ern school with its modern children, tucked it under my cloak until I reached my desk. To add to my embarrassment the teacher asked me if I came hatless, while I was tucking it in my desk.

So it was a great boon, when my cousin from the north made a visit to Tennessee, in 1936, when I was nine years old, and brought me back with her.

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"Jerks" at Camp

Martha Finney

Perhaps it would be well to explain the significance of the word "jerks" before proceeding further. "Jerks" is a Girl Scout colloquialism for the daily early-morning calisthenics. Of all the institutions in a Girl Scout camp or under the sun, this one is to me the most distasteful.

There is one main reason for this dislike. Consider for a moment a typical morning at camp. The bugle sounds, and it is necessary to report for jerks immediately. At six-thirty of a summer's morning the grass is very dewy, and consequently after a few minutes of running and jumping about in it, not only the slippers are wet, but also the bottoms of one's pajama trousers. Having cold, slimy slippers is sufficiently uncomfortable, but to have clammy pajamas clinging to one's ankles is unbearable. In addition to the physical discomfort, this condition also makes it impossible to slip back into a warm, inviting cot for a stolen few moments of laziness before the bugle calls for the Colors ceremony.

How much more satisfying it is to substitute in place of this ordeal a swift plunge into Lake Erie, which succeeds in awakening one so completely that there is no temptation to climb back into bed.

My reading library enlarged when grade school work had begun with the well-known additions of Robinson Crusoe, Alice in Wonderland, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and Black Beauty, a book that caused many tears to flow, and instilled in me, as I remember, a passionate love for horses.

As the years progressed, school became more closely an intrinsic part of my life. My parents were helping and encouraging, and sets of books were bought for reference work. They lent whole-hearted support in any worthy affair that had connection with the school; their willingness to help made me love them more than ever before.

Experiences rather than people influenced my early years: certain trips away from home; occasional rides into the country, accompanied by lovely hikes in the fall on cushioned rugs of scarlet leaves; cold but happy hunting excursions in snowy winters, when I carried a gun more for ostentation than for meat for the pantry. The physical exertion made me feel fully alive and exuberantly in secret communion with Nature.

My dog, on whom I tagged the suitable name of Mutt, was a big joy; and although his size did not equal that of the St. Bernard whose picture decorated one wall of my room, I cared for him much more than for the big brown-eyed, inert canine. I remember especially one occasion when he played the role of "Mary's Little Lamb," and followed me to school. He did look very gentle and subdued sitting on the seat with the teacher; but too much commotion was aroused, and Mutt reluctantly had to depart.
After that mirthful episode, grade school life passed smoothly and rapidly. Graduation approached not unlike horses' hoofs on pavement and slipped away on cats' feet, thus ending the first chapter of my life, a happy carefree chapter that left in its trail many warm remembrances and thoughts.

Arsenal Technical high school afforded more difficult study. I majored in English, secretarial studies, and mathematics. English was a pet subject, so I continued studies in it through high school. Chemistry and home economics were so interesting and so closely connected that the fact became apparent that I should continue work in those subjects.

As for the works of various authors that came within reach of my eyes during 'teen years, Poe, the early American writer and poet, was my favorite of favorites. I did not entirely agree with Lowell when he said:

"He has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the mind."

Rather than Lowell's quotation, the one of the English poet and critic, Algernon Charles Swinburne, was preferable. He said in 1872:

"Once as yet, and once only, has there sounded out of it (America) one pure note of original song, worth singing, and echoed from the singing of no other man,—a note of song neither wide, nor deep, but utterly true, rich, clear, and native to the singer; the short exquisite music, subtle and simple and sweet, of Edgar Poe."

Acquaintanceships with very dear friends were formed during high school. An English teacher, Mr. B— W——, under whom I had a year of English, I respected greatly. Another worthy friend among the teachers was Miss S——, a commercial teacher, whose kindness and encouragement were valuable gifts never to be forgotten. Friends of my age were easily acquired because the enrollment totalled about six thousand students.

Arsenal Technical high school had instituted various departmental clubs that were very good influences for the students. I belonged to the Chemistry Club, the Concert Club, the Botany Club, and Home Economics Club, all four of which gave an additional zest to school work. The Botany Club sponsored Saturday morning hikes that were both instructive and recreational. The eager students, usually about twelve, took enormous lunches, and accompanied by one or two of the Botany teachers, started tramping about lonely country fields and secluded woods where plants and birds could be seen.

Christmas vacations were joyous affairs with great amounts of singing, gift-giving, and greetings; and I welcomed summers because of the renewed activities of swimming, hiking, and horseback riding. During the summer of 1933, our family took various small trips that I liked especially because of the peaceful quiet of the hotel rooms where I could, without interruption, get a magazine and a piece of peppermint candy and read to my heart's content.

I will always remember the summer of 1934 for its beautiful ending, for one exhilarating summer afternoon in the latter part of August while the sun was still casting its warm rays over the green meadows. Three of us were cantering briskly at a rolling pace down a rustic country road, the steady alternate beats of the horses' hoofs keeping rhythm. My brother Carl, Clyde Ford, and I wandered from the roadside into an adjoining corn field that seemed like a wilderness; and we explored along the short, mud banks of a small, leisurely-flowing stream. The horses enjoyed the adventure as much as we did, for they seemed to sense with alacrity the excitement, and to
respond to our every direction. Yes, it was a beautiful ending, and a compatible beginning for my senior year. Activities by the score completed senior year; dances, parties, and class plays. The end, or should I say commencement, came with graduation. I was a member of the Tech Legion, a newly installed Honorary Society, and my name appeared on the Final Honor Roll. Graduation night at the Butler fieldhouse, I may say freely, seemed at the time to be the climax of eleven years of school. Excitement ran wild among the graduates, yet a serious attitude prevailed. It was the last time that I saw all of my friends together.

The Subject
On Location

Samuel Gordon

CAMERA—Samuel Gordon bolting a hasty breakfast and leaving his home at almost one and the same moment. He waits impatiently for the street car, because of his nervous temperament and the heavy load of books he carts under his arm. Transferring from his first conveyance, Gordon concludes his journey on a Butler University street car, along with other Butler students. Arriving at the Fairview campus, he races for his class. (If the instance be exceptional, and more than a few minutes are remaining, he stops to get a copy of the Collegian). He then attends his classes in order; at their termination, 11:40 o’clock, he goes to the Collegian offices. Whereupon he attempts to compose an article or two for the paper, aspiring to be a journalist. However, if the results to date are to be trusted, he does not do so, for the faculty members he seeks are not there. Finished with his activities on and about the campus he again boards a trolley and departs for home.—CUT.

CAMERA—At home, Gordon, having finished his noon day meal, attacks his lessons for about ten minutes. Then he finds something to demand his attention in the outer world: This procedure is almost invariable, for he constantly does his lessons in fits of energy. Time and time again, he vows he will attack his assignments and finish them off in one campaign, and regularly he renews his vow. But before the setting sun has been too long a reality, he will have accomplished the necessary labors.—CUT.

CAMERA—Gordon assuming the role of sports enthusiast. Most familiar pose—scanning the columns of the daily sport page. Not uncommon pose—watching Butler’s eleven in action or viewing his high school grid squad as it plays (and prays). FLASHBACK—Gordon perspiring hugely as he plays tennis on Garfield park courts. However, the ball never quite catches him.—BLACK OUT. In indoor activities: he spends time manipulating the carved chess pieces, depending, however, on his ability to locate a fellow enthusiast, who is enthusiastic at the same time Gordon is enthusiastic. And as fall makes its appearance, the camera’s eye gets a closeup of Gordon diligently filling out a prediction blank for the coming Saturday’s football contests. He seeks the title advanced as prize by an alliterative sporting editor, to-wit: Perfect Picker Pete. Our villain intends to alter the diadem to read Good Guessing Gordon, when and if he gains the heights of the Pigskin Valhalla. —Cut (a lot).

CAMERA—Our topic as a fluttery butterfly in the social cocoon. There “ain’t” no such animal.—CUT.

CAMERA—Gordon as a worshipper at evening services in the nearby Hebrew church. When in the mood,