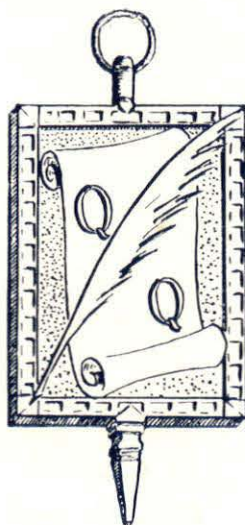


# QUILL AND QUAIR



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NO. 2

MOREHEAD STATE TEACHERS  
COLLEGE  
Morehead, Kentucky

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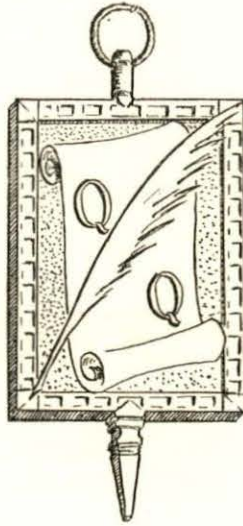
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# QUILL and QUAIR

PUBLICATION OF  
*THE ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB*



Morehead State Teachers College  
Morehead, Kentucky



VOL. III

APRIL, 1937

NO. 2

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY  
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## **...AND SO ANOTHER QUILL AND QUAIR...**

The QUILL AND QUAIR has grown up. From a lusty pamphlet, it has matured into a full-grown magazine, and has attained the ripe old age of Volume III, Number 2.

Always attempting to present something new, something different, the QUILL AND QUAIR has for its theme a potpourri of creative writing by every component of the organization known as a Teachers' College—the Training School, the College itself, the Faculty, and the Alumni. There is even some music included.

We hope you like it.

### ***From Out Of Nothingness***

We were just enumerating the "things and stuff" that get thrown into the editorial kettle and boil out as a magazine. Or collection of printed paper, at any rate.

First there are the authors to contend with, and then the pursuit of copy. From a dozen (usually more) hot and cold running conferences with the printers, the paper stock and type is chosen. And then we pour over galleys of proof; galley slaves, as it were.

Eventually the proof is made into a dummy, paradoxically the brains of the magazine. Next, some more page proofs, (Feeble voices: "Ah-wah-h"); and finally, miracle of miracles, emerge several hundred nice, shiny, crisp, new magazines; all ready to be sold.

Well, maybe it's worth it after all.

The place that is of schools devoid  
Is surely doomed to be destroyed.

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# SPRING

Edna Pearl Coyle

The feeling with which we anticipate the coming of spring depends upon our age, the locality in which we live, our occupation, and our state of health.

In the region of the North Pole, the coming of spring means the thawing of an almost solid sheet of ice, a chance to fish, and to hunt for seals. In the region of the equator, spring means very little in regard to temperature, with the exception that the sun will gradually cease to shine on them with such terrific heat and will shine with greater strength on the people north of them. In Kentucky, however, there is a complete awakening in the kingdoms of men, animals, and plants. With the first robin and crocus, life begins to throb anew, and we awaken from the sluggishness of winter habits into a new regime.

Our occupation is usually affected by the coming of this new season. If we are farmers, we begin selecting a site for our crops. Especially is this true in the tobacco region. The fields are plowed and we smell the fresh sod as it is turned to the sun. The poultry trade increases as plans are made for the raising of "Spring fryers." Seedmen and fertilizer dealers brush off the cobwebs and start their best salesmen out on the road. Furniture dealers and painters complete their stock, for they know that house-cleaning fever is just around the corner. In what part of this globe is there a clothing merchant who does not display a fresh bright line of the latest fashions which will attract the eye of young and old alike? It is certainly true that there is no person who becomes so dejected or bitter that he cannot revive some interest in a new spring chapeau for himself or some member of the family.

Did you ever notice how the automobile industry flourishes in the spring? There seems to be a violent distaste for appearing in the line of traffic on a bright Sunday afternoon in an old dilapidated car. Every effort is made to get a good trade out of your nearest dealer and forget that the payments will roll around monthly. After all, the salesman can show you exactly how you can pay for the new car out of your salary and never really notice it. Besides, if the Smith and the Jones' can afford a new V-8, why can't you?

The age and health of an individual largely determine the degree of joy that he expresses with the coming of the sweet and vernal Maytime. Anyone can see that some poor old fellow with a case of dyspepsia, and with lumbago in his back would feel no particular love over a season that made everything flow with life.

Contrast his feeling with that of practically any homo sapiens on any college campus, in any office, or factory, or street corner. To them, it is the time when they have another chance to pop the fatal question and probably receive a favorable answer.

With the coming of warmer days and the relaxation of winter's stranglehold on millions of people, who will argue the question that there is a relaxation in the hearts of human beings equal to that in the world of nature?

APRIL, 1937

Drama

## A DECK OF CARDS

Lucille Basenback

Time—Early morning, just at that time before daybreak, when the sky is its blackest, and nothing is abroad but party stragglers, drunks, milkmen and alley cats.

Scene—A cell of the jail for women.

(As the curtain rises, we see a woman reclining on a narrow cot. She is faded-looking, probably in her early forties. Her face still shows signs of beauty. Finally she rises, stretching and yawning, uttering smothered sighs.)

Woman: God, it's lonesome. If I just had some cards, I could play solitaire. (She goes to the door of the cell.) Hey Jailer! Jailer!

(The jailer comes to the door and glares ominously before he speaks in a gruff tone.)

Jailer: Whatcha want?

Woman: Bring me a deck of cards, will you? I need something to keep my mind occupied or I'll go nuts!

Jailer: Lonesome, eh? Well, you won't be for long. They've brought in an old souse. They're tryin' to sober her up, now. Boy, is she soaked!

Woman: So I'm to have company. Are you going to put her in here with me?

Jailer: Sure. Why not? Do you think you're too good? Are you particular who you mix with? Lissen, sister, you're none too good yourself, or you wouldn't be in here. I guess it's lucky you are in here. It's four below zero outside. (He starts to leave but comes back.) I don't know whether I'll bring those cards or not. The boys might wanta play poker, and we just got one deck.

Woman: Oh, forget about it, if it would put you to any trouble. Four below! I suppose I should be glad I'm not out in the weather. It's awfully lonesome here, though.

Jailer: You won't be lonesome after I bring your roommate in. (Departs chuckling.)

(The woman paces back and forth in the cell, chafing her hands nervously. Suddenly from the corridor comes the sound of angry voices and the scuffling of feet.)

Drunk Woman: Lemme go, you big wharf-rat! Who do you think you are, throwin' me around like I was a sack of horse-feed? (She is thrust in and the door is clanged shut by the jailer.)

Jailer (shouts): Shut up, wench! (He leaves them alone.)

Drunk Woman (Bangs door angrily): Lemme outa here, ol' Brass Buttons!

1st Woman: Pipe down, sister! This isn't a gospel service.

(2nd woman turns groggily and stares at the speaker. She is frowsy-looking, ragged, and about forty-five or so.)

2nd Woman: Hullo. What you in for—manslaughter?

## THE QUILL AND QUAIR

1st Woman: Nothing so tame as that. I stayed out after the curfew rang. I'm in for vagrancy.

2nd Woman: That's a pity. (Then sulkily.) I was tendin' to my own business. Jus' celebratin' my birthday, when ol' Tin Buttons had to come pokin' his nose around. If I was queen for jus' long enough to behead all policemen, I'd be happy.

1st Woman: You voice my sentiments exactly. I suppose we will have to postpone that until later. In the meantime, we shall just languish here in the lock-up. It's far warmer in here than it is outside.

2nd Woman: I reckon I was too happy to be cold.

1st Woman: Artificially so. You won't be so happy when it wears off. I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

(Both are walking around the cell, the 1st Woman nervously, the 2nd Woman because she is angry.)

2nd Woman: I used to wear shoes the Queen of England would have been jealous of. Do you remember the actress who played in "Heart's Desire" about fifteen years ago? That was me. I held audiences spell-bound with my personality. Young girls and matrons dressed like me. Men fell in love with me and left their wives and firesides. I was the tops until talkies came along. That's why I'm a drunken ol' woman today. Many's the times I would have jumped in the Hudson if it hadn't been for my liquor.

(1st Woman stares at her, stupefied by her words. Suddenly she laughs raucously. 2nd Woman glares at her.)

2nd Woman: Well, don't you believe me?

1st Woman: Hardly. You're drunk. You couldn't be the Esther Carroll who played opposite Michael Rathburn in that picture. I remember it.

2nd Woman: I am, nevertheless.

1st Woman: Well, you certainly have changed. She was a beautiful woman. You have lost all your glamour and wealth.

2nd Woman: Yes, but I lived while I had it. I had wealthy suitors, but I threw them all away for Michael Rathburn. Oh, well, no use to cry over a broken flower-vase. (This resignedly with a brushing away of imaginary tears.)

1st Woman (bitterly): I'm nobody. Just a derelict on the beach of hill drag. It won't be long till we hit bottom, either. Death would not help either one of us. There's no solace in suicide. I suppose we shall have to go on suffering, since we brought it on ourselves.

2nd Woman: What you got to cry about? You probably never had nothing. Say, what is your name? You look familiar, but I can't place you.

1st woman (bitterly): I'm nobody. Just a derelict on the beach of existence. I have been wandering around, pride-bound, trying to forget a past that seems like a dream or a symphony in tinsel.

(2nd Woman looks at her as if she thinks she is crazy.)

2nd Woman: Who did you say you was?

1st Woman: Forget about it. Do you happen to have a deck of cards? We can play a game of casino. I'm glad they put you in here. I was losing my mind by degrees.

2nd Woman: I believe you lost it altogether. You say the queerest things.

1st Woman: "I tell you what let's do. Let's pretend we are young and beautiful. We are dining in a restaurant where soft lights, laughter, champagne, and smooth music all blend together into one whirling gladness of the mind.

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2nd Woman (staring at her incredulously): You talk like you been there.

1st Woman: I have. I was once famous, also. My name swam in lights. You boasted of suitors. I, too, can say my hand was sought by men of prestige and money.

2nd Woman (laughing shrilly): I suppose you think I'll believe that. (Laughs and slaps her thighs.) Oh boy, both of us are the biggest liars in the world. I was just kiddin'. I never got beyond the slum district in life! (laughs loudly).

(1st Woman looks insulted for a moment, then she also begins to laugh. Both seem to be approaching a state of hysteria when the Jailer calls out to them with an angry voice.)

Jailer: Quiet down, you two! There's a gentleman to see one of you dames.

2nd Woman (shrilly): Why he must want to see me. I'm a lady.

Jailer: Which one, Mister?

(He unlocks the door and both step in.)

Gentleman (speaking to 1st Woman): Is that you, Esther?

1st Woman (steps from the shadow and gazes at the man with hungry eyes): Michael! (She says his name wonderingly.)

Gentleman: (draws her close, tilts her face back with trembling hand and looks at her long and searchingly): Why didn't you come to me for help, dear. I love you. It didn't matter to me if the public didn't appreciate your genius.

1st Woman: I was a silly proud goose, Michael. I love you now, even more than I did then. Take me home, dear. I'm so tired.

(He leads her away. The jailer follows them out and locks the cell door.)

2nd Woman (slumping down on the cot): Well, hit me with a brick. I'd never believed it if I hadn't seen it. (She brightens up a little as she says the next words). Boy, wait till I tell the girls about this. Won't they turn green! (She puts a hand to her head.) A little drink wouldn't hurt me right now. Got an awful hangover.

(Curtain.)

## *THE COLLEGE PROFESSOR*

Isaac D. Rogers

The bell has rung, and all are here  
Except Professor Banning;  
Five minutes more and at the door  
We see him come a-fanning.

He comes briskly walking up the aisle,  
But sharply turns around,  
Begins adjusting window shades,  
And jerks the shading down.

Of course we laugh, for laugh we must,  
But we knew what he'd do;  
He simply laid the shading off,  
And enjoyed the laughter too.

Then he proceeds to call the roll,  
And with his several jests  
Successfully entertains the class  
Ten minutes more or less.

"For the next assignment—let me see—  
Where did we end today?"  
I did not know, and really hoped  
That no one else could say.

"Was it not on page three hundred nine?"  
This everyone affirmed.  
"Take twenty pages in advance."  
Then he the pages turned.

This done, he takes a long, deep breath,  
And now the lecture's on.  
He quotes the book 'most word for word,  
And seldom gets it wrong.

Thus hastily he imparts to us  
From this rich source of learning  
Until he sees the word "Red Grange,"  
While he the page is turning.

"By the way," he said, while standing,  
"If we may the subject change,  
How many of you have had the chance  
To know this fellow, Red Grange?"

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To this he gets a quick response,  
And nodding heads are straightened;  
The lecture assumes a different course,  
And all are fully awakened.

Not conscious of the fleeting time,  
While discussing such a theme,  
The time has passed, the period is o'er  
The bell has ceased to ring.

"Now read your books; there'll come a time  
When you will wish you had;  
And if you don't, I'm warning you,  
It's going to be too bad.  
Class is adjourned!"

## CONTEMPLATIONS

Isaac D. Rogers

I long to roam the rugged wild,  
Explore untrodden hills and dales;  
I long to camp beneath the stars,  
And see the moon in fullness sail.

My heart leaps high in keen delight  
When in the forest in the night  
I hear the mountain-lion squall out  
And varmints near me prowl about.

I like to hear the night-owl call,  
And hear the echo far and wide,  
The answers from the distant dales  
Reverberate the country-side.

I like to lie on mossy beds—  
No other pillow at my head—  
And watch the clouds go floating by  
As magic ships that sail the sky.

This is the life I love so dear  
When all about me I can see,  
Hear, feel, and sense in every way  
That all is natural and free.

# IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER

Creed Grumbles

A scarlet wave swept over the opposing high school team in orange with the snapping of the ball like the engulfing waters of a tidal wave. A man in orange faded back, looking vainly all the while for a hole, and then attempted valiantly to out-run the opposing ends, but it was no use. Fifteen precious yards, yards that were paid for in sweat and blood, were lost forever to the men in orange.

Middleway's soft-spoken coach, Mason, looked down the row of orange backs and muttered, "Svendson, go in for O'Neil. That's as much grandstanding as I can stand in one afternoon from that man."

Svendson, a stolid, phlegmatic Swede, rather slow but usually good for a few yards, was a reserve fullback who has seen a lot of service that fall.

"Svendson for O'Neil," he reported to the referee.

A scowl appeared on the temperamental O'Neil's face, but it only served to make the quick grin that followed all the more pleasing. "Get those yards back, kid," he grunted as he left the field.

Northtown's big scarlet team was leading the lighter men of Middletown by a 7-6 margin. Coach Mason had sent the line-plunging Svendson in with the hope that he would be able to work the ball into a scoring position. By gaining a few yards on each exchange of punts and the line bucks of Svendson, Middletown worked the ball within the twenty yard line where the dependable toe of Svendson made the score 9-7; such it remained till the end of the game.

\* \* \* \* \*

Svendson spent a rigorous summer in a lumber camp where he needed all his determination and grit to withstand the daily grind; but at the end of the summer he started football season with twenty extra pounds of muscle.

The good natured O'Neil spent his time doing odd jobs and swimming. O'Neil's family was moderately well off. He was blessed with brains, athletic ability, and personality, and led an easy life; a strong contrast to the hard-working Svendson, who hardly knew the meaning of loafing.

The boys were rather good friends, and O'Neil used to tell Svendson he reminded him of a steady drop of water that would make a hole through granite; Svendson would only grin.

Football season was a Roman holiday for O'Neil. He was acclaimed by sports writers as being "the" player of the year; but little attention was paid by the sports writers to the devastating blocking of Svendson, that made the long runs of O'Neil possible.

\* \* \* \* \*

College was a repetition of high school, but with a more pronounced difference. Scouts had seen a little more than the man with the ball at the game, so Svendson received a scholarship with O'Neil to the state university.

In class work, as had been the case in high school, O'Neil made average grades with no effort, picking out the easier courses. Svendson, as would be expected, plugged away at the harder courses, spending long hours in laboratories.

"Svendson," said O'Neil when they were ending their collegiate career, "you have the wrong philosophy of life. Why don't you take things easy and enjoy your short stay on this planet?"

"We will see who's right someday," Svendson said with a smile.  
\* \* \* \* \*

Ten years later passengers in a trans-continental air ship were startled to see two men suddenly recognize each other and shake hands like long-lost brothers. "I say, Svendson, you look happy and prosperous. What are you doing now?" queried O'Neil.

"I have a position as chemist with a large munitions company," he replied. "What are you doing?"

"Oh, I am selling insurance. Still say I had the right idea about things in school, however."

"What do you think?"

"I still sort of think I was right, too."

A huge mountain rose suddenly out of the fog. The pilot pulled the stick desperately to no avail; half a wing was crushed like a butterfly. The ship careened toward the abyss below, completely out of control.

"Well, Svendson, it really didn't matter, did it?"

"No," he replied with a slow grin, "I don't think so,"

## REVEALMENT

Lucille Basenback

There's the hill with its weight of trees,  
and the trees with their load of leaves,  
and the leaves with their juice and colour,

There's the sky with its bulk of clouds,  
the clouds with their cup of water,  
and the water with its blessing.

Here's my heart with its trembling,  
and the trembling with its revealment,  
and the revealment is my undoing.

## MICHAEL'S LOVE

By Alton Payne

Michael showed promise. Yes, decided his grizzled, gray-headed, old accompanist, he must give his talent to the world. He must be allowed to give to others the benefit of the mellow richness of his old violin while he softened the ache in his young-old heart as he played.

The doctors had told him that he might not live much longer; his heart belied the strength of his face, his fingers which moved so swiftly and surely on the strings might stop suddenly in their flight never to move again. But when he played, the monster in his heart seemed to rest and Michael was happy.

And so he and his gallant old protector went to America with its myriads of twinkling lights, its rushing, mad throngs, its smoke, dirt, and its concert halls. Yes, it was great—this America. He loved to play and to travel. He loved the soft lights and the luxurious air surrounding him; the tremendous applause acclaiming his mastery. It was in Chicago, during a two week's concert, that he met Marcia of the raven-black hair and rose-petal skin. He spied her over the scroll of his violin one evening as he played the adagio movement of a concerto. Michael was only human. He fell madly in love. She returned the next evening. The old violin took on new color and life.

It began to plead—"Oh Marcia, I love you. Be mine and all shall be yours—the earth with its flowers, its lush beauty. The sky, the stars shall be your crown."

So cried the old violin in the hands of its master.

"No, she can't be mine," it would sometimes wail. "She is not for me."

But buoyed by hope it returned to its pleadings. So Michael continued until one night his girl of the raven-black hair failed to appear.

"Oh Marcia. Where are you?" cried the great old violin in despair. "Come back to me!"

Another evening passed and still his dream girl came not.

"Marcia, come back. Do come back. All shall be yours—the wealth of kings; the wonders of nature. The heavens shall stand at your command. Oh, do come back."

The eyes of the audience were wet that night.

Half through another evening but still no girl with shining teeth and complexion of satiny loveliness was to be seen. It was true! She was gone.

The sleeping monster in his heart broke its chain. Languidness stole over his body, numbed his brain. The bow grated softly on the murmuring strings. The great cluster of lights grew dimmer; the magnificent old violin fell clattering from nerveless fingers to the floor.

Next morning papers carried the headline: "VIOLINIST DIES OF HEART ATTACK."

"Ah," spoke the girl of the raven-black hair as she arose from the breakfast table. "That is too bad. Now run along to school, Joey, my boy, mother doesn't want you to be late."

## *Abandoned-But Not Lost*

By Harry Lowman

Ted Berry nervously paced the floor. On his face was a look of misery, disbelief, despair, pain—excruciating pain that comes from being hurt inside. Incessantly there pounded within his throbbing head the question: "Why?"

On the hearth in front of the open fire which had been their pride—Louella's and his—Rinty lay stretched; Rinty, a huge mastiff, his only companion now that Lou had so abruptly walked out of his life. The eyes of the faithful beast roved the path followed by his master; back and forth in orbits firmly fixed.

Outside the wind howled in diabolical glee; the owls hooted the blackness in which even they could not see; and from far off came the torrents that beat fiercely against the earth obliterating the spoor. The evils of nature had united. Beelzebub's Fiesta was in swing.

Ted ceased his aimless wandering about the room like some caged carnivora, and sank into the divan pulled close to, and facing, the fire. Abstractedly he tugged the light cord, plunging the room into gloom. The glowing embers of the dying fire gave forth an occasional flare, animating the long shadows cast by its feeble light. Rinty laid his head on his master's feet. Ted gave no heed, but cupped his head in his hands and for the thousandth time, pondered over his loss.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lou and he had been married for two years; happily so, he thought. True he hadn't been able to give her the things that she rightfully deserved. He had, up until three months before, barely been able to make ends meet, but now things were different. His father had relented, made him general manager of the firm, and had hinted he might become a junior partner in the near future. Everything seemed bright. And then—

This afternoon he had come home to find a note tacked above the stove in the neat little kitchen where he had so often stood, leaning against the door scrutinizing the changing expressions of the one he so adored; and marveling at her dexterity and patience. Thinking that perhaps she had gone to visit Kay—her best friend—which she so often did, and had left a note for fear he'd worry, Ted strolled over and nonchalantly took down the slip of paper. It read:

Ted—

I've gone with George. We love each other  
dearly, and that love can be denied no longer.

Please forgive me.

Lou.

A wave of nausea swept over him; made him weak. He recalled the looks slyly interchanged; the presents brought now and then; the untold courtesies that he had over-looked in his friend. Yes, George was supposed to have been his friend. The swine had stolen his wife.

Ted took the note from his pocket, but there was no need to read. Those words had seared into his brain; were slowly driving him to distraction. At the thought of them his stomach rebelled; hot, stifling pains shot through his breast—caught in his throat—caused racking sobs—the torment of the damned. He crumpled the note in his trembling hand and flung it in the fire.

Unaware of his plight, the clock on the mantle struck twelve; outside the wind still shrieked, and the rain poured down from inky skies. Ted, unable to stand the oppressive solitude, leaped to his feet, leaned back his leonine head, and sent peal after peal of hollow laughter rollicking from the walls. The dog drew back perplexed, afraid. Suddenly the laughter stopped. Ted swore a terrible oath and then half-whispered, "Oh! God,—” he paused. "God?" he queried. "There could be no God. Tonight I've died ten thousand deaths and suffered hell untold. If that is heavenly justice, then justice be damned and hell I will enfold."

\* \* \* \* \*

A rending crash without; a blinding flash within; there before Ted stood an Imp with gold aplenty, and jewels of untold value. Ted stared. Rinty broke into a corner; the short hair at the nape of the neck bristling, his fangs bared.

"Don't be afraid," half leered the Imp, "I am a friend. This night I bring you wealth and power."

"Why do this for me? I cannot repay," said Ted bitterly.

"There is no pay expected. I want but a promise from you," countered the Imp.

"And what might that be? What could I possibly promise you that would suffice for this?" Ted indicated the lavish display of riches with a wave of his hand.

"All mortals must die," quoth the Imp, "And when your race is run, my master wants your body and ALL that it contains."

"It's a deal, then," cried Ted, "Your master—I care not who he is—may have my worthless hide and all therein. Now, get! I fain would count my gold."

\* \* \* \* \*

The years have come and gone. Ted, debauched and obese, with the life he has lived showing plainly in his once handsome face is nearing the end of the trail. He has but a few more minutes remaining before he closes life's door from the other side. Stolidly he shrugs his shoulders and lies down for his last long sleep. The elusive spark has flown.

With a hideous, triumphant chuckle the Imp appears at the side of the body ready to claim the immortal Soul. Softly he knocks. From within comes a voice which asks, "What do you want?"

"Base Clay, I want the Soul I bought some years ago with gold and precious stones. Quick! don't delay. Give to me what is rightfully mine and I will be gone. My master waits for me below, so quickly, please, relinquish the Soul," begged the Imp.

"But what is to become of me? The bargain I well remember. It was the 'body and all that it contained'," replied the body. "Take me, or the Soul you cannot have."

All night they quarreled; dawn was near at hand. The body wanted to remain intact or accompany Soul. Finally the Imp, unable to wait longer, murmured hastily to the body, "Give the Soul to me and you shall not disintergrate, nor will your tissues starve, but forever will you remain as you now are."

The body had gained its end. Languidly it prepared to release the Soul to that blackened rascal, Lucifer, the keeper of the damned. But, lo! it was not to be. Quickly from above, on milk-white steeds, angels charged, firing brilliant darts from golden bows. The Imp, afraid, cursed; fled for his filthy life back to his ebon pit. That which had been created by the Supreme, and trusted to base clay, had been redeemed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ted stirred and sat up. The soft rays of the morning sun flooded the room. On the hearth before the leaden ashes lay Rinty sleeping soundly. Outside the trees were dancing in the gentle breeze; all was serenely quiet and peaceful. No trace of the storm which had raged the evening before lingered to mar the view. Ted, for the first time since he had found Lou gone, smiled and was glad to be alive.

He had lost his wife—material thing—but he had not lost his Soul.

## TWO POEMS

Lucille Basenback

### EXPLANATION

in my loneliness  
there's not bitterness  
or defeat.  
it is happiness  
and pungent gayness  
on slow feet.

### BLOWN BROWN

brown leaves flying  
from a wind with bitterness in its mouth,  
but one survivor hangs  
to lover twig, a brave soul facing south.

## THE QUILL AND QUAIR

A student's like the seed the sod below

Which, once it sprouts, will sprout and heavenward grow.

### *Assorted Spring Poems*

#### SPRING

By Elman Riddle

Soon spring will be here,  
The birds will cheer,  
The frogs will croak,  
The ducks in the water will soak,  
The roosters will cock-a-doodle-do,  
The owls will go "Hoo-"

#### THE SHIPS AND WIND

By Francis Caudill

The wind is blowing o'er the sea,  
Yet he brings ships to you and me.

I've often wondered how a ship could sail,  
It almost always brings back people safe and well.

#### SUMMER TIME

Walton E. Hayes

Summer time is the best of all,  
For then is vacation time.  
Out of the schools come  
Children with a dart.  
Off to the fishing grounds  
Go the boys with a start.  
Some go away, some stay,  
Some work, some play,  
But all have joy all through the day.

## *Spring Is Here*

By Margaret Crooks

At my sunny bed room window 'ere the sun is peeking through,  
Little Robin Red Breast nibbles at the grass so green and new,  
Better get up, you lazy lassie, spring time is in the air;  
The trees are budding, children playing, sunshine everywhere,  
Flowers are sprouting from their warm sleep in old mother earth,  
Crocus blooming, daffodils swaying in their yellow mirth.

### SPRING

By Howard Horton

Spring is in the air;  
Birds are everywhere;  
For winter is gone  
And out comes the dawn  
Of a new spring  
And there is life in everything.  
Flowers will appear  
As soon as spring comes near.  
On this joyous spring day.  
The children are going out to play

### SPRING

By Francis Caudill

The birds are coming from the south,  
And you had better look out,  
Because spring is coming with them.  
The flowers will bloom again,  
The people will be riding,  
The snow will be hiding,  
Spring is on the way,  
For little children to play.

### SPRING IS HERE

By Harry Crooks

Spring is here and birds are singing,  
Music fills the air and bells are ringing.  
Children at play stop and listen  
To the birds, while all the world glistens.  
Women sing, while they work,  
While around them the children lurk.  
Scarecrows are set up to keep away the crows,  
Then vegetables and fruit can grow.  
Everything is bright, not dark.  
Listen to the singing of the meadow lark,  
Be happy, not sad,  
For everyone should be glad.

## *The Watchman*

(After Alfred Noyes', "The Highwayman")

By Frank Walter Miller, Jr.

The clouds were a bundle of shadows in the ink black sky;  
The moon was a ghostly sceptor riding far and high;  
The sea was a lashing whip over the old ship's floor;  
And the watchman came creaking—creaking—creaking—  
The watchman came creaking past the captain's door.

He had an old rubber helmet on his head and an old gray rag at his  
chin,  
A raincoat that was made of rubber, and slacks that clung to his skin.  
His slacks had many a wrinkle; his boots were ripped at the thigh;  
And he laughed with many a crinkle, his eyes all a-twinkle,  
His slacks all wet and wrinkled, under the rain-swept sky.

The thunder crashed full in the distance; the lightning was one fiery  
mass;  
And the rain poured down on the watchman—the ship was sinking fast.  
As the dark black waves of the ocean came tumbling over the deck,  
The old ship sank at midnight, 'mid the lightning and thunder at midnight,  
The old ship sank at midnight, with the watchman on the deck.

And still on a stormy night, they say, when there's thunder and there's  
a breeze,  
When the moon is riding far and high over the stormy seas,  
When the ship comes riding slowly, old and battered and wore,  
The watchman comes creaking—creaking—creaking—  
The watchman comes creaking past the captain's door.

## TRAMPS

By Frank Walter Miller, Jr.

Idly floating over the country  
Like a stream winding its way  
Through the forest;  
Rough and bearded  
Or clean and shaven;  
Begging, stealing, laughing, quarreling, singing;  
And always managing to still be  
Tramps.

APRIL, 1937

Study's so far greater than good deeds,  
Since to noble actions study leads.

What Every Student  
Should Know

## *Developing Judgment In College*

By William H. Vaughan, M. A.  
Dean of Morehead State Teachers College

One of the cardinal objectives of college education is the development of judgment. The activities and experience of college are contributing factors in this learning process. The college student is ushered in upon a new world. It is a "big buzzing confusion" for him. There are innumerable conflicts, each of which calls for a decision.

Some are led to exclaim that much learning hath made many people mad today, and the college student probably feels like endorsing that statement because he finds the intellectual world in a topsy-turvy condition. It seems there has never been a time when there was so much to learn, so much to discard, so much that is new to understand, as there is today. But this has always been true to a greater or less degree as men and women enter college. They meet new friends, new teachers, are introduced to new books and new methods of study. No two friends or teachers or books are alike, and no two of them agree. Some are excellent, and should be chosen and clung to; others are worthless and should be discarded. There is none capable of telling them which to choose. It is the duty of the college student to think, to choose the right and leave the wrong, to select the desirable and discard the undesirable. Not a day will pass but that the college student will need to exercise judgment in some form or another—conflicting theories in science, conflicting theories in social science, some of which leave him dazed and stunned; but all of which challenge him to cull out the untruth and get the truth. The college student who learns to gather all the facts he can and tests them by all the methods at his disposal before he arrives at a definite conclusion or conviction has learned one of the great lessons of life.

Early in his college career, the college student comes face to face with the necessity of understanding himself. Usually the incoming freshman has a much better opinion of himself than the sophomore has of the freshman. Fortunately, neither is correct. The college student who has learned to form proper evaluation of himself has passed an important milestone in his career. If he thinks of himself as neither too wise nor too dumb, neither too good nor too bad, but just as he is, he will be in better position to meet the problems of life. There are forces on the college campus that hasten the day when the college student comes to this realization.

The college student enters many jousts. Some of these are intellectual, some are physical, some are social, and others are moral. Inevitably he will be defeated in many of these; in some, success will crown his efforts. So, on and on, the process of self-understanding goes.

The college student is surrounded by a vast number of new acquaintances. Old friends have been left behind; new friends are as yet unmade. Much depends on how wisely he chooses his friends. In college, as in all life, friends are either helpful or harmful. That college student who has used sound judgment in the selection of his friends is very fortunate; because these friendships last through life, and they determine to a very

## *Some Influences Of Rousseau's Philosophy On Modern Education<sup>1</sup>*

By Frank B. Miller, Ph. D.

Roughly speaking, a different conception of child-nature developed with Rousseau. This new conception evolved new criteria for educative materials and methods.

Rousseau believed that his age was corrupt and debased, and, therefore, thought that if he rejected everything accepted by it and adopted the opposite, he would reach the truth. Human nature is originally good according to Rousseau, and as a result "its natural impulses and desires are to be followed and cultivated rather than to be represented or exterminated." No compulsion, no restraint should be exercised. In other words the child should be permitted to develop naturally. The lead of the child ought to be followed. Modern interest may be said to have begun with Rousseau. This interest in child-nature culminates today in our so-called "freedom schools." No curriculum is needed if his view is accepted in its entirety.

The nature of the child tells one what to do. Rousseau, therefore, divided child life into epochs. Firstly, we have the period of sense; secondly, the period of physical activity; thirdly, the period of dominant intellectual activity; fourthly, the period of moral and social adjustment. Only incidentally it was that his educative materials were designed to develop the child's insight into social life.

Rousseau's influence is evident in G. Stanley Hall. The latter maintained that since the individual recapitulates the cultural development of the race, emphasis should fall in each stage of the individual's development upon living according to the peculiarities of this stage. Both Rousseau and Hall believed that only in later stages should the child identify himself with present social life.

Our present-day school organization indicates symptoms of the epochs of Rousseau and Hall; witness, for instance, the elementary schools, junior high schools, senior high schools, and so on.

A basic principle in Rousseau's philosophy is the one which states that human nature is good. Two subsidiary doctrines developed from this principle are (1), "The child's spontaneous and natural activities are essential ingredients of his education;" and (2), "The child in the course of his growth passes thru distinct stages of development."

So we have growing out of these doctrines an activity program. Physical and motor activity become necessary in addition to intellectual activity, lest our civilization become a standardized prejudice. Natural interests, curiosity, and activities of children are to be utilized in their education.

1. If we want to prepare our boys and girls to cope with the unknown conditions of the future, we must foster and develop the creative aspect of learning, an aspect which has been largely ignored in our schools in the past. The essential idea behind the creative aspect is freedom, and freedom is definitely necessary in promoting the writing of prose and poetry. The careful reader will note the Rousseauian philosophy lent impetus to this latent quality of creative ability.

According to Pestalozzi, who followed the lead of Rousseau, the child learns thru senses. In practice he "tried to organize and psychologize the educational process" by harmonizing it, as he maintained, with the natural development of the child. To follow the organic development of the child, each step in the process of growth shall grow out of the preceeding and grow into the following stage. Pestalozzi emphasized hand-work and head-work. Objects were brought into the school; (Anschauungsunterricht). The school also should create interests.

The activity program was again emphasized by Froebel in the kindergarten in the play idea and in hand-work activities. Froebel believed in the continuity of a child's life from infancy onward and that self-activity, determined by the child's interests and desires and intelligently directed, was essential to the unfolding of the child's inborn capacities.

The activity as well as the stage-development idea has influenced all education theory and practice since Rousseau. We see activity advocated by Pestalozzi, Froebel, and our modern "freedom schools," although with a difference of emphasis. The stage-development idea manifests itself in various ways, especially so in our graded school system.

Rousseau, as well as Froebel and Pestalozzi, maintained that whereas children are unique, and "everything should be brought into harmony with their natural tendencies, it follows that the subject-matter of education must be selected primarily with reference to the characteristics of child nature." As Dewey has it: "School is life and not only a preparation of life." Although the curriculum has been enriched from time to time, and child activity in learning has been emphasized, barrenness and formality have often resulted.

The focusing of attention upon the continuous growth of the child, upon freedom, initiative, spontaneity, and vivid self-expression of our day can be said to be the development of the idea advocated by Rousseau. Each individual is to a certain extent unique. The opportunity to express one's individuality is essential to highest satisfaction. Normal activities of children call for expression, and the best means of utilizing these activities are conservation, writing, drawing, music, and play.

Rousseau's writings contained many excellent ideas, pointed the way to better practices, and became an inspiration for others. The doctrine of **self-expression** and maximum child growth of our modern progressive schools are traceable to ideas of child growth as early propounded by Rousseau.

Experience is what happens to you. To gain real experience an individual must overcome the ignorance of his environment and his own habits of thinking.

Who fails his knowledge to increase  
Is sure to see his knowledge cease.

## *Bad Bill, Death, And Old Shag Wynn*

By Woodridge Spears

Now pray for me, O Preacher Moore,  
For Death's a-prancin' to my door,  
A big bay horse, a big forty-four,  
A squirrel rifle with a big bore,  
A long dirk knife that want to wade  
Three and a half inches of its blade  
On any day, on any day,  
In my own blood.  
Then pray for me, O Preacher Moore,  
For Death is prancin' to my door.

Last week I dreamt a scringy dream;  
Don't scringe, for it may seem  
A little wild for a lamb of yours,  
O Preacher Moore, to dream a dream  
As wild as mine, as wild as mine:

In a long black gown, on a big black horse,  
I rode to town; I seen a hearse.  
But the worst that happened:  
A strong white hand, a lean white hand  
Ripped out my teeth, and down they fell.  
A horrible sign; a bad, bad sign; I'm sure.

This week I dreamt a scringy dream;  
I scringed so much that it may seem  
I was afeared, O Preacher Moore,  
And I, a blazin' light in church  
And everythin':

Ole Shag Wynn had a likely gal  
And her name was Sal, Sal Wynn,  
The purtiest gal on Big Sand Creek,  
The likeliest gal on Big Sand Creek,  
And she had an eye for me,  
And she had an eye for me.  
And what did I do toward Ole Shag's gal?  
We courted, we courted for three pacin' years....

Now pray for me and hang your head,  
Death's a-askin' to be wed....

We courted, we courted for three long years,  
And a big black hand and a big rough hand  
Shook a fist at me, shook a fist at me,  
And after that...dout scringe....I could see  
Me and Sal on Big Sand Creek,  
A-ridin' down old Big Sand Road,  
A-ridin' by the bubblin' water.  
We rode right into Big Sand Creek,  
Our horses waded into Big Sand Creek,  
And we rode into the muddy water,  
And we stopped there in the whippin' water.

I said, "Sal, do you like me?"  
She said, "Bad Bill, can't you see?"

I dreamt I looked at the hill  
On t' other side; it winked at me....

Pray for me now, you Preacher Moore,  
Death will soon be poppin' at my door.

She fell in the creek where I had kicked her  
She laid in the creek where I had kicked her.  
With her hair floatin' there on the water;  
Her loose yellow hair, her pomegrannie hair  
That smelled of fresh pomegrannies.  
Her hair....Don't be afeared....  
The blood rolled down ole Big Sand Creek.

Huh? That thunder? No, Preacher Moore.  
Oh, get you out now, Preacher Moore,  
For Death is crackin' at the door;  
Forty-fours puff at the door.  
Ole Shag Wynn with fuzzled beard,  
Ole Shag Wynn with his onion head,  
Death with a long white beard,  
Death spatters  
Death....

## SIMPLE, AMAZINGLY UNREAL

Marimba—blue waves,  
In the June night,  
Sounding their volumes  
Of wilfulness (plus  
The moon), make pictures  
Not at all realistic.

Add a streak of silver  
Playing on the water.

Add just a simple star.

Not at all realistic?  
Is the world worse  
For all that?

# CANDLELIGHT

Samuel Bradley, Jr.

As I cup my hands over the candle-flame it leaps high, a thin stiletto. It is as a thing alive, rising above my caress to freedom. I give it liberty and bask in its glow.

When I light a candle, I bring the atmosphere of sacredness into my shrine of evening. I make its lighting a simple ceremony, applying the flame gently—with hand cupped about it—to the tip of the wick. Then I watch the flame grow in diamond-shape until even in the dusky recesses of my spirit I feel its soothing, comforting, understanding presence.

But there is more than ceremony, more than a holiness and unrivaled purity about its radiance. There is also a spirit never formal, and inviting the sweetest intimacies. Something about the softness, the coziness, the rare daintiness of the flame causes me to pity my fellow-mortals who live all their years in heartless electric glare. For candlelight to me means comfort of surroundings, peace of mind and mood, good friends, glad companionship. This flame is bright with an ambition that does not o'er-vault itself; to spend its moments steadily in its loveliness.

The winter calm, the spring expectancy, the autumn ripeness, the lingering of summer twilight—all these are recaptured in the timelessness of candle-light. The burden of the brief hours is burnt away.

Magic? Not at all, for every light is a miracle totally unexplainable every candle a word of wonderment. The most magnificent courts, realizing this, adorned their castles and festive-halls with candles—lavishly. The humblest cottages have also found in candlelight graciousness and happiness. After a day's toil the comrades of yesterday's shadows are rewarded with rest and a blessing on simple fare of black bread, white milk of the goat, yellow cheese, eaten by candlelight. It would have been an honor to have shared their meal, but I am more than honored to share their candlelight.

For in it, now as yesterday, grief is banished from memory, strife from the present, fear from the future. My melancholy is no longer sad or pensive. My gladness, too, is subdued into a dearer happiness. And the vain play—lines I have cultivated with which to speak of affairs, of wisdom (too often revealing some stupidity)—are in no wise given their cue.

The candle flickers. The shadows move closer, then creep back. I am delighted with the performance. Here, apart from the rest of the world, I am hemmed in by many shadows. Each shadow represents a personality who, being my friend, even now shares in my retrospects and helps to guard my candle-flame—the self-begotten fantasy of my personal life.

So thin a flame, weaving for me a gossamer bridge of a few immortal desires! I touch a warm thread of tallow as though doubting reality. Is there not the presence of peace within my room, murmuring to this

drowsy-eyed lover of shadows and light, lover of rippling water and the gentle strength of all green things, lover of the Apollo-bright youth, Thought, and the maternal-eyed maiden, Rest?

I hear soft breathing, like a benediction in the candlelight. I hear and smile—for I know my loves are near, eager to embrace me. And these loves shall not, after sudden flaring of passion, leave me bestrewn with ashen regrets. Too richly fed from vital inner tallows, too patiently touched with the flint-spark of my desires—indeed, I do persuade myself, too beautiful to deceive me are these my loves in candlelight.

As the thin stream of thought, dripping from the hot liquid tallow of my mind, falls on the same old candlestand called Time, I cherish more deeply this candlelight. I wonder if I shall find elsewhere so mystic a flame. Perhaps, were the Sun snuffed out, someone would light a taper in its place which would illuminate with peace and content almost as precious as I know now. Even now, like a sweet white wine, the candlelight intoxicates me. Even now, like a radiant gem from the forehead of an ancient Buddha, this pointed flame symbolizes the life flame, the sword-keen force of my spirit in contemplation.

Noiseless wings have silenced my sound-mad world. In my dim solitude, peopled with my heart's creations, I bid adieu to the Apollo-bright youth, Thought. The candle burns lower. I relinquish myself into the arms of the maternal-eyed maiden, Rest.

## HE UNTO WHOM IS REVEALED HIS SELF

Samuel Bradley, Jr.

Herein beauty lies—the mind stripped naked  
Of every brilliant vestige of conceit,  
Impassioned, shredding from the inner warmth  
Frail imagery of youth, no longer sweet,  
No longer blinding to the human stain,  
The heartless anger from the heart's pain.

## SIGHT....SOUND

Sarah A. Waters

Why should the heart  
Bear the reflection of the eye?  
Why does the sound in the ear  
Ring in the soul?

The depth is merciless.

With none to reach  
Each image shall fade,  
All sound shall die

Crushed!

May we present

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