

bare boughs ruffled in indignation. Pouring from a high chimney, the swirling clouds of gray smoke made a somber background for the raging elements.

The old gardener's coat flapped about him as he bent over the barren flower-bed and the mischievous wind claimed his hat. Then in true March style it blew heedlessly on, searching for its next victim.

MARCH

Example 2. There is a roar down the chimney, a falling of twigs on the roof, a creaking and slamming of doors, a rattle of leaves and of paper, a swaying of limbs in the blast, a quick catching of breath in the windy gusts, a nodding of jonquils and daffodils, a peeping of crocuses and buttercups. March has come.

MIRIAM B. MABEE

SCRIBBLERS AND THEIR SCRIBBLING

ONE has heard and read much of the spirit of creative youth, exerting itself in every phase of art in which the desire for individual expression is allowed free play. Especially in creative writing is there an opportunity for teachers and leaders of young people to encourage this creative effort.

Fully aware of this opportunity, members of the English department at Harrisonburg suggested the organization in this college of a group which should have for its purpose the fostering and encouraging of creative writing. Even though a new class in composition might have been included in the curriculum to give further advantage in writing to those students who had completed the prescribed courses in English, the meetings of a group of students and professors, all with an appreciation and a desire for artistic expression, offer more freedom and more enjoyment than the meetings of an ordinary class. Without definite assignments the members can choose the subject for their literary production, the

methods of treatment, and the time that best suits their inclination or their inspiration, as the case may be.

From the English classes, therefore, fifteen students were chosen to talk over with the English faculty the idea of forming such an organization. The original group consisted of girls who not only excelled in English work generally but who had demonstrated some ability in creative writing outside of class assignments. Needless to say, the proposal met with the approval of each one.

A committee appointed by the chairman and consisting of two faculty members and three students, drew up the constitution. Its somewhat novel statement, as adopted by the group, shows the spirit of informality and of genuine freedom which it encouraged.

CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I. NAME

This organization shall be called "The Scribblers" of the State Teachers College of Harrisonburg, Virginia.

ARTICLE II. PURPOSE

The purpose of this organization shall be to foster literary interest and attainment and to encourage creative writing.

ARTICLE III. MEMBERS

Section I. *Types of Members.* There shall be three types of members in the organization, namely: Active Members, Associate Members, and Honorary Members.

Active Membership shall be composed of members of the English faculty and students of the college. Students who have been members shall continue as such after graduation provided they meet the scribbling requirements of active membership.

Associate Membership shall be composed of any other faculty members of the college who are elected by a three-fourths vote of those present at a regular meeting.

Honorary Membership shall be composed of alumnae of the college who have done

distinctive writing and who are elected by a three-fourths vote of those present at a regular meeting.

Section II. *Duties of Members.*

Active Scribblers shall submit at least once each quarter some original piece of written work and shall read it before a regular meeting to be criticized by the other members and accepted or rejected for the *Scratch Pad* or permanent archives of the organization by a majority vote of those present. They shall perform to the best of their ability, without remonstrance, any duty with which the Chief Scribe shall honor them.

Associate Scribblers shall attend as many meetings as possible, enter into discussions, submit work when they so desire, and give their moral support to the organization.

Honorary Scribblers may scribble and submit articles at will.

Section III. *Requirements for Membership.*

In order to become an active member of the organization and to be duly accorded the honorable title of "Scribbler" a student must:

First, be recommended to the Chief Scribe by one of the English faculty.

Second, submit a review of some current book, a familiar essay, and one poem or short story to be presented to and judged by the active members of the organization.

Third, have evidenced in her attitude toward and appreciation of literary achievement a genuine interest in the furtherance of creative writing.

Section IV. *Election of Active Members.*

Active Members shall be elected by a three-fourths vote of those present at a regular meeting.

ARTICLE IV. OFFICERS

Section I. *Duty.*

There shall be but one elected officer, a "Chief Scribe," whose duty it shall be to

appoint at the opening of each meeting, and not before, a "Dictator" (chairman), a "Wielder of the Blue Pencil" (constructive critic), a "Consigner to the Wastebasket" (destructive critic), and a "Master of the Inkpot" (secretary); to appoint a "Drawer of the Purse-strings," who shall receive and cherish all funds; to bring before the Scribblers those names recommended by the English faculty; to issue notices for all called meetings.

Section II. *Election of Chief Scribe.*

The Chief Scribe shall be elected by a majority of those present at the last regular meeting of each quarter.

ARTICLE V. THE SCRIBBLER'S MITE

When occasion arises, each Scribbler shall contribute the amount of money which necessity shall demand. She shall, furthermore, be requested and expected to give to the organization ten per cent of any wealth which shall become hers as a result of the publication of works which have reached such a peak of perfection through the honest criticisms of her fellow Scribblers.

ARTICLE VI. MEETINGS

Regular meetings shall be held on the second Monday night of each month. Special meetings shall be called by the Chief Scribe whenever necessary.

ARTICLE VII. COMMITTEES

Committees shall be appointed by the Chief Scribe whenever necessary.

ARTICLE VIII. MISCELLANEOUS

Although the first meetings were spent, as is usual, in the routine of organization, there have been already several enjoyable and profitable programs. In a group of this kind there is a close friendly contact between student and faculty; the barrier is broken down and each one feels a freedom in offering suggestions or criticisms or at least in discussing the problems that confront each Scribbler. Sometimes the discussion drifts from the topic in hand but, it

is hoped, not without profit. The following may give an idea of a program through the pen of the one who for that particular meeting was appointed "Master of the Ink-pot." This is included to display not the art of poetry, but the fun of verse.

SCRIBBLER'S MEETING, NOVEMBER 11,

1929

At the meeting of the Scribblers
Held on November eleven
For the total of the roll call
Came the answer, "We are seven."

If the hour was seven-thirty,
There were six on time; if eight,
Another must be counted, but
He came, as usual, late.

The Chief Scribe assigned the duties—
There was something each must do:
Mina to conduct the meeting,
I to write what should ensue.

The program was as follows:
A short skit by one who knows—
It was seen within a barber shop
And written out in prose.

Ann Trott then read a poem;
It was beautifully expressed.
Our silence gave approval;
The critics did the rest.

Lee and Frank both served as critics,
One for good and one for bad;
But the Wastebasket stayed empty—
Prose and *pome* went to the Pad.

Then we all became so interested,
We discussed both great and small:
"Do we take ourselves too seriously?"
And "Can we write at all?"

We planned to have a speaker,
Maybe Lindsey, Millay, or Frost,
For by doing the school this favor.
Our labors would not be lost.

We wished for every member;
We had such a splendid time;
But I can't tell more about it,
For I'm running low in rime.

P. S. If the number present matters,
I'm in a dreadful fix,
For since my verse is written
I find there were only six.

As yet no ten per cent has been presented to the Scribblers as a result of the publication of any work of its members, but some of the attempts at creative writing have been read and enjoyed. And, although the coffers will not multiply and there will be no extra duty for the "Drawer

of the Purse-strings" by inserting some of the writings of the Scribblers here, it is one way of breaking into print.

PAN CALLS TODAY

Pan calls today.
I must away
To low, green hills
Where daffodils
Dance in the breeze
And gaily ease
My heart of care.
They know that there
No mortal thing
Can breathe of spring
And still be sad.
My feet are glad—
I must away.
Pan calls today.

CLOUDS

Symbols of purity
Floating free,
Kissing the mountain tops
Perchance the sea,
Come touch my soul,
That it may be
Pure and fair as
Thy Maker and thee!

GOD'S IN HIS HEAVEN

Yes'm . . . I guess so.
Two of you for tonight? Oh, awright . . .
We're awful busy with the harvest, but I . . .
You city folks don't know much about harvest,
anyway,
I reckon.
Sure, I'll set you out somethin' cold to eat.

Laws, run away to get married? Well, well . . .
Jim an' me—we run away, too—a long time ago
now.
Happy? Sure. Why not. That's why we run
away . . .
To be happy. We'll always live here, jes' like
now.
Why not? We got a house, a good stock, five
children,
And Jim sez we can have a new barn next year,
mebbe . . .
I couldn't ask for no more.

Well, I sure hope you folks'll be happy.
Pretty sunset, ain't it? I like to think God's
smilin'
At us, after a hard day, when I see it.
Want to turn in? Sure.
I jes' hope you folks'll be as happy as Jim an' me.

GOLF—MORE OR LESS

(A Familiar Essay)

This morning I found myself wondering if I could afford a set of golf clubs by January provided I didn't send any presents this Christmas. I was ashamed of the thought, but somehow it has been coming back all day.

Then I began to wonder, debts and golf both being on my mind, I suppose, whether or not civ-

ilization would ever be able to repay the debt she owes to Scotland. The Greeks gave us culture, the Romans gave us law, the Hebrews gave us religion, but the Scotch gave us golf and the clubs with which to play it. What other nation on earth would ever have had enough ingenuity to produce such ideal substitutes for lawn mowers and hoes, label them neatly, place them conveniently together in a bag, and then play a game with them? I pause for a reply.

Of course, there are still some old fashioned enough to use grass blades for cutting grass and weeds. Perhaps they do it because they just don't know any better. It was quite by accident that I myself found out the infinite superiority of a mashie for this kind of work. Never shall I forget the morning of that discovery. The course must have been a great deal easier to play after I had passed, for I carefully removed the rough, thoroughly and painfully, stroke by stroke.

One of the few serious drawbacks to the game seems to be that no one can follow it long without becoming noticeably affected by it. I have a friend who is a very nice girl in most ways, but she has been playing golf too many years. It has made her too critical of other people, especially on the links. The first time I went around with her she gave me a number of impossible directions and criticisms. For instance, she was most insistent and unreasonable about the way I was to tee off. Now, I am not crosseyed nor particularly deformed in any other way, but that girl apparently expected me to keep my head down with my eyes on the ball, and at the same time aim for a flag on a distant horizon. The thing simply cannot be done. I know, because I've tried it.

Perhaps when golf becomes more advanced in America, we'll be expected to play with hands clasped behind our backs, knees flexed, and toes pointed slightly outwards. Why not? Keeping in mind the remarkable evolution of contract from whist, we should be able to expect almost anything from golf in the next few years.

However, the next few years can take care of themselves. What I am trying to do is to give a little timely advice and information to those who are thinking about taking up the game at present. A taste for golf does not have to be acquired, like a taste for olives. A beginner can have just as much fun as anybody else. The important thing is to know what people are talking about when they are discussing your game. It is for this reason that I am defining the following terms:

The fairway is something one looks at before teeing off. Its purpose is to rest the eyes and soothe the temper. There are some people who maintain that it has some connection with the path of the ball. I have not found this to be true.

The rough is a more or less dense tangle of weeds and briars in which the player and his ball have a lovely time together. One can learn more about the rough from half an hour's actual experience than from a lifetime's instruction.

You will have no trouble in distinguishing between the clubs. They have certain fundamental differences which anyone can see, and besides, each club has its name written on it.

Of course, there are certain words in a golfing vocabulary, like birdie and par, which the beginner is liable to hear if he stays around the club. However, he will have no practical use for such words for a number of years; that is, unless he

is the type of golfer who takes an intelligent interest in somebody else's game. People of this kind are rather rare.

Then there are still other words used on a golf course which do not have to be consciously acquired. They just come naturally in moments of stress.

Words, motion, attitude, in fact, everything about golf can best be gotten through practice. So we get back to our old friends, the laws of practice. In a few minutes we'll be thinking golf is just another branch of psychology. Perhaps it is. Anyway, there is a lot of psychology mixed up in it.

If I get my clubs in January, I'm going to get in some real practice in the spring.

THE CHANT OF AN INVALID

O, to walk in the sun again!
O, to walk in the sun!
The streaming sun
That makes sweat run—
O, to walk in the sun!

O, to walk in the rain again!
O, to walk in the rain!
The calming rain
That eases pain—
O, to walk in the rain!

O, to walk in the breeze again!
O, to walk in the breeze!
The cooling breeze
That sways the trees—
O' to walk in the breeze!

O, to walk in the snow again!
O, to walk in the snow!
The crunching snow
That makes blood glow—
O, to walk in the snow!

To walk or run in the snow or sun!
To tramp through the breeze or rain—
If all or one of these might be done
Once more—I'd forget the pain!

SUNSET

Kind Nature had painted a picture
Far greater than mankind could know,
For the dreams that for centuries had slumbered
Now filled the sky with their glow.
The faith that had made of men martyrs,
The trust that had conquered despair,
All the great and the true and the noble
Breathed with the breezes a prayer.
And the loves that had withered unwanted,
And the woes that were children of wrong,
Were caught in a soft maize of color
That soothed as a fond mother's song.
I thought as I gazed of life's problems,
Of that wheel that turns over so fast
As mankind, all unheeding life's sunset,
Moulds from his future, his past.
Then my heart, in a moment of rapture
Sharp like the smell of the sea,
Glimpsed through that glorious splendor
The gates of eternity.
And the souls of the unborn nations,
And those who on earth had trod,
Lifted me wondering, breathless,
To kneel at the throne of God.

MARGARET V. HOFFMAN