

The Alabama Polytechnic Institute

EXTENSION SERVICE

L. N. DUNCAN, *Director*

AUBURN, ALABAMA

ALABAMA CLUB SONGS,
YELLS *and* GAMES



FOR
WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

THE AMERICAN'S CREED

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it my duty to my country to love it, to support its constitution, to obey its laws, to respect its flag, and to defend it against all enemies.

A PLEDGE TO THE FLAG

I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the republic for which it stands; one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

ALABAMA BOYS' AND GIRLS' CLUB PLEDGE

I pledge my head to clearer thinking,
My heart to greater loyalty,
My hands to larger service,
And my health to better living
For my Club, my Community, and my Country.

GRACE AT MEALS

Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the bread
Beside the sea.
Beyond the sacred page
I see the Lord;
My spirit thirsts for Thee,
The living word.

ALABAMA

Tune: Harwell

Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee,
From thy southern shore where groweth
By the sea an orange tree.
To thy northern vale where floweth
Deep and blue the Tennessee;
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee.

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Brave and true thy men and women,
Better this than corn and wine.
Make us worthy, God in heaven,
Of this goodly land of thine;
Hearts as open as our doorways,
Liberal hands and spirits free.
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee.

Little, little, can I give thee,
Alabama, mother mine.
But that little hand, brain, spirit,
All I have and am are thine.
Take, Oh take the gift and giver,
Take and serve thyself with me.
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Tune: Mother Dear, Jerusalem

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America, America,
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America, America,
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America, America,
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

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O beautiful for patriot's dream,
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America, America,
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING

Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid the springing flow'rs;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun.
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work for daylight flies,
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS

1. Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banners go.

(Chorus)

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2. Like a mighty army,
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
3. Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
4. Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This thro' countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood
From Thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

'Way down upon the Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's whar de old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for the old plantation
And for the old folks at home.

(Chorus)

All dis world am sad and dreary,
Eb'ry whar I roam,
O darkies, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.
(Chorus)

A PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a perfect day
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey, too;
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

PARODY (BATTLE HYMN)

Tune: Glory, Glory, Hallelujah

Bad farming methods lie a mouldering in the grave,
Wa'n't a one of them 'twas worth a copper cent to save,
In the rank of progress, first will be the farmer brave,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

(Chorus)

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

What's the use of kicking if you never do a tap
To change the old conditions, why nobody gives a rap
What happens to the farmer when he isn't on the map,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

(Chorus)

The bootblacks, they are organized, why don't we do the same?
They've got their price for shining shoes. Alas, we are to blame!
But all we need's experience to teach us, too, the game,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

(Chorus)

You ask the retail grocer what he wants for beans and rice,
Do you suppose he turns to you and lets you set the price?
You could not do a better thing than follow this advice,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

(Chorus)

Co-operation is the work that made the victory,
In all the doings of our boys afar across the sea,
If it's good enough for Uncle Sam, it's good enough for me,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

(Chorus)

Then join together, brothers all, work like a mighty team,
'Tis drops of water all in one, make up a powerful stream,
Co-operate! Success's run upon you all will stream,
Backed by the County Farm Bureau.

(Chorus)

FARM BUREAU ON THE JOB

Tune: Smiles

There are folks that blame the banker,
There are folks that blame the laws,
There are folks who think that Uncle Sammy
Is the one who's filled with flaws;
There are those that keep right on a-kicking,
No matter who may be to blame;
But the Farm Bureau is on the job now,
And the farmer can play the game.

DIDN'T THEY RAMBLE

The boys and girls who won in club work,
A work of great renown;
Assembled once more in Chicago,
To ramble about the town.

(Chorus)

Oh, didn't they ramble, ramble,
They rambled all around,
In and out of town;
Oh, didn't they ramble, ramble,
They rambled till the sun had gone down.

They rambled into the factories,
They rambled upon the street,
They rambled into the banquet hall,
They rambled good things to eat.
(Chorus) Moon

They rambled out among the livestock:
To see what they could see;
They rambled the loop and packing houses,
And rambled enough for me.
(Chorus) Stars

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

(Chorus)

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home;
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me,
Coming for to carry me home.

If you get there before I do,
Coming for to carry me home,
Tell all my friends I'm coming too,
Coming for to carry me home.

The brightest day that ever I saw,
Coming for to carry me home,
When Jesus washed my sins away,
Coming for to carry me home.

I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
Coming for to carry me home,
But still my soul feels heavenly bound,
Coming for to carry me home.

LPL LIZA JANE

You got a gal an' I got none,
Li'l Liza Jane;
Come, my love, and be my one,
Li'l Liza Jane.

Chorus

O, Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane!
O, Eliza, Li'l Liza Jane!

I got a house in Baltimo',
Li'l Liza Jane;
Street cars runnin' by my do',
Li'l Liza Jane.

Brussels carpet on my flo',
Li'l Liza Jane;
Silver do'-plate on my do',
Li'l Liza Jane.

Come, my love, and lib' wid me,
Li'l Liza Jane;
I'll take very good care of thee,
Li'l Liza Jane.

HOWDY!

Our good old Uncle Jerry, our Jerry, our Jerry!
His face was bright and merry, and open as the day,
At every dance and party, and party, and party,
He'd greet us hale and hearty in his old-fashioned way.

(Chorus)

Howdy-do, Hen; howdy-do, Jen;
Howdy-do, Brother Hugh; howdy, Sister Prue;
Howdy-do, Bill; howdy-do, Lil;
Howdy-do, Lew and Sue, howdy-do.

'Twas never Miss or Mister, or Mister, or Mister,
But always Bud and Sister, to pass the time of day;
And how's your dad and mammy, and mammy, and mammy?
And give yer Uncle Sammy the love of Uncle Jay."

So when we meet together, together, together,
No matter what the weather, or what the time of day,
Let's grab a hand, and shake it, and shake it, and shake it,
And as for greeting make the good old-fashioned way.

EVERYBODY'S HAPPY

Today is Monday,
Today is Monday,
Monday's wash-day,
Everybody's happy,
Well I should say.

Today is Tuesday,
Today is Tuesday,
Tuesday's soup,
Monday's wash-day,
Everybody's happy,
Well I should say.

Repeat,
Wednesday, baked beans, etc.
Thursday, roast beef.
Friday, fish.
Saturday, pay-day—(fast)
Sunday, church—(very slowly).

DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE

Oh, how I want you, dear old pal of mine,
Each night and day I pray you're always mine.
Sweetheart, may God bless you,
Angel hands caress you,
While sweet dreams rest you
Dear old pal of mine.

HAVE A SMILE

Have a smile for ev'ry one you meet,
And ev'ry one will have a smile for you.
Ev'ry mile along life's busy street is filled with
friendship true.
Each tomorrow brings new sorrow,
So why borrow tears?
The thing to do is to have a smile
For ev'ry one you meet,
And they will have a smile for you.

SMILE SONG

It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
It isn't any trouble just to s-m-i-l-e,
If ever you're in trouble,
It will vanish like a bubble,
If you'll only take the trouble just to s-m-i-l-e.

Other verses substitute the following:

G-r-i-n
G-i-g-g-i-g-l-e-e
L-a-u-g-h
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

(Repeat last verse and instead of spelling the word simulate a hearty ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!)

MOTHER MACHREE

There's a spot in me heart which no colleen may own,
There's a depth in me soul never sounded or known,
There's a place in my memory, my life, that you fill,
No other can take it, no one ever will.

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines in your hair
And the brow that's all furrowed and wrinkled with care,
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

WELCOME

Tune: Smiles

We're so glad you came this evening,
We're glad to have you here,
And we'll try to entertain you nicely;
Can't you see our faces full of cheer?
....., we're so glad to have you,
....., smiling, full of glee,
....., sure, it's grand to see you,
We're as happy as we can be.

Hoy do you do,, how do you do?
Is there anything that we can do for you?
We will do the best we can,
We'll stand by you like a man;
How do you do,, how do you do?

....., we love you,so dear;
If you think we don't love you,
What a foolish idea.

They say that....., she ain't got no style,
She's style all the time—she's style all the time,
They say that....., she ain't got no style,
She's style all the time, all the time.

We're here because we're here,
Because we're here, because we're here,
We're here because we're here,
Because we're here because we're here.

Stand up, stand up,
Stand up,, stand up, stand up,
Stand up, stand up,
Stand up,, stand up, stand up.

How do you do,, how do you do?
How do you do,, how do you do?
We welcome you with cheer
And we hope you like it here;
How do you do,, how do you do?

THE OLD TOMATO PATCH

Tune: Old Kentucky Home

The sun shines bright on my old tomato patch,
'Tis summer, the girls are all gay,
The hen's all set and chickens all will hatch,
While girls plant gardens all the day.
The Club folks ride to the reg'lar meeting place,
All merry, all happy, and bright;
By'n by hard times comes a-calling for a race,
Then my old tomato patch, good night.

(Chorus)

Plant no more, my lady,
Oh plant no more today.
We will sing one song for my old tomato patch,
For my old tomato patch far away.

RAISING CHICKENS

Tune: I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles

I'm forever raising chickens,
Pretty chickens on the yard,
They grow so fast, nearly grown today,
Then like my hens they lay and lay,
Chickens always cackling,
I've looked everywhere,
I'm forever raising chickens,
Pretty chickens on the yard.

HAPPY SEWERS CLUB SONG

Tune: Till We Meet Again

Four H Club folks that we love so well,
You're the folks that in our memories dwell,
When we part from our friends here,
We'll boost club work all the year,
And the friends we've met so merrily,
One and all we'll hold in memory;
So farewell, Four H friends, we say,
Till we meet again.

POULTRY CLUB SONG

Oh poultry club,
Oh that's the club that's fine,
Oh that's the club you can't surpass
No matter how you pine.

Oh, Me! Oh, My!
We will get there by and by;
If anybody loves their Club Work,
It's I, I, I, I, I.
Oh, My! Oh, Me!
We're happy as can be;
If anybody loves their Club Work,
It's me, me, me, me, me.

THE CHIGGER SONG

Oh, there was a little chigger,
And he wasn't any bigger,
Than the point of a very small pin;
But the lump that he raises
Just itches like the blazes,
And that's where the rub comes in.

Comes in, comes in,
Oh, that's where the rub comes in;
The lump that he raises
Just itches like the blazes,
And that's where the rub comes in.

GREETING SONG

Tune: "Believe Me, etc."

Oh, friends, as we gather once more to renew
Our hopes and our faith in our task,
May our failures all fade as the mists and the dew
While strength for new duties we ask,
 We must work with new zest;
 We must all do our best
To render the service we see,
 Then let us all join hands
 And go for the test
That effective our efforts may be.

FRUIT SONG

Tune: Clock

F-R-U-I-T—that is the way to spell
A food I eat each day,
And like it very well.
It is fruit, fruit, fresh, cooked,
Either way 'tis fine,
Never miss a time.

BRING THE GOOD OLD 4-H SIGN

Tune: Marching Thru Georgia

Bring the good old 4-H sign,
We'll give a hearty cheer,
For the club work training,
That it gives us every year,
Head and Heart and Hands and
Health are all remembered here,
 In making the best even better.

(Chorus)

Hurrah! Hurrah! We'll make the echoes ring!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The club work is the thing!
We'll boost the farm and country till old Agriculture's king,
 By making the best even better.

TUNE—Smiles

There are eats that make us happy,
There are eats that make us blue,
There are eats that take away our pleasure
Such as hash and pork and beans and stew,
There are eats that give us indigestion,
There are eats that put us all in bed,
But the eats that make us all so happy—
Are the eats we've just been fed.

4-H Club Work makes us happy and gay
And we have the best times in the world.
All the people we meet as we walk down the street,
Say "Girls, what makes you so happy"—and we say,
4-H Club Work makes us happy and gay.

TUNE—Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Chew, chew, chew your food,
Quietly through each meal;
The more you chew, the less you eat,
The better you will feel.

PACK UP YOUR DISHES

Tune: Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your dishes in the old dish pan,
And wash, wash, wash,
While you've got soap and water near at hand,
Scrub girls use the brush;
What's the use of leaving them?
To grumble is all bosh,
So pack up your dishes in your old dish pan,
And wash, wash, wash.

Stand up and cheer,
And we'll give three cheers
For the 4-H Clubs;
We have the girls,
We have the boys that make the noise,
Ra! Ra! Ra!

We're out for fun
From the dawn 'til setting sun,
Stand up and cheer
Both far and near
For dear old.....

They haven't got the pep,
They haven't got the jazz,
They haven't got the leader,
That our club has.

Alabama rah! Alabama rah!
Corn Club, Pig Club, rah, rah, rah!
(or Boys Club, Girls' Club, rah, rah, rah.)
Alabama, yellow hammer, yellow hammer, Alabama,
Alabama, Alabama, rah, rah, rah!

We pledge allegiance to our flag,
Our school, our home, our state;
We work for them and they for us,
This club, it is great.

Hurrah for head and heart and hand!
Hurrah for health that makes a happy land!

Salute the dear old emblem
And sing another song.
Sing it with the pepper
That will boost club work along.
(Followed by lively song.)

Glory be! Who are we?
Four H Club—here you see,
Full of ginger, full of pep,
We're for club work, you just bet.

A needle,
A kettle,
A hammer,
A rake,
We've got 'em,
We use 'em,
That's how we make
Good garments,
Good gardens,
Good tables,
Good stakes.
Hurrah! for the Clubs
of the United States.

Rattle up a tin can,
Shiny up a tree,
We're for Club Work,
As strong as can be.

Thunder, lightning,
Rain or sleet,
Club Work, Club Work,
Can't be beat.

2-4-6-8—
Whom do we appreciate?

.....
"Mr." or "Mrs.". etc.

Ray, Ray, Rah, Rah!
Stand us on our head,
Stand us on our feet,
.....!
Can't be beat!

(Divide into two sections and number one and two)

- 1—Say.
- 2—What?
- 1—That's what.
- 2—What's what?
- 1—That's what they all say.
- 2—What do they all say?
- (Together) C-L-U-B-W-O-R-K (spelled out)
- Club Work, Club Work, Club Work.

Good, Better, Best;
Work with a zest;
Make the best better
And make the better best,
CLUB WORK,
CLUB WORK,
CUB WORK.

Rub-a-dub-dub! I have sold every scrub,
For I found every one was a traitor;
Now a purebred feeds in the place of each scrub,
And my profits on livestock are greater.

Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah, Rah.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

(Chorus)

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps,
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on!

(Chorus)

3. I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

(Chorus)

4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on!

(Chorus)

5. In the beauties of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

(Chorus)

GETTING ACQUAINTED GAMES (INDOOR)

WHO ARE YOUR NEIGHBORS?

Form a circle, "It" stands in the center. When everyone has had time to learn the name of his neighbors, "It" points a finger at any one and shouts "Who are your neighbors?" If the person thus pointed to fails to call immediately and correctly the name of each next to him, he becomes "It" and takes the place in the center. When all have learned the names of their neighbors, "It" may call out "change your neighbors." This game will enable boys and girls to become acquainted. If more than 20 are playing, there should be two "Its."

MAKING IMPROMPTU SENTENCES

The company should be arranged in a circle or a semicircle. Ask each person to construct within five minutes an original sentence of five or more words, each word of which must begin with the first letter of the last name of the player to his right. For example, a person whose right-hand neighbor was named Smith might prepare to say, "Striplin Shook Segers Strudwick Sizemore Stapp Storrs Shaver Samford Scott Stewart Self Sartain Sheared Seventy-seven Sheep, Saturday, September Sixteenth." If his neighbor was named Darwin, he might say, "Duncan Davis Duggar Dobyne Doughty Day Deal Dowell Did Down Doughnuts."

After five minutes ask each one from right to left around the circle to stand and give his sentence.

In addition to being highly entertaining, these impromptu sentences help greatly to impress upon all the names of each member of the group.

THREE DEEP

The players stand in twos, all facing the center of the circle. There is a runner who runs around the outside of the circle and a chaser who follows, trying to catch him. The runner to save himself from being caught may step in front of one of the couples in the circle. This makes "three deep" so that the outside member of the three must run in place of the newcomer. If the runner is caught, he immediately becomes the chased while the chaser becomes the runner.

To have a good game, the runner must not run for a long time. It is well to make the rule that the runner who runs more than once around the circle is codfish and must stand in the center of the circle.

SPOKE TAG

The players are arranged like the spokes in a wheel, all facing toward the center. The number of players in each spoke and the number of spokes will of course vary with the size of the group.

The player who has been chosen to be "It" runs around the circle and slaps the end player in one of the spokes. That person passes the slap on to the next player in front of him, who proceeds to pass it on to the next player in front of him, who proceeds to pass it on to the next in line, and so on until the slap is passed to the player on the inside of the spoke, who yells "Hub."

Upon hearing the yell, all the players in this spoke run to the right, around the outside of the circle, and back to their spoke. However, as the person who was "It" starts to run with the others as soon as "Hub" is called (he may not start before) and tries also to get a position, there will be one player left out. This last player becomes "It" for the next game.

LEAP FROG RELAY

This game is for boys, any number of whom may be grouped into equal circles. Boys stoop over as in Leap Frog. One boy in each circle starts leaping over the backs of all others in his circle, coming back to his original position. The one just behind him starts in the same way, as does the next one, and the next, etc. The group in which every man first makes the rounds wins the game.

OVER HEAD RELAY

These relays are popular with club members. The file may stand in close formation or within a one pace interval. Start the ball from the front and pass it as quickly as possible over the head to the rear. As soon as the rear man receives it, he runs forward and starts it over again. The rule of this race is that every man must touch the ball. In this race there is a strong temptation on the part of some to throw the ball and so miss several players in the file. This should not be allowed, as it tends to demoralize the game.

Another variation: At the command "Go," pass the ball back between the legs. The boy at the head of the file should keep up to the line as the tendency is to keep moving backward.

INDOOR OR QUIET GAMES

THIMBLE RING.—All of the players but one stand in a circle, each one clasping with his left hand the right wrist of his left-hand neighbor. This leaves all of the right hands free and all of the left hands occupied. The odd player stands in the center of the circle, and tries to detect who holds the thimble that is passed from hand to hand. Each player in the circle places his right hand first in the hand of his neighbor on the right and then in the hand of the neighbor on the left, keeping this movement going rhythmically, while the entire circle repeats the lines:

“The thimble is going, I don’t know where;
It is first over here and then over there.”

When the player in the center thinks he knows who has the thimble he goes up to him and says: “My lady’s lost her thimble. Have you it?” If correct, these two players change places; if incorrect, the one who is “it” demands the player addressed to find it. This player, in turn, has one guess. If correct, he takes the place of the one who has the thimble, the one who was “it” taking the vacant place in the circle and the one who held the thimble going to the center. Should the player be incorrect in his guses, he changes places with the one in the center.

SLICED STORIES.—A game for sharpening the wits is the telling of a continued story. One person starts the story, and after a few minutes stops in the middle of some adventure. The next player takes up the tale at that point and carries it along until he, in turn, relinquishes it to the third player. Fifteen or twenty people may add their share. The result is of course far different from what any player had in mind.

GOING TO JERUSALEM.—A circle of stools is arranged with one fewer than the number of players. An extra stool is placed in the center on which one of the players stands, while the other players walk or skip about the outside of the circle, as a march is played. When the march stops, all of the players, including the one who is “it” run for the stools and try to sit down. The one who is left without a stool is “it” and must go and stand on the stool in the center. The music begins again and the game goes on before.

The pianist should play and stop at varying intervals so the players will be kept on the alert.

Certain seats may be marked in which the boys and girls may not sit. Seats are added to this number each time, until there is but one unmarked seat. The boys and girls march up and down the aisles as they play the game. If there is no piano, the leader may clap her hands or blow a whistle as a signal to stop marching.