

**STORIES FOR  
EVERY HOLIDAY**

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Stories for every holiday by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

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**CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY**

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# Stories for Every Holiday

BY  
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## THE NEW BOY

“**W**HAT are you boys going to do tomorrow?” Tom Fisher asked of the group sitting on the school steps.

“How about taking a lunch and some tackle over to Roaring Brook for a day’s fishing?” Bob Tennant suggested. “Father’s got a lot of new goods in the store and he might let me have fishhooks for the whole crowd.”

“Good for you, Bob,” Harold Bascomb said, giving Bob a rousing slap on his back, “but I was thinking we ought to get in a practice game of ball before Labor Day. We’ll never lick the Shelton nine with your recent batting, Bob.”

Bob’s face flushed. “Shelton’ll outscore us anyway, Herbert, so what’s the use of trying? Look at the fine suits they’ve got, and the dandy school they come from over in their town—solid brick with a furnace, and a roof that doesn’t leak. Nobody expects much of us over here in Brewster. We’re like the school—kind of shabby, and we play a shabby game of ball.”

Tom Fisher looked up at the weather-stained



walls and eaves of the little Brewster school. It had sheltered and fostered many beginnings of the great in its day; boys who had turned out to be lawyers and statesmen and ministers had carved their names on its desks and gone over its thresholds to write them again in the world's hall of fame. But the schoolhouse looked like a dusty, brown, vagabond sitting and sunning himself beside the road. The big chimney with its loosened bricks might have been the tramp's rimless hat, and the loosened shingles his unkempt fringe of hair. The little windows looked like sleepy eyes, and the weather-stained framework and weedy yard were the ragged garments of this wayside wreck, the Brewster district school.

Tom laughed as he spoke. "Wonder what the new teacher will think of it. He isn't in town yet, and he's a Yale man too. Guess he'll think he's come to some old fossil all right. Father says the selectmen don't want to waste any money on repairs, for they're thinking of putting up a new schoolhouse before long. But whenever they talk about doing it, they decide to put it off because they hate to tear down this old building where they went when they were boys."

"Well, it's our school. It isn't theirs,"

Bob broke in. "Remember the night we initiated scouts down here?"

"And the time we dressed up like Indians and scared the girls at their sewing class, Tom?"

"Scared them not!" Harold said. "They knew all about it when you tipped over your war paint in the barn, Bob, and your sister told."

"Well, we've had a lot of fun in our school," Bob asserted, "and what I was thinking about it was this—" He lowered his voice, although there was no one in sight up or down the road, and he began to unfold a plan to the others. As Bob talked the boys listened with more and more eagerness.

"How did you ever think of it, Bob?"

"Do you suppose we can do it without being found out?"

"We've got a whole week before Labor Day."

"Maybe the new boy will help."

The sentences flashed around the group and fishing and baseball were forgotten in the plan that had found its way into an unexpected place, Bob Tennant's heart.

"Who is the new boy, anyway?" Tom asked now. "I know he's older than we are and is boarding at Mrs. Jennings's, but I don't know his name."

"Nobody seems to know his name," Harold

said. "I suppose he's come to go to school in the upper class. Guess he's a relative of somebody important who graduated from Brewster. We'll find out about him when school opens."

"He comes down to the store almost every afternoon," Bob said. "If I see him, I'll tell him he can come in on the scheme," he finished, getting up and leading the boys out to the road. "Then the fishing's off?" he asked, as they separated to go home.

"Everything's off," Harold decided, "until we finish."

It happened that Bob met the new boy in his father's general store that afternoon. It was difficult to class him, tall and slender as he was, but with a young face. His outing suit was different from Brewster-cut clothes and made him seem young. Yet his eyes were so dark and steady in their gaze that they gave one the impression that he was older. He was at the sport counter trying on some baseball gloves, so Bob accosted him.

"Play ball?" Bob asked.

A boyish smile lighted the stranger's face. "I used to," he replied, noncommittally.

"Going to be in the upper class at Brewster?" Bob continued.