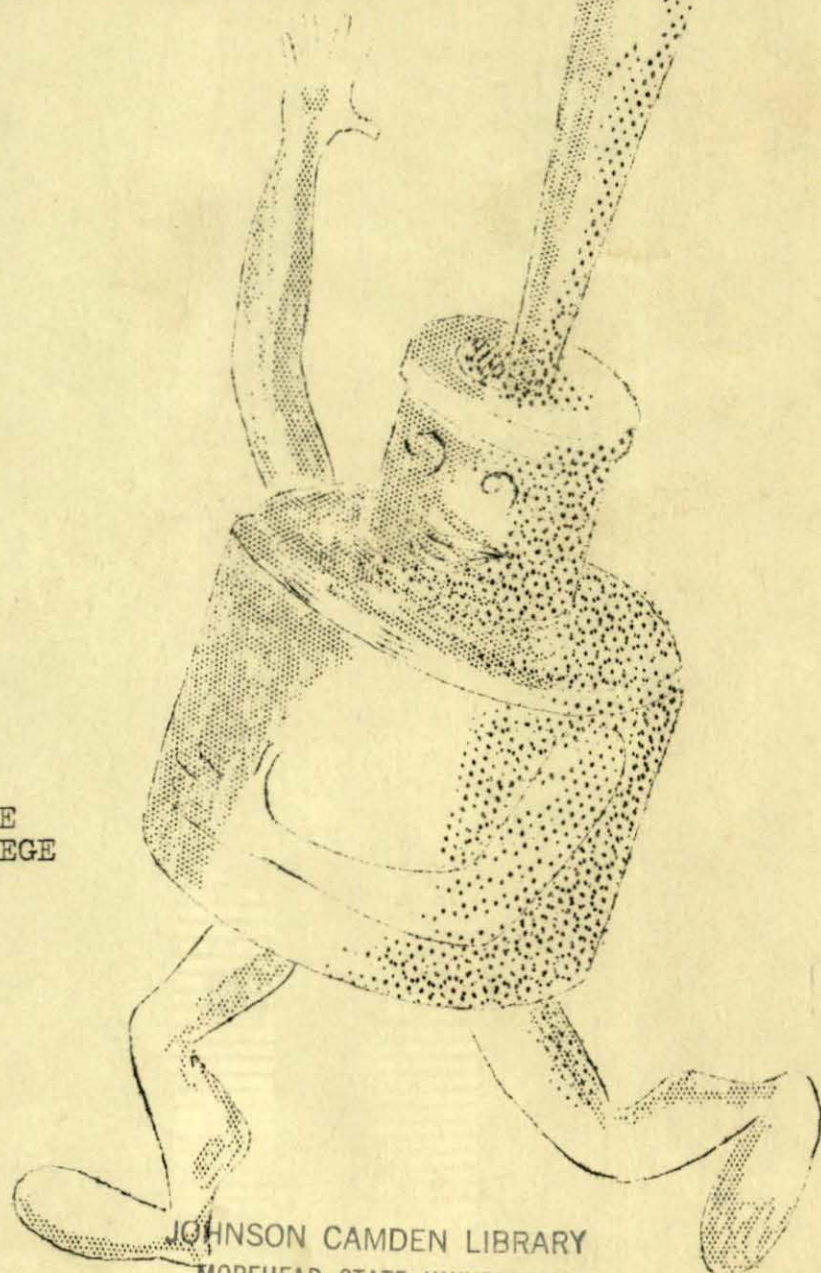


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INKPOT

NUMBER 3 May 19, 1949

COLLEGE POST OFFICE
MOREHEAD STATE COLLEGE



JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

To the Reader

CONFIDENTIALLY

Do three appearances establish a precedent, or a tradition? If so, the Inkpot is launched on the sea of college life. However, we do not always know in advance when it will sail, who will be the captain, or whether it will carry any passengers and cargo.

Leaving our mixed metaphor, which isn't appropriate for an Inkpot any way, we may make it known that this edition is purely freshman. The articles (relatives of the short story) were written for regular class assignments, with no intention of publication. Committees were chosen by the members of Sections One and Nine of Freshman Composition, and the committees selected ten stories from each section, to form this edition of the Inkpot. We can't compete with students majoring in creative writing, but we too are part of Morehead State College and wish to be represented.

There were more than a hundred other manuscripts, many of them were very interesting and worthy of notice, but we are not yet ready to publish a volume, hence the limit to twenty-one (including the editorial).

The editorial is intended to be a composite of freshman ideas--as many as we could find or formulate--on campus conduct. We do not wish the unsatisfactory conduct of a few persons to be taken as representative of the great majority.

Who will produce the next Inkpot? Could we have a Summer School edition? May we some time reach the high schools of Eastern Kentucky and stimulate better writing there?

Long live the Inkpot!

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
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Editorial of the week

A WORD ON COLLEGE CONDUCT

We are two struggling students in English Composition 102. The rest of the students in the freshman composition classes have submitted suggestions for the improvement of life on Morehead's campus. It is our lot to assume the role of critic and to relay to you the criticisms, opinions, and suggestions of some of your fellow students.

Our congress of critics is almost unanimous in deploring the conduct of the students during chapel. Why? Well, perhaps the whispering, the slamming doors, the rustling paper, the blank seats and looks, and the multitude of other disturbances that confront every speaker may have something to do with this. Of course the mad dash for the side door is just the thing. We understand that Mr. Pepper is going to station men with stop watches by the doors so that we can have the tryouts for the track team without asking the boys to take the long walk down to the track field. Installation of swinging doors might be the answer to the entire problem. By the way, does the congregation in your church burst into applause after the Lord's Prayer and other religious songs?

The line cutting problem in the cafeteria is an acute one. The number of tail-enders that have shed countless pounds at the end of an ever-increasing chowline is incalculable. Recent information, however, discloses that this is merely the football team getting ready for its fall schedule. It's nice to know that our football team is going to have girls on it also. We'll have more games than we can schedule. Every one will want to play Morehead.

The observant freshmen go on to point out a number of minor points of courtesy that we are sure that the upper classmen could not be guilty of. Such things as cutting across the grass, making noise in the dormitory while people are trying to study, sleeping in class, throwing trash on the campus, taking unnecessary cuts, destroying the flowers, boorish behavior at social events, and many other infractions of the social code were noted. Such self-criticism is a hopeful sign for Morehead.

It was also noted that some of the teachers have a habit of forgetting when the period ends. Uneasiness and stirring about in class might be reduced if the teachers were more attentive to this. It is to be hoped that the new bell system will do away with this factor. Some of the students have also mentioned the fact that some of the teachers seem to be in a cloud and do not return greetings when they are given. Although the writers have not noticed any instructors dwelling on such Olympian heights,

it is a point worth noting if it be the case.

Now that we freshmen have more or less let off steam we should like to conclude with a request. We are only too conscious of our multitudinous failings, and we are trying desperately to correct them. We know that the upper classmen are not guilty of such childish misdemeanors, and with humble recognition of their superior virtues and culture we implore them to be kind to us in our growing period and to help us keep on the straight and narrow path when our innocent young feet go astray.

Surely it is plain to see that if the upperclassmen continue to set their fine example, it will be only a matter of time till the freshmen straighten out and behave correctly.

Harve Mobley
Alfred Fuller

Even the beauty of a tropical island is dimmed by memories of old familiar places.

A DREAM

In blissful repose I watched the sun as it lazily sank to the faraway horizon. My head rested on the base of a palm tree whose leaves were fluttered by a tropical breeze that caused little white ripples to play tag on the ocean and then race for the beach. Here, with all the peace and quiet beauty of a tropical island, I was at home. My thoughts drifted over the endless stretch of blue to a peaceful little community that lay in the hills of eastern Kentucky.

I walked among the people I knew and loved. I stopped in the drug store and had a thick, frosted malt and lingered there to enjoy the cool refreshing friendship of the gang I had run around with. I walked over to the old statue and listened to the group that surrounded it. "The same as ever," I laughed, "talking of politics."

But here were people; people as I knew them; people of the soil whose labor in life showed in clear lines embedded deep on nature-worn faces; honest, common, down-to-earth people. Here were the people I knew and respected for their frank friendship. I sat among them and felt that friendship warm me, almost to the

point of tears; I felt it enter my heart and burst forth as a morning rose opens its petals to face a new day. This was undying friendship that people search forever to find, and in this small community it was everywhere. It was in the leaves that rustled in the summer breeze; it shone in the very eyes of the people around me; it was frank in the cheery greeting and smile that people gave each other as they passed; it seemed to me to be a rope that bound them together and made the heart for the community.

Among these people I had been happy. I had lived with them and learned to know them; I had laughed with them in happeniness and cried with them in grief; I had helped and been helped by these people. To a stranger, this friendship may pass unnoticed, but to me, it shines to the world as being good and clean and wholesome. Here, among these people and their friendship, one may live; among these people and their friendship, I was at home..

Some time I'll come back. To what? My home, here, among these people. That's my dream.

Harold Bellamy
West Liberty, Kentucky

If you speed because you're late,
Soon you'll knock on the Pearly Gate.

A DATE WITH DEATH

At fifteen minutes after two, on a Saturday afternoon, John Oliver drove his car through the intersection at Third Street and Wilson Avenue and headed north on Third Street. As he approached the next intersection, the traffic light changed to red. He then slammed on his brakes and brought his car to a screeching halt. The pedestrians looked up at him in a half-frightened manner and gave him the "you're Crazy" look.

John glanced at his clock on the dashboard. It read seventeen minutes after two. John thought, "Only thirteen minutes until I have to be in Westville."

As the traffic light changed to green, John pressed the accelerator down as far as it would go and made a fast start.

At the next intersection the light was green, so John sent

his car whizzing through. He glanced at the clock once more. It read twenty-one minutes after two.

John's luck continued at the next intersection; the light was green and he drove on through.

Almost midway up the next block a man walked from between two cars into the path of John's automobile. Again John applied the brakes heavily. He stopped the car in time, and the man was saved. The clock now read twenty-three minutes after two.

John's luck ended at the next intersection. As he approached the traffic light, it changed to red. John thought that he could go on through before the traffic started. He pressed the accelerator harder and the car gained momentum. About this time a young man named Robert Tackett started his car rolling through the intersection.

As Tackett's car started through the intersection, John saw it out of the corner of his eye and he jammed on his brakes. He was too late. His car was traveling too fast. It skidded into Tackett's car. There was a loud crash. John was thrown against the steering wheel. The clock was stopped at twenty-four minutes after two. For a moment there was uncanny silence in the hustling city. The screams of spectators shrilled the air.

Robert Tackett crawled from the rear window of his car unhurt.

Someone pulled John out of the pile of twisted steel that was his car. But he was dying; his head had been severely fractured.

A shrill whistle cut the air and policemen began to arrive on the scene. A policeman lifted John's head and asked him how he felt. John's lips parted and he uttered in dying agony, "Is it two-thirty yet?"

Grady Conley
Prestonsburg, Kentucky

High in the hills of Tennessee a meeting takes place. A story that will appeal to service men

STRANGER IN THE NIGHT

I sat there on the hard wooden bench in the dusty, old run-down railroad station somewhere in the hills of Tennessee. I had missed my train by a matter of minutes and couldn't get another until eight o'clock the next morning. There was nothing to do but sit there and wait.

An hour passed, then two, and I began to feel sorry for myself. Here I was waiting for a train to take me back to camp for the rest of my twenty-one months of service, when I should be in college. If there were a war going on, it would be different, but this was peace time; besides, there were enough people loafing around doing nothing to make up a peace-time army. Why take me out of college to take basic training? This peace time draft was a waste of my time and the taxpayers' money, and I couldn't see any use for it.

My spirit was an equal match for the weather, which was dark and gloomy, with a slow drizzle of rain oozing down on the world from a bleak sky.

I looked at my watch and it was ten o'clock. That meant I had about ten more dreary hours to wait. I must have dozed off for about an hour, and then a cheery voice said from the door, "Hello, stranger," and I jerked awake with a start. There in the door was a young fellow of about my own age. He was clad in an old army raincoat and was bare-headed. He was the sort of fellow you would meet walking down a street in Home Town, U. S. A. He was a typical American boy.

I said, "Hello, stranger," and waited to see what he was going to do next. For some reason I had a strange feeling that this fellow should not be here, or that something was amiss.

He came in and sat down on the bench beside me and said, "I saw the light and thought maybe some one had missed a train, and was having to wait for the eight o'clock train in the morning. Just thought I would stop by and pass the time of night. My name is Doe, John Doe."

I said, "My name is Jim Brown."

He said, "You look troubled, Jim. Is there any thing I can do for you?"

Something in the way he said that made me start talking. I

told him what I thought about the peacetime draft and said a lot of other things I am afraid weren't very patriotic. He sat there listening to me sound off and didn't say anything until I had finished. I felt better after getting a few things off my chest and was ready to listen when he started to talk. He didn't say much. He talked of the last war and the lives that might have been saved if we had had a better trained, or as he said, better prepared, army. He said that he had been away for a long time and didn't know much about this peacetime draft, but that he thought we should have had one before the last war. Then he asked me a question, "Would you want to depend upon a loafer for the protection of this great country of ours?"

As he arose to leave he said, "Think it over; it is always the darkest just before the dawn."

After he left I began to think but finally said to myself that he didn't know what he was talking about. Why, he said himself that he didn't know much about this peacetime draft. Who was he to be telling me about things like that? Why, I had had one year in college and six months in the army. Who was he to be telling me about who should be in the army, and things like that?

It had stopped raining during the night, and a ray of early morning sunlight fell across my face and came to rest on a newspaper lying on the floor at my feet. Then I saw in it a picture of the stranger of the night before. I picked the paper up and began to read. It was a picture of a boy wearing a soldier's uniform. Under it, it said John Doe, killed 1941, at Pearl Harbor. I didn't read much more of it, only that he had died a hero's death and had been a graduate of Yale.

For some reason I felt humble. And then for the first time I saw what a beautiful morning it was, and I was proud of the uniform I was wearing. My Uncle wasn't asking so much of me after all.

Wendell Dobyns
Martha, Kentucky

This could happen but once a year

THE MISSING BOX OF MONEY

The small farm town of Iron Jaw, which was just beyond the Red River, was one of the few farm towns in this area of the Northwest. The farmers would gather in every Wednesday for all of their business, buying supplies, selling their farm products, and borrowing money if there was a need for it. Wednesday was a day that most of the people

looked forward to. But some people didn't like for this day to roll around because they either had to pay the money they had borrowed or give up their farms.

On every road leading into town on this day one could see many wagons leading in from the nearby farms, this being the only means of transportation at this time.

One of the roads leading into town passed over a steep hill on which on this day there was a continuous passing of wagons. It was over this road that Thomas Fail had to travel to town. Thomas and his wife Sarah had lived on their farm for five years and had a hard time trying to make ends meet so that they could pay off a mortgage which was due the first of April. Their two sons, Edward and John, helped to save the money to pay off the mortgage also by working and doing without some of the things that young children like to have.

This Wednesday the entire family was going to Iron Jaw, and they were very happy because they were going to pay off the mortgage without too much difficulty. The money which was in a tin box was placed in the rear of the wagon and they started for Iron Jaw.

It took about two hours to make the trip to Iron Jaw. When they arrived in town Thomas drove as close to the bank as possible. Saying that he would pay the mortgage the first thing he jumped down from the seat and walked to the rear of the wagon to get the money.

"Great day," he shouted, "the box isn't here."

Sarah and the boys jumped out and dashed around the wagon, and sure enough it was gone. They hadn't left the wagon as yet so they thought no one could have stolen it. So they drew the conclusion that it had fallen out the back coming up the steep hill.

"There isn't any use going back and looking for it now," said Thomas, "for some one has surely found it by this time."

Sarah would not give up this easy, so she told her husband to take the two boys and go back the way they had come and get the box while she was buying the groceries.

Thomas thinking it was no use said, "Let's go and satisfy your Mother."

In about half an hour Sarah, having finished buying her groceries, crossed over to the bank and went inside. She told the credit manager to get the mortgage ready because Thomas would soon be back with the money since he had lost it coming over the hill into town.

The man remained silent, for he was thinking that Sarah must

be crazy, for he knew the money wouldn't be found that day.

In a short time the wagon was seen coming down the street, full speed ahead; Sarah knew he had the money for some reason of her own.

Thomas shouted, "How did you know the box would be left lying in the middle of the road, Sarah?"

Sarah didn't reply, but she had the feeling all the time that no one would touch the box, because it being the first of April everyone would think it was an April Fool's Day joke.

James Maley
Maysville, Kentucky

Papa tracks down a skunk

PAPA AND THE BLOODHOUNDS

If I was wantin' to track down some robbers I'd get Papa to do it any day before I would bloodhounds. The reason I know Papa is good is because he tracked 'em down once himself, and another time he knew the dogs were wrong. I remember the last time Papa sent for bloodhounds. It looked like everyone in Morgan County was at the depot. This made twice the store had been robbed, and we were wondering if it would make twice the bloodhounds would be wrong, because they had tracked down the wrong party the last time.

Everyone was gathered around the bloodhounds telling what they thought of them and asking the two men questions. The hounds were long and gaunt and kept straining at their leashes and smelling of people. Some in the crowd would laugh and others would look kinda scared. I guessed they were "skeered" the hounds would think they were the robbers like they did that old couple the first time. I was beginning to get furious because Mother kept holding my hand and wouldn't let me get up on the depot steps where I could see over everyone's head. Then I saw Papa down at the barn behind the store and he was acting mighty excited. He yelled and motioned for the men to bring the bloodhounds. I figured I knew what it was because I had heard Papa tell Mother the night before about the mule and wagon tracks and about one of the mule s having one shoe missing. We watched them fool around down there for a while. The dogs didn't seem to know what they were doing but Papa did. He had already gone across the creek and was headed toward the "old road".

"Boys, Ep's onter the track now!" someone hollered. They called Papa Ep because his initials are E. P. Garfield Whitt said, "Well, I knew Ep was treated like a dog, but I never 'spected he could outdo a bloodhound." All the men gave out big guffaws, and Garfield grinned at Mother. Some of the crowd moved on up the road after Papa and the men and their hounds.

Papa wasn't back by supper time, and we didn't say much. Seems like everyone was acting kinda like someone was dead or something. I told Mother I believed that Ben Frank's oldest boy was the robber because he had acted real scared of the bloodhounds and climbed on top of a box-car when they started toward him. Mother made me hush because our hired girl was Ben Frank's niece and I'd forgot.

We waited up for Papa and when he came in he told us he'd sure enough tracked down the robbers all by himself. He had followed those mule tracks all the way to Elliot County and right into the field where the man was plowing them. And sure enough one mule had a shoe miss-

ing. Then they'd searched the house and found the merchandise with Papa's trademark on it.

Now all the men laugh and say they'd rather have Papa than a good rabbit dog any day for tracking down rabbits, and I'd rather have him than bloodhounds for tracking robbers.

Bonnie Ruth Lewis
Wrigley, Kentucky

A mighty yarn about the strength of a gnat

GNATS

Junie Ward is my favorite comedian. He isn't widely known or even paid for his bits of humor, which are usually "tall tales", and he tells them as solemnly as if he were conducting a funeral. I'll tell you my favorite as nearly in his words as I can.

"Well, thishere is what happened over on Middlefork a long time ago. Fact it's so dadblame long ago I can't hardly remember. I musta been not over two or three years old, 'cause I don't recollect shavin' that day. An' a right mighty two-year-old I was, too. I 'uz workin' for Mosie Pruitt as a blacksmith, carpenter, bricklayer, and general handyman. It 'ist happened that I 'uz a-patchin' a old three-legged, pot-bellied kettle for Mosie. Well, I 'uz jist leanin' on my hammer between licks, an' I heerd the beatin'est noise ever was. It sounded like a whole bunch of big airplanes. They wuz gnats! An' such gnats you never seen--why, the' was long as your arm, and had bills like spears--long as your ar--I mean a foot long. An' sharper 'n needles! Well, I never was so skeered in my life. I jumped under thishere big kettle to hide, an' don't you know, them gnats stuck their bills plum through that kettle. But I had my hammer, an' ever' time one stuck thoo, I'd brad it down with my little hammer. Yow! They'd stick one thoo, an' I'd brad it down, on an' on till you never seen a pin-cushion so full. Well, I uz a-wonderin' jus' how long they'd be room for anothern to find a pokin' place, an' danged if they didn't fly clear off with Mosie's pot-bellied kettle. So I went in to tell Mosie what had happened, and jus' like anybody, he wouldn't believe it. He was aimin' to make me pay for the kettle 'cause he thought I'd stole it. But as we stepped out on the front porch, he sung a different tune. There was them gnats big as life an' twice as nasty. They had eat poor Mosie's horse--hair an' hide--body an' bone. An' right now they was some pickin' their teeth with the horse-shoe nails, an' the rest of 'em was thow'n horseshoes to see which'n got to eat the harness."

Roger Davis
Sandy Hook, Kentucky

The love of money is the
root of all evil

WAS IT SUICIDE?

She stood motionless on the rocky ledge, looking down into the deep ravine below her. Jagged rock jutted out of the steep sides of the ravine and a few bits of thorny shrubbery grew on the steep banks. Alexis, a native of these Kentucky hills knew the danger of such places, and that a fall into one of these ravines would mean certain death. Although she knew this she kept coming here day after day, feeling sure that she would someday make the fatal jump. Something kept calling from below, a loud wailing that seemed to say, "Come, come."

Alexis felt weak and helpless against this mysterious thing. She started to sway toward the ravine, when a firm hand grasped her shoulder and turned her around. It was Curtis, the man who loved Alexis. "You must not come here," he said. "I am going to take you away." "NO! NO! I won't go. She's down there calling me. I can't leave her. I won't go." Alexis sobbed. "That's no way to act. No one is calling you. Your sister is dead. She has been dead a year now. It's time you realized it. You can't go on in this morbid state."

Resignedly Alexis walked slowly homeward, listening patiently to the half angry advice Curtis was giving her. All the while a plan was forming in her mind. Once home, she sat down in a chair on the lawn. Curtis lay in the hammock dozing peacefully. Suddenly she jumped up and started running for the ledge overlooking the ravine. She heard footsteps behind her and knew it was Curtis. She thought, "Poor Curtis, I'm glad I left him my fortune." She reached the ledge, paused for an instant, looked back and waved. Then she heard the wailing voice calling to her, louder than before. She whispered, "I'm coming." Then she made the fatal plunge over the ledge into the ravine.

Curtis looked down into the ravine and smiled cruelly. Then he made his way down about middle way of the ravine, picked up a record player, took the record off, broke it into a thousand pieces, and lit a match to them. Then rising and making his way back up the steep incline, he chuckled to himself. "It worked," he said; "I'm a rich man."

Thelma Qualls
Olive Hill, Kentucky

A little drop of rain sometimes carries great weight.

RAIN

Today was the ninth of April; the sky was black and Jim knew that before he could get home it would be raining. He could tell by the air. People were rushing up and down the street and he laughed to himself - people were unlike anything he knew - but he accepted them as best he could.

Drops of rain began to pat on his stooped shoulders; he was old and he knew it. He had no family, that is, except Faye, his daughter with whom he stayed.

Faye, a woman in her early thirties, lived modestly with her husband, their three children, and Jim. Jim had lived with them less than two years, his wife had been dead a little more than two years. Since he moved in with them he had been treated with the utmost respect. But still he was not a city man and wanted something to keep him busy. He repaired little things around the house until there was nothing left to do, so he had started taking evening walks which later turned into morning and evening walks until he had stumbled into the park. Now this park was really the yard of the City Home. It was a beautiful home, large and rambling. He had begun to take part in the arguments that these men fed on from day to day. Soon he had become a highly respected man and they had begun to ask his opinions, and when he spoke, they listened.

He began to feel the rain on his face, but he did not care. He passed the scurrying people in a slow, but deliberate walk. His stay with his daughter was comfortable, but was he happy? His thoughts turned to the City Home, where his friends were staying. There was a life full of companionship; they were not a burden on their families. Yes! But did they enjoy the pleasure of being near one of their own kin? He was confused - what should he do?

The rain was coming down fast, and Jim suddenly realized that he was "wet to the skin".

Soon he was home; the children had playmates over for the afternoon. They were young. Yes, they were in their extreme youth, without worries or cares. The only thing that worried him was the way they seemed to avoid him.

He went to his room, a small one, in the rear of the house. He looked out the window to watch the rain; his thoughts turned to the spacious lobby in the home.

One of the playmates interrupted, but was quickly called back by the eldest who instructed him that that was Grandpa's room, and they were not to bother Grandpa. Faye was not hindered by his presence - he knew that - but did he trespass on the happiness of the kids? What was he to do?

That night at the supper table everything was quiet; the sun had come out and only the kids made an occasional squeak.

He went to his room; the leak in the roof made a drip---drip. He hated rain. He turned to pick up his suitcase.

Harve Mobley
Morehead, Kentucky

Moral: Don't fire until you see the
whites of their eyes.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

Several neighbors were gathered in the church yard discussing various happenings of the week. John took his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the tobacco juice from his mouth and, in a harsh tone, said, "If I ever hear anyone prowling around my house, I'll shoot to kill." Another man cut in, "I wouldn't want to hurt anyone, but they'd better stay away from my house at night."

Just then Rosa called to Janie and told her it was time for her to get ready for bed. John talked for a few minutes longer and reached the house shortly after his wife and daughter did.

Rosa said, "John, you don't think he'd really try to break into anyone's house if he thought they were at home, do you?" John answered quickly by saying that George Pratt had heard of five different houses that had been broken into that week.

About nine o'clock they settled down to sleep, but Rosa was very worried and upset.

Rosa heard footsteps on the porch just before midnight. She was too scared to look out the window to see what it was, but she whispered to her husband to get up quickly, that the burglar had chosen their home to raid that night. John jumped out of bed and ran quietly to the closet to get his gun. While John was loading the gun, many thoughts ran through Rosa's mind. Maybe it wasn't the burglar! Maybe it was someone they knew! Whoever it is, I don't want John to kill him! Just then she

glanced out the window and saw a small, white figure holding to a chair arm. As she looked back at John he was ready to pull the trigger. She kept her mind long enough to hit his arm and the bullet went through the ceiling.

Rosa ran to the porch and it was Janie walking in her sleep.

John and Rosa nearly lost their minds thinking how near he came to killing their daughter. John said, "From now on, I'll always make sure of what I shoot at."

Verle Underwood
Soldier, Kentucky

A fine example of life's little tragedies.

THE LETTER

James Lykins, the penniless inventor, said to his patient landlord, "Tomorrow the check will come, and I will be able to pay all the back rent."

But the landlord only grumbled and said, "I will have to see it first."

"You shall see it, never fear," said the aging inventor, as he went up the stairs slowly. His supper that evening and several evenings before consisted of a cold piece of bread and some water. After Mr. Lykins had finished his light meal and brushed the crumbs away, he went to work on his invention. He had almost finished his invention which was a new and improved pipe cleaner. Mr. Lykins could have stayed with his son, who was a radio announcer, but he felt that he could not have worked on his invention if he had stayed at his son's home. So this was how he came to be living at the rooming house.

Very weak and hungry, the old man hurried to finish his task. Before morning, he would have completed his invention. He thought of himself as a young man going out (so to speak) to conquer the world. He had formerly been in the tobacco business and some young men complained to him of their need of an efficient pipe cleaner. This suggestion started him to work on something that had lasted over two decades.

He worked on his invention until two or three o'clock in the morning, and finally retired. Morning came, and with it all the familiar noises of the milkman, paper boy, and the workmen going to work.

The landlord's wife usually cleaned the rooms at a certain time each day. She began on the first floor and worked up. The inventor's room was on the top floor. As she reached his room, she remembered the letter she had for him in her apron pocket. She knocked gently on the door, but when there was no response, she used her passkey to gain entrance. She did not see the old man at first, for he was lying with his head on the table in a dimly lit corner of the room. It didn't take her long to find out that he was dead. She looked at the letter in her hand, and the return address was Patent Office, Washington, D. C..

Catherine Woodruff
Maysville, Kentucky

The story of a dream which came true.

HOW STILL THE NIGHT

Philip woke with a sudden jerk and gazed into the crackling log fire. How long had he been sitting here, hours or minutes? These dreams he'd been having lately were driving him insane. He would surely have to see Dr. Henderson tomorrow. Philip got up from his favorite easy chair in front of the fire and slowly walked to the window. At least it had stopped snowing, and he peered out through the window at a smiling moon, with its rays of light reflecting on the diamond studded snow.

He thought, "I'll pour myself another drink." That would settle his nerves and maybe he could go upstairs to his room and fall asleep without another one of the horrible dreams that had been occurring to him so frequently lately. He started for his bottle on the bookcase but fell against the floor lamp and decided he had had enough to drink for tonight. That was another thing he would have to do tomorrow, stop drinking.

He walked back to his chair and sat down, resting his throbbing head in his hands. Maybe if he could analyse his dreams, get to the root of them, he could sleep in peace. Why did he always dream he was hurting Juanita? He loved her now much more than the day when they had been married in the small chapel in Miami.

This sudden infatuation she had for Mitchell French was only another one of her passing fancies. She was forever wanting something new, just like a child with toys. But did she mean it two weeks ago when she had asked him so simply for a divorce?

Tonight his dream had somehow seemed more realistic than the

others. He had walked up the stairs and gone into her room, and there she had sat in front of the dressing table, brushing her shiny long black hair. When she heard him enter she turned quickly and said, "Philip, I have nothing to say to you; get out of here at once! I am going to Reno tomorrow and nothing you can say or do will stop me."

"But, Juanita, you wouldn't do that."

In her most charming manner she had said, "Oh, wouldn't I, Philip?"

With insane rage he had rushed at her and twisted that long black hair around her neck, then laughed at her screams until they faded into a faint gasp. Then he had carried her long, slim, limp body and placed it on the clean white sheet, kissed her fully on the lips and walked from the room.

How silly dreams can be; he knew in his heart he could never harm her.

Philip raised his head from his hands. He would go upstairs and try to reason with Juanita again. Yes, he knew he could make her understand, she had even rumped his hair before going up to bed, just as she always did when she was getting tired of an old toy.

After putting another log on the fire and snapping off the hall light, Philip started upstairs. He opened her door and saw her in the moonlight lying on the bed. She was asleep. When he had gone closer he saw more clearly that she was not asleep after all. Her large blue eyes were fixed on the ceiling and around her lovely white neck was a knot of long black hair.

Nell Vick
Mt. Sterling, Kentucky

A touching tale of a Dr. Jekyll
and Mr. Hyde

KIND

Mr. Arnold, one of the richest men in Blakefield, couldn't help noticing the small boy shivering in front of the corner store across the street. The wind alone would have told one it was Christmas Eve, but the store window gave added indications. The boy's clothes were ragged and torn; he stared longingly at the various toys in the window.

The distinguished looking man crossed the street and walked up beside the boy. "Hello, young man," said Mr. Arnold looking down at the frail but clean little boy. "Hello," said the boy in a scared tone. "Here is a little Christmas present, my lad," explained Mr. Arnold, handing the boy a crisp one dollar bill. The boy hesitated to take it, but took hold of it in his small fingers as the man assured him it would be all right. "Thank you, thank you very much," said the boy with a look of rejoicing on his face.

The boy walked hurriedly up the street and then crossed to enter a large dilapidated tenement building. He ran up the stairs and opened the door to the shabby two-room apartment. The boy's mother was preparing supper. He shouted, "Mom, Mom, here is another dollar; a man gave it to me for a Christmas present." The mother had tears in her eyes as she listened to him. "Why can't everybody be as kind as this gentleman has been to my son?" she thought. She had saved every penny she could for the last month now, so she could pay the much too high rent for the rooms. It hadn't been enough though, and now she must move. She had received the notice this morning, saying that she must move within the next three days because of delay in paying the rent.

She looked at her husband, who had worked so hard that he was now in bed sick. "If he would only give us a little more time," she remarked. "But no, he just wouldn't anymore."

"Where will we go, what can we do?" she moaned. "We will make out some way," her husband assured her. She picked up the notice and began to read the last line aloud. It read, "I regret this very much, but I am forced to do it, signed, J. H. Arnold."

Billy Fraley
Morehead, Kentucky

The case of the missing
hand. Or: The consequences
of a father's ignorance.

JOHNNY, SHEETMETAL WORKER FIRST CLASS

"Now children, I want you all to come over here and look at Johnny's picture. See, Bill, how Johnny has shaded the face of his subject? That's how I want you to get it. All of you observe the way in which he has expressed emotion by use of lines. And try to get the feel of it as if . . ."

Johnny moved out of the group that was clustered around the canvas, quietly stepped over to the window, and looked out on the school yard. He thought of his ambition to be a great artist and of the recognition he craved and delighted in. The complimentary comments of the teacher were wine for his parched soul. If only his father would understand and give him a free hand with his art. He pictured his father now. Huge and hairy, he smelled of the grease and metal of the sheetmetal ship that had been his place of work for these past twenty years. Two decades of back-breaking toil had not made his father appreciative of the values of art. The old man thought it was sissified, and it was his oft-voiced contention that Johnny should work Saturdays at the shop so that he could learn a trade. Maybe Aunt Anne who was always promising him a gift and who liked him would help him in persuading his parents to send him to Art School. His mother was a mousy, browbeaten little woman who did not dare speak up to his father. Brrr! There was the bell. Guess he'd better go home and see what was on for supper.

As Johnny scuffled along through the autumn leaves he felt a vague premonition of trouble. However, as he neared the house he shook off this mood and ran into the kitchen so that he could smell the odors of the cooking food. His mother was there, bent over the stove tasting some broth. He danced over to her, gaily humming a tune, and kissed her on the forehead. She looked up with a faint smile and patted him on the arm. Johnny started bragging about the work that he had done in Art class. The front door slammed and he heard his father's heavy footsteps. Ducking out into the hallway so that he could avoid him, Johnny slipped upstairs. Once there he divested himself of his school clothes and books, and after taking a bath and putting on a sweatshirt and dungarees he returned to the kitchen. A heavy slap on the back and a booming hello was there to greet him.

"Well, son, how did school go today?" boomed his father.

"Oh, pretty good, Dad, I painted a new picture in Art class," said the boy.

"Uh, now look, son," said his father, "I've been pretty nice about letting you fool around with them paints 'n breshes, but that kinda stuff has to stop. You're goin' to hafta earn a livin' some of these days, and you cain't do it by dobbin' at a piece of cloth. I've fixed it up down to the shop so that you kin start workin' on Saturdays and learnin' to do a man's work."

"But, Dad," cried Johnny, "I don't want to work in that- - -"

"Never mind," was the man's sharp rejoinder, "I am old enough to know what's best for you. Just do what I say and everything will come out all right."

"Now, Johnny, your father means the best for you," ventured his mother timidly. "If you do what he says, everything will come out for the best. Besides, when you get married, how are you going to support a family by just painting?"

"I don't want to raise a batch of squalling brats. I want to paint," came the boy's hot reply.

"That'll be enough out of you," rumbled his father. "You're coming to work with me Saturday. Some good hard work will take some of that smartness out of you."

Supper, that night, was eaten in dead silence.

The rest of the week passed quickly by, leaving Johnny in a state of numb despair. Saying good-bye to his art equipment was like parting with a dear friend. Maybe he could do something wrong at the shop and then his father would become disgusted and let him take up art again. It was in that state of mind that Johnny went to the shops Saturday.

The clanging and banging could be heard blocks away, and by the time he reached the shop the noise had risen to a deafening din. Johnny entered the shop with his father and was introduced to someone named Mike. Mike was redheaded, and Irish, and he put Johnny to work sorting rivets. The morning hours crawled slowly by on leaden feet, and after an interminable period of noise, sweat, and dirt the noon hour came.

As the back to work whistle blew, Johnny's father called to him, "Hey, kid, come over here and hold this metal while I cut it."

Johnny went over and was soon tugging and pushing on the long strips as they were placed underneath the huge, shining blade.

Chomp! Clang! And so it went; the strips of metal grew smaller and smaller as they were fed into its omnivorous maw. Then it happened. At the end of one strip, Johnny slipped on some grease, and as he did so he lurched forward, instinctively throwing out his hands in front of him. At that same moment his father stepped on the treadle. Again the noise stopped. That scream would have stopped anything. The men hurried, stopped, gaped, and then some turned away, some covered their eyes, and others just stood. On one side of the blood-splattered blade lay two small, fine-boned hands now curled into rigid claws. On the other side was the handless boy, beside himself with pain, groveling in the grease that he so despised. The coats of the doctors and nurses were white against the grimy ring of onlookers. White against Black--something like life against death. The moans ceased and the circle slowly broke up as the stretcher disappeared through the door. Some of the men took home the blubbing hulk, that was Johnny's father. He controlled himself before he went inside so that he could face his wife and comfort her. She greeted him with a smile, not for a minute suspecting anything.

"Look, dear," she said, "see what Anne sent Johnny for his birthday."

The man went to the table and lifted the lid from the box. Inside was a beautiful set of drawing tools.

Alfred Fuller
Millersville, Maryland

Two little girls go crawdobbin'

UP THE CREEK

It had been raining all morning, but around noon the hot July sun came out and licked the earth dry with its blistering heat. The bright green beauty of the Pine Mountains region.

Blond, six-year-old Mary Lou ran barefoot out of the house calling to Maizie, her colored playmate, whose family worked for Mary Lou's father and lived in the shed down by the creek. Mary Lou and Maizie always walked through the deep grass after a rain.

Maizie came streaking up from the creek bank where she had been watching the minnows flashing their silver sides in the bright sunlight. "Hadn't yo' ratha wade in the creek than jus' walk through the grass?" cried Maizie as she ran up the bank where Mary Lou stood waiting. Eagerly Mary Lou agreed and together they waded up the little creek, watching the minnows and crawfish darting here and there.

For hours they waded until they came to a large sycamore that stood by the bank. In the cool shade both tired little girls lay down to rest, and both fell asleep.

It was night when they awoke. Maizie began sobbing because a large bull frog, whose home was under one of the roots of the sycamore, had startled her. Maizie moaned, "I nebah look at any mo' minnas and any mo' crawdabs any mo'! Lawdy, Miz Mary, I'se scared we nebah goin' git home any mo'!"

"Hush, Maizie," said Mary Lou as she drew the shivering playmate close to her.

While Mary Lou was pondering whether to stay under the tree until day or follow the creek back home, there came the sound of men's voices from down the creek. Suddenly Mary Lou recognized her father's voice and called out to him. In a few seconds the men found the little girls hugged tightly in each other's arms. Picking their own little girls up into their arms the fathers started for home.

Half way down the creek Maizie, who hadn't spoken a word all the way, said thoughtfully, "yo' know, Miz Mary, I saw de best place to ketch little crawdabs obah wuz."

Rosalie Collins
Whitesburg, Kentucky

The story of a broken promise
that led to a broken heart.

THE BALL GAME

Teddy woke with the warm sun shining in his face. He started to turn over and go back to sleep when he remembered what day it was. He lay there for awhile until he heard Frank get up.

Frank was Teddy's big brother, and today he said that Teddy could go to a ball game with him. Teddy had polished his shoes and mowed Frank's side of the lawn just so he could go. He couldn't go to sleep last night for thinking about it. Wouldn't all the kids be jealous when they heard that he had gone to the game with his big brother and his brother's friends!

Teddy jumped out of bed when he heard his brother call to him.

"Hey, Ted, go get me a clean shirt."

Teddy was always glad to do something for Frank, no matter what it was. Of course it was a little hard at times, like the time he was going fishing with the gang, and Frank told him to weed the garden, but he always did everything Frank told him to do. He loved and admired Frank.

All through breakfast Teddy waited for Frank to mention the game. Perhaps he had forgotten it, but no, Frank wouldn't forget.

Teddy heard Jack and Cris, Frank's best friends, at the front gate. Frank grabbed his hat and ran out the door without saying a thing to Teddy.

"Aw, surely he just forgot," said Teddy to the hat rack as he reached for his cap. "Hey, Frank, wait for me," Ted yelled as he ran out the door.

Frank didn't stop; he didn't even look around. Teddy felt hurt, but he kept after him. When he caught up with him, Ted jerked on his jacket and said, "Frank, ye said I could go with ye."

List

cntd.

"Listen, Small Change," Frank, ye said I could go with ye.

"But, but Frank ye promised, en, en, I mowed the lawn en everything."

"I tol you I didn't mean it," Frank said. "You're too young to go with us. Who wants to have a kid brother hanging around a ll the time?"

"Pl-pl-please, Frank," sniffled Teddy.

"Aw, go jump in the lake," Frank said as he turned his back on Teddy and walked off.

A group of grave faced people stood on the shore watching a boat drag the lake for a body. A boy with a tear-stained face look tenesly on. In his hand he held a pair of shoes, a pair someone had picked up on the shore. Frank knew these shoes well-----too well.

Virginia Litton
Morehead, Kentucky

Moral: Don't fire until you see
the whites of their eyes.

A gift in itself is not so important
as the spirit with which it is given

Half of a Gift

Bob was ten year old, and his brother, Nick, was fourteen years old. For both of them the purchase of a gift for their mother on Mother's Day was an occasion of excitement and of great importance. It was their first gift to her. They were very poor, but they had been fortunate in earning a little money at odd jobs. The anticipation of surprise and of giving grew in both of them until they were almost frantic. When they told their father, he said it was a fine idea. He asked them what they were going to give her.

"We're going to give separate presents," Bob announced.

"You tell Mother," said Nick, looking at Bob for approval, "so that she can enjoy thinking about it."

For the next few days they enjoyed the game of secrecy with their mother. A shining look came into her face as she worked, pretending not to know, and she smiled often.

"Let's not tell each other what we're going to buy," said Nick.

After careful deliberation Bob bought a comb decorated with little shiny stones that could be mistaken for diamonds. Nick liked Bob's gift, but he wouldn't say anything about his gift.

The next morning when their mother got ready to wash the floor, Nick nodded to Bob, and they ran and got their gifts. When Bob came back, his mother was on her knees, wearily scrubbing the floor and mopping up the dirty water with old rags. It was the job she hated the most. Then Nick returned with his present. His mother's face went pale with disappointment as she looked at it. It was a new scrubbing pail with a wringer and a new mop.

"A scrubbing pail," she said, her voice almost breaking.

Tears came to Nick's eyes. Without a word he picked up the pail and trudged down the stairs. Bob put his comb in his pocket and ran after him. Nick was crying, and Bob began to cry too. On the way down they met their father.

"I will take it back," sobbed Nick.

"No," said their father, taking the pail. "It is a wonderful gift." They went upstairs again. In the kitchen their mother was still scrubbing. Without a word their father soaked the puddle of dirty water up with the mop and, using the foot wringer on the bucket, neatly squeezed it dry. "You did not let Nick finish," he said to her. "Part of the gift was that Nick was going to wash the floor from now on. Isn't that so, Nick?"

With a flush of shame Nick understood the lesson. "Yes, oh, yes," he said in a low, eager tone.

"Scrubbing is much easier with this wonderful wringer and scrub pail," said their father. "Your hands stay clean, and your knees don't hurt."

They turned to Bob. "What is your gift?" asked his father. Nick looked at Bob. Bob felt the comb in his pocket. It would make the scrubbing pail, again, just a scrubbing pail. "Half of the scrubbing pail," Bob said. Nick looked at Bob with love in his eyes.

Charlotte Rose
Huntington, Wndiana

The moral of this story is:
"Don't believe everything you see."

DECEPTION

Two weary feet hurried along the hard, dirty pavement. They paused occasionally before the huge department store windows, as two tired eyes gazed longingly at the beautiful clothes on display. The richly-clad mannequins stood in stony silence, completely ignoring the admiring glances cast their way. Their carefully coiffured heads were thrown at a naughty angle, in contempt for the tattered figure before them. Two rough, red hands dangled beneath the worn, brown, coat sleeves. Two weary feet moved on down the street.

Adah Smith worked as dishwasher at Nick's Cafe on Broadway. She was on her way to Lovell's Dress Shop to purchase the striking blue dress that was in the window. The store was having a clearance sale, and the prices had been cut nearly fifty per cent. Adah felt that she couldn't afford it, but George had insisted that she get a new dress, since her salary had been increased to twenty dollars the previous week. George was her invalided husband, who had been hurt in the factory a few years before. They had to be very thrifty to exist on Adah's small checks and his

smaller insurance payments. George was able to care for the children and keep them in school while she worked. Life had been cruel to the Smiths, but the raise in salary had increased their hopes. The thought of the new dress put a song in Adah's heart, as she hurriedly crossed the street.

On the corner near Brown's Drug Store sat a skinny mongrel dog. There was a hungry, pleading look in his sad, soulful eyes. Near him sat his master, who was garbed in rags from head to toe. His shoes were worn through the bottom and had been stuffed with pasteboard. His dilapidated straw hat drooped over his sad, dirty face. A small sign around his neck and his dark glasses spoke of his blindness. They created a most pathetic picture, as the man softly played "Home Sweet Home" on a cheap harmonica.

Adah's heart melted as she stood watching the tragic pair. Tears came to her eyes as she pictured their meager existence and the loneliness of their lives. She, too, had known the heartache of poverty to some extent. She felt a lump rise in her throat as she turned and walked away. Her heart felt very heavy now, because she couldn't erase the unhappy scene from her mind. Finally she returned to the corner and dropped her cherished dress money in the grimy cup. The old man ceased playing and felt of the five dollar bill with his fingers.

"Bless you!" he said in his sad, weak voice. There was a trace of a smile on his lips, as he pocketed the faded bill.

Adah rushed home very light of heart that night, believing that she had used her money for a noble cause. She would start saving for her dress all over again, next week.

Finally the brightly illuminated street became almost deserted. The shoppers had gone home, when the beggar and his faithful companion rose and walked slowly down the street. When they had covered almost two blocks, they passed an alley which they entered. Presently a long, black Cadillac emerged from the alley, complete with chauffeur.

"Where to, boss?" asked the driver from the front seat.

"Home, James. Mrs. Pomington is giving one of her gay parties to-night, and I must get out of my working clothes by seven in order to be there on time," came the reply.

Four weary feet stretched out on the plush rug of the car, and two tired eyes watched his master count his "take" for the day. His stomach ached with hunger.

"Business was slow today for some reason--only \$137.03. I guess I'll have to change my tune--maybe a religious song would make the suckers cough up more dough," said the beggar, a sardonic smile on his evil face.

H. Ray Davis
Sandy Hook, Kentucky

An old tale with a new twist

HARD LOSER

Some fishermen are hard losers and I soon saw that Uncle Roland was one of these. As he was a railroad engineer, a week's vacation at the lake was all he had for a whole year, and he spent almost all of every day of it trawling the very same spot, trying to hook a bass he's hooked two years running now, but failed to land.

When he told me the bass would weigh about six pounds I asked, "How do you know it's the same one you caught before, and how will you know it's the same one if you catch it again?"

"Because," he explained, "it's a freak bass. It's got a couple of big, bright gold spots on its tail."

"I never heard of a bass like that," I said, doubtfully.

"I told you it was a freak bass, didn't I?" Uncle Roland said, kind of cross.

Out past the end of the island there was a deep channel running down the middle of the lake and if one knows about it, he trawled there, dragging it deep, when he wanted to catch bass.

Four straight days Uncle Roland trawled up and down that channel. Hard loser? 365 days in the year, he had exactly seven to call his own and he'd already wasted four of them trying to even the score with a fish that had licked him twice.

On the fifth day, I went with him, to watch. No marine in the South Pacific jungle ever stalked his prey with a more grin, relentless killer's determination than Uncle Roland stalking that bass.

Nothing happened that day, but the next morning his bitter determination finally paid off. We were half way down the lake when I saw his arm go back with a snap and the reel started to sing. He shouted to me, "It's a big one, and I think it's my boy!" Uncle Roland held the rod in both hands a moment, his eyes bright. He let out his line slowly then kept it tight, while the fish began the slow process of wearing itself out. Suddenly way down the channel I saw it jump. It was a bass all right and Uncle hadn't been kidding when he said it was a freak. In the bright sunlight I could see the shining, unreal glint on the tail. Without turning his head, Uncle said, "You saw it? The gold flecks?"

"I saw it all right," I said. "It's your boy and no mistake about it!"

Uncle was reeling in now because the bass was weakening rapidly. The bass jumped again, higher, in a big block arc. It was closer and I could not make any mistake about the gold-flecked tail. It was a real freak.

Now Uncle Roland reeled rapidly. It became a one-sided battle. The bass made a final stab for freedom near the boat. I swooped the net and the bass was in it. I lifted the bass in and we both stared at the tail.

Just the tip had glints of gold, two of them, with a block gap between them. I leaned closer and saw the answer. Those gold glints were metal clamps, tiny ones, and clamped on by human hands. As I lifted my head, Uncle was already reaching down, a third gold clip in his fingers. He snapped it on the bass's tail between the other two. Then he lifted the bass gently, after moistening his hands. He removed the tandem spinner, and he said aloud, "Three years in a row and I've won every time. Stick around this channel, old boy, and I'll see you again next summer."

He dropped those beautiful six pounds of bass over the side of the boat and I swear as the bass flipped to head down, in those cold fishy eyes it had the angry bitter look of a hard loser.

Harold Ellington
Morehead, Kentucky

Proof that people usually believe
what they want to believe

THE FAKER

It was the most forceful speech that I had ever heard. The speaker was upon a little platform surrounded by a throng of people. He was a well-built man around twenty-four or twenty-five years old with wavy blond hair. In his hands he held a few of the samples that he was trying to sell. It seemed that they contained a certain type of mineral from Sulfur Springs in Arkansas which would cure all aches and pains.

I could tell that the crowd were unusually interested by their silence and their attentive bitening. After a few minutes of his speech I could understand their interest because the man was unique in his profession. His tone of voice was perfect for his audience. The manner in which he spoke seemed to hold the people in some kind of daze or awe, and I am sure, not a one doubted his honesty that the product he was selling would cure all.

His audience was composed mostly of farmers and stock-men, people who had worked hard and suffered many ills in their life. The speaker, undoubtedly understook many of the troubles of these people because he spoke of their high hospital bills, doctor bills, and so on.

I knew before he even started how his products would sell. Each little box sold for one dollar and I counted several who took as high as ten boxes at one time. But his good fortune soon came to an abrupt end. He had sold about three-fourths of his products when the police rudely interrupted the procedure.

The police had a hard time convincing the people that they had been cheated and a few refused to take their money back. The speaker was given a free ride out of the county and told never to return.

That night as I was lying in bed, I couldn't keep the speaker out of my mind. With a smile on my lips, I went to sleep thinking of the achievements that this man could do in our United States Congress.

Don Miller
Red Fox, Kentucky

A humorous case of mistaken identity

A Tall Turkey Tale

"Any of you boys done much turkey shooting? Well, there's quite a trick to it. Nothing is cuter or smarter than a wild tom turkey, and they are mighty hard to get, on account of their brains.

Down in Kentucky where I was brung up, us fellers use to lay down behind a log and call them toms through a holler stalk. Sometimes we'd call nigh half a day before any turkey showed. But now I know two fellers down thar and them two were real champeons. Their names were Jobe and Rube. I've knowed 'em to call a turkey right up to their log and then grab it by the legs.

"One day Jobe and Rube was out huntin unbeknownst to each other, and it so happened they got behind logs about a half mile apart. Each could hear the other calling, and each thought it was a real turkey. The way them two fellers worked trying to lure each other was really something. Jobe stood it for about three hours and then got mad and begun to sneak up on Rube's log. 'Course he kept a calling, and so did Rube, who was feeling mighty tickled and getting set to grab.

"After a spell Jobe got right up agin Rube's log and rested with his ear agin it. He knew the turkey was on the other side and figured he could reach over and grab it by the neck, so he slid his head up slow, eyes peeled.

"Rube raised up to give another call and the two of them was gazing plum in each others eyes. Well, they fit for half an hour afore they seen the folly of it, and then they laughed 'emselves sore. Now they swap maps afore they set out to avoid any misunderstanding."