

D. M. Robinson

Quill and Quair

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Table of Contents

FOREWORD — John Howard Payne	2
SATISFIED CUSTOMER — Sarah Lillian Ackman	3
THE PERSONALITY OF TREES — Maureen McClure	5
A CIGARETTE, A CIGAR, A PIPE AND A MAN—S. Waters ...	6
THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER — Maureen McClure	7
TIME-SAVING EXPRESSIONS — Ardith Pennington	8
THE COMFORTABLE OLD SUIT — George Kitson	9
POEMS — Sylvia Graham	10
THE LIE — Ollie Foster Black	12
HAVING A PHOTOGRAPH MADE — L. Hogge	14
SCHOOL LIBRARIAN — Marguerite Bishop	15
ON SORGHUM MOLASSES — Ruth A. Lappin	16
A PERFECT PIE — Ollie Foster Black	17
THE PRAIRIES — A. B.	18
COMFORT IN LITTLE THINGS — Janet Maxey Sanford	19
A NOMAD HEART — Katherine Duvall Carr	19

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Foreword

The college looks forward with enthusiasm to this new venture on the part of the English Department. We feel that it holds great possibilities in the way of offering opportunities to our students for creative writing. It is in line with the spirit of the institution. One of our objects here at Morehead is to develop clear thinkers who can express themselves with force and power. This magazine will bring to our students who are ambitious in this field the thrill of seeing their literary achievements in print. We anticipate that the student body and the faculty will enjoy the process of producing this literary effort and will enjoy even more the intellectual digestion of the work produced.

We congratulate the English Department upon its literary aggressiveness.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Satisfied Customer

By Sarah Lillian Ackman

There is hardly room enough on one of these bus seats for two, is there? I guess I am rather large, but when I was as young as you, I was every bit as skinny as you are. I never ride the bus unless I am going shopping, and then it's just because it's too much trouble to find parking space close to stores that I go to. Have you been shopping, or are you coming home from work?"

"Coming home from work."

"Well, I am just as tired as if I had worked all day. The middle of last week I bought two summer dresses, but I have decided that they are too old for me. I took them back today, and told the floorwalker that the girl who sold them to me seemed to think I was too stout for the kind of dress I wanted. I said I didn't care to try any more on unless he had a clerk who would take some interest in selling me something becoming. The girl that waited on me today showed me any number of pretty dresses, and you know how tiresome it is to try on dresses. It took a long time, but I got two lovely dresses. One is pink with big, pale blue flowers, and the other is a polka dot. I got them at the Brown Department Store. I like to shop there better than any place in town. I see you have one of their boxes. Do you like to shop there?"

"I get all my clothes there."

"Me, too. They certainly do have the interest of their customers at heart. I understand they don't allow married women to work there. Say they want the girls to put their work first."

"Yes, that's true."

"Believe me, they bawl the girls out when they do anything wrong. They fire them if they do the same thing wrong again, don't they?"

"Er, yes."

"You know, a couple of months ago I bought some shoes there, and when I wore them one of my friends contradicted my statement that they were '6½B'—that's the size I take. She knows how to read the size in a shoe, and, sure enough, they were '7B.' I went right back to the store with them. The floorwalker was real nice about it. He fitted me himself, and said he would talk to the girl just as soon as she came back from lunch. Then, last week I went back to get some shoes when I got the dresses. I had the same girl wait on me, for I wanted to see if she gave me the size I asked for this time. She showed me some shoes that she claimed were my right size, and they felt fine. However, I wanted to be sure that they were my size; so I sent her to get some more to try on. While she was gone, I asked another clerk that was passing to tell me the size of the ones that

felt so good. And what do you think?"

"What?"

"That girl was giving me '7C' again—after I told her plain as the nose on your face that I take '6½B.' That made me hoppin' mad. I went to that same nice young floorwalker, and told him about it. He said for me to step to the desk, and he called the girl back there. He was just going to bawl her out, but I told him the girl was not fit for the job. I said I would just see Mr. Mathews, the sales manager—he's a friend of my husband. I guess the floorwalker saw I meant business, for he called the girl and fired her right in front of me and a couple of the girls and men that work there. I don't believe the clerks standing there liked the one that was fired much because you could see that they were just dying to laugh, but trying not to. The girl mostly kept her eyes on the floor, and said 'Yes, sir,' several times, peculiar like. The floorwalker said she could finish the week out, but that after Saturday she would not be permitted to work there any more. My, but he's a real asset to that company. Still, it pays to have satisfied customers, doesn't it?"

"Yes, it does."

"While I was in the store today, I stopped in the shoe department to see if that girl was there. I didn't see her, and a regular clerk told me she hadn't been there since Saturday. Why—why, you're the one who told me, aren't you?"

"Yes, I am the one."

"Can you imagine that? Here I have been talking to you all this time, and just now recognized you as the girl I talked to in the shoe department. That beats all, doesn't it? I'm glad I saw you because I forgot to ask where the floorwalker is. He wasn't on the floor when I was up there, was he?"

"No, he's away."

"Away? It's too early for taking a vacation. He's not sick, is he?"

"He got married, and so he's taking time off now instead of later."

"Oh, a honeymoon. When did he get married?"

"Saturday night."

"Was it a surprise?"

"No, they announced the date several weeks ago."

"Has he been going with the girl long?"

"Ever since he was transferred to our department—that is, I mean he's been in our department about a year and he met her just after he came to it."

"Well, I hope they're happy. I remember when I was fir—
Oh, here's where I transfer. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The Personality Of Trees

By Maureen McClure

The naturalist would probably object to my whim of attaching human characteristics to trees. Nature, he would argue, is important in itself and has its own personality apart from man. But I like to walk alone in the woods and, suddenly coming upon an aged oak, exclaim, "Ah, you are the kind of rugged old man I always want to meet. You know stories of people and things of another generation." I like to think that the old tree rustles slightly in recognition of my presence and in its own way tells the story I expected.

I like to think that the pine trees are a chorus of blended voices. Their tones are soft and melodious and, like the Highland lass, they seem to be singing of "old, unhappy, far-off things." The great lone pine on the hill top is the lonely, proud person who draws himself apart from his fellow men. I think it glances longingly at the chorus as if it would like to join them if it dared.

Lombardy poplars are soldiers marching to battle. One thrills at their upright carriage and high heads. Elms are matronly women gossiping pleasantly in quiet streets and forgotten lanes. They are friendly and they welcome the intruding observer without question as to his right to be there. Willows beside the brook are heartbroken mothers weeping for wayward sons. Hazel bushes that scamper along the fields and forest edge are wild children playing games. The birch tree is a graceful dancer, never losing her lazy rhythm with the wind. In the winter the holly becomes a brilliant, sparkling young girl who makes her companions appear drab by contrast.

Not only the species but individual trees as well remind me that nature may be a mirror of humanity's strength and weakness. A twisted, lightning-scarred tree may momentarily become an old general whose shoulders are still square. Almost any tree may become a genial landlady who rents apartments to a family of birds, a lizard, and a squirrel without any apparent remuneration. There are also the dutiful trees that carry their favorite parasite and enjoy the comforting feeling that the world knows them for martyrs.

Of the trees themselves, their scientific make-up, and history, I know very little; but I know more than this, for I am on speaking terms with them.

A Cigarette, A Cigar, A Pipe And A Man

By Sarah Adeline Waters

The smoking man passes through three stages of development. The degree or diploma that he receives at graduation from each of these stages is a new form of "smoke." If his development is normal, it will be divided into the cigarette period which ends approximately at his thirtieth year, the cigar period which ends approximately at the fiftieth year, and the pipe period which closes with the close of mortal days.

A man with a cigarette is a restless individual. His persistence with a task or problem is as short-lived as his cigarette. His changes of decisions are as numerous as the cigarettes he smokes in a day. His convictions are no better founded than the flimsy roll of the cigarette. Restlessness is expressed in the sudden emission of smoke after a "puff." The cigarette is a symbol of the uncertainty, the sham indifference, and the nonchalance of the period.

When man graduates to his cigar, he has graduated to the constructive period of his life. Know the "butter and egg" man by his cigar. He has become a man in and of the world. His concerns are all-important. His decisions are the only logical ones. The cigar symbolizes a more steady, wisely-planned routine of work and play. This is the man who turns the wheel of business which polishes the bowl of life.

The man and the pipe—the very essence of attainment and satisfaction. No longer is the smoking man restless or even worldly. His outlook is romantic in nature. In the steady flow of the smoke from the pipe, he sees reflections of the past. He calmly emits reminiscences about his successes and his failures. The failures do not trouble him. Nothing troubles the man with the pipe. Life is at its best for him. Not until now had he time to look at life—and the picture he sees is a masterpiece. He sees the mistakes of the man with the cigarette and the man with the cigar. He knows that those mistakes will be rectified in time. As the pipe is emptied and the smoke has dissolved into space, the man has departed from the earth which gave him life.

I experience a pang of sorrow equal to that aroused by the sight of a physically or mentally abnormal child when I see the smoking man developing abnormally—too ripe for his season—or too green. Don't you pity the collegiate lad who flaunts a pipe before his associates? Don't you agonize for the grey-headed man who has not graduated from his cigarette? I do.

The Ant And The Grasshopper

By Maureen McClure

As a child I had a strange aversion to the fable of the ant and the grasshopper. I did not stop to analyze my feelings, but it was one of the high tragedies of my literary world. The picture of the poor, feeble grasshopper, thin and blue with cold, being turned away from the comfortable home of the ant was my first introduction to the world of injustice. I saw the ant, not as the personification of thrift and energy, but as a cruel, be-whiskered villain, who stood on his doorstep and uttered the famous passage, "But we ants never borrow, and we ants never lend." Right there I decided that if this was the essence of industry, I would devote my life to the cause of the merry grasshopper.

My opinion has not changed. I have found the world full of ants and grasshoppers, and I still prefer the latter. The ant has come to assume many different forms. I think he grew from the boys and girls who read the fable, swallowed it along with all other wholesome morals, and became the "successful men and women of tomorrow." My town is full of them. They are respected and admired, but the poor grasshoppers of the town know better than to stand on their doorsteps on a cold wintry night.

I am glad to say we also have the grasshoppers. (I didn't even become one of the successful grasshoppers myself, but they are generous and will often include an amateur in their group). I am sure no one would go to them for legal advice, but they can be secured at almost any time for a free lecture on How to Get the Most Out of Wasting Twenty-four Hours a Day. Centuries of hard winters have made the grasshoppers wise. Only a few of the dull-witted ones will be found ploughing through snow drifts searching vainly for a green leaf to eat; the wise grasshopper is safe and warm making merry in the home of some relative.

When our poets, artists, and composers do not care whether or not their art sells for the highest price, when they do not live in the conventional manner, they are branded by the world as eccentric, insane, and irresponsible. I brand them as grasshoppers. When the banker, the lawyer, or the politician reaches his place where everything he touches turns to gold, the world admiringly murmurs, "industrious," "successful," "influential." I murmur, "Ant!"

Time-Saving Expressions

By Ardith Pennington

Everyone has noted many of the devices of this modern age that save time and labor. There are literally hundreds of them, ranging all the way from the cotton gin to automatic pancake turners. In noting all the mechanical devices that save time and labor, one may be prone to overlook the many interesting expressions in our language that save time and no small amount of labor.

Any up-to-date college student has a host of these expressions, or words, at his tongue's tip, ready to use as the occasion may demand. Take the word "keen," for instance. It is a relatively small word, but it has put quite a number of fine old adjectives in the background; adjectives like wonderful, gorgeous, marvelous, and beautiful being among them. No modern young man, when looking at a new automobile, would think of saying, "It is a marvelous realization of the automobile industry." Oh, no! He would simply say, "It's a keen boat." And would not that impart a world of meaning? Who would wonder what he meant? No one, of course.

The expression "O yeah" is also interesting. It is used to express doubt mixed with sarcasm, the amount of sarcasm imparted being denoted by the tone of voice. When one imparts a bit of information, and his hearers are inclined to be skeptical, they never say, "I doubt the authenticity of your source of information." Oh, no! That would take too long, and too much effort; they merely say, "O yeah." And who would wonder what they meant?

When your friend greets you he never says, "Hello, John. How are you this fine day?" He just says, "Wha' da ye say?" And instead of answering, "I am well, thank you. How are you?" as you probably would, should he use the first salutation, you simply say, "Can't say it." And all is well.

"I'll be seein' you" has taken the place of "I shall see you again soon." "O. K." has crowded out such expressions as "I'll do it with pleasure," "I shall be glad to help you," and the like.

I have a book entitled *Short Cuts in Figures*. Now, I wonder when I shall be able to get a book entitled *Short Cuts in English*? It surely will not be long, and when it is adopted as the text for our English courses, won't we struggling English students be relieved?

The Comfortable Old Suit

By George Kitson

I have a comfortable old suit. It has known me so long and has been with me on so many occasions that we feel quite well acquainted. I met it for the first time four years ago in a Richmond Brothers Clothing Store in Cleveland, Ohio. From the very first glance, I took a fancy to it. Maybe it was love at first sight, I do not know, but I am certain that it has been worthy of my affection.

As we have associated together, my love for it has increased. It has proved such a true friend that my heart goes out to it now in its old age and loneliness. I seldom wear it now. I am afraid to. The long years of service have given it the appearance of weakness. Even though it is quite comfortable, I spare it the pain of a possible tear, and myself the necessity of making a quick repair, should it suddenly wear through in some of its thin spots. However, it is a source of comfort to me just to have it hanging in my clothes press. There is a heart-warming experience to be had in having an old friend around. My old suit has been with me during the vicissitudes of life. It added its touch of inspiration to my wildly beating heart as I entered the portals leading into the land of romantic adventure. Then, again, its quiet dignity lent an air of seriousness and calmness during the moments of my attempted debut into the higher circles of society. It has known me during moments of deepest joy and in periods of black despair. It has indeed been a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

I shall handle it tenderly now. Only on occasions when I desire to sprawl around or lounge about, and that quite gently, will I wear it. Other suits have replaced it for everyday wear, but none has excelled it for comfort. As I gaze upon its faded face, and see the wrinkles there, as I contemplate its shine and wear, as I view the results of the strain of service and see the threads laid bare, I breathe a sigh and drop a tear for the return of those youthful days of that comfortable old suit of mine.

P o e m s B y

City Alien

I suffer great banishment,
I who was mountain born
My heart aches some place to be
With white bloom on the thorn

Or lost in the solitude of hills,
When only the gray owls stir,
And twilight shades, like silver arms,
Are closed around the fir.

Think it not strange if I should start,
On a blowing day at anything
I have learned to know pale substitutes
For birds upon the wing.

I have learned to see bright petals fall,
And to smell a piney scent
Think me not mad if I stop and stare
I only suffer banishment.

Crying

Little girls with broken dolls
Crying over their hurt babies—
Big girls with broken hearts
Crying over some old letters.

Little boys with hungry stomachs
Crying for bread and jam—
Big men with hungry eyes
Crying for 'most anything.

Sylvia Graham

Security

There are coals I shall kindle to warm my blood
When I sit in the last white snow.
From the fervid sparks of immortal yesterdays
Shall come a lovely glow.

Memory shall be the fagots that keep my fire—your kiss
Will be but fuel for my warming flame—
I wonder if then my heart will quicken its beat,
As now when I hear your name.

Change

Oh, what a feeble thing
Was my dream
Fragile as a butterfly wing
Caught on a briar.
Yet the course of my whole life
Change
In less than an hour.

The Lie

By Ollie Foster Black

It was Saturday afternoon—that part of the week when country folk were accustomed to lay aside their work and meet at the neighborhood store, where the exchange of news and gossip was the pleasant diversion of the week. The usual crowd had collected at Bethel Crossroads on a lazy September afternoon. Kind human folk were these hill people and as rugged and dependable as the very hills from which they wrested a scanty livelihood.

In the distance the hills were covered with a blue haze as though someone had carelessly flung a misty veil over their summits, and the trees upon their sides were beginning to show a colorful array of scarlet and gold.

Inside the store the hum of many voices sounded—thrifty housewives, no doubt, driving shrewd bargains with the storekeeper. The shrill sound of feminine laughter drifted outward, and the lusty cries of infants vied with the clamorous shouts of the older children in their play. Just outside the door several men were sitting on drygoods boxes, discussing the news of the day. They were sheltered from the warm sun by a projecting roof which was supported at the outer edge by slender iron posts. Because of insufficient bracing at the bottom these posts had been sprung outward, giving the entire building a sprawling appearance. Indeed, it resembled nothing so much as a huge animal sitting back on its haunches.

Bill Graham, whose home was in Seaville, four miles down the road, had just ridden up on his horse, Ole Faithful. Bill, tall and somewhat portly, together with his much-prized horse, presented a striking appearance. He hitched his horse to the fence opposite the store and ambled across the road to the group sitting there. He took off his hat to fan himself and sat down on one of the vacant boxes.

"Well, Bill, d'you know anything new?"

"Nope," said Bill, "nothing but work, work, work. 'Cept when a rainy day comes along."

"How's Lou these days?" asked Julie Moore, who was standing in the doorway.

"Lou's doin' pretty well this fine weather," replied Bill. "She hasn't had one of her spells since the time we went to the spellin' bee over on Dry Fork in the spring."

"Well" said Julie, "tell her I'm comin' to see her real soon. Seems like with all the work I have to do and gettin' the children ready for school, too, I don't have much time to visit my neighbors."

"She'll sure be glad to see you," answered Bill. "She gets mighty lonesome."

The conversation now fell into other channels. The season had been a good one, and Sim Turner 'lowed as how the hay and corn were powerful fine and would bring down the cost of feeding stock through the winter. Bill took in all that was said, enjoying this pleasant intercourse with his neighbors, and added his own opinions from time to time.

Just as the edge of the sinking sun had touched the distant horizon, the figure of a man was seen coming up the road. "There's Henry Robinson," observed someone. "The biggest liar in the country." "The stories that man can tell just beats all."

"Let's get him started on one of his good ones," suggested Bill.

Henry soon approached. He had a somewhat stooped figure and his gray hair fell in uneven scallops from beneath his ragged straw hat. Being a veteran of the Civil War, as well as of more domestic affrays, he had gained several scars which gave to his face a battered appearance. His sharp blue eyes glinted from under coarse heavy brows as he neared the crowd. He quickly sensed that something was in the air. His reputation for tall stories was the almost constant source of amusement for the more jocularly inclined, and Henry enjoyed his own stories as much as did the others.

"Well, Henry," said Bill, "have a seat and tell us the biggest lie you can think of."

"Lie, did you say? If you knew how near to death's door your wife is, you wouldn't be askin' fer lies. No, siree!"

A silence as solemn as death and almost as breathless fell upon the men as they gazed at Henry's face. The astounded Bill was the first to break the spell. Clamping his hat tight upon his head and hastily unhitching his horse from the fence nearby, he swung into the saddle and was off without a word. Ole Faithful, used to only the gentlest treatment from his master, sensed that something was amiss, pricked up his ears, and began striking sparks from the flinty rocks in the road, with the speed of his willing feet. The clatter of his hoofs shattered the drowsy stillness of late afternoon. From houses along the way faces peered out to observe this strange sight of Bill racing his beloved horse down the highway.

Ole Faithful's zeal had begun to flag by the time he had reached Thompson's Creek, and he was full ready to stop for a drink, as was his custom. But not Bill. With a muttered groan and a kick in Ole Faithful's sides he spurred his steed on, splashing through the water as if the fates were on his trail. A flock of geese lazily swimming about raised a raucous protest at this intrusion. On up the rocky branch road the travelers sped, and soon they reached Hunter's Hill, a long difficult ascent. Gaining the top as quickly as possible, Bill again urged his now lagging horse onward.

The sun had by this time sunk from sight, and a cooling breeze fanned the rider and his horse as they advanced upon a level stretch of road. The aged couple who lived in the abandoned toll-gate house stared in astonishment as Bill dashed by without so much as a nod to them. Horse and rider soon disappeared down the darkening tunnel of the road and clattered on unaware of anything except the desperate desire to reach home. Down past Wilkin's Corner and around the old mill, up the hill again, and in the distance the familiar sight of home. The white frame house stood dimly outlined in the gathering dusk, and the feeble rays of an oil lamp shone from a window.

Not a soul could be seen anywhere. The deathlike stillness of the place filled Bill's heart with fear. On reaching the front gate he flung himself from the saddle. He ran through the gate and around to the side porch, where, in the early afternoon, he had left Lou sewing on a dress. And there she was still—picking up the scraps from the finished garment.

Having A Photograph Made

By Leora Hogge

For days beforehand, I sit and ponder; I make up my mind. I will not be afraid this time. I know I decided that last time and was afraid anyway, but everything will be different this time. I am prepared for the ordeal.

The day arrives; I enter the room calmly, but on seeing all the instruments of the trade, my calm disappears. I get panicky, and the whole performance is a repetition of the last one. I sit down (my shaking knees will no longer support me), a doleful expression comes to my face, and I confront the camera to have my photograph taken. My actual mental reaction is a little hard to describe, but my thoughts run something like this: I know that first pose was terrible. I looked positively dismal, but if he asks me to look pleasant, I'll throw something. Ah, he only asked me if I could smile for the next pose. Oh, well, just to be agreeable, I'll smile. There! I know that was nothing less than a leer, but doesn't the man know I must have an inspiration to laugh? It is just hypocritical to smile sweetly at a blank wall or into a little box. Close my eyes? Of all the silly things to ask anybody to do! Of course I will do it, but now what? Oh, at last! My Boy Scout deed for today is done. I have given a photographer something to do.

Psychologists might explain my phobia as a natural fear of facing anything that is going to "go off." Regardless of the psychological reason, whether it is a natural fear or because a

photographer scared me when I was little, the effect is always the same. Mother assures me that the photograph looks as though I were condemned to be hanged. I think "hanged" is the wrong word; "tortured" would fit much better. I understand it is much more painful. However, the finished photograph would be a good advertisement if I wished to become a professional mourner.

School Librarian

By Marguerite Bishop

The school librarian is more than a mere keeper of books. She is the one person in the school who, from the student's point of view, must be an authority on all subjects. She must be a scholar, a historian, a sociologist, a chemist, a physicist, a mathematician, and a teacher; in other words she is a living encyclopedia and information bureau. She must be the possessor of a keen and retentive mind in order to remember the author, title, color, size, and exact location on the shelf of each book in her library. It is not enough that she be able to direct the students to the card catalogue and the reference books from which they may find the desired information, but she must know the material herself in order to save time and energy for the student. Not only must her memory be well-trained, but she must have perfected the art of mind-reading in order to know just what information the student is seeking when he himself does not know. Perhaps it may be only the question of knowing what particular reserve book is being used in Geography 52 for that day's assignment, or it may be the more difficult task of knowing that "The Pine Tree Shilling," by Hawthorne, is the short story wanted, even though "Shivering Among the Pines" is the story called for. It is necessary for the school librarian to be an interpreter, able to translate the student's notes for him or to know just what the professor had in mind when assigning the lesson. Often it falls her lot to do the impossible, such as informing an English student where he can find a copy of Sir Walter Raleigh's "Lady of the Lake," or where he must look to find the biography of "Anonymous." Another title captured by a school librarian is that of disciplinarian, for although the students are old enough to be in school they have not yet learned how to behave upon entering a library and must constantly be reminded of the fact that it is a place where quiet must be maintained. She must also be a kind of prophet, foretelling on what day each of the magazines will arrive. The one who fails in any of these respects will be regarded by the students as one unworthy of the title of Librarian.

On Sorghum Molasses

By Ruth A. Lappin

Every season of the year has its advantages. Winter brings its share of tonsillitis, chilblains, and frozen water pipes. Spring comes along later, and we immediately succumb to that universal malady known as spring fever, which in some cases lasts the year round. The long, lazy days of summer contribute mosquitoses, ants in the cupboard, and, at times, heat so stifling one can scarcely breathe. But fall, the season of seasons, brings compensation for any injustice that we may suffer at the hands of those other weather tyrants. Fall gives us that rare delicacy, which is a world-wide favorite, namely, sorghum molasses. Its place in the diet is conceded by the most fastidious connoisseurs of food. It is liked equally well by the little Southern darkies, as evidenced by the poem:

Rastus at the table sat,
Eating what would make him fat;
Suddenly his plate he passes,
"Please, give me some o' that 'lasses."

His brother, a student in a school,
From his perch upon a stool,
Looked reproachfully over his glasses,
"Rastus, you should say molasses."

Rastus answered, "Crazy nigger,
You ain't so smart if you is bigger.
How can I mo' 'lasses get
When I ain't had no 'lasses yet?"

During the growing season, we carefully watch the fields of sorghum cane, which furnishes us a topic for many conversations. "Don't you think we have a fine crop of sorghum this year?" is heard on every side. Then when the time comes for cutting, we hasten to the field, where we see many men working at the sorghum mill. The odor that comes to our nostrils gives us a thrill of expectancy and anticipation. We vie with each other for the first bucket of this golden brown syrup. It makes no difference that the men are working with dirty hands or that the flies seem to be holding a convention at this particular place. Our chance has come to get some sorghum on which we may feast for many months. As we proudly carry it homeward, we think of that most fitting epitaph, ascribed to one who seemingly shares our own feelings:

"When I die, bury me deep;
Put a jug of sorghum at my feet;
Put a biscuit in each hand,
And I'll sop my way to the Promised Land."

A Perfect Pie

By Ollie Foster Black

A perfect pie is a toothsome delicacy and a work of art. It gives pleasure to the cook and to the one who eats it. It has a delicious odor and is a delicate brown in color, and, if made with a top crust, savory fruit juices or other kinds of filling ooze out of the criss-cross lines or apertures.

If the top of this perfect pie is covered with meringue, it is sweetened slightly and baked until it is light and fluffy and golden brown in color. The crust, to be crisp and tasty, must have the proper amount of salt and shortening, and should be cooked quickly to avoid sogginess, which is the bane of a good cook. A soggy crust not only brings a gloomy look to the countenance of the man of the house, but may also be accompanied by dire digestive effects. To make a flaky crust the shortening is chilled for about half an hour, and ice water is used in the mixing; if a crisp, crumbly crust is desired—one that almost melts in the mouth—the shortening is not chilled, and cold, but not ice water is used.

In addition to the crust there is the important matter of the filling. This is, of course, a matter of preference. Some prefer a butterscotch pie, rich and brown-sugary; others are fond of a tart green-grape pie; while to many, the lemon meringue pie is the perfect one. But consider, for a moment, the chicken pie. Who can resist it? I have usually seen it baked in an iron skillet, and within the crust, whole pieces of browned chicken swimming in a thick gravy. Berry time also affords other delicious ingredients for pie making. As considered by some, berries, freshly picked off the vine and used for a filling, are unexcelled. They certainly lend a freshness and delicacy of flavor quite different from other fillings. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the history of the perfect pie occurs in the eating. As to the proper time for eating—

“Some like it hot;

Some like it cold,

But no one likes it in the pan

Nine days old.”

Nor three days for that matter. The epicure who “knows his pies” cannot wait beyond the first day, but must pick up his fork and settle down to the serious and pleasing business of eating the perfect pie while still warm from the oven.

The Prairies

By A. B.

Often one's appreciation for a thing comes along with his absence from it. Such was the case with me in respect to the prairies. From earliest childhood I had been accustomed to the long level stretches of land, the roads with infrequent turnings, the monotonous scenery. Then for a year I lived in a little valley between high hills. Day after day the sun came up twenty minutes later and went down twenty minutes earlier; thus the mountains stole from me nearly an hour of sunshine every day. True there were compensations in rambling walks through winding valleys and invigorating hikes up steep mountain sides, with sizzling weiners for refreshments. But when I went home to the prairies the last of May, I felt a freedom from restraint, a release from the close-crouching hills.

It was night when we first came out on the prairies, and the darkness seemed to hover over me, and the stars were near and friendly. Sometimes as the train curved, I could see the headlight flashing far out in front, like a pilot who goes ahead to see that everything is safe. I began, with dawn, to feel the wideness and the freedom of the prairies. The spaciousness made me feel that my mind was expanding, that I was no longer pushed and crowded with details that slapped me in the face. I felt my spirit soar, and my imagination took in the breadth of life.

Then, as we neared the Mississippi, I saw something that one could never see in the mountains, acre after acre of blue lilies, stretching far as the eye could see. For two or three miles we went through that blue sea, and, like Wordsworth's daffodils, I thrill again to their beauty every time I remember them "in tranquillity."

During the summer I had frequent rides on prairie roads, and never again did they seem monotonous, except on very long journeys in which we rolled along for fifty or a hundred miles between almost endless fields of corn. Nearly every prairie field had some specially shapely trees which grew symmetrical because they were not crowded. Another beauty of the prairies is seen in great fields of hay, oats, or wheat. What ocean could be more beautiful than a wind-rippled sea of golden wheat or gray-green timothy?

Once I had an airplane trip over four hundred miles of level land, and I shall always keep in memory the picture of the crazy-quilt prairies, with streams and fences and ribbons of road separating the many fields of various shapes and colors, from the deep brown velvet of newly plowed loam, to the brilliant green satin of alfalfa fields.

If you desire a sense of the greatness of America, you will acquire it, not only in the mountains with their majesty of height, but also in the prairies with their broad expanse, their open view, their wide horizons.

Comfort In Little Things

By Janet Maxey Sandford

Comfort in little things—
Tend the fire, make the bed,
A baby, crying to be fed.

"She didn't suffer; how sweet to go like that;
I hope when I put out to sea—"
O God, did you need her more than we?

Was Heaven lonesome for her?
Was her duty done? Did she want to go?
O God, if we could only know!

We cannot understand—
Give us courage; strengthen our belief;
O God, help us in our grief!

Comfort in little things—
Put the amaryllis where it will show;
Snip the geraniums and make them grow.

Oh, Mother, the flowers miss you so!

A Nomad Heart

By Katherine Duvall Carr

In spring a nomad heart beats wild within
My breast, a lute sounds plaintively all day
Beyond the hills, where paling colors thin
To wantonness, where golden sunbeams play.
I watch the drifting clouds, the quivering rain,
A drenched pine tree, a soaring silver wing,
The flame of red-bud on a winding lane.
These hold my heart entranced—a pagan thing.
And down the road when snowwhite dogwood blooms,
An April wind will whisper, "Come away."
I'll hear its luring voice and long to stray
Beyond the shelter of my humble rooms.
But peace is in my heart when thistles spill
A fringe of purple on an autumn hill.

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