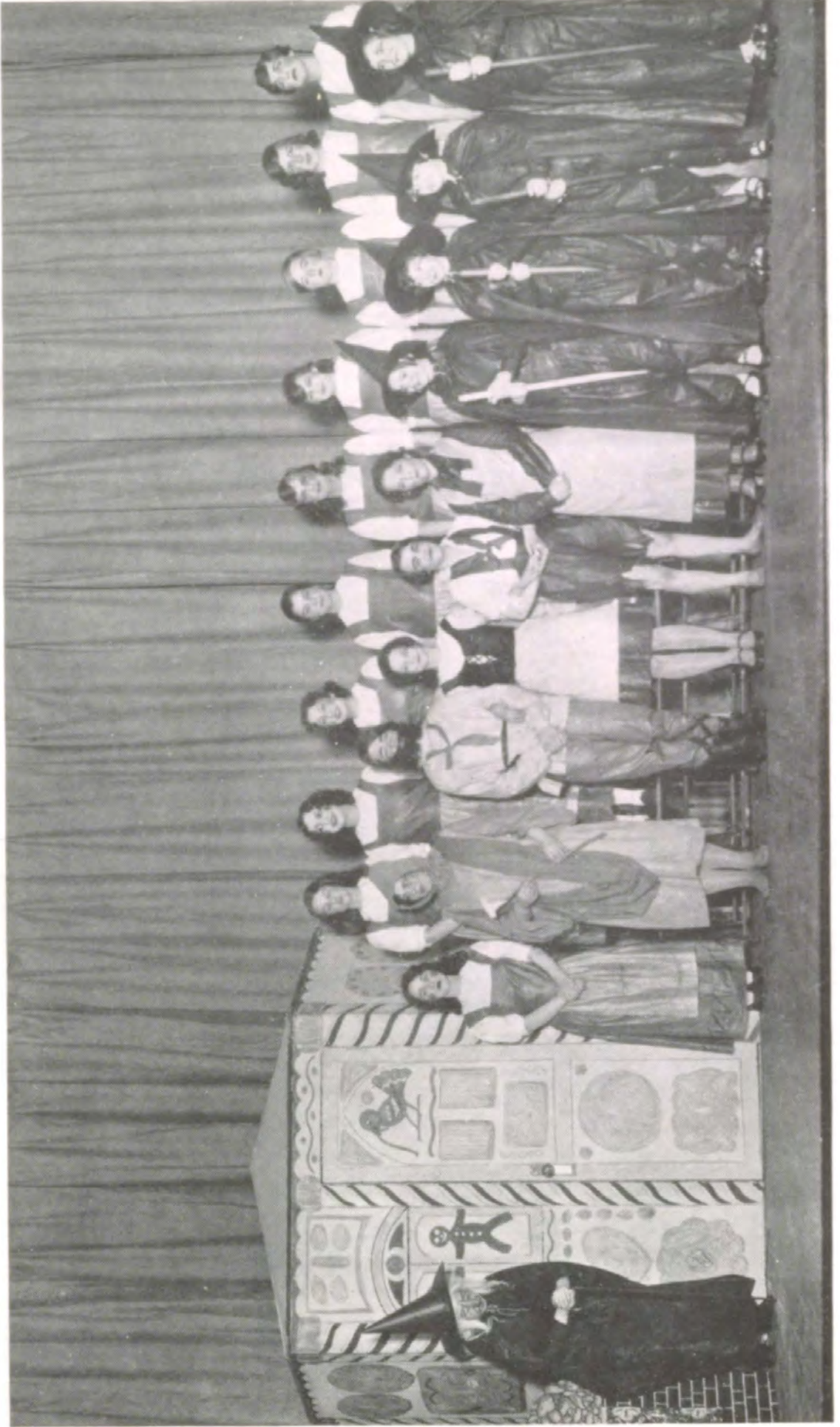
CAST

Gretel.....	Georgette Longan
Hansel	Margaret Ruth Johnson
Mother	Cara Lee Goodwin
Father	Jean Blanchard
Solo Voice	Jessie Adele Stemm
Sandman	}.....Mary Linda Bush
Dewman	
Cookie Witch.....	Elsie Kellogg
Angels, Witches, Cookie Children	

We greatly appreciate the patience and efforts of our director, Miss Kuntze, and pianist, Mrs. Barney, during the year's work.

THE PIANO DEPARTMENT

The school is very proud of the progress of a large number of piano pupils, under the direction of Mrs. Franklyn Hunt. These pupils will play in a recital, May 24 in the gymnasium. Theo Johnston of Fort Smith, Arkansas, a member of the Senior Class, will be presented by Mrs. Hunt in a piano recital, May 21 in the gymnasium.



HANSEL AND GRETEL



ATHLETICS



V



N



S

B. A. A.



EVERY girl in the upper school is eligible for the Barstow Athletic Association. The officers this year are Jean Ware, president; Margaret Ruth Johnson, secretary; and Winifred Wittmann, treasurer. The second B. A. A. banquet on Saturday evening, April 21, was a great success. The table decorations consisted of green and white flowers representing the school colors. Each girl on the team had a clever little place card with a picture on it and a verse. After a delicious dinner during which we made ourselves hoarse trying to sing, our toastmistress, Elizabeth Hastings, who was very clever despite her confessed lack of experience, asked Mrs. Williams, Miss Bradfield, Jean Ware, and members of the team to make speeches.

Later in the gymnasium we were entertained by an amusing burlesque on the play which the Lower School gave at the Demonstration. Then we were divided into two teams and competed with each other in a mock Field Day. A beautiful green loving cup was awarded to the Greens (E. Kellogg, Captain). At last we went home, lame but happy, having exercised strenuously and ludicrously.

Fencing



THIS is the second year of one of our favorite sports, fencing. Twice a week Captain Fleming comes after school to instruct us for an hour. We try our best to obey his commands, and lunge, parry, and guard at the right time and in the right way; but in our bouts with him we find ourselves sadly lacking in skill. We hope to have two or three bouts on Field Day, for fencing is something which everyone enjoys.

Indoor Demonstration



EVERY class in the school does its share in the Indoor Demonstration. This year the lower school gave a health play. One little girl portrayed Miss Bradfield, another one was the mother, and other children went from home to school and back again and showed us how to live in the most healthful way possible. They went to bed early and got up early, brushed their teeth, ate a proper breakfast, and were off to school for another healthy day of work, exercise, fresh air, and sunshine. While they were at dinner, other little girls walked by carrying placards on which were printed spinach, carrots, beans, and other healthy foods.

The middle school presented a flag drill. The upper school engaged in the annual gymnastic competition for the big green banner which is formally presented on Field Day. The Seniors won first place. There was quite an audience of mothers, some fathers, and a few friends.



Basketball

GAME WITH BUDD PARK



HE first game was with the Budd Park Sunday School team one Friday evening in our gymnasium. There was a large attendance and we cheered loudly, but it didn't make us win, for Budd Park's score was larger than ours: 28-14.

TWO GAMES WITH SION

"Here they come! On the run! Up and cheer them everyone!" The cheering of the French Convent was very inspiring and their cheerleaders, all in white save a purple scarf, encouraged the team as much as possible. Soon the teams were coming onto the floor. One team wore black bloomers, white middies, purple ties, and purple and white stockings; the other wore green bloomers, white middies, and green jackets. The ball flew up and down the court and girls ran back and forth 'mid loud and encouraging cheers from onlookers of both schools. At the end Sion was ahead, the score being 18-11.

The return game was played in the gymnasium at the Catholic Community Club, and after an exciting battle Sion won again. The score of this game was 36-13.

After each game tea was served to the girls on the teams, the "subs," and members of the faculty of each school.

LINE-UP

BARSTOW	SION
M. R. Johnson (capt.)	J. Phillips (capt.)
J. Ware	J. Austin
M. S. Crabbs	M. Mahoney
H. Miller	E. Sophian
D. Wood	L. McAnany
A. Stephenson	M. Miller
B. Mize	
C. Hyde	

Inter-Class Games

It seems to be a Senior privilege to win the basketball trophy; nevertheless there was a hard struggle and the Sophomores made a good fight. The scores of the games were as follows:

Senior-Sophomore, 27-17
 Senior-Junior, 41-2
 Senior-Freshman, 24-12
 Junior-Sophomore, 21-37
 Junior-Freshman, 1-32
 Sophomore-Freshman, 31-16

Field Day

THE weather was perfect for Field Day last year. At four o'clock the whole school marched to the athletic field and formed a B, after which we all sang the school song. Then there was competitive marching between the classes of the upper school, which was won by the Seniors. While the upper school was running dashes and the relay, the middle school was jumping down in the field north of the dormitory; then we changed places. A continuous stream of people strolled from one field to another past the dormitory terrace where lemonade was served. The regular Field Day events were followed by a fencing bout on the amphitheater stage between Anne Van Natta and Mary Lucy Hafford. Anne Van Natta won. By this time everyone was ready for the ample buffet supper provided by the Parents Association, and served out of doors. The most thrilling part of the program, the awarding of cups and banners by Mr. Henry A. Jones, was a fitting climax for a very successful Field Day.

Awarding of the Cups and Class Banners

THE PRINCIPAL'S CUP—For the best spirit shown in Athletics throughout the year—Betty Low.

THE ACADEMIC CUP—For the winner of the greatest number of points on Field Day—Betty Low.

THE ACADEMIC BANNER—For the class winning in competitive drill—Junior (Pauline Snider, President).

THE CLASS BANNER—For the class winning the greatest number of points on Field Day—Freshman (Eleanor Jones, President).

THE NANCY TOLL CUP—For the class winning in competitive gymnastics—Sophomore (Dorothy Munger, President).

THE FRANCES FENNELLY CUP—For the class winning the school basketball championship—Senior (Sarah Jane Gorton, President).

UPPER SCHOOL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER—To the class having the largest score for the year—Freshman (Eleanor Jones, President).

THE LUCILE FETTY CUP—For the winner of the High Jump on Field Day—Ruth House.

THE CATHERINE DICKEY CUP—For the winner of the Broad Jump on Field Day—Nancy Hargis.

THE KATHERINE LESTER CUP—For the winner of the 50-yard Dash on Field Day—Agnes Low.

THE ANNE WEBSTER CUP—For the winner of the Basketball Throw—Laura Brown.

THE ALICE WEBB CUP—For the winner of the Hop, Step and Jump on Field Day—Betty Low.

THE ANNA CORRELIA THOMPSON CUP—For the winner of the Tennis Singles—Anne Van Natta.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION TROPHY—For the greatest number of points during the year—Constance Wight.

THE TUREMAN CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate High Jump—Ruth Sowers.

THE MARGARET JACKSON CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate Broad Jump—Madeleine Smith.

THE INTENDER CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate 50-yard Dash—Elizabeth Scarritt.

THE MARY BAIRD CUP—For the winner of the Intermediate Hop, Step, and Jump—Madeleine Smith.

THE KATHERINE HUTTIG CUP—For the best spirit in Intermediate Athletics—Helen Cook.

THE INTERMEDIATE CUP—For the winner of the greatest number of points on Field Day and during year—Alice Parker Scarritt.

THE PRIMARY CUP FOR GIRLS—For the winner of the greatest number of points for the year and Field Day—Bettie-Cole McCune.

THE GLEED GAYLORD CUP—For the best work in Gymnastics in the Primary throughout the year—Nancy Leming.

THE MRS. JOHN ROBERT CROWE CUP—For the winner of the High Jump in the Lower School—Bettie-Cole McCune.

THE GREEN AND WHITE POINT CONTEST SHIELD—To the Intermediate camp having the greatest number of points for the year—Whites (Frances Kilburn, Captain).

School Calendar

1927-1928

September 14	Opening of Upper School
September 21	Opening of Middle and Lower Schools
September 23	Tradition Tea
October 13	Talk by Miss Roe, an alumna actress home from England
October 15	Dormitory Cabaret for the Day School Seniors
October 29	Hallowe'en Party; cup won by the Sophomores
November 11	Holiday
November 14	Intelligence Test for Grades 8 to 12
November 15	Reading of <i>What Every Woman Knows</i> by Mrs. Scott
November 23	Junior Play: <i>Three Pills in a Bottle</i>
November 24-25	Thanksgiving Recess
December 15	Lower School Play: <i>The Voyage of the Wee Red Cap</i>
December 16	<i>The Nativity</i> , a play with music, presented by the Middle School
	School dismissed for the Christmas holidays
January 3	School resumed
January 13	Talk by Mr. Myering, Walter Hines Page Fellow from England
January 23-27	Mid-year examinations
January 30	Beginning of second semester
February 8	Talk by Mrs. Lim from the Philippines
February 13	Lincoln Memorial Assembly
February 18	Parent-Faculty dinner
February 22	Holiday
February 23	Illustrated talk on silver-craft by a representative of the Gorham Company

February 24	Basketball game with Budd Park
March 1	Talk by Dean Adams from Mills College
March 2	Junior-Senior Prom
March 8	Talk by Miss Snow, alumna representative of Smith College
March 15	Indoor Demonstration of physical education
March 16	Basketball game with Sion
March 21	Talk by President Coats from Sarah Lawrence College
March 23	Basketball game with Sion
April 4	Middle School Play: <i>Helga and the White Peacock</i>
April 5-16	Spring vacation
April 21	Athletic League banquet
April 24	Readings from Shakespeare, by Miss Shearer of The Ogontz School
April 27	Pretender Play: <i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>
May 8	Tree Day
May 11	Glee Club Operetta: <i>Hansel and Gretel</i>
May 14	Annual Alumnae meeting
May 18	Freshman-Sophomore competition plays
May 22	Field Day
May 24	Mrs. Hunt's Recital
May 30	Holiday
June 1	Closing of Middle and Lower Schools
June 8	Commencement
June 18-23	College Board Examinations

1928-1929

September 18	Opening of Upper School
September 25	Opening of Middle and Lower Schools
November 29-30	Thanksgiving Recess
December 20	School dismissed for Christmas holidays
January 2	School resumed
January 28	Beginning of second semester
March 29	Spring vacation
to	
April 8	
May 31	Closing of Middle and Lower Schools
June 7	Commencement
June 17-22	College Board Examinations

Awards, June 1927

UPPER SCHOOL

THE SCHOLARSHIP CUP, presented by Martha Belle Aikins, to Jane Low.

THE POETRY CUP, presented by Miss Witham, to Jane Low.

THE GERTRUDE KENDIG CUP, for the best original essay, to Mary Lucy Hafford.

THE WEATHER-COCK CUP, presented by Martha Stout, to Bettina Jacobs.

THE SHAKESPEARE CUP, given in memory of Jean Downing, to Katherine Miller.

THE ANNE ASHLEY CUP, presented by Margaret Lackland Stoddard, to Sara Margret Howell.

THE START TO FINISH CUP, presented by Miss Babbitt, to Sara Jane Gorton.

MIDDLE SCHOOL

THE POETRY CUP, presented by Agnes Low and Jessie Lathrop, to Margaret Smith.

THE ALBERTA SHARPE RIDGE CUP, for the most helpful member of the Junior Council, to Elizabeth Scarritt.

A BOOK, presented by Miss Weed for the best outside reading, to Peggy-Sue Neal.

LOWER SCHOOL

THE JOSEPH FENNELLY CUP, for the greatest contribution to school activities, to Mary Jane Platt.

A BOOK, presented by Miss Babbitt for the most outside reading, to Betty Ann Cook.



The Scandalous Club

T alk about scandal—talk about folks,
 H ere are some pages devoted to jokes.
 E 'en though you've heard what we print here today

S can through carefully, and maybe you'll say
 C an't you find humor—can't you poke fun,
 A nd give us something new under the sun?
 N ow try it yourself; just try for one week,
 D o your best one funny quip to seek.
 A ll the school busy, no time to laugh,
 L east of all, that staid faculty staff.
 O h, for some merriment! Oh, for some fun!
 U ntil one would relish even a pun.
 S uch a drab tale has this space begun.

C ome, all ye jesters, and help us now.
 L et's publish jokes, scandal, and how!
 U ntil these pages make everyone say,
 B eware how you act; if you're witty, you'll pay.

Senior Frame

NAME	NICKNAME	BY WORDS	CHIEF AVERSION	AMBITION
Laura Gail Bowling	Laurie	My dear	Dirt	Unrevealed
Elizabeth Armstrong	Libby	Goody! I'm so glad	Cats	To be a clinging vine
Anne Lee Broaddus	Broaddus	Oh! I don't know	Gum	To be a high-brow
Laura Brown	L. Louise	I thought I'd <i>die</i>	Poetry	To walk to school
Katherine Field	K	Dad burn it	Dark streets	To be a dancer
Cara Lee Goodwin	Lee	I get so discouraged	Clara Bow	To be an Olympic swimmer
Ellyn Hildebrand	Baby	Babe	Men	To be short
Martha Irvin	Mart	Ding bust	June-bugs	To graduate
Margaret Ruth Johnson	Bob	Oh really?	Freckles	To get married
Theo Johnston	Tete	Goody!	Playing bridge	To spend a winter at home
Elsie Kellogg	Ek	Smoly Hokes	Having a picture taken	To be a tennis star
Harriet Langsdale	Hattie	True, brothah	Spinach	To win every argument
Barbara Mize	Bobby	Well, in Atchison—	Studying	To get out of school
Ione Shaffer	Iony	Sweetheart	Dogs	To be muscular
Pauline Snider	Peter	And how!	Singing	To be an athlete
Jessie Adele Stemm	Jes	Well, I don't know	Algebra	To be called 'shorty'
Alice Stephenson	Steve	Egad Lucy!	School	To own a roadster
Mary Josephine Todd	Jojo	Oh dear	Gym	To be called Jojo always
Peggy Tourtellot	Peg	Imagine my surprise	Birds	To be a business woman
Mary Elizabeth Tucker	Tuck	I was all hot and bothered	Laziness	To be domestic
Margaret Tullock	Maggy	Or something	Crowds	To go to K. U.
Jean Ware	Jean	More or less	Essays	To stay at home
Dora Wood	Dodo	Oh no!	Rules	To be Woman's Golf Champion
Betty Woodard	Betty Bell	You don't mean it?	Long hair	To play the piano

Pauline in English: Every dueler has a minute.

Miss Lewis: Do you mean a second?

Miss Runcie: Why didn't the government want the Indians and Negroes to intermingle?

Anne Lee: Well, because two simple people don't mix well.

Miss Lewis: Who wrote Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress?

Peppy Teacher: I'll run right around the class and you may answer the questions.

Anne Lee in English: Lady Isabel and her troupe of horses went to town.

Peggy (reading): "Sanity itself is a kind of convention."

Miss Lewis: Explain what that means.

Peggy: That means that nearly everyone is sanitary.

Ellyn (in Chemistry): Miss Turner, if there is no color at all, what makes a colored person?

Anne Lee (in discussion on noses): I know you can't change your nose, because everyone in our family has had this nose for ages.

Theo in history: Lincoln had a disadvantage in his campaign because he didn't have any wealthy reporters.

Miss Lewis: The people of today are not so witty as were those of Shakespeare's day.

Harriet: Well, I think we are.

Cara Lee: Of course, ale-drinking may have stimulated the Elizabethans' flow of wit.

Laura Gail: Yes, it's our laws that are keeping us from being witty.

N. L. (in English): The harbor of the Laestrygonians was just off the ocean.

Miss Davis: This door will not stay shut.

Bobby: Step on it.



Miss Runcie: Girls, prepare for a test.

Tucker: On what?

Miss R: On paper.

Laura: Shall we sign our names to our papers?

Mr. Davidson: No, write them at the top.

Martha: You're so dumb you think a football coach runs on four wheels.

Betty: Oh no! Only on two.

Miss Runcie: What was Clay called?

Jo Jo: Clay, the pacifier.

Miss Brownback: Now I want this short, concise, and to the point—not more than 200 pages.

Pauline in history: Figuratively speaking, the Cabinet could sit on the floor of both houses.

Teacher: Could anyone bring some flowers for the window-box?

Pupil: Yes, ma'am!

Teacher: Fine! Be sure and bring some pretty bloomers.

Miss Runcie: I mean anti-Jackson, not Uncle Jackson.

Professor in English: How can you express the world in three ways?

Student: Adams, Wells-Fargo, and American.

Miss Runcie: What did Pizarro do?

Student: Well—er—ha—er—he put tin on the end of shoe-strings.

English teacher: Write a 2000 word theme on "Something Small."

Gervice: Mother, I brought the car up by the door.

Mrs. Gates: What for?

Gervice: So I could put my books in it.

Mary B: Mrs. Shelton, we can't decide whether to go to *West Point* or *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*.

Mrs. Shelton: Well, don't bother; I've decided that for you.

A. L. (translating Caesar): Caesar in extreme danger of safety ordered his men men who were killed, leaning on their swords, continued battle.

Miss Smyth: Translate, "Columbus discovered America" into French.

Kay: Je

Miss B: What did the king use his sceptre for?

M. S. C.: To scratch his back.

M. R. J. (in chemistry): How do you spell marble?

Miss Turner: CaCO₃.

M. R. J.: Is coke what you make coca-cola out of?

Miss R.: What is the principal city in the Philippines?

C. L. G.: Vanilla.

Our Own Book Reviews

SO BIG.....	Eleanor Flautt
THE CRISIS.....	Final Examinations
FRECKLES	Bob Johnson
WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.....	The Kindergarten
DOOMSDAY.....	College Board Exams
AFTERNOON	Gym
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.....	Seniors
THE NERVOUS WRECK.....	Punkie after vacations
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH.....	Luncheon
THE TRAIL OF THE LITTLE WAGON.....	Gervice's Ford
CLOWNING THROUGH LIFE.....	Certain Freshmen
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	Basketball Tournament
	with Sunset Hill
FORLORN RIVER.....	Brush Creek
ASK ME ANOTHER.....	History Quiz
LOST ECSTASY.....	Spring Vacation
WE.....	The Faculty
A WANDERER IN THE WASTELAND.....	A Freshman in Latin
THE MAGIC GARDEN.....	Senior Circle
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.....	The Pretender Play



The Alumnae

THE Barstow girls of the last three graduating classes are now scattered in various fields of activity. Some are at home pursuing the domestic arts or "playing society." In Kansas City are S. M. Smith '25, A. Sterling '25, K. Spencer '25, "Oli Van" Holker '26, A. Thompson '26, J. Irvin, '26, R. Sterling '27, "Peaches" Ledterman '27, and M. K. Millet '27. "Weddie" Lewis '25 is in Denver, "Bibb" McGregor '26 in Walkerville, Ontario, M. Mossman '27 in Roswell, New Mexico, and "Spook" Revard '26 in Arkansas City.

A great many are seeking higher education. At Smith are "Lou" Jones '25, "Lize" Jordan '25, "Margot" Johnson '25, "Dickie" Simons '26, "Betty" Bull '26, and "Kitty" Miller '27. At Wellesley are M. L. Hafford '27 and "Babe" Foster '27. L. Straight '25 is at Vassar, "Janie" Low '27 at Bryn Mawr, and "Jo" Reid '25 at Sweet Briar. At Miss Spence's School are "Kay" Fleming '26 and "Mac" McAlester '27. At the Kansas City Art Institute are I. Haines '25, "Deedee" Davis '26, and D. Osgood '27. M. Warfield '25 is at the Boston Conservatory of Music, and S. Bohne '27 is studying piano, harp, and voice in New York City. "Jack" Mallory '27 is at Monticello, A. Van Natta '27 at

Connecticut College, "Sarie" Howell '27 at Marietta College, and "Wiggy" Gorton '27 at Kent Place School. Several are attending State Universities. A. B. Kennedy '26 and D. Siberts '25 are at Oklahoma. B. Morrison '26 is at Colorado, J. Mitchell '25 at Illinois, M. L. Ott '25 at Missouri, and R. Taylor '25 at Kansas.

A few (but others have hopes, of course) are engaged or married. R. Parker '25 has announced her engagement to Mr. French L. Dickey. The wedding will take place May 23, 1928. L. Yaggy '25 has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Krantz, and "Honey Boy" McGee '24 her engagement to Mr. Webster Withers Townley. "Liz" Dickey '25 became Mrs. Leonard Callendar on February 23, 1928.

And another few have chosen business careers. "Max" Maxwell '25 is the Secretary at Barstow, and "Flop" Snider '26 is assisting Miss Babbitt. C. Moore '26 is working in her father's office after a glorious sojourn abroad.

TO THE SCHOOL DICTIONARY

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

I think that I shall never see
A book as helpful as a dictionary.

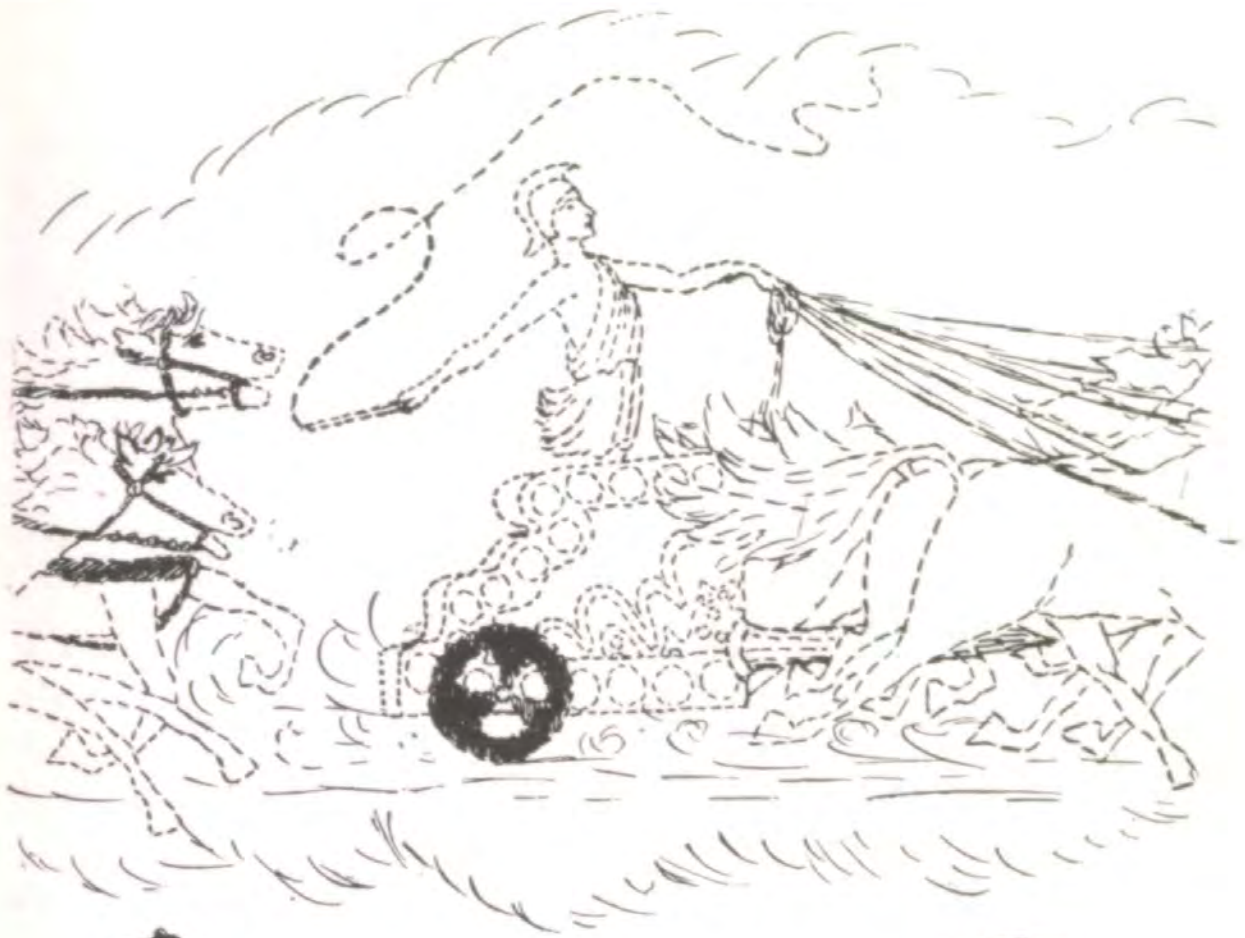
A book that waits the live-long day
And helps the students on their way.

A book that must in winter bear
The hardest usage, wear and tear.

Upon whose cover arms have lain
While dreaming girls have watched the rain.

Poems are made by fools like me
But only Webster could make a dictionary.

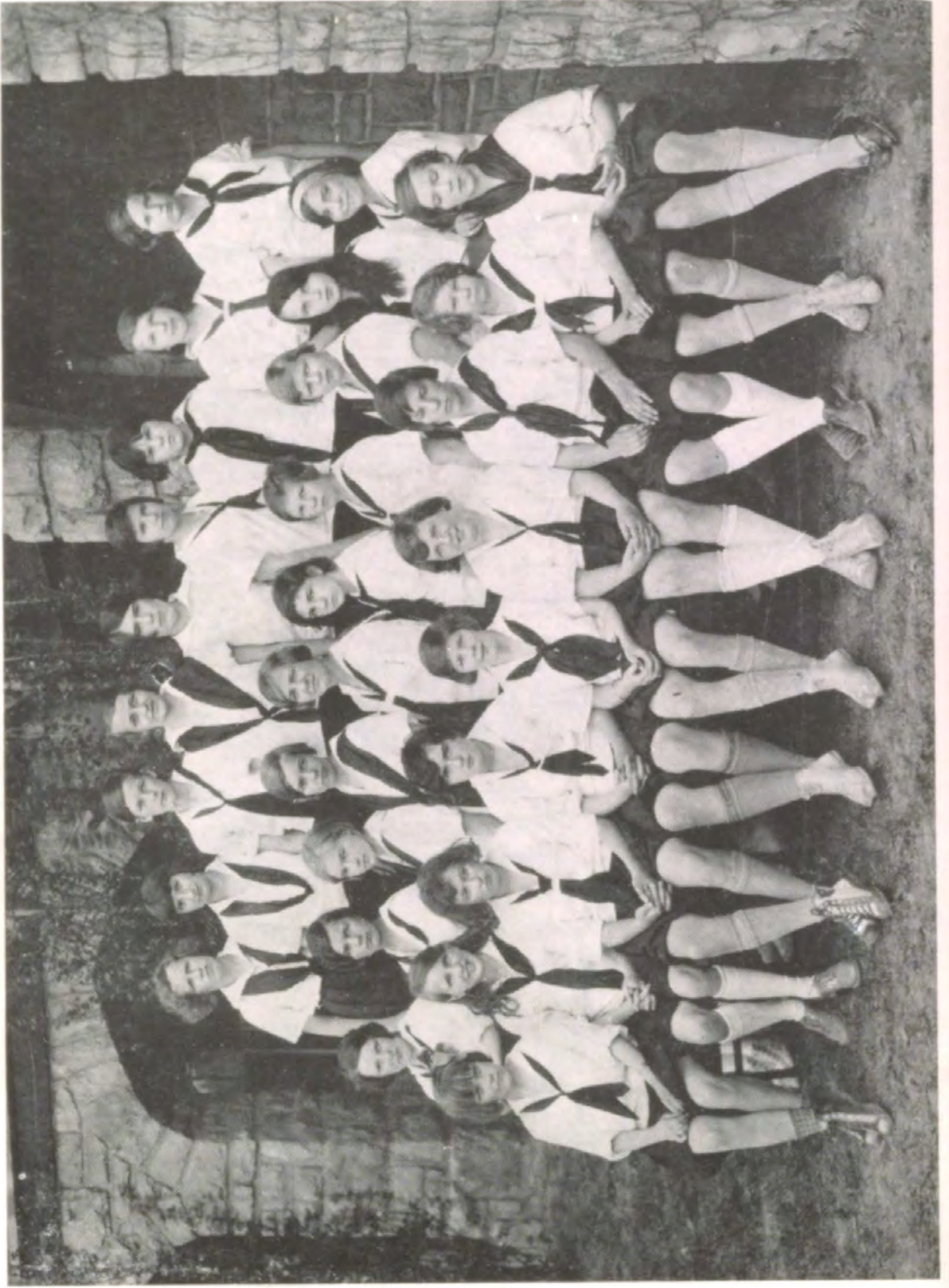
VICTORIA POORMAN, *Junior*



MIDDLE SCHOOL



.Jones.



THE MIDDLE SCHOOL

Twilight

IT was twilight and the sun had gone to its rest, bringing home the herds of cattle. They pawed at the earth beneath them and rubbed against one another.

Then, from the hillside, came the shepherd with his flocks of sheep. The watch-dog followed behind them, walking from side to side so that no small lamb could stray.

The moon had risen and the wagons, filled with sweet smelling hay, returned from the marshes. The horses neighed cheerily, and inhaled the fragrant air.

Indoors, by the warm fire-place the farmer sat in his chair and watched the flickering flames dance about. His own huge shadow danced and played along the wall.

ELIZABETH SCARRITT, *Grade VIII*

The Storm

ONE late afternoon I was aroused from my reading by the wind rushing through the giant pine by the porch. Doors banged. Curtains blew wildly out of the windows. I dashed in to get my raincoat, then settled down to watch the storm.

Thunder echoed and re-echoed through the mountains. The air chilled rapidly. A few huge drops splashed on the pebbles in front of me. A blinding flash of lightning slashed the heavy clouds and illuminated heaven and earth. Then sleet thumped and pounded on the screens.

A weather-beaten old herder tugged a stubborn cow down the winding muddy road. A party of horse-back riders, merry with excitement, stopped under a sheltering tree. The hail gradually slackened, but the rain still pattered.

I glanced to Long's Peak tipped with snow and arching over it was a glorious rainbow.

MARGARET T. SMITH, *Grade VII*

Seeing Things

SEATED on a crag, towering over the sea with a scraggly pine bent over us, we watched the seething ocean. The wind hurled writhing grey clouds towards the setting sun. A storm that had just passed still pounded the frothing waves on the rocks, far below. There was a pause in the roaring of the waters, and a tiny white sail flitted across the path of the sun.

MARGARET T. SMITH, *Grade VII*

By The Stream



ON the rugged mountain side we marveled at the delicate ferns and watched the salmon glide swiftly in the cold streams.

The soft light made by a shade of spruce and hemlock thrilled me. Far up the stream a flock of black ducks floated calmly. Bang! A grey mass flapped upward. On the shore, for a minute only, we could see the head of a solitary moose, then it darted into the thicket.

The whole forest was mute from this one shot.

MILLY C. DAVIDSON, *Grade VIII*

The Heart of Nature



THE murmuring evergreen trees filled the air with a spicy fragrance. Around a beautiful lake which reflected the blue sky and the outline of the evergreen trees, squatted Indians toiling upon birchbark canoes. From the rude wigwams a thin blue cloud of smoke curled. Dirty papooses strapped on their mothers' backs, squinted little sharp eyes at the sun. I wish I could live like this and be in the heart of nature all the time.

MILLY C. DAVIDSON, *Grade VIII*

The Torrey Pines at Sunset



THE western sky aglow with the light of the vanishing sun displayed dark clouds rimmed by delicate pink. A glistening path of light flickered like silver fish-scales across the water. The pines above the jutting shore stood out dark and forbidding like gnarled old dwarfs.

One wonders what strange chance brought them from some alien shore. Did a seabird from the Far East drop a seed that sprang into these trees, or was it nature's choice to plant them, silent sentinels of the night?

MARTHA ANN SAWYER, *Grade VII*

A Deserted Garden



ALL tangled and twisted the garden is now. The gate that once creaked sags on its rusty hinges against the crumbling stone wall. Climbing the arch of the quaint old well is a glorious mass of yellow roses. Spicy pinks and phlox tempt the drowsing bees with their sweet perfume. In this old-fashioned garden the sun dial's shadow is etched on the stone wall. A humming bird darts from flower to flower and above a babbling brook, curving its way around the gnarled old trees. The garden has been deserted for years, but still lives in its beauty and peace.

NANCY JANE REDHEFFER, *Grade VI*

Shadows

PERHAPS one can make shadows of men and dogs on the wall but no one can make the merry flickering shadows of fire; fire that is never still, but that is forever shooting its thin fingers upward; fire that is restless to consume; fire that curls up paper, smothers leaves and scorches wood.

Nor can man make the gruesome shadows of evening. In the woods speckled patchworks of light and dark shadows flit. Sombre shadows of night darken all things. Night so dark that only with the aid of fire or electricity can you see.

Shadows! Everything great or small has a shadow. They may be beautiful or ugly, light and flickering, or even the still, solemn shadows of a gnarled oak. They may be fantastic, gruesome, mysterious, startling, or unusual. There are shadows and shadows and what fun it is to watch their changing forms.

JANET TURNER, *Grade VIII*

Antiques

ALMOST everyone has a hobby. Some for autographed books, others for postage stamps, and still others for tinfoil. But one hobby that comes to people in their more prosperous days is gathering antiques. These antiques come in the form of old furniture. Imagine chairs so old you are almost afraid to sit on them, and other things too numerous to mention.

When traveling abroad, one notices that the guide's chief topic of conversation is the age of this or that building or object. For instance, he says, "This building was built in the twelfth century; this one in the thirteenth century." When going through an art gallery, the guide says, "This picture was painted in the fourteenth century." In another room are beautiful tapestries which we are told also were made centuries ago. One especially beautiful antique is the old stained glass in the cathedrals which cannot be duplicated today. Then there are old bookstalls along the Seine in Paris. Many people pore over these books all day long. Some hope for the rich reward of finding a very rare and old book.

Isn't it strange that the very poor would like to buy new things, while the thoughts of the wealthy, who are well able to buy everything new, turn to the old things for which they often pay fabulous prices?

But one can well understand why many prefer the old things. It is indeed very pleasant to sit in a room and gaze around and wonder to oneself what interesting history is attached to each antique.

BETTY SMITH, *Grade VI*

Imagination

NO matter what situation, however embarrassing, you are in, there is nothing like an imagination to help you out. Especially in the schoolroom is it helpful and most often used. Say, for example, your history teacher asks you a certain question about some prominent character in history with whom you are supposed to be well acquainted and about whom you, in all probability, know little more than nothing. If you are possessed with an active imagination, you need not be in a quandary. Simply put yourself in that character's place and imagine what you would have done under the circumstances. About five times out of ten you will not miss the correct facts to save yourself from absolute disgrace. In case you have erred, assert that you have been thinking of another person (be careful not to mention the name) and have confused the two. Then you take your seat, beaming with innocence and satisfaction at the successful outcome of your maneuver, while the teacher, rather suspicious, peering at you from over her glasses, decides to give you the benefit of the doubt and saves your life by pressing the inquiry no further.

Yes, there can be no doubt of the fact that imagination is a very necessary asset in school life.

MARTHA ANNE SCRUGGS, *Grade VIII*

Hands

HANDS are of great interest to me. I like to look in bakeries and see women displaying bread and cakes with their awkward fat hands.

One day a woman in a chintz shop was arranging folds of material in her window. Her long white tapering fingers truly belonged to a lover of beauty.

Another time as I glanced into a gift shop window I noticed a lady beckoning to me. Enchantingly she twisted around her pale fingers, a jade necklace. They were exquisite until I noticed a faint blue vein marring the paleness.

Then a few weeks later in a kitchen I had a glimpse of a gaunt old woman washing dishes. Her hands were rough, red and ugly. Yet who can say her hands were ugly? Perhaps she was the toiling mother of hungry babies. I did not dare to look at her face. Her hands told me enough.

JOSEPHINE JOBES, *Grade VI*

Reading in the Old Cherry Tree

IN our back yard, there stands an old cherry tree whose branches no longer bear fruit, and whose boughs possess no sprouts. Yet that tree is dearer to me than any other tree, for its branches form a fork from which grow other branches that make me a comfortable seat. Every summer morning before breakfast I take my book and climb up into the tree. My feet dangle over the edge, and one arm is wrapped around the branch to support myself. A pair of cardinals that I have won for good friends, hop about in the tree quite close to me. I read this way in the peace and quiet of the morning until I hear the breakfast bell ringing. Then I slip quietly down from my perch so no one will discover my hiding place, and hurry into the house.

MATILDA BASINGER, *Grade VII*

Good Luck

JOE Hamlin was a good man at wood-cutting, for that was his business, but he had just as good an eye for hunting.

It was two days before Christmas. All the little Hamlin children were very excited, because their two cousins were coming all the way from Texas for the Christmas holidays. After Mrs. Hamlin had cozily tucked the children into bed, she tried to sleep, but couldn't for she was planning the Christmas dinner of turkey, brussels sprouts, stuffed potatoes, hot biscuits, cranberry jelly, and ice cream.

Next morning, the day before Christmas, while the children were playing and her husband working, Mrs. Hamlin started to the market for a prize turkey. As she was going out the door, a messenger rode up the well beaten path to the house and handed her a telegram which said, "Will arrive at one o'clock." Thirty minutes and they would be here, so Mrs. Hamlin couldn't go now, but would later. Soon the cousins arrived, amid greetings from everyone.

In the afternoon the children amused the cousins. Mrs. Hamlin hitched old Dobbin and Ned to the cart and started down the hill for the market. But alas! the cart went so slowly that when they got there, the market was closed. The one other market was miles away. What would she do? No turkey! What a great misfortune! But just then she had an idea. She coaxed faithful Dobbin and Ned to prance up the hill and home.

Meanwhile Joe Hamlin had set out with his trusty gun to capture a Christmas surprise for his wife. It was not very long before a brown stag was lying on the white newly-fallen snow. Then Joe

Hamlin hurried home, and said to his wife, "I have a surprise for you." When he displayed the surprise, Mrs. Hamlin remarked, "What good luck! Why, venison is far better than turkey for a Christmas dinner."

ALICE PARKER SCARRITT, *Grade VI*

The Prudent Lobster

LONG ago, there lived in the Baltic Sea, a star fish, a crab, and a lobster. They had lived very happily together until, one day, they began quarreling over a clam which the star fish caught.

"This will never do," stormed the lobster, "give the clam to the oldest."

"That is all very well," said the star fish, "but which of us is the oldest?"

"I am sure I don't know," sighed the lobster.

"Neither do I," moaned the crab.

"I have a suggestion!" exclaimed the lobster. "Let us tell how the world looked when we were children. You begin, friend crab."

"When I was a child," commenced the crab, "the Romans had just become Christians."

"That is nothing," retorted the star fish. "When I was a child the city of Athens was just being built."

"Well!" shouted the lobster, "surely I am oldest because, when I was a child, Adam made his first proposal to Eve."

Now the lobster, who was awarded the clam, declared, "We shall all rule. We shall make a few laws, and, since I am oldest, I will see that they are obeyed."

JUDITH JOYCE HARRIS, *Grade V*

Why Ivy Clings

WHEN plants could walk, a little ivy plant loved to boast about her feet. The little plant was very happy until she insulted a goddess by saying, "My feet are more beautiful than yours."

Although she begged for mercy, Venus immediately punished little ivy. She forbade her to walk again, and commanded her to cling to trees and stone walls.

That is why ivy clings today.

MARY JANE PLATT, *Grade V*

Twirling

IT was a beautiful afternoon in early September. Little pink clouds were floating lazily about in the blue heavens. While on its perch above a tiny cottage stood a lonely weather-cock gently revolving in the breeze. Just then he was meditating upon the why's and wherefore's of life, and chiefly upon the whim of nature which placed him in this state of existence where his outlook on life was at the mercy of the winds. To be on top of a dusty cottage on the edge of the Missouri river is a far from enviable position, but to a weather-cock who had known nothing better, it was only what a cock would expect. However, this extraordinary cock was more ambitious than most and was imbued with a spirit of restlessness and longing for adventure. He chafed at his monotonous existence and wished for companionship, but most of all for knowledge of the world.

That night a strong wind arose from the West and swept over Kansas City. The cock was twirling merrily around when suddenly the unexpected happened. He was blown off the roof! Actually blown off! The minute he was set free he immediately perched on another roof. After staying there the remainder of the night, the fact that he was no longer tied down began to leak into his weary brain.

After a week of idle drifting about at his own free will, he decided to settle himself in some definite place where he would be entirely happy. He decided that a school would be the only place that could satisfy his desire for companionship. At this moment he was sailing over a large building. It might possibly be a school. Very well, he would investigate. Yes, it was. Exclamations of surprise from a group of girls welcomed him as they clustered about him. He proudly swooped down to the roof, perched there, and to this day he is twirling.

MARTHA ANNE SCRUGGS, *Grade VIII*

Clouds

ON hot summer days when everyone thinks I am useless, and I know I am useless, an annoying desire to create some excitement disturbs me.

Wandering out I discontentedly begin pacing the length of the yard, kicking recklessly at everything that happens to stand in my path. A squirrel suddenly scampers by right in front of me. Absent-mindedly I follow him on his winding course up the tree until he is lost to view among branches and foliage. But in that little while something has caught my eye. In a few seconds I am lying

on the inviting grass gazing into that vast blue waste called the sky, dotted in many places with fluffy, white clouds. They are drifting, drifting, only to transform themselves into a thousand different shapes. I see stately castles surrounded by treacherous moats and splendid Viking ships gliding over the rippling waves. I see Thor in his bronze chariot holding his whip in readiness to lash his prancing steeds.

Suddenly my cloud dreaming is interrupted by a furry ball landing in my lap. It is my little puppy looking for fun. My cloud dreaming is ended.

PEGGY-SUE NEAL, *Grade VI*

The Tramp



HARD shrill voice calling, "Old rags, old papers, rags, papers," attracted my attention to a tramp trundling a cart. He bent slightly forward as he limped along. His thin pale lips and protruding jaw gave him a grim and foreboding look. His ragged clothes hung limply on him. He wore a soft sombrero pulled well over his face. From under it he looked with a slanting eye that classified him as a Japanese. He has a habit of glancing from side to side as if afraid. A cur follows at his heels, now and then stopping to whine over some discovered rags by the wayside. Although I have seen this dog and his master often there is always something pitiful that catches my attention.

MADELEINE BREINIG, *Grade VI*

The Cast-a-way



THE moon sent cold pale rays to the forest below. The gigantic outline of tree trunks and branches cast a ghostly network of shadows on the white snow-covered earth. Except for the crunching of snow made by an old man plodding his way between the trees, there was not a sound, nothing but a terrible silence encompassing the mighty forest.

Two long hours ago he had been to the last house on the edge of the forest, asking for food and lodging but had been refused by the cruel people that lived there.

For another long hour he trudged on trying to keep courage but finally failing, he knelt upon the white frozen ground and stretched his long hands to the dark blue sky above. There he knelt praying to God and asking Him for courage on the morrow. Then he feebly arose and began plodding on, on, on.

PEGGY-SUE NEAL, *Grade VI*

The Circus Parade

BALLOONS, balloons! Hey little boy don't you want a balloon?" "Popcorn! crackerjack! Right this way for your crackerjack!" The vendors pushed their way through the crowd, shouting their wares until they were hoarse. Policemen ordered the people behind the ropes, but now and then some dirty little urchin would sneak out and look up the street, then run back to announce loudly that "It ain't comin' yet." Automobile horns honked shrilly as their owners tried to squeeze them into parking spaces much too small for them. Men, women, and children leaned out of windows and threw confetti down on the chattering mob below.

At last faint strains of music were heard far down the street. The excited people craned their necks to catch a first glimpse of the parade. One little boy slipped from under the ropes and out into the street. A policeman grabbed him and carried him back to his distracted mother. Now the band was very close and a clown beating a tin pan imitated the drummer.

Following the band wagon came a group of horsemen sitting erect on their gayly bedecked mounts. Then came two bare-back riders dressed in pink and blue, riding on snow white horses. They waved and threw kisses to the crowd. Then to the children's delight came the elephants, walking slowly and ponderously, swinging their trunks from side to side. On their backs were thrones in which rode the beautifully robed queens who tossed flowers to the admiring children. Following the big elephants came a baby elephant on whose back a tiny monkey jumped about and chattered. Next came the wild beasts in their elaborately decorated cages drawn by prancing horses. The roaring lions paced back and forth causing many children to cling to their mothers' hands and hide their faces in their mothers' skirts. Last of all came a band of clowns, one turning handsprings and somersaults and one riding a small and very stubborn donkey and trying to act like the bare-back riders.

The last clown disappeared around the corner. Then the crowd began to scatter. It was hard for the children to believe that the circus parade was really over. They talked excitedly about what they had just seen and what they would see tomorrow. Soon the hot sun beat down on the bare sidewalk.

LAURA TOLL, *Grade VII*

Dame Nature's Minstrels

*"At morn the cherry blooms will be white
And the Easter bell be ringing."*

THE EASTER LILY

I

Over the top of the old stone wall
The morning sun sent golden rays
To kiss the head of a drooping flower,
The Easter Lily in my Garden Plot.

II

The sad little flower felt the kiss of the sun
On her white little tear-wet cheek;
And she lifted her head in happiness,
The Lily in my Garden Plot.

PEGGY-SUE NEAL, *Grade VI*

THE EASTER BUNNY

The Easter bunny was here last night,
I can tell by the eggs so gay and bright.
He left what he could and kept the rest,
To hatch some babies in his nest.

He left some eggs all colored with blue,
And there are enough for me and you.
He left some white ones trimmed in green,
They are the prettiest eggs you have ever seen.

BETTIE-COLE McCUNE, *Grade V*

*"There is no time like spring
When life's alive in everything."*

IN THE SPRING

The trees bend over gently
To the breezes of the spring,
And the opening of the daffodils
Has made our laughter ring.

The coming day of Easter
Has brought us thrills of spring,
To wake on Easter morning
And hear the church bells ring.

The rose will soon be blooming,
With perfume sweet and clear,
Its pink and yellow blossoms
Will greet us with good cheer.

PHYLLIS SEBREE, *Grade VI*

THE COMING OF SPRING

The blustering winds of March are here,
The trees sway to and fro;
Bending down their branches near—
To the earth below.

The flowers have begun to sprout,
The daffodil is first
To raise her yellow head and pout,
That rain should quench her thirst.

The brook is babbling a song
That Spring is on its way,
To give us cheer the whole day long
Through all our work and play.

PHYLLIS SEBREE, *Grade VI*

SPRINGTIME

The early days of springtime
To us again have come;
Some trees are bare and leafless
But blossoms are on some.

The iris and the lilacs
Will soon be in full bloom;
The tulips of all colors
Will banish all our gloom.

The breeze is mild and gentle;
It makes us long to roam
To far off stream and country;
Our thoughts are not at home.

BETTY MARY SMITH, *Grade VI*

SPRING

Once this world was cold and dark
 With snow upon its breast,
 No bird songs filled the air,
 No flowers were there anywhere.

But now the world is green again
 With grass upon its breast,
 And bird songs fill the air
 And flowers are there everywhere.

MARGARET BENHAM, *Grade VIII*

THE MAY QUEEN

The May Queen comes with sceptre gold
 And changes all from wet and cold
 To merriment, delight, and fun,
 And wakes again the golden sun.
 The springtime winds all whirl about
 While all the world for joy doth shout.

MATILDA BASINGER, *Grade VII*

THE GARDEN

Summer's fingers pet
 The long rows of Mignonette,
 The morning-glories climb
 Upward to the pine.

The sunshine vividly scrawls
 Grape-vine shadows on the walls,
 The afternoon of summer folds
 Warm arms around the marigolds.

ROSEMARY DOUGLAS, *Grade VII*

"Hear how the birds, on every blossoming spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day."

TO A BIRD

O, little bird so swift of flight,
Dost never grow weary from morn 'till night?
O, little bird soaring there in the sky,
Dost not hear me as I sigh:
 Rest, rest, little bird, rest;
O, pray; do not fly away,
 Rest, little bird, rest.

O, little bird, what dost thou say
As thou merrily singest all day?
Dost tell of little ones three,
Or dost sing to interest me?
 Sing, sing, little bird, sing;
O, sing to me in yonder tree,
 Sing, little bird, sing.

O, little bird, thou may rest your wing,
And, O, little bird, thou may sing,
But the place thou likest best is to be at rest,
On distant tree in thy little nest:
 Sleep, sleep, little bird, sleep;
O, pray; do not always fly away,
 Sleep, little bird, sleep.

ELIZABETH SCARRITT, *Grade VIII*

THE EMPTY BIRD HOUSE

Crimson tulips row on row,
In the grass the daisies grow.
Clouds are floating through the skies,
Floating too, the butterflies.

And the bird house tall and green
Still and empty now is seen;
For in sunny April weather
Birds go out and fly together.

JEANNE GUIGNON, *Grade VII*

THE BIRDS

The birds are beautiful to hear,
Their melodies ring so loud and clear!
And their songs are bright and gay,
Calling birds so far away.

BETTIE-COLE McCUNE, *Grade V*

*"Now did the rosy fingered morn arise
And shed her sacred light along the skies."*

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS THE WORLD AT DAWN

How beautiful is the world at dawn
When the first flush brightens the sky,
And the last traces of night are gone.
How beautiful is the world at dawn!

How beautiful is the world at night
When diamonds gleam from the darkness above,
And shine with pale and distant light.
How beautiful is the world at night.

MARTHA ANNE SCRUGGS, *Grade VIII*

MORNING

The sun arising in the east,
Tints all things with its gold;
Awakening every man and beast,
And helping flowers unfold.
The birds in their nests
Awaken and fly,
Away from their rests,
Across the blue sky.

LAURA TOLL, *Grade VII*

"As pensive evening deepens into night."

AT SUNDOWN

The sun lies low in the west,
Its lovely pink shadows,
Rounded with orchid and gold,
Reflect on meadows
Where weeping-willows are singing
Soft breezes are blowing
Where the rabbit is scampering;
Home he is going.

HELEN LOUISE COOK, *Grade VIII*

AMBER

(With Apologies to Walter de La Mare)

At evening when the sunset low
Casts about an amber glow,
The little birds that cuddle for night
Are shadowed by her amber light.
A woodland rabbit hurries by
With amber claw and amber eye.

MADELEINE SMITH, *Grade VII*

CONTRAST

I

The sun has sunk to a fiery bed,
 Clouds tinged pink float by;
 As they glide on their way, diffusing to grey,
 They darken all the sky.

II

The moon peeps slowly from a sea of cool grey
 And skims on its path of pale light,
 She transforms the water to glittering gold,
 And proclaims herself queen of the night.

MILLY C. DAVIDSON, *Grade VII*

STRIKING CHANGES

I

The sun is a ball of fire
 Descending in the west,
 The clouds are dark and gray
 As the day comes to a close.

II

And now the stars come out,
 Winking at the world,
 Giving life to the dark sky
 As the night comes on.

III

The world is white from the snow-storm,
 The winds are bleak and cold,
 The creeks are frozen hard and deep
 As the day dawns.

PEGGY-SUE NEAL, *Grade VI*

*"If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,
 The rose shall sing thee lullabies."*

LULLABY

When the crickets chirp their shrillest,
 And the morning glories close,
 Mother's darling little baby
 Off to happy dreamland goes.

When at dawn the birds are chirping,
 And the cricket's voice is still,
 Baby home from dreamland cometh
 As the sun peeps o'er the hill.

JUDITH JOYCE HARRIS, *Grade V*

LULLABY

The stars in the heavens look down from the sky
 Mother is crooning her lullaby
 The moon's gentle rays are lighting the gloom
 And baby's wee eye-lids will be asleep soon.

MATILDA BASINGER, *Grade VII*

LULLABY

Lul la by,
 Baby, do not sigh.
 Mother will keep
 You while you sleep,
 Lul la by,
 Baby, do not sigh.

Lul la by,
 Baby, do not cry.
 When comes the morning time
 The warm bright sun will shine,
 Lul la by,
 Baby, do not cry.

BEVERLY DOOLITTLE, *Grade VI*

*"The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that bring
 Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring."*

A SKETCHING

She was bent intently over it,
 Sketching, sketching,
 With pencil held in hand
 Living in a land
 None but an artist can understand,
 Sketching, sketching.

Creating fantastic beings,
 Sketching, sketching,
 Like fairy creatures dancing,
 Like wee children prancing,
 On a paper that once held nothing,
 Sketching, sketching.

Her picture is done; no more
 Sketching, sketching,
 One among a throng
 'Tis a written song
 And there it does belong, in her pile of
 Sketchings, sketchings.

MARGARET SMITH, *Grade VII*

A PORTRAIT

It was a portrait of a queen,
 Beautiful, stately, and tall,
 And it hung in a spacious castle,
 On the wall of a great oak hall.

And those who saw it admired it,
 Kings, nobles, and lords,
 Ladies dressed in velvet gowns
 And knights with gleaming swords.

But there came a day of war and strife,
 And the king was driven away.
 And all the folk of the castle fled,
 And left it to decay.

But still in that ruinous castle,
 Dusty and crumbling fast,
 Hangs that stately old portrait
 A reminder of days gone past.

LAURA TOLL, *Grade VII*

A SILHOUETTE

The wall imprisoned a tiny, dainty silhouette.
 'Twas the gentle outline of a violette
 Bowing its beautiful head
 In mourning for the dead.

Heart shaped leaves, like a hood,
 High around, shielding it, stood
 Here alone; from the wilderness
 'Twas imprisoned in a house like this.

MARGARET SMITH, *Grade VII*

AN INDIAN

Clad in a robe of bright cerise
 With stripes of every hue,
 An Indian stood before me
 Holding beads of blue.

MARTHA ANN SAWYER, *Grade VII*

THE LOOM MAIDEN

I

Such a pretty face,
 Always weaving lace,
 Sitting at the loom,
 In a dark and dingy room.

II

Sometimes she would sigh,
 As she chanced to walk by
 The little window in the tower
 After days of long hours.

III

But there in filth,
 She sits and quilts,
 At her loom,
 In a dark and dingy room.

FRANCES KILBURN, *Grade VII*

*"Heaped in the hollows of the grove
 The autumn leaves lie dead.
 They rustle to the eddying gust,
 And to the rabbit's tread."*

THE LEAVES AND THE WIND

While the leaves are on the trees
 They are a handsome green;
 They gossip like some ladies fine
 And bob and turn and preen.

But later on the wind comes by,
 And snatching off each leaf
 He whirls them round and round
 Then down to earth in grief.

But leaves are busy all day long.
 They dance around and play
 And chase themselves about the yards
 And scatter all away.

DIANA REID HEARNE, *Grade VIII*

AUTUMN

Autumn with its brightest colors,
With its numerous strolling lovers,

With the pumpkins on the vine,
Reddened apples large and fine,

Takes the leaves from every tree,
Sends them on a merry spree.

Such is autumn at its best,
When the birds have left their nest.

LILLIAN HATHAWAY, *Grade VI*

AUTUMN

The trees are standing straight and tall,
The autumn leaves around them fall,
The grass has turned a sullen brown,
For autumn weather's come around.

The sluggish stream is drowsy now,
Reflecting yonder hill's red brow,
The setting sun casts quiet and peace,
When work is done and rest released.

PHYLLIS SEBREE, *Grade VI*

A PINE CONE

It grew with many others
Twelve hundred miles away,
And while strolling in the woods
I saw it fall one day.

It had seen the great wide ocean,
It had felt the salty breeze,
It had heard the songs of birds
As they sang among the trees.

But one day, letting go
It fell to the sandy ground
As I chanced to be roaming past
It happened to be found.

JANET TURNER, *Grade VIII*

A LEISURE DAY

I wander out at early morn
With dew still on the lawn
The distant call of a hunter's horn
Echoes, and is gone.

I passed near by a gurgling brook
That flowed along the hills
And watched the liberties it took
And the crevices it filled.

It seemed to flow most undisturbed
To join the wide, wide ocean
And never looked to be perturbed
Yet always was in motion.

Stately, swaying in the breeze
Bending at each gentle puff
A large majestic grave of trees
I cannot look at long enough.

Oh, mountains towering o'er my head
Inspiring me to awe
Thy distant heights (that many dread)
Show not a single flaw.

You guard me in the daytime
You watch o'er me at night
Oh you who are so sublime
Shield me beneath thy might.

A faint, yet clear and silv'ry note
Arrests me from my thoughts
The liquid melodies a-float
I drink in with deep draughts.

The sun's now slowly sinking
In a vivid crimson sea
While soft pink clouds a-floating
Blend in perfect harmony.

Yet while I gaze, the sky turns gray
And shadows softly fall,
I hasten home without delay
At the last bird's goodnight call.

MARTHA ANNE SCRUGGS, *Grade VIII*

*"I must go down to the seas again
To the lonely sea and the sky."*

SLEET STORM AT SEA

I

The clouds of grey hang heavy and low,
It sleets and the wind doth fiercely blow.
The sleet falls into a raging sea;
The rising billows are wild and free.
The clouds of grey hang heavy and low.

II

The day is dreary, grey clouds hang lower.
It sleets and mad winds fiercely blow.
A dwarf ship is struggling on the water,
The wind is bent on brutal slaughter,
The day is dreary, grey clouds hang low.

III

Stay up, frail craft, continue your struggles,
Beyond your sight a harbor snuggles.
Your lot, alas, is nothing new;
On all ships, all seas, some storm will brew;
Stay up, frail craft, continue your struggles.

JANET TURNER, *Grade VIII*

THE SEA

She rushes and surges,
Against the sea shore.
She beats on the rocks,
With a terrible roar.

She drenches the cities,
When she comes to high tide;
She swells her chest high
And runs over with pride.

Sometimes she is happy,
And so in her folly,
She rocks the ships gently,
To make sailors jolly.

She often feels wicked,
So while the ships glide,
She whirls them and swirls them,
Beneath the foam tide.

BETTY BYRNE, *Grade VII*

THE SEA

I

The waves are pounding and foaming
 On the rocky-wall by the sea,
 The sun on the distant horizon
 Sheds its last rays back to me.

II

As I stand there gazing westward
 Stately ships sail proudly by,
 Flaunting great white sails out towards me
 And flying their flags on high.

III

They fade to specks in the distance
 And all darkens into night,
 But the moon shines through the blackness
 To guide sailors aright.

MARTHA ANN SAWYER, *Grade VII*

*"Clouds on clouds, in volumes driven
 Curtain round the vault of heaven."*

A COMING STORM

I was sitting at my window
 When the rain began,
 The thunder rumbled low
 As the rain began;
 And lightning streaked the sky,
 For a storm was brewing nigh,
 The wind wailed louder, louder,
 When the rain began.

The clouds writhed ever lower
 When the rain began,
 Each bird whirred to its bower
 As the rain began;
 The leaves whisked 'round on high,
 O'er the ground so parched and dry,
 The storm drew nearer, nearer,
 And the rain began.

PHYLLIS SEBREE, *Grade VI*

CHANGING CLOUDS

I

The clouds were a soft, soft white;
 The sky was an azure blue;
 The clouds were like fairy boats
 That drifted where the wind blew.

II

The clouds were of divers color,
 The sky was a violet blue;
 The clouds were like paints on a palette
 That were spilled out in every hue.

III

The clouds were a deep, deep black
 The sky a somber grey;
 The clouds were symbols of the storm
 That came at the end of the day.

IV

The pageant of clouds had faded away,
 Blended by rain with the murky sky.
 I left my place at the window,
 And turned away with a sigh.

JANET TURNER, *Grade VIII*

THE RAINBOW'S END

One day, looking outward
 Thru the window-pane,
 There I saw a rainbow
 Thru the misty rain.

I have heard a legend
 That is often told,
 At the rainbow's ending,
 Is a pot of gold.

If you seek adventure
 Get a boat and row
 Until you find this treasure,
 In the river Bow.

BETTY MARY SMITH, *Grade VI*

*"Outside the door the bare tree stands
And catches snowflakes in his hands."*

NOVEMBER NIGHTFALL

The bleak wind does blow,
And fast falls the snow;
The chilled birds shiver
The bare branches quiver,
The warm days of fall are gone.
The cottage fire burns bright,
As day fades into night;
Still falls the drifting snow,
And loud the wind does blow,
And the earth is dark till dawn.

Laura Toll, *Grade VII*

WINTER

Falling, falling, falling,
Come the tiny flakes of snow,
Drifting down like fairies white,
Whirling round as north winds blow.

Laughing, laughing, laughing,
Are the children at their play,
Making white men of the snow,
Joyous as larks are they.

Happy, happy, happy,
Is the mood o'er all the earth,
When winter white and shining
Is here with joy and mirth.

Phyllis Sebree, *Grade VI*

WINTER

I

The white winter is cold
With Jack Frost so bold
Tripping to each window pane,
Staining them with frozen rain.

II

Snow is shining everywhere,
Bold black trees stand here and there,
Lamps dotted through the park
Glisten in the night so dark.

Bettie Byrd Rogers, *Grade VI*

Jesters' Jingles

*"For blocks are better cleft with wedges
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges.
And dullest nonsense has been found
By some to be the most profound."*

I am green with flowers on my back,
My twin who is not far away,
Always sees me night and day.

Although I have four splendid legs,
I never kick nor yell,
Nor am I clock nor bell.
(Twin Beds)

SUZETTE BELL, *Grade VI*

I am thick and I'm thin,
I have veins in my skin.

I climb and I creep
And sometimes I weep.

Sometimes my legs are green
And my fan the gayest ever seen.

Houses I prefer
And my song I often slur.

I wind in and out,
Up, round, and about.

I tease the flowers below
That seem so slowly to grow.
(An ivy vine)

JOSEPHINE JOBES, *Grade VI*

I have a little playmate, whose hair is all of yellow.
He comes 'round in the springtime, oh, such a lively fellow!
He bends and dances in the breeze; it seems he's never still,
I'll bet you could not guess his name—of course, it's.....
(Daffodil!)

JUDITH JOYCE HARRIS, *Grade V*

As I was walking through the wood,
 I met a man who wore a hood;
 His cloak was blue, his legs were green,
 The hood, the prettiest I've ever seen.
 He stood so tall and sturdy there,
 He seemed so gay, so blithe and fair,
 Now who was this little fellow in the wood?
 'Twas the stately flower we call
 (Monk's Hood)

NANCY LEMING, *Grade v*

MY PUPPY

I

My puppy has dark brown eyes,
 And when he gets peeved he cries.

II

His name is Nipper, or Nip for short,
 He's an Irish terrier and a very good sport.

III

He is so playful and so full of fun,
 And is always up with the early sun.

SUZETTE BELL, *Grade vi*

OUR DOG

We have a great big collie dog,
 Who surely is no pixie.
 Her coat is furry, nice and long,
 Her name is always "Dixie."

MILDRED CLARK, *Grade v*

THE MILLINERY ZOO

What if the monkey on that hat
 Would feel inclined to chatter;
 The Persian cat begin to scratch
 Oh what a dreadful clatter.
 And when that dog begins to bark
 Oh think of the poor hatter!

MARY HAMILTON BRACKEN, *Grade V*

LINDY

I'd rather be Lindy than "Wales";
 He'll quit that's one of the tales;
 But as for his plane,
 He'll sail it again;
 I'll be awfully sad, if he fails.

I hear that of crowds he is tired;
 They say when he lands he's admired;
 He thinks when he lands,
 He'll hide both his hands;
 He'll be awfully glad when retired.

BETTY MARY SMITH, *Grade VI*

PUGNO AND PARO

"Hello! Pugno and how are you
 These days so dark and gloomy?"
 "Just fine, Paro and are you too
 These days so fierce and stormy?"

"In class today," cried Pugno,
 "I starred in all my duties."
 "I was used the most," says Paro,
 "And read by all the beauties."

"By me the world will often change
 Its countries and its races,
 And in this world are words quite strange
 But none can take my places."

"To stay upon this big large earth
 Without me you'd be useless;
 In fighting great will be my worth,
 Unless you had preparedness."

RUTH ELIZABETH SOWERS, *Grade VIII*

MY GARDEN OF FLOWERS

My garden of flowers
Is my chief delight.
There are in my bowers,
Some tall and some slight.

The bluebell is lovely,
Suzette is her name,
She usually is with me
In play and in game.

Then Beverly snowball,
So white and so round;
The lily who's quite tall,
Is Nancy I've found.

The apple-tree blossom,
Admired and petite,
Around which the bees hum
Is Alice so sweet.

A violet lovely
Is Josephine true;
Forget-me-not friendly
Is my Peggy-Sue.

A hollyhock stately,
Is Lillian tall,
She lifts her face daily
Until it is fall.

The wild growing poppy,
So cheerful and gay,
She answers to Bettie
Who's with us each day.

Here's good-natured Madeleine,
A golden-rod bright,
She comes with the autumn,
At hay-fever's height.

Then Phyllis, a tulip,
In gorgeous array,
Of great fame she
Did sip, they say, in a play.

BETTY MARY SMITH, *Grade VI*

Physical Education

Games we played when school began
 Revived us.
 Each girl tried her very best to
 Excel the rest.
 Numerous stunts Miss Bradfield taught us—
 Somersaults and handsprings.

Acrobatic features, simplified basketball,
 New-fangled rolls at our
 Demonstration occupied us.

Work began for Field Day,
 High jump, broad jump too.
 Inability we condemned and shamed.
 Team-work proved
 Excellent in our relays
 Successful for our school.

MARTHA ANN SAWYER, *Grade VII*

Un Monsieur





HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK

Dear Jeanette,

Last night the Middle School gave a fantasy, "Helga and the White Peacock." The settings of the first and third acts were in the dismal cave of the Trolls, and the second in a forest by the sea. Those who did not have speaking parts added charm to the play with dances, one in each act. In the first act Beverly Doolittle, the West Wind, whirled through the cave to wild and vivacious music, then summoned her Wind Sprites to snatch from Helga's loom the cloud with the rift in it. In the second scene Martha Anne Scruggs and her Slumber Spirits circled about Olaf and lulled him to sleep with a spell-weaving dance so that he could not launch his boat to rescue Helga. At the beginning of act three when Helga and the Youngest Troll were blowing bubbles, Nancy Leming and Betty Smith represented, in a delicate toe dance, the rainbow that Helga wanted to make. Phyllis Sebree, the most horrible Spider Woman imaginable, with her long lean fingers, hunched back, sharp, cackling voice, and crooked nose impressed us with her energetic and dramatic ability. Alice Parker, very wistful and sad, yet always hopeful, took the part of Helga. In spite of the feeling that she was doomed to toil forever, she convinced us of her courage and determination in these words, "My soul is still alive within me and it shall not die." Peggy-Sue Neal, the faithful Grey Goose, cheered Helga and helped Olaf find her. He taught Helga the song that is repeated throughout the play, "Faith will win and hope begin and all roads have an end." The Trolls' listless voices and utter hopelessness aroused our sympathy for their "toiling forever." Margaret Smith was as proudly posing a peacock as you have ever seen. Because of his vanity he shot the Grey Goose to obtain the coveted cloak the Spider Woman had promised him. His vanity is displayed again when by his squawking voice he awakens Olaf to the high tide. Not until the last minute of the play did Olaf discover an entrance to the cave. Over the door was a web woven with the Spider Woman's evil spells. Because of the strength of his perseverance, courage, and will, he overcame the evil charms. Breaking the web, he entered the cave, and with his arm around Helga's waist he pointed to the broken spider-web, and said, "I thought they were bars of steel, but they were only spiders'-webs."

Lovingly,

MARTHA ANN SAWYER, *Grade VII*

HELGA AND THE WHITE PEACOCK

April 3, 1928

ACT I. THE HOUSE OF THE TROLLS.

ACT II. A FOREST.

ACT III. THE HOUSE OF THE TROLLS.

CHARACTERS

(In the order in which they speak)

YOUNGEST TROLL.....	Mary Hamilton Bracken
TROLL MOTHER.....	Laura Kemper Toll
HELGA.....	Alice Parker Scarritt
SPIDER WOMAN (the grandmother of the Trolls)	Phyllis Sebree
GREY GOOSE.....	Peggy-Sue Neal
PEACOCK.....	Margaret Smith
OLAF (Helga's brother).....	Frances Kilburn

DANCES

(In order of appearance)

THE WEST WIND.....	Beverly Doolittle
Matilda Basinger	Suzette Bell
Bettie Byrd Rogers	Nancy Jane Redheffer
Ruth Sowers	Judith Harris
Bettie-Cole McCune	Jeanne Guignon
Josephine Jobs	Rosemary Douglas
THE SLUMBER SPIRIT.....	Martha Anne Scruggs
Margaret Benham	Elizabeth Scarritt
Betty Byrne	Helen Louise Cook
Mildred Clark	Madeleine Smith
Diana Hearne	Janet Turner
Madeleine Breinig	Lillian Hathaway
THE RAINBOW	
Betty Mary Smith	Nancy Leming

FINALE

Art

The drawings on the opposite page are examples of the work the Middle School has been doing in art this spring. The border is taken from the design Martha Ann Sawyer made for a Gesso Box, and was redrawn and inked by Laura K. Toll, Grade VII; the medieval costume interpretation was done by Margaret Smith, Grade VII; the girl with the basket of flowers is a fashion by Matilda Basinger, Grade VII; the Civil War costume was drawn by Betty Byrne, Grade VII; the peacock costume was designed for the Middle School play, "Helga and the White Peacock," and was drawn by Mildred Davidson, Grade VIII.



M.C.D.



M.T.B.



B.B.



S



THE JUNIOR CO-OPERATIVE COUNCIL.

The Junior Co-Operative Council



THE Middle-Lower School council members meet at one o'clock every Thursday in the drawing room with Miss Babbitt, Miss Cox and Miss Fullerton.

Three times a year one councilor is elected from each grade.

This year the Council has accomplished its purpose well, and few black marks have been added to the record of any grade.

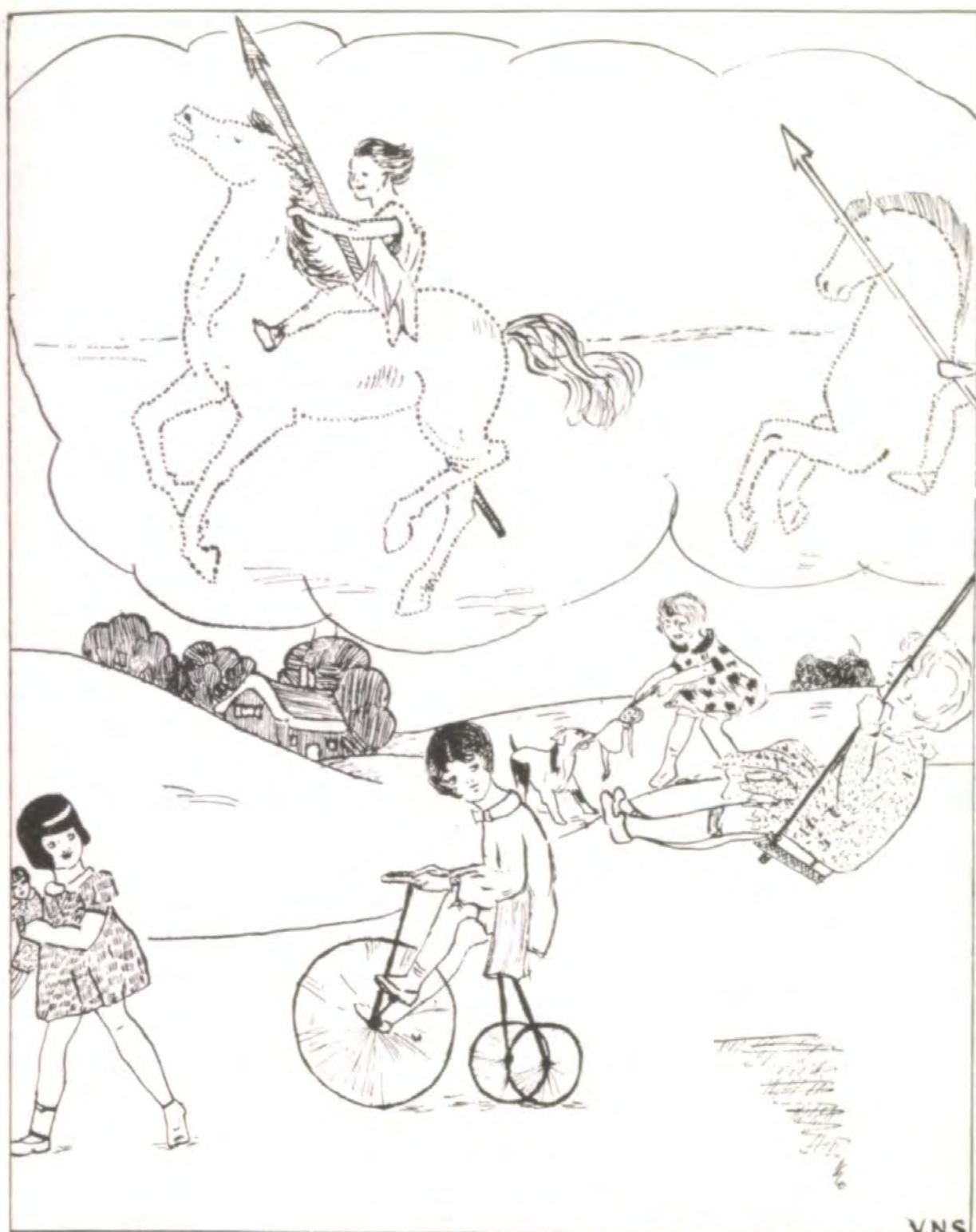
Just before spring vacation Miss Babbitt took the Council to the Country Club for tea. They enjoyed it and felt very grown up.

MILLY C. DAVIDSON, *Grade VIII*

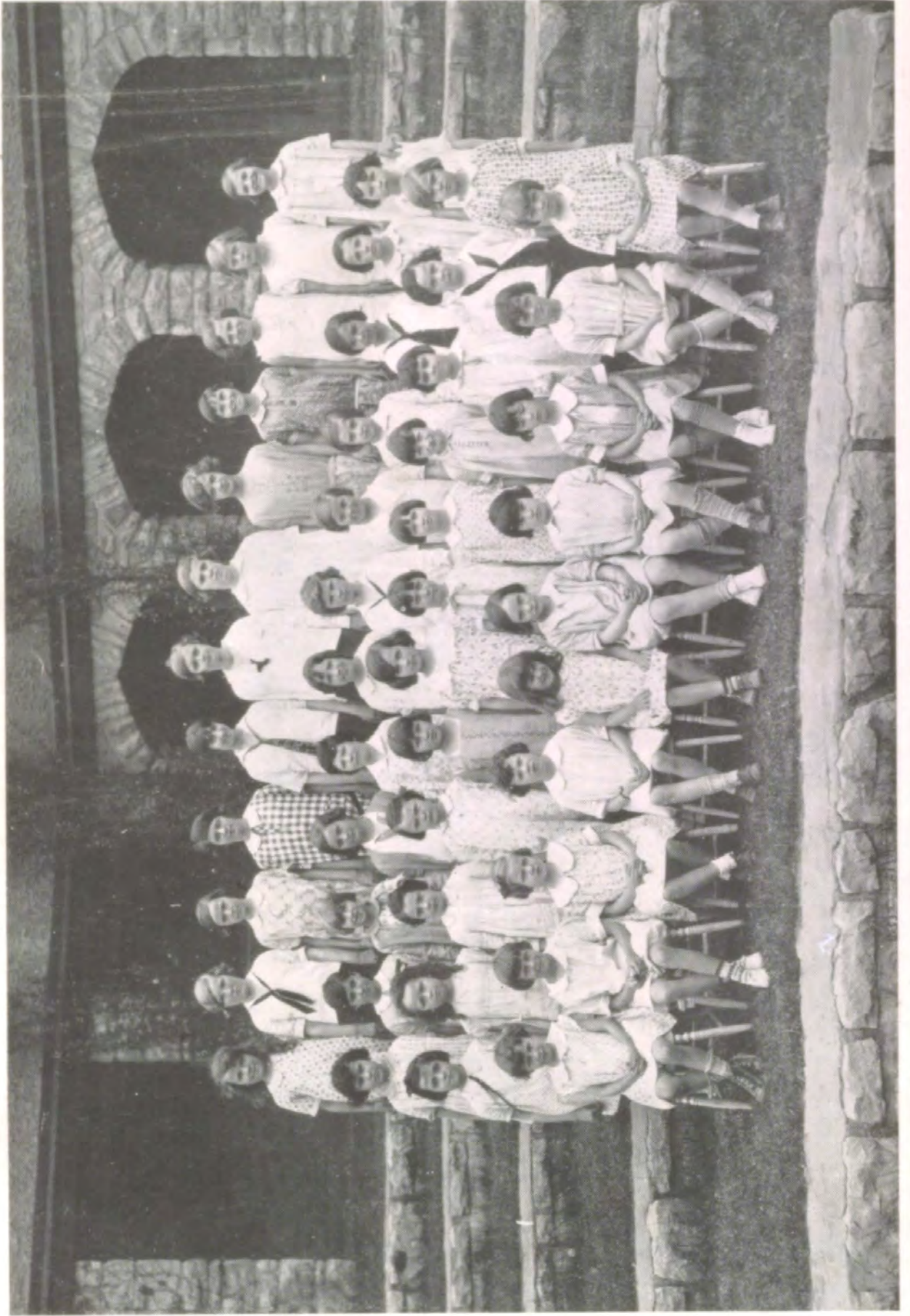
Members of the Council

Milly Claudine Davidson	}	Eighth Grade Presidents
Margaret Benham		
Ruth Elizabeth Sowers		
Janet Turner	}	Eighth Grade Representatives
Diana Hearne		
Martha Anne Scruggs		
Laura Toll	}	Seventh Grade Representatives
Margaret Smith		
Betty Byrne		
Beverley Doolittle	}	Sixth Grade Representatives
Peggy-Sue Neal		
Alice Parker Scarritt		
Bettie-Cole McCune	}	Fifth Grade Representatives
Mildred Clark		
Nancy Leming		
Betty Ann Cook	}	Fourth Grade Representatives
Mary Jane Jeffress		
Mimi Brown		

David Peter	}	Third Grade Representatives
Mary Louise Harris		
Lucretia Duke		
Virginia Perry	}	Second Grade Representatives
Betty Schaufler		
Garnet Basinger	}	First Grade Representatives
Alice Sebree		



LOWER SCHOOL



THE LOWER SCHOOL.

A Run Away Slave



I AM going to tell you about a Greek slave who ran away from his master.

Once upon a time about 2000 B. C. a slave worked for a rich Greek merchant. Now the merchant was mean to the slave, made him work without money and sometimes whipped him.

One day the slave ran away and towards night came to a river that he could not cross, so he lay down in some high reeds by the shore. He heard a soft noise, and looking up saw the Goddess Venus before him.

The Goddess said to him, "Zeus, king of gods and goddesses, has sent me to grant you anything you wish."

The slave thought a moment then he said, "I have been a slave so long, may I be a king?"

Then Venus answered, "You may be a king but I'm afraid you won't like it. The King of gods always keeps his promises so your wish is granted."

So the slave became a king. He had many servants, lovely couches to lie on with satin pillows, scarlet robes to wear with white fur on the collars and cuffs. He had a hundred and twenty palaces besides the one he lived in. But with all these came responsibilities and he had to go to so many state meetings that he was not happy and he prayed to Venus for help.

She appeared to him and said, "I told you that being a king would not make you happy, but you shall have one more wish."

Then the slave said, "Let me be a wise teacher—and teach rich men's sons," and the goddess granted his last request.

So the slave became a wise teacher, and he taught young men to be wise and honorable and loyal, and to be kind and generous to the poor slaves who worked for them.

JOAN TUREMAN, *Grade IV*

The Mysterious Box



ONE day Jack and Mary were coming home from school. Instead of going the long way, they went the short way through the woods. As they were walking along in the woods talking together they saw an iron box.

"Let's take it home," Jack said. So with the box between them they walked on. Soon they came out of the forest, and it was much easier to walk here. Suddenly Mary saw a very bright new key in the road by a ditch.

"Maybe it will fit this box," said Mary. So they sat down with the box between them. Jack tried but it would not open. Mary tried and 'click' went the lock and the lid flew open. Both heads were bent over the box.

Mary reached down and drew out, what do you think? A huge string of pearls. And on a piece of paper in the bottom of the box was their great grandmother's name.

They hurried home with their find, and their mother told them an interesting story. Years before, during the Civil War, the box containing their great grandmother's pearls had been buried. For years it had been lost to sight, but a hard rain had washed it out of the ground and now the right grandchildren had found it.

MOLLY HEARNE, *Grade IV*

Things to Remember

A LOVELY book you read long ago.
Just a picture in your memory.
A sweet face.
A helping hand.

The mountains high covered with snow.
The green hills and plains.
The wonderful sunsets—gentle rain.
And all the flowers with colors rare.
The birds and butterflies.
An empty nest in a tree.

MARY JANE JEFFRESS, *Grade IV*

Precious Things

PEOPLE talk about jewels as precious things
But the jewels that are precious to me
Are the things few people think about.
The sky is a sapphire blue
The grass is an emerald green
The leaves are emeralds, too.
The daisies are pearls so white
Poppies are rubies red.
The lakes are an azure blue,
And the dew drops are diamonds
on every blade of grass.

HARRIET PULLEN, *Grade IV*

Little Velvet Mouse

PRETTY little velvet mouse,
 I watch you every morning,
 As you come out of your hole
 To get the scraps of cheese on the floor.

Pretty little velvet mouse,
 Where do you keep your velvet coat?
 You must press it often, for when you wear it
 There is never a wrinkle in it.

Pretty little velvet mouse,
 Perhaps you don't understand why all the people
 hate you.
 But if you would be a good little mouse
 You would get along better.

Pretty little velvet mouse,
 Beware of all those mouse traps!
 Some day one will catch you, then there won't be
 Any little mouse in a velvet coat!

RUTH KILBURN, *Grade IV*

If

IF I were a cloud,
 I would float into the blue sky.
 I would shade the beautiful flowers,
 And bring rain to the thirsty ones,
 And to the fields and grass and trees.

If I were a sunbeam,
 I would dance in and out
 Of those beautiful trees,
 And watch Mistress Dew
 Sprinkle the pretty flowers.

If I were a bird,
 I would fly above the beautiful sea
 And build a nest in those trees.
 And sing to the little ones
 Who play in the garden.

ELAINE BREINIG, *Grade IV*

If I Could Fly

IF I could only fly,
I'll tell you what I'd do
I'd be a bird up in the sky
With beautiful wings of blue.

I'd fly up to the mountains,
Then back again to the sea.
I'd tell the sand on the desert
Of grass and flower and tree.

Then on to the meadows
Where little children play
They look just like the flowers
On a bright sunshiny day.

ELIZABETH MULFORD, *Grade IV*

A Jaunt Into Greece



HAVE you ever been to Greece? I had been wanting to go for a long time and every time I saw a load of hay I would wish to go to Greece, and the first star I saw at night I would wish on, and at last I got a chance to go.

We landed in a marvelous harbor near Athens. It had beautiful trees along its banks, beautiful ships at anchor, but best of all I liked the blue, blue water. When I got off the ship I hired a funny little cart to take me into Athens. To my surprise I found everything there as it was in the olden days. The Parthenon stood stately on the Acropolis. Going up the street we passed Theras' house and Klinias' house and even went by the toy shop where the cruel toy man was. There sat Diogenes peering from his tub, and I heard Demosthenes orating to the crowd. I drove by the prison and saw Socrates with his friends grouped around him while he drank his cup of hemlock.

I left my cart at the bottom of the Acropolis and walked up the very same steps that Theras did. Half way up I saw the Goddess of Plenty reaching out her arms for things just as she has done for hundreds of years. I wanted to give her something but thought she might not appreciate a gift from an American child. After a while I came to the huge statue of Athene. She was the most beautiful goddess I ever saw. Her face and hands were gold, and her dress

was ivory. I looked back down the steps to see how far I had come and what do you suppose I saw? A great crowd of people coming, and in the midst of the crowd ever so many soldiers with purple velvet robes trimmed in gold. I heard some one say, "Clear the way for the people who come to dress the goddess every year. Americans are not allowed at these festivals."

"Well," I thought, "since they are not going farther than the goddess, I will go and see the rest of the Parthenon."

I saw the whole story of the Trojan war painted on the walls. I saw Ulysses and I recognized him. I saw a great statue of Zeus with the other gods and goddesses around him. I had seen every thing in the Parthenon so I turned to go, but to my horror I saw the very same crowd that had dressed the goddess, coming toward me at full speed. What to do? I could not run anyway because there were walls on three sides—the people on the other. Then what do you suppose happened? The floor opened and down I went. When I hit I went *bump*, and then I woke. I was on the floor but luckily it was summer and very hot and the night before I had put my pillow on the floor by my bed. I wasn't hurt much, and I had had my wish and been to Greece.

MIMI BROWN, *Grade IV*

Camping in California



LAST summer I went to California with mother and daddy. That night we camped on the seashore in a tent. When it grew dark we built a fire and toasted marshmallows.

The next day a man swam out into the ocean, but he got in a whirlpool and was sucked down under the water. Some life savers went out and tried to get him and at last they succeeded but he was already dead. I felt sorry for him because he had five children. He was only thirty-one but he had gray hair.

There was another man who was almost drowned but he didn't die. The next day we all went swimming. While I was in the water I saw a girl I knew. She could duck and I couldn't so she ducked me. Next I ducked her but I didn't like it when it came my turn to be ducked so I ran away and hid.

That night when I went to bed I heard mother and daddy say that we were going to move to a hotel, so that was the end of our camping.

LOUISE MOSER, *Grade IV*

An Ocean Voyage



WENT on the City of Honolulu on its first voyage. When I got on the ship the deck railings were sticky with paint. Confetti was flying all over everything and people were kissing each other. After the ship sailed out of the harbor I went all over the vessel and played tag and hide and go-seek the rest of the day. It takes six days to go from California to Honolulu. When we had been out about three days I was sitting in a steamer chair and I saw whales and flying fishes. When the sea was calm you could look down and see all sorts of fishes.

When the vessel arrived in Honolulu we got off and took a Hawaiian taxicab. The cab took my mother and me to a hotel called the Mowana. We went to our room and got right into our bathing suits and went swimming in the ocean.

Another time I went down to the beach and a Hawaiian was there. He climbed up a cocoanut tree and took a leaf from the tree. He wove it together and it was a hat.

All the Hawaiians are black from the sun.

CHRISTINE BARROWS, *Grade III*

An Interesting Trip



WHEN I was in New York I saw more interesting things than I ever saw before. I was so happy I hardly knew what to do. Almost every day mother and I went and looked at something. We went to the Metropolitan almost every day and oh, it was so interesting. We saw every thing there was to see in New York. I liked the Metropolitan next best to the old churches. I went into the old church that Washington went to and sat in the seat where he sat. The first thing I saw when I went into the church was the flag marking his seat.

Where we lived was not far from Grant's tomb. When we went into Grant's tomb it was cold and dark, and the only light there came through the door.

One Sunday we went out to my aunt's home in Beverley Hills, and this was built in the Revolutionary period. Her home is lovely and in the yard was a little brook and on each side were all kinds of spring flowers.

In Boston we saw many old relics. A relic is an old interesting thing. There were old houses, old churches, old jewelry and old furniture. I think this trip was the very best I ever had in my life.

HARRIET COLLINS, *Grade III*

An Adventure



LONG, long ago a little pioneer girl named Rosta was going on an errand for her mother. Rosta first had to go through a wood.

Now it happened that some Indians were camping in these woods, and Rosta knew the trouble Indians made upon the poor people of her reservation, so she ran very fast. But the Indians heard her footsteps as she ran and they caught her right on the spot. They treated her kindly at first, but very roughly later on as you will see.

One day it was very bright and happy looking. The sun was shining, the flowers were in full bloom and the grass was a carpet of green. Birds were chirping in the tree tops. Snakes were hissing in the tall grass. Butterflies were flying about, but they were flying about gracefully. The Indians were dancing about their wigwams. Rosta was watching for a chance to escape—and she got it!

BRIDGETTA LIENTZ, *Grade III*

Straight From Heaven



ONE day in March a little girl named Betty was flying a kite. She ran up hills and down hills and over streams with her kite. At last Betty was so out of breath that she couldn't run any more, so she stopped to rest and fell fast asleep still holding on to her kite string. On went the kite over trees, brooks, over oceans and right over a steamer once, too, with Betty still holding on to the string in her sleep. At last they came to the land and the wind went down and the kite dropped so low that Betty knocked some bricks off a chimney with her feet, but it didn't wake her. Puff! Up went the kite again, over miles and miles of mountains, and lakes.

Pretty soon Betty opened her eyes. She yawned and stretched and when she tried to sit up she let go of the string.

Down, down she fell, and landed—where do you think? In a clothes basket! A woman was out in the yard taking in her wash and when she came to put in a dress, she saw Betty.

The woman said, "Well, how did you get here?"


"I don't know," said Betty.

The woman picked Betty out of the basket and laughed. "I guess you came straight from Heaven," she said, "but I have always wanted a little girl so I shall keep you."

Betty and her new mother lived happily ever after.

DAVID PETER, *Grade III*

A Fairy Story

NE morning in spring I was out in my garden picking flowers. All of a sudden a fairy jumped right out of a flower and began talking to me. She said, "Quick, drink this dew and it will make you smaller and you can get on my back and fly away with me."


I drank the dew and right away I felt myself getting smaller and smaller. I jumped on the fairy's back and we flew to her den, and we did have fun. We ate cookies and ginger pop. It was very good. We played and played but pretty soon I said, "I am getting lonesome for my mother."

The fairy said, "I will take you home if you can tell me your name. So I told the fairy my name was Margaret Smith. She took me home and when I got there my mother said, "Where have you been?"

I told my mother I had been away with a fairy to her house but my mother said, "You have such an imagination," and she never believed that I had really seen a fairy.

MARGARET SMITH, *Grade III*

My Worst Day

NE day my friend asked me to go horse-back riding with her, so I asked my mother if I could go. She said I could but to be careful, so I said I would.

We got in a car and after quite a ride we got to the Country Club and I asked for a horse called Molly. After a while we were riding nice and quiet and talking pleasantly. Pretty soon we rested our horses so we could run them later. Well, pretty soon we started but after a little while my friend got ahead of me and of course I wanted to catch up with her so I ran as fast as I could. Now we were riding along by a railroad track and a coal train was coming and then a tragic thing happened. The rein came off of my horse's bridle and he ran along right on the railroad track getting nearer and nearer the train every minute. Now comes the good part! My friend had the fastest horse in the stable and I had next to the fastest. She caught hold of my rein and fastened it to the bridle and led my horse back to the road.

When I got home that night I told my mother all about it and she was just scared to death and said for me to be careful and not get that bridle the next time I went horse-back riding.

JANICE HOYT, *Grade III*

Buried Treasure

EVERY Sunday our family goes on a picnic. My cousins and I had the most fun we ever had last Sunday. After dinner we went down to a spring on our farm. Some men were hunting for a bag of gold that had been buried there more than fifty years ago. There was fifty thousand dollars in gold in the bag.

Bandits came to the farm house about fifty years ago and asked the farmer's wife for something to eat. She gave them some food and then they asked her if her husband was at home. She said, "No, he has gone to get some policemen to help him catch a band of robbers who are prowling around here."

These bandits had their pockets full of money that very moment and they thought they had better hide it, so one robber stayed at the farm house while the other two went off to hide the money. They found a natural cave which they entered and the ceiling was so high they could stand up in it. They hid the money in there, but when they came out the policemen caught them.

Forty years later a man on our farm found the cave. He was a brave man so he went part way in, and found five guns. Another man went in and found a lot of crystals. Now this man is old, but he is still trying to locate the treasure. He has blasted and dug but he hasn't found a way to get where the treasure is, for fear of gas and snakes.

He has a wonderful instrument that will turn down over a piece of gold, and I believe he will find the place where the money is, if he keeps on trying.

BONNIE BETTY ELLIOTT, *Grade III*

A Trip to Washington

MY grandmother and grandfather took me to Washington last winter and it was the best trip I ever had in my life. This is how I happened to go.

I had just gotten over the chicken pox and I was spending the night at grandfather's house. They were going away the very next day so I knew I couldn't stay another night there and I wanted to be with them very much. So I went home and told mother that grandfather said I could go to Washington with him. Mother called his office, and he said he hadn't understood it just that way but said I could go. He went right off and got my ticket. That night when I was leaving, daddy gave me ten dollars to buy presents for everybody.

I thanked him and took the money. I kissed mother, daddy, my two brothers and my nurse goodbye. The chauffeur drove me down to the station. A man carried my baggage down to the train and we all got on. In ten minutes we were off.

Grandfather set his shoes out to be shined by the porter, and I did too, before I went to bed. By this time the porter was turning down the beds. I watched him till he came to ours. We had a little room to sleep in, not a seat. Grandfather and grandmother stayed up a while but I was sleepy and went to bed. They had to bring in a step ladder for grandfather to go to his bed. I slept near the window for I wanted to know when we got to Chicago.

In Chicago I bought John Martin's book, *Child Life*, and wrote home to all my relatives. I looked at the dolls in the station shop and liked some very much. We taxied to another station and were soon on our way again. My nurse had fixed up a box with sewing, scissors, paper, a pencil and other things to play with. I amused myself with them all the afternoon.

When I reached the New Willard hotel I asked the man if I had any letters, but he said "No," so I went to my room. I helped grandmother unpack while grandfather went to attend to his business. That was really why we had come.

The next day we went around Virginia and saw old churches and school houses. One day we went to Mount Vernon and saw Washington's house and his tomb and Martha Washington's room. I bought a little plant there. That night we had our supper at a Coffee Shop and went to bed early. The next day we left for New York, but I'll tell you about that part of the trip later.

KATHERINE HISTED HALL, *Grade III*

Simba



HIS story is about Mr. and Mrs. Johnson's adventures in Africa. They were there for more than four years. Before I start I want to tell you that Simba means *lion*.

Are you afraid of a lion? Have you ever seen a giraffe run? Have you heard a buffalo roar? Just wait and I will tell you about them. I hope you will enjoy it!

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were a nice couple who sailed on a boat all around Africa. They had colored people work for them as cooks, maids, and boys who sailed the boat. They went to a little island made out of stones, where cannibals were. The picture said that the cannibal king was going to eat Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, but he lost a good dinner when a British warship came along and rescued them just in time. Wouldn't you love to have been there? I would! It

would be such fun to be captured and then get away before they could eat you.

One time there was a forest fire while they were taking pictures, and the elephants butted right into the camera, and they had to run for their lives. They had to shoot the leader of the pack, then the others turned and ran another way.

But the Simba lion is the best part of all. It was great where Mrs. Johnson shot him. (I forgot to tell you that she wore very short skirts.)

About the funniest part was when Mrs. Johnson's maid put powder on her face in dabs, looked in her mirror and thought she was pretty. They danced the funniest dances you ever saw. But I'm forgetting to tell you about Simba.

Twice a year that lion pestered the villagers and ate up their cattle. He had just eaten up the African king's best bull, so the king sent some African preachers to bring it back to life by magic. They couldn't do it, so he sent them off to the jungle. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson set out to find the lion and believe me they got him. They wanted to run but they said they stayed to get the picture so they got both in the end.

JOHN POINDEXTER, *Grade III*

If I Could Fly

IF I could fly,
 I would fly around with a fairy.
 I would let her take me anywhere.
 I would let her take me into caves
 Where wild animals lie asleep.
 I would let her take me into meadows
 Where all the flowers grow.

I would sail around the sky.
 I would sail away on top of the clouds.
 I would fly from one mountain to another.
 I would fly over cities and cliffs.
 I would race the sea gulls over the sea.
 I would win the flying race!

I would race the North Wind
 To his home in the Northland.
 I would race the eagles
 To their nests in the mountains.
 I would race the birds to their nests,
 Then I would rest in the tops of the trees—
 If I could fly.

SUZANNE PORTER, *Grade III*

Mr. Spring

HERE comes Mr. Spring
 All dressed up in his new green velvet coat.
 Now what kind of buttons has he on it?
 Why, dandelions, of course.
 And what is that sticking out of his pocket?
 If it isn't a purple flag for a handkerchief.
 Mr. Spring looks very gay in his new green suit.
 And the rain and sun only make his suit handsomer.
 But the sun and rain would just ruin mine!

DAVID PETER, *Grade III*

Spring

SPRING is very pleasant
 When flowers are bright and gay
 Then birdies sing with all their might
 And happy children play.

Mr. Bird takes Mrs. Bird,
 And walks up to a tree.
 "Oh Mr. Tree, may we rent one room?"
 "Where's your money Mr. Bird?" says Mr. Tree.

DAVID PETER, *Grade III*

A Wish That Came True



IAM a little flower. I am a pink rose. I am standing in Mary Jane's garden. I have lots of friends. The bees, the humming birds.

One day I was standing all alone in the garden when a little butterfly came to comfort me. When I saw the butterfly I said, "Little butterfly, I feel so lonely I don't know what to do."

The butterfly said, "I can help you, I think, little rose. I will give you any wish you want."

So the little pink rose said to herself, in a low voice, "I wish I could be in a vase in Mary Jane's house."

Just then the door opened and sure enough, out came Mary Jane with a smile on her face as if she was thinking of something nice. Then she came out to where I was and picked me, and I was very happy.

ANNE ASHLEY SNYDER, *Grade II*

Clouds

I LOVE the clouds.
 I would like to sail on one.
 But I might fall off.
 They look like boats in the sky.
 I love to see them move about.
 They go to different places.
 Sometimes they gather rain
 And let it fall on umbrellas.
 When I am under one of the umbrellas,
 I love to have the clouds rain.

VIRGINIA PERRY, *Grade II*

Fairies

I LOVE to meet fairies
 And play with them.
 They might teach me lessons
 And little tricks, too.
 I hope I meet one today.
 I'll let him jump into my hand
 And teach me my reading.

BARBARA BERGER, *Grade II*

My Rabbit

I USED to have a rabbit
 And I fed him every day.
 A boy made a cage for him.
 I found him on Easter.
 I found him in Mrs. Low's garden.
 He was near Easter eggs.
 Then I took him home—
 I haven't him now.
 A dog caught him.
 I found his skin,
 And then I felt very bad,
 My brother and sister felt bad, too.

PATSY PEABODY, *Grade II*

A Narrow Escape

MY father when he was a little boy was a sailor. He was on a ship and some pirates were fighting him. The pirates tied him with a rope and put him on a plank and sent him off. They put a band over his eyes and while he was tied, a fish bit his leg. But another fish bit off the rope and he got loose and took the band off of his eyes and he is my father now.

BARBARA FLEMING, *Grade II*

A Good Time

THE very best time I ever had was at the seashore. I went down to the ocean blue and played in the white sand. I have been on a steamer but not on the ocean. I made a village out of sand and I made the windows with my fingers. There were porpoises in the ocean. There were crabs, too. Mother picked one up and Suzanne stepped on one. We got the sand wet and drew pictures in it. I drew a picture of my daddy when I went down to the ocean blue. I dug a hole for water and the next day it was an inch deep. We stayed at the Darlington Hotel. We had a funny waitress. She called roast ham, roast hame, and she called roast lamb, roast lame.

NANCY PORTER, *Grade II*

My Father

MY father is grateful for business. He wears a black coat. He tells me stories of the time when he was a little boy, and this is one story he told. Once he had some goats and some sheep. He fed them milk from a bottle. But they got lost and he felt bad.

He takes me to church. He likes to hear the victrola. My father likes to go to a picture show. He goes down town every day. He has a blue car with blue insides and he calls it Blue Heaven.

He likes to read the *Star*, and the *Post* and the "funny paper."
His friends are named Smith and Schmelzer and Loose.

ANNE LOUISE SCARRITT, *Grade II*

The Clever Canary



CANARY was in his cage. A bluebird came along and saw the canary. Now the canary wanted the bluebird to stay and talk to him and so he asked him to. The bluebird said, "I will." The canary screamed, "Polly want a cracker!" He said that to make the cook come. Then she came and the canary said, "Please let the bluebird come in and live with me."

The cook was kind so she said, "All right" and let the bluebird in and they played together all the rest of the day.

After the cook went to bed the bluebird began to tell the canary all about the outside world.

Then the canary said, "Let's push and push and get out into this beautiful world." And so they did and they flew away to the bluebird's nest and were free and happy ever after.

BETTY FAY SMITH, *Grade II*

A Poem

OH little tulips
 You look so cute standing in a row,
 In your uniforms of green,
 With red caps on your heads.
 Are you little bell boys?
 Do you unlock fairy doors?
 Do you carry messages to the flowers?
 You are always the first soldiers
 To march into my garden.

NANCY PORTER, *Grade II*

A Poor Excuse



ONE night mother, daddy and I were riding on 15th Street. We heard the fire engine bell ring in the fire engine house. We saw men jump on to the fire engine and out they came. We went faster than we usually went. A cop caught us and daddy told him that there was a child on the back seat who was afraid of fire engines in the night. The cop said, "That is a poor excuse, but you can go this time."

GLORIA ZICK, *Grade I*

A Snake Story

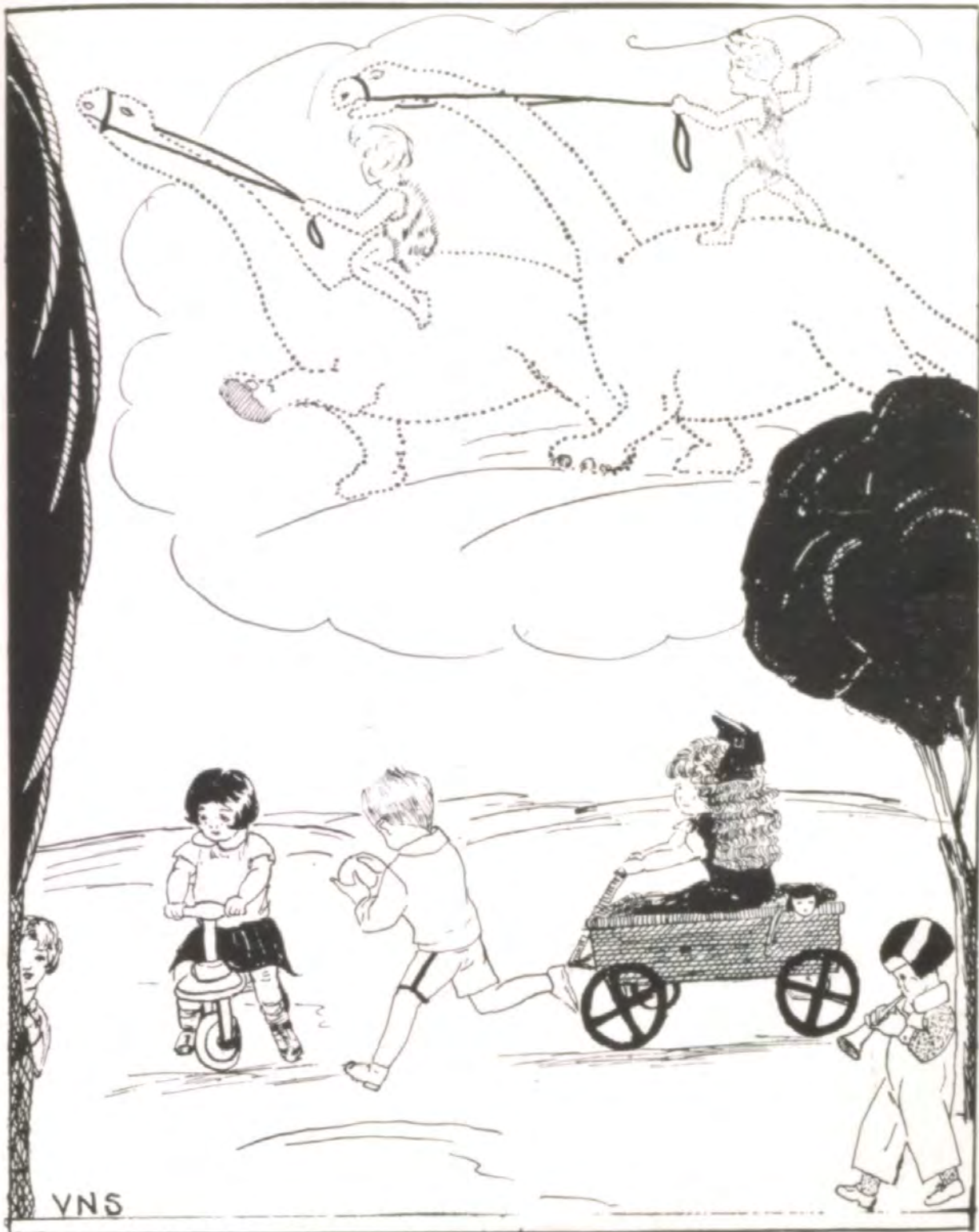


Y mamma and Medill saw a rattlesnake out at Medill's farm. My mamma yelled and Medill ran. I think they were babies not to kill it. They both had sticks to kill snakes. Snakes poison you and get around your legs and squeeze you. That's all.

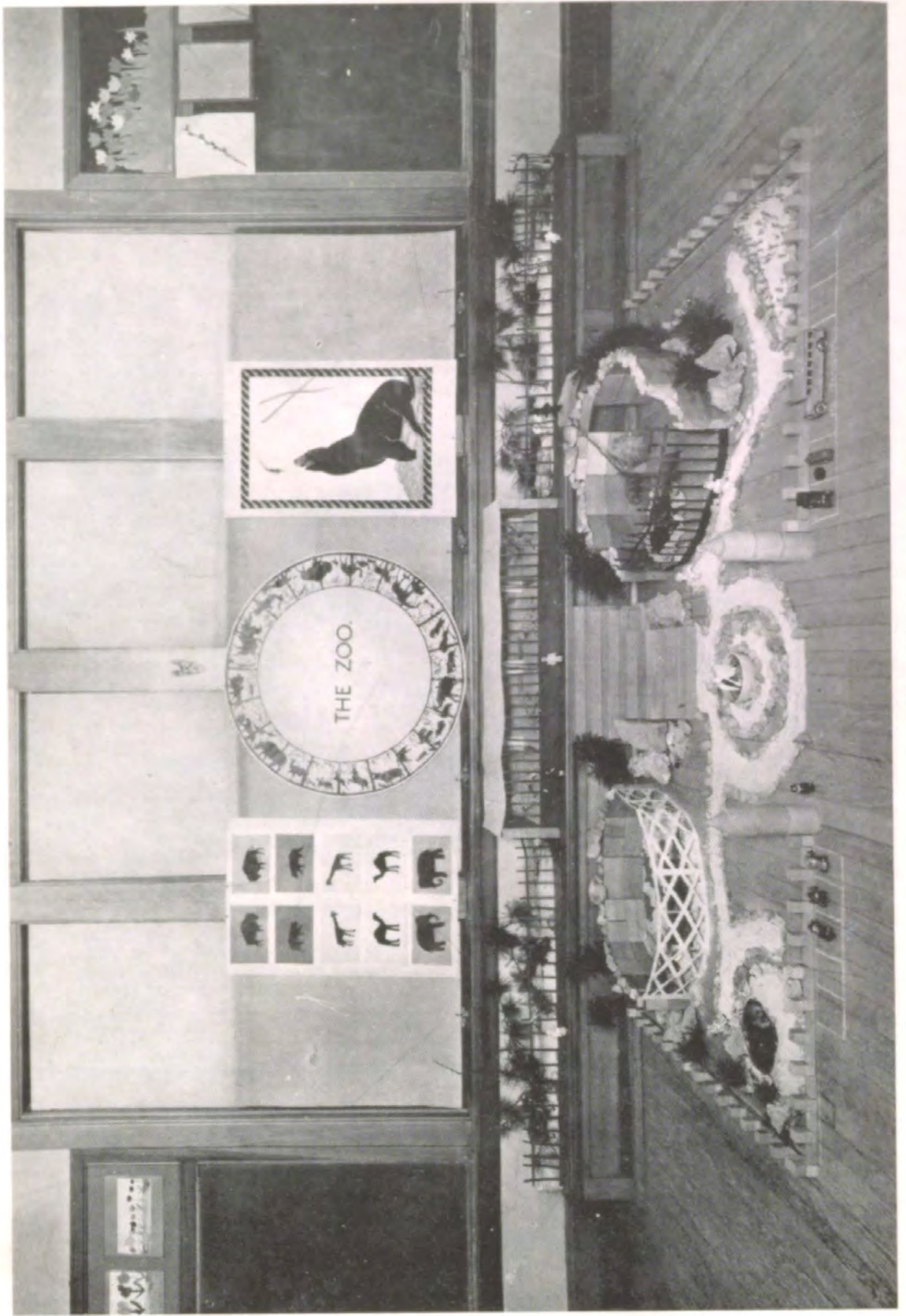
MARTHA DAVIDSON, *Grade 1*



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THE flowers have come in our garden,
 Tulips all red, gold and purple.
 The grass is green
 The sky is blue
 Springtime has come for me and you.

PATRICIA SCOTT, 5 Years

KATHLEEN TRUMBULL, 5 Years

PUSSY willows are so soft
 We like to feel their fur.
 Growing on their long brown stems
 The pussies almost purr.

PEGGY LONGSTREET, 4 Years

WINTER has gone and spring is here.
 Tulips are growing, the buds are on the trees
 Birds are building their nests up high.
 Hear them sing their songs of cheer.

BY ourselves we made a zoo.
 We built a fence around it.
 Alligators came to stay
 And in the pit the little bears play.
 Dolls come in their motor cars,
 And walk around the zoo
 To see the lion and the tiger
 And watch the baboon too.

WE have three goldfish in our room,
 They eat and swim all day.
 They dart through the castle up and down,
 We like to watch them play.

THE wind is blowing very hard
 It turns the weather-cock.
 It lifts my hat right off my head
 And whistles through the trees.

THE oriole hangs his nest in the tree
 And sings a happy song.

Miss Lennon (reading a story): "So—you never can tell what will happen—."

Billy: "No— and you never can tell what a red-headed mamma will do."

Miss Lennon: "Billy, I just don't know what I'm going to do with you."

Billy (laughingly): "You know, Miss Lennon, that's just exactly what my mother says."

Joan and Peggy—"Miss Lennon, when we grow up we're going to get married just so we can visit each other in automobiles and go to *late* shows at the Orpheum."

Billy—"Kathleen, I think I'd like to marry you when I grow up."

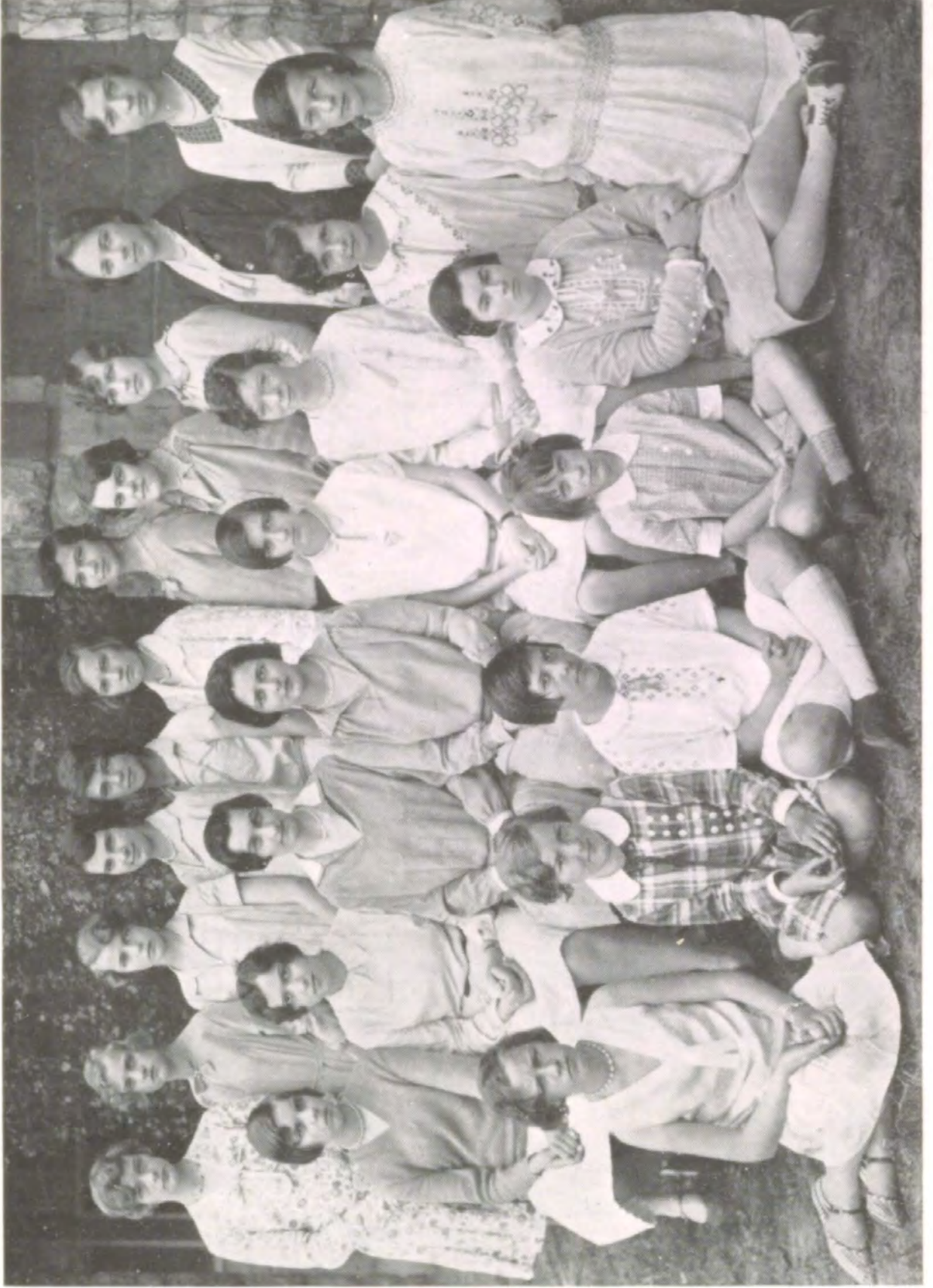
Kathleen—"I'm awfully sorry, Billy, but I've already promised to marry Sammy, but—I tell you what! You can come and live next door to us."



Art Work in This Volume

Upper School.....	Virginia Sprague
Senior.....	Martha Irvin
Junior.....	Lucy Chapman
Sophomore.....	Virginia Sprague
Freshman.....	Eleanor Jones
Dormitory	Winifred Wittmann
Literature.....	Barbara Williams
Activities.....	Dorothy Munger
Pretender Tailpiece.....	Virginia Sprague
Glee Club.....	Virginia Sprague
Athletics.....	Virginia Sprague
Alumnae.....	Dorothy Munger
Scandalous Club	Winifred Wittmann
Middle School.....	Eleanor Jones
Lower School.....	Virginia Sprague
Kindergarten.....	Virginia Sprague
Kindergarten Tailpiece.....	Virginia Sprague
Autographs.....	Virginia Sprague





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