

REFERENCE
Lambs in Literature

M. D. Lake

Personalities of the Week

By Tommie Walden

Lake Collects Lambs; Abbott Doodles; Stovall Walks in Rain; Warren Edits

There's not a doubt about it. All the signs—green trees swaying, red birds singing—point to the fact that spring is here. And right on the heels of spring come finals (oh woe), and then (oh happy day), the train ticket home.

This school year will be ended, and after looking back briefly, the aggressive student will look forward to next year and its possibilities of being bigger and better. Among the important characters to lead out in our activities next year will be the editors of the three college publications.

ISABEL (Beetle) WARREN, previously "exposed" in this column, will be at the helm of the Lass-O. Associate editor and former society editor, Beetle, a brunette example of sartorial perfection, will doubtless reflect our ideals and standards as well as she writes copy.

Also reviewed before is JANE ABBOTT, literary editor-elect of the Daedalian Quarterly. A willowy brunette with a penchant for doodling, Jane dashes off poetry to fill her spare time until next year.

Blond VIRGINIA STOVALL explains "There's no time like the present," and spends her moments in snappy games of bridge, in dancing, sleeping, and eating ginger-bread—her favorite food. Ginger says it won't be long until she can't play as much since she has recently been elected editor of the Daedalian Annual for next year.

Majoring in journalism, Ginger keeps

a "huge" scrap-book as a hobby. Walking in the rain is one of her favorite time fillers, and last Sunday afternoon she ventured out for some enjoyment in that spring deluge. Artificial people and being waked up are two of the blond's pet hates.

Member of the Dallas Club and president of the Journalism Club, the junior once wanted to be a foreign correspondent, but since Marion (Mr. Butch to you), an A&M graduate, entered her life, the ol' U. S. soil is good enough.

Now Ginger wants to write features for a newspaper, but admits she will probably be "a little housewife."

Collecting miniature lambs is the hobby of MARY LAKE, editor-in-chief elect of the Daedalian Quarterly, while fillet mignon and chicken salad maintain their place high in her esteem.

Double majoring in Latin and English, Mary is president of the Latin Club, and member of the Philomathia, Fort Worth, English and Press clubs.

Extensive traveling, and tailored evening clothes are two of the junior's pet likes, while hypocrisy and pretty men are her main antipathies. For past time employment Mary prefers dancing, riding, swimming, and reading.

Louis Hayward, of movie fame, is the blond's current flame. Mary maintains it is unusual, since her name is Lake, that she rooms with a Pool and lives next door to a Brooks.



History

The Flamy of "Mamy and
Her Little Lamb"

and a side-splitting cough, and had acquired some knowledge of how nature cures disease.

Then I went back to my beloved doctor, who invited me to become his pupil, and for several months I basked in the shadow of a man who was a more consummate master of the art of medicine than anyone else I have ever met. I have envied the intellect and affects of many men, but those of Robert Hubbard most of all.

I SPENT two winters in New York studying medicine, if studying it can be called, for in reality it was memorizing lecture notes, compends, and textbooks, and retaining sufficient facts and fictions to pass an examination. Scientific medicine had been born and it was creeping at a snail's pace toward East 26th Street in New York. It had not arrived there, however, when I left. During the summers I shadowed my revered master, and if I have any knowledge of the physician's art I owe it to him.

When I graduated in medicine I was poor in purse and health, the deficiency in health being due in large part to inadequate and insufficient food. I had lost weight and was extremely susceptible to that strange malady of many origins called 'a cold.' I had been impressed with the penetrating clinical insight of one of my professors who had great repute as a specialist in diseases of the chest, and I determined to ask him to examine me and counsel me that I might grow strong and stay so.

He was a deep-chested man, too, with a strident voice and a keen eye. His *fortiter in re* was genuine; his *suaviter in modo* artificial. During the eight years I knew him, I heard many flattering things said of him, but I never heard anyone say he was kindly or compassionate. When he died an obituary notice in one of the medical journals said, 'He was an admirable business man.' When one went to consult him, with five dollars, one rang the stoop-door bell; but if one had only a dollar, the basement bell admitted. I went in with the goats.

He heard a brief account of my story, standing, and then proceeded to examine my chest. Despite breathing exercises assiduously practised and carefully planned calisthenics, I had not been able to overcome the thoracic deformity or to get sufficient air into the lower portion of the right lung to make a resonant sound when the chest was percussed. The professor was visibly astonished and clearly interested.

Like the Ancient Mariner, only with drooping mustache instead of long gray beard, he held me with his glittering eye and said, 'Young man, there is only one place where you can live: Arizona. You'd better get out there as quickly as you can. If you go now there's a good chance you'll recover. You see, that

old affair in your lung has started up again.'

There had been no inquiry of plans or prospects, no solicitude for ambitions or desires, no interest in the spirit of the man whose engine was signaling for gas and oil. That day I determined never to sentence a person on sight, for life or to death.

A dollar and eighty cents would take me home provided I travel by boat a large part of the way. I would have five cents left toward paying my fare to Arizona, where I had not the smallest intention of going. Then, as I reached home, the great blizzard of 1888 occurred and my fortunes turned.

One of my neighbors, reputed to be rich, had been overtaken by the storm driving home from the station, and that evening, on retiring, he found that the automatism of an important function had forsaken him, and soon he was in great pain. The nearest physician was four miles distant, and the night was perilous. 'Perhaps the young doctor who has recently come home could do something.'

He could, though he had learned nothing in the medical school, and was quite unprepared to practise medicine. His mentor had taught him many things, including how to pass a catheter.

After the snowdrifts had become pools and the crocuses had thrust out their heads I returned to New York with twenty dollars and a determination to stay.

There were few idle hours in the next ten years of learning and teaching, practising and writing, dreaming and planning. Then the machinery began to creak again. Day after day I felt myself thrust between the hammer and the anvil. At each blow the pain in the right side of the abdomen became a little more constant, the apprehension a little keener, the despair a little more prostrating.

THE first colleague I consulted was reputed to have a comprehensive grasp of human pathology. During my student days the opportunity had come to me to row the poppy-boat for a few nights in which one of his wealthy celibates, worn with age and excess, was making the crossing of the Styx, and I was impressed with the gentleness, solicitude, and attentiveness of his physician. On first contact one could scarcely help believing that his speech was not affected, his manner was not artificial, his gestures not studied, his airiness not assumed. But he was the most genuine of men, who had laboriously taught himself the science of diagnosis, and whose failure to acquire the art of it was in a measure compensated for by his honesty and optimism. Later, when confronted with puzzling problems, I rarely appealed to him in vain. He was generous of his time and talent, sympathetic, understanding, and

kindly, and a most indefatigable worker.

He listened with interest to my story, from which, being a physician, I deleted the apprehension. He became deeply absorbed by the immobile side of my thorax and at first was inclined to attribute the symptoms to the 'old lesion' in the chest, but finally decided that I had chronic appendicitis. It was not the fashion then to go, knife in hand, after that vestigial remnant when it began to be troublesome, as it is today. 'An operation may be necessary, but the time is not yet.'

As I was quite unfitted to go on with my work, I went to a seaside town and followed closely the movements of a surgeon who was summering there. I adhered strictly to the prescribed dietetic régime and its various annoying accompaniments, but all to no purpose. When I returned home at the end of the summer I was in worse health than when I left. It, therefore, seemed prudent to seek help elsewhere.

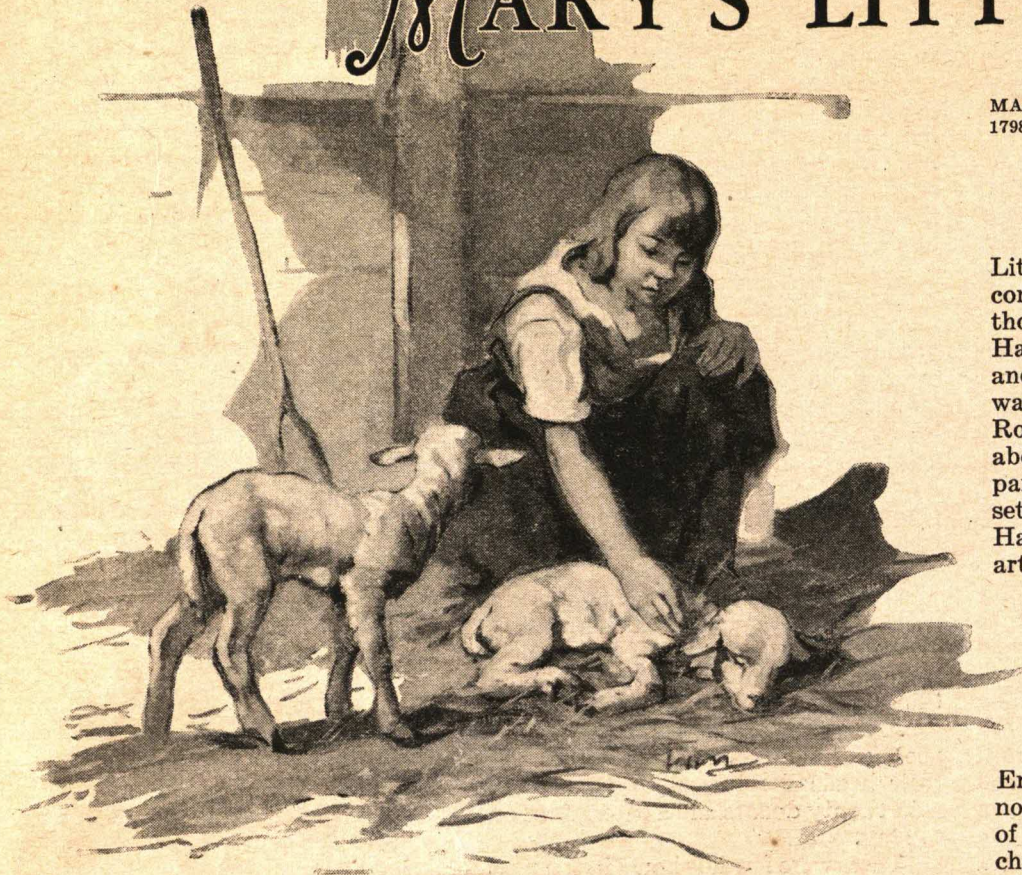
ONE of my first important patients had brought me into pleasant, and to me, flattering contact with a physician who had the reputation of having no peer in the field of diagnosis in New York or in the whole country. He had not only trained himself patiently and laboriously in the hospital ward and laboratory, but he was a 'born' diagnostician and something of a wizard as well. He looked the part. But if he had any fellow-feeling for a sufferer he could conceal it better than anyone I have known.

After careful and repeated examination he confided to me that I had tuberculosis of the kidney: 'In view of that pulmonary trouble that you had some years ago, etc.' I think he enjoyed telling me that I was affected with an incurable disease. Fortunately I did not believe him and, more than that, both his reception of me and his interpretation of my disorder had angered me. I felt I had not been treated like a human being.

At that time I was by way of seeing frequently and intimately, as we were working in the same hospital, a young man whose clinical insight and judgment I had grown to admire and respect. He had come to this country a few years before, penniless and nearly friendless. By virtue of a charming personality, innate kindness, intellectual honesty, and colossal industry, he was forging rapidly to the front. I could do no better than forsake the counsel of the old men and consult the young.

'The thing for you to do,' said the young doctor, 'is to take an anesthetic and be thoroughly and properly investigated. No one can be positive that it is tuberculosis of the kidney without such examination. And it is much more likely to be a growth than a lesion of the kidney.' (Continued on page 26)

The True Story of MARY'S LITTLE LAMB



MASSACHUSETTS. IT WAS IN USE FROM 1798 TO 1856 AND WAS REMOVED TO THIS SPOT FOR ITS PRESERVATION BY MR. AND MRS. HENRY FORD IN 1926

The authorship of 'Mary Had a Little Lamb' was once a matter of contention between two parties; namely, those who held that Sarah Josepha Hale wrote a purely imaginative poem, and those who held that Mary Sawyer was the actual heroine and John Roulstone the first poet, whose lines about the lamb were afterward expanded. That this contention has been settled with equal honor to Sarah Hale and Mary Sawyer, the present article is designed to show.

Here, then, is the story of Mary Sawyer. The Sawyers of New England came from Lincolnshire, England, in 1643, and 'were an unprecedentedly prolific race. They probably outnumber any other family race throughout New England, unless it be the Wilders; and no one family of them could equal that of Thomas Sawyer.' So read the chronicles of *The Sawyers in America*. They were well named—they were in fact *sawyers*. 'If the Sawyers were not born with saws in their hands, the saws came very readily to their hands . . . Every town, village, road and lane throughout New England bears witness of their skill and industry.' They were millwrights, wheelwrights, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, carpenters, coopers, and they were pioneers in the use of water-power. To this day their mills and lumber yards are to be found in the hands of their descendants, and they have made their mark in the academic, political and military worlds.

THERE was a Mary, and there was a lamb. That, at least, is what the old Redstone Schoolhouse of Sterling District No. 2 stands to prove. But the schoolhouse is not in Sterling now. When it became known as the scene of the immortal children's classic it was removed for preservation and now stands in the shadow of deep woods on a side road near Longfellow's Wayside Inn, where its old walls echo to songs and lessons again.

This primitive temple of education has had a varied history. Built about 1798, it continued in use as a school until 1856, when it was sold for thirty-five dollars and fifty cents. Not a humiliatingly low price when it is considered that the quarter-acre lot of land on which it stood was sold for ten dollars. It was a corner lot, too, on the road between Sterling and Clinton. Although known throughout the countryside as 'the old Redstone Schoolhouse,' it was really an ordinary wooden building of the familiar country type, sixteen by thirty feet, and painted red; its name was taken from the fact that it stood on a rising called Redstone Hill. There were little benches for the very young and rude writing desks which

accommodated four of the older pupils, and the chimney had a niche to store inkwells to keep them from freezing.

When its educational career ended in 1856, the building saw various uses until eventually it became part of the Baptist church society's garage at Sterling. Here, in 1926, Mr. Henry Ford discovered it, and then began the train of events which brought the 'Redstone' schoolhouse of Sterling to the Wayside Inn of Sudbury, and restored it to its old-time use. It bears two memorial tablets now. On the right of the door, in bronze, is a facsimile of two pages out of *McGuffey's Reader* giving the 'Mary's Lamb' lesson, while on the left of the door another bronze tablet reads:

IN HONOR OF THE CHILDREN'S CLASSIC
"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"
AND OF

MARY ELIZABETH SAWYER—1806-1889—
THE "MARY" OF THE POEM
REBECCA KIMBALL THE TEACHER
JOHN ROULSTONE AUTHOR OF THE
FIRST TWELVE LINES
SARAH JOSEPHA HALE
WHOSE GENIUS COMPLETED THE POEM
IN ITS PRESENT FORM

THIS BUILDING INCORPORATES THE ORIGINAL "REDSTONE" SCHOOL HOUSE, SCENE OF THE POEM, WHICH STOOD ON THE SECOND SCHOOL DISTRICT OF STERLING,



Mary Elizabeth Sawyer.
(Mrs. Columbus Tyler.)

From this race was born, on March 22, 1806, Mary Elizabeth Sawyer. She was of the fourth generation in America and herself the beginning of the fifth generation in her family line. Her father was Thomas, the son of Ezra Sawyer, and her mother was Elizabeth Houghton.

There appears to be no exact data as to Mary's age when the incident of the lamb occurred, but the Boston *Transcript* of February 14, 1878, printed the following:

THE veritable "Mary (who) had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow" visited the Old South Spinning Bee yesterday afternoon and told the ladies present the story of the lamb. When she was nine years old and was living on a farm, one morning she went out into the barn where she found two little lambs, one of them nearly dead

This reference to the age is of course secondhand; another and perhaps more accurate reference appears presently.

The narrative in its most widely known form was published in 1902 by Frederick A. Stokes Company, and is as follows: (To avoid confusion we should say at this point that Mary Sawyer's marriage name was Tyler.)

'Well, if I had known,' Mrs. Tyler smilingly said to a visitor at her home a few years ago, 'that the interest I took in my little pet was to have given me so much notoriety, I do not know that I should have carried out the plan I did; but I think I should, for then I was too young to understand much about notoriety, though not too young to take an interest in dumb animals, especially when I saw them suffering.'

At first Mrs. Tyler was somewhat loath to talk for publication; but when informed that it was the little folk for whom the story was to be told, she related the tale as follows:

OF COURSE it will not be necessary for me to tell you about the house where I was born in Sterling; if you have been there, you know all about it. I was always very fond of animals; and from the time I could toddle out to the barn I was with the dumb beasts not a little of my time. I think there was not a horse, cow, sheep, ox, or any other animal upon the place, but knew me. It was rare sport for me to pluck clover tops, and make the horses follow me about the fields for them. By calling to them or to the cows, I could get them to come to me, and I always intended to have something for them when they came.

'One cold, bleak March morning I went out to the barn with father; and after the cows had been fed, we went to the sheep pen, and found two lambs which had been born in the night. One had been forsaken by its mother,

and through neglect, cold and lack of food was nearly dead. I saw it had still a little life, and asked to take it into the house; but father said, No, it was almost dead, anyway, and at the best could live but a short time. But I couldn't bear to see the poor little thing suffer, so I teased until I got it into the house. Then I worked upon mother's sympathies. At first the little creature could not swallow, and the catnip tea mother made it could not take for a long time.

'I got the lamb warm by wrapping it in an old garment and holding it in my arms beside the fireplace. All day long I nursed the lamb, and at night it could swallow just a little. Oh, how pleased I was! But even then I wasn't sure it would live; so I sat up all night with it, fearing it wouldn't be warm enough if there was not some one at hand to look out for its comfort. In the morning, much to my girlish delight, it could stand; and from that time it improved rapidly. It soon learned to drink milk; and from the time it could

colored ribbons the wool on its forehead. When that was being done, the lamb would hold down its head, shut its eyes, and stand as quiet as could be.

'From the time it could walk until the season came for the sheep to go to pasture my lamb stayed in the woodshed. It did not take kindly to its own species; and when it was in the field, it preferred being with the cows and horses instead of with other sheep.

'The lamb was a ewe and became the mother of three lambs, a single one and twins, and her devotion to her little family was as strong as could be.

WE ROAMED the fields together and were, in fact, companions and fast friends. I did not have many playmates outside the dumb creatures on the place. There were not many little girls to play with, and I had few dolls; but I used to dress up my lamb in pantalets, and had no end of pleasure in her company. Then I had a little blanket or shawl for her; and usually when that was on, she would lie down at my feet, remaining perfectly quiet and seemingly quite contented.

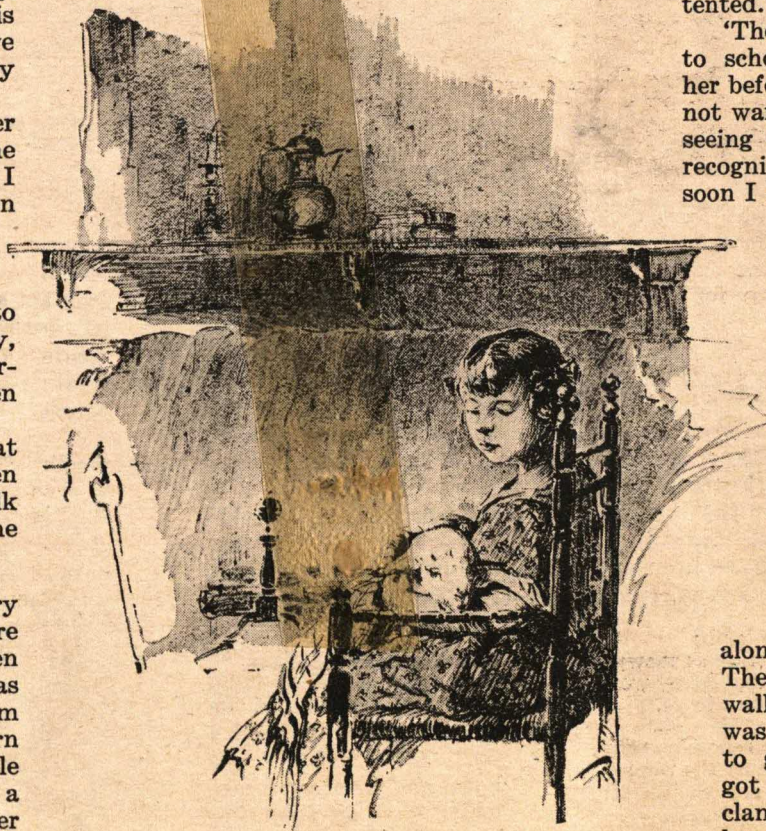
'The day the lamb went to school, I hadn't seen her before starting off; and not wanting to go without seeing her, I called. She recognized my voice, and soon I heard a faint bleating

far down the field. More and more distinctly I heard it, and I knew my pet was coming to greet me. My brother Nate said, "Let's take the lamb to school with us."

'Childlike, I thought that would be a good idea, and quickly consented. The lamb followed along close behind me. There was a high stone wall to climb, and it was rather hard work to get her over. We got her on top, then clambered over to take her down. She seemed to understand what was expected, and waited quietly for us to take

her off the wall.

'When the schoolhouse was reached, the teacher had not arrived, and but few of the scholars were there. Then I began to think what I should do with the lamb while school was in session. I took her down to my seat—you know we had old-fashioned, high, boarded-up seats then. Well, I put the lamb under the seat and covered



I got the lamb warm by wrapping it in an old garment and holding it in my arms beside the fireplace.

walk about, it would follow me anywhere if I only called it.

'My little pet was a fast grower, as symmetrical a sheep as ever walked, and its fleece was of the finest and whitest. Why, I used to take as much care of my lamb as a mother would of a child. I washed it regularly, kept the burdocks picked out of its hoofs, and combed and trimmed with bright-

her with her blanket; and she lay down as quietly as could be. By and by I went forward to recite, leaving the lamb all right; but in a moment there was a clatter, clatter, clatter on the floor, and I knew it was the pattering of the hoofs of my lamb.

'Oh, how mortified I felt! The teacher was Miss Polly Kimball, who was afterward married to a Mr. Loring, and became the mother of Loring, the circulating-library man of Boston. She laughed outright, and of course all the children giggled. It was rare sport for them, but I could see nothing amusing in the situation. I was too ashamed to laugh, or even smile, at the unlooked-for appearance of my pet. I took her outdoors, and shut her in a shed until I was ready to go home at noon. Usually I did not go home till evening, as we carried our lunch with us; but I went home at noon that day.

'Visiting the school that morning was a young man by the name of John Roulstone, a nephew of the Reverend Lemuel Capen, who was then settled in Sterling. It was the custom then for students to prepare for college with ministers, and for this purpose Mr. Roulstone was studying with his uncle. The young man was very much pleased with the incident of the lamb; and the next day he rode across the fields on horseback to the little old schoolhouse, and handed me a slip of paper which had written upon it the three original stanzas of the poem. Since then three additional stanzas have been added to it. Here is the little poem as I received it:

Mary had a little lamb;
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out;
But still it lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

'From the fleece sheared from my lamb, mother knit two pairs of very nice stockings, which for years I kept in memory of my pet. But when the ladies were raising money for the preservation of the Old South Church in Boston, I was asked to contribute one pair of these stockings for the benefit of the fund. This I did. The stockings

were raveled out, pieces of the yarn being fastened to cards bearing my autograph, and these cards were sold, the whole realizing, I am told, about one hundred dollars. After the first pair were thus sold, the ladies wanted more

day, gave up its life; and its place could not be filled in my childish heart.'

The little book goes on to say that Mrs. Tyler's later years were cheered by the companionship and loving care of her niece, Annie E. Sawyer, a Somerville school-teacher, who did all in her power to make her aged aunt's declining days peaceful and happy. Mrs. Tyler died December 11, 1889, and is buried in the famous Mount Auburn Cemetery in Boston.

The narrative is then confirmed by this affidavit:

'Commonwealth of
Massachusetts, } ss
County of Worcester,

'Henry S. Sawyer, of Sterling, Worcester County, Mass., being duly sworn, deposes and says: That he is a relative of Mary E. Tyler, née Sawyer, deceased; that he lives in the same house in which she was born and married, and in which she lived at the time the incidents referred to in the poem of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" occurred. That he attended school at the same school-house where she attended school at the time referred to in the poem, and that he knows the facts as published in this book to be true.

HENRY S. SAWYER

'Sworn and subscribed before me, a Notary Public in and for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, this sixth day of May, A. D., one thousand nine hundred and one.

William A. Wilcox
Notary Public'

This is the artless and circumstantial story, published everywhere, and told by Mary Sawyer personally to many friends and at occasional small gatherings. Her relation to the poem seems to have been a matter of modesty with her for a long time, and its widest burst of publicity seems to have occurred about the time that sewing bees and bazaars and fairs were being held by patriotic Boston to save the

Old South Church from being sold. Mrs. Ann Eliza (Sawyer) Warren, a niece of Mary's, tells in the *National Magazine* for June, 1897, how this came about:

Being in Boston at the time of the Old South Fair, some of the leaders asked her,



yarn; and they were so anxious to have the other pair raveled out that I gave them also. Now all I have left in remembrance of my little pet of years long ago are two cards upon which are pasted scraps of the yarn from which the stockings were knit.

'I have not told you about the death of my little playmate. It occurred on a Thanksgiving morning. We were all out in the barn, where the lamb had followed me. It ran right in front of the cows fastened to the stanchions, built along the feed box. One of the creatures gave its head a toss then lowered its horns and gored my lamb, which gave an agonizing bleat and came toward me with the blood streaming from its side. I took it in my arms, placed its head in my lap, and there it bled to death. During its dying moments it would turn its little head and look up into my face in a most appealing manner, as if it would ask if there was not something that I could do for it. It was a sorrowful moment for me when the companion of many romps, my playfellow of many a long summer's



The teacher, Miss Polly Kimball.

'What shall we do to amuse and interest the children who may come here?' At their earnest request she consented to go every day at a certain hour, and in a side room of the building, tell the story of the lamb to the children and give to each of them a little silken knot of yarn from the fleece of the lamb. By this means she added to the funds of the fair many hundreds of dollars, and indeed this work did not stop with the close of the fair, but for months every now and then, letters would come from far and near, asking for a piece of the yarn.

THERE is no doubt of the distance to which these fleecy souvenirs found their way, if the widely separated points from which they have been offered to the Ford collection may be used as a criterion.

So that if one were to be cross-examined as to the foundations for belief in the story, the first answer would be, *Mary Sawyer said so*. She told a story that is natural and unforced and that has preserved its consistency from the time it was first heard until now. It is a plain tale and every feature of it is a common possibility. Mary was not the only girl who had a lamb for a pet, and Mary's lamb was not the only one that was saved from untimely death by kindly nursing. Yet Mary told the story within a comparatively short distance of the scene of the poem, and at the very scene itself, as we shall see, which would hardly be the case had there been any doubt about it. The town of Sterling and all the neighbors thereof could have risen against her in denial, if the story were unknown or merely a myth. Yet there is no record of that having occurred. Mrs. Tyler lived a most highly respected lady and died at the age of eighty-three in December, 1889. No one who knew her character could doubt her truthfulness, no one who knew her mind could doubt her alertness of memory, and both these qualities bear weight when considering the story of Mary and the lamb.

How uncompromising is her testimony can be understood only by a study of the great number of times she repeated it. On every little card that bore a snip of yarn, she wrote with her own hand, 'Knitted yarn from the first fleece of Mary's Little Lamb,' followed by her signature, 'Mary E. Sawyer,' and the date. Moreover, she wrote in her own hand the poem as she says it was given to her by John Roulstone, and she always wrote it in just that way, never more than twelve lines. Some facsimile presentations of these autographs accompany this article. All these together say, 'This is the fleece of the lamb; this is the poem; and I am Mary.' There can be no doubt about the nature of the unequivocal claim she made for the lamb and John Roulstone's poem. And Boston apparently accepted it.

The story, however, was current long before the Old South publicity, if certain testimony is to be credited. Naturally, if such an event had occurred as Mary's lamb inspiring a poem by being put out of school, the matter could not have been kept secret. It



Knitted yarn from the first fleece of Mary's Little Lamb.

was at least told through the extensive family.

Mrs. Mary (Sawyer) Powell, New York City, a niece of Mary Sawyer and a daughter of Nat (Nat was the little brother that helped Mary's lamb over the stone wall on its way to school), writes in 1910:

'The story that father told me is the same as is printed in book form by Fred A. Stokes Company, New York.'

This statement includes Mary's brother as one of the original narrators of the incident. Then there are such references as these which are found in the letters of Eliza Ann (Sawyer) Warren, of West Newbury, Massachusetts.

'My youngest brother who died last October (1910) says: "I have a letter

written to me by Uncle Nathaniel not long before he died. In it he mentions Reverend Capen and the verses about Aunt Mary's lamb . . ."

'Brother Frank writes, "I only know of it by Aunt Mary, Uncle Nat and Grandma Sawyer telling me of it, and Uncle Nat was the one who showed me where the lamb was found. Uncle Nat was always chaffing Aunt Mary about it . . ."

'Aunt Mary used to say that Mrs. Hale never claimed the first three verses, but that she added to them; it was her relatives that claimed the whole . . .

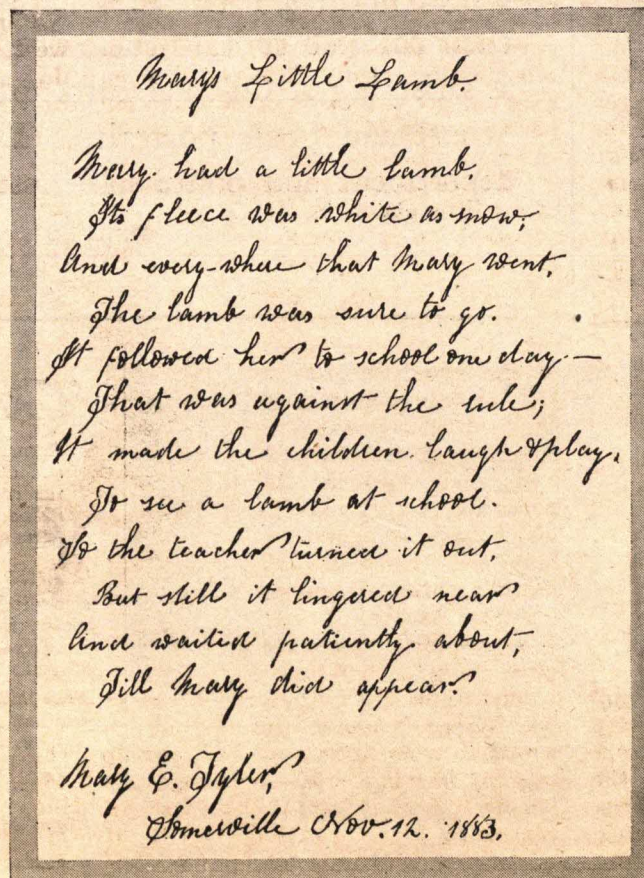
'I do not know what year the incident happened. Aunt Mary was born in 1806. I always supposed her a girl of eight or ten years when it happened . . .

'For myself I have known the fact of Aunt Mary and her lamb from childhood . . . I have an impression when we had a family gathering at bro Edwards' in 1863 or 4, Uncle Nat and Aunt Mary had some fun over it.'

Then there is the niece who lived with Mary Tyler throughout her closing years in her Somerville home and who has this to say in June, 1926:

'In regard to Mr. Roulstone being the author of the little poem of Mary and the Lamb, my aunt always declared that all she knew about it was the fact that he drove, or rather rode, to the school on horseback the morning after the incident and handed her a slip of paper on which were written the first twelve lines . . . The teacher's name was Polly Kimball. It was just a simple childish story that pleased children, for my aunt always told them she fed it the first few days of its life on catnip tea. She was greatly annoyed by the prominence given both it and herself when it was first printed at the time of the Old South Fair and regretted exceedingly that she had been persuaded to tell it in public.'

(This is the first of two articles on this subject. The next will appear in an early issue.)



The poem in Mary's own hand.

Edison · Columbia · Victor

EDISON

- 51699 - L - Varsoviene
 51699 - R - The Heel and Toe Polka
 B-10766 - L - Sicilian Circle
 B-10776 - R - Veleta Waltz
 A-10777 - L - Rye Waltz
 A-10781 - R - Grace Waltz Medley
 C-10778 - L - Novelty Dance
 C-10780 - R - Old Southern Schottische

COLUMBIA

- 555-D—
 { 141507 } Heel and Toe Polka
 { 141509 } A Southern Schottische
 556-D—
 { 141499 } Sicilian Circle
 { 141500 } Medley of Reels
 577-D—
 { 141506 } Badger Gavotte
 { 141508 } Grace Waltz
 683-D—
 { 142181 } Circle Medley Waltz
 { 142182 } Varsoviene
 50018-D—
 { 98205 } The Plain Quadrille
 { 98206 } Virginia Reel
 50024-D—
 { 98269 } The Club Quadrille
 { 98270 } Waltz Quadrille

VICTOR

- 19907-B - The Ripple
 19907-A - Schottische
 19908-A - Over the Waves—Waltz
 19908-B - Old Southern Waltz
 19909-A - Seaside Polka
 19909-B - Heel and Toe Polka
 19910-A - Badger Gavotte
 19910-B - Varsoviene
 19963-A - Lancers—Figs. 1-2-3
 19963-B - Lancers—Fig. 5
 19964-B - Medley of Reels
 19964-A - Money Musk
 35771-A - Virginia Reel
 35771-B - Plain Quadrille (Ticknor's)

have recorded the music of the Old American Dances, as played by the Henry Ford Dance Orchestra

LOCAL record dealers everywhere can supply these authentic records. They play most of the music broadcast by the Henry Ford Dance Orchestra from WEAf and connected stations. ☞ Public schools, colleges, clubs and churches throughout the United States have taken up these dances since their recent revival. The public approval of Old American Dances has become so general that today more people are dancing them than during their ancient vogue. ☞ The beauty of personal and group movements and the charming restraint of manner of these Old American Dances recalls the best of the social life of the younger days of the republic when our national character was being developed. ☞ American families can do nothing better in a social way than to enable their children to learn these fine old dances. They are as satisfying as Colonial furniture and silverware and Stuart and Peale portraits. They teach dignified deportment and polite self-possession to the young.



'Good Morning'

A manual of the 'calls,' descriptions and other essential information about the conduct of Old American Dances has been prepared under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford 75c

Piano Music

also suitable for the violin, for 14 Old American Dances, \$1.00 for entire set.

Orchestrations

of 12 parts, including saxophone, for 20 dances; 25c for each orchestration.

These publications can be obtained either through your local music, book, stationery or other dealers or direct from Dearborn, postpaid.

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Dearborn Publishing Company
 Dearborn, Michigan

Romance

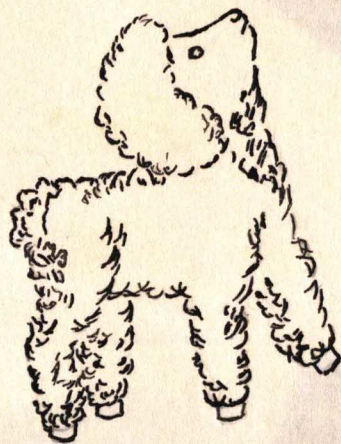


Spring's Here!

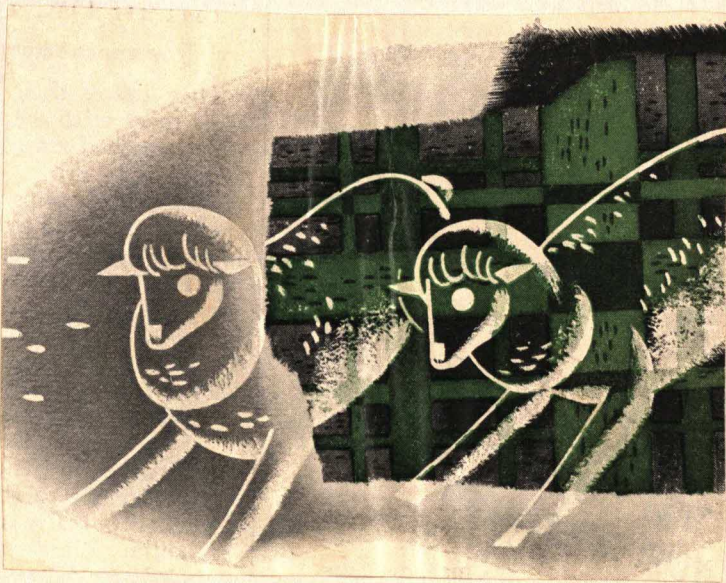
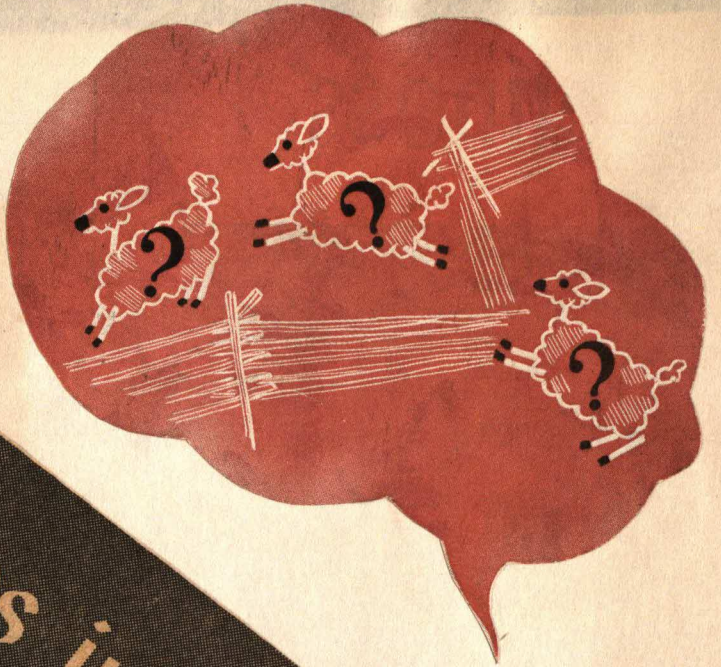
*It's In the Air and Everywhere — Tra-la!
Flowers, Laughter, Lambs and Lovers
Announce Gentle Season's Arrival*



Legends



March comes in like a



Attic Salt Shaker

By W. Orton Tewson

ELLEN TERRY told this story about Sir Henry Irving, with whom she shared so many triumphs of her stage life:

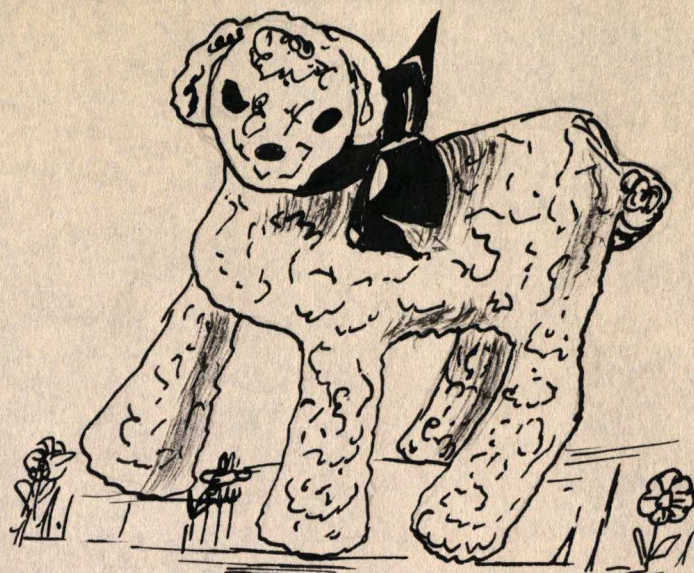
When Irving was a small boy staying with his aunt in Cornwall, she sent him one day to call in the cows. Walking along a deep, narrow lane, he looked up and saw the face of a sweet little lamb gazing at him from the top of the bank.

The symbol of the lamb in the Bible had always attracted him—his chief companions in youth were the Bible and Shakespeare—and his heart went out to the dear little creature. With some difficulty he scrambled up the bank, slipping often in the damp, red earth, threw his arms round the lamb's neck and kissed it.

The lamb bit him!

One day, when Ralph Waldo Emerson's daughter entered her father's study, she found him reading very intently in one of his own books. His face revealed his pleasure, and looking up at her he exclaimed:

"Why, these things are really very good!"

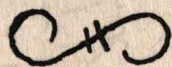


MARY

HAD

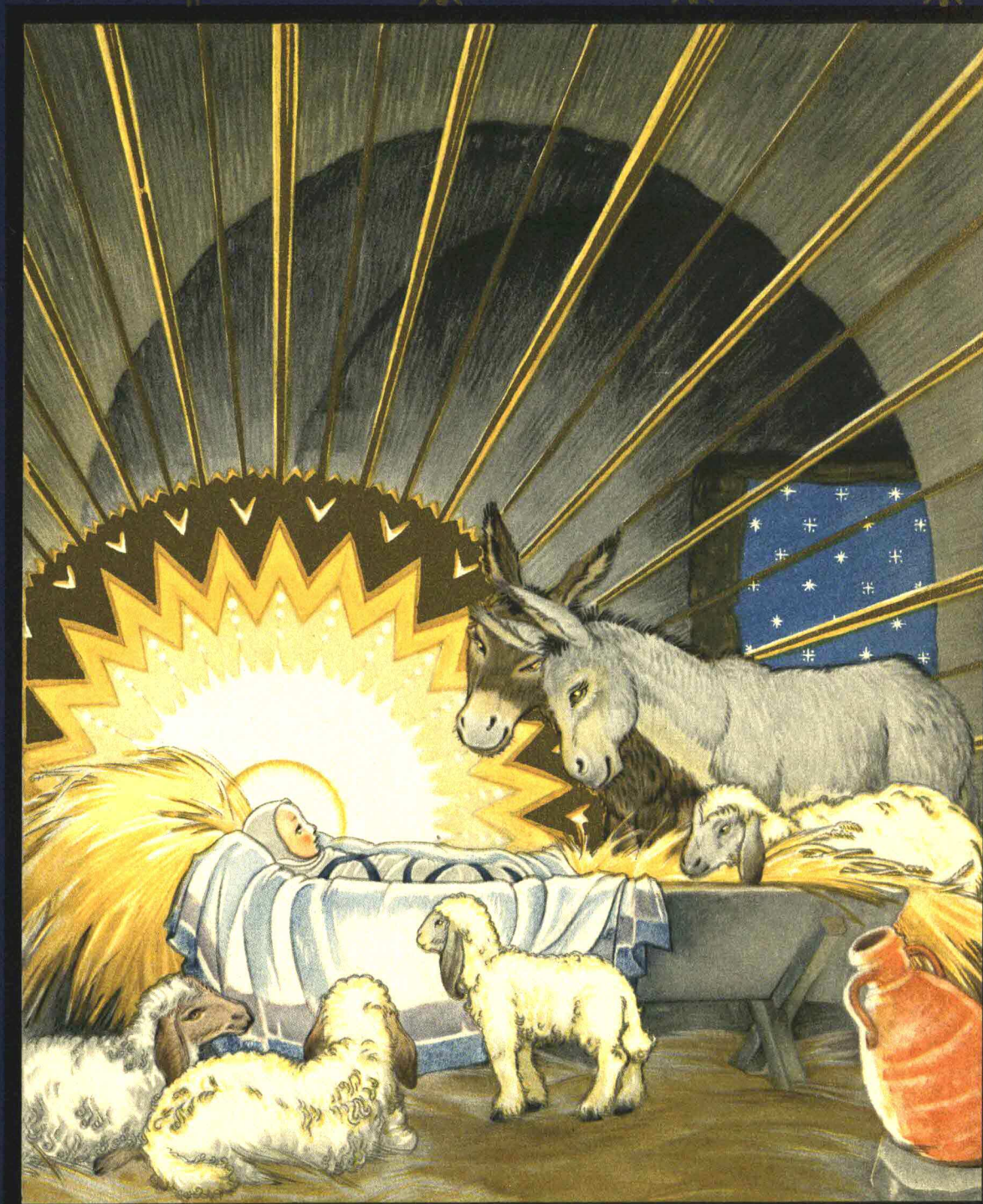
A LITTLE

LAMB



Literature

THE CHRIST CHILD



THE CHRIST CHILD

To make the book, Maud and Miska Petersham journeyed to Palestine, visited all the historic places in Jerusalem, wandered about Bethlehem and Nazareth, sat in the fields with shepherds who live as the shepherds lived two thousand years ago and watched the spring come in Palestine, bringing the same loveliness of flowers and sunshine that are a never ending joy to children everywhere.

The book has the vividness of child-like faith, for Maud is a minister's daughter, and the Bible was the most familiar book of her childhood, while Miska came from a country where every crossroad had a shrine—most often for the Madonna and the Child.

Only the verses that give the outline of the story have been used here. It is taken for granted that Mothers and Fathers will supplement this as they may wish, by reading aloud the full text from the Bible.

Other books by

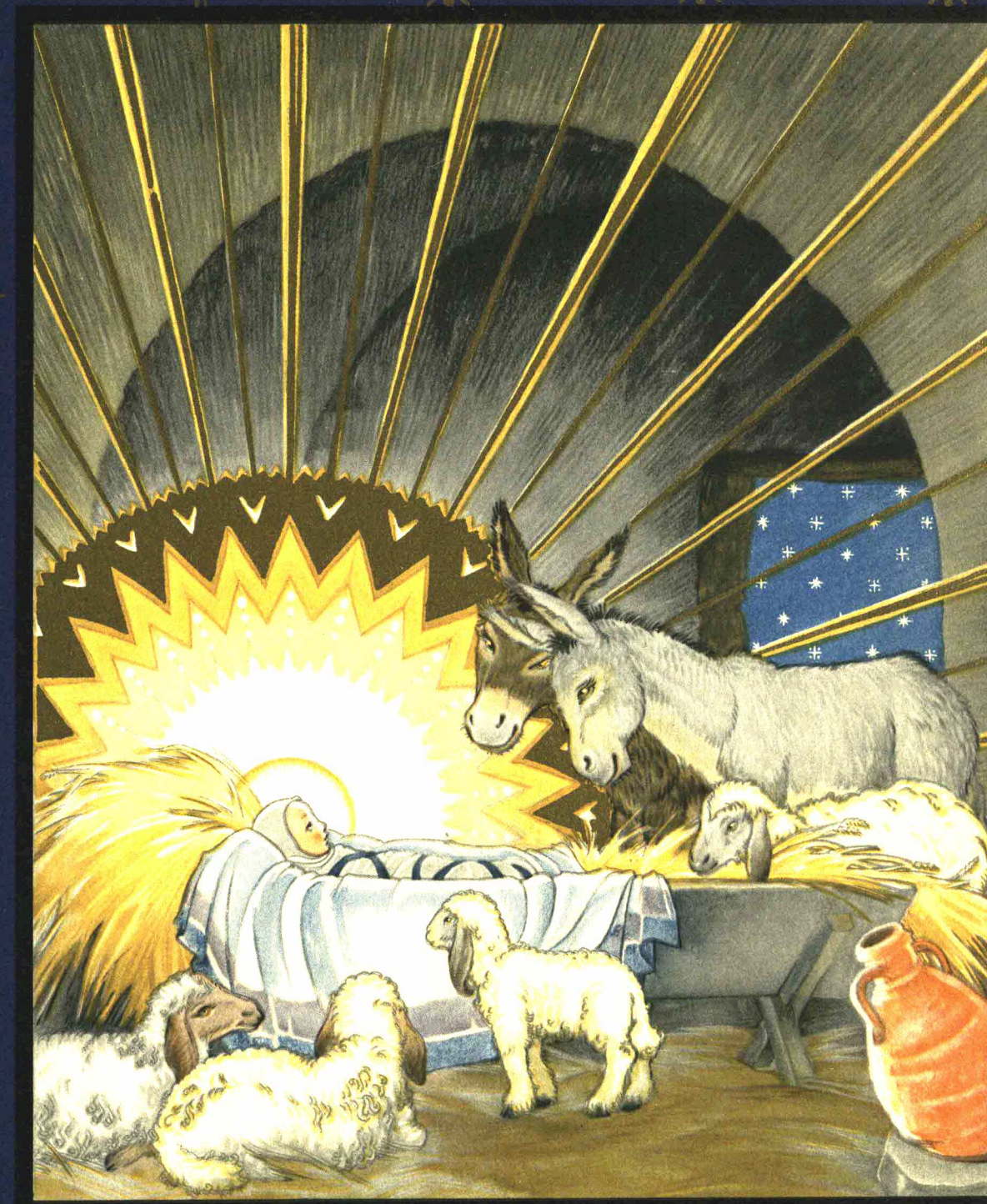
Maud and Miska Petersham:

AUNTIE and Celia Jane
and Miki \$2.00

MIKI, a picture book from
Hungary \$2.00

THE POPPY SEED CAKES
Story of Margery Clark.
Pictures by Maud and
Miska Petersham \$2.00

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO. INC.
New York



THE CHRIST CHILD

From the Gospels
according to
Matthew and Luke

with drawings
by
MAUD & MISKA PETERSHAM

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO., INC.
New York

\$2.00

This is a reverent picture book for the greatest and best loved story in the world.

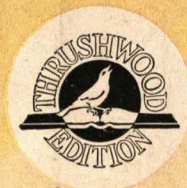
It is an attempt to reproduce for children today the surroundings in which the little Christ Child "grew and waxed strong."

BOB
SON OF
BATTLE

BOB SON OF BATTLE

ALFRED OLLIVANT

FRED
VANT



ILLUSTRATED
ON

**GROSSET
& DUNLAP**

ILLUSTRATED EDITION

BOB Son of Battle

By
ALFRED OLLIVANT

Many a long year had passed since the famous Shepherd's Trophy had been won by one of the renowned Gray Dogs of Kenmuir. And now here was the puppy, Bob, Son of Battle, beginning to show signs of promise in the effortless way he seemed to gain the sheep's confidence and handle them like an old master. Hopes began to rise and the village inn re-echoed with the talk of his chances in the coming trials.

But then there was Adam M'Adam's "Red Wull," whom men called the Tailless Tyke, a formidable rival if there ever was one, and heartily disliked by everyone in the community for his fierce, bullying ways.

The story of how "Owd Bob," as he came to be called, fought for the great cup with "Red Wull" — how he pursued the Black Terror that sturled through the night, killing sheep ruthlessly, and proved himself to be the best and finest of all the Gray Dogs of Kenmuir — makes one of the most powerful tales in all the annals of dog stories.

GROSSET & DUNLAP
Publishers New York

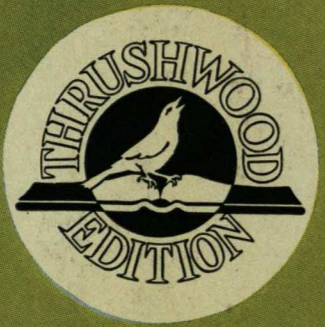
This book is complete and unabridged! From first page to last it is exactly as the author wrote it and as originally published at the higher price. The low price is made possible by printing from the original plates and by the acceptance of a reduced royalty.

BOB SON OF BATTLE

ALFRED OLLIVANT

BOB
SON OF
BATTLE

FRED
VANT



ILLUSTRATED
BY
FRED VANT

GROSSET
& DUNLAP

ILLUSTRATED EDITION

The Call of The Wild by JACK LONDON

THIS story takes hold of the universal things in human and animal nature. It is an unforgettable picture of the whole wild, thrilling, desperate, vigorous, primeval life of the Klondike regions after the gold fever set in.

This is the story of Buck, a superb dog. He is stolen from his home in Southern California; taken to the Klondike and put to work drawing sledges. No lazy, sunkissed life was this, with nothing to do but loaf and be bored. He had been suddenly jerked from civilization and flung into the heart of things primordial. Here was neither peace, rest, nor a moment's safety. There was imperative need to be constantly alert; for these dogs and men were savages, all of them, who knew no law but the law of club and fang. Buck's splendid blood comes out through the suffering and abuse, the starvation and the unremitting toil, the hardship and the fighting and the bitter cold. His adventures are as exciting as any man's could be.

The Woolly Lamb

1912



by
Helen Hoke & Natalie Fox
Pictures by Sally Tate

Something NEW

—a picture-book kitten
with fur you can feel—

The Fuzzy Kitten

By Helen Hoke

and Miriam Teichner

Pictures by Meg Wohlberg



This gay little story-book
with a picture on every page
—with fur the children can feel—
—is sure to be popular with
youngest readers, and to the
read-aloud-to group.

A picture on every page, in three
gay colors.

Ages 3 and up \$1.00

JULIAN MESSNER, Inc., Publishers



The Woolly Lamb

1912



by

Helen Hoke & Natalie Fox

Pictures by Sally Tate

\$1.00

THE BOOK CHILDREN LOVE
TO TOUCH!

The Woolly Lamb

by

Helen Hoke & Natalie Fox

Pictures by Sally Tate

Another gay and appeal-
ing book children will want
to take to bed with them, to
pet in the dark. (Remember
THE FUZZY KITTEN?)

This lovable lamb has
pattable wool, and his story
is one little children will
thoroughly enjoy, aside
from the pleasure they will
feel in tracing the enchant-
ing pictures with their
fingers.

Ages 3 and up

(See back flap)

* * * * *

JULIAN MESSNER, INC.
NEW YORK

Jan. 26, 1940

LITTLE GREY GOWN



Mabel Leigh Hunt

Drawings by Ilse Bischoff

\$1.75

BENJIE'S HAT

by

MABEL LEIGH HUNT

AN ALTOGETHER delightful tale, with humor that bubbles on every page, about a small boy in a thrifty family who had to wear hand-me-down hats—and what he did about it! Benjie is one of the liveliest as well as the most likable small boys that has ever scampered between book covers, and his adventures with his hats are truly exciting.

It will prove a favorite among the well-loved books of Mabel Leigh Hunt:

LUCINDA

THE BOY WHO HAD NO BIRTHDAY

LITTLE GIRL WITH SEVEN NAMES

SUSAN, BEWARE

Grace Paull's drawings—reproduced by offset lithography—reflect her delight in the fun of the story and its characters.

70-110

\$1.75

LITTLE GREY GOWN

by

MABEL LEIGH HUNT

Author of "Benjie's Hat," "Lucinda," etc.



This is the story of a little Quaker girl, Libby Ann, whose pet lamb is not only a beloved playmate but valued source of the wool that is to make her winter dress. Libby Ann longed in secret that the wool might be dyed red and that is part of the story. The evolution of the garment, the friends and relatives and neighbors that helped in its manufacture, and the events that led up to its first wearing, combine to create a warm and satisfying story, as warm and real as Libby Ann herself, and full of the simplicity and wholesomeness of country life.

Every little girl will enjoy this story, and most boys, for Reuben, Libby Ann's brother, is an important member of this very likable family.

LITTLE GREY GOWN is not localized. It might have taken place in any rural American community of its period. It is a delightful successor to the books of Mabel Leigh Hunt which are being read and cherished by children everywhere.

Ilse Bischoff was chosen to make the illustrations for this lovely story and she has drawn them with sincerity, beauty and affection.

70-110

Jan. 26, 1940

LITTLE GREY GOWN

HUNT

LITTLE GREY GOWN



Mabel Leigh Hunt

Drawings by Ilse Bischoff

STOKES

LITTLE GIRL WITH SEVEN NAMES

By MABEL LEIGH HUNT

Author of "Lucinda" and "The Boy Who Had No Birthday"

A DELIGHTFULLY humorous story of a little Quaker girl with seven names, and how she gave two of them away. This irresistible young heroine did not enjoy her first day at school when the teacher asked each pupil to stand and give her *full* name, but she had enough Quaker spunk to overcome her difficulties without offending any of her loving relatives.

Children even younger than those now devoted to Miss Hunt's earlier books will enjoy the lively humor of this story. It is full of laughter and real fun.

Mabel Leigh Hunt is an Indianapolis librarian with a genuine gift for story-telling that has already won her books a place in American children's literature.

Grace Paull is an outstanding children's illustrator and this represents her most delightful expression.

THE
JUVENILE MISCELLANY.



“She had tales for the grave and gay,
And each, like the bag of the bee,
Bore the honey that many a day
She had gathered from flower and tree.”

—NEW SERIES.—
VOL. V.



BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY PUTNAM & HUNT.



1830.

MARY'S LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb,
 Its fleece was white as snow,
 And every where that Mary went
 The lamb was sure to go ;
 He followed her to school one day—
 That was against the rule,
 It made the children laugh and play
 To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
 But still he lingered near,
 And waited patiently about,
 Till Mary did appear.
 And then he ran to her and laid
 His head upon her arm,
 As if he said—"I'm not afraid—
 You'll shield me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so,"
 The little children cry ;
 "O, Mary loves the lamb you know,
 The Teacher did reply,
 "And you each gentle animal
 In confidence may bind,
 And make them follow at your call,
 If you are always *kind*."

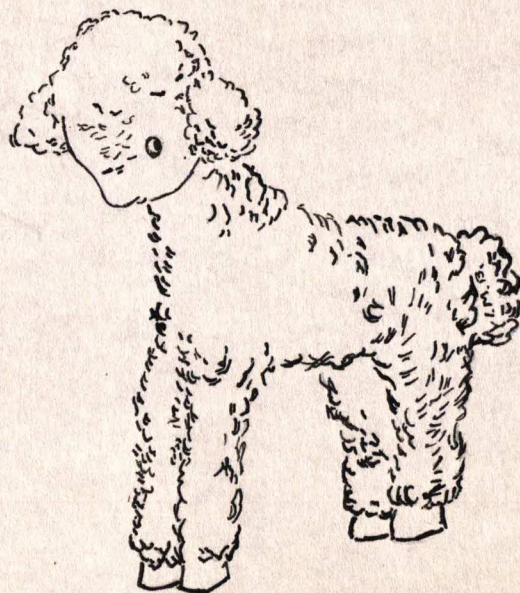
S. J. H.

ANSWER TO CHARADE, Page 197.

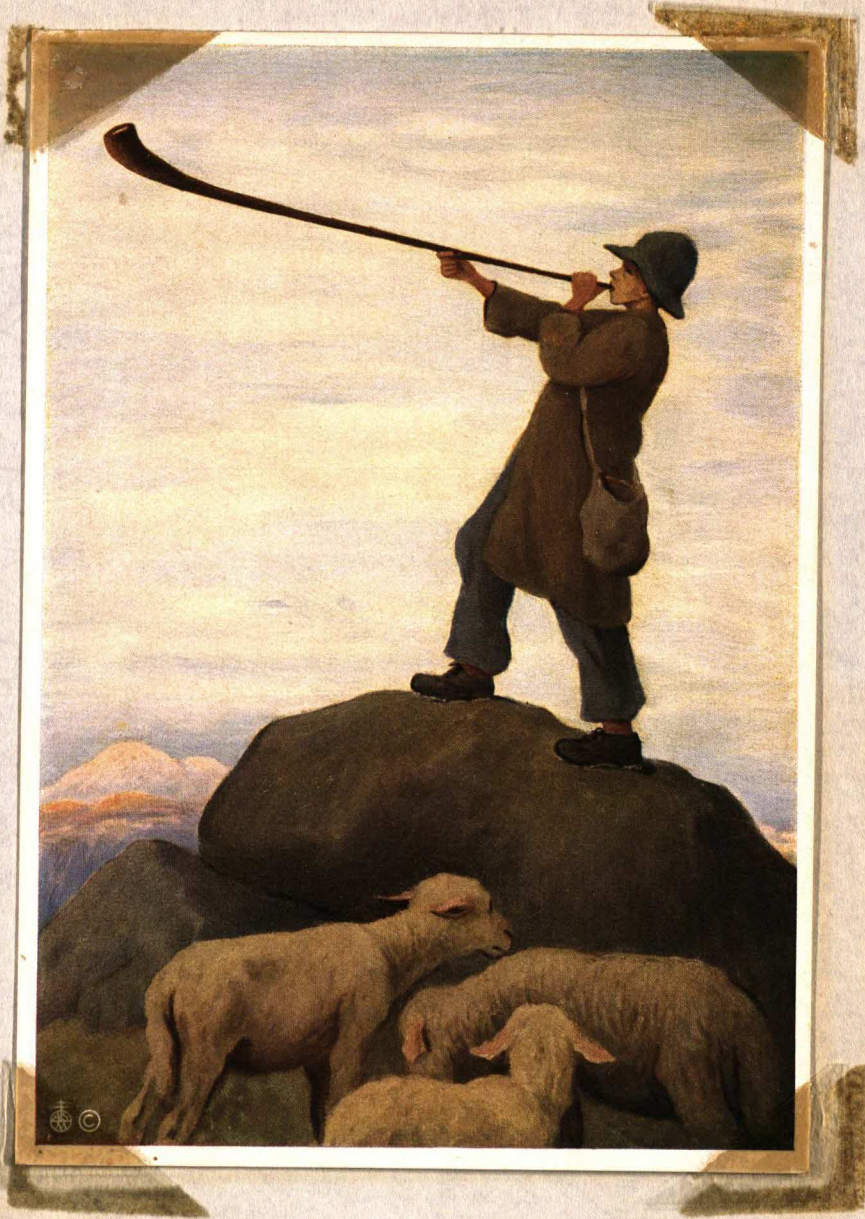
Sea-son.

THE
MILBURN
MADE IN U.S.A.
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WAS IN THE
MIND OF
THE
INDIA





Mutton on the highway—drive slow!
By Norman Meyer, Gardner, Colo.



Dinner for four.



*In the Wallace
Collection, London*

"GIRL WITH A LAMB"

Greuze excelled in painting the languorous
dewy faces of young girls

Page 12 THE MENTOR October 1927

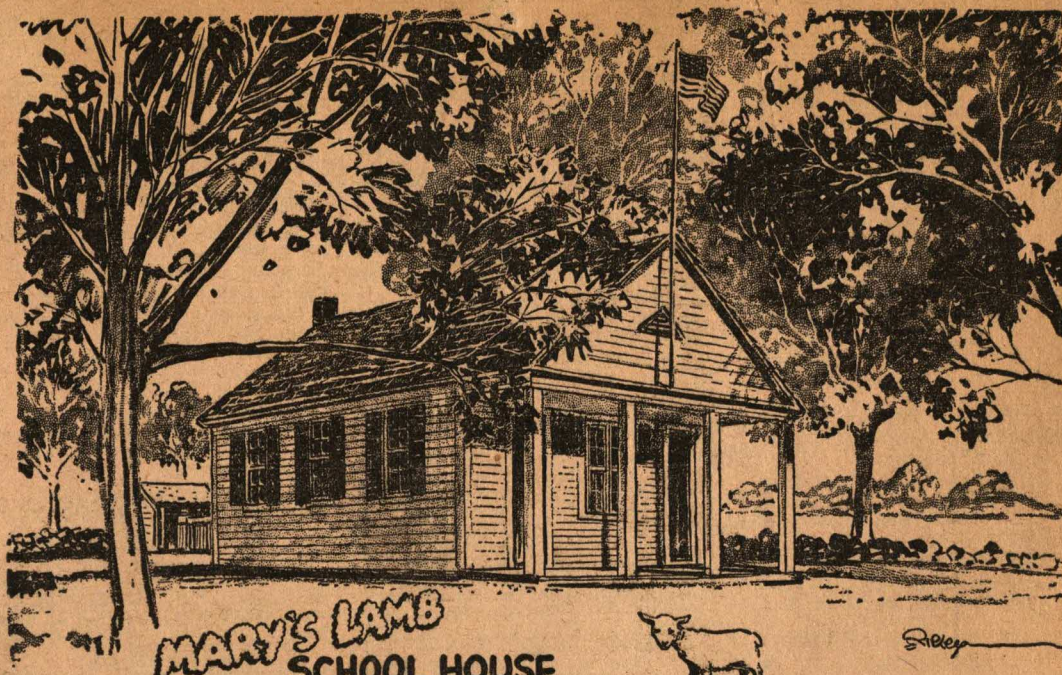




EMMA P. R. S.
MINNEAPOLIS
MADE IN U.S.A.



Believe It
or Not ^{3/30/4}₄₂



**MARY'S LAMB
SCHOOL HOUSE**



HER TRUE NAME WAS MARY SAWYER AND SHE LIVED IN STERLING, MASS.
AND SHE DID HAVE A LITTLE LAMB THAT FOLLOWED HER TO SCHOOL

THE SCHOOL HOUSE IS
STILL IN USE TODAY.



DINNER TIME
DEL RIO, TEX.
Lippe Studio



Alfred W. Stewart

COUNTRY SCENES—LAMBING-TIME.

*Frank Leslie Magazine
July 1887*

SPRINGTIME

On

the

DENVER GEOGRAPHY



Portrait of stalwart sire herds. By C.

"Half-and-half," clown lamb of a big Texas sheep ranch, the only one in a flock of 9,000 sheep to bear such marking. A. P. Photo.

Contents: Merchandise

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Denton, Texas.

2497

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MARY'S LITTLE LAMB COPR. 1940, NEEDLECRAFT SERVICE, INC. PATTERN 2497

This Lamb Applique Quilt is made entirely of applique blocks in three materials. The same materials may be used throughout; the same materials may be used throughout for the background and the lambs with the butterflies in different materials, or different materials may be used in each block if the background is a plain color. Yardages are given for the first arrangement. The materials are designated by number on the Guide for Arranging the Patches. The lining is to be in material 2; the border in material 3. Attractive color arrangements follow: Material 1, green print; material 2, white; material 3, violet print. Material 1, blue print; material 2, white; material 3, yellow print. Material 1, plain rose; material 2, white; material 3, blue or green print. Material 1, white; material 2, pink print; material 3, blue. The quilt is designed in two sizes, that for the single bed being 70 x 96 inches and that for the double bed being 85 x 96 inches.

Trace the pattern pieces B and C on cardboard and cut them out along the lines. Lay the cardboard patterns on the materials and mark around the edges with pencil. Seam allowance is given only on the A piece. Allow 1/8 inch beyond the marked lines when cutting patches. Slash the edges at intervals. Cut out the patches with this allowance. Before cutting any patches, cut the lining and the border, using the remainder for patches.

MAKING THE BLOCK. The large illustration of the block is the Guide for Arranging the Patches to form a block. The letters indicate the pattern pieces and the numbers indicate the materials. Though two people may make the block of the same pattern pieces, it may turn out slightly different in size than the Guide; this does not affect the pattern in any way.

For one block cut one A patch (the size of the Guide for Arranging the Patches with seam allowance) in material 1. Cut one B patch in material 2. Cut one C patch in material 3. Follow the directions for cutting patches given above.

To make one block, trace the entire Guide for Arranging the Patches (that is outline of lamb and butterfly and extreme edge) on heavy paper. Cut out paper on outer edge of A patch also cut away lamb and butterfly (leaving openings where lamb and butterfly were). Lay this on the A patch so that edges match, and with a pencil mark positions of lamb and butterfly. Turn under edges and baste the lamb and butterfly in place, basting over the entire patches. This makes them lie flat. Stitch down the patches with outline stitch. Trace and embroider the lines in lamb, the antenna of butterfly and the grass in outline stitch. Embroider lamb's hoofs

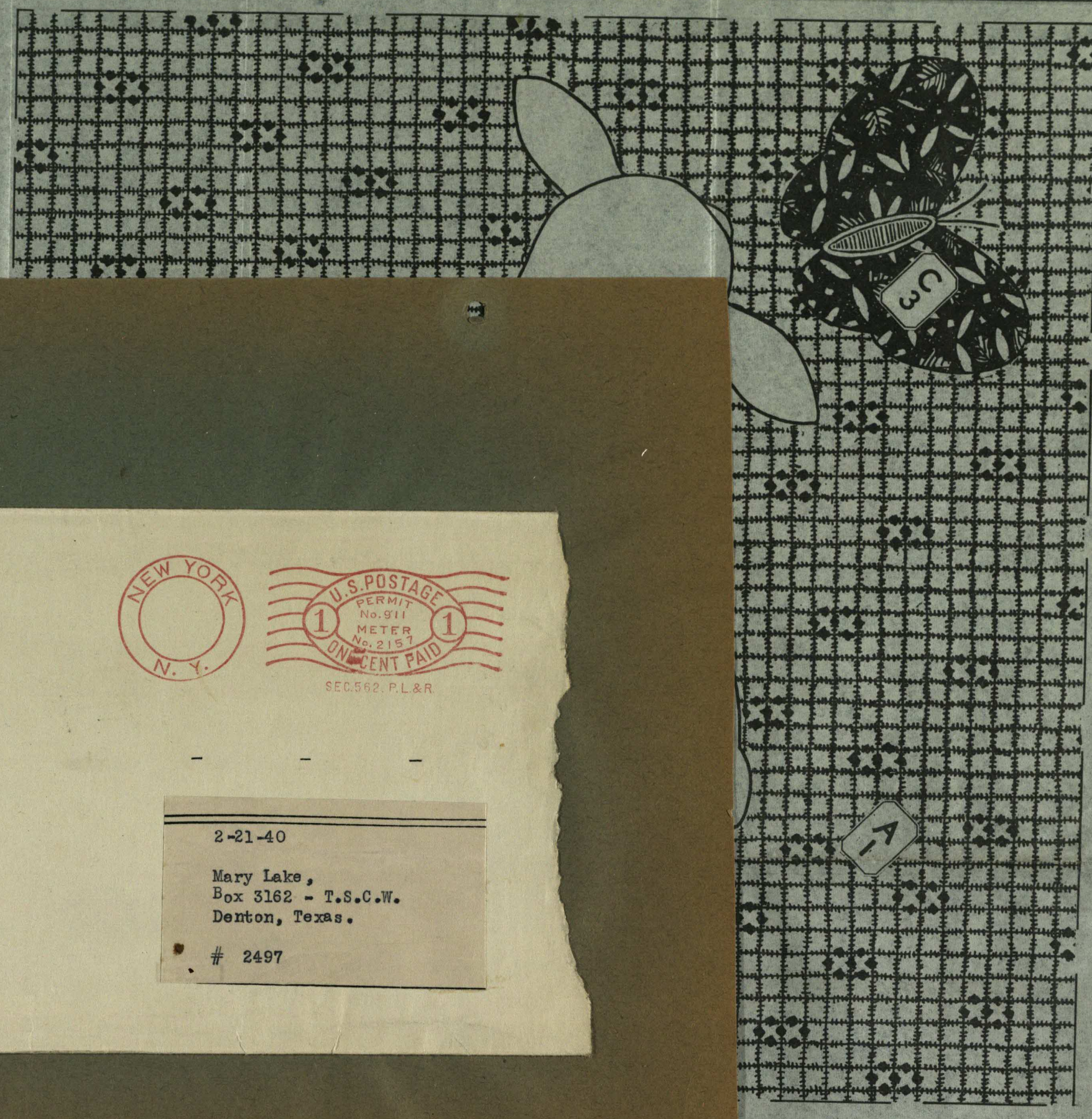
and body of butterfly in satin stitch. Use six strand cotton (using three thread in the needle) for embroidery.

INTERLINING: Sheet cotton, which is sold in folded sheets, is used for interlining. Use sheet cotton folded and cut a square the size of the block without the seam allowance. Baste this double interlining to the back of the block. In some stores it is possible to get quilt interlining in one piece large enough to cover the entire quilt. If this is used, the blocks are joined first and the interlining tacked to the

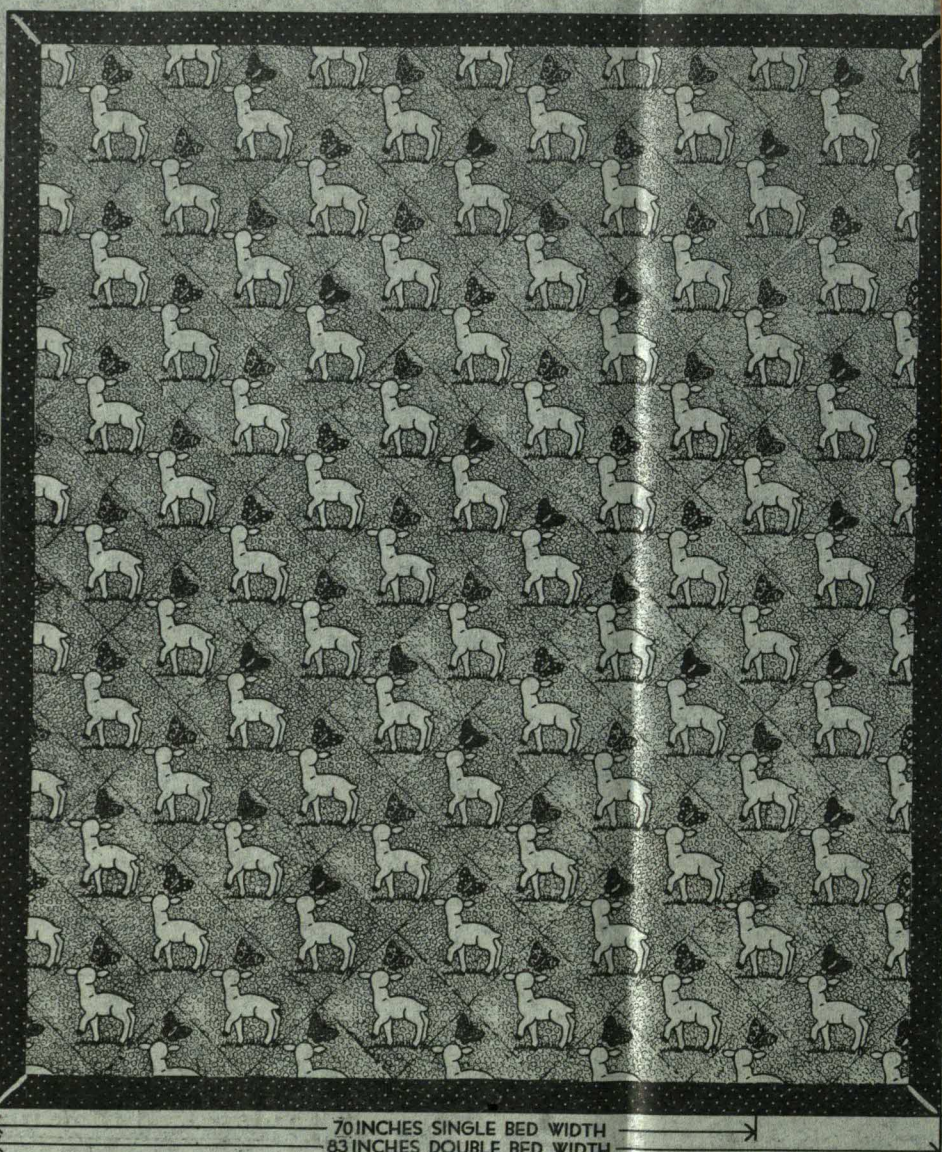
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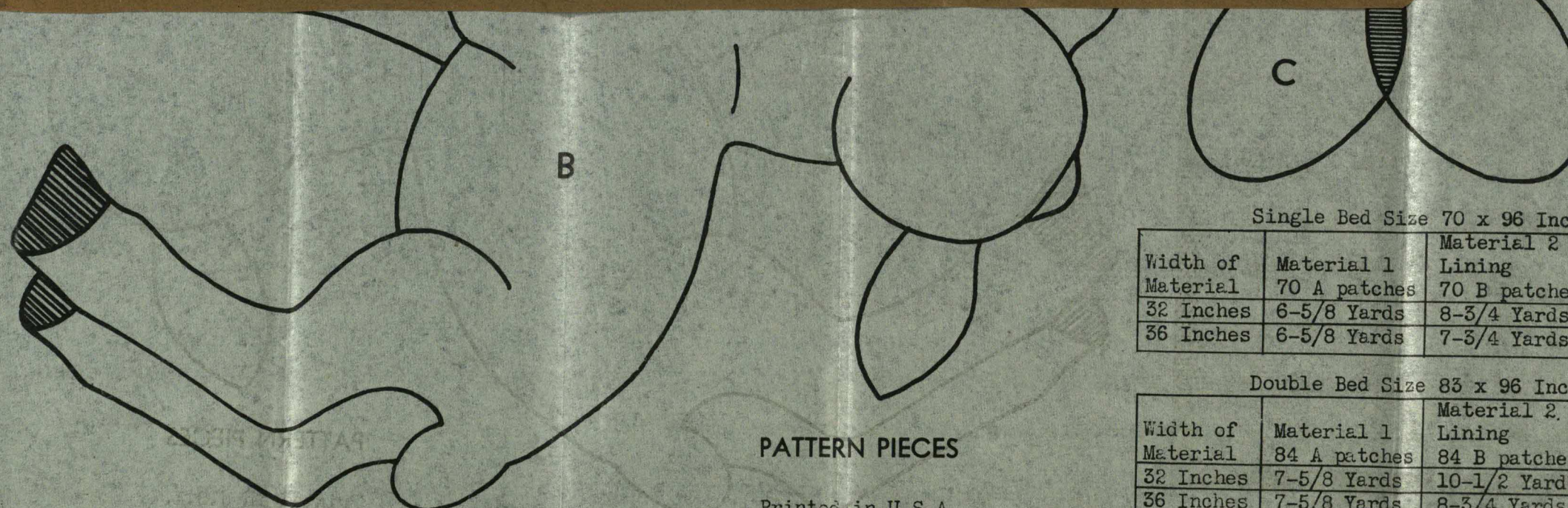


GUIDE FOR ARRANGING PATCHES



70 INCHES SINGLE BED WIDTH
83 INCHES DOUBLE BED WIDTH

96 INCHES LENG



PATTERN PIECES

Printed in U.S.A.

Contents: Merchandise
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2-21-40

Mary Lake,
Box 3162 - T.S.C.W.
Denton, Texas.

2497

YARDAGE CHART

Single Bed Size 70 x 96 Inches (70 Blocks)				
Width of Material	Material 1	Material 2 Lining	Material 3 Border	Sheet Cotton Inter-
32 Inches	70 A patches	70 B patches	70 C patches	
36 Inches	6-5/8 Yards	8-3/4 Yards	3 Yards	
		7-3/4 Yards	3 Yards	11 Yards

Double Bed Size 85 x 96 Inches (84 Blocks)				
Width of Material	Material 1	Material 2 Lining	Material 3 Border	Sheet Cotton Inter-
32 Inches	84 A patches	84 B patches	84 C patches	
36 Inches	7-5/8 Yards	10-1/2 Yards	3 Yards	
		8-3/4 Yards	3 Yards	13 Yards

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB COPR. 1940, NEEDLECRAFT SERVICE, INC. PATTERN 2497

This Lamb Applique Quilt is made entirely of applique blocks in three materials. The same materials may be used throughout; the same materials may be used throughout for the background and the lambs with the butterflies in different materials, or different materials may be used in each block if the background is a plain color. Yardages are given for the first arrangement. The materials are designated by number on the Guide for Arranging the Patches. The lining is to be in material 2; the border in material 3. Attractive color arrangements follow: Material 1, green print; material 2, white; material 3, violet print. Material 1, blue print; material 2, white; material 3, yellow print. Material 1, plain rose; material 2, white; material 3, blue or green print. Material 1, white; material 2, pink print; material 3, blue. The quilt is designed in two sizes, that for the single bed being 70 x 96 inches and that for the double bed being 83 x 96 inches.

Trace the pattern pieces B and C on cardboard and cut them out along the lines. Lay the cardboard patterns on the materials and mark around the edges with pencil. Seam allowance is given only on the A piece. Allow 1/8 inch beyond the marked lines when cutting patches. Slash the edges at intervals. Cut out the patches with this allowance. Before cutting any patches, cut the lining and the border, using the remainder for patches.

MAKING THE BLOCK. The large illustration of the block is the Guide for Arranging the Patches to form a block. The letters indicate the pattern pieces and the numbers indicate the materials. Though two people may make the block of the same pattern pieces, it may turn out slightly different in size than the Guide; this does not affect the pattern in any way.

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and body of butterfly in satin stitch. Use six strand cotton (using three thread in the needle) for embroidery.

INTERLINING: Sheet cotton, which is sold in folded sheets, is used for interlining. Use sheet cotton folded and cut a square the size of the block without the seam allowance. Baste this double interlining to the back of the block. In some stores it is possible to get quilt interlining in one piece large enough to cover the entire quilt. If this is used, the blocks are joined first and the interlining tacked to these. The border, which is separately interlined, and the lining are joined on as described below.

JOINING THE BLOCKS. Join the blocks to make rows. These rows will go diagonally across the quilt. (See Diagram). Follow the Diagram for the number of blocks needed to the row for the size quilt you are making, and also for the number of rows needed. Each row begins and ends with a half block, except the rows which come at the corners, which end with a quarter block. Cut the half and quarter blocks by cutting blocks in halves or in quarters.

MAKING THE BORDER. The border is to be 3 inches wide when finished. For either size quilt, cut two 6 1/2 inch strips one inch longer than the width the finished quilt is to be; in the same way, cut two 6 1/2 inch strips one inch longer than the length the finished quilt is to be. Fold each strip in half lengthwise. Join a shorter to a longer one, mitring the corners and keeping the seams to the inside. Interline this band with double sheet cotton. Do likewise with the other two strips. Being careful that the corners match the corners of the quilt, join the border to the joined blocks so that all the raw edges come to the back of the quilt.

LINING. For the single bed size, cut two lengths of lining 92 inches long if the material is 36 inches wide. If it is less than 36 inches wide, follow the directions for the double bed size below, cutting the lining to the correct width for the single bed size. Join the pieces in a lengthwise seam. Cut the lining so that it is 66 inches wide, letting the seam be in the center of the lining. Line the quilt, sewing the edge of the lining to the border seam. Tack the lining to the quilt by tacking each block down at the corners as invisibly as possible, also tacking at the edges of patches at intervals throughout the quilt.

For the double bed size, cut three lengths of lining 92 inches long. Join the pieces in lengthwise seams. Cut the lining so that it is 79 inches wide, cutting an equal amount off each side length. Join to the quilt as described for the single bed size.

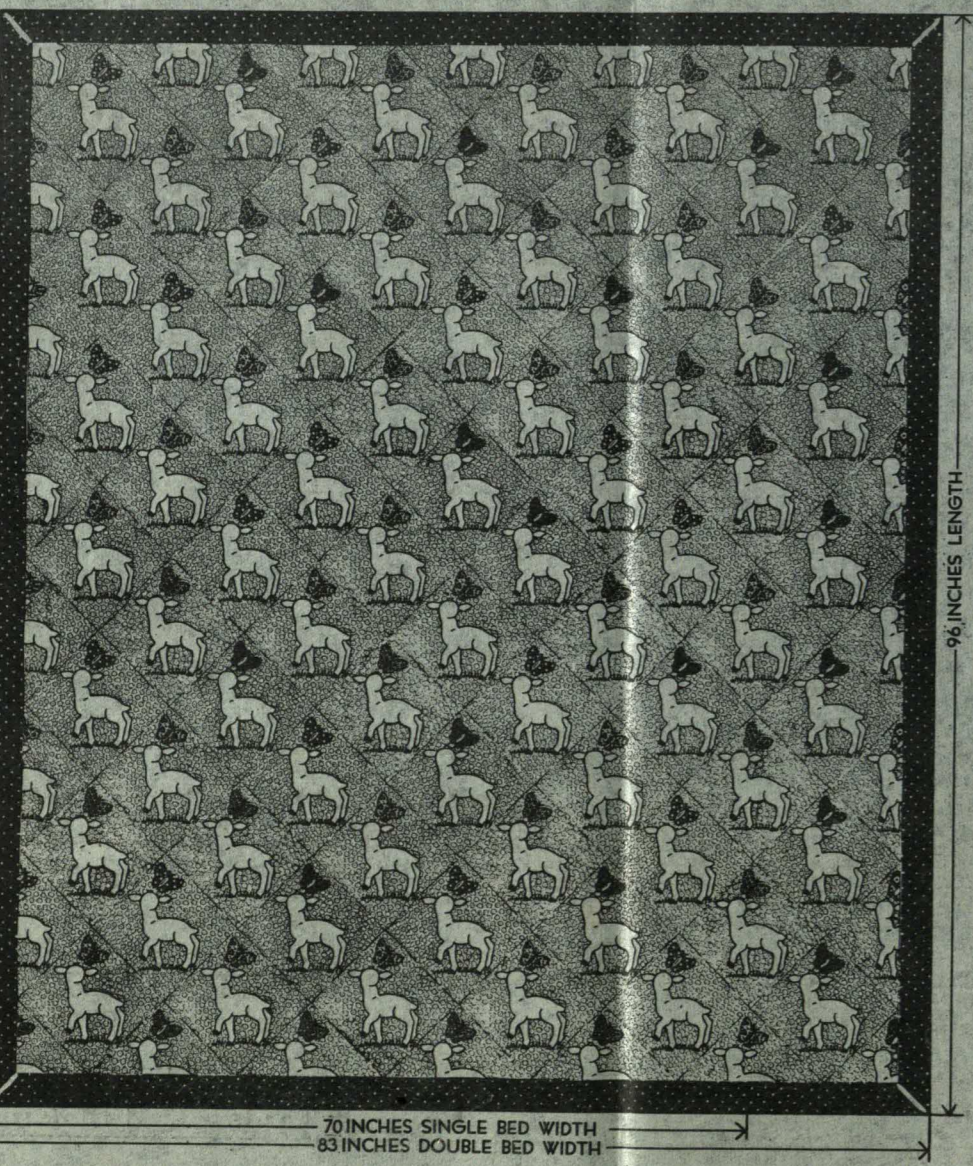
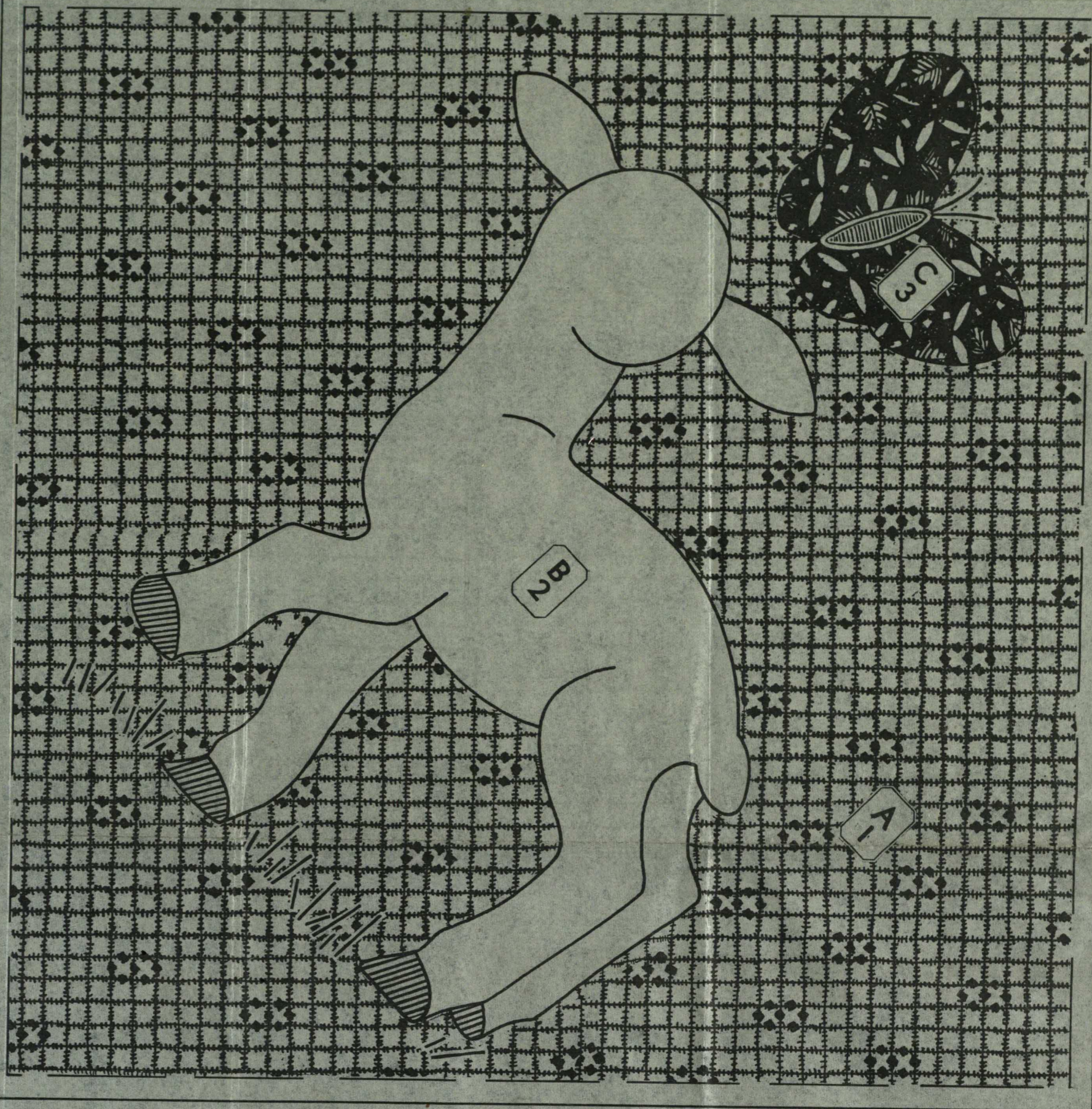
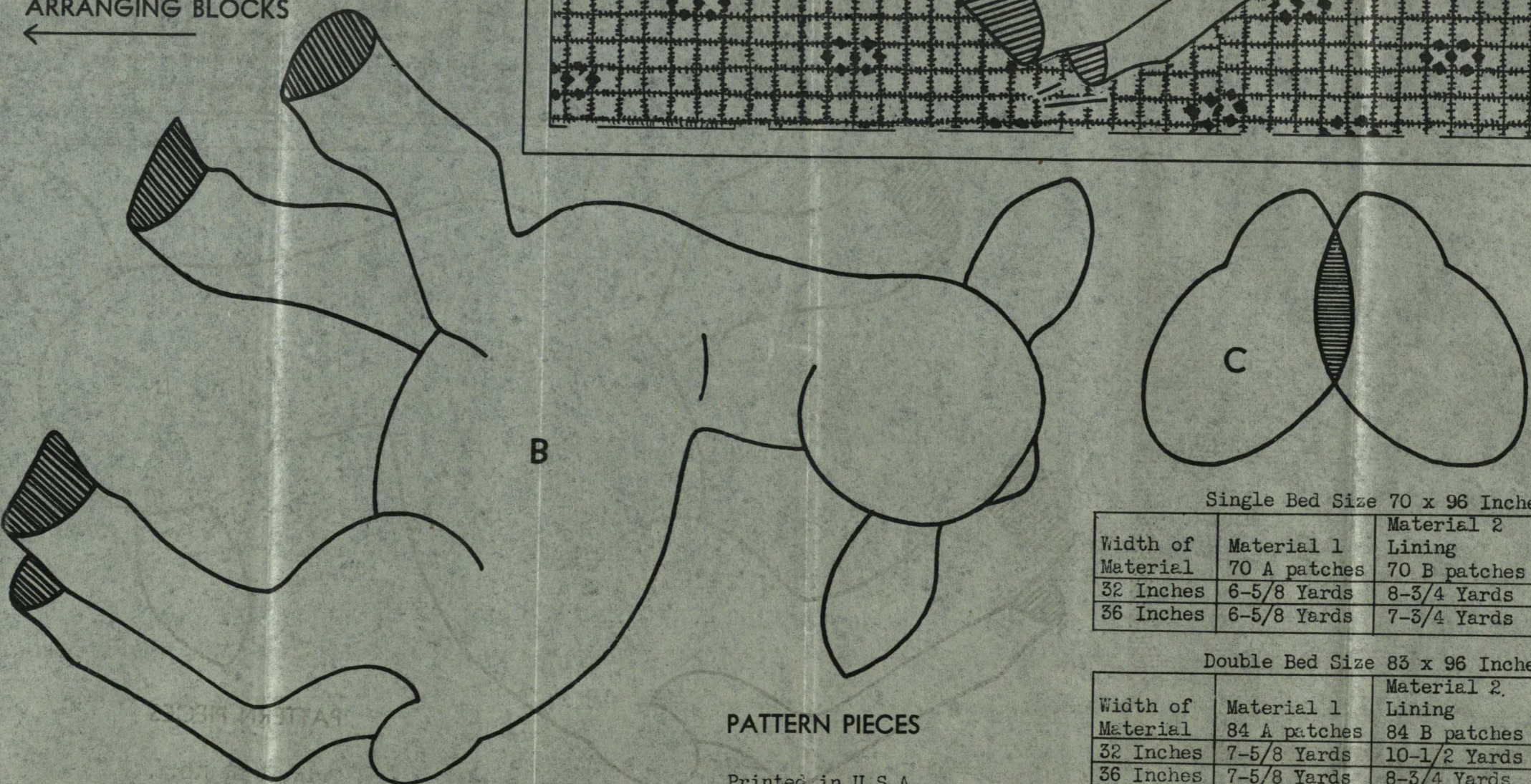


DIAGRAM FOR ARRANGING BLOCKS



GUIDE FOR ARRANGING PATCHES

YARDAGE CHART

Single Bed Size 70 x 96 Inches (70 Blocks)				
Width of Material	Material 1	Material 2	Material 3	Sheet Cotton
	70 A patches	Lining 70 B patches	Border 70 C patches	Inter-
32 Inches	6-5/8 Yards	8-3/4 Yards	3 Yards	
36 Inches	6-5/8 Yards	7-3/4 Yards	3 Yards	11 Yards

Double Bed Size 83 x 96 Inches (84 Blocks)				
Width of Material	Material 1	Material 2	Material 3	Sheet Cotton
	84 A patches	Lining 84 B patches	Border 84 C patches	Inter-
32 Inches	7-5/8 Yards	10-1/2 Yards	3 Yards	
36 Inches	7-5/8 Yards	8-3/4 Yards	3 Yards	13 Yards

PATTERN PIECES





ARTHUR
MITH

OUT OF THE PAST

*A Pageant Based on Incidents in the Life of
Sarah Josepha Hale*



*Presented at the Annual Meeting of the
National Council of State Garden Clubs, Inc., at
the Wentworth-by-the-Sea, Portsmouth, N. H.,
June Twentieth, Nineteen Hundred and Forty*

Sarah Josepha Hale

1788-1879

Born, married and lived forty years in Newport, New Hampshire. . . . Author of the best known children's rhyme in the English language, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." . . . Responsible for Thanksgiving as a national holiday. . . . Helped organize Vassar College and ripped "Female" off the sign. . . . Started the first day nursery. . . . Raised money that finished Bunker Hill Monument. . . . Advocated leisure for her sex through education. . . . First woman editor. . . . Presided over destinies of Godey's Lady's Book for forty years.

OUT OF THE PAST

Given under the direction of
MRS. WILLIAM B. DANIELL

Program Chairman
MR. FRANK PARSHLEY
Organization and Recreation Agent,
Extension Service, University of New Hampshire

1ST SCENE	<i>Mary and Her Lamb</i>
2ND SCENE	<i>The Vassar Girls</i>
3RD SCENE	<i>The Bride</i>
4TH SCENE	<i>Young Mother and Baby</i>
5TH SCENE	<i>The First Woman's Fair</i>
6TH SCENE	<i>Minuet</i>
7TH SCENE	<i>Leisure Moments</i>
8TH SCENE	<i>Modern Waltz</i>
9TH SCENE	<i>Chorus Ensemble</i>

TUNE: LONDONDERRY AIR
Original Verse

From day to day amid Life's toil and pleasure
I would be faithful, always staunch and true,
And live to serve in greater love and loyalty,
That Life may hold a deeper, fuller view;
Each passing day may see some work more nobly done,
Some plan fulfilled that I have cherished long,
Some heart made glad, because I held a guiding hand
To help another pilgrim sing the triumph song.

GOD BLESS AMERICA

God bless America, land that I love,
Stand beside her and guide her
Through the night, with a light from above,
From the mountains to the prairies,
To the ocean white with foam,
God bless America, my home sweet home.

(Audience invited to join in singing)

THE CAST

Reader	JULIET MILLER Amherst
Doorkeeper	CHARLOTTE DANIELL Stoneleigh College, Rye Beach
Harpist	MARTHA BOUTWELL Portsmouth
Quartette	
HELEN FUNKHAUSER	EVA BUZZELL Concord
Durham	
ARTHUR GLEASON	ROY BUZZELL Concord
Ossipee	
Orchestra	THE WENTWORTH
Dancers	
EARL H. EMMONS	FLORENCE MARTELLE Rochester
Laconia	
Models	
VIRGINIA DE ROCHEMONT	GALE DAVIS Pittsfield
Portsmouth	
BEATRICE ENGLISH	ELEANOR BOUCHARD Pittsfield
Pittsfield	
MILDRED BEAUDETTE	LAVERNE BROWN Concord
Pittsfield	
BARBARA HUTTON	LOUISE AUDETTE Derry
Derry	
PHYLLIS DORR	PATRICIA BUGBEE East Candia
Newport	
HATTIE GARLAND	Barnstead

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*Stage setting under the direction of Mr.
Parshley.*

*Garden setting by Colpritt's Nursery of
Dover.*

*Gowns loaned by owners in Derry, Pittsfield,
Newport, Franklin, Hampton and Man-
chester.*

The Texas Outlook

• Education • Conservation • Industry • Finance •

TRADEMARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

April, 1938

Travel
and
Summer
School
Number



Hello, World!

Stivers Photo



Summer Session - - 1938

FIRST TERM—Six Weeks—June 7 to July 16

SECOND TERM—Six Weeks—July 19 to August 27

Regular Session for 1938-39 Begins September 19, 1938

BEAUTIFUL SHADED 165-ACRE CAMPUS. Spacious well-ventilated buildings with equipment unsurpassed in the Southwest. Opportunity for study in cool, quiet surroundings.

FACILITIES for enjoying all the delightful recreations of summer time in a college atmosphere. These include lectures, concerts, moving pictures, dramatic productions, parties, picnics and other social activities to appeal to every group and to satisfy the most discriminating tastes.

A WIDE RANGE OF COURSES suitable for: teachers; college students who wish to make up work or to shorten the time for graduation; graduate students who wish to work on Masters' degrees; parents and community leaders; also those who wish to train for wage-earning, or for promotion in their present occupations.

GROUPS OF COURSES leading to the B. A. and B. S. degrees include all the various Liberal Arts majors; and the following Technical and Practical Arts majors: Library Science; Physical Education; Speech; Fine and Applied Arts; Piano, Voice, Violin, and Organ; Public School Music; Education; Kindergarten-Pri-

mary; Intermediate-Grammar-Grade Education; Religious Service; Home Economics; Business Administration; Journalism; and Social Work.

GROUPS OF COURSES leading to the M. A. degree include majors in: English, History, Spanish, Home Economics, Fine and Applied Arts, Education, Business Administration (including Economics), Physical Education, and Sociology; and minors in the additional fields of Biology, Chemistry, French, Latin, Government, Mathematics, Music, Physics, and Speech.

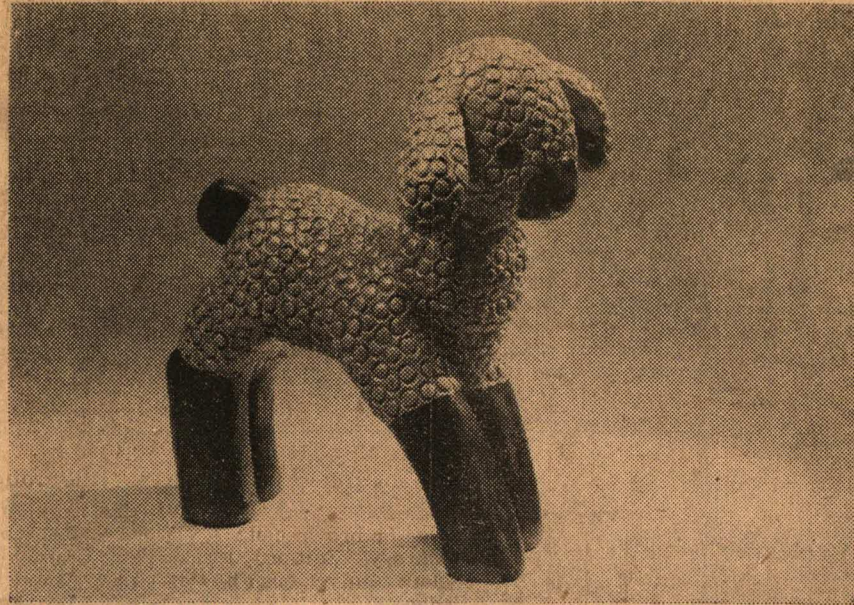
ALL KINDS OF STATE TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES based on college credit, with ample provision for students to do supervised classroom teaching.

SUMMER SPEECH INSTITUTE, June 7 to July 16, offers special training for play directors and debate directors in the high schools, both men and women.

COST OF ATTENDANCE: The College charges for each of the two six weeks' summer terms are as follows: \$12.50, Tuition; book-rental, laboratory, medical, and student-activity fee (optional), \$4.00; room rent, \$10.00; board, \$33.00; total, \$59.50.

Students who are unable to pay the regular dormitory charges may reduce expenses by living in the cooperative houses doing their own cooking and other household duties.

**Write for Summer Session Catalog - - - Address the REGISTRAR
T. S. C. W. STATION DENTON, TEXAS**



Lichtenware pottery lamb by Esther Friend. Photograph through courtesy of The Society of Arts and Crafts, Boston

The Pottery Lamb

A little lone lamb stood all by himself—
A pottery lamb on a pottery shelf.
The shelf was all crowded with jars made for jam
And vases for flowers, but only one lamb.
(If I were a potter I know what I'd do:
Instead of one lamb I should always make two.)
But Grandmother bought me this one little lamb.
You don't know how dancing and happy I am!
I took him right home from the pottery store
And put him up high on the shelf near my door,
For there stands a wonderful pottery fairy
He'll love just as much as the real lamb loved Mary.

ROWENA BENNETT

CS number ^{Jan} 1941.

THE PET LAMB

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain-lamb, with a maiden at its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near; the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel, ~~While to the~~
While to that mountain lamb, she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,
Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.
"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone
That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair. ~~Now with her~~
Now with her empty can the maiden turned away:
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she stay.

Right towards the lamb she looked: and from a shady place
I unobserved could see the workings of her face;
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,
Thus, thought I, to her lamb, the little maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young one, what? Why pull so at thy cord?
Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board?
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be:
Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?"

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?
Thy limbs, are they not strong? And beautiful thou art:
This grass is tender grass: these flowers they have no peers:
And that green corn is all day long rustling in thy ears.

"If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woolen chain,
This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
For rain and mountain storms! the like thou needst not fear,
The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.

"Rest, little one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
When my father found thee first, in places far away:
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by none,
And thy mother by thy side forever more was gone.

"He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home;
A blessed day for thee! Then whither wouldst thou roam?
A faithful nurse thou hast: the dam that did thee wean
Upon the mountaintops no kinder could have been.

"Thou know'st that thrice a day I have brought thee in this can
Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew, I bring thee
Draughts of milk - warm milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough;
My playmate shalt thou be; and when the wind is cold,
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

"It will not, will not rest'. Poor creature can it be
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee?
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.

"Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and fair!
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there;
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,
When they are angry roar like lions for their prey.

"Here thou needst not dread the raven in the sky;
Night and day thou art safe, - our cottage is hard by.
Why bleat so after me? why pull so at thy chain?
Sleep - and at break of day I will come see thee again."

As homeward though the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I often times repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song,
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,
For she looked with such a look, and she spoke with such a tone,
That I almost received her heart into my own."

William Wordsworth

The Lamb

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child,
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake

A frisky lamb
and a frisky child
Playing their pranks
In a cowslip meadow:

The sky all blue
And the air all mild
And the fields all sun
And the lanes half shadow.

Christina G. Rossetti

But on the other hand innocence is a security on which it is hard
to borrow,
Because all it means is that either you get eaten by a wolf today
or else the shepherd saves you from the wolf so he can sell you to
the butcher tomorrow,
So I do not really wish I had the innocence of a lamb, I guess
I'll just stay as I am.

Ogden Nash

"It's Snug to be Smug"
I'm a Stranger Here Myself

On the grassy banks
Lambkins at their pranks;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers,
Jumping off their feet,
While their woolly mothers
Watch by them and bleat.

Christina Rossetti

Dancing on the hill-tops,
Singing in the valleys,
Laughing with the echoes,
Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins
In the flowering valleys,
Gathering pretty posies,
Helpful little Alice.

If her father's cottage
Turned into a palace,
And he owned the hilltops
And the flowering valleys,
She'd be none the happier,
Happy little Alice.

Christina Rossetti

A motherless soft lambkin
Alone upon a hill;
No mother's fleece to shelter him
And wrap him from the cold: -
I'll run to him and comfort him,
I'll fetch him that I will;
I'll care for him and feed him
Until he's strong and bold.

Christina Rossetti

Now, lamb, no longer naughty be,
Be good and homewards come with me,
Or lese upon another day
You shall not with the daisies play.

Did we not bring you, for a treat,
In the green grass to frisk your feet?
And when we must go home again
You pull your ribbon and complain.

So, little lamb, be good once more,
And give your naughty tempers o'er.
Then you again shall dine and sup
On daisy white and buttercup.

Kate Greenaway

Lambs in the Meadow

O little lambs! the month is cold,
The sky is very gray;
You shiver in the misty grass
And bleat at all the winds that pass;
Wait! when I am big - some day - -
I'll build a roof to every fold.

But now that I am small I'll pray
At mother's knee for you;
Perhaps the angels with their wings;
Will come and warm you, little things;
I'm sure that, if God knew,
He'd let the lambs be born in May.

Laurence Alma Tadema

The Lamb

Come, pretty lamb, do stay with me,
You look so very mild;
I'll love you very much - now see!
He's scampered off quite wild.

And do you think I'll hurt you, dear?
You run away so quick;
I only want to feed you here,
And nurse you when you're sick.

I must not fret that you will go,
And run away from me;
I love my own mamma, I know,
And you love yours, I see.

Then keep in sight, do, pretty lamb,
And crop the meadows gay,
Or gambol near your sober dam,
That I may see you play.

Unknown

A VISIT TO THE LAMBS

"Mamma, let's go and see the lambs;
This warm and sunny day
I think must make them very glad
And full of fun and play.

"Ah, there they are! you pretty things,
Now don't you run away;
I've come on purpose with Mamma,
To see you this fine day.

What pretty little heads you've got,
And such good natured eyes;
And ruff of wool all round your necks,
How nicley curled it lies!

"Come here, my pretty lambkin, come,
And lick my hand, now do!
How silly to be so afraid -
Indeed, I won't hurt you.

"Just put your hand upon its back,
Mamma, how nice and warm!
There, pretty lamb, you see I don't
Intend to do you harm.

Anonymous

Christian Science Monitor
January 27, 1941

Idle Fellow

The flower, the lamb, the bird—
On these he comes, and looks
With studious, long gaze:
And presently, the word,
And the quick phrase,
The great books.

An idle fellow enough,
He goes when fields are green,
Walking a restless hour—
But stands and looks with love
On lamb and bird and flower,
Seeing the thing they mean:

That earth so loved the air,
So loved its own and spring,
It gave, and always gives
The sweet, the swift, the fair
And everything that lives,
For him to sing.

DAVID MORTON

THE LAMB

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

"This desert is too fierce and proud
To care for aught but wind and
sun. . . ."

Then suddenly I saw a lamb,
A little awkward newborn one.

So young, it still was white as snow,
Scarce strong enough to frisk and
leap;

With small weak body and long
legs,

It stood among the Indian sheep.

The desert sky stretched overhead
Above the endless stony lands,
But safe that fragile white lamb
stood

As any sea shell on the sands.

Gladde Things

Two sorrie thynges there be—
Ay, three—
A neste from which the fledglings
have been taken,
A lambe forsaken,
A redde leaf from the wilde rose
rudely shaken.

Of gladde thynges there be more—
Ay, four—
A larke above the olde neste blythely
singing,
A wilde rose clinging
In safety to a rock, a shepherde
bringing
A lambe, found, in his armes, and
Chrystemasse bells a-ringing.
—Willis Boyd Allen.





THE
LITTLE
SHEPHERD
AND HIS
SHEEP





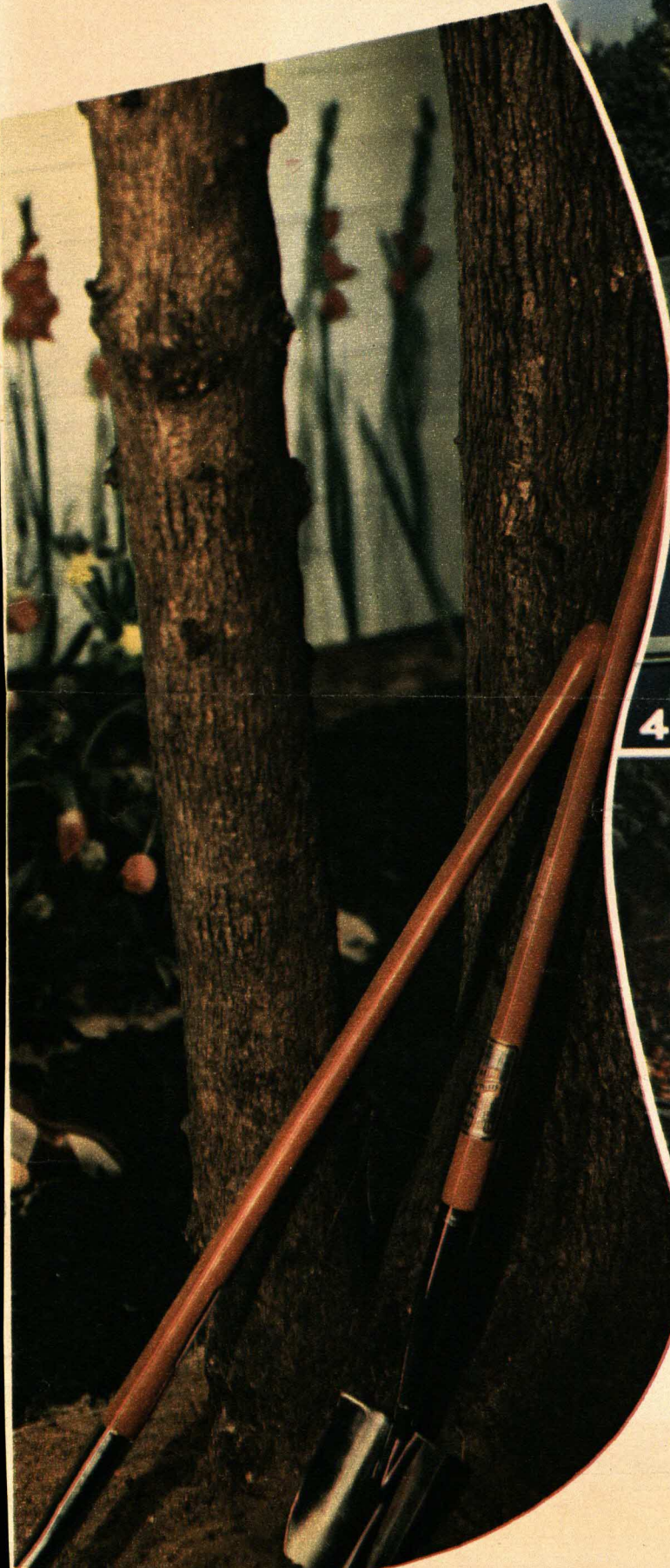
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
CHARLES HERBERT FOR
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

Greatest playgrounds in the world for spring lambs are in the Rockies, where vast herds find water and grass when home ranges in the plains are parched. To reach summer grazing, sheep travel as much as 100 miles. These pictures were made in the Absaroka National Forest, Montana, where 60,000 sheep make the yearly pilgrimage. The herd is heading toward frosty Hell-Roarin'-Sheep Creek Divide. Pack horses carry supplies, sometimes carry a lamb tired out by the weary journey.

PLAYGROUND FOR LAMBS



PREVIEW OF SUMMER



FULL-COLOR
PHOTOGRAPH BY
JAMES H. BURDETT

The Gardening Girl of 1940 will have more new flowers, new gadgets, new ideas than ever before. Seeds for at least 50 new blooms are on the market, including the sensational Tetraploid Marigold, made huge by a miracle drug—colchicine. Gardening gadgets include stainless steel tools (left), trowels marked in inches, metal water-cut-flower holders, aprons with detachable kneeling pads, dirtproof goatskin gloves. From Donita Ferguson, New York author of "Fun with Flowers," comes most useful after-gardening advice: "If you arrange flowers in simple shapes—triangles, squares, circles—they will look their best."

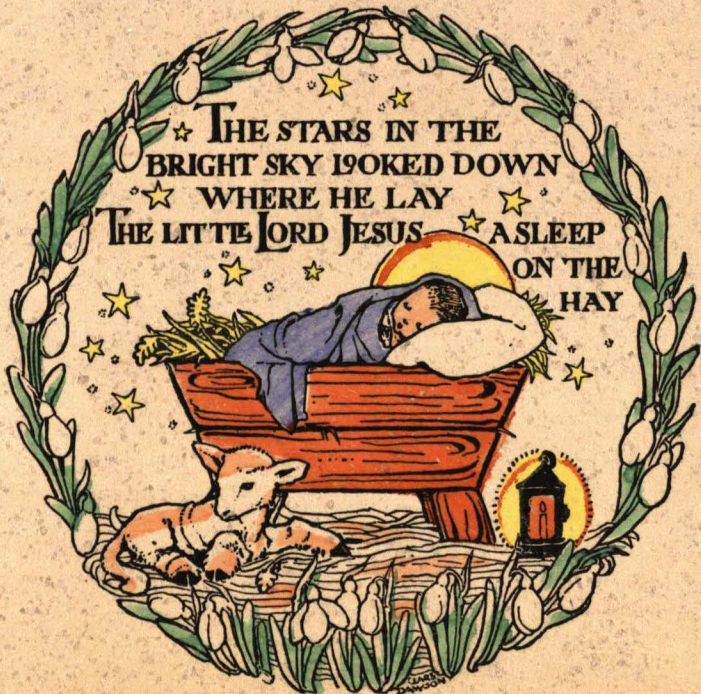






Tess Charlton

★ THE STARS IN THE
BRIGHT SKY LOOKED DOWN
★ WHERE HE LAY ★
THE LITTLE LORD JESUS ★ A SLEEP
ON THE HAY



**With Best Wishes
for
Christmas and the New Year**



Greetings for Christmas and
the New Year



Mary Lake







WITH BEST WISHES
FOR CHRISTMAS
AND THE NEW YEAR

BETTYE
TRIPPLEHORN



With best wishes
for a happy
Christmas Season

★
★
★ Love came down
★ at Christmas ★
★

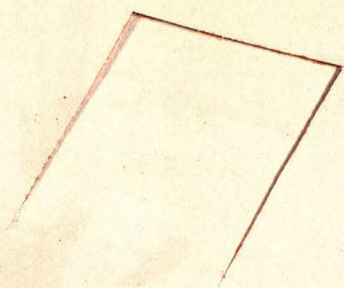
And you are de-
serving of "oddes"
of it.

Margaret M. Lee





Merry
Christmas



Happy
New
Year

Jasper & Sallie



• A • JOLLY • EASTER •





May a truly
Happy Easter
bring you real
happiness, and
all the joys
of the
Springtime Season.

• A • JOLLY • EASTER •



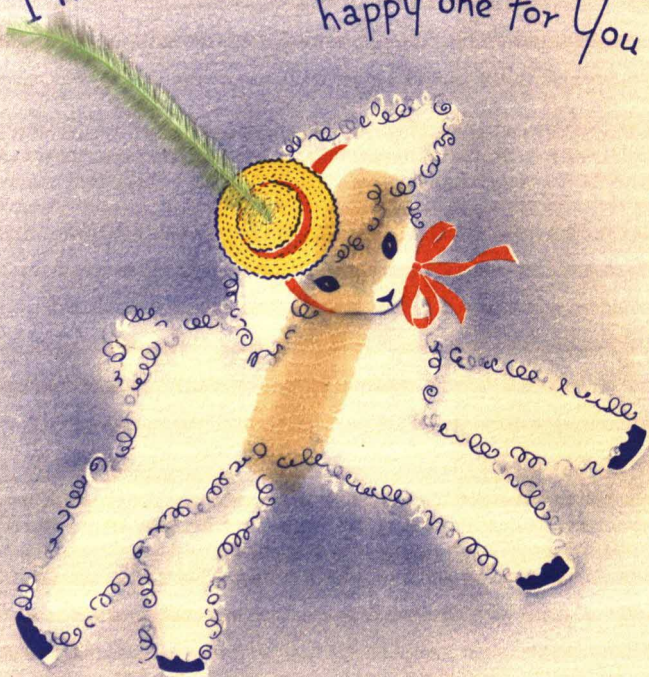
WAPCO

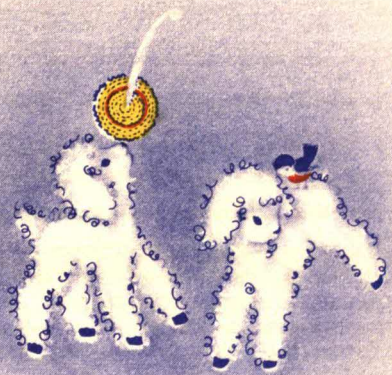
911B

...

Another Birthday!

I'll GAMBOL on a
happy one for You





Hope your heart is light
And your spirits high
And your hopes are bright
As the days go by !!!

10B1303
NORCROSS
NEW YORK


Merry Christmas



Happy New
Year



JO ANNE SEHMANN

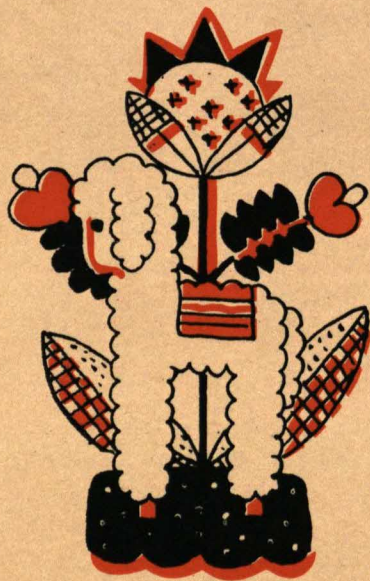
A  HALLMARK CARD



Gifts from
NEIMAN-MARCUS









Mavis Lamb



WITH VERY BEST WISHES
FOR CHRISTMAS
AND THE NEW YEAR



Andrea
Simmons

At Christmas Time





Best wishes for
a happy
season.

10N390
NORCROSS
NEW YORK U. S. A.

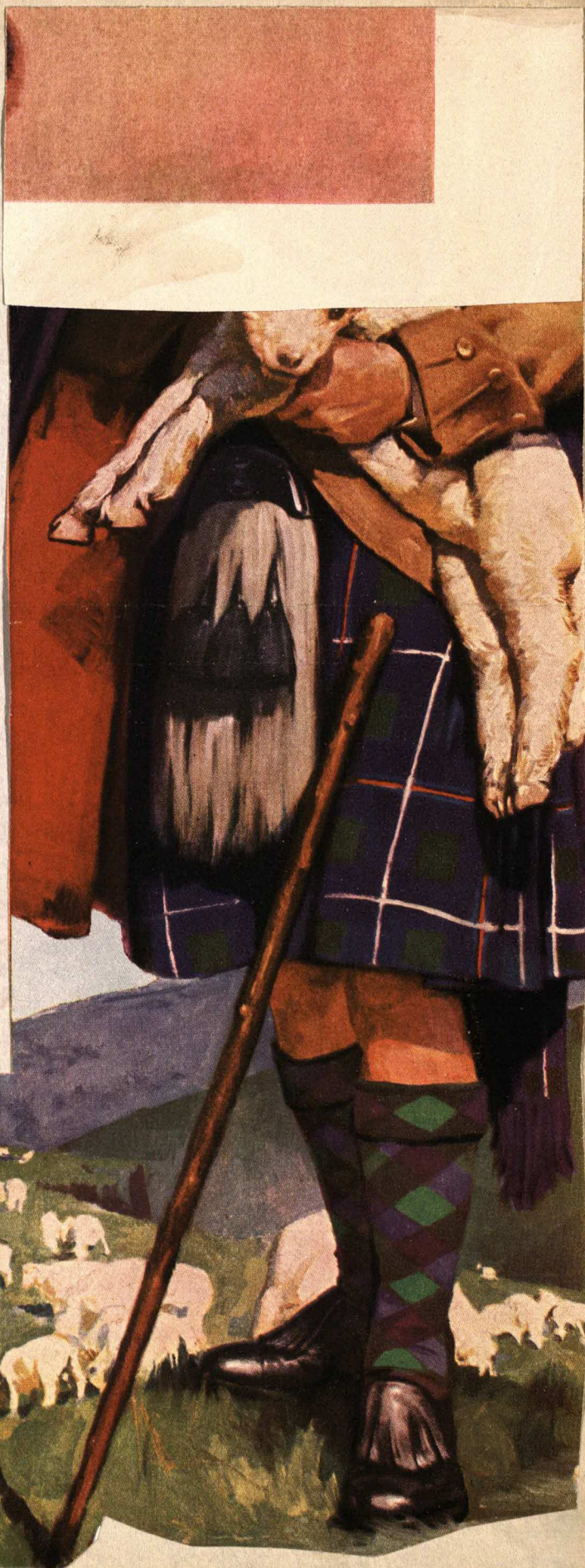


Hope you have
the happiest, merriest
+ best Xmas ever —
Joan

JUST TO WISH YOU
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

BROWNIE

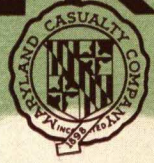
A NOBLE SCOTCH
*"Gentle as
a Lamb"*




APRIL 1940

The MARYLANDER

Vol. 39 • No. 4



Open Season . . .

 **ONE OF THE** best times of the year to sell automobile liability insurance is in the spring. At this time, the automobile owner is made more aware of his car by the necessity for a general check-up after months of winter driving. Winter oil and grease must be changed, anti-freeze drained and ravages of the winter checked. Cars are beginning to be used more often and for longer trips.

Take advantage of the spring re-awakening to point out to your automobile prospects the greater need for protection as traffic increases.

In selling automobile insurance, explain the advantages of The Maryland's nationwide service, its prompt and fair handling of claims. Emphasize the value of The Maryland's Service Card—his introduction to "10,000 friends along the way".

More automobile insurance is written in the spring than at any other season of the year. Plan to get your share of it!



A NOBLE SCOTCH

Gentle as a Lamb

MADE BY SCOTCH
OLD ANGUS
Blended Scotch
WHISKY
86 PROOF

86 PROOF • EIGHT YEARS OLD
NATIONAL DISTILLERS' PRODUCTS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The advertisement features a central illustration of a bottle of Old Angus Blended Scotch Whisky. The bottle is tilted, with a glass of whisky on the rocks and another glass of whisky next to it. The bottle label includes the text 'MADE BY SCOTCH', 'OLD ANGUS', 'Blended Scotch WHISKY', and '86 PROOF'. Above the bottle, two yellow banners contain the text 'A NOBLE SCOTCH' and 'Gentle as a Lamb'. Two circular logos, each depicting a white lamb, are positioned on either side of the bottle. The background is a light beige color with small blue stars scattered around. The bottom of the advertisement has a yellow border and contains the text '86 PROOF • EIGHT YEARS OLD', 'NATIONAL DISTILLERS' PRODUCTS CORPORATION', and 'NEW YORK, N. Y.'.



JUST TO WISH YOU
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

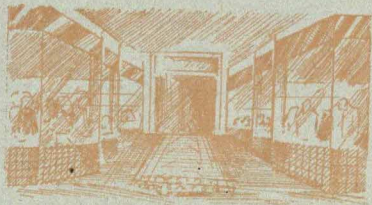
The
LAMB
THAT
WASN'T
MARY'S



THE STORY of MISSIONS *Sweater* **SHOPS**

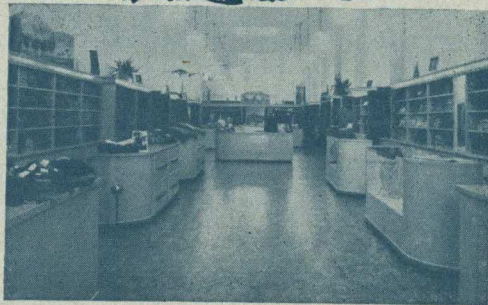
MISSION SWEATER SHOPS • "America's Largest Exclusive Knitwear Shops"

Fame has come to another little lamb. The lamb that appears on the labels, packages and advertising of Mission Sweater Shops. This little lamb is a symbol to thousands of thrifty shoppers. They look to him for the newest and smartest in popular priced knitwear!



*Artist's Sketch: Oakland Store,
1723 Telegraph Ave., nr. 17th*

Our Sweater Mill, in the Vacationland Building at the Golden Gate International Exposition on Treasure Island was created for a threefold purpose: to celebrate, with other Westerners, the accomplishments and progress of the West . . . to give our customers and potential customers a "behind-the-scenes" glimpse of a modern sweater mill in operation and lastly, in commemoration of the Silver Anniversary of Mission Sweater Shops.



Interior: Spacious San Francisco Store

All about you on Treasure Island you will see the results of specialization . . . huge exhibits erected to extol the virtues of petroleum, of glass, of synthetics. Mission Sweater Shops are better able to serve you because they too are specialists . . . specialists in knit goods. Back in 1914, when they were founded they pledged themselves to produce and sell the sort of knitwear people wanted at a price they could afford to pay. Continued success, year after year has necessitated their seeking sources other than their own. Today these exclusive knitwear shops sell the knitted products of the most famous mills in the world. Their background of manufacturing . . . of creating and styling knitwear . . . together with the fact that they have specialized in one product is your assurance that your "knitwear dollar" goes further at Mission Sweater Shops. Next time you shop for knitted apparel for men, women, boys, or girls . . . look for the sign of the lamb . . . and Mission Sweater Shops.

(Mission Sweater Shops repair and alter knitwear and are leading suppliers of school award, club and professional sweaters!)



*Artist's Sketch: San Francisco Store,
2544 Mission St., nr. 22nd*

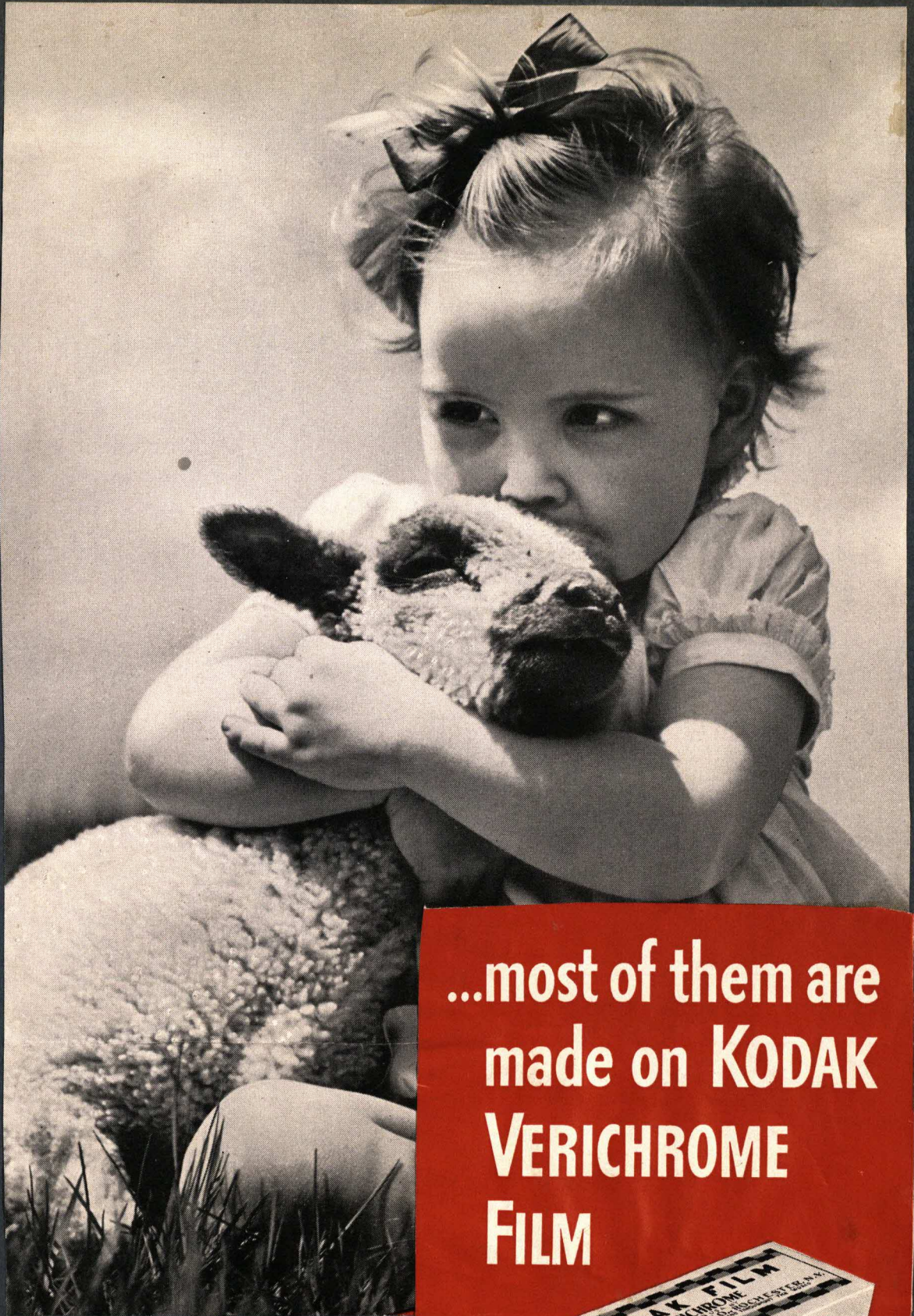
1914 • MISSION SWEATER SHOP'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY YEAR • 1939

Where: Golden Gate International Exposition is built, from the water up on a 400 acre, man-made island more than a mile long and two-thirds of a mile wide in the center of San Francisco Bay. • Nearly half the states of Western America, and thirty-five foreign countries are exhibiting at the \$50,000,000.00 "World's Fair of the West." • The 400 foot Tower of the Sun contains one of the world's greatest carillons, comprising 44 bells weighing 34 tons. Over \$1,500,000.00 was spent in planting trees and flowers on Treasure Island. • The world's foremost exhibit of Oriental arts is housed in the 130 foot Chinese pagoda within the walled Chinese City on Treasure Island. • Visit Mission Sweater Shop's unique educational sweater mill in Vacationland Building.

THE STORY *of* MISSION *Sweater* SHOPS

It's a Soft Life!





...most of them are
made on **KODAK**
VERICHROME
FILM



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YOUR MOTOR OIL CHANGED—Grimy winter oil replaced with improved Mobiloil. This improved oil gives extra protection against costly wear. *It cleans as it lubricates!* A clean engine saves on gasoline and oil...delivers extra power. *Improved Mobiloil gives your engine a FRESH START!*

YOUR RADIATOR CLEANED FOR SPRING—Mobil Radiator Flush cleans winter-clogged passages of rust, scale, grease. *That's a FRESH START for your radiator!*

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YOUR CHASSIS LUBRICATED—Tough, wear-resisting Mobilgreases stop those irritating body squeaks and groans...help keep your car riding quietly, smoothly, and handling like a "million." *That's a FRESH START for your chassis!*

PLUS A TANKFUL OF LIVELY MOBILGAS—Jam-packed with life-giving energy, Mobilgas is now specially made for driving in this season's weather!

Remember, you'll want them all—every one of these services and products—to give your car a real FRESH START for wonderful spring trips ahead. SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and affiliates: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corp. of Calif.



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HE. 7475

HOLLYWOOD

Mrs. Edward E. Pugh, Jr.

(over)

Arts

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by Fred Harvey

no. 75-

DANIEL McDADE

EL TOVAR ART ROOM

GRAND CANYON NAT'L PARK
ARIZONA

Cross

1522

HE. 7475

Had I known
Betty's and Hazel's
hobby, I might have
found a nicer nick
for them.

The Good Shepherd
Hummer -

Bubbles - De Lee Jottenis

to
Thee Harvey

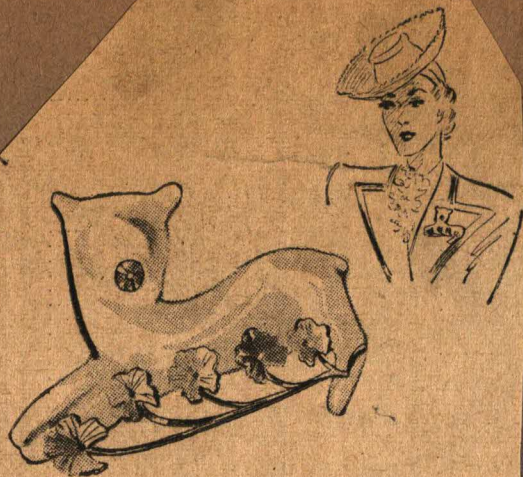
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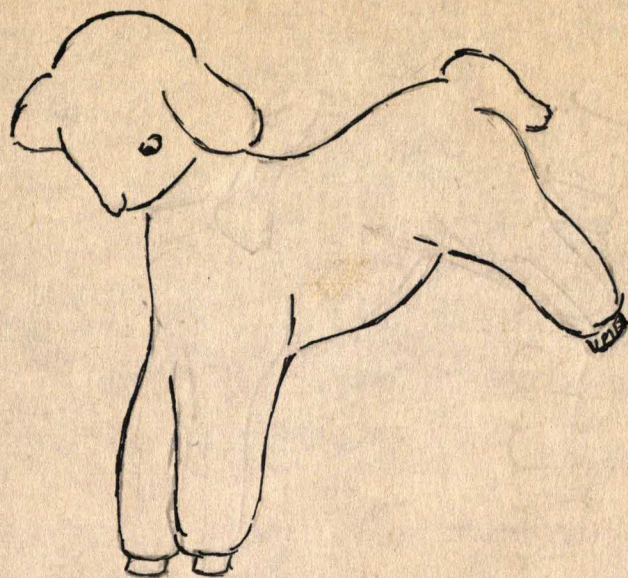


A PRECIOUS LITTLE PIN to wear upon my Easter suit. A porcelain lamb, for instance . . . with a very pink nose, leaping gaily across a spray of flowers, **2.00**. Mercury's winged foot . . . very pink enamel with brilliants, **5.00**

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NEIMAN-MARCUS





Special Feature
Stories

Watering The Flowers

AS I STEPPED FORWARD to speak to the children, some absurd quirk of memory took me back to the days when I was privileged to water the flowers. As with everything a child is allowed to do, the fun was surrounded by cautions. I mustn't drown them. Or miss any. Or splash the windows. Above all, I mustn't get myself wet. In that era when life was horizonless with sun-drenched happiness, getting oneself wet was practically the worst that the parental discipline had to cope with. Now, of course, it's different, and one's mother calls from the window: "Come in, dear, out of the bombs."

Serena Grauen had changed her mind, deciding that the whole school had better sit to Nicholas and me and put away any pearls they might collect into their little safe-deposit boxes. The school-hatingest child could scarcely have deplored that room, with the sun slanting in over the window-ferns and nature waiting patiently outdoors for him. The little river was so near that the worst case of sums could be seen for the ephemeral affliction it was. I had the idea that the guardian trees were watching the process indoors closely, and that at any moment an elm might thrust a long arm through the window and rescue the child with a firm if leafy: "That will be enough for today, ma'am."

Serena's introduction was as slim-waisted and sensible as herself. She conveyed the notion that Nicholas and I had just dropped in to have a chat and that she was as curious as Alice about it all. In my months at Evergreen, I'd met most of these boys and girls at their homes or in swimming or on Bessie Scratcher's picnics. I would gladly have entrusted the administration of the United States to them. To a child their faces were handsome with health, and a proud individuality looked out of those eager receptive eyes. They were as naïve as a roadside spring—and as deep. They had capacities for instant mirth and selfless affection and honest indignation. How to satisfy them, how to water? Deviate one syllable from what they needed to hear, and I should be talking nonsense. They would be polite, their faces looking as if they belonged to a secret society pledged, under dreadful penalties, to reveal nothing of their interior comment. I could estrange them in ten minutes.

"Once upon a time," I began, "a young man said: 'I'm going to have fun.' He got a stack of blank paper and some pencils and said again: 'Now I'm really going to have fun. I'll have this young fellow, a nice, sensible boy but a touch inexperienced. . . . I'll have him tricked into going to sea. He'll wake up and find himself with a gang of pirates. He won't be able to draw a safe breath for weeks. And when the treasure is found—good old genuine pieces of eight—why, there's an awful predicament to be in! It'll give this stepson of mine the most beautiful shivers.'

"So the young man with the pencils wrote every morning. He saw in his mind first every picture, every movement of the people in the picture. He described these, leaving out all unnecessary words, using such fresh

strong words that he hoped his stepson's mouth would drop open in astonishment at their vividness. He loved doing this. His interest was like a blacksmith's fire. The sentences came out red-hot, taking the curve of his feelings. His enthusiasm pounded them together so well that they haven't fallen apart in nearly a hundred years.

"Miss Grauen asked me to speak about writing prose, and I have. I've finished. It was what Robert Louis Stevenson accomplished in writing *Treasure Island*. It's what you will accomplish if you want tremendously to tell somebody about something. Suppose you are asked to write an essay or a story. What shall it be about? Anything. Everything. Everything in this world is interesting, if you look at it a little longer and a little deeper than usual. Take this class-room, and suppose that Miss Grauen is called away, and suppose that Aunt Abby, Nicholas Pumble's cat, takes her place. What would she, out of her agelong cat-wisdom, try to teach you? It would be interesting to know. Suppose Mr. J. P. Morgan, in a philanthropic moment, offered to grant you three wishes. What would you ask for? Suppose you had a chance to correspond with a young man who flies the mail over the Andes, if you wrote sufficiently interesting letters. How would you write one? You'd be enthusiastic about Evergreen. You'd be very clear and vivid. You'd be brief, because he wouldn't have time to read hundred-page letters. You'd be truthfully yourself, because it is wrong to lie and because it is you whom you want him to know. And your letter would be good prose. Of course there are as many tools to use in writing prose as in carpentering. Miss Grauen can tell you how to stock your mind-chest with them, and only experience will make you apt with them. All I say is: don't borrow any. Use your own. Then you'll feel cleanly honest in every line you write and in that feeling growth takes solid root.

"Every one of you can swim, climb, ski, and pitch hay. Write the same way, expertly, strongly, without waste motion. Don't be fat with words, or puffy with repetition, or lazy in finding the truth about the things you write. Write like an athlete, and you'll glow with a pleasure you have never known."

I sat down, wondering if a drop of water had touched them, and Nicholas ampled to my place.

"My friend did all right," he said in that between-you-and-me voice of his which is as warm and comfortable as a flannel shirt. "He was talking common sense, and about common sense, even if he did get over onto my side of the lot at times. But I'm going to talk about something better—poetry. Figure you're sitting around in Chris Merriman's store, listening to us so-called grown-ups chinning about the price of corn, or potatoes, and all of a sudden you hear the clear notes of a horn or violin coming from Chris's radio. What happens? Why, you're taken right away from the world of prices and potatoes. You're out in the air looking at sun-lighted clouds, hearing wild thrushes. You're feeling beauty. You find your thoughts have wings and the sunlight has a new brightness. Even sorrowful things give you a strange happiness. The skin-tearing stones that cluttered the field are a comfort when lifted and placed in the orderly beauty of a wall. That's what poetry is and does. It finds uses for stones and piles them in rhythmic beauty, and you feel a harmony with them at last. It takes the saddest things in life, like not understanding people, or parting from them, and shows the beautiful truth underlying them. It is a more wonderful magic than any in the fairy-tales because it's real, and made by magicians who have their names in the telephone book. And what's best is that anyone can be such a magician.

"Yes, that is really so. Each one of you can strike a rock, like Moses, and make harmony gush out, if you feel like it. How? I said if you feel like it. Poet Adam began it by imitating. He felt his heart ready. He looked at a river, like ours, and said: 'The

water runs, the water runs.' And perhaps some afternoon, when he had more time, he asked himself: 'Whither does it run?' And a deeper interest than mere description was born.

"You will likely start by imitating a poet. For instance, there is a poem so naive and simple that it makes us smile:

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
Her lamb was sure to go.

"Now suppose that you wanted to imitate that poet and still be yourself. How would you begin?

My sister found a little lamb
Wandered from the fold;
In it my sister saw herself
Motherless and cold.

"You see? Pity comes in, and poetry with it. In nineteen words you've made a picture, discovered a personality, suggested an emotion, and begun to draw away from the poet you started to imitate. Soon you won't want to imitate and will move into your own country, where everything that happens to you, good or ill, starts its own ripples of feeling. Like a pond that has been rained upon, you must overflow, carrying the reflections of your still hours on the current of your song.

"The other day, when Serena asked me to talk about the inexpressible, I began to wonder about my own poet's country, and I did a little poem about it. It is your country, too, or I wouldn't bother mentioning it. When you stop to watch snow for the sheer beauty it makes, when you wonder, like Poet Adam, whither the river runs, or time, you are thinking about your country, perhaps are even tempted to explore it. You don't need three ships, like Columbus. In your pack all you need is the impulse to wonder, the patience to imagine, the desire to love and be like the good things of this invisible country. And the best of it is that children have a free passport there. For a title I borrow one from a German who was truly great. It is:

KNOW YOU THAT LAND?

Downfloating snow, what hills and winds
diverted

Your frailty here? From what air-
quarries hewn?

What resource, what infinite love con-
certed

In your creation on our hillsides
strewn?

Is yours the land that I so well re-
member

On the dark days this planet is too
near?

Where rivers run their sunniest in De-
cember,

And joy is brother to sorrow, and both
dear?

Is the encrystalled air waving the un-
seen grasses

Like that I breathe, downpouring from
a hill

Through some ravine the trail unwitting
passes,

Cooler and purer than is possible?

Flakes melt to tears upon the upturned
faces;

Tears melt to song within the upturned
heart.

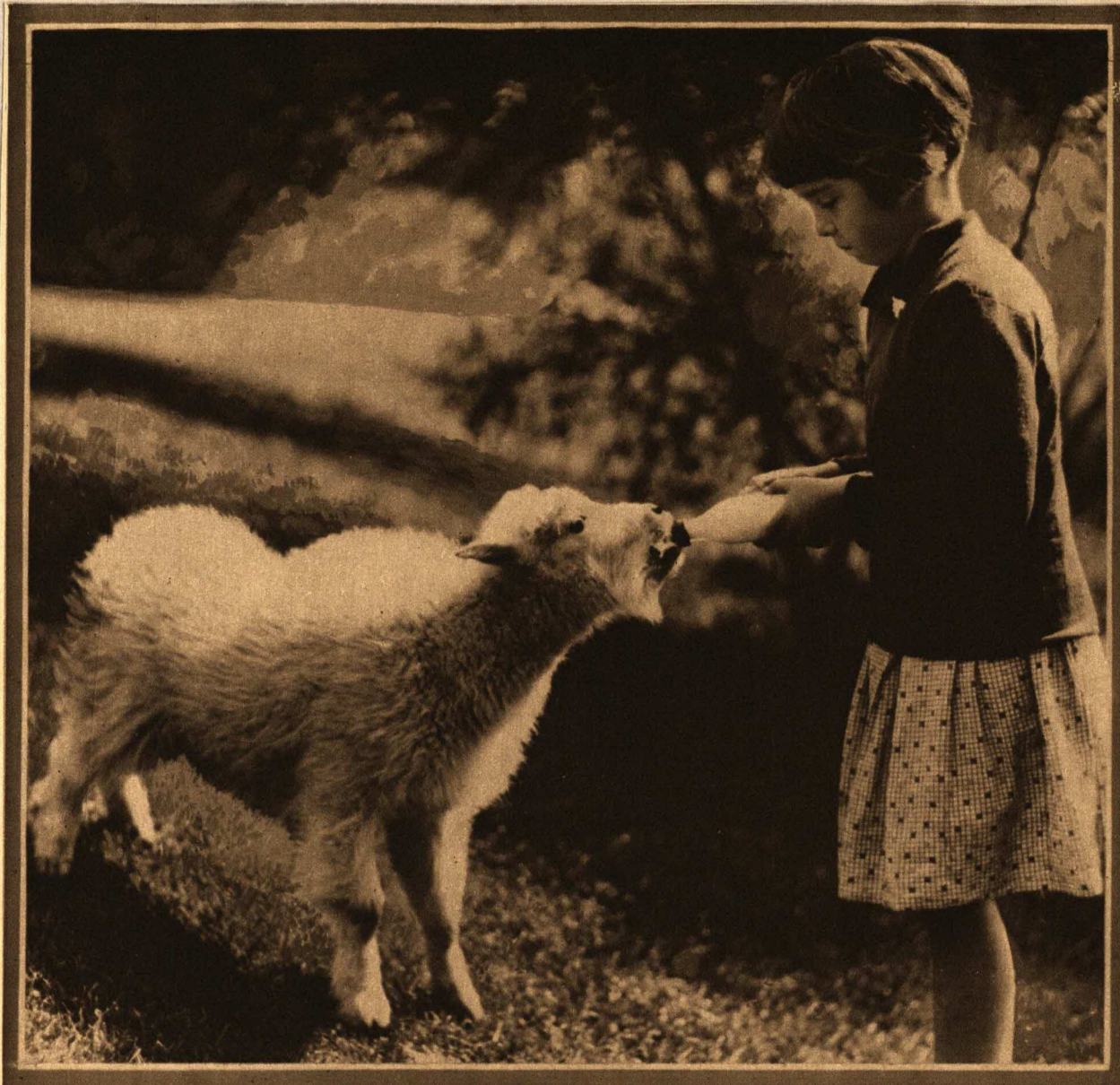
What cousinship of beauty's mingled
races

Means this, fair land, wherein none
dwells apart?

As Nicholas paused, I glanced at the children to see what effect thoughts passing so far above their experience could have. Yet their faces were rapt, as if insight had spoken to insight—and been heard, as if they and Nicholas did inhabit the same land.

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

ODDITIES



MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

(Above)

BUT this is not a lamb at all. Nannette is a mountain goat from the crags of British Columbia. When found she was wandering on a lonely beach at the foot of high mountains; and she immediately adopted the crew of the "Westward." As she grew older, lo and behold, silky hair dropped to her knees like white pantaloons and chin whiskers adorned her solemn face. She is the scion of the most daring steeple-jack on the continent. But lacking cliffs in her new home she tried her rubber toes on sloping chicken house and wood pile

(Right)

ANTE, the young prong-horn, or American antelope, wears the ribbon for the swiftest wild animal on the North American continent. His slender legs are molded for speed and grace. The early Spaniards, who were the first to see his ancestors, said they flew over the ground. Ante follows the gardener about on the Finley estate in western Oregon, pruning the tall shrubbery and nipping the blossoms off the plants, and he is as much at home in these surroundings as if he were out on his native heath, the semi-arid sagebrush plains of the West

Looks Doggone Like Lamb



Far from being that of Mary's little lamb, the streamlined head above belongs to the Bedlington terrier, Ch. Lady Rowena of Rowanoaks, judged best of breed at the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show in New York.

COLLECTIONS

March 25, 1948

FORT WORTH STAR-TELEGRAM—MORNING

Mary Has a Little Lamb



Miss Mary Lake, 1415 Grand Avenue, who collects lambs, with part of her collection of wooden, china, pottery and glass

—Star-Telegram Photo. replicas of the one which, in a nursery rhyme, "followed her to school one day."

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Now her collection includes 150 lambs. Some are frisky, some innocent and some shy-looking. Some are frolicksome and others lie calmly down. Some are very fine china, one is a crude wooden piece from a Mexican nativity set, and many are pottery. The very first one in her collection Mrs. Lake gave to her daughter four years ago. It is a small white china lamb with a blue bow around its neck.

The newest one is a large-sized white pottery lamb with its back hollowed out as a vase. In between the beginning and the present, are several child's toy lambs, white, woolly lambs any child would adore to cuddle, as well as a variety of all kinds of lamkins.

Probably the finest in the collection is a pair of Staffordshire lambs about five inches over all, including some background trees. There is a larger one of similar china which also probably is not old and a much smaller one which Miss Lake knows is old.

Most distinctive of Mary's lambs is one made especially for her by a young California sculptor whose exhibit the Fort Worth girl saw two years ago in California. Life magazine recently showed several pieces of the sculptor's work, and Miss Lake has an original, made for her alone. The creator, named Sorcha-boru, made the lamb when she knew of Miss Lake's interest in them.

Some of the lamb collection come in pairs: such as a pottery pair called Cuddles and Bubbles, one with eyes open, the other shut; and Tom and Jerry, which are identified by the bell or the flower on their necks. There also is a quartet just alike except for color; they are glazed pottery in brown, green, blue, red and yellow.

McClelland Barclay is the creator of a small frisky-looking bronze lamb, and a glass blower at the New York World's Fair created a tiny glass lamb, the two presenting interesting contrasts in materials. There are also two delicate French

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Texas Garden Clubs, Inc.

Collections
Duplicate Copies

March 25, 1941

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Opinions

Friday, April 21, 1939

Personalities of the Week

By Tommie Walden

Lake Collects Lambs; Abbott Doodles; Stovall Walks in Rain; Warren Edits

There's not a doubt about it. All the signs—green trees swaying, red birds singing—point to the fact that spring is here. And right on the heels of spring come finals (oh woe), and then (oh happy day), the train ticket home.

This school year will be ended, and after looking back briefly, the aggressive student will look forward to next year and its possibilities of being bigger and better. Among the important characters to lead out in our activities next year will be the editors of the three college publications.

ISABEL (Beetle) WARREN, previously "exposed" in this column, will be at the helm of the Lass-O. Associate editor and former society editor, Beetle, a brunette example of sartorial perfection, will doubtless reflect our ideals and standards as well as she writes copy.

Also reviewed before is JANE ABBOTT, literary editor-elect of the Daedalian Quarterly. A willowy brunette with a penchant for doodling, Jane dashes off poetry to fill her spare time until next year.

Blond VIRGINIA STOVALL explains "There's no time like the present," and spends her moments in snappy games of bridge, in dancing, sleeping, and eating ginger-bread—her favorite food. Ginger says it won't be long until she can't play as much since she has recently been elected editor of the Daedalian Annual for next year.

Majoring in journalism, Ginger keeps

a "huge" scrap-book as a hobby. Walking in the rain is one of her favorite time fillers, and last Sunday afternoon she ventured out for some enjoyment in that spring deluge. Artificial people and being waked up are two of the blond's pet hates.

Member of the Dallas Club and president of the Journalism Club, the junior once wanted to be a foreign correspondent, but since Marion (Mr. Butch to you), an A&M graduate, entered her life, the ol' U. S. soil is good enough.

Now Ginger wants to write features for a newspaper, but admits she will probably be "a little housewife."

Collecting miniature lambs is the hobby of MARY LAKE, editor-in-chief elect of the Daedalian Quarterly, while fillet mignon and chicken salad maintain their place high in her esteem.

Double majoring in Latin and English, Mary is president of the Latin Club, and member of the Philomathia, Fort Worth, English and Press clubs.

Extensive traveling, and tailored evening clothes are two of the junior's pet likes, while hypocrisy and pretty men are her main antipathies. For past time employment Mary prefers dancing, riding, swimming, and reading.

Louis Hayward, of movie fame, is the blond's current flame. Mary maintains it is unusual, since her name is Lake, that she rooms with a Pool and lives next door to a Brooks.

March 25, 1941

thought you might like an extra
mary sears

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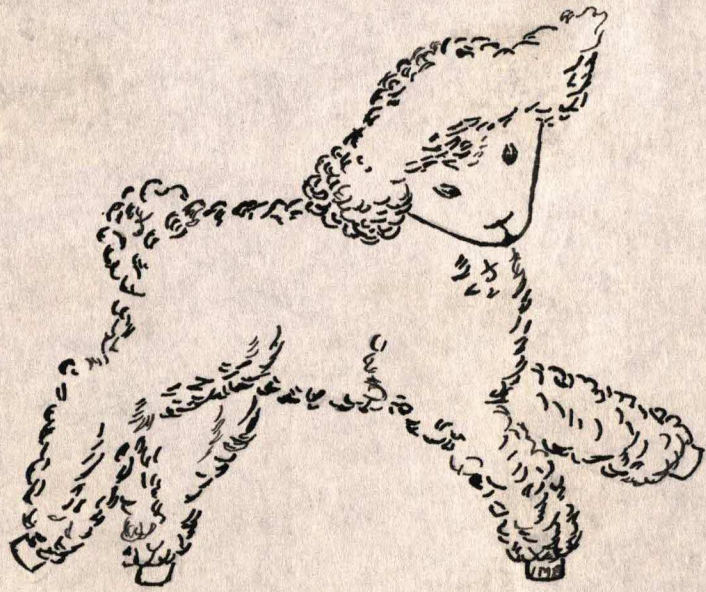
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Mary had a little lamb, its
fleece was white as snow.' Who is
there living in this land, and in many
other lands, who has not learned these
lines in early childhood and never
forgotten them? It is the supreme
epic of those who are very, very
young, with its appeal to budding
sympathies and expanding outlook.
Here we have Mary telling her own
story as well as that of the lamb.
(p. 16)



Music



In Lighter
Vein



Almond

MADE IN U.S.
MILBROOK
HAYWARD