

Jack had always liked music during grade school; hence he joined the high school glee club. This worked out fine for the first two years, but in the junior year he had a battle royal with the music teacher and quit. After this had happened he spent his efforts in making the basketball team, which he finally succeeded in doing.

During the four years of high school there were many social activities in which Jack had a more or less prominent part. He was leader of his class's booster club. This was a class cheering section at the basketball games. Jack had the reputation of being able to make more noise than anyone else in school. These different activities held the class of '34 very close together as a student body and as personal friends. There was not a class in high school that stood together like this one. The faculty of the high school could not break their spell of hilarious spirit in the classroom.

The one thing that has caused Jack to look back on his high school career with a smile is that feeling of undying friendship of the students toward each other. Never in the four years was there friction among the students, although they took many a stand against the faculty to ascertain their rights. Right or wrong they would stick to their argument until the last word was spoken.

Jack has been graduated from Brownsburg High School two years, but he wishes that he were a freshman there now and could live those four years over again. When he stops to realize that his high school career was something that cannot be lived over again, something that cannot be bought or sold, he finds many a tear taking a stroll over his solemn face: many a lump rising in his throat.

After all, he realizes the four years in high school were worth a great

deal to him. Looking backward he says, "Oh, that I were back there again."

A Dark Rainy Street

Paul Des Jean

The drip, drip, drip of a steady four-hour rain had transformed the usually busy street into a deserted, silent ribbon; black and glistening, stretching away into the darkness.

Miniature rivers, trickling along the gutters, their progress punctuated by tiny cascades and gurgling rushes over collecting debris, reached a climax in a deep-throated 'slosh' as they poured into the yawning mouths of greedy sewers.

Here and there the ebon monotony of the pavement was broken by sparkling, yellow pools of light, reflections from lighted windows; reflections that seemed alive as they shimmered fitfully under the relentless downpour. Neon tubes cast splotches of vivid red on the shiny surface, while street lamps formed twin rows of illumination that appeared to meet in a hazy rendezvous in the distance.

The rhythmic hum of the rain was interspersed with irregular splashes from the branches overhead. An occasional passing automobile added an eerie whine, as flashing wheels threw out showers of spray on either side. Each motorcar, as it sped by, left telltale imprints of its tires on the wet street, but even these signs of life quickly disappeared as myriads of tiny drops erased them from sight.

On such a night, home, with its windows tinted a roseate hue by the flickering logs on the hearth, is a harbor of perfect peace and contentment to a storm-tossed land lubber.

The drip, drip, drip of the rain continues, but, heard from an easy chair in front of the fireplace it has assumed a soothing note; eyelids become heavy; the head drops and the dark, rainy street is forgotten.

School Days

Genevieve Campbell

My school days represent not only happy years spent at school, but my relationship with life in general during those years of my existence. The associations with my family, friends, and teachers bring back treasured memories. In fact, I find as much enjoyment in living over again those experiences, as I did in actually taking part in them.

In 1923, with several of my playmates, I entered the first grade in the Irvington school. Having been awed by the familiar, large, brick building for several years, I felt very important when I became part of its busy routine. My first reader, crayons, and pencils were cherished possessions; however, I was always glad to get back to my beloved dolls in the afternoon. I was proud to be in school with the older children, and felt far superior to my little sister, Ruth, who was still at home.

It was in my first year at school that mother and father had an experience in buying an old, tumble-down house and remodeling it. The entire family watched it develop, day by day, into a beautiful, colonial type home.

Various discoveries were made in the process; a brick walk under tall weeds, slabs of cement where a barn once stood, an old tombstone, and a family of kittens in a hole in the wall of the basement. Those days were certainly interesting and event-

ful. Before long we were established in our large, new home, which we now love and could never leave.

This change in neighborhood made it necessary for me to transfer to another school. So, during the winter of 1924 I started to school in a small building consisting of two rooms, and heated by a stove that not always heated properly. Both the first and second grades were in my room, and I remember very well the feeling that the "older" second graders were high above me in experience and learning.

It was here that my artistic career began. I started with blackboard landscapes, which I called "Lamb-skates"; then the other children persuaded me to draw things for each of them, individually. Their flattery delighted me, and I fear that I grew quite egotistical. The inconvenience of walking a mile to and from school, finally led me into returning to the Irvington school in my second grade.

From that time, my interests were connected with those things happening in Irvington, where I continued through the rest of my grades. Exclusive clubs were formed among my friends. We took the meetings seriously, and imitated our mothers' various organizations. These friendships continued through grade school and we all had a wonderful time creating interesting things to do. These included bicycling, swimming, hikes, taffy-pulls, and coasting parties. Toward the close of the eight years my interest in art increased, and Barbara, who was still my best friend, and I, each received a scholarship to the John Herron Art Institute. We enjoyed these for two years, and as a result we were given a special job of making a large picture or frieze of Roman figures for the school. We worked diligently together, and had a great deal of