

# QUILL AND QUAIR

POETRY ISSUE



In

This

Issue:

JESSE STUART

J. T. C. "COTTON" NOE

WINTER 1935

*Price Twenty-Five Cents*

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MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY  
MOREHEAD, KENT

# QUILL AND QUAIR

POETRY ISSUE



PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY

SPONSORED BY THE ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB

MOREHEAD STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY



DECEMBER

1935

VOLUME TWO

NUMBER ONE

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY

MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

# QUILL AND QUAIR

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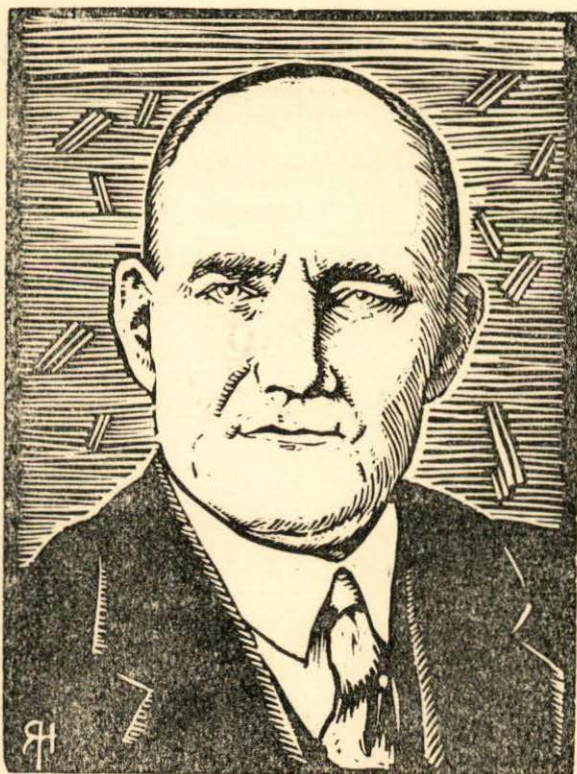
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ALUMNI ENGLISH MAJORS

PRINTED BY THE ROWAN COUNTY NEWS





**A**LL OF the great stars of both stage and screen were once mere amateurs. The world's greatest inventor started his career with very little equipment for experimentation. Those great in the field of literature began by writing simple lines and stanzas. A great financier opened up a business with a capital of one dollar and accumulated millions. In any field of human endeavor, it is the novice that later accomplishes the superior intellectual achievement.

A genius is one possessed of unusual native mental powers, or a genius is one who has the ability for taking great pains. Student genius in the field of literature strolls on our campus daily. In the pages of the *QUILL AND QUAIR*, the student finds the opportunity for seeing his literary productions in printed form. If in this way our literary genius be stimulated into action, this publication will have served its purpose well.

*Harvey A. Babb,*

President, Morehead State Teachers College.



HUBERT WEBB



Before the end when little fame is dead  
And body wine is poured upon the grass,  
And when the mortal heart with songs is bled,  
And strength is gone, it will be time to pass.  
Who will remember one's deeds foul and fair?  
The names of those one kissed and more than kissed,  
Shape of their hands, their lips, color of hair?  
Who will remember these and what they missed?  
The wooing worms may seek an interview  
And not the women of the neighborhood  
Whose tongues have clattered as the sheep bells do  
Where fleecy folds traipse under upland wood.  
I'm sure no weeds with tattle tongues will grow,  
Nor brassy serpent has the tongue to tell  
And glossy stones be silent as the snow,  
This side of heaven and this side of hell.

*Jesse Stuart*

# A GENTLEMAN of QUALITY

*Paul Holman*

FING LU was one of the better class of his race. He worked hard and saved his money. Just now his corpulence tried him sorely, as he hustled to and fro in the cafeteria. The sweat rolled down his back and gathered in beads on his broad forehead. He wondered if he could take a moment to wipe some of it off but gave it up as the noonday crowd kept pouring in. Though he hated to feel the sweat trickle over his skin, he smiled with his large white teeth and served the newcomers with a deftness and precision that had made him the most valuable man in the establishment. When the rush was over, he went in the back of the building, washed the sweat from his face, and ate a light lunch. He was trying to overcome his handicap of obesity. He did not eat as much as an average man, but still he was fat. His lunch finished, he put on his coat and checked out. He did not work in the afternoon.

It was much more pleasant outside where one could enjoy the fresh air and see the sky. Fing spoke to few people as he walked slowly down the street. He had few acquaintances. Perhaps it was because he had too much imagination or was too sensitive. No one likes to talk to some one who sits dreaming while one is talking, so Fing had few friends. Yet there was something fine in the man, for he was kind to the poor and had once nursed a dog for a month after its leg had been broken by a truck.

Upon reaching the building in which was his home, he mounted the stone steps and, entering the house, climbed the three flights to his room. A table, a bed, and two chairs furnished his room. Its utter simplicity was in keeping with Fing's personality and to him, it was home. He took off his coat, placed it on the bed, and sat in the nearest chair. He soon became drowsy and sat for a long time dreamily musing. Had he been right in coming to America? He had more money, more leisure, and less worry, but it was different. Maybe people went too fast or were too eager for money. He was saving, but he did not bother about it. He knew that money would never mean much to him. He wondered if he were changing a little too. Americans were a queer people, they were continually rushing around in search of money—never content. His ears buzzed as he thought of the busy rush outside his room. Even here he could hear all sorts of noises: whistles, horns, clangs, yells, and the subdued roar of passing traffic. Life in some quiet spot would be better than all this. Still one had to live. The cafeteria was not such a bad place: he didn't have to talk much,



and people did not have time to stare at him or worry him. Yes, he would go on. Life was not so bad; he was getting along all right. With these thoughts his mind turned from meditation to dreams.

The noise of the city still came through the walls of the room. Inside Fing was hearing different sounds, the song of a He was gazing into the tranquil depths of a blue pool. Visions nightingale, the muted notes of some wanderer of the night. of delight were reflected in its cool surface. The aroma of crushed violets assailed his nostrils. His spirit was enmeshed in the dulcet spell cast upon his senses. Now mirrored on the surface of the pool was the image of a girl, with features exquisitely carved, delicate, undefiled, and noble, a girl as pure as the clear water which held her image. Fing chuckled in his sleep. No one would suspect that this fat chink would dream about a girl. The blast of a nearby factory whistle disturbed his reverie. Fing rose and mechanically prepared to return to work.

The monotonous routine of Fing's life remained unchanged. A year and a quarter rolled by. He had to buy a new coat. He went to the nearest store, a little place run by one of his race, and walked in. No one was in sight so he remained patiently by the counter. A slight rustle made him look up. Dreaming again, he thought confusedly. What a beautiful girl, the dream girl of the limpid pool! But his dreams had never been as vivid as this one. He drank it in as if it would be his last. He could see nothing but her quiet brown eyes, her raven-black hair, and the saffron skin made more beautiful by its small dimples. She was clad simply, a black dress with a little red belt. It suited her well. In every detail she was as he had seen her a hundred times before. He hoped he would not wake her. He wanted to keep looking at her forever.

"Did you want something?"

What? Was the girl talking to him? He saw her red lips move, showing the pearly gleam of her teeth. Was she trying to say something to him? This was strange; she had never talked to him before. His heart was beating a sharp tattoo against his ribs. He tried to rally his confused thoughts, to understand what she was saying.

"I said, what do you want?"

He could not reply; he only knew that he must get away quickly before he made a fool of himself. His girl was really there but he did not have the courage to say, "I only want to buy a coat." His head throbbed painfully and his body quivered with emotion. He mumbled something about making a mistake and stumbled out of the place.

The fresh air partially cleared his addled head as he went away, half running, half walking. After going two or three



blocks, he stopped with a jerk. Surely he was acting like a fool. What could his girl think but that he was mad!

When he reached his room, he threw himself into a chair and revolved the whole thing in his mind. He decided there was only one thing to do. Since he could not speak in her presence, he must write her a letter.

For a week he spent all his spare time working on the letter. He poured his soul into it. A dozen times he tore up his writing but always returned to the task. At last he had written it. He felt a vast confidence in himself and thought happily that now everything would be as he had dreamed. He sealed the letter carefully and putting on his coat, set out on his adventure.

It was a simple matter to hire a little boy to deliver the letter. He waited down the street for the answer. Soon he saw the boy come out of the store toward him. His heart jumped wildly; he could hardly suppress a cry of joy. The note was in his hand. He handled it reverently as one would a love trinket. No, he would not read it here, he must be alone. His soul sang with all the romantic intensity of his spirit. He hurried to his room and carefully closed the door.

Now that the moment had arrived, he felt weak. Suppose the girl looked on it as a joke. No, his girl would understand. He would open the letter and satisfy his hunger. Slowly he read the bit of writing. The note remained in his hands, but his eyes were not directed on the page. His eyes became wells of despair. His idol was crushed, fallen, broken. A faint dust rose from it as it lay on the ground. Instead of exquisite alabaster, it was the common clay of a slattern. Instead of the aroma of crushed violets, the dank smell of unwashed sweat came to his nostrils. Something inside him swelled and burst, leaving a dull ache. He felt sick. He could not move. He was sinking in a deep pit and light was fading. Finally darkness came and he still sat in his chair.

Hours passed. He got up mechanically. He looked for his coat. It was not on the bed. He had it on. He went out to the street. He passed a restaurant. Maybe he was hungry. He could eat anyway. He went back and sat down at a table. He swept his hand over the menu which the waiter brought. The man did not understand.

"Bring me lots to eat. I am very hungry."

The waiter stood for a moment puzzled. He looked at Fing Lu carefully. Surely he was able to pay. He disappeared into the kitchen and brought back two trays of dishes laden with food.

Like a man in a dream, Fing Lu began to eat. He ate slowly

(Continued On Page Thirty-eight)

# IN DEFENSE OF THE DOWN-TRODDEN PUN

*Ralph Schwartz*

TO THE enlightened, to the blessed nimble-witted, the pun is celestial, the highest form of humor. But to the bigot, the numb-brained, the pun is abominable. This fact is a transparency.

The pun has been subjugated, belittled, suppressed; and yet, like the proverbial Phoenix, it arises even from its own ashes; like the bad penny, it always re-appears; you cannot keep it down. To some, then, the pun would appear to be a necessary evil, though actually it is the manna for which a humor-hungered world strives.

Shakespeare used the pun; and who can deny that Shakespeare employed only the choicest materials in his writings. Jonathan Swift, author of "Gulliver's Travels," was widely known for his puns, and after a particularly brilliant one, he would sit comfortably by, as do the rest of us punsters, beaming with self-satisfaction, a Narcissus.

But there may be a few of my readers who know not what a pun is or have not had the exquisite pleasure of hearing an example of this delightful form of humor. For them I shall elaborate. There are two varieties of puns, the ambiguous or dual-purpose pun, and the transfigured-phonetic pun.

The first kind may be illustrated thus. A stockbroker after he had confidentially sold his friend some gilt-edged securities which were for the moment substantial, said, "May the bonds of our friendship never weaken."

Now this is an example of the strictly ambiguous variety.

"Bonds", in the above sense, may mean a sort of binding, used figuratively to illustrate the holding together of their friendship; again it may be the term "Bond" used in describing a method of investing money for profit.

The transfigured-phonetic pun is much more complex, though held in lower esteem by so-called humorists. This





species may be illustrated by such a one originated by Swift. While dining one day, he noticed a large napkin with much fringe around it between two of his companions. This sight occasioned him to remark, "I notice there is a great deal of fringeship between you."

This pun is purely the transfigured phonetic type because it possesses these essential elements: the word containing the pun is near enough phonetically to the word for which it is substituted, and it is used at the precise moment when the substitution and relationship can be realized to the fullest extent.

Though he himself is not adverse to employing the pun, the average humorist despises the punster because of jealousy and envy. The punster, unlike the cut-and-dried humorist, has a quickness of wit, a hair-trigger mind, a tremendous vocabulary, a faculty for auditory observation, a sharp eye, and, above all else, courage to face a hostile world. The humorist craves but cannot taste the thrill of supreme triumph that follows the perfect mental and sensory co-ordination that makes for a pun.

Even those with the low-caliber intelligence of the aforementioned average humorist can readily perceive the divine attributes of the pun. The hapless individual who designs to consign the pun and the punster to the penitentiary is merely one of those gross destructionist employees of Satan who also does conscientious objecting, knocking, and Communism on the side.

So ho for the Punster! May he increase and multiply. May he continue to brighten up our dull stay in this Vale of Tears by his merry quips and enjoyable drolleries, and may his antagonists be withered even by their own vitriolic blasts.

There is Iron-ton in her sadness,

There is Ash-land in her talk,

There is Rus-sell in her gladness,

But there is Green-up in her walk.

*"Distinction"*

JAMES STUART

In the slate-gray sky the chimney sweeps are flying,  
While sheets of wind go mummying through the pines;  
The frosted red oak leaves are slowly dying  
And blades are falling from the creeper vines.

Somehow, I feel the mood of autumn in me,  
Flowing into my veins as flows my blood;  
I stand beneath gray skies an autumn tree,  
In music of the wind's sad pouring flood.

*"Autumn Mood"*

JAMES STUART





# ESCAPE

*William B. Toran*

"YOUR WORK has been excellent—masterful. The bombing was perfect. I compliment you. You have come to receive your reward. Take it. Do not open it until you return to Moscow. Open it as soon as you arrive. You may go."

Mitchell left her, and started the long journey. What was in the package she had given him? Why should he not open it? What could it possibly be? He must open it. "No!" Her voice rang in his ears. Mitchell's head was in a whirl. He paused—

He had done his work well. Could it be that he had done it too well? They were cunning plotters. He reviewed them one by one. There were Boris, Vladimir, Nicholas, Peter, and Kosa. Each by himself was enough. The combination could produce no greater treachery. Were they trying to put him out of the way? He had served his purpose. He was no longer needed. Therefore, would they not dispose of him? He knew too much. He was young. He was clever. He was brilliant. Enough! Enough! He must not keep the package in his possession a moment longer. He picked up the package and put his head out of the window. He was nearing the cross-road. He put his hand out of the window, loosened his grip. The parcel fell heavily to the roadside. The carriage rumbled on.

The coach drew to a sudden stop. The inn door opened. Out of the gathering darkness stepped the lone wearied traveler. He removed his great coat, seated himself at the table by the fireside, ordered his vodka, and removed his heavy boots. Loosening his thick shirt, he sank back in the chair, exhausted. He sat motionless and stared into the blazing logs.

He stirred slightly. His brow was knit. He was perplexed. His head bent forward. He buried his face in his hands. He appeared lifeless for a few moments. Rest and quiet prevailed. Suddenly, he jerked his head upward. She stood there before him.

"Rosa!" he gasped. He jumped to his feet.

Her lips parted. "Mitchell, where is the package?" Not expecting an answer, she continued. "You have disposed of it as we have planned to dispose of you. We will dispose of you. You have not many more hours to live. Our plans are working well. We have made allowances for errors. You cannot escape."

She paused a second to toy nervously with the gun in her pocket. This was his chance. He must handle it carefully. She was a power of the organization. One false move would be

enough. He steadied himself, and smiled wryly.

"You are mistaken, Rosa. It is not 'we' and 'our plans.' It is It is for your brains that they use you. Do you not realize that you. You suggest, you plan, you command. You are cunning. Boris and the rest are using you as they did me. When they have finished with you, you will be removed. Did they not plan to do that to me? The evil which they may do has no bounds. They are fiends. Once their minds are made up they do not think twice. You are a woman. You are one against many. If you take my life, yours, too, will soon be taken. You have an opportunity to escape. Do not lose time. Go!"

He was interrupted by the faint echo of an explosion in the distance. The two looked at each other knowingly. Without a word Rosa turned slowly and disappeared through the doorway.

Mitchel breathed more deeply. For a moment he was still. A second later he slipped into his boots. He donned his great coat. He downed his remaining glass of liquor. A few long strides took him to the door. He opened the door and was enveloped by the night.

But what can I do with this secret  
That, living, I can not tell—  
It is not appropriate for heaven  
And much too precious for hell.

### *"A Word To Death"*

SYLVIA GRAHAM

Last night I dreamed of some shining beads  
Swinging from heaven in a silver wire—  
Each was named for something I've known—  
Two are these: You and Desire.

### *"Dreams"*

SYLVIA GRAHAM



Flowers grow all a-riot  
 In our garden, cool and quiet,  
 When the darkness reaches over  
 Kissing hyacinth and clover—  
 An etherealness lingers nigh it.  
 Still western breezes pass  
 Rustling sumac and sassafras.  
 On a bench hugged so close,  
 Each arguing which loves the most,  
 Sit a handsome lad and lass.

### *"Where Flowers Grow"*

We're goin' to town today  
 The old spouse, the kids and me  
 Jest to while the time away  
 And see what we kin see.  
 We'll order next month's grub p'raps  
 An' Emmy'll buy some calico  
 'Then for the boys those big-billed caps  
 That kim out a year or two ago.  
 On the back o' the wagon, settin' neat  
 The kids'll perch, their eyes all big  
 Looking 'bout as sweet  
 As anythin'. And in a sack the pig  
 Thet Emmy wants to sell  
 To buy a coat fer our oldest boy  
 Cause when he is all dressed up swell  
 Emmy's eyes jest shine with joy.  
 As fer me, a little chewin'  
 Will make me feel jest fine  
 And to find out how the boys air doin'  
 An' sip some berry wine.  
 Then round dusk in the evenin'  
 We'll all climb in and roll away  
 En tomorrow it'll seem like we all ben a-dreamin'  
 Thet we all went to town today.

### *"We're Goin' To Town Today"*

## POEMS BY

A crook'ed tree is so grotesque  
And often it is picturesque,  
In Autumn from the crook'ed branch  
Fall leaves down like a ghost—  
In Winter it looms like a ghost,  
A soldier phantom at its post,  
When Spring kisses its ugly arms  
It is transformed with sudden charms,  
Then Summer comes in a-dancing in—  
And children climb where snow has been.

*"A Crook'ed Tree"*

My mind is drifting high and free,  
Lonely as a mind can be,  
Away from all my tiresome cares  
Up those steep and thoughtful stairs,  
Far beyond all scourging words,  
Flying wing to wing with birds,  
Far away as eye can see  
My mind is drifting, high and free.

Let storms arise and thunder crash,  
Let trouble swing its stingng lash,  
All unmindful I shall be.  
Above some cloud or on some sea,  
Away from all my hurts and cares,  
Climbing up those thoughtful stairs,  
Far away as I can be—  
My mind is drifting high and free.

*"Reverie"*

LUCILLE BASENBAC



# A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

*Martha Van Hoose*

"WHY, she's one in a lifetime. Now I believe I know what Thomas Gray meant when he spoke about all he wished from heaven—a friend." Hortense had found this kind of friend in Katherine.

They had figured it all out. Katherine was teaching this year at Shady Grove and Hortense was a senior at Bellfont, the neighboring teachers college. They both planned to teach at Shady Grove next year.

How enthusiastic they had been about it that evening! Hortense carried the mental picture of it away with her. She could see herself teaching next year! She had another image: of Herbert Wyley's farm they had planned to buy—an ideal farm, containing fifty acres bordered with a wooded hill. Why, she could sense the thrill already of those mornings horseback rides she and Kitty would enjoy together. The river ran by the house. How refreshing those evening swims would be in the old swimming hole. And how peaceful it would be to relax and listen to a radio program or read some fascinating book. To liven things up a bit, students and friends would come in for story telling hours. All could sit around the fire-place with the light of the fire to inflame their imagination.

The afternoon following, Hortense entered the village drug store. Much to her surprise, she saw Katherine talking to two distinguished-looking gentlemen. Upon seeing Hortense, Katherine shouted, "Here she is now. Hortense, come and see who's here."

Hortense, looking into the faces of the two men, was certain that they looked familiar. She grasped the outstretched hand of the one who asked, "How are you anyway? So you've forgotten me, I'm Keith Hanger, who used to live across the street from you. This is my assistant, Mr. Roe."

"This is a pleasant surprise. I never would have known you, Keith. Sit down and tell me about yourself."

"After graduating from the University, I was sent to California on an engineering project. This is the first time I have been able to get away. Gee, it feels marvelous to be back in Old Kentucky. Now let's hear from you.—When I left, you were just beginning high school."

"I'm in my senior year at Bellfont now. Nothing exciting has happened; just stayed in the old home town."

Hortense could scarcely wait until she could talk to Katherine when the two men had left.



"To say I'm excited is putting it mildly. I'm tickled pink to see Keith!" Hortense ejaculated.

"Isn't he handsome, and I found out he's made good too. Mr. Roe informed me that he is vice-president of the Southern Engineering Company. I always knew he would get ahead. He was so ambitious."

Hortense went home in the gayest of moods. She was happier to see Keith than she would even admit to herself, mischievous Keith who had lived just across the street from her.

She heard his footsteps upon the porch! In a moment she was receiving him. "Handsome is right," thought Hortense to herself, "So meticulously and immaculately dressed!" She learned that Keith was going to be in town a week and he asked to be with her as much as possible.

Tomorrow night they planned for Katherine, Mr. Roe, Keith, and Hortense to drive over to Hungton, the neighboring city. Hortense enjoyed it immensely—dinner at the Continental, the show at the Palace, and later to Spring Hurst to dance. On the way back Keith told Hortense more about his work.

As the time drew near for Keith's departure, Hortense became sad, for she had been with him practically every minute and she hated to think of seeing him go away.

Yes, he had told her that she was the same old irresistible Hortense. Without knowing how it all came about they suddenly left off all the surface talk, and their conversation took a decided change to the most vital love talk. Keith had already stated how wonderful it would be to live in California. As he negotiated all the business contracts for the company, they would have to travel a great deal. What a fine companion she would be!

"For as it is," he continued, "I wear my eyes out reading books in hotel rooms; now when you are with me we can have loads of fun hunting out the little shows to go to, or finding little curio shops to buy things to bring back home with us."

Before Keith left, they had planned that she would finish school and he would come back in May for her.

The months rolled by swiftly. There were letters, flowers, books, and other gifts from Keith. Hortense was absorbed in her work.

Graduation exercises over, she awaited Keith's arrival on "needles and pins." She received the message telling her that he was on his way. She watched for his coming with great expectancy. On the day Keith was due to arrive she received another message saying that he had to go on an unexpected business trip to New Orleans, that he would be up in the near future.

Hortense was hurt, disappointed over the delay. On the spur of the moment she decided to visit her aunt who lived in the



mountains. Taking time only to say goodbye to Katherine and her mother, she left for Roxianna. She had decided to drown the disappointment in this vacation.

Her aunt lived in a very remote section of the mountains. Her uncle was superintendent of the schools of Ruthford district and her three cousins were teachers. Her cousins met her at the little station with horses to carry her luggage and take her home. She anticipated a good time.

The mountains themselves challenged her. The whole household was overjoyed to see her. Their hospitality, together with the atmosphere of the mountains, created new desires.

She immediately became accustomed to the life of the mountain people and after a week of horseback riding, swimming, barn-dances, and hikes, she thought how stupid it was never to have accepted their invitation before.

Another desire of hers was fulfilled—teaching school. Before she knew it she was helping her three cousins teach. Soon she was placed in a vacancy. Having a school of her own aroused a desire to serve youth, to help people. At times she would think of Keith and wonder about him, but these thoughts didn't linger long, for her work would turn her mind from them.

In the meantime, Keith, supremely happy, made his way to Kentucky. Why shouldn't he be happy? Had not he done his work well? He was president of the company. Wouldn't Hortense be proud of him? It was true he had neglected her of late for his work, but he would make that up to her. On his arrival, Hortense was not there.

When four months had passed, Hortense returned home. Upon arriving, the first thing she heard was of Keith's great disappointment in not finding her there. Later one of her friends told her of his better position. She sat down immediately and wrote to him.

Dear Keith:

I resolved at the time I left to let no one so seemingly inconsistent and inconsiderate further trouble my mind, but on arriving home I learned that you finally did come for me.

After thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that you were due an explanation. The mountains have awakened me to the call of my profession: teaching, serving youth. This aspiration has become stronger than anything else in the world.

I hope you will understand, and I wish you the best always.

Sincerely,

Hortense.

After sending the letter, she rushed over to Katherine's house. Katherine met her all aglow.

"Hortense, I bought Mr. Wyley's farm. I've been waiting for you so we could go over and decide just what we want to do to it before we move in."

I would know, Peter, these things of you:  
Tell me, tell me—what did you do  
When you knew He knew that you had lied?  
How passed you the hour He was Crucified?  
Peter, poor Peter, what did you say  
When your Christ was bound and whisked away—?  
And tell me, Peter, were you more afraid  
Before or after you had betrayed?  
I, too, loved well, and I, too, denied—  
But my story is different—my Love's love died,

*"To Peter"*

She is a spry old creature  
In a red silk gown,  
Like a late leaf prancing  
Half-way across the town.

She arises every morning,  
Dons a tiny, feathered hat,  
And slips away quietly  
Like a velvet-footed cat.

She is a gay belated flower  
Defying autumn's blast,  
As she flaunts her purple fringes  
At winter till the last.

*"An Old Woman I Know"*

POEMS by SYLVIA GRAHAM





ROBERT ALFREY

A redbird at her morning bath;  
Hollyhocks round a humble home;  
Liquid gold in the honey-comb;  
A love song and its aftermath.

Ironweeds purpling in the sun;  
A pineknob limned against the sky;  
The lonely night-bird's mournful cry;  
Homing kine when the day is done.

Swallows awhirl in the growing dusk;  
An oriole building her swinging nest;  
The sheen on the grackle's purple breast;  
The breath of the lily, faint odor of musk.

Morehead students, maiden and youth,  
Dreaming of life that is to be,—  
Honor and fame and victory,  
With faith in the final triumph of truth.

*"Things Beautiful"*

COTTON NOE

Morehead State Teachers College,  
July 1935.



# MOTHER SUPERIOR

*Marjorie Briscoe*

Her progress down the hall is marked by the rustling of her long black skirt and the clanking of her rosary. The student chatter sinks to a murmur as she enters the classroom. Soft white lids fringed with long black lashes cover her luminous eyes as she bows her head in prayer. Pudgy little boys, skinny little boys, fat little girls, lean little girls fold their hands in prayer. On their childish faces, smeared with chocolate and dirt, creeps a pious and holy expression.

Her voice is seldom raised in wrath. All strive for her praise and confidence. Once you know Sister Lauratana, Mother Superior of St. Agatha Academy, your highest wish will be ever to prove faithful to the trust she has placed in you.

What is this thing called love?  
A tall white candle held aloof  
To which a spark of the sublime is struck.  
A flame bursts forth.  
Is stirred by the soft spring breeze,  
Flickers and burns.  
Little streams—streams of joy—  
Trickle down its sides;  
Tallow falls like frozen kisses  
Around its base.  
Ah, this is love!

*"Now This Is Love"*

JOHN PAUL NICKELL

# MY WILD HONEY

*Martha Van Hoose*

**B**Y MERE accident, I met her. I opened the door, absent-mindedly, to what I thought was my room: there she sat in shorts, musing over a painting. I couldn't keep from staring at her. She raised her black mass of hair, her starry eyes gleaming, returning my admiration with bewilderment.

"I beg your pardon, I've made a mistake," I finally stammered. Quickly she moved her tall, graceful body toward me.

"Oh, please, don't go away. I'm so lonesome," she pleaded. "I have just been singing my blues away."

"If I stay, you will sing for me?" I bargained.

Her voice was as intriguing as her appearance—soft, low, melodious. She sang about nature—trees, brooks, hills, and animals—and that she was lonesome.

But how she despised to study! One day I came in when she was making a desperate effort to study.

"Oh, what do I care about velocity, or how many ignorant people there are in Kentucky. Come on, let's take a hike to the tower and forget these miserable books."

How proud the Amazon women would have been to have numbered her among their warriors!

One day I found her sitting on a big rock, very much interested in a lizard. She had caught a lizard and was proceeding to dress it a frock of woven grass. I would have been no more dumbfounded had I come upon Diana petting a tiger!

I could detect her growing distaste for school. I was disappointed, because, by this time, I had recognized her other endowed possessions. She knew and painted weird, profound things. She was always telling me some story she had read of ancient lore. One day I was saddened by finding her gone.

Yes, she went back to her mountain home, where she was free to do the things she liked. After thinking about it, I could not blame her much. In fact, I rather envied her, for she had found a peace in her wildness that the tame will never know.

An unfathomable mystery  
Lies hidden in the midst of a brook.  
As it flows over sand and rocks.  
It speaks from chambers unlocked.  
We hear—and listen  
But can never understand.

*"An Untranslated Language"*

MARY JANE BEATTIE



Morehead, thou conqueror,  
Beloved of Kentucky,  
Builder of nation,  
Inventor of power.

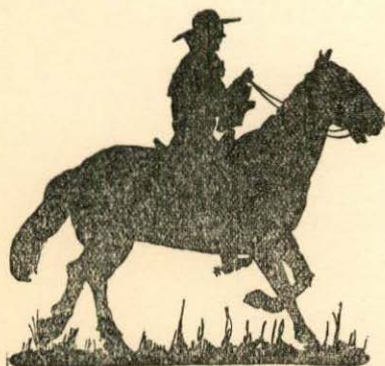
Hast thou numbered  
The many weak creatures  
Who have come to thee hopeless  
But left thee inspired?

Though faced with depression  
Thy strong foundation  
Nothing can shake.  
Thou still standest firm.

Thou standeth a lighthouse,  
Forever thou beckonest  
Those seeking knowledge  
To thy haven of light.

*"Morehead"*

VIRGINIA DAWSON



You ask me what I remember most of college days?  
I answer you—A soft blue haze across the hills  
At sunset; the glow of yellow lights through  
Autumn rain; the fall of golden leaves upon a  
Mountain top; the murmur of the trees who watched  
Us pass beneath them for awhile—then go away;  
The glistening snow on campus walks; soft voices  
Singing carols at Christmas time;  
Tall friendly buildings that have sheltered me;  
A knowledge that became a part of me;  
The understanding of happiness, the courage to bear pain.  
Even now, I see the face of each dear comrade,  
Feel the clasp of brave young hands  
Hear words spoken in deep belief of  
Ambition, Faith, and Dreams—  
And in those years there grew a strength within me.  
Whispering ever to my heart, "You cannot fail".  
These memories I hold dear of college days.

*"Reminiscence"*

KATHRYN FRIEND ROBINSON





# TRAINING SCHOOL

Once I saw a little duck;  
It had no neck or tail.  
It always said, "Quack! Quack!"  
When it went out to sail,  
And this is the end of the little duck  
That had no neck or tail.

*"What Once I Saw"*

GEORGE BLACK, II GRADE.

I had a little kite,  
It flew up in the air.  
The wind stopped blowing  
Down it fell into my hair.

*"My Kite"*

ZANE YOUNG, II GRADE

The gay petunias look  
Like ladies in a picture book,  
Little ladies in green dresses  
And colored hats.

*"A Petunia Bed"*

RUTH FAIR, III GRADE.

Oh, Dinosaur,  
You are so large  
That the earth shakes when you walk.  
You could devour me  
At once—  
If only you were living.

*"Dinosaur"*

ALICE PATRICK, III GRADE.

# POETS    **b**    **b**    **b**

Fairies are dancing,  
Fairies are prancing,  
Fairies are singing to you.  
Fairies are the loveliest things  
That I ever knew.

## *"Fairy Land"*

ALICE PATRICK, III GRADE

Oh! little shoes  
Why do you quarrel  
All the time  
Just over the one  
That gets laced up first?  
You naughty little shoes.

## *"My Shoes"*

JACK ELLIS, III GRADE





# TRAINING SCHOOL POETS

These things are beautiful to me:  
The barking of a dog  
And the babbling brook,  
An outbranched tree with a little bird a-singing,  
And the whistling of the wind.  
The pitter-patter of the rain,  
And a cow a-mooing in the lane.  
These are the things I like.

## *"Things I Like"*

BOBBIE HOGGE, V GRADE.

Oh, things that are beautiful are quite a few!  
Birds and flowers and animals, too!  
Big owls and little owls always saying "Who?"  
Big fish and little fish and water fowls too!

## *"Things That Are Beautiful"*

HOWARD HORTON, V GRADE

Klip, klop, down the stair  
Comes Edith golden hair  
Klop, klip, klop,  
Her wooden shoes make noise a lot.  
Drop, drip, drop,  
Her clothes and face and hands are wet.  
She needs a towel  
For poor Edith has just fallen  
Into the wet canal.

## *"Edith"*

MARY CALDWELL HAGGAN, VI GRADE

Wherefore lament, O stately towering pine,  
In youthful robe of never aging green?  
Do you foreknow an emptiness of vine;  
And bushes bare, a white and frozen scene  
Of icy brooks that once made merry fall;  
And wintry suns that warm not though they gleam  
On pebbly beds near which no bird shall call  
In answer to your plaintive murmuring?  
Why not discover what the nested know?  
Nature's true theme is strife, not joy nor pain.  
And facing forward with a braver show  
That counts already for a goodly gain,  
Behold her risen from misfortune's blow.  
If but a learner, you would find it so.

*"Sonnet"*

KATHERINE DUVALL CARR



# WITH OUR OWN

*MAN WITH BULL-TONGUE PLOW*: BY JESSE  
STUART. DUTTON, 1934. \$3.00

Jesse Stuart, hailed as a new poet of the South and probably the first voice to be heard from the hills of eastern Kentucky, has gathered his sonnets—some seven hundred and three—into a book called "Man With A Bull-Tongued Plow."

Considered technically, these are not strictly sonnets for the lines vary from thirteen to sixteen and the rhymes are often careless and repetitious, but the book has beauty and a certain power.

Born of Kentucky mountain folk, Jesse Stuart possesses a natural feeling for poetry and an ability to write of the simple and elemental things closest to his heart. He says,

"I am a farmer singing at the plow  
And as I take my time to plow along  
A steep Kentucky hill, I sing my song—  
A one-horse farmer singing at the plow!"

He sings because he must and he is at his best when singing of nature and his beloved hills. Of Spring's coming he sings—

"Spring in Kentucky hills will soon awaken;  
The sap will run every vein of tree.  
Green will come to the land bleak and forsaken;  
Warm silver winds will catch the honey-bee."

One of the finest of his sonnets, one which perhaps gives an insight into this character, is his tribute to his mother.

"I shall not speak soft words for her—my mother.  
I say the strength of oak is in my mother  
Color of autumn leaves is in her skin  
The sadness of the hills is in my mother  
And in her is the courage of the wind  
And in her is the rain's cool sympathy."

And finally this, I think, expresses the man himself—

"This flesh is eternal Kentuckian  
Walking among her hills breathing her air;  
Plowing her soil, feeling her wind and sun  
That stream as gold and silver in the fair  
Blue days of Spring and summer corn-field haze.  
Surely, I am eternal Kentuckian—"

*Alice Palmer Morris*

# AUTHORS

## *PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN :*

BY HARLAN HATCHER. BOBBS—MERRILL, 1934. \$2.50

Eastern Kentucky mountains have furnished the setting of many books, usually dealing with feuds, moonshiners, or hill-billies. "Patterns of Wolfpen" differs from the ordinary book of the region by picturing the simple but substantial culture of the Pattern family on their six-thousand acres of hills and valleys in Pike County. We see the beauty of the region through the eyes of lovely, sensitive Cynthia Pattern, who is about seventeen when the story opens. Through her musings we are taken not only into the wholesome, stimulating home life of the Patterns, but also into the past, and are made to see the pattern of the family life through four generations.

Follow the drawings at the heads of the chapters for symbolism of the growth of Sparrel's family, the devastating results of industrialism (the thistle and the storm cloud), and the final recovery of the youngest members of the family.

It has long been my opinion that Eastern Kentucky will be interpreted best by her own people. Dr. Hatcher's book is proof of the theory. He knows, from the inside, the people and the conditions in his story. The Patterns were his mother's people, the Leslies; Cynthia is his mother, and Reuben Warren his father. Details of the story, while not actual facts, are fundamentally true, and the characters are not overdrawn.

Dr. Hatcher was graduated from Morehead Normal School in 1919, received his degree at Ohio State, and is now a professor of English poetry in that University. Since boyhood he has had remarkable creative ability. Doubtless he will produce other readable novels, but there can be only one "Patterns of Wolfpen". Everyone—Kentuckian or not—should read it for the interpretation of a hitherto unrevealed section of Kentucky life.

*Inez Faith Humphrey*



**VALLEY OF PARNASSUS:** BY COTTON N O E.  
MORGAN COMPANY, LOUISVILLE. 1935. \$2.00

In "The Valley Of Parnassus," Dr. Cotton Noe has gathered his best poems, which include eleven sonnets, thirteen lyrics, and forty-two character sketches. These poems are the reminiscences of an outstanding school teacher and represent the fullest expression of his mature experiences. We are proud of the fact that Dr. Noe was a visiting professor here when his book was published.

*Martha Van Hoose*

◆  
**HE SENT FORTH A RAVEN:** BY ELIZABETH M.  
ROBERTS. VIKING, 1934. \$2.50

In Mrs. Robert's Kentucky story, "He Sent Forth A Raven," we find a character—Stoner Drake—as rugged as the hills themselves. As Noah sent forth the raven from the ark, so does Stoner Drake send forth a raven, Jocelle. Mrs. Roberts, in her sweeping style, tells of this raven which brings tidings of the outside world back to Stoner Drake, who refuses to set foot on the land again. The author renews the passions and the greed of the war, sinks to the sordidness of nature, then quickly rises to great heights.

*Mary Arnett Patrick*

◆  
**A CAPELLA PRIMER:** BY LEWIS HENRY HORTON.  
WILLIS MUSIC CO., 1935. \$0.75.

"A Cappella Primer" was written to aid in teaching choral singing in rural high schools. It begins simply enough with two-part songs ending in a four-voiced chord. The fourth number in the book is of interest as it presents a new method of teaching four-part singing. Four distinct and well-known melodies are made into a round having four leading voices. This device prevents that common fault, one leading voice with other voices secondary to it.

Subsequent numbers employ solos by the different sections of the chorus, with the other groups following a sostenuto or a counterpoint accompaniment. The tenor clef is utilized and there are optional piano scores on the majority of the songs. A number of Mr. Horton's own compositions appear in this book, and all the songs have been arranged by him.

*Ralph Schwartz*

# EDITORIALLY SPEAKING:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

We lift our eyes to our hills. Our inspirations pulsate from their rugged heart. From the valleys where young men are plowing, hunting and fishing, drinking corn licker, square-dancing, fighting, dreaming, loving—where young men are plowing with bull-tongued plows,—from these valleys come our writers—Anglo-Saxons, Scotch-Irish, Americans — Kentuckians.

Of what value are their thoughts? What added quality comes with more cosmopolitan contributions to our native culture? In Morehead the rustic meets the polished, the primitive borders on the ultra-modern, the folk-customs enrich our hurried existence. Here we strive to produce robust gentlemen of quality—rich in vitality, genuinely human.

Because we are healthy and young, we have a hearty appetite for life. What chance have we? The weight of the hills is heavy upon us. Yet we lift up our eyes unto our hills. With a great faith, we plow new furrows.



This magazine is written for our school, our alumni, our community, our country, and ourselves. For the magazine, not restricted in contents as is the annual, is the spiritual organ of the college. Through it the creative power of the institution will flow.

Although sponsored by English majors, the QUILL AND QUAIR is more than a laboratory project in English, just as the TRAIL BLAZER is a unit apart from journalism classes. Herein student opinion may achieve lasting values, and student creation, just born, attain to artistic maturity.

An even broader purpose it serves—keeping alive names and words of Kentucky men-of-letters. Articles by and about our authors set present-day gems into the fine-wrought past. Above all, creative thoughts of today's students are mirrored into the future. An appreciation of literature and individual talent becomes robust in carrying on Morehead traditions, objectives, and college life.



The club and staff of the QUILL AND QUAIR announce the spring issue as the drama issue. Outstanding authors will make contributions. Students and alumni are invited to contribute dramatic sketches, character sketches, essays, art, short stories, and poetry.



# OUR QUILLERS

HARVEY A. BABB, president, Morehead State Teachers College.

JESSE STUART, author of the most sensational book of poetry of the decade, MAN WITH THE BULL-TONGUED PLOW.

COTTON NOE, poet laureate of Kentucky.

PAUL HOLMAN, Glasgow, senior, editor of the TRAIL BLAZER.

RALPH SCHWARTZ, Fort Wayne, freshman, member of college band and orchestra.

JAMES STUART, Greenup, freshman, contributor to national magazines.

WILLIAM B. TORAN, Cincinnati, freshman, member of college orchestra.

SYLVIA GRAHAM, Cherokee, talented former student.

LUCILLE BASENBACH, Morehead, freshman, promising poet.

MARTHA VAN HOOSE, Ashland, junior, English major.

ROBERT ALFREY, Morehead, senior, campus artist.

HUBERT WEBB, Foster, junior, English major.

MARJORIE BRISCOE, Clay City, freshman, Revellers player.

VIRGINIA DAWSON, Morehead, sophomore, English major.

KATHRYN FRIEND ROBINSON, Cincinnati, former editor of TRAIL BLAZER, alumnus, '32.

KATHERINE DUVALL CARR, biology instructor, former business manager of University of Kentucky LETTERS.

ALICE PALMER MORRIS, head librarian.

INEZ FAITH HUMPHREY, head of English department.

EDNA MAE MITCHELL, Greenup, class of '32.

LEORA HOGGE, Morehead, junior, Revellers member.

OSCAR F. PATRICK, Morehead, junior, English major.

KATHLEEN MORRIS, Morehead, senior, history major.

MARY JANE BEATTIE, Morehead, sophomore, English major.

JOHN PAUL NICKELL, Morehead, senior, Revellers president.

MARY ARNETT PATRICK, Morehead, sophomore, English major.

SAMUEL BRADLEY, JR., Morehead, editor, Revellers player; feature editor of TRAIL BLAZER.

POETS from GRADES II, III, V, VI, Breckinridge Training School; Critic teachers: Edna Neal, II; Kathleen Moore, III; Etta Paulson, V; Rebecca Thompson, VI.

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## A GENTLEMAN OF QUALITY

(Continued From Page Eight)

as if every morsel were so choice that he hated to finish it. The waiter stared as he ate.

Fing's thoughts were not bitter. He could not blame his girl. He was the one who was wrong. Why was he living anyway? The routine of his life had been slowly breaking him and now this had happened. How could he dream now? Yet here he was eating, keeping his body alive. Well, it was comforting in a way to have something to do. The food was making him drowsy. Maybe he could sleep without dreaming. He wondered if he could eat until he went to sleep. He would eat, he would forget his girl. He could not think much now; he must be going to sleep. Yes, it was getting dark.

"Say, Bill, did you read about that chink in the paper today?"

"No. What did he do?"

"Here it is, read it."

Fing Lu, an employee of the Brown Cafeteria Company, was found dead in a northside restaurant last night. He was said to have died of heart failure after eating a heavy meal. The coroner stated that the man had over-eaten—that he literally ate himself to death. In his room was found a quantity of opium and several pipes.

"Doggone, they're a queer bunch, Bill."

"Yeah, a damn queer bunch."

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