

This was a poser for the girls. After a hurried consultation, a committee was appointed to scout the enemy lines and find out the exact plan of attack.

That night, after dark, Della and your grandmother (I was one of those selected for this operation) attempted to place a high ladder against the side of the Hammond home. It fell down with a huge clatter and we thought for a moment all was lost. But no alarm seemed to have been aroused, so we tried again and this time succeeded in making it fairly secure so that by climbing to the highest rung, standing on tiptoe and clinging with our finger nails to the window-sill we could just barely see a little ways within the room. But better than that we could hear every word spoken.

The situation was tiring and precarious, to say the least. Della and I took turns. More than once we feared discovery because we sneezed or couldn't stifle a laugh over the silly antics within.

"That will show 'em," one would exclaim, when something drastic was suggested. "We'll be as cagey as they are!" another would offer.

There was no chance to take notes, so it was quite a feat to remember all the details of that evening's planning, but we did.

The next morning a proud and triumphant bunch of young men gathered for moral support at the line fence, and entered the school room in a body, prepared to wipe the weaker sex right off the map. What was their surprise and horror to see on the spacious blackboards before them, the entire account of the previous evening's proceedings.