

THE FIRST OF MAY

Every year we started weeks ahead to make baskets for May Day. The baskets were really works of art. Tissue paper in pastel shades was folded several thicknesses into long narrow rows. One edge was opened with the scissors and then parallel rows were snipped half through the fold about a quarter of an inch apart. Ruffled up, a lovely frill resulted. These were pasted round and round the outside of a box, each layer overlapping the one before until the whole effect was a delicate fluff. A handle was inserted and the box lined with a crumpled paper in contrasting color. Some of the baskets were all in one shade; some were made with several harmonious combinations. Girls vied with each other to produce the most original and beautiful creations.

The last day or two of April we hurried from school to the woods. The woodlots were kept fairly clean of underbrush. Pine needles and ferns mingled with last fall's leaves to form a soft carpet. The late afternoon sun shed a golden glow through the maze of dark tree trunks. Birds sang and an occasional timid wild animal paused a moment in sharp distrust, then scurried to its lair in a fallen tree trunk or a burrow under the roots of a sturdy elm.

After our excited scramble to leave school, gather up supplies and reach the woods, we felt the calm and silence of this quiet place, pausing a moment to let the peace sink deeply within.

When Emma squealed (Emma never spoke in a normal voice,