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INKPOT



MOREHEAD STATE COLLEGE

Morehead, Kentucky

November 1949

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MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY.

Dear Inkpot Reader:

Wouldn't you LIKE to have people ACTUALLY ENJOY listening to you? All of us are born with the gift of verbal expression, but it just takes a little PRACTICE and then more practice to develop that ability.

Unfortunately, there are no REAL SOOTHSAYERS who can tell what fortune has in store for us, but we can be quite certain that ONE of the GOLDEN KEYS TO SUCCESS in business and in society is a convenient, handy use of the MOTHER TONGUE. Writing about personal experiences, incidents and stories will help you in this respect, and is LOTS OF FUN.

The material in this issue of the INKPOT includes themes from the FRESHMAN 101 classes. They were selected from the standpoint of ORGANIZATION, DEVELOPMENT, READER INTEREST and TECHNIQUE.

The Pen

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY
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An experience that taught a lesson. Perhaps you've had a similar experience.

THE CASE OF THE MISSING BINOCULARS

During the past summer I was employed with the United States Geodetic Survey. My work, which was controlling lights at night that gave signals many miles away, was very interesting. There were four other light-keepers doing the same work. Our lights were read with instruments which gave the distance between each light. Surveying land with lights at night is much faster and more accurate than doing it by day. Surveying different points of the United States enables the making of accurate air maps and any other information concerning the sea level of the land.

Our equipment consisted of binoculars, compass, lights, etc. All of these were used in showing the lights, therefore it was necessary to carry them with us each night. I enjoyed my work and had many new experiences, but there is one incident which made a strong impression upon me.

I was setting up the lights which I was going to show in another hour or so, when I discovered I had a visitor. You can imagine how surprised I was since I didn't think there was anyone in the area for miles around. It was rather lonesome being all alone, especially after sunset, so we soon started a conversation. His name was Calhoun, a very odd name it seemed to me, but I believe it is a very old name which dates back many generations.

Calhoun was interested in the type of work I was doing and I demonstrated the different instruments with which I worked. He understood right away and wanted to try it for himself.

We talked a long time before I received my signal that I was through for the night. It seemed as if the signal came earlier that night, maybe it was because I enjoyed talking with Calhoun. He was really a nice fellow. When we said goodnight I asked him if he would like to come back again and he said he would. I went back to camp.

The next morning I was checking my equipment to be sure I had everything. I was surprised to find my binoculars missing. Right away I suspected Calhoun, he seemed so interested in everything. Then I thought that such a nice "guy" just wouldn't take something that didn't belong to him. Finally I reached the conclusion that I had left them on the tower where I was working.

I went back the next day in search of them but found nothing. There was nothing left to do except go back to camp and report what had happened. I told the fellows at headquarters about the visitor I had the night before and they, too, suspected him. I either had to get them back or pay the cost of a new pair.

I paid Calhoun a visit and asked if he had seen them. He said no but would be glad to look for them. I was to return the following day and see if he had had any luck. The boys at camp said if Calhoun did find them he would keep them probably. I was forming a stronger opinion against him now.

The next day I went to see Calhoun and he met me with a smile taking the binoculars from behind his back. He told me he found them under the tower. I later discovered that they had fallen through a hole in my pack sack.

I was ashamed of suspecting someone without any proof. I made a resolution that day to be careful not to accuse one without proof. This experience was a lesson for me, and I was happy to learn Calhoun was a trust-worthy friend.

Claudia Christian

"Only the brave die once,
the coward dies a thousand deaths..."
But then who wants to be brave,

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"CONQUERING WHITEFACE"

It was Saturday night and Don Trainer, Harvey Slater and myself were making arrangements for the hazardist trip of skiing down Whiteface Mountain, one of the tallest mountains in the Aderondacks in upper New York. It is 5,200 feet high.

After a good nights sleep, with skiis waxed and in good condition, we started on our long climb up the snow covered trail towards our destination. At nine o'clock we reached the top of this masterful piece of art made by mother nature and set up camp. By ten o'clock we were eating chow and planning for our trip downward. We broke camp at two o'clock, loaded our packs, made a final check on our skiis and equipment and prepared to take off.

We glided over to the tip of the mountain, looked at each other, gave a final push with our poles and were in flight.

We were going close to twenty miles an hour and picking up more speed rapidly. A tremendous feeling comes over a skier when he tries to defeat mother nature. His body is tense waiting for the unknown to happen, his knees begin to buckle and ache, but he knows if he relaxes now a serious accident may occur or even death.

We were dropping straight down hitting ice covered spots, leaping ravines and barely missing trees that loomed ahead of us. Then it happened! Don who was in front of me, fell and rolled two-hundred feet or more. We thought he was killed but, fortunately he was alright and started downward once again. About five minutes had passed and we finally came out into a clearing at the base of the mountain. We skidded to a stop, sighed a sign of relief and felt victorious for we had conquered Whiteface.

Harry Welsh

LOOK WHAT DAVID DID!

Written in class in about 50 minutes;
the subject was not announced beforehand.
Anybody, we believe, can do the same.
(No corrections have been made.)

Billy and Saunders

Saunders Burlington sat on a small wooden bench in the attic one rainy day, looking through an old scrapbook he used to have when he was a little boy. As he turned the raggy pages he saw the pictures of his old heart throbs and love letters that he chose to keep.

When he reached the center of the book, there, looking him in the face, was a telegram that he received while a young man in high school. The telegram read: "Come at once. Billy is very sick in this hospital. Signed, Dr. H. F. Hallo, Chicago General Hospital, Chicago, Illinois."

Saunders looked back to his boyhood days when he and Billy Logan were in high school together. Many was the time they had played "hooky" together and went [gone] fishing or to a movie.

Let us go back to the days when Saunders and Billy were in their sophomore year of high school. Saunders was from a wealthy family, but was not spoiled by his wealth. His father was a banker and had won on a gamble in oil wells.

Billy was born in poverty, his Dad died when Billy was only six. [,] Leaving his mother and baby sister to charity. Mrs. Logan washed clothes, scrubbed floors, and sewed [?] to gather a little food for the three. Billy was always a good boy. He never smoked, drink [drank], or caused his mother any trouble, outside of skipping school every once in a while.

Around the corner from the Logans was a small fruit stand run by a very old gentlemen, whom everyone called Pop. Each afternoon after school the children would go to Pop's fruit stand to get apples. While some were buying the others were stealing. Billy never did steal a single apple, but Pop thought he did because Billy's repatation [reputation] was not very good.

One day while on their way to school Billy and Saunders heard a steamboat whistle. They decided to go to the dwarf to watch the boat unload its cargo instead of going to school. At first Billy did not want to go, but Saunders told him that they could stand another black mark so off they went to the river's edge.

When they got to the dwarf [wharf] the boat was just landing. All day the crew worked tirelessly, trying to get the boat unloaded before dark. At sundown the last crate of fruit was taken ashore. The foreman of the crew reached into one of the opened crates, took out two large red apples and giving one each to the boys he said in a tender voice, "So long, M' lads."

Soon the smoke stake had disappeared in [on] the horizon, leaving the boys on the dwarf waving anxiously to the kind old skipper.

Slowly the boys walked toward their homes. After saying "goodnight," never dreaming that would be their last, they parted and started home.

Saunders strolled down main street [caps] thinking of his bright future. He was thinking how he would feel after he became a lawyer and out in the world alone protecting his friends.

Billy was thinking, too. He was thinking that some day he may [might] become a great sailor or a deep sea fisherman. He went through tin can alley, across a swamp and into the slum district of town. He passed Pop's fruit stand, stopped to chat with Pop awhile and then started home. As he walked away from the stand, Pop looked up and saw a spot of red peeping through a hole in the torn jacket Billy was wearing. (The one given him at the boat).

The police arrested Billy on the false charge and the jury sent him to the reformatory for two years. After being in the reformatory for five months, Billy escaped and was never recaptured. None of his friends knew where he was until Saunders got the telegram asking him to come at once.

Saunders caught the next train to Chicago, but arrived too late. Billy was dead. The best friend Saunders ever had had just passed on to another world.

When Saunders told the Doctor who he was, Dr. Hallo gave him an envelope that Billy had asked him to give Saunders. When he opened the envelope, it was a letter and a card to Saunders. The letter read: "To the Best Friend I ever had. I had to leave the reformatory because they beat me and I could not take it any longer. Here is a card, I want you to take it and find my sister. When you find her, will you please tell her goodbye for me?" Written on the card was 3 - 3L. Saunders did not know what it meant, but he was determined to find Billy's sister.

He says he doesn't like to....
What do you think?

I Don't Like to Write

It is said that writing is a fine art; a thing requiring great skill when properly done; an art without which man would never have progressed above the nomadic stage of civilization. It is probably all this and more, but I still do not like to write.

Oh, I suppose writing is fine for those who like it, and if there were any shortage of writers, I would be in sad shape, for one of my greatest interests lies in reading that which others have written. However, to compel a person, such as I, who does not like to write, to write a paper of some sort, is usually worse than useless.

There are several reasons why I do not like to write. Although the only requirements for a person to be able to write are a little intelligence and a reasonable command of the language, much more is necessary for a person to write well and to enjoy doing it. Such a person must have imagination and confidence in himself. I find myself slightly lacking in both qualities. Also his knowledge of his subject must be such that his words flow freely from his mind to his pen.

I feel that another of my reasons for not liking to write is my comparative inexperience in that line. Whether luckily or unluckily, I remember being asked only once during my high school years to prepare a theme. However, it is possible that I was asked more than once and was too lazy to prepare the others.

I also dislike writing because when done by an amateur it is usually a stiff, stilted form of communication, much inferior to conversation. Those things which may be expressed easily when speaking, are sometimes difficult, if not impossible, to say when writing.

Yes, though I realize that writing is a necessary and important part of life, and that it is a part of the foundations of modern civilization, I would be very happy to leave a large part of my share to a person who would enjoy it more than I.

Ronald Dempsey

Neither tongue hath spoke nor ear
hath heard such volatile verbosity
as our young speaker spaketh.

"Shucks Tweren't Nothin'!"

Did you ever dream that for some unearthly reason you were suddenly right in the center of a large staring crowd of horrified onlookers, wearing nothing more concealing than your birthday suit? That best describes my feeling the first time I was ever in Morehead. It was a nightmarish occasion without equal in my somewhat limited juvenile experiences, but one that will remain indelibly stamped upon my memory as long as I live.

I had worked hard, studied diligently and practiced religiously for that one big day when I would be permitted to demonstrate my prowess as an orator. "Yes Siree," I would show them a thing or two, or maybe three or four.

My advisor was a quiet, unostentatious professor whose idea of the perfect oratorical delivery was a timid, slightly embarrassed, apologetic, monotonous drone that should be ended as soon as possible. I thought differently.

The great day arrived. I was dressed and ready to go long before the professor showed up. This was a state-wide contest and I must have thought there would be an advantage in being early. After an eternity of probably two hours, the professor appeared. How could anyone be so utterly unperturbed at such a time. From his look of serenity he might have been going to church. I felt just the opposite. I was eager, I was burning with desire to "show em."

In my short, uneventful and somewhat secluded life I had never met that dragon-toothed, sinister stranger that can practically tear the very soul out of a person when he gets on a stage. This stranger is called "stage fright." I repeat, I had never met him before, but I definitely met him then.

My first awareness of his presence was a slight knocking of the knees, followed by perspiration of the hands and tightness of the throat and stomach muscles. I realized my hands were in my pockets up to the elbows before I began speaking. However, knowing that that wouldn't do, I decided to put them behind me. When I pulled them out the pockets came with them, dumping an unsightly debris upon the stage. That would never do so I decided to pick up the mess then and there. I leaned over to retrieve the lost articles but in so doing I started another deluge from my shirt pockets. By then, everyone seemed to be having an hilarious time, that is, everyone except me.

I was madly scraping notes, pencils and pads from the floor, not to mention trying to maintain some semblance of dignity. Even humiliation, it seems, should draw the line somewhere, but not for me. I suddenly felt the horrors of the damned as I could hear the seam give way in the posterior region of my trousers. I hastily resumed a vertical position, hoping that my coat would cover irreparable damage done to my trousers. I had no time to investigate.

After an apparent eternity I staggered dumbly, listlessly and hopelessly into my speech. This was one speech that would be short enough to please even the professor. "Mr. Chairman," I stuttered, and what followed I will never know for the termination, not the speech, was my sole objective.

With my closing remarks of "thank you for your kind attention," I backed into the curtains and promised myself that never again would I be guilty of so much as speaking to a gathering of over two people again, one of whom would be me.

Discovering that my coat covered the minor damages done to my trousers, I managed to take my seat beside the other contestants awaiting the decision of the judges. I, personally, didn't care who won. I just wanted to go home for I knew I was out of the race.

I managed to lift my head out of my hands long enough to hear the judge say in a most sonorous voice, "It gives me great pleasure to present the following gentlemen with first, second and third prizes respectively." I was shocked, stunned. Maybe he's kidding. It couldn't be so, but that is what the man said. I WON A PRIZE--Shucks, t'weren't nothin'.

Harland Crawford

Impressions from high school days

MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE TEACHER

I remember vividly that first history class in the first term of my sophomore year. We were waiting for the new teacher to appear. Before long through the door came a short, impressive-looking man of about thirty-five. He said shyly, "Good morning, boys and girls."

His voice was smooth and clear, the way it lingered around the room, it demanded respect. He said, "My name is David B. Leslie. I suppose you've heard how tough I am on history students. Well, I'm not too tough on students who abide by my rules." At this point I was thinking about dropping history, knowing how tough history professors could get.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted as he continued, "My first rule is, there will be no snoring in this class because you may waken the student next to you." "Please," he continued, "don't worry about passing this course. It's worth a 'C' to look at me through this term." I moved around in my seat and relaxed a little knowing that I was sure to pass history. "When the bell rings," he reminded us, "sit still until I can get through the door because I don't want to be crushed." Getting more to the serious side of life, he shouted, "Don't believe every thing you read; read critically. How", he spoke sharply, "could the whale swallow Jonah when the whale's throat is no bigger than that of a horse?" By this time my eyes were out of their sockets. At this point I heard one of my buddies say, "Boy, this fellow is really interesting."

I don't know whether the other students in the class heard this exclamation or not. We all learned plenty about history, because the "character" we had for a teacher was really interesting.

Jack Elkins

A nightmare which was a reality.

THE GREAT FLOOD

I knew I must be dreaming, but after what seemed hours, I forced myself to wake up. I could hear the steady splash of running water coming from the kitchen. I went in to turn off the water faucet at the sink but the faucet wasn't turned on. Water was pouring from the ceiling of the newly papered room, and for the first time I realized that the drumming noise I had heard for so long was rain - rain coming down in torrents!

I looked at the alarm clock sitting on the table beside my bed. It was exactly one A.M. I went to the back porch to get a mop to clean up the water that was all over the kitchen floor. The light from the back porch shone out into the back yard. The sight that met my eyes was one that I shall never forget - water, muddy water was all around the house.

I ran back to the bedroom and awakened my husband. He dressed hurriedly and said he was going down to see how the creek looked and he told me to get the children up and have them dressed.

He was gone about five minutes. When he came back in the door I knew it was bad. We must leave as quickly as possible. It was 1:10 when we went out the door.

Our car was parked in front of the house. If it had been in the garage we couldn't have gotten it out through the water. It took about three or four minutes to get started. We crossed the railroad and drove through water in the street as swift as a river. It had risen to the running board of the car. As we drove past the Jayne home, the surging muddy water was beginning to run in on their porch.

By this time, the fire whistle had begun to blow and the plant whistle at Clearfield had begun to lend its eerie note to the confusion.

We drove directly to my sister's home about two blocks off Main Street - left the children with her and started back to get what we could from our house. This took about five minutes more. When we got back to Main Street the water was coming up in front of the post office. Houses were floating down between the railroad station and Main Street.

It seemed an eternity before the water started falling. I was almost afraid to look where our house had been. One

glance told me that it was still there, but it had moved about 30 or 35 feet. The only thing that had kept it from washing away was a pile of foundation stone that was to have been used in raising the house. The house lodged on that stone.

I didn't realize such utter destruction could come about in so short a time. I have never seen anything to compare with the appalling sight that the coming of daylight unfolded before our eyes.

When we finally were able to get back to the house, the first thing we noticed was that both the front and back porches were gone, just as if they had been cut away by a huge knife. The house was sitting at an angle. The doors had to be forced open. Everything in the house had turned over and was piled in the floor in mud one-half foot deep. The water had been exactly seven feet deep inside the house.

There seems to be something significant about the fact that there was only one thing in the house that did not have a single drop of water on it - and that was a Bible. It had fallen on top of the bed when the chest that it was on turned over.

My clock had stopped at 1:25 A. M. exactly 25 minutes from the time I awakened.

Mrs. Margie Gullett

TO ERR IS HUMAN

It was once my opinion that going to college would never be anything other than a gruelling sweating ordeal, to which everyone must be subjected if they wished to become, as we usually say, "educated."

I supposed you would get your books, choose your classes, pay your dues, if capable, to some old fat-bellied bird, who didn't give a particular "hoot" whether you ever accomplished anything or not, and then endure hours of boring lectures from old Stone Faced Gray Beards, that had merely existed for so long that they couldn't differentiate between a Somba and the Virginia Reel. These, I reiterate, were my opinions.

Desiring to be somewhat ahead of the others in getting into the grind, I came one day early.

Bewildered, a stranger not knowing anyone, I was quite happily surprised at the genuine display of friendliness exhibited by all authoritative personnel, but still somewhat skeptical.

My suspicions were somewhat allayed when the Dean of Men's Hall personally conducted me to my room, took it upon himself to see that all the necessary equipment was in the room and climaxed it by assisting in getting new linen for the bed, which, incidentally, wasn't nearly as uncomfortable as I had expected.

Registration day! Now I would really find out if these so-called "Gentlemen" were what the name implied and actually interested in the welfare of the student or a bunch of hypocrites hiding behind genteel smiles.

What happened is now a matter of record--the orderly fashion in which the original registration was conducted, the helpful suggestions of the various members of the faculty, the courtesy of upper classmen in helping to solve perplexities encountered. Even the janitor seemed willing to offer any assistance possible.

Faced with irrevocable evidence of sincerity on all sides, I was like a drowning man grasping at a straw when I attended my first class. At last will come the Gray Beards, the dull monotonous drivel, the unending monologue of a sadistic monk who hasn't looked at anything more stimulating than an old addition of The Puritan's Faith for the last thirty years. I was, to put it mildly, shocked, when a distinguished looking young man, who turned out to be the instructor, came in wearing a soft silk shirt, gaudy colored sport jacket, and casual trousers! "No! this can't be true!" I could feel my foundation crumbling beneath me already. What followed was so amazingly unreal that I thought I must be dreaming. So help me, without the slightest comment, the professor sat down, tilted back his chair, took out his pipe, and after blowing a billowing fragrance of smoke at the ceiling, with his feet propped on top of the desk, asked in a most benevolent manner, "Are any of you boys good pool shots?"

Okay I was mistaken, Morehead is a "swell" place, the people grand, the campus lovely, the faculty the superlative degree of consideration, but what about other colleges and universities? Don't they still have the Gray Beards, the long dull lectures and the narrow-minded old hens? Well maybe they don't, I haven't been there and don't care to go. I'm satisfied.

Harland Crawford

Alone, homesick, and being pushed
around by a tough guy is no fun.

Dark Days in Carolina

In September 1944 I arrived in Spartinsburg, South Carolina on a troop train with several hundred soldiers. We were there to train for overseas duty. I had heard what the training was like and knew we were there for seventeen weeks of hard rugged work. We were in South Carolina with only our olive-drab clothing and equipment in a dirty barracks bag, waiting for some rough-neck sargeant to escort us to our camp.

At last the camp buses came and with our few belongings we "boarded", each with his own dark thoughts of what would happen next. Unfortunately it had been raining when the bus stopped at the camp. We stepped into mud about two inches deep. Standing there in the mud with my barracks bag over my shoulder, waiting to be given orders and thinking every minute I would fall to the ground, I gave up, set my barracks bag down in the mud and made myself very comfortable sitting on it. I was noticed by an M. P. who thought he was a general and reminded me to stand up. By this time it was 10 P. M. and I suppose the authorities thought that was enough punishment for the first night.

We were then marched into one of the two-story barracks which looked like a mansion to us tired soldiers. I then found out what a platoon was. It consisted of a certain number of men and the barracks we were assigned to were four beds short. At this time I noticed the same M. P. coming in my direction and I knew I would be one of the four "guys" to find a new place to sleep. In a sharp voice I heard my first orders: "Get your equipment and follow me." Three other soldiers and I followed him through the mud until we came to a tent that was to be our home for a long time. There were four canvas cots, one light and a writing desk although it was floored with slabs the mud came up between the cracks and made it look very uncomfortable, but by this time we were glad to have it.

The boys began to wonder how it happened that they were chosen to sleep outside the barracks in this awful place. One "guy" thought it was because he was born on an unlucky day--Friday the 13th. But I knew deep in my heart this was my first punishment for resting on my barracks bag, while everyone else was standing.

Price Holbrook

THE FOUND WEEKEND

Since my home is in Illinois, approximately three hundred miles from Morehead, I knew the possibilities of returning home over the weekend or just for a brief visit were relatively small. However, college offers many varied activities and there is little chance for the pangs of homesickness to be felt. But even with a strenuous schedule and the numerous social events, at times my mind wanders to thoughts of home and the affairs I have left in my past. One person in particular is prominent in my thoughts.

My roommate and I, we are from the same town, were really two jubilant fellows upon learning that his parents and our steady female objectives were coming to visit us over the weekend. We found it difficult to concentrate upon our studies in a manner in which they required.

Knowing that they would probably come up and look at our room, we immediately began the laborious task of giving it a thorough cleaning. We were trying to clean it sufficiently and hurriedly, as our most welcome guests would arrive within a few hours. In the hasty process of making my bed I accidentally caught the pillow on a protruding nail and ripped a large gash in its side.

As I spit a mouthful of feathers, I gazed around the room. The sight before my eyes was a most disheartening one. Millions and millions of tiny, snowy white feathers were gently, softly descending upon the clean room like a placid snow in the midst of winter. Now we really had a job on our hands.

After an hour of slow, deliberate work, our room once more attained a favorable appearance, with the one exception that you could not move about too quickly or breathe too deeply, as the least disturbance would bring the feathers swirling out of their secluded hiding places.

Our guests arrived, and after watching the football game, in which the Morehead team outclassed a mediocre team from Rio Grande, we let my roommate's parents out at the hotel.

Then my roommate, our girls, "B. J." and "Jo", and I went for a drive. We drove up a narrow, winding road to the summit of a gigantic hill. Here we stopped the car in order to view the magnificent scenery below us by moonlight. The chilly air outside, soft music on the radio, the divine moonlight gleaming on a small, rippling brook, and the presence of two beautiful girls, all tended to bring about a very cozy and romantic atmosphere. A considerable amount of time elapsed before we drove back to the hotel and then to Men's Hall.

We set the alarm for eight o'clock the next morning and by nine-thirty a.m. were breakfasting down town with our friends. After finishing our meal we drove back to the college.

We were now approaching the crisis--our friends were going to inspect our living quarters.

My hand was trembling considerably as I attempted to put the key in the lock. Finally, I succeeded in unlocking the door, pushed it open slowly, and was half surprised not to be smothered by a mass of flying feathers.

Undoubtedly feathers have a very sensitive, understanding quality in their constitution because they all seemed to realize that this was a very crucial moment. For some inexplicable reason each and every feather concealed himself from view. Our guests were pleased to the fullest extent and it was with a great deal of relief that I closed the door behind me and walked to the car with them.

We all said good-bye, as our friends had to start on their long journey home.

Now they are gone and we will probably not see them again until Christmas, but the vivid memories of our wonderful weekend will be lasting and will sustain our desires until we see them once again.

Don Thompson

THIS IS NO PLACE TO PURCHASE STAMPS

Joy Barton, 17, fresh from Centreville, Missouri, found things in the big city of St. Louis even more exciting than he had imagined.

When he asked a druggist for stamps, he was told to get them from the machine, "in the corner." The newly-arrived visitor thought the man meant the street corner.

Joy walked down the street until he spotted a little red box on a pole. He opened the door and began tinkering with the mechanism.

As he waited patiently for the stamps, five fire engines, the fire chief, and a carload of police drove up. Joy wondered where the fire was.

He was still wondering when he wound up in the holdover for turning in a false alarm.

Class Assignment in English 101 - developed from newspaper article.

SMALL TOWN BOY GETS STAMPED

Joe Barton, a tall lanky boy of seventeen, wandered down the sloppy muddy roads of Centreville on his way to the "Big City", St. Louis. Joe wore a flashy red sport shirt, overalls, and shoes quickly filling with mud. He walked most of the way, but at last had good luck and got a ride to his destination.

Joe could hardly believe it, here he was just seventeen and in St. Louis. Grandpa didn't get a chance to come till he was seventy-nine and that was to the hospital, but, of course, that was better than not coming at all.

Joe didn't know what to do first, but at last, he decided to write to his neighbors in Centreville (he had no relatives) and describe the "Big City" to those who were less fortunate than he. After writing the letter he needed

stamps, and in the drugstore was informed that you get them in the box in the corner after inserting five cents. He started for the corner, but poor Joe did not understand the corner that the man meant. He went to the street corner, pulled the lever as he had been told, laid down his coin, and waited for his stamp. Put, Alas! Instead of stamps, firemen came, five trucks of them, in fact, and when they found out that Joe had turned in a false alarm, he was immediately taken to the police station.

After listening to poor Joe try to explain that he still didn't have his stamps, though he had laid down his money, the policeman began to understand the situation, but from then on Joe was stamped as a small town boy, even though he finally got himself a nice respectable job cleaning streets, which Joe thought a wonderful opportunity to make lots of money and should raise his name just as if he was state governor, for after all he kept the streets clean for the governor.

Margaret Stone

Class Assignment in English 102

MY TRIP TO ST. LOUIS

My name is Joe Barton and I hail from a little town in Missouri, Yes, Sir! Centerville, Missouri. This is my first time in St. Louis and I hardly feel sure of myself. I never have seen so many new fangled contraptions. As I walked up the street, I noticed a big sign board and a picture of a huge cigarette and big smoke rings poured from the end of the cigarette. "How do they do these things?" I asked myself.

I had come to St. Louis for a weekend and I had a great sum of twenty dollars to spend. You see? I had sold my calf that I had been made a gift of by my father back on the farm.

When I left home, my mother tucked a bright yellow pencil into the pocket of my blue gingham shirt and said, "Joe, when you reach St. Louis, be sure to write Pa and me." As I looked at the pencil, the words of Ma's entered my mind. I proceeded to a book stand which set on the street and I asked the owner, "Mr., you got any picture cards of this here city."

He replied, "Yes, Sir! boy, here is one." I paid him a nickel and sat down on a stool there at the stand to write Pa and Ma.

After finishing the card, it dawned upon me that I didn't have any stamps, so I asked, "Where can I get some stamps, Mr.?"

"Why, they have them down at the place on the corner", he replied. I walked to the corner in search of some new fangled contraption that would sell me stamps. My eyes came upon a bright red box and I figured that it was the machine that the man was talking about. As I stood there tinkering with it for five or ten minutes, a red car and three fire engines drove up and stopped. One of the men was dressed in a fancy uniform and hat that had a badge with Chief printed on it. He asked, "Why did you turn in that false alarm?"

"False alarm?" I asked. "What is a false alarm and what kind of a contraption is this?" Then the man told me what it was and told me it was the wrong place to purchase postage stamps.

After that, I was escorted to the city jail and put behind bars. My father was notified and came to bail me out of the place. About five o'clock that evening I went home on a big bus. I had spent fifteen dollars of my money in jail all because I wanted to tell my folks about the big city.

Jack M. Smith

Few of us will ever experience something like this -- thank goodness.

MY MOST THRILLING EXPERIENCE

We had been in Japan a week, with the Occupation Forces. We were stationed at the 4th Replacement Depot, formerly what had been termed the "Japanese West Point".

Sixteen of the troops, including myself, had been taken off the replacement roster, and placed on special duty at the depot.

The rest of the men, with whom we had come over on the same ship, were sent to Korea.

The barracks were long, two-story building, made of some kind of Asiatic Pine, and looked very substantial. They would accommodate about three hundred-fifty men each; but since there were only sixteen of us, we moved into one of the rooms upstairs, for warmth. It was winter, and the rooms on the ground floor were very cold.

At about ten-thirty that night, one of the fellows was listening to a radio, two others were writing letters, and the rest of us had gone to bed.

I was almost asleep when I was brought back to full wakefulness by the drop light which was in the middle of the room, swinging to and fro.

It startled me a great deal, but we had been informed about the many tremors which occur in Japan. I lay back down and thought nothing more about it.

In a few seconds, however, we felt a sudden shock, and sand and dust began sifting down on us from the ceiling. At once we were all out of bed grabbing for our clothes.

The light was moving again, only this time in a wide, swinging arc, casting darting, eerie, shadows all about us. The shaking got worse, and the windows in our building, and others nearby, started dropping out and shattering on the ground below.

This put us in a state of near panic. I was about half-clad, so I pulled on my shoes, not bothering to lace them, and grabbed my overcoat, then made for the door.

We ran down the dark hall as best we could, resembling drunk men, staggering back and forth, because of the sway of the building, and crashing into the wall about every third or fourth step. We finally reached the stairs and stumbled down as fast as possible.

Two or three of the fellows fell, but no one was injured.

Reaching the outside, we counted our number, to make sure no one was still within the building.

We heard a loud, crashing, grinding noise, and turned to see one end of the building, on the other side of the fire-break from us, collapse. Luckily, that building was not in use, and therefore was completely vacant.

We stayed outside for about an hour after the tremors had long since subsided, and slowly became aware that we were getting very cold. So we decided it was safe enough to return to our room; however, we slept very little the remainder of the night, for fear of a repetition as bad or more severe.

Afterward, it was quite a thrill to know we had experienced our first real earthquake.

Robert L. Ward

An interesting exposition which favors higher education.

HOW HIGH SCHOOL DIFFERS FROM COLLEGE

That life is but a series of changes can be illustrated nowhere more perfectly than in the metamorphosis of the college student from the high school senior. However, the college freshman, like the butterfly, emerges only after undergoing a series of drastic changes, internal and external.

In the first place, registering for college courses is extremely unlike high-school enrollment. This can be partially explained by the astounding newness of the entire collegiate system of lines; at least in high school one enrolls in comfort! Lines to the left of one, lines to the right of one - all go from professor to professor for signature and approval of admission. In high school, where registration is traditionally more or less on the compulsory side, an hour or so is sufficient to decide one's semester course - quite different from the college's entire day or more!

Then classes are very different. In grammar and secondary schools, the teachers strive to drive into pupils, willing or otherwise, necessary knowledge and skills. The college class resembles more a banquet with the professor as host. The hungry partake with relish; the sluggard sleeps away and misses the feast until too late. The arrangement of classes is new, too. The usual high school subject is studied one period a day, five periods a week, with the student staying in the same building for all classes. In college he must go from one building to another, with classes only on certain days and then perhaps for much longer periods than those to which he is accustomed. Then, too, the word "hour", denoting the credit received, can be very confusing to those used to the word "credit" alone, especially when a class lasting one hour gets three hours' credit, while one lasting twice as long gets only two.

Another obvious difference is in living conditions. Most high schools are more or less local institutions, drawing students only from the community or county. Colleges, however, are on a national basis, and create the need for dormitories. These are very satisfactory for students far from home, yet present a problem to "stay-at-homers" from in and out of town who are used to keeping their belongings in desks and lockers and have no official "resting-place".

Lastly, high school is but a steppingstone to something higher. College is that something higher. Through college, with its drawing of students from everywhere, the student can hope and expect to find other students with like backgrounds, wants, and ambitions, for lifelong friends or mates. This the high school can never aspire to do. (At least not on so wide a scale)

Bonnie Compton

A familiar and timely subject approached from a different but important viewpoint.

FOOTBALL MURDER

After close examination of the human skeleton, I have come to a conclusion - "this was not made to play football".

Have you taken note of the size of the femur or thigh bone? It is scarcely larger than a cigar. A long, thin five center, at that. However, this is the heaviest of the appendage bones.

Is it not remarkable that owing to the size of the bones there are not more hopeless cripples charged to football? The toll each year is mounting higher due to the fact that there are more participants entering the game.

What makes all this so? The rules of the game allowing body contact, the type of uniform in which the game is played, or the manner in which individual teams are coached? We shall take these one at a time and attempt to analyze the game in so much as injury to the body is concerned.

Football is the only modern sport which allows a player to block his opponent purposely so as to knock him off his feet. Hockey, basketball and other sports allow blocking, but with the purpose of delaying an opponent momentarily to allow a teammate an instant's advantage in a scoring attempt. In any sport excluding football there are penalties for unnecessary roughness in blocking but in football, the harder the better.

The universal uniform worn by football teams is, without a doubt, cause for many of our gridiron injuries. We shall start at the feet and examine upwards each item of the uniform. Shoes are cleated, heavy affairs and certain players have shoes with metal toes. Here possibly is cause for many injuries to the face and hands. Pads on the thighs, hips, and shoulders serve as a suit of armor. The shoulder pads are massive affairs made of plastics which are very hard. They serve very well to break bones and injure in assorted ways. The helmet; that battering ram whose use makes most of the rest of the equipment necessary. A tackler making a vicious dive and contacting his opponent in the area of the abdomen may injure fatally.

Would it be possible to coach a team who could win football games and yet not clock and tackle viciously? With a change in the rules it would be possible for the play to be stopped when any would-be tackler had both hands on the ball carrier above the waist. Most always when a tackler can place both hands above the waist he could have made a tackle. There are arguments that such a rule would take some of the color from the game. I would like personally less color and more sound football players. Some rule of this type would doubtlessly result in a perfection of offense and defense yet unseen in modern football.

Look on any college campus and you will find several young men who will never again live normal lives because they participated in football. Broken ankles which will never heal properly are common. The knees are another vital target of Mr. Football Injury. Ask anyone with an old knee injury if he can do all the things he once could. The groin is easy to injure in normal pursuits, think of the danger of flying feet, elbows, and terrific blocks. The walls of the abdominal cavity are easily ruptured by sudden shocks and anyone can testify the horrors of wearing a brace or belt for life. The neck is the smallest region of the spinal column and consists of many small bones or vertebrae. They are held together by slender cartilaginous ligaments. Think of the strains and stresses imposed on such a structure if 100 pounds were raised 6' 8" and dropped squarely on the head. This is approximately the velocity of a 200 pound tackler hitting the hard pads of a ball carrier at 18 miles per hour (which would only make him run the one hundred yard dash in 12 seconds). I seriously wonder why there aren't more broken necks. The lower jaw and the nose are also frequently injured. A broken jaw or nose can be an extremely painful injury and they do not heal quickly or cleanly. How much regard does a coach have for a player's physical well-being who will send him on the field with a broken nose as we have all seen happen?

Football has grown too big for any such trifling exposition as this to have any effect, but it is my sincere wish that the game shall be modified to such an extent that serious injury or death to its participants will be non-existent and the specter of a young man twisting in agony because of a broken shoulder or smashed pelvis will fade from our eyes.

G. B. Smith