

## I. The Initiation

Some teacher once said that when he entered the academy he was comparatively green. I can go him one farther and say that I was completely green. I had never been on a train, I had never seen a street car, I had never been in a hotel, and I had used a telephone only once, and then I tried to talk through the receiver and listen over the transmitter.

When I completed the course furnished by the local school, in which I took subjects ranging from the eighth grade up to college, I decided to go to an academy with a view to teaching a short while as a means of securing a business education. Borrowing seventy-five dollars, which was a sufficient fund for all necessary expenses for the three months teachers course; I boarded the train late one afternoon at the local station. This train took me to a nearby county seat where I would meet a southbound train which would carry me to my destination.

When I arrived at the station I took a street car going to the down town district, where I expected to eat supper at a hotel which had been suggested to me. When I entered the car, the conductor, holding out his

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hand, said, "Fare, please." I said, "Sir?" and then he said "Your fare, please," where upon I handed him a coin. You see, I hesitated because I had been laboring under the false impression that street cars were owned by the municipality and consequently were free institutions.

When I entered the hotel a man gave me a pen and turned a book toward me, doing both without saying a word. I had no idea what he wanted; but knowing that a pen was used for writing and seeing other names in the book I drew conclusions that he wanted me to write my name. Thus happened my first registration at a hotel.

I arrived at my destination at nine o'clock at night and was detrained with my baggage at an unlighted depot. I approached a light which I saw down the track and found a belated merchant posting his accounts, who at my request for directions to the academy, guided me to a board walk which led to the buildings.

When I came in view of the buildings I felt very much like I imagine a passenger in an airplane feels when approaching

a large city. It seemed to me that all the world was lighted up. There seemed to be lights in every window in every building, both the large and small. I was a little bit nervous for, you see, I had not expected quite such pretensions to a large school as I found there.

Going to a door in the nearest building, I knocked and was rewarded with a rather rough, "Come in," from a heavy masculine voice. On opening the door I found four students, three boys about my age and one man, the latter, of whom we shall mention later. I inquired for a teacher, not knowing that large schools had a principal, and one of the students obligingly conducted me to the principal's office, and introduced me, having learned my name enroute.

I told the principal what I wanted, and he, reluctant to enrol me until he knew something of my qualifications, asked, "Who settled Jamestown?" Being somewhat confused at the unexpected question I responded, "Sit Walter Raleigh, er-er-or Captain

John Smith, I have forgotten which.”  
After this answer, apparently satisfied  
that with three months of training  
in his institution I would be  
prepared to teach the young mind  
how to shoot, he enrolled me. Calling  
one of the students he directed him  
to guide me to the annex, a  
cottage which was located about  
four hundred yards from the  
campus, and which had been  
rented to accommodate the extra  
students expected during the spring  
term. The occupants of this building  
were called trusties, because of  
their trust worthy qualities; however,  
I was not sent there on account of  
my worthiness but for the simple  
reason that the campus buildings  
were full.

A few nights after my arrival I  
attended prayer meeting, thus  
continuing the custom I had  
practiced at home. On my return,  
as I approached the building, I  
heard a group of boys in my  
room laughing and talking.  
Not noticing that the door was  
cracked open, I gave the shutter  
a push and walked in. Just as I  
crossed the carpet strip a quart  
cup filled with water reversed ends

and emptied its contents on my exterior anatomy. There I stood with the water dripping from the hem of my coat, from the rim of my hat, and from the tips of my fingers with seven husky boys guffawing at me. I felt inclined to fight, but since there were seven to one, the directions said “take” and I took.

After the visitors had gone to bed I learned from my roommate that two boys rooming across the hall, whom for convenience I shall call Willis and Smyly, were the leaders in the trick. Realizing that the same trick could not be pulled in the same manner on the boys, since they would be suspicious of a door cracked open, I drove a nail above the door and swung the cup in such a manner that when the door was opened, the cup would topple over it and spill its contents.

The next morning, Willis, who ate at the first table came on the porch to take his morning ablution. In order to attract his attention, I said, “Willis, why are you getting up so early? Don’t you know you are disturbing the rest of us?”

To these questions he replied

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“It is not early. You had better get up.”

Hoping to draw him into the  
room, I dared him to come in  
and make me get up. Instantly  
the door flew open and a deluge  
of water poured upon his head.

Since I had paid him in kind  
he could not become angry.  
Instead, he gave me his hand  
and congratulated me upon  
the ingenious way I had returned  
the joke and promised to keep  
mum in order that I might play  
it on his roommate.

Shortly after Willis went to  
breakfast the trick was played  
successfully on Smyly. After this  
I became one of the regular fellows  
and consequently had many  
pleasant times with the boys.  
My initiation into academy life  
had been accomplished.

## II An Itching Time

Several days after I arrived at the academy, a strange young man came to my room and claimed an overcoat that had been hanging in our closet. By my permission he went to the closet, and on seeing my overcoat which hung beside his, he proposed a trade. I thought this proposition rather strange since his was high-priced and tailor-made and mine cheap and machine-made, but believing he had taken a fancy to mine because of its color, I unsuspectingly traded with him on an even basis. I should have had twelve or fifteen hundred dollars to boot; however, I was unaware of the fact at the time.

I learned a little later that this boy had been a soldier in Cuba during the Spanish-American War and had come back with a violent case of Cuban itch which he had spread throughout the school, and that he had occupied the very bed my roommate and I were using. Probably, at the very moment I was trading with him several hundred families of his bugs

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were dwelling under my integument,  
giving and receiving in marriage,  
and multiplying and replenishing  
my hide as though it were public  
domain. Whether I got the disease  
from the bed or from the  
overcoat does not matter, but the  
big thing is I got it and what  
is still worse, I kept it for sometime.

In a few days my room-  
mate and I both developed  
violent cases. Shortly two of the  
campus boys went home and  
we were made to take their  
places, being put in a room  
with two others, both of whom  
had the disease. Truly, we  
had an itching time.

It was a common thing to  
wake up in the night and hear  
a rasping, scraping sound,  
reminiscent of hog killing time.  
Frequently one of us would be seen  
with his back against the door  
casing, so braced that he could  
give himself an up-and down  
motion by bucking his knees.  
Then the performance would  
begin, he would rub perpendicularly,  
horizontally, and diagonally, and  
then close with one grand finale by



dropping nearly to the floor and  
rising again in a kind of a  
side pacing motion.

Someone told us pokeroot  
juice would cure our troubles. If  
pokeroot would cure then pokeroot  
we must have, so out on the  
hillside we went with grubbing  
hoes in hand searching for  
pokeroot. After securing the  
coveted roots we went home  
light hearted, feeling that relief  
was in our possession.

We put them in water, and  
kept them boiling until we  
had a quintessence of the herb.  
The next morning we began to  
apply. Oh! liquid fire, thou art a  
salve compared to it, when applied  
to a scaly breast. Every application  
made lakes form in the corners of our  
eyes; but believing in the  
remedy, we persisted in spite of the  
pain, yet it was all in vain for  
the remedy was worse than  
the disease and tended to  
aggravate it.

I wrote to my home physician  
for help and received a prescription

which I later had filled. This remedy gave us considerable relief but did not cure, so we fell back on the old home remedy of sulphur and grease. We could have gone to the drugstore and gotten a similar remedy put up in a more refined form and known by the more aristocratic name of salve, but since we belonged to the common people and had a poor folks disease we wanted something strong and more proletariat. So we made a mixture of hog lard and sulphur and applied thoroughly to the affected parts which included practically all the body. On the third night we washed. I used washed purposely because bathed is too refined and besides it does not express the thought.

We applied soap and water and a mixture of water, soap, grease, sulphur and scales ran down our epidermis and left us with a smooth, velvety skin.

The next day we went to the woods and built a kind of funeral pyre on which we burnt our clothes; thereby sacrificing the lives of myriads of little bugs. Thus ended our itching time.

Part III The Perfect Impression

Among the four rooming with me was the man whom I saw on the night of my arrival. He was rather mature to be in school with a group of boys and was what might be called a farmer preacher; that is a farmer who had been called to preach and who had continued his occupation in connection with preaching. The educational opportunities of his youth seemed to have been limited; consequently, having aspiration, he was now trying to make up for his deficiency in learning by attending the academy.

Apparently he had been reared in a house with an old fashioned fireplace for he liked to pull off his shoes and socks and stretch out before the fire and bake his feet. Probably he had been in the habit of placing himself thus, after coming from his farm work as a prelude to his night's rest.

One night after he had placed himself in such a position and fallen asleep one of the boys tied a bunch of crepe

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paper to his toes and set fire to it.  
Then all of us ran from the building  
shouting, "Fire! Fire!" The house is  
on fire." Aroused by this din, the  
poor man rushed from the  
room frightened almost out of  
his wits. Of course the fire followed  
and thereby added to his terror.  
Since he was looking back  
watching the fire, he failed to see  
the low balustrade at the edge of the  
porch, or if he did see it he had  
gained so much momentum  
that he could not stop, so he  
headed heels over head into the  
yard with his feet out and his  
head towards the house. As he  
went over the paper  
inscribed a blazing semicircle  
from the floor to the ground.

After he recovered from the  
shock, he arose realizing that he  
had been made the butt of a joke.  
This happened during a spring  
thawout; consequently the ground  
was so soft that, when he arose  
from the mud, he left a perfect  
impression of his rear anatomy  
the length of his body.

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Being a kindly, good-natured man, he saw the humorous side of the joke and exclaimed, "Boys, you took my picture but you placed the camera on the wrong side."

One of the boys, determined to rub the joke in, said, "We wanted the best exposure possible."

Since no rain came to impair the impression, it remained in perfect condition for almost two weeks as a kind of monument to the joke.

Part IV Feathers Do Not Always Identify the Thief

We all know how difficult it is to satisfy the appetites of young people and how ready they are to eat. To parents especially it seems that they can never be filled. These greedy appetites are brought about by growth and exercise. The young people at the academy, not being fully developed and being very active, were no exception to the rule. They ate everything eatable on the table and frequently foraged for more between meals. Their appetites were whetted by the fact that the food furnished at the hall was good in quality but small in quantity and by the fact that it lacked variety. The base of the menu was beef and lightbread—bull and bread in school boy language. To be sure many other kinds of food were added to the menu such as sirup, butter, milk, and vegetables. On Sundays it included chicken and dessert, and frequently the latter was served through the week.

The students should have been satisfied with these wholesome meals, but they were not, and the boys often gave vent to their

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dissatisfaction by collecting on  
the campus and singing or  
reciting doggerel verse, such as

Crust is rough, crust is tough,  
Eat lightbread and never get enough  
and  
We eat lightbread, we eat buck  
If we get sick, it's our own bad luck.

Partly on account of hunger and  
partly on account of ennui the  
boys often made raides on neighboring  
chicken roosts and stole hens in  
spite of the watchfulness of the  
faculty. Nor were all the tricks  
confined to the boys, for the girls,  
though not as bad as the boys,  
were known to engage in boyish  
stunts now and then, such as  
raiding the principal's strawberry  
bed or the dining hall.

One Sunday night Willis and  
Raymond, being unusually hungry  
because of a long hike, went to  
the merchant's cottage and stole a  
hen. They had heard one of the  
girls who roomed upstairs at the  
girls dormitory had been brought  
a baked hen that afternoon by one of

her relations; and seeing a light in her room at a late hour, they suspected that she and her roommate had been enjoying a chicken feast, so they planned to make it appear that these girls had stolen the hen which they the girls had eaten.

Going to a block beneath the girl's room, they cut off their hen's head and left the bloody axe near by. After going to their room they picked the hen and put the feathers in a shoe box. Going back to the dormitory they set a ladder against the veranda in front of the girl's room. After scaling the ladder, they placed the box by the girl's door with the lid removed so the wind might scatter the feathers.

They had heard that wild meat is made more palatable by freezing, and thinking this might be true of tame flesh, they tied the dressed hen to one end of a pole, stuck her out their window and tied the other end of the pole to their bed post. This they did with the intention of hiding her the next morning and of cooking and eating her the next night.

But alas! Their plans, like many of the plans of man, were frustrated, for a bunch of boys rooming below



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on learning that a chicken was  
hanging outside, tied a knife to  
a pole, cut her down and cooked and  
ate her. One can see readily how difficult it  
would be to trace down a theft of  
this kind, with evidence pointing to  
one group of students, with the eating  
having been done by another, and  
the stealing having been done by  
a third.

While on his tour of inspection  
the next morning the principal, on  
spying the feathers, ladder, and  
bloody axe, called the girls to the  
door and demanded an explanation.  
Of course they being innocent of  
the whole affair, were shocked when  
they saw these evidences of wrong  
doing, and when the teacher  
intimated that they were the culprits  
they protested against the accusation.  
The teacher was more inclined  
to believe them guilty, because two  
of the girls had been caught ere  
this in some boyish tricks.  
Saying that the finding of a  
ladder leading to a young  
ladie's door was too palpable to  
be considered lightly, he  
commanded them to meet the

faculty at five o'clock that afternoon. A little later he was made more confident of their guilt by the report that the merchant had lost a hen the night before.

At the faculty meeting, the girls were unable to produce any evidence that they were not guilty, and the condemning evidence was so plain that the faculty was almost agreed to inflict a punishment without further investigation, but the girls had no idea of letting a trick like that be put over on them, so they asked the faculty to give them a week to prove their innocence before rendering its verdict.

Now, one of the girls had a sweetheart in the student body, and it was to him she decided to appeal for help. On promise of absolute secrecy and I do not know what else—you know girls have been known to make some very serious promises to gain a point—she drew from him information regarding two groups of boys who had something to do with a chicken stealing on the previous Sunday night. This information she promptly revealed to the principal. Calling

up the group who ate the chicken, the principal asked, "Did any of you steal a chicken Sunday night?" To this question he received an emphatic, "No." Nor did further interrogation reveal any information that would indicate the guilty persons.

Calling up the other group, of which Willis and Raymond were the leaders, he unthoughtedly changed the form of the question, asked, "Did you boys eat a chicken last Sunday night?" To his interrogation he received a protestation of not guilty. Further questioning revealed no clue as to who were the offenders.

Later while thinking over the interview with the boys, he recalled that he had changed the form of the question. Believing that he had not questioned them closely enough, he had the two groups brought before him again but at the same time. Reversing the form of his question, he asked the group who ate the chicken, if they had eaten a chicken on the previous Sunday night. On

receiving an answer of guilty, he asked where they got it. To this surprise the leader replied, "From the air."

Further questioning uncovered the whole plot and placed the guilt on Willis and Raymond, where it belonged.

After dismissing the boys who ate the chicken, the principal gave the guilty boys a severe reprimand, in which he mentioned the stigma they were about to bring upon the girl's character by placing a ladder at their door. Calling the girls he made the boys apologize, and told them to go to the merchant and pay him the market price of his hen. He then added, "Remain on the campus for a week as a punishment for going to the girls dormitory without permission."

Turning to the girls, being the gentleman that he was, he apologized for mistrusting them, saying that he had probably acted a little too hastily in accusing them. The girls quickly forgave him but declared that they would get even with Willis and Raymond at the first opportunity.

Part VI The Broken Oar

When spring opened many of the academy boys spent their Sunday afternoons at the river, either in swimming or rowing, or if less athletically inclined, by lolling on the bank.

One afternoon four of us appropriated one of the ferryman's skiffs and attempted to cross the river. When we reached the middle of the stream, one of our oars broke and set us adrift. We were in a rather dangerous situation, for the stream was so swollen and the water so swift that gaining the bank with one oar was out of the question. Luckily the ferryman saw us and realizing our precarious condition, came to our aid and towed us to the other side. On finding another oar we went down the river some two or three miles and spent the entire afternoon exploring little streams and out-of-way nooks.

On the way back we planned to scare Smyly, who we knew was on the bank watching us when we broke the oar. When

we landed we sent Edison, who was the most serious minded of the group, to the campus with instructions to report that Willis had been in a quarrel with the ferryman regarding the breaking of the oar and that the ferryman had threatened Willis' life.

I, being the next most serious minded one in the group, was sent later to corroborate Edison's story. By the time Willis arrived the entire student body of boys was gathered on the campus in groups discussing the supposed trouble and its outcome. Everyone believed the story but Smyly was especially gullible since he was a special friend of Willis. He swallowed the whole story, hook, sinker, cork, and line, so to speak.

Now the school required all students attending church to sign out when leaving and to sign in on returning. That night, wishing to excite Smyly's mind a little more thoroughly, we persuaded him to go to church with us. After we had signed out we began discussing the trouble again.

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I remember hearing Willis tell Smyly that he had been to the Principal and that the Principal had told him to prepare to leave early the next morning. Then I heard him ask Smyly to help him pack his trunk.

Smyly readily agreed, saying, "I hate to see you go, Willis, but it may be for the best."

We continued the discussion all the way to the church and back. When we reached the campus we signed in and passed out the side gate leading to the annex.

In order to make the happenings of the next few minutes more vivid to the reader, I shall digress from the story a little and try to make a verbal map of the scene of the events. A lane led down the right side of the campus and at the back, facing on this lane, stood a cottage in which lived the village merchant. In front of this cottage there was a strip of woods which cornered at the cottage gate. At the corner of this woods and almost in front of the gate

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the road made a left hand turn and  
led to the annex.

Just as we walked out the campus  
gate the merchant passed enroute to his  
home and for some unaccountable  
reason stopped about fifty feet ahead  
and looked back. On seeing him  
stop, I turned to Willis and said,  
“There’s that ferryman now!”

To Smyly who did not know  
the merchant, this was sure  
evidence of trouble ahead. When  
we neared the woods the boy  
whom we had stationed there  
fired his pistol; whereupon Willis  
fell down groaning and moaning  
and cried, “I am killed, oh, I am  
killed!”

Smyly, thoroughly convinced that  
murder had been committed,  
ran towards the campus gate  
with his feet hitting the ground like  
a horse on a race course and  
shouting for help in a quavering  
voice but as loudly as his lung  
capacity would permit. At the  
same time to make the supposed  
murder seem more real, Edison  
and I ran the other way shouting  
for help.

Convinced by the quaver in  
Smyly’s voice that he was badly



scared, I ran back to Willis and made him call the boy. I did this partly through sympathy for the boy and partly through fear that we would be expelled for the stunt if the faculty learned of it.

When Smyly returned he was shaking like a person with the ague and was as white as a sheet. I decided then that I would never scare another human being.

To add to Smyly's discomfort a bunch of boys from the campus came to the annex and for the next hour gave him the "horse" laugh.

The next morning the merchant came out laughing and said that he was entering his gate when the pistol fired and that he was so frightened he forgot he had a front door and that in his excitement he ran around the house and broke a key trying to unlock a back door. I had heard of killing two birds with one stone, but, truly, we had scared two men with one oar.

Part V The Clattering Silver Waiter

Practically all of the students at the academy were reared in the country and were accustomed to being served heavy Sunday night suppers, consequently many complaints were heard among the student body because the school did not follow a similar practice.

One Sunday night a bunch of us boys, being very hungry because of a long hike made the previous afternoon, decided to "hook" some food. Concluding that two would have more success in a foray of that kind than eight, we cast lots as to who should do the stealing. Placing in a hat six cards, each marked with a number and two cards unmarked, we blew out the light and drew lots, with the agreement that the boys drawing the blanks should go to the dining hall and bring whatever food they could find. The blanks fell to a boy by the name of Holmes and me.

Equipping ourselves with a skeleton key, we crossed the campus to the dining room, unlocked the door, and walked in.

When I had left the hall at noon I had noticed a glass jar, containing what I supposed was

peaches, sitting on a silver waiter on a side table. When I reached it I picked it up and started for the door. The top had not been screwed down tightly; consequently some of the syrup had run down the jar and glued it to the waiter fast enough to hold until I had raised the latter some eighteen inches above the table. Then the waiter broke loose suddenly and dropped on the table with an undulating circular motion; that produced a clamor equal to a fire alarm. As it decreased in its vibrations it neared the edge of the table and pitched over, landed on the floor and went through gyrations similar to those enacted on the table.

To me the clang and clatter echoed and reechoed and sounded and resounded throughout the dining hall; but of course I did not feel myself under any obligations to remain until the last echo was a corpse. Instead, I bounded to the door, colliding with my companion, who, holding his loot in his hand, started across the lawn. Gathering myself together I followed suit. As we

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legged it around the Chapel Hall, we saw  
a light flashing in the principal's room.

Feeling sure we were in for trouble,  
we rushed into our rooms and whispered,  
“Everybody to bed” In a moment the entire  
bunch were in bed with their clothes on.  
None too soon, for shortly the principal  
walked in, struck a match, and finding  
everyone apparently asleep, went out. In  
a moment he returned took another look  
and went out again, this time with a semblance of a smile as  
though he had discovered something amusing.  
You see, he was looking for clothes the  
last visit.

Believing we would have to pay  
for our raid, we thought that it would  
be only fair for us to consume the loot  
and being very hungry we felt the sooner  
the better.

Imagine our disgust, when on  
examination we found that Holmes  
had gotten nothing but a half pone of  
round loaf bread and not cake at all  
and that my jar of fruit was only a can  
of quince which are tasteless and useless  
without sugar. Indeed we found our raid  
had been a failure so far as relieving our

hunger at the time was concerned, but fortunately it had a far more-reaching effect,

Holmes and I took the responsibility of the raid on ourselves and went to the principal's office next morning to take our punishment. On being asked why we committed the deed, we responded that we like most of the students at the academy were country bred and consequently were used to supper on Sunday nights. To our surprise the principal dismissed us with nothing more than an admonition not to be guilty of another like offense.

On the following Sunday night and on all after Sunday nights during the rest of the time, supper was served in the usual manner.

An account of our episode spread through out the student body and we were looked upon as heroes, because we had instituted Sunday night suppers.

Although I've felt a little puffed up, we gave the credit to the clattering silver waiter.

Part VII An Embarrassing Situation

One day about two weeks before commencement I received a message requesting me to come to the music teacher's office. On arrival I was asked if I would take the feminine character in a negro cakewalk. Being desirous of something to relieve the monotony of academy life, I accepted the invitation; whereupon the teacher immediately took my measure with a view to preparing my costume, which was to consist of a new gown, silk stockings, ladies shoes, gloves, embroidered petitcoats, and a broad brimmed hat.

When the hour for the entertainment came I donned my costume and blackened my face; while the teacher put on the final feminine touch by painting my lips, hanging my earrings, adjusting my hat, etc. A look in the mirror revealed that I was a perfect image of a colored belle, one that could crush the heart of any colored Beau-Brummel. Being very active I was able to play my part so gracefully that many in

the audience mistook me for a girl.

For the benefit of actors who were not taking part in the play, the boys had built a platform underneath the window at the rear of the building so that the openings could be used as doorways. This platform the boys called the "Spoonholder," because of the amount of "spooning" carried on there during commencement. Here the actors, when not busy, gathered to talk love, and here it was the alumni or alumnae who always considered themselves privileged characters, came to renew old friendships.

On the evening in question after I had completed my role, I sat down before one of these windows so that I might see all that happened on stage. I had not been there more than three minutes when to my great astonishment, an attractive young lady sat down beside me, threw her arm around my neck, and exclaimed, "Why, Mary, you look so funny all blackened up and dressed in that garb." (This

was said in a whisper. The teachers did not allow us to laugh or talk out for fear we would disturb those on the stage.) I wanted to kiss you but I couldn't on account of that black."

I never was so completely embarrassed before. You see, I had no sisters nor close relatives of the feminine sex. As a consequence I was reared to feel that a girl was made to put on a pedestal and worship and not to be touched. Here I was sitting with one's arm around my neck and with no visible means of escape. Ordinarily I am slow witted but just then my mind seemed incapable of functioning at all. After the effects of the shock had subsided it began to function to some extent, and I tried to think of some means of getting out of the situation without embarrassing the young lady; but every thought that came to me she killed with chatter. Evidently she had not seen her friend for some time, for she was bubbling over with news. This she delivered with no intermissions except to ask a question now an then. Fortunately she did not press the questions and I was able to answer with a monosyllable. Of course, I knew a joke had been played, but I was absolutely ignorant of its source. However, I could not help connecting two girls sitting behind me with it as they seemed to be in a high state of merriment.



After she had repeated all the neighborhood gossip and had told much if not all about her love affairs, she let up and began watching the play and thus permitted my mind to have a brief interval to work. In groping about for some means of escape, my brain cells finally fell upon a plan of action. Turning to her I said, "If you'll excuse me, I'll go to my room and dispose of this black."

"No indeed, you won't," she protested, "You'll wait right here till this play is over. Then I'll go help you remove it."

My next thought was to jump up and exclaim. "This isn't Mary. This is Bob," but decided that such action would be too embarrassing to her.

After a few moments of silence she turned to me and said, "Mary, you don't seem a bit like yourself tonight. You won't tell me a thing about yourself. What makes you so reticent?" Are you and Jack at outs.

"Oh no," I replied, "We are getting along fine."

Then why do you act so strangely? Have you ceased to like me?

"I think you the sweetest girl in the world," I protested.

By this time my mind was functioning again. Spying one of the teachers going around the corner,

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I excused myself on the grounds that I had to speak to him; and with a promise that I would be back in a moment, I skipped off the platform and departed before she had the time to protest.

As I left I beckoned to the girls who sat behind us to follow me. A moment later the two girls, convulsed with laughter, and I, completely bewildered, stood in the light of a window at the side of the academy.

“Girls,” I said, “There’s been a joke played on that young lady and you know all about it. So out with it.”

Instead of denying it as I expected they would do, they explained how it came about.

There was a girl in school by the name of Mary who was enough like me to be my twin sister and it appears from their explanation that she had taken ill a few days before and gone home and that the young lady with whom I had such close contact, being a close friend of Mary’s had come to the “Spoonholder” in search of her friend and that these two girls through mischief had told her that Mary was playing the feminine role in the cakewalk and pointed me out as being Mary. The explanation was satisfactory and accounted for the young lady’s

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pouncing on and embracing me so unexpectedly—black and all.

After explaining how disconcerting it would be to the young lady for an account of the affair to be rumored thru the school, I secured their promise not to mention it. It is very doubtful though if they kept their word, for the next morning when I was formally introduced to the young lady, she gave me a cold nod and walked away for which I do not censure her.