

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

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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

fun with Caesar and his admirers. This added to the excitement of the last days at grade school, which came to a close with the graduating exercises in June of 1931.

With the marriages of my two elder sisters, and with my brother involved in travels of his own, the remaining four of the family formed a traveling organization called, the Jolly Four. The object was to see America first and we have accomplished a great part of our aim. We have shared wonderful sights and experiences together as far north as Canada, as far south as North Carolina, and east to the Atlantic. We have lived those trips over and over again, and have passed several summers in this enjoyable way.

On my entrance into Shortridge high school in the fall of 1931, the feeling of calm superiority I had in the grade school graduating class, vanished completely. In this huge, strange place I found myself involved in a bewildering routine of affairs. I had never seen such endless halls, nor such complicated matters. After a few weeks, however, I became better acquainted with the school, and was on the road to four of the happiest years in my life.

The "crowd" held an important place in the happiness of those four years. Our frequent get-togethers, called "gatherings," caused us to toss our cares away and indulge wholeheartedly in the spirit of a good time.

"Yinkle," my little Ford car, played a significant part at this time. The uproarious life in that car, of which I grew very fond, held one thrill after another. "Yinkle" took us faithfully to school, football games, weiner roasts, and on short trips. I felt that it was almost human, and I (as well as the rest of the crowd) was much depressed the day it was sold.

In June, 1935, I came to the realization that my days at Shortridge were almost over. Graduation was the grand finale for those four, happy, speeding years. The excitement of the occasion, and to have the family "rooting from the sidelines for me" was certainly thrilling.

By this time the family had grown until we numbered sixteen. I am now an aunt to six rollicking, healthy youngsters, who call me "Diddy." I truly agree with the childrens' saying, "don't we have awful fun," for when we are in the best spirits, sixteen strong, there is no doubt of it. With mother and father dominating in their loving, understanding way, I am indeed fortunate in being the member of such a family.

In September, 1935, I entered Butler University. After the torture of rush week, I found myself in the whirl of school activities, and am still in the act of whirling. The excitement, the work, and the fun, each having a significant part never cease; and I love it.

