

# INKPOT

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To the Reader

CONFIDENTIALLY

Inertia, and nothing else, has delayed the second INKPOT. Manuscripts are still piling up. (Wanted: an energetic fellow to fill the gap between the writer and the printer.)

Briefly after its appearance the first number was exhausted and became a collector's item. Its success might be reckoned by some such gauge as this: it brought an addition or two to the local writers' guild, and it made several proud authors--proud to see their names in print.

A distinction. This publication is not a "magazine." It is not so ambitious or so definite. It cannot boast comparison with the QUILL AND QUAIR. It is not an "organ." Perhaps it is only a box at the College Post Office.

The way it was put together may describe it. The cover of fetching green came from an extra supply of drawing paper at the College Book Store. The paper was borrowed from the Dean's office and cost only--well, not much. The editor of the Rowan County News thought up the clever device by which the whole thing was held together. The title was purely accidental. As it happened, the only simple and artistic cut among the same person's "services" (besides one for bathing suits) was a bottle of ink, a pencil, and a writing pad pictured as children on their way to school. Equally serviceable as a title would have been the "writing pad."

Erratum. The Editorial of the Week in the first issue was written by Vivian, and not Virginia, Ellington. They are acquaintances and have been confused before.

Bibliographical. The first issue was identified only as "Freshman Issue," which was in fact a misnomer since a junior and senior crept in among the contributors. It should be termed INKPOT Number 1, and dated March 1949.

Happy Reading

INKPOT Staff

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A Story...maybe a novelette. Like Joe in his story, when he got warmed up this ball-playing freshman writer wouldn't stop. Here is "pure" ball with a faint touch of romance.

#### A TICKET TO PAYDIRT

"Mailman" Joe Hershey, so named because he packed the mail when he hit the line, came to college with two strikes against him. Just in the raw, he was one of the greatest fullback prospects old Pop Wiggins had ever had at Mountain. This meant something, because Pop had had great players at every position during his long stay at the Mountain College. Joe was six feet one inch tall, weighed about two fifteen, was all muscle, and could move his big frame with plenty of speed and drive.

Most people, after talking to him for any length of time, decided the muscles must extend to his head. But it wasn't true; Joe was just a big gentle gullible guy, and could be talked into anything. To prove he had some gray matter, he breezed through all his college courses without much apparent difficulty. But he was easily confused.

That was one strike against him. The second was the fact that there were two high schools in Joe's home town. One of them was on the right side of the tracks, and the other on the other side. Joe came from the wrong side of the tracks. That was the reason he went to a Mountain College.

Playing for the other high school during the same years that Joe played his football, was a halfback whose mind was whipcrack sharp and whose dancing legs had ruined the hopes of more than one rival team. This boy, John "Dancer" Worthington, had naturally gone to the big state school in the state for his higher education.

This all begins to make sense when you realize that M. C. and State were bitter rivals on the field of sport. And the reason this constituted a strike against Joe was that for three consecutive years in high school Worthington had made a monkey out of him. He had run circles around and talked about Joe until the big fullback didn't know whether he was playing with or against Worthington.

There was also a fellow named Pete Wagner in M. C. that made a fool of Joe over a girl called "Sandy." He also kept



Joe confused so he could have Sandy.

These are some of the complications behind the final game of the season. Naturally it was with State. Both teams were undefeated and this game would inevitably decide the state championship, and maybe the national title. Both teams were rated in the top ten of the nation.

The Mountaineers' dressing room was drawn and tight as Pop gave the squad a quiet talk. He briefly re-outlined their strategy and then called out the starting eleven. Martin, Mize, Young, and Joe were the starting backs. The first eleven grabbed their helmets and shuffled onto the field as Pop called the second eleven.

They were met by a great cheer as they took the field. They went into calisthenics, tossed the ball around, and the game was ready to start.

Worthington trotted over and shook hands with Joe for the benefit of the roaring thousands and the photographers.

#### OLD JOE GETS A BUM STEER

"Well," he said to Joe, "I suppose you know all my tricks by now."

Joe mumbled something. "I guess today," Worthington said, "I'll have to cut to the left instead of the right when I meet you. Worthington trotted away and Joe worked on that. To the left. He'd probably be going to the left. Or would he fool Joe and go to the right? Joe couldn't remember him going much either way during high school, but he was a more polished performer now.

The Mountaineers lost the toss and kicked off to State. Worthington took the ball deep, back on his three yard line, and dug straight up the field. Joe came down leading Mountain's tacklers. As a good block of interference formed for Worthington, Joe went under them to break them up. The men behind him finally nailed Worthington on the thirty-one yard line, and the big game of the year was under way.

State cracked their fullback at the line, and Joe bounced into him at the line of scrimmage. They made half a yard on the play. Then Worthington slashed at the line on a delayed back. Joe moved over to fill the hole, but then stopped to see which way Worthington would cut. Worthington cut to the right, away from Joe and toward the sideline before Joe could



could lay hands on him. He made twelve yards before they stopped him. The ball was on the forty-three.

#### NO STOPPING 'EM

They used the same play and Joe drove up to the line, then cut over to the right instead of filling the hole. Worthington shifted to the left and made another eight yards. Then Worthington came to the line and threw a pogo pass to the right end, and that was good for seven yards. That put them on Mountain's forty-two with a first and ten.

Worthington slashed off the other tackle, and again Joe, around whom Mountain's line defense was built, stopped before filling the hole, and Worthington cut away into the secondary under a full head of steam.

"What's the matter with Joe?" Pop raged on the bench.

Then Worthington drove home a long pass, and cut through the line again personally to carry the ball to the six yard line. It was first and goal for State, and Pop didn't risk taking Joe out.

State tried the fullback, and Joe filled the hole nicely. Worthington came through the same hole, and Joe let himself be out-maneuvered. Worthington went to the one yard line. There was a smash of players on a power play for that last yard, but Joe beat off the blockers and stemmed the tide. It was fourth and still a half yard to go.

It was Worthington, running very wide around and slicing end, who went into the end zone standing up for the touch-down. They converted and led 7-0, with not quite five minutes of the game gone.

Worthington waited for Joe to trot back up the field. "You haven't learned much these two years, have you?" he asked.

"The game isn't over yet," Joe said grimly.

"What a trite but true statement," Worthington murmured. "Look, old man, when you come through this line, keep your head up and watch where you're going!"

"Why?" Joe demanded.

"Good Heavens," Worthington said, "don't expect me to tell you everything, just do as I say." He trotted on to his own end of the field.

The ball came deep to Mize and the fleet halfback cut his way back to the twenty-nine. It was first and ten at that point.

Mize picked up a reverse from Young and managed to make two yards. Then Joe cracked at the line. He took the hand-off and then looked up suspiciously to see what it was Worthington had up his sleeve. Somebody grabbed him around the neck and nearly tore his head off; his feet were jerked from under him, and it was no gain. Mize threw a pass down the middle which was batted down by Worthington, and M. C. punted.

State went on the march again. Starting at his own thirty-seven, Worthington sliced through the line twice and put the ball on the midfield stripe.

#### POP STRAIGHTENS JOE OUT

Disgusted with the way Joe was playing, Pop took him out of the game. "What's the matter with you?" Pop asked. "You're coming up to the holes and then stopping dead."

"I'm waiting to see which way he cuts," Joe explained.

"Who cuts?" Pop demanded.

"Worthington," Joe said.

"What difference does it make which way he cuts if you stop him in the hole?" Pop pointed out.

Joe considered that and it sounded sensible.

"When you stop to watch him, he gets the move on you," Pop said. "You can see which way he cuts all right, but you sure can't stop him. You're not in there as a spectator. If you want to watch him cut, I can show you movies all night tonight, but right now, stop him."

Joe nodded. "I never thought of it that way," he said.

Pop held on to his patience. State as though moving against a group of scrubs, was on Mountain's twenty-seven yard line. Pop sent Joe back into the game.

On the first play after Joe returned to the game, Worthington cut between guard and tackle. Joe beat off a blocker and drove into the hole. He caught Worthington at the knees, cut his legs from under him, and banged the star



A CRITICAL PAPER showing what really happens in the play with the famous witch scenes: "Where shall we three meet again?"

### MACBETH'S INNER CONFLICT<sup>1</sup>

"My thought.....shakes so my single state of man that function is smother'd in surmise." (I, iii, 139-141)  
Thus we find Macbeth wavering between his desires and his better judgement. He has heard the witches prophesy that he shall become thane of Cawdor and king. A messenger from Duncan, the king, has verified the fulfillment of the first prophecy, and Macbeth's thoughts turn to the realization of the second even though it is fantastic to think that he can become king. The imagination does not always allow reason to command but confronts the impossible and finds a way to beat down all obstacles. Macbeth's "horrible imaginings" mark the course for attaining the throne. On the other hand, he muses, it might be just as well not to make any effort to gain the crown, for if chance has intended for him to be king, chance will crown him. With these thoughts Macbeth decides to wait, but lurking behind his inactivity is the remembrance of the prophecy and the possibility of realizing it through murder. When he hears that Malcolm will succeed his father to the throne, Macbeth greets this as an additional obstacle to be overcome, for it stands between him and the throne. Again his "horrible imaginings" suggest murder. (I, iv, 48-53)

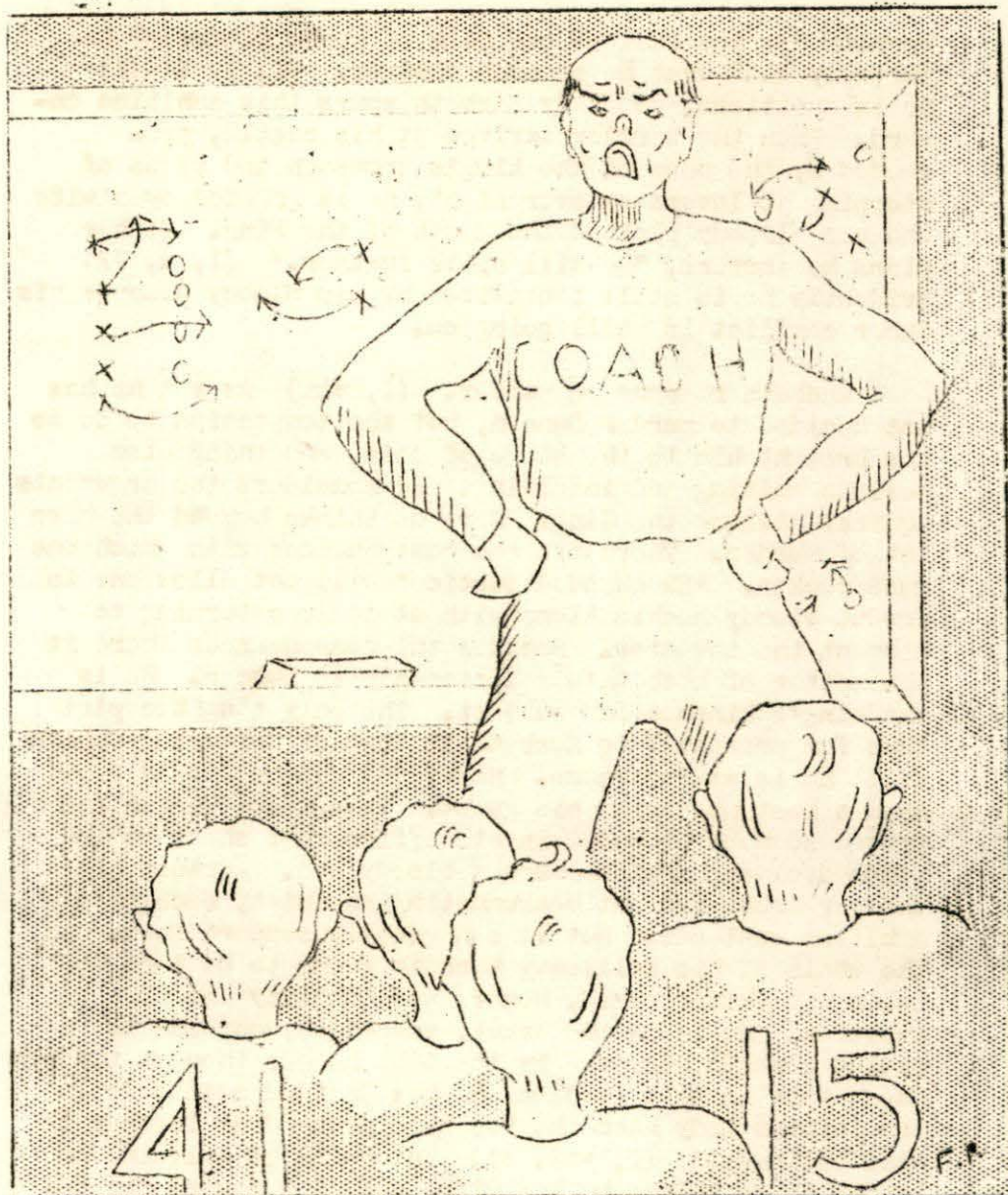
This first stage of Macbeth's inner conflict is one of wavering between action and inaction. He has thought of murdering Duncan and wading through blood to the throne, but he has not made a decision to do so. His indecision, however, is not due to fear of punishment for such action. His only fear is of doing murder. Murder is a foul deed, and beyond that Macbeth has not thought.

Lady Macbeth is the agency of decision in the play. It is she who prods the wavering Macbeth in the direction that his imagination has proceeded. She realizes that

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<sup>1</sup>The references in this paper point to act, scene and lines in Macbeth as found in Hardin Craig, Shakespeare (New York, 1931).





you eggs... Macbeth 4.2.85  
 you lily-liver'd boys... Macbeth 5.3.17  
 you carried your guts away as nimbly...as ever I heard  
 bull-calf... Henry IV, Part I, 2.4.287  
 you ton of flesh, you obscene, greasy tallow-catch...  
 Henry IV, Part I, 2.4.52  
 beldams as you are... Macbeth 3.5.2  
 I had rather be a toad... Othello 3.3.270  
 Get you gone, you dwarfs, you minimuses...  
 Midsummer-Night's Dream 3.2.327



Macbeth "is too full o' the milk of human kindness" to "wrongly win" what he so much desires. (I, v, 18-22) He is ambitious, and Lady Macbeth spurs this ambition onward. When the warrior arrives at his castle, preceded by the news of the king's approach and plans of stopping at Inverness over night, he is greeted by a wife who has already plotted the death of the King. To her plans he answers, "We will speak further." (I, v, 72) Evidently he is still tantalized by his bloody dreams; his inner conflict is still going on.

Macbeth reasons on murder. (I, vii) As yet he has not decided to murder Duncan, but the temptation to do so has brought him to the stage of doing something else besides waiting and imagining. He considers the arguments against killing the King. Here he thinks beyond the mere act of murder. There are the consequences with which one must reckon. "Evenhanded justice" will not allow one to invent bloody machinations without their returning to torment the inventor. Besides the consequences there is the matter of Macbeth's relationship to Duncan. He is the king's kinsman and subject. The only tangible plot thus far presented to Macbeth is that of murdering Duncan while he is at Inverness. Honor and decency would frown upon a host murdering his guest. Then, too, Duncan has proved so neck and able in his office that sheer admiration declares against such a bloody end. Against all these reasons for not consummating the plot, Macbeth's ambition contends. But it can equally support them. In the whole of his soliloquy Macbeth seems to be torn between his better sense, honor, and humanity and his ambition. He is on the wrack, undecided, but surely pulled towards murder. By the time he has thought through the matter in this fashion, he has decided not to do it and informs Lady Macbeth, "We will proceed no further in this business." (I, vii, 31) But he is as shifting as sand. He is chided by his wife, called a coward for desiring one thing and afraid to act to get it. His tenderness of feelings towards the king is scorned by Lady Macbeth. "If we should fail?" Macbeth asks. His wife assures him that their plot is infallible; and he agrees to murder Duncan.

It is difficult to analyse Macbeth's conflict before and after the murder. It would probably be more correct to say psychoanalyse. There is no wavering in his intent. His mind (II, i, 33-64) is grappling with the very starkness of murder. External circumstances are reflected through his fevered brain. He is tense and has the dagger hallucination. The conflict in this scene seems to be



more of a subconscious nature. A cold blooded murder is repugnant to the inborn qualities of man, and it is this that causes Macbeth's mental turmoil. After he has murdered Duncan (II,ii,15-43), Macbeth is dazed. His mind is cut loose from any secure moorings, and he is wandering about trailing wild lamentations about inability to pray and haunted with the idea that sleep has been murdered. At any rate he is temporarily mentally disordered. Fear and repentance immediately follow. Macbeth is afraid to return to the murder chamber (II,ii,50), and, when a knocking is heard at the door, he wishes Duncan could be awakened by it. (II,ii,74) His sense of guilt has momentarily overshadowed his desire for the throne.

Macbeth's inner conflict takes on a different hue after he becomes king. It seems to be a combination of fear and perhaps envy or jealousy. The throne is his, but now he must make his hold on it secure. The guilt of Duncan's death has lodged on Malcolm and Donaldbain, but Banquo has hinted he suspects Macbeth of foul play in realizing the witches' prophecy. (III,i,3) "To be thus is nothing; but to be safely thus--" "Our fears in Banquo stick deep", Macbeth confides to his wife. (III,i,48-50) As long as Banquo is alive the crown will not set safely on Macbeth's head. He cannot forget that Banquo was hailed by the witches as "father to a line of kings", while on his head" they place a fruitless crown, and put a barren sceptre" in his hand. (III,i,60-62) Macbeth is determined not to see Banquo's descendants become kings. "Rather than so, come fate into the list, and champion me to the" uttermost. (III,i,71-72) "We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it," and it is better to "be with the dead...than on the torture of the mind to lie in restless ecstasy." (III,ii,13,19-21) With this fear of a threat to his throne and with envy in his heart, Macbeth orders the death of Banquo and Fleance.

The banquet scene (III,iv) is similar to the scene of Duncan's murder as far as Macbeth's inner conflict is concerned. He is in a mental state again. His sense of decency and humanity has not yet been overwhelmed by bloody deeds, and when he sees in his mind's eye the consummation of the second murder his innermost feelings revolt against such horrible deeds.

Fear leads to frenzied action. Macbeth seeks knowledge of the future from the witches. (IV,i) Acting on the artful forewarnings of the Weird Sisters, he strikes at the innocent and brings war and chaos to the kingdom.



The inner conflict subsides. Macbeth sums up his career with the words: "I have supp'd full with horrors; dire-ness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts, cannot once start me." (V,v,13-15)

What, in a word, does the change in Macbeth's character amount to? According to Walter Clyde Curry, the play presents the "traditional Christian conception of a human soul on its way to the Devil." His reasoning is as follows:

We have in him (Macbeth)... a man of colossal proportions who seems to be exercising an essentially noble nature in a struggle for happiness... His will seems to be entirely untrammelled and his liberty of free choice absolute. His decision to commit regicide, however, is influenced in some way by an inordinate passion, by reason impaired through disordered imagination, by his wife, and by such evil forces as are symbolized in the Weird Sisters. After the first crime, however, one cannot help observing that a change has taken place in the man... It is... a profound alteration in the state of his personality, and astounding dislocation of the very center of being, which fixes itself immediately in a habit inclining to further crime. This change is progressive; while sin plucks on sin, the good in him seems to diminish, leaving his nature finally an almost completely barren waste of evil. But he is never quite completely evil. His knowledge of right and wrong flowers into the act of conscience, which witnesses through spiritual and mental suffering to the alteration in him. Since the good in him can never be quite destroyed, we experience even at the end a sort of admiration for the ultimate dignity of the human spirit. (Shakespeare's Philosophical Patterns, Baton Rouge, 1937, pp. 104-105)



No question, some people have the gift  
of telling a story

### GHOST STORY

I suppose most of us have heard Ghost stories. I have myself heard quite a number. I have always said if I ever saw a ghost, I would sure find out what it was. That statement still holds good, but I sure got a scare doing it. One night I will tell you about.

Out in the country near where I was raised, there are a few acres of woods, and a small path goes through the woods, and about the center of the woods near the path a man was murdered, or that is the way the story goes. On certain nights like dark rainy nights you can see ghosts and hear them scream. On this afternoon it had been raining quite a lot, but the rain had turned to a mist. It was still cloudy, very cloudy, and quite dark. I was forced to take the path through the woods. I was in a hurry to get home, and I suppose I had too much pride to go around some other way. If I had I would never have lived it down, and my father would be kidding me about it to this day.

Well, anyway, I started through the woods, I will admit I was thinking quite a bit about those stories I had heard, but I kept on going until I got to the spot where the ghosts were seen. I was walking pretty slow--my heart was beating pretty fast. I had just passed the place where the ghosts were seen and the path made a turn. I thought I was feeling pretty good and safe, when I looked up and saw before me a great white object! I could feel my hair stand on my head, my knees knocked, my teeth chattered, my mouth got dry, and I was unable to speak. It would move up and down, then first to one side and then the other as though to block my way.

In my fright the thought came to me, that I had said if I saw anything that looked like a ghost I would find out what it was. I thought to myself, I can't run. So I kept on walking slow, very slow. As I said before, I could not speak for my mouth was too dry. I turned sick at my stomach and my legs almost failed me, but I kept on going. I thought to myself: This is death, so I will get it over. Something told me, or I thought: You can't run from a ghost.

At that moment I gathered all my strength and jumped forward. By me doing that I found out what it was. It was a red cow with a white face. By it being dark the red could not be seen.



The Ag club takes a trip, and was fortunate in having two worthy reporters along

#### AN EXCURSION TO CINCINNATI

The thirty-two passenger bus came to a halt in front of Science Hall and Mr. Haggan called the roll. The bus driver opened the door and everyone rushed in. Unfortunately, there were more passengers than seats, and the three extras were uncomfortable looking affairs. The time was about 7 o'clock Tuesday morning, April 12.

We picked up the Southern States Co-Op representative for this section and were on our way to inspect plants in Maysville and Cincinnati.

Our tour of the million-dollar Carnation milk plant at Maysville started in the room where milk is received from the farm. Cans were coming in on a conveyor belt, by which stood a man with a small hammer knocking off the lids. Another man took a sample and tested it for foreign matter by forcing it through a filter paper. The cans were then emptied and placed in an automatic washer that washed, dried, and put them out ready to go back to the farm for more milk.

From this point the milk is pumped to the second floor to a large storage tank. If it is to be held there for any length of time the temperature is reduced to forty degrees or less to prevent the rapid growth of bacteria. From there it passes through a series of vacuum pans en route to the steam well, where it is preheated to aid in sterilization and to reduce the moisture content by about one half. It is then pumped to a vacuum tank through a series of filters which remove the foreign matter. Here it is boiled for thirty minutes at ninety degrees, the boiling point in this vacuum, and in the process the moisture content is reduced to 4 percent, to meet government standards for the finished product. Also required by the government is a butter fat content of 7.9 percent. At this point samples are sent to the laboratory to be tested for both butter fat and moisture, and the processing is continued.

From the vacuum tank the milk goes to one of three canning points. Cans are of three sizes, the 6 oz. or baby size, a 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. size, and a gallon or hospital size. As the milk reaches the canning point by a gravitation system, the cans are filled by a series of nipples as they rotate on a circular conveyor belt. They are then sealed as they pass



under an automatic soldering iron.

Farther on the cans pass through a machine that discharges from the production line any that have not been properly filled. They then go through a large boiler to be heated for the last time, and the sterilizing process is completed. They are now sent through a shaker that dissolves any lumps that may have been formed in the latter part of the processing. After being mechanically labelled at the rate of 510 a minute, the cans are packed in cartons of required size, which are automatically sealed and released down a chute to the basement and stored for shipment.

It is interesting to note that the plant has a capacity of 400,000 cans a day, representing the milk from some 27,000 cows. Also, the milk that is received in the morning is processed and ready for shipment by three o'clock in the afternoon.

It was noon before we reached suburban Cincinnati. It was still raining, and the small towns along the Ohio River on U. S. 52 passed slowly. For lunch we were to be the guests of the Southern States Feed Mill. As the lunch was free, and also fine, it was one of the high points of the trip. We were now looking for Reading Road. Nobody seemed to know exactly which direction to go. Two or three of the men had vague ideas on which way to go, and by pooling all bits of evidence we were lucky enough to reach our destination.

As we dashed through the rain from the parking lot, we were met by some of the "wheels" of the plant who directed us to a class-roomish looking place and gave a lecture on the services rendered by the plant, its history, no less than the facts on the rise of the cooperatives.

"Cooperative," according to the lecture of Mr. MacCord, president of the mill, comes from a Latin word meaning "to work together." Cooperatives are just what the word implies, a non-profit organization entered into voluntarily for the purpose of securing savings on the cost of production, marketing, or other services without assistance from the government. The movement started early in the 19th century when Robert Owen and a group at Lanark, England, got together and pooled their resources for their mutual advantage. Cooperation can be used for many purposes. This plant, according to the speaker, was formed by a merger of four older cooperatives, the Southern States Cooperative, the Pennsylvania Farm Bureau Cooperative Association, the Ohio Farm Bureau Cooperative Association, and the Georgia Cotton



Producers Association. Cincinnati was chosen as the site of the new organization because of its network of railroads serving the Middle West and the South. The first shipment from the mill was made on March 12, 1942. The capacity of the plant is at present 300,000 tons annually; it represents an investment of around 2,000,000 dollars.

Mr. McDonald explained production. Only three times is the feed handled physically--when the grain is first unloaded and stored in elevators, when it is sacked as a finished product, and finally when it is loaded in cars for shipment. An idea of the complexity of production is gained from certain statistics. Operating at capacity the plant produces a 32-ton carload every 20 minutes. Of course, the rate of production varies with the type of feed being mixed. A bag of laying mash is sacked every 4.29 seconds, a bag of dairy feed every 5 seconds, and a bag of scratch feed every 10 seconds. Forty-five different formulas are mixed and packed into 43 kinds of bags.

Incoming ingredients are weighed on a set of track scales before being unloaded into a pit from which they are elevated to bins on the seventh floor. Fifty-two storage bins located there have a capacity of 3200 tons. Incoming grain passes through a dryer, which incidentally has a capacity of 750 bushels an hour, before going to the bins.

We also visited the part of the mill where the manufacturing lines bring the ingredients to percentage feeders, and another point where vitamins, minerals, and other supplements are added in order to balance the feed according to standards set up by the Agricultural Council.

Dairy and mash feed on the way to the bagging scales passes through a magnetic separator that removes any metallic substances that may have entered it. The bagging scales are connected to a large hopper. They are tripped automatically when the required weight of 100 pounds has passed through the chute into the bags. The flow of feed is cut off long enough to allow the bag-holder to place the filled bag on a conveyor belt leading to the sewing machine. Here it is closed, tagged, and sent on its way to the loading platform or the storage room.

The tour came to an end with a lecture. We loaded on the bus again, still using those uncomfortable extra seats, and headed for downtown Cincinnati. After ten hours of walking and gawking, we were due for a break. I won't say the Morehead delegation went wild on the streets of downtown Cincinnati, or fanned out in all directions like



An ANECDOTE. Another title might be, "How To Cure Heart Trouble."

#### HEART CURE

Bill Furman had long been on the ailing list in a beautiful but backwoods village named Dawson. In the spring, when gardening time came, it was customary for Bill to have a heart attack and be confined to bed for the summer.

One day when he was having his worst attack, for each attack was always the worst, according to Bill, his wife was called from the garden to take care of him. She reached the house in time to hear him say he was ailing and wanted one last drink of his beloved cure-all heart medicine.

His wife raced madly through the house, tore open the cupboard, and standing on tiptoe grasped a bottle on the top shelf. She then ran to his bedside and administered the medicine. In her haste she had forgotten to notice the label on the bottle and now as she sat on the edge of the bed, nervously twisting the bottle in her hand, she noticed the label, HYDROCHLORIC ACID POISON.

She fell into bitter sobs when she realized what she had done and began begging Bill for forgiveness. She really had not meant to poison him, she said.

Bill, who now thought he had no possible chances for survival, calmly patted his wife on the shoulder and forgave her. In a low sobbing voice he told her how for years he had been pretending to be ill in order to get out of work. This made his wife so angry she dragged him from his "death bed" and literally threw him into the garden.

Bill still curses the day his young son emptied his medicine into another bottle. Since that fateful day he has been made to do all the gardening while his wife sits on the porch reading.

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Eugene Ball '52

CINCINNATI ctd.

hungry hyenas, or jammed the traffic on busy streets, or bumped civil pedestrians in their haste--such behavior would not indicate the proper spirit and gratitude felt on the occasion. I will only say that none remained to warm the benches of the bus for the next two hours.

Charles Thompson '52  
Ova Boggs '52



An ARTICLE. What has become of this country's once abundant wildlife? A fact not noted below: On the strength of his amazing bear hunts on The Caney Fork, Dary Crockett almost became a candidate for the Presidency.

### MAN, THE GREAT PREDATOR

What is a predator? A predator is an animal that feeds on other animals, a plunderer. In his effort to lay the rapid decline of wildlife population to causes other than himself, man has continually tried to conceal the fact that he is the greatest cause of all--as a predator. At the first arrival of the white man this continent was one of the richest in the world from the standpoint of wildlife. Now as we look back we realize that much of it could have been saved with a little discretion on the part of our ancestors and a great deal more of it on our part.

Due to continuous slaughter many of our birds and mammals have become extinct, or in numbers so greatly depleted that they are on the verge of extinction. The passenger pigeon once existed in greater numbers than any other bird on the continent; it could not stand under the pressure of the hunter; it is completely gone. In earlier days the graceful egrets, herons, and roseate spoonbills were all killed to obtain plumes for women's hats<sup>1</sup>. This would seem ironical when we think of it as robbing one animal of its natural beauty to add to the artificial beauty of another. In the case of the heron, the mature birds were killed during the nesting time when the plumes were the most beautiful, thereby leaving the young to die in the nest. Now these birds are so near extinction that the strictest conservation laws can hardly protect them. When Daniel Boone migrated to Kentucky he found that the entire countryside was overrun with buffaloes, bear, wild turkey, beaver, otters, muskrat, wolves, panthers, and wildcats.<sup>2</sup> Of all these animals only a few of the wildcats and muskrats can now be found in Kentucky, and they are rapidly losing ground. Although Daniel Boone can be highly praised as a pioneer, he might still be condemned for the great numbers of animals that fell before his erring rifle.

As the white man pushed on further west he found great herds of buffalo and antelope. In May, 1871, Col. R. I. Dodge

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<sup>1</sup>Ira N. Gabrielson, Wildlife Conservation, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1942, p. 170.

<sup>2</sup>Reuben G. Thwaites, Daniel Boone, D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1931, pp. 17-18.



observed a herd of buffalo that measured at least "twenty-five miles across, and extended North and South as far as the eye could see."<sup>3</sup> Seton estimates the total number of this one herd as being close to four million. He takes a conservative viewpoint in his estimate. He estimates the total of all buffalo on the continent at that time as being very near sixty million.<sup>4</sup> A striking number in comparison with the pitiful handful now protected under strict game laws. As for antelopes, Seton thinks that there might have been as many as forty-five million of them on the great plains east of the Rocky Mountains in 1868. He estimates that in 1924 there were close to 30,326.<sup>5</sup> These figures show a great loss of 44,969.674 antelope in only fifty-six years. Many causes other than rifles might have been responsible for this fantastic decline; it would seem, however, that the white man with his improved weapons had the greatest hand in the destruction if we stop to realize that those animals existed in great numbers in the United States before his coming, and started on their way to extinction only after his arrival.

As stated before, with a little discretion on the part of our ancestors we could have had at present a great deal more wildlife; however, many of our fore-fathers killed indiscreetly and without thought of ever having to conserve. Among the great hunters of our past history are "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Daniel Boone, "Black Jack" Schwartz, George Smith, and countless others who were no less important but received less notoriety. All of these men have been highly praised for their uncanny marksmanship with the rifle and the great numbers of animals of all kinds that fell before them. In one year George Smith killed 150 deer, 13 bears, 13 wolves, and many other smaller animals. In his whole lifetime he killed 14 cougars, 500 wolves, and 600 wildcats. He was known to have killed as many as 7 deer and 5 bears in one day.<sup>6</sup> In the year 1760, Black Jack Schwartz led a hunting party of 200 men into the backwoods of Pennsylvania several miles from

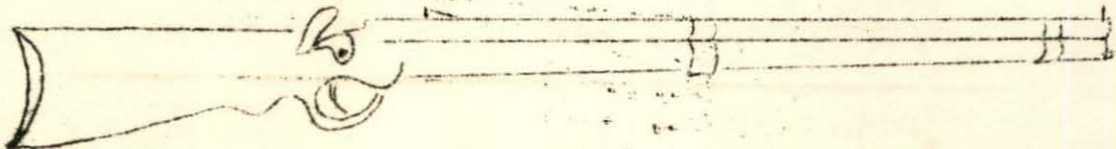
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<sup>3</sup>Ernest T. Seton, Lives of Game Animals, Doubleday,, Doran & Company, 1929, pp. 655-656.

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 656.

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., pp. 426-427.

<sup>6</sup>Ibid., p. 259





any settlement. On this one hunt there was a great slaughter of "41 panthers, 109 wolves, 112 foxes, 114 mountain cats, 12 gluttons, 3 beavers, 17 black bears, 1 white bear, 2 elks, 8 deer, 111 buffaloes, 1 otter and upward of 500 smaller animals.<sup>7</sup> It may be seen that this was a needless rape of the wilderness by the fact that "...the choicies of hides, together with buffalo tongues were taken, and then the heap of carcasses were covered with rich pine and fired. When speaking of supplying meat to the Kansas Pacific Railroad, Buffalo Bill says: "It was at this time that the title, "Buffalo Bill" was conferred upon me by the railroad hands... During my engagement as a hunter for the Company, which covered a period of eighteen months, I killed 4,280 buffaloes".<sup>8</sup> On a wager with another buffalo hunter, Cody killed sixty-nine of these majestic animals in one day, his opponent killing forty-nine in the meantime.

Judging from these facts it would seem that these men took great pride in their prowess with their rifles. Without a doubt this relentless slaughtering was one of the greatest reasons for the bitter resentment on the part of the Indian against the invading white man. In illustrating this point, Seton quotes the famous Missionary, Father A. McG. Beede, as saying: "They say that from the year 1864 onward till after the Sitting Bull-Custer battle they--the Western Sioux Indians--kept the buffalo herded back into Montana or the extreme western part of the present North Dakota. This statement, strange as it may seem, is confirmed by numerous white frontiersmen."<sup>10</sup> The Indians seem to have realized that the white man was determined to destroy the buffalo completely.

As for the passenger pigeons, their destruction is definitely a page of history that man might well be ashamed of. It would be impossible to estimate the numbers that once existed on the continent. All sources that I have drawn upon have been rather vague in their estimates, using terms such as "vast hoards", "innumerable", and "numbers beyond imagination". The pioneer, ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, describes the slaughter of these birds in a nesting place, forty miles long, in Kentucky as follows:

As soon as the young were fully grown, and before they left the nests numerous parties of the inhabitants, from all parts of the adjacent country, came with wagons, axes, beds, cooking utensils and encamped for several days at this

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<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 64

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 64.

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., p. 664

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 668



immense nursery... The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs, and squab pigeons, which had been precipitated from above, and on which herds of hogs were fattening, while from twenty feet upwards to the tops of the trees the view through the woods presented a perpetual tumult of crowding and fluttering multitudes of pigeons, their wings roaring like thunder; mingled with frequent crash of falling timber; for now the axe-men were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests; and contrived to fell them in such a manner that in their descent they might bring down several others; by which means the falling of one large tree sometimes produced two hundred squabs.<sup>11</sup>

In describing the destruction of the Passenger Pigeon on migration the same authority says:

As soon as it is ascertained in a town that the pigeons are flying numerously in the neighborhood, the gunners rise en masse; the clap-nets are spread out on a suitable situation, commonly on an open height, in an old buckwheat field; four or five live pigeons with their eyes sewed up, are fastened on a moveable stick--a small hut of branches is fitted up for the fowler at the distance of forty or fifty yards; by the pulling of a string, the stick on which the pigeons rest is elevated and depressed, which produces a fluttering of their wings similar to that of birds just alighting; this being perceived by the passing flocks, they descent with great rapidity, and finding corn, buckwheat, etc., strewn about, begin to feed, and are instantly, by the pulling of a cord covered with the net...meantime the air is darkened with larger bodies of them moving in various directions; and the thundering of musketry is perpetual on all sides from morning to night. Wagon-loads of them are poured into market, where they sell from fifty to twenty-five and even twelve cents a dozen.<sup>12</sup>

Audubon describes the killing in a roost in a similar way but adds that iron pots of burning sulphur, torches of

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<sup>11</sup>A. C. Brent, Life Histories of North American Birds, Washington, D. C., U. S. Government Printing Office, 1932, p. 396.

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 396.



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George Stultz '52

Has Anybody Seen RUTH TAYLOR?

A column by this person sometimes appears in our college newspaper. "The door to the human heart can be opened only from the inside," she writes. This is a fine sentiment, well expressed.

As the guys we run around with have an ear for fine thoughts well worded and like to cultivate the authors of them, an inquiry was made for this gifted person.

Nobody knows her. Nobody has heard of her. The College has no record of her. The inquiry at length got to be embarrassing. Still, we would like to know who Ruth Taylor is.

Which line of the Trail Blazer D'Ye Read?

"Eastern Kentucky's first art gallery will be formally opened Thursday, April 14." Page 1, col. 6.

"This important event will take place on Thursday April 13." Same page, same col.



to the ground viciously.

"All right," Worthington said. "But you are going to get your neck in a sling with that kind of stuff."

Joe snorted. Pop had him straightened out. Worthington wasn't fooling him now. On the next play there was a big hole and Joe drove savagely through it. Somebody hit him from the side and knocked him off balance. Before he could recover, Worthington sped past him and was off to the races. He spun and raced to the eight yard line before he was cut down.

Joe picked himself up disgustedly. He had been mouse-trapped, one of the oldest remedies in football for an overcharging player. Two plays later State scored and led by two touchdowns at the end of the first quarter.

#### OUT GOES JOE

Pop took Joe out of the game early in the second quarter. Joe was ineffectual, and Pop thought maybe benching him would bring him around. But Joe was morose on the bench. The old Worthington bugaboo had sprung up again. With Worthington against him in any game, he couldn't seem to function properly. He had thrown the contest away and it looked as though State would romp to a win. They scored again in the second period to pile up a three touchdown lead. The tragedy of modern football occurred, however, when State failed to convert the extra point after their third touchdown. If Mountain could ever get going, that one point might loom very big before the game was over.

Mountain did put on one offensive drive in the second quarter. Mize and Young combined to drive the ball across the mid-field stripe. But the defense loosened up to smother the passes and cover the sweeps, and there was no Joe to rip the line open and bring the defenders back in. So the offensive spluttered out.

#### AT THE HALF

The half ended with the score 20-0 against Mountain, and a dejected team trotted off the field. Joe noticed that Pete was talking earnestly to Pop on the way to the dressing room. Pete's hands were keeping pace with his babbling mouth.

Pop's tongue was doubled-edged during the half. He rubbed the team raw with words--no parlor words. Strangely enough, he dealt very lightly with Joe. Most of his comments



were directed at the team in general, the ancestors and their offspring. At this rate it would be a 40-0 score. That would be particularly degrading since it was supposed to be a close game.

Then, just before Pop sent them back onto the field for the second half, he called the starting line-up. Joe was back at full, and Pete was starting at quarter-back. This was somewhat of a surprise. Pete was as good a quarter-back as the two men rated above him, but they had the benefit of seniority and experience, and Pete wasn't outstanding enough to overcome this handicap. But now Pop was starting him in the second half of this most important clash.

"All right," Pete said, "let's go, now, mailmen. Let's ring the bell."

Joe shook his head slowly. "I threw away the game," he said.

"We can do in one half what they did in one half," Pete argued.

"No use," Joe said, "that Worthington has got me jinxed."

"He hasn't got you jinxed," Pete argued. "He has just got you out-talked."

Joe looked interested.

"Sure," Pete said. "You remember how I talked you out of things? You're gullible, Joe, and he's taking advantage of you."

Joe looked down the field at the spot where Worthington was warming up for the second half, and there was a little anger and fight in his face.

"We started too late," he said.

#### WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN GAMES

"Joe, listen," Pete said, and he edged near Joe and dropped his voice confidentially. "This is something I'd rather lose my right arm than admit. Sandy's your girl, Joe."

Joe looked startled. His eyes opened wide and Pete had his undivided attention.



"I have a date with her for the big dance tonight," Pete said, and his voice took on a tragic note. "Joe, just before the game she told me that if you won this game for her, she would have to bow her heart and go to the dance with you."

"Gosh," Joe said.

"But," Pete said, his voice rising sharply, "she isn't going to go to that dance with the man who lost the game for Mountain. She wants to go to the dance with the man who wins the game."

Joe's lips compressed and his face became determined. "Do you think we can do it, Pete?" Joe asked.

"You bet we can do it," Pete said, "and as much as it is going to hurt me, I am going to help you."

Joe clutched Pete's shoulder with true gratitude and resolution. There was a do-or-die look on his face. "Let's go," he said hoarsely.

"That's the boy, Joe," Pete said. "Now remember, anytime you see this Worthington coming, take a bead on his knees and drive straight at him. Don't slow down or try to jockey with him, just go in there and tear him apart."

"I'll do it," Joe said.

"Good boy," Pete said, and he patted Joe on the back.

#### SECOND HALF BEGINS--20-0

M. C. received the kick-off. The ball went deep to Mize and he came back up the middle of the field. Joe led the way and exploded into a guard with savage fury. He belted the man to the ground, snapping his head against the turf so hard that it broke his chin strap and his helmet bounded away across the ground. The man was out cold and they carried him off the field.

Worthington walked up to Joe after the whistle. "Remember, old boy," he said, "keep your eyes open when you go through that line."

Joe stopped and looked puzzled. But Pete was right there. "Nothing doing," Pete said. "He's coming through that line with his head down and his legs driving, isn't



was down on the three.

Mountain lined up without a huddle and the ball was snapped immediately to Joe on a direct pass from center. Twenty-two men piled up on the goal line as the gun went off. Three officials frantically pulled the players from the heap until they hit the bottom, and Joe was over the goal line from his knees up, and the referee's two hands shot into the air.

The score was tied, 20-20. The extra point would win the game for Mountain but they didn't have Young. Young had an ankle he couldn't even stand on.

"Give me the ball and get out of my way," Joe growled. And that is the way they tried it. But the weary Mountain line couldn't open a hole against the desperate State defenders. Joe came to the line and there was a tight mass of uniforms in front of him. So, since he knew he couldn't go through them, Joe went over them. He left his feet cleanly and dove through the air to tumble into the end zone for the winning point.

They would have carried Joe off on their shoulders, except that he was so big and they were so tired. But they surged through the milling fans and students to the dressing room. As Joe entered the ramp, there was Sandy leaning over the side rail of the wall and waving to him and Pete.

"Sandy," Joe said. "You did it for me. If you hadn't told Pete, I'd never have done it. I'll see you outside the dressing room and we'll have a swell time tonight."

Joe didn't see her stricken face, or the broad wink that Pete gave her as he went by.

Tired as he was, Joe took a short shower and dressed hurriedly. Pete had to rush to keep up with him.

"Hey," he said to Joe. "Slow down. The game is over."

"I can't wait to see Sandy," Joe said.

Pete was tying his tie. "Joe," he said, "you know winning that game today was the big thing."

"You bet," Joe said.

"Don't you feel," Pete said, "that almost anything was



worth the victory?"

"You bet," Joe said. He shrugged into his coat and headed for the door.

Pete leaped over a bench to reach his side. "Joe," he said, as he made the door ahead of Joe and opened it to confront Sandy, "I told a little white lie under the force of circumstances. Sandy is really going to the dance with me tonight."

Joe came to a halt and his face fell. They stood there, the three of them, and two pairs of accusing eyes were on Pete. He grinned weakly.

"What did he tell you, Joe?" Sandy asked quietly.

Joe almost choked up. "He said...he said you wanted me to win and you would go to the dance with me tonight. That you... that you really..."

Joe stumbled miserably.

"Oh, well," Pete said. "Strategy of the moment, you know. We had to win."

"Just a minute," Sandy said. "You lied to Joe again."

"I wish you wouldn't call it lying," Pete complained.

"That's what it is," Joe said stoutly.

"It certainly is," Sandy agreed. "I think if you told Joe that, I ought to go out with him." She seemed pleased.

"Sure," Joe said.

"Wait a minute," Pete said. "That's not fair."

Sandy took Joe's arm and smiled politely at Pete. "You forget," she said, "all's fair in love and war. Isn't that right?" she asked Joe.

"It certainly is," Joe said happily, and he walked away with Sandy while the astounded Pete was for once speechless.

Of course, Joe missed the real significance of Sandy's statement about love and war. He was just happy to be with her, and it didn't occur to him that the statement implied Sandy must be in love with him. That is, it didn't occur



## THE RESURRECTION MORNING

The Bible says that on the morning of the resurrection we will rise from our graves. However, it does not say what we will think or say. But here is what one man said.

There were several men in our town who palled around together quite a bit. One of these fellows was known throughout the community for his sharp wit and for his long binges.

One night, these fellows were throwing quite a party, and as the night wore on our witty friend became quite intoxicated. There happened to be an undertaker in the crowd, and he and the boys decided to try their wit on the wit.

They hurried to the undertaker's establishment, picked out one of the cheaper coffins, and placed their friend, who by now was quite unconscious of his environment, inside it.

Now, in those days, nearly all the coffins had glass tops. They carried the drunk to a nearby cemetery and placed the lid on lightly, to prevent suffocation on top of intoxication.

By this time, morning was beginning to crowd out night, and so the pranksters hid behind a clump of bushes to await the awakening. The sun arose and soon began to beat down upon the glass lid of the coffin. As they watched, the lid began to move, and fell to the ground with a thud. The victim, after having slept off the effects of the last night's beverages, arose and began to clear his throat. "Harumph, hurumph!" After having "hu-rumped" several times, he gained control of his voice, and his friends behind the bush heard him exclaim, "well good gawd, if it ain't the resurrection morning, an' I'm Th' furst 'un up!"

Cathleen Poage '52

PAYDIRT cntd.

to him then. But Joe didn't really have muscles in his head, he was just a little slow at assembling facts sometimes. He got it eventually, later that night. And it was a nice, moonlight night, too.

Odus Gaskin '52



PREDATOR cntd. from p. 25

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Frank Profitt '52

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"Under the sponsorship of the department of art will feature traveling exhibitions." Trail Blazer, April 13, p. 1, col. 6.

How's that now? Verb missing?

A NOTICE IN THE TRAIL BLAZER

"Students are reminded that classes missed before or after this vacation will be considered the same as classes missed before any vacation."

Is this AR 36-1483?

ACCORDING TO THE TRAIL BLAZER, April 13, p. 1, col. 1

"the purpose of the Egyptian tomb was the preservation of the body of the deceased."

Well! I was right all the time.



