

"It's high time they learned that we don't fall into their arms like ripe plums," voiced one speaker, angrily. (I had the feeling that there were, in her case, no arms ready to receive her when she fell, but probably that was just the cat in me!)

"Yes," agreed several, "we ought to teach them a lesson!" "Let's organize!" suggested another. (Unions were beginning way back then!)

I offered my grandmother's home for a meeting place and all agreed to be there at seven o'clock that evening. The "regulars" were not entirely sympathetic with the idea, but didn't dare to stay away.

My grandmother's home was, at that time, unoccupied and empty. It was a large rambling house with barn, granary, etc. and surrounded by an acreage of gardens and orchards. I was given the door key and permission to use the premises. It was an ideal spot for organizing a CONSPIRACY.

We met on schedule, by the light of candles. A constitution was drawn up, stating our aims and purposes.

We arranged for a heart-freezing initiation and oath of allegiance. Our immediate requirement was that, for one month, no member would accept any attention whatsoever from any boy and under no condition (terrible penalties defined and stated) reveal the reason why or any other secrets of the new organization.

All present took the solemn oath, and put on the badge marked with the letters F.M.S.M.B. We agreed to take in four more members, in order to have some one to initiate. (We were very pleased with our prospective initiation ceremony.)

When, equipped with the new badges, we appeared at school