

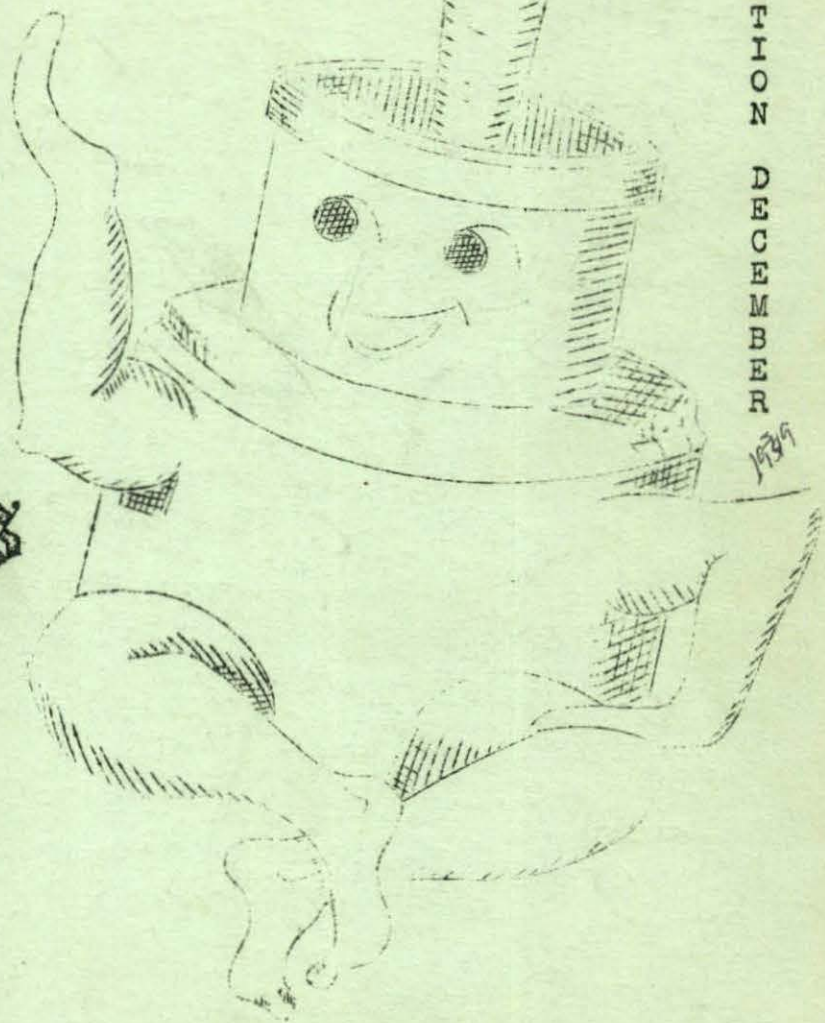
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INKPOT

FRESHMAN CLASS EDITION DECEMBER

1939



Address: INKPOT, Morehead State College

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MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

Dear Reader:

The Inkpot Staff wishes to thank the members of the English Department and the freshmen English students for their fine cooperation and help in getting out this issue of the magazine.

The themes herein are indicative of the improvement of the freshmen students in composing and expressing their thoughts. We have a variety of types of writing: exposition, narration, and essay, including personal experiences, earliest memories, creations of the imagination and fantasy.

We wish you all a happy holiday season.

The Ben

A breezy account of the author's
travels with a windy companion.
Narration

MY JOURNEY WITH BOREAS

One evening as my room-mate, Thendell Dobyms, and I returned from chapel, where Helen A. Greim had given a most excellent performance, I was somewhat surprised to see my old friend Boreas, the God of the North Wind, gently caressing the nearby trees. Seeing me walking along with my room-mate he immediately quit his playing with the trees and came over to inquire how I was getting along. He tossed the papers which were lying on the sidewalk on to the grass, as we talked over our last experience together, which had taken place South of Iwo Jima. As Wendell and I neared Men's Hall Boreas began insisting that I take a trip South with him. He even said we would journey by the home of my girl friend, Imogene Dobyms. So being very fond of Boreas and wanting to see "Gene", I permitted him to cast a spell over me which would release my mind for the trip and leave my physical body to go on to Men's Hall.

While my physical body went on to the room and began rewriting a theme, Boreas and I got ready for the journey. He seated me in his Air Streamer and took the controls. Then we zoomed Southward, high above the hills to keep the speed from causing disaster between here and Martha where "Gene" lives. High above her home Boreas put his Air Streamer into a dive, decreasing the speed as we drew nearer, so that the noise would not awaken her when we came through the tops of the large silver maples which were surrounding the house. Boreas stopped his ship outside "Gene's" window and took off to play in the top of the trees surrounding the house. Meanwhile I leaned back in my seat and watched "Gene" as she smiled in her sleep, knowing that Boreas and I were paying her a visit.

Boreas, finally becoming tired of shaking leaves for Wendell to rake over the week-end, wanted to get going. So I bid "Gene" a silent good-by as he eased the Air Streamer back up into the sky, which was lighted with stars like Broadway in New York city is lighted with electricity.

Since Boreas had fulfilled his promise to me I lay back to enjoy his fun.

After hours of gently weaving his way through the branches of trees and stirring up a pleasant breeze in the

cities we went through, Boreas suddenly leaned forward and laughed an unpleasant laugh as we came to the city of Atlanta, Georgia.

Remembering that Boreas had a century old grudge against this city I leaned forward and watched intently as he increased the speed of his Air Streamer. When he had gained sufficient speed to satisfy his grudge he turned and started through the center of the town at top speed. The tops of houses seemed to collapse as we passed by. When we were in the center of the city Boreas gained a little altitude and began to knock men's hats off right and left with his Air cannons.

Sometime after the sun came up Boreas decided to give the people a rest and turned Eastward out over the Atlantic Ocean. Boreas dared not go farther south since his duel with Apollo.

After about two hours of doing nothing but making some caps on the ocean, he sighted a United States navy vessel manned by cadets from Annapolis. Being very fond of them he decided to assist them in the gaining of their "Sea legs". Whipping up a terrific breeze he then seized their ship and began to lift the bow high in the air, shove the stern deep into the ocean and rock the ship sideways all at the same time.

Since at that time it was nearing the hour of my English class, I had to return to Morehead. So Boreas brought me back and went back to see about the cadets.

Now it will be quite sometime before I see him again so I cannot say what became of the boys from Annapolis.

Arthur Sparks

An ex-coach is the author

THE DISPUTED PLAY

"The hell with Sinclair!" The voice didn't seem to come from anyone in the room and apparently wasn't addressed to anyone in particular. "The hell with Sinclair," it came again. Then a figure began to stir over in the corner of the room. First, two number twelve feet dropped from a table onto the floor. Then a body came up from a reclining position in a big armchair, and a hand went up and pushed a slightly crumpled felt hat back from a thin bony face to reveal Mr. Dunbach, coach of the Ludlow High School football team.

There had been an athletic meeting, an annual event of the Kentucky Athletic Association, in this room of the Kentucky Hotel about two hours earlier. Following the meeting, most of the coaches had stayed around for a little chat about games they had played, what was going to be their toughest game next year, and in general to make a little impression on each other as to their coaching ability.

Mr. Dunbach had apparently passed out from fatigue or other reasons and was coming to life - or having a nightmare. He stood up, and took the floor. All other conversations ceased and everyone waited to see just what would take place.

"Just what would you think of a coach," he began, "that would send a man off the bench to tackle your ball carrier when he's headin' for a touchdown?"

"Now Jim, I didn't do that," Mr. Sinclair, a meek little man who had been coaching at Dixie Heights, tried to explain.

"The score was six to two in favor of Dixie, only two minutes left in the game, and we called a touchdown play," Mr. Dunbach went on. "We had every Dixie player between us and the goal layin' on the ground. Then here comes a man off the bench and nails my ball carrier."

"Now Jim, it didn't happen that way. One of my boys got hurt and just walked off the field," Mr. Sinclair protested. "I had a sub goin' in but he just didn't get in before the play was called, that's all."

Mr. Dunbach had begun to settle himself back in his chair. He continued as if he didn't hear a word Mr. Sinclair had said. "Imagine a coach of a good old American high school where boys

are supposed to learn sportsmanship and fair play pullin' a trick like that. Why, I practically had the game won."

One of the other coaches who had become interested in the play from the standpoint of the rules, asked, "Well what did the officials do about it?"

"Why, I got a five yard penalty for not having enough men on the field when the play started," Mr. Sinclair explained.

Then another coach who apparently wanted to keep the thing going a little longer, said, "Hey, Jim, Sinclair says you couldn't have shook that man loose if his other player had been out there."

Then out of the hat that had settled once again over the face of the man in the big armchair came the words, "The hell with Sinclair!"

William C. Cann

How an operation appears to a child.

I WAS YOUNG BUT I REMEMBER

I opened my eyes and looked around the room; what I saw made me confused and worried. The high, white, painted and narrow bed was not the same as the one I had been used to sleeping in. Not only was the bed white but so was all the rest of the furniture in the room.

Right off I began wondering what had happened, how I got there, and where my mama, papa, and my brothers were.

I was mixed up, I was scared, and my neck was sore. That explained it, that was why I was here, that was what had happened, my neck had been sore for days. I couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, and couldn't relax. My mama, papa, and a man with a little black bag said I had some kind of trouble called tonsillitis.

I remember the little man with the little black bag and the bald head told my mama and papa that I must be taken, at once, to a place he called a hospital in the town not far away.

I remember my papa and mama putting me in a car, the second or third one I had seen in all my life. When the car stopped they took me into a large house I thought must be the house the doctor had talked about. Inside this building we were directed to a tiny room that had nothing in it. Then something happened, I had the funny feeling of going up, almost the same feeling I had at home many times in a swing. The tiny room, an elevator, came to a halt, the door opened, and the man directed us this time to a larger room that did have something in it and did not move.

Inside the room I had to pull off my clothes, put on pajamas, and get into the high, white, painted and narrow bed.

I had taken everything up until then pretty easy, but not long after that I saw something that scared me almost to death. As I lay there in the bed all mixed up in my mind and my neck hurting at the same time, a door slowly opened and into the room walked a big man that was colored black, had big lips and big eyes.

This looked like a man my mama and papa said would get me if I was not a good boy. I thought I had been a good boy, but the black man was going to get me just the same. I began crying, kicking, fighting and biting, but the black man picked me up in his arms and started walking out of the room. I kicked harder, cried louder, but it did me no good; I was carried up some stairs, into the operating room, and laid down on a white table.

My mama was with me all the time, but I was so scared I soon forgot her.

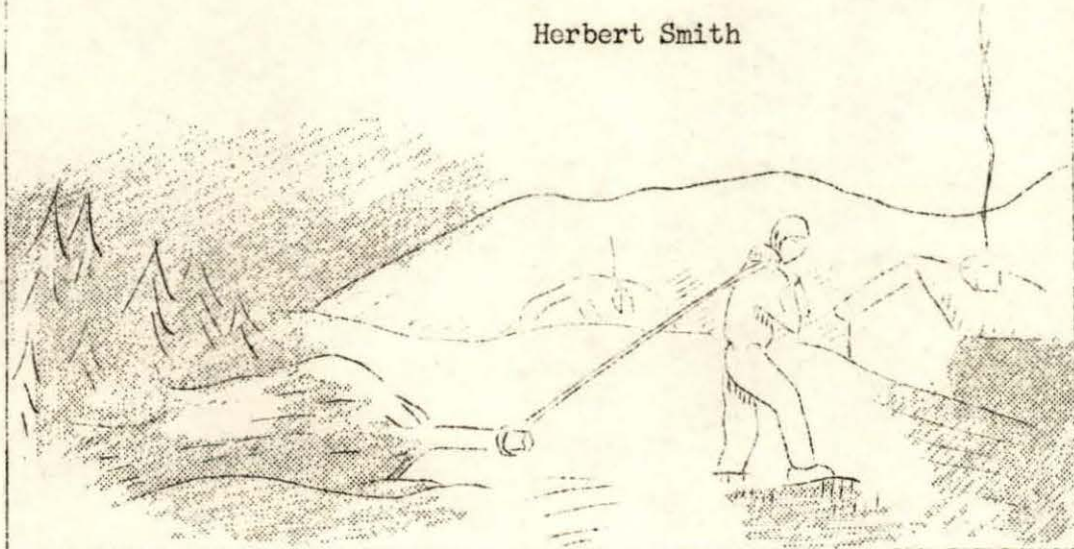
On the table, I looked around the room and saw a lot of people all dressed in white with white cloths over their faces. You could see nothing but their eyes.

Some one's hand touched my forehead; I smelled an unfamiliar odor, and then everything became quiet and still. After that I remembered nothing until I awoke.

Some few people remember things that happened when they were two, several remember things that happened when they were three, and still more remember things that happened when they were four or five; I can only remember those few hours and nothing more until I was six. How could I forget them, so many strange places, so many strange people dressed in such peculiar ways; that terrible pain in my neck, and worst of all how could I forget the big black man that I thought was taking me away?

Yes, I will always remember those hours, even though I was only four when they passed.

Herbert Smith



During the War the Joneses had to buy a farm to have a place to live near their business. As Mr. Jones had little time to spend on chores, he was forced to hire a man to do them. In this excerpt the "hired man" is alone in the house; the Joneses are away

From I'LL DRINK THIS AND NO MORE

....One day while the Joneses were away. Jim was rushing through the house when he saw a key lying on the table. "A key," he whispered. "Wonder what it is doing there? Why, that's the key to the cellar. I know what it is to, it's to the beer closet. I'll just take that key and get me a bottle of beer."

Jim walked toward the table, his eyes fixed on the key. "I'll get me one bottle of beer, that's what I'll do. No... I don't know whether to or not," he thought as he rubbed his chin, still looking at the key.

"I sure would like a bottle of beer, but I'm afraid Mr. Jones would not like it if I got to drinkin' and drunk up all his beer. He'd probably run me off when he found out. No, I won't drink any today. I'll go feed old Kate cause I might want to go somewhere this evening," and Jim started for the door.

He stopped. "That key. It worries me. I wish it would get out of my sight," he muttered as he pushed on the screen door. "You know what, that might not even be the key to the cellar. They have tried to play a trick on me, that's what they have done. I just won't bother about it any more."

A knock sounded on the door. Jim was standing in the center of the room, still hypnotized by the key.

"Y-yes, come in."

"You sound scared," said the newcomer. "What's wrong?"

"N-nothin'. I was just thinking what I might do." Jim was relieved to find that the newcomer was only a neighbor.

"I want to see Mr. Jones about that fence. Where is he?"

"He and the woman went somewhere. I don't exactly know where," Jim replied, "but it is down near Lexington."

The persistent neighbor wanted to know all the details. Jim told him all he knew, and that he didn't know when the Joneses would return but that he thought it would be late.

"I'm certainly not going to wait for them," said the neighbor at last and was on the point of leaving. "So long, Jim, and be good."

To himself Jim murmured, "I'll be good after a bottle of beer." That turned the trick. Getting up from his rocker he began to laugh. "They tried to fool me, or didn't they? I'll see. I'll try this key. I can draw me a mark on the table and put the key back right where it was."

Jim drew a rather hurried mark, picked up the key and was on his way to the cellar. He tried the key. "It opened!" he exclaimed. "Just look at that beer. Half a case of it." Jim approached the case of beer with eyes sparkling like diamonds.

He picked up a bottle. "I'll drink this one and no more." Time passed. Again he said to himself, "I'll drink this one and no more." The next thing he knew, Mr. Jones was pulling him out of the potato box.....

Kathryn McGlone



A little late for Halloween,
but still quite entertaining.

Ghosts Are Human

The fire popped and cracked and the wind howled as everyone settled down to listen to the dogs run. I might also add, to hear Uncle John's spook story, which was the highlight of these fox-hunts.

Uncle John was all primed as he took a big chew of home-made tobacco. He looked around at the different faces. There were Dave Fallon, George White and many others including myself. Uncle John's gaze was fixed on me and the way those little beady-blue eyes penetrated was enough to give anyone the creeps and that's exactly what I had. After every one of these hunts I vowed and declared it was my last, but curiosity being greater than my will-power, I was always present the next Saturday night to hear Uncle John's yarn.

He must have looked at me for two minutes, which seemed more like hours before he spoke.

"You know," he says, "I remember when I was about Bob's age I got the best scare of my life."

"How was that?" asked George White.

Everyone settled down to hear the story and that was the key for Uncle John to start.

"Well when I was a kid about fourteen years old, I was coming home from a fox-hunt, when it started raining like "water pouring out of a boot." There was an old house a short distance away and I made for it as fast as my legs would carry me. When I reached the house I happened to remember all the stories I had heard about the place being haunted and why no one would live there. The rain pouring on my back soon drove all of these thoughts from my mind and I started to go in.

"I very cautiously opened the door, which groaned and squeaked like nothing I had ever heard before. The rain was driving at my back as I stepped into a mass of spider-webs. Those things on my face felt as though they had a million spiders in them and I began clawing at my face furiously. I must have jumped twenty feet as the wind caught the door behind me and slammed it with a terrific bang. My nerves were in a deplorable condition now and my imagination was working overtime.

"At this moment one of the dogs came up behind me and nudged me. I must have given a pretty fair demonstration of Uncle John's leap, for I practically jumped into the fire. Everyone had a good laugh at my expense and I shamefully returned to my position and Uncle John continued, after squirting huge quantities of tobacco juice into the fire.

"I was stumbling around in the dark when I heard it, a mournful sound coming from upstairs. I wanted to get out of there, but my legs just wouldn't cooperate, and I stood there as if frozen in my tracks. Then the door leading upstairs opened and so help me I thought my heart would beat an opening through my ribs and escape. I just stood there and waited but nothing happened. I had visualized some sort of a monster was going to come out. I began to regain some of my nerve.

"The moaning sound became louder and it was at this instant something hit me in the face. I keeled over backwards from the shock more than the impact and lay there too scared to move. I hadn't seen anything, but something definitely had hit me and the moaning sound from upstairs was gaining in volume constantly.

"I collected all of my potential strength and started for the outside door. I froze there in my tracks, my mouth dropped open, and my eyes bulged, as there before me stood a huge monster wrapped in white and apparently afire inside. I fainted.

"When I came to I heard my father's voice and believe me that was the best his voice ever sounded to me in my life. He asked me what was wrong and I told him about the events I had experienced before I fainted. I have never heard him laugh so in all my life and it made my pretty mad to think he should take it all so lightly. He then told me what all of my ghosts had been. The moaning noise was nothing more than a piece of paper tacked over a broken window, the thing that had knocked me down was a bat, and the huge monster was himself with a canvas over his head and a lantern. These were all simple to me now, but to a fourteen-year-old boy they are mighty different."

I could certainly agree with Uncle John for I was in a state of nervous exhaustion. On the way home I must have jumped at least a dozen times, for every little noise along the path excited me. I made a solemn oath that night, I would never go on another fox-hunt.

Robert E. Warnock

Fear is the impetus for many of our early mishaps.

A MINOR MINER

As time goes by and we grow older and more experienced in life, we think back to our childhood and the wonderful times we had with the other children in our neighborhood.

My mind wanders back to the autumn of 1935 when I was only three years old. I lived in a small mining town in Kentucky. At that time the people in this town were very uncivilized. They didn't believe in Christianity and education. Most of the children in this town used very vulgar language. Since my parents were the only Christian people there, I had very little choice in choosing my playmates.

One day a group of small boys gathered in front of my house to play marbles. When one of them missed a shot he "ripped out" a curse word. Since I had been unaccustomed to such vile language, this word attracted my attention. Quite a few times after that I would slip away to some dark corner and whisper this word to myself.

One day while my brother and I were watching his dog chase a rabbit around the hill, I became very excited and used this word in reference to the dog. My brother heard me and threatened to tell my father what I had said. I became very frightened and wondered what to do.

Behind my house there was a small track. Several times I had noticed a small car on this track and asked my father about it and he said it was the tram road and the car I had seen was a motor car.

As I stood and wondered what to do before my brother returned with my father, I noticed that the motor car had stopped directly behind our house. I ran up the hill as fast as my short legs could carry me, climbed into the motor car and lay down. After a while I became aware of the fact that the car was moving. I sat up and then I saw that I was approaching a dark spot on the hill which looked like a large hole. As the motor car moved onward into the mine a vast darkness surrounded me. I began to imagine that large hands were reaching out of the dark to grab me. I became very frightened and began to cry. After what seemed ages a small light appeared in the distance. When the car got up to the

light it stopped. By this time I was screaming to the top of my voice. Then I heard a strange voice and a man reached down and picked me up in his arms and began to comfort me. After I had stopped crying and told him my story, he climbed back into the car with me and we motored out of the mine.

When I climbed out of the car my father was standing there waiting for me. He was so glad to see me that he never mentioned what my brother told him.

I learned from this little incident never to repeat words that I had heard unless I knew what they meant.

Nellie Rose Smith

A twenty minute class theme in which the author decides that we'll usually come through-- when we're put to the test

SCHOOL SPIRIT AT MOREHEAD

"Boy, what school spirit we have at Morehead." That is what everyone was saying after our first home football game.

Most people think that school spirit can be judged by the way students conduct themselves at some sport's event. But to me school spirit means much more.

Go with me on a short journey around the campus and I will show you what I mean.

We get our first picture of the school spirit when we see someone drop a candy wrapper on the grass. One would most likely say, "Well he doesn't care what the school is like."

Our next stop is the swimming pool. Some one who has been playing basketball and is hot and wet comes into the water, "He doesn't care if, he infects the entire school."

We end our short journey in a freshmen English class. The instructor gives an examination and then leaves the room. We sit there waiting to see some one pick up his book or ask his friend the answer to some question. But here we are surprised. Everyone starts working and continues to do so until he finishes.

School spirit is about the same at Morehead as at any other small college. Everyone seems to forget that there is a school spirit until he is put to a test, then he hardly ever fails to come through.

Charles Brewer

Is it Dale who walks down College Boulevard
vibrating his vocal chords after bedtime
these nights?

MISCHIEF IN MEN'S HALL

A cold shiver ran its course down my spine as I watched an angry group of men turn the icy cold shower on the squirming, kicking curly headed victim, whom I have since known as Dale Bentley. He had become thoroughly soaked and chilled enough to cause his teeth to chatter as if he had the ague.

"Boys, please turn me loose and I won't do another mean trick while I am in college," Dale said.

His tormentors released their hold and Dale walked out of the shower with one of the few smiles I have seen on his face, and exposed his gold front tooth. "Boys," I said to myself, "you had better keep your doors locked from now on. Dale doesn't smile like that for nothing."

The rough treatment was the result of an accumulation of small grievances. Some of the men had been short sheeted; one of them had crawled into his bed before he discovered that sugar had been spread over his sheets and sprinkled down with water; another tried his door one morning only to find it would not open and was forced to go over the transom; while the leader of the shower episode had just spent a full evening in his small clothes closet.

Since that day I have been awakened quite a few times while trying to take afternoon naps by having cold water poured in my ear, and of course Dale was always nearby. He couldn't seem to reform, it made no difference how many times he was put under the cold shower.

I think Mark Twain should have discovered him instead of Tom Sawyer. Dale would never have lowered the scratching cat from the hole in the ceiling to lift the preacher's wig from his head; he would have figured out some means to burn the wig off. I can't even imagine him betting someone else would work all day just to get to splash some whitewash on a well dressed pedestrian.

Dale moved up to a front row seat one day to watch his teacher sit down on some strategically located tacks. I was more interested in Dale's reactions than in the teacher's that day. He sat relaxed in his seat with his face looking as innocent and guiltless as a two year old baby's.

When Dale starts toward home I am sure his arrival will be suspected long before he gets there, if there are any dogs or cats to carry cans on their tails. I saw Dale a few days ago. He is back in college. "Coleman," he said, "you needn't worry about having water poured in your ears anymore. I am going to watch over you this term."

I know he will!

Coleman C. White

Jingle bells, jingle bells
and childhood memories.

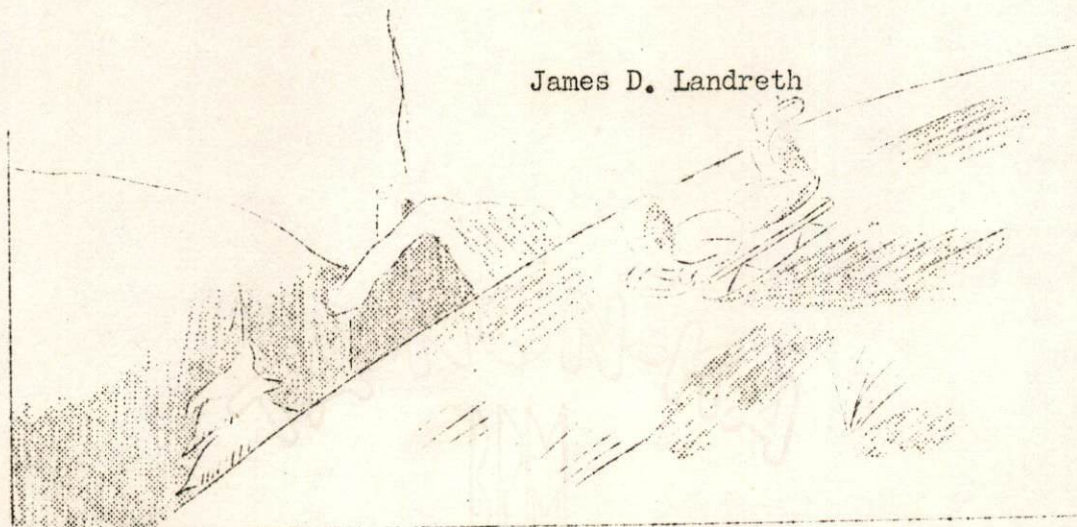
MEMORIES OF MY FIRST SLED

When I was about three years old, one of my cousins gave me a wooden sled which he had made. I can remember how thrilled I was when he told me that he would give it to me and that I could take it home with me. I don't remember who put it in our car, but I do remember it was in the car when we started home. It was only a short distance from my cousin's home to my home, but I don't remember when we reached home with my sled. It must have been either summer or fall when my cousin gave me the sled, for the weather was still warm.

As far as I know, I never saw my sled again until cold weather. I can remember one morning I begged my mother to let me go outside where my father was, so I could ride in the wagon with him. She told me I could go after I put on my coat, cap, and mittens. It was a cold day, and to the best of my knowledge it was snowing. I crossed the road with my sled and went down to the field near the creek where I thought my father was. After I got there, I couldn't see him anywhere. I started back to the house, but I left my sled, as I was probably tired pulling it.

I don't remember any more about my sled for about three or four years. Then I happened to remember that day when I left my sled in the field near the creek. When I went to get it, I wasn't able to find it. I decided that sometime during those three or four years it had been washed away by high waters from the creek.

James D. Landreth



This theme appeals to the senses
and the emotions

AN EARLY EXPERIENCE

It was a cold, windy, January night. Snow covered the ground and icicles hung from the houses. The wind made a howling noise as it whizzed by our home. We were thankful for our warm fire and comfortable home.

Since I was only five years old, I was put to bed at eight o'clock. My father had come in from the barbershop and we had eaten our evening meal. My parents had played with me until my bedtime.

At midnight the telephone rang very loudly. My mother was the first one to reach the telephone. She babbled into the mouthpiece. We couldn't understand what had happened to arouse her so, until we heard something about a fire. My father's barbershop was on fire!

My mother became hysterical and frightened. My father had put on some warm clothes and was leaving before I could understand the situation. However, I was old enough to comprehend what had happened.

Mother and I stayed at home. In a few minutes the shrill sound of the fire siren was heard. The whistle blew until nearly everyone was awakened. Some people looked out the windows to see if the fire could be seen, while others went to town dressed in pajamas and overcoats.

When our neighbor returned from the fire, he told us that the fire had started because of electrical wiring under the floor. There was no damage but the firemen were still watching. Several people discussed what a terrible fire it could have been because of the frosty, windy night. The barbershop was in the main section of town and there were apartments over the shop. The fire could have spread rapidly.

At last my father came home. He was tired and cold, but happy that there was no damage to the building or equipment.

We quieted down for a few hours of sleep. I was so excited with all the happenings that it was very hard for me to go back to sleep. Suddenly, after everyone was asleep, the phone rang again. This time the ring was long and persistent. My father jumped out of bed and shouted into the telephone. He was told that the whole building was ablaze!

Again my father hurried into his clothes and started out the door. My mother and I looked out the window. The flames were going high into the sky and the whole town seemed lit up. The fire siren rang again and again. This time the people could see the fire. Cars and trucks went whizzing through town.

My mother realized that the barbershop was our main source of income. She tried to be calm and not show her feelings, but I could tell that she was worried and frightened. I cried for my father to come home as I realized the danger that he was in.

We could hear shouts of warning as the fire spread. My father took out a few of his tools and some furniture was taken from the apartments.

The firemen did all that they were able to, but the building soon caved in. This time the damage amounted to very much. Some of the men stayed to see if the fire was going to start again.

My father came home at five o'clock. He was disgusted and weary. The water had frozen on his back and had turned into icicles, as this happened in zero weather. Daddy said he didn't understand how the fire had started the second time. He did know that fifteen years of hard work to establish a good business had gone up in smoke. His skill was all that remained.

The next morning the fire was the talk of the town. We went down to see the remains of the building. Icicles hung from the chairs and black ashes were still burning. The pavement was slippery with ice.

This is an experience that I will never forget because of the shrill sound of the siren that rang out into the night and because of the anxiety that my mother showed. Even now I can remember that terrible experience that happened on a frosty, windy, January night.

Betty Campbell

This might have been quite disasterous

TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

When I was three years old, into our family was born a little sister. She was the thing I had longed for ever since I had been big enough to talk. Although she was the joy of my life, it was hard for me to realize I was no longer the baby. I soon began to feel that I was a "big girl" and could take care of my little sister.

Mother didn't have a new modern baby bed for her. She had an old-fashioned, antique cradle. The cradle had been handed down from one generation to the other. It was very large and crude. It was so tall, that I being short, couldn't see my little sister when she was in it. Mother would let me rock her in the cradle. I would rock the cradle and try to sing "Rock A-bye Baby". I had the habit of climbing up and standing on the rocker of the cradle so I could see my little sister. I would stand on the rocker and try to rock the cradle all at the same time. Every time mother saw me doing this she would tell me not to do it anymore. She would always say, "Alleen, some day you are going to turn the cradle over doing that, and then you may kill your little sister." I would remember this for awhile. Then I would think, Oh, I have just got to see her and climb up and stand on the rocker again.

One day in the fall when my sister was almost a year old, I was taking care of her for mother, while she was getting dinner. Mother decided that she had to go to the potato patch and dig some potatoes for dinner. Mother said, "Alleen, you rock her while I am gone so she won't cry, but be sure you don't stand on the rocker because you might turn her over. I promise her that I wouldn't.

I rocked her for a long time. She was lying there cooing and talking baby talk. I thought, Oh, I have just got to see her, I have just about forgotten how cute she is. With these thoughts I climbed up. I was standing there singing "Rock A-bye Baby". When I came to the part "down will come baby, cradle and all", Mother's predictions came true. I turned the cradle over. The cradle, little sister and all came over on top of me. The big cradle, mattress and slats were all on top of my little sister and me. I could not move.

As mother came through the yard gate she heard the loud noise. She knew at the moment what I had done. She was so frightened she could hardly get into the house to rescue us. When she finally got to us, all she could see of us was one of my feet sticking out from under the cradle. When she uncovered us we were both about smothered to death.

When I realized what I had done, I was so ashamed of myself I went into a room and shut myself up. I shall never forget how I felt.

I was almost like the little boy who killed two birds with one stone. I almost killed two little girls at once.

Alleen Margaret Myers

"I Was a Male War Bride"
or something like it any-
way.

IF YOU ARE HAVING PRE-MARITAL HEADACHES, READ THIS

Marriage is almost a universal requirement-- or law, before two persons of the opposite sex may live together. This ordinance is supported and carried out in many different ways, each country having its own rules. Some are the same while others are different. Even various sections of a country may have minor variations.

In the United States, it is necessary to obtain a marriage license. To do this the couple must be of age or have their parents' consent. Then the couple must each undergo a physical examination, including a blood test. Upon presentation of the physical examination, records and their parents' consent, or conclusive evidence that both applicants are of age, the marriage license will be issued. The next steps are up to the couple concerned. They may have any type of ceremony they wish, and any one of a number of different people officiate. There are a lot to pick from and perhaps it is confusing to those who haven't taken this "fatal" step. However, the procedure in this country is comparatively simple compared to that of others.

The author of this theme has undergone the painful operation of being married while on duty with the Army of Occupation in Germany. That was an experience never to be forgotten.

I was under the false impression that it was a simple matter to be married. It didn't take me long to learn how mistaken I was. My fiancée and I were each required to submit a formal written request, an original and seven copies. That was only a small beginning. I had to have certified copies of my birth certificate, affidavits saying I was not married and that I was not related to my wife-to-be. As if it were possible for me, an American-born Norwegian, to be related to a German in the "old country". Could people be so dumb? Then there was the physical examination. It seems that everytime you turn around in the Army you are subject to one of these ordeals. I was examined from the top of my flat head to the bottom of my equally flat feet - inside and out. If anything had been wrong with me, they would have found it. My future bride was also required to submit to the brainstorm of the Army Medical Department. She also had to have certified copies of her birth certificate, an affidavit from the Police Department near her home stating that she had no police record, and a letter from her minister concerning her morals and family background.

When all these necessary items had been completed, to their pleasure, we had an interview with the Army chaplain of my unit. This, contrary to popular belief, was a pleasant experience. His only bit of advice was that we shouldn't live with our parents for an extended period of time.

After our interview with the chaplain our papers were forwarded through military channels to the Commanding General. My girl friend then had to make application for an "Exit Permit". This was a simple matter requiring only three days of continual running around to get all the necessary forms in order. Then an endless period of waiting began.

Week after week passed by and no word was received. I began to think uncomplimentary thoughts about Army channels. We set a tentative date, 12 October 1948, for our wedding. On the first of October, I received formal permission to be married. It read something like this, "Permission is hereby granted for you to marry Miss _____, a German national, effective 1 October 1948 and not later than 5 October 1948." We had only two working days to make our final arrangements.

Our first step was to get an order from the Legal Branch of Military Government directing the Chief of the German Marriage Bureau to perform the ceremony. We had little choice in the manner in which we wanted to be married. A marriage is not legal in Germany unless it is performed by the Marriage Bureau.

The ceremony performed by an American Justice of the Peace is "superb" compared to that of the German Marriage Office. The ceremony began with a short history of each of our lives. By history I mean birthdate, place of birth, occupation, present address, and parents' names. Then we were each asked if we wished to marry the other. That was a silly question in my mind. What did he think we were there for? All this took place while we were seated around a table. My girl and I were on one side, the official on the other, and a witness on each end. Then we were directed to stand, and the gentleman in charge pronounced us man and wife. A cold ceremony indeed, but we were legally married. We were married again that afternoon, by the chaplain, in a simple but impressive ceremony at my wife's home to satisfy our own desires.

Harold W. Meland, Jr.

This theme has good description
and is developed in natural
settings.

I DIDN'T DO IT

Every individual always experiences some unforgettable incident during his childhood. There are always such things as running away, getting lost, or "cropping" of one's hair. What happened to me when I was a child is somewhat different from any of these. This incident happened when I was three years old.

One day my mother was washing her hair and as I stood near her, my head barely reaching the top of the sink, my eyes rested upon a very small article that lay beside a bottle of shampoo. Standing on my toes, I plunged my plump, little hand forward and seized the obstacle, bumping my chin against the handle of one of the sink drawers in the effort. As my mother had her eyes closed, she did not see that I had taken the top from the shampoo bottle.

Mother continued to wash her hair, and I continued to play about her feet. Presently, I began coughing. I became strangled and gagged so hard that mother thought I would vomit. She could not figure out what could have happened. Mother hurriedly put away the things she was using; however, when she put the shampoo away, the lid was missing. She turned to me and asked if I had seen it. The only reply I could give was a dry, gagging cough. Mother immediately knew what was wrong with me. I had swallowed the shampoo cap. She became excited, and, not knowing what to do, called to her neighbor. Mrs. Sturgill knew that mother was desperate by the scared, stiff tone of her voice. She ran into our house with her apron on, carrying one shoe, and having the other only half on her foot. When she learned what had happened she became so excited that mother became more flustered than ever. Since neither of them knew any first-aid, they decided to call daddy from work and get a doctor. Poor daddy came rushing home wearing his mining clothes, expecting to find his child dead or very near death. I became frightened because of the coal dust on his face and began to scream in panic.

You can imagine what an uproar our house must have been in when the doctor arrived. As mother explained to him what had happened, I sneaked off my chair and crept over to the doctor's "pill bag," which he had left in the corner. When the doctor turned to examine me, uh-oh! Where do you think he found me?

I had managed to open the little, black bag, and had one foot already inside and the other extended over the bag when mother caught me. The doctor didn't think there could be anything seriously wrong, but he asked me if I had swallowed the shampoo cap. At this, I walked directly to the stove, lay flat on my stomach, and reaching to the corner of one leg of the stove, I came up with the tiny, black article that had drawn my attention about an hour ago. At this point everyone gasped, and then gave a sigh of relief. They finally came to the conclusion that I had got shampoo in my mouth and it made me sick for a few moments.

I have known of many peculiar things that happened to children when they were too young to realize how funny the incident was. Now that I am much older, I laugh every time my mother tells me that after the doctor left, I looked up at her with seriousness in my baby blue eyes and said, "I didn't do it."

Jo Nell Breeding

What will the airplane of tomorrow be like and what additional functions will it have?

The Miracle of the Airplane

December 17, 1903 was a great day in the Air Age. It was on this day in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina that the Wright Brothers launched their new invention. The first airplane traveled one-hundred and twenty feet in just twelve seconds! I wonder if the inventors or spectators witnessing this event had the slightest idea of the important future that lay before this new flying machine.

We are so accustomed to the airplane today that we hardly pay any attention to it as it soars through the air. We find ourselves speaking in terms of airways in the same manner as we speak of highways and railways. The saying that the airplane has made the world smaller can be verified by the short time it takes the modern passenger plane to reach its destination. Today many people prefer to travel by plane rather than by bus or train because planes are much faster and the journey is less tiresome. Thus the airplane has become a rival of other methods of transportation.

The significant role that the airplane played in World War II can hardly be expressed in words. It was by airplane that food and supplies were transported to the soldiers overseas. The airplane acted as an ambulance in caring for the wounded. Doctors, nurses, and Red Cross workers, along with medicine, were rushed to the battle areas by the plane. Without the airplane bombs would have been worthless as weapons of warfare. Even the atomic bomb would be valueless if it were not for the airplane.

The airplane plays an equally significant role in peacetime. The exploration of unknown regions would have been almost impossible without the aid of the airplane. By plane explorers are able to bring back animals, plants and other things from an unknown country. In cases of emergency such as hurricanes, floods, and explosions, airplanes are sent to the scene of the disaster carrying doctors, nurses, medicine and other needed supplies. Imagine what the appearance of an airplane would mean to someone lost in a jungle or a survivor of a shipwreck floating on a raft at sea. Rescuing people from such disasters is one of the many services rendered by the airplane. The airplane is an important asset in world trade. The transportation of air mail is another important service performed by the airplane.

What will the airplane of tomorrow be like? Will they be as different from the airplane of today as it is different from the Kitty Hawk? The airplane of today and what it will be in the future owes its success to its ancestor, the little Kitty Hawk.

Ruth Phillips

This excerpt is a fine example of the good, old fashioned, reliable "unfolding" of a scene. Key words are written in capitals. In this case, the unfolding is from the general (Chicago) to the specific (a street scene)

From A NIGHT IN CHICAGO

The day was drawing to a close as the twilight faded and the shadow of darkness crept through the tall buildings of downtown CHICAGO. The air seemed fresh and snappy with the wind whistling in the tops of the tall buildings as it blew in from the LAKE. Trees snapped and popped with the increasing intensity of the temperature. The STREETS were becoming slowly covered with a film of frost, composed of tiny white crystals that sparkled under the dim rays of light from a new moon. The air was light and every footstep on the SIDEWALK resounded down the street with a faint echo that sounded as if someone were coming in the opposite direction.

With NO ONE WALKING ON THE STREETS but me the awful surroundings goose-pimpled my flesh as the shadow of darkness tightened its grip to cut off the last bit of natural light...

Ova Boggs

Did you ever wander away from home when just a youngster? What happened?

COUNTRY CAPERS

Nineteen hundred and thirty-four was the year; it was a hot, sultry July morning that my little experience occurred. The little neighbor boy and I were great buddies. Edward, my buddy, was two-and-a-half years old, and I was three-and-a-half. His father, Tandy Henry, drove a truck for my grandfather. Tandy was hauling garbage on this beautiful morning. Mother, believing that all the gates and fences were securely fastened, resumed her housework. Being a deviated person (at that time), I found an opening somewhere for Edward and me,

Edward kept saying, "Help, Dadda." We were going to help him unload the garbage, so we thought. He was just at the toddling age then. Those fields were much larger than I had realized. When Mother found us, I was leading Edward and carrying his shoes. Both of us were screaming and crying at the tops of our voices as darkness came creeping upon us. As well as I remember we both got what they termed as "tan your hide".

Norma Sue Reid

Were you ever lost when a child? It's a frightening experience.

AN INCIDENT IN MY EARLY LIFE

I can't remember too much about my early life, but one incident is clearly in mind. I don't know if I really remember it, or if I have been reminded of it until I think I remember it.

The incident about which I am going to write occurred when I was about four years old. One day my family and I were visiting my aunt. My cousin and my two sisters, all of whom were older than I, went visiting next door. This house was next door, but it was out of sight. A little path went from the main road to this house.

I finally talked my mother into letting me go where my older sister was, but she thought someone was going to take me. I started walking and I didn't see the path that turned off, so I kept walking. After I had walked a long time I began crying for my sister. Finally I came to a store. The merchant knew me and gave me candy to get me to stop crying. Daddy finally found me and took me home. I had walked a mile and a half.

Ruby L. Arnett

The author can dream but cats
must eat.

--Narration--

MY PET CROW

One fall afternoon while I was out walking about the fields and meadows I heard a strange cry. It was loud and persistent sounding marvelously like a human child but mingled with it I heard the vigorous cries of crows.

I looked over into the meadow and there I first saw the crow baby sitting on an old rail fence. He was nearly as big and black as his mother but he had no tail to speak of. As he stood on the rail fence bawling at the top of his hoarse baby voice I began to feel sorry for him.

I sat down in some nearby bushes and decided to watch the crows for a while. My interest began to increase with leaps and bounds when the mamma started to feed the baby crow.

As he saw food approaching his voice ran up several tones higher, in laughable imitation of a human baby's cry. He followed his mother's movements with his eyes, turning his head to and fro, showing an eager pathetic interest.

But sometimes mamma did not heed her baby's cry and sailed calmly by, alighting a few rails beyond her hungry infant, though he held out his fluttering wings in a begging way. Then the little fellow would start up on unsteady legs, to walk the rail to reach her, balancing himself with outspread wings. When he reached her side and put his beak to hers in a coaxing way, I don't see how any mother could have resisted. But this wise "dame" had evidently hardened her heart for she dropped to the ground and went wading about in the wet grass and mud that was on the meadow. After a short time she flew off without giving him a morsel. Then the disappointed youngster lifted his head toward the sky and voiced his protest to the cold cruel world.

As I sat looking at him running up and down the rail fence I decided that he would make a good pet. So I slipped softly up behind him and had him under my arm before he knew what it was all about. He didn't put up much of a fight, evidently he had not learned yet to fear man.

As I walked slowly home with the crow tucked tightly under my arm I was feeling superior to any king.

When I arrived home I was very tired so I sat down on the front porch, but first I turned the baby crow loose on the lawn and let him travel around at his own free will.

As the crow began hopping back and forth over the lawn, I noticed the intelligent lift of his head, the alertness of his eyes and the rhythm of his every movement.

I was just on the point of deciding to train this intelligent bird to such an extent that I could sell him to a circus owner for an enormous price when Tom, the housecat, dashed out from no where and was gone with my pet before I could say "jack rabbit."

Stephen Frazier

Have you ever searched your memory for the details of an early incident?

THE STORM

In a small, enclosed yard in Ashland, Kentucky, I sat playing with my little dog, Bobby. He was chained to the wooden steps that led far up into the air to a tiny porch. This was the entrance to our upstairs apartment. I was only twenty-six months old so everything appeared larger to me than it would to an adult. The steps seemed endless and I always dreaded going back up them once I had reached the ground.

Suddenly the sky grew dark and the wind began to blow. It whipped around the corner and seemed to try to push me away from my dog.

My mother called to me to hurry upstairs, but I stayed there trying to loosen the chain that held my puppy to the steps. The more I worked the tighter the chain seemed to get. Finally I became frightened and started crying. I was afraid my dog would get hurt if I left him out in the storm. Bobby must have thought we were playing a game because he kept hopping about and the jerking on the chain made it impossible for me to loosen it.

I did not fully realize the danger a storm can hold but I knew something was going to happen from the sound of my mother's voice. So when she called again I knew I had better obey her. Slowly I half climbed, half crawled up the steep steps into my mother's waiting arms.

What happened after I was safe behind closed doors, I do not remember, nor do I know how long the storm lasted.

The next thing I remember was my mother standing by the window talking to a woman in the street below. They exchanged words about the bad storm and my mother told the lady that our window screens had blown away.

I have often gone back through my memories, searching for more information about the storm. But, my search has been in vain. I don't suppose I shall ever know what the woman looked like or if my dog came safely through the storm.

Billie Jo Miller

A familiar picture.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTION

As I let my mind drift through years past, I find that I can recall no event occurring earlier than 1934, when I was about four years old.

It was in the winter, and the ground was completely covered by snow. I can remember how pretty I thought everything looked for I was always extremely fond of snow, and received great pleasure from being allowed to play in it.

My uncle, who always entertained me, built a sled and took me for a ride in the snow. I can remember clearly, as if it were yesterday, the streets we journeyed over.

Mother had bundled me in sweaters, coats, and blankets, until I felt like a huge ball of yarn. My plump little face looked as if it were set proudly on top of this conglomeration, and everyone we met remarked, with a little laugh, that my body appeared to be twice the size of my head! Of course, I laughed, too, for I knew nothing else to do.

As I rode along, I insisted on dragging my hand in the snow. For some reason, which I never understood, but knew not to question, my uncle insisted that I keep my arms under the blanket if I wanted to continue my ride. There is no need to say that I was quick to obey his command.

I know no reason why this particular incident should stick in my mind for so long; but, never-the-less, it has always been there, and on numerous occasions I find my self laughing silently because of my ride over town in the snow!

Elizabeth Anne Moss

A suggestion: Try putting somebody else's story in your own words and locality. This one is based on Hamlin Garland's "Getting the Doctor," from A Son of the Middle Border

GETTING THE DOCTOR

One night I was awakened by a knock on my door. I could not get awake at once, and I was not accustomed to being disturbed at this hour of the night. Then I heard my father's voice. "Get up, Tom, and go for the Doctor at once."

I jumped out of bed and opened the door. "What is the matter, Dad?" I asked.

"It is the old pain in my stomach," he said.

I stopped in the hall and put on my heavy riding coat. Then I opened the door and looked out upon the night. "What a dreadful time to be out!" I thought to myself as I made for the stable. The snow was coming down in sheets, blown by a strong east wind.

On reaching the stable the question arose in my mind which horse to ride. Black Bird was the best in a way. He was faster and he rode smoother. Spot was not a saddle horse, but he was more sure-footed. I chose Spot. I never used a saddle on Spot. He was fat and round like a log. It was almost impossible to tighten a saddle on him enough to keep it from turning.

Down the lane we went at a lope. Then we came to the paved road. It was frozen over, a solid sheet of ice. There was no traffic, nor were any people out at 2:00 a.m. We kept on the shoulder of the road and Spot showed his speed. The first mile was behind us. Then we had to leave the highway and take a county road, that was not so slippery. I felt that my hands were almost frozen since I had forgotten my gloves. I dropped the reins on Spot's neck and buried my hands in his mane. This left him free to choose his own road, which was just as well since he could see better in the dark than I could.

About another mile farther along Spot came to a sudden stop. I saw in front of us a silver ribbon of light, about fifteen feet across. I knew what it was. The rain yesterday had raised the stream and the blizzard had frozen it over. I did not know what to do. "We will have to try" I said to Spot. "We have come too far now to turn back..." As I spoke Spot edged onto the ice. His footsteps were like beating drums on the ice. Then he was down on his knees, but not all

the way. The thought occurred to me that he might be asking the Lord for help. Possibly I was the one to pray.

With renewed energy Spot was on his feet. Soon we were in the village. It looked like a ghost town. Not a soul was to be seen and a dog howled suffering from the cold.

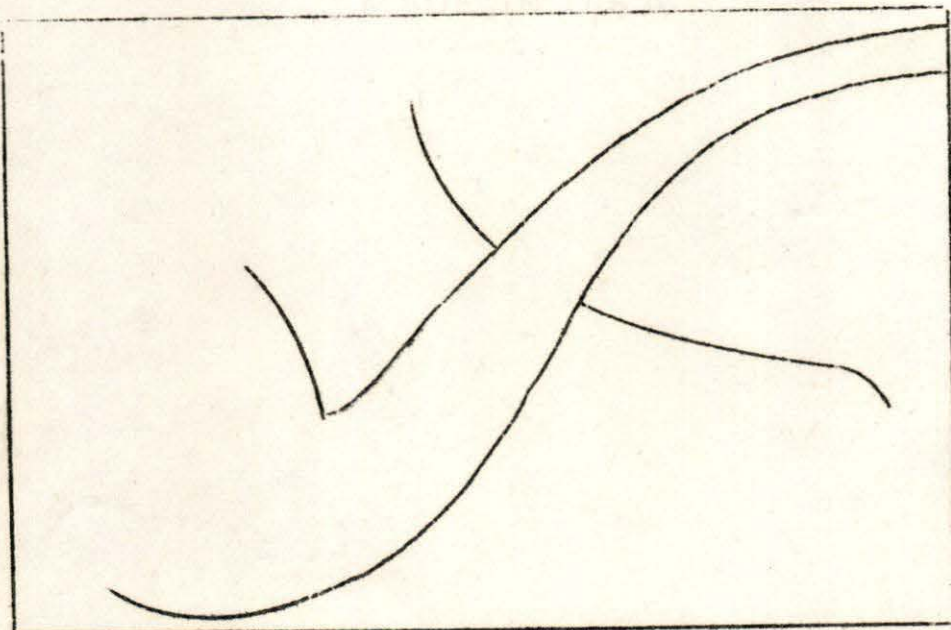
There was the Doctor's house, with a dim light in the hall. I dismounted, threw down the reins, and ran up the steps. I knocked several times before the door was opened by the Doctor's wife. I told my story and asked if she thought the Doctor would make the call. "Of course he'll go," she said. "He wouldn't be outdore by a brat like you. Too, his horses are roughshod and they will go anywhere.."

The Doctor came down rubbing his eyes. "Tom," he said, "You go to bed. I'll be back soon. When I get back you will know how your father is."

It was no trouble to go to sleep. It is no trouble for a man to go to sleep when his mind is at ease. I knew I had done all I could. The Man of Science was on his way.

My father always said, "Spot saved my life."

George Bradley



Have you ever experienced the injustice of being blamed for another's guilt?

WHO DID IT?

As the lightning flashes and the thunder rolls, I'm sitting here with my thoughts drifting back to my childhood.

It was on a day like this when I was four years old that I wanted to go play with the little girl who lived down the street. Mother wouldn't let me go at first, but finally she consented on the condition that I would dress warmly, for it was cold outside and was raining. She said I was to wear my galoushes and take my little umbrella.

After I was dressed, I started down the street to Erma Jean's house, stepping in every water puddle I could find.

When I reached her house, I went up on the porch and knocked on the door. Her mother answered my knock and asked me to come in and to take off my wet coat and galoushes. She knew I had come to stay a while. While I was removing my galoushes, I asked her where Erma Jean was, and she said that she and Billy, the little boy who lived next door to me, were in the basement skating.

I threw my wet coat on the living room couch and headed for the basement.

Erma Jean and Billy were glad to see me, but the thing that bothered me was that there weren't anymore skates. We began searching for another pair of skates and finally found a pair of Erma Jean's big brother's. I had to adjust them to fit me before I could skate.

The basement was small, and there wasn't much space for us to skate. In fact, we had to skate in a circle.

Shelves lined each wall and on them were fruit jars.

We had been going around in the circle for about five minutes, and Erma Jean started to fall and grasped for a shelf, knocking off a jar and breaking it. Her mother came downstairs to see what had happened. She asked us who broke it, and Erma

Jean and Billy both said I did. I told her the truth, but she believed them, asked us again and this time received a different answer. Billy blamed Erma Jean and made her mad. She blamed him then.

That kind of answer was given to Erma Jean's mother for what seemed to me an hour.

Things never were straightened out, and I believe that until this day her mother thinks I broke that jar.

Jewel McKenzie

Why is it that the old-time
grandfather clocks seemed so human
and were so endeared?

A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

As I am thinking about the events and surroundings of my life, my earliest recollection comes in the form of an old, slightly dusty clock. This clock, you see, was no ordinary clock. It was a "grandfather's clock", and it was aged at least ninety-five years. As long as I can remember it has occupied the same little shelf in my grandfather's living room, never leaving the shelf except when it was being oiled at the jeweler's or when the house was being decorated. Always, the house reverberated with the clock's solemn tick-tock throughout the day and night.

Soon after my birth, I was taken to my grandfather's to live until I was about three years of age. As nearly as I can recall, that clock was the sole memory I have of those first years.

When I returned from Detroit, where I spent my next two years, only the clock was familiar to me. It seems as though I remembered the details of it perfectly, even to the manner in which it ticked.

There were a few days when, for some reason other than mechanical failure, the clock was stopped. Those were the days when the entire house felt something lacking. The effect which the silent clock brought upon the house was unbelievable. The house was never the same until the clock resumed its familiar ticking once again.

My mother bought my grandfather's farm after his death, and although practically everything has been changed, the old grandfather's clock stands on its familiar shelf on the wall, ticking away through the years. May it continue to run forever.

Fred Bland