

Belling * Brown * Colliers * Combs * DeLenga * Holbrook * Little * Mills * Neeley * Pelly * Salyer * Thornbury * White * Felix

Vol. II, No. 4

MOREHEAD STATE COLLEGE

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The owners have given this comfortable old house a personality that reflects their own.

-----description-----

HOUSE OF MELODY

It's just an old house but it has a charm all its own. Its been a long time since I used to go to this house to take piano lessons, but the walls still resound with valiant attempts at Bach and scales. My piano teacher has long since married and left, but her brother and his wife have taken over.

Immediately behind the old fashioned door is a large hall. This hall is dominated by a potted palm and knobby-kneed children clutching their music. Their eyes follow me from the front door till I close the door to the dining room. Ramona is usually curled up in a chair reading. We smoke and discuss some book one of us is reading until Ed finishes teaching. Then the three of us clear the books, earrings, bread crusts, and music from the table, wash dishes and fix lunch.

The kitchen is a charming mixture of old and modern. An heirloom sugar bowl rests next to Ramona's gracefully designed modern pottery. The modern stove and refrigerator look strangely out of place and yet belong at the same time to the old house. Cooking is really fun here. I always fix a huge bowl of salad while Ramona and Ed open cans and heat the contents. Once Ed made an apple pie. It was good even if the crust was hard enough to support a strongman. After we eat the dishes are stacked in the sink or left on the table for later washing.

The stairs are wide and spacious. Upstairs are three rooms and a bath. Only one room is furnished; since Ramona and Ed have been married only a few months their furniture is a grand total of not very much. There is one room on the back that Ramona practically refuses to enter. Three walls are shocking pink and the other is some un-godly floral print.

In the studio is a concert grand laden with music from Thompson's First Grade to Ed's own opera. The window is large and covered by venetian blinds. The book shelves, filled with music and music books reach from floor to ceiling in one section. Before the fire are two chairs. Someone always ends up on the floor.

This house may not be the most beautiful in the world but it is a sanctuary of music and comfortable living. It's one of my favorite places.

-----Lois Thornbury

A horse like this ought to
be in Hollywood.

——character sketch——

MY ONLY FRIEND

When I first saw Jerry, I liked him. He was the cutest baby I had ever seen. He seemed so full of life from the time he was born. He was really an ugly baby by the usual standards, but to me he was beautiful. He was well behaved, too, only crying when something hurt him or when he was hungry. When the cause of the pain was taken away or when his mother nourished him, he quieted down immediately.

Jerry seemed to grow as I watched him; it seemed that in no time he could run and walk.

I knew he was much more intelligent than other babies his age just by the look in his eyes and the way he looked at me when I spoke to him.

One day my dad whipped me for climbing the apple tree. Jerry saw him and I could tell by the look in his eyes that he didn't like my being whipped, but he understood. After that, we were closer than ever.

Time passed and Jerry and I grew. Jerry had something about him that made me believe that he would be great someday. Jerry and I would go out in the fields for hours at a time and romp and play, and when we got tired we would lie down under a tree and discuss things, just things that men talk about.

Jerry was becoming better looking every day and I suspected that he was interested in girls. One day I asked him, "Jerry, do you feel any different around girls than you do with me? The other day I was in to the grocery store. A girl who works there spoke to me. All she asked me was what kind of beans I wanted, green or soup, and I just sort of choked up and couldn't talk and my face turned red and my ears began to burn like they was on fire. Pa told her that we wanted soup beans and that Ma had put up thirty quarts of green beans just about a month ago. I couldn't talk until I got out of that store, Jerry. Did you ever feel that way around a female, Jerry?"

Jerry just looked at me with a funny look, and I realized that he hadn't been around as many girls as I had, so I dropped the matter. No use asking him embarrassing questions, any how.

One day soon after that, I went out to the barn and Jerry wasn't in his stall. I ran into the house and yelled at Pa. "Pa, where's Jerry? He isn't in the barn, and it's too late for him to be out in the pasture."

Pa got a sheepish look on his face and pulled me over and sat me on his knee. "Look son, I sold Jerry today."

"But Paw——"

"No buts son. Jerry is a race horse and we haven't any room here on the farm for him. He wouldn't be any use to me—just another mouth to feed."

I knew it wasn't any use arguing, but I was sort of glad for Jerry. He might make something of himself now.

-----Robert Collier

Plato's Phaedo, concerned with Socrates' last words before his death, inspired these two writers to compose a philosophy adequate to meet the fact of death
 ---Socratic dialogues---

I. CONVERSATION ON DEATH

I had been in the hospital a little over three weeks when I received the news that I had only a few days to live. Naturally the family was quite hysterical, but there was nothing they could possibly do.

It was on the night before I was to die that a friend of mine, whom I shall call Jim, came to see me. The conversation eventually drifted to death and he asked me how it felt to know I was going to die. "Not as bad as one might think," I consoled him.

"But aren't you going to miss life?"

"How can I? When you are dead, you are dead. Yes, I know the soul lives on, but it is not a material thing, and therefore cannot wish it had lived longer. Life is like the making of a necklace. There are two important parts. In the necklace there are stones, and the thread to link the stones together. In life the stones of the necklace is the knowledge which we search for. However, without something to link this knowledge together, to make it a unit and something purposeful, life would be useless. Love is this thread that links the stones together, the thing that makes life complete. Milton has written, 'It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' I have loved and have been loved, and so consider my life fairly successful. I have not fully attained my goals in life, but who does? When a person does reach the point for which he is striving, he again sets a new goal. He, therefore, never really attains his goals in life.

"The only objective in my life now is death, which I am sure to reach successfully."

---Robert DeLonga

II. THE DEATH OF MR. B.---.

As I was with Mr. B.--- and his other friends, I feel it is my duty to give as accurately as possible, the story of his passing.

On the eve of his execution, we, his friends, were gathered to talk with him and comfort him. John, who graduated from high school with him, led us in talking to Mr. B.---.

"Don't you think you should try to sleep, so that your mind would not be so upset by the thoughts of morning?"

Mr. B.---'s answer was not at first easily understood, but his monologue which I carefully recorded reveals its meaning.

"I have to make up my mind. In fact there are lots of things I should make up my mind about that I won't have time to reach. As my friends, do you think I lived a life for which I should have regret?"

Our answer was unanimous, for we all know he had tried to be a help to everyone, a goal which many fail to keep.

"Then I must be conceited enough to think that I could have done the world enough good to condone for just living. But this isn't all that hurts me. I remember the life we enjoyed together and my very insides ache when I think of losing the fellowship of you dear friends. My mind needed some outlet, some escape from the aspects which tend to make me cry, so I have thought of the other attitudes I might assume for relief. I am a christian, and could look forward to death as the entrance to God's kingdom, whatever the form. As I am a lazy man when possible, I might look forward to death as an escape from responsibility. But my main relief lies in you, the ones I love most. After my death, I will soon lose prominence in your thinking. Someone else will fill the vacancy. I leave. This is as it should be, for mourning can't help me. Death does not hold the terror for me that it once possessed, for I know that it must come, as it is the law of life to die. Many have died younger and my average isn't too bad. When I leave, forget me until you come to death's door. Then think of me as the one who has led the way for you as I think of others in the past."

Soon he left, and I went home thinking of him as the sun rose over the hills. I'm sure death no longer held horror for him.

---David W. Polly

You, as well as the author,
will come under the spell of
Bill -----character sketch-----

BILL

I know of no better way to describe his eyes than to ask you to stand on the brink of eternity and gaze down into the boiling depths of hell. Totally black; once seen, never forgotten. Captivating eyes, eyes in which you could see everything or nothing. Eyes which I shall never forget.

He was not a giant of a man, standing approximately six feet and three inches in height, but he had about him an unsubdued appearance that gave the impression of immense proportions. At times I can see him as a sleek, black panther, crouched, tense, ever-ready to strike; now as a slow-lumbering elephant.

His hair, like his eyes, was jet black. Thick and straight, it usually was in a windblown condition, yet it was not out of place, but seemed to suggest the ever present feeling of ruggedness.

His facial appearance was that of solid granite, distinguished by a square solid chin and dark shaggy eyebrows. A face that could be as hard and cold as a Greek executioner, but also one upon which I have seen the Virgin Mary.

He was constantly plagued by varying moods. Stumbling out from the tent in the cold, bleak predawn, he would growl about everything, and nothing you could do would be precisely to his liking. Yet after we were on our way, thundering along at twenty thousand feet, he would miraculously be transformed into such a gay, likeable nature that nothing you did wrong seemed to bother him. Often I have watched him at the controls when he would be looking down on top of a white, fluffy cloud on which the sunbeams were shining, and the utmost look of contentment would appear on his face, only to disappear into a wrinkle between those shaggy eyebrows as he remembered to look behind that golden cloud for what murderous danger might be hidden there.

He had a great variety of subjects that he liked to talk on, but his favorites were: women, food and the Bible. Many evenings I have spent with him, sitting in front of his tent, listening to his complaining about the "stuff" they expected men to eat; talking in a slow, low, growl which never seemed to tire or falter but would roll and pitch at his slightest desire. However, when talking of

the Bible his growl would change to a soft rumbling that seemed to captivate me into his way of seeing certain things when I really didn't believe they were that way at all. When talking of women you could never tell; sometimes he loved them, adored them, they were the grandest beings on earth, while at other times they were nothing, trivial things that should be ignored as often as possible.

When he was drinking he liked to sing. I remember once when we were sitting in a pub just off Piccadille drinking mild and bitters. How long we had been sitting there escapes my mind, but suddenly and without any sort of warning whatsoever, he began singing in his loud, entirely unrefined voice, "Beer Barrel Polka." Finally, after finishing his somewhat over-esteemed version of that song, he insisted that I join him in singing another one of his old favorites. Over and over we sang them until his supply was exhausted and his mind at rest.

Sometimes we would go to South Hampton to play golf. Although he was good in any sport he never gave the impression that he was particularly interested in any of them. The matter of fact way he reacted when he broke his one and only club on the seventeenth hole in a game that I was very enthusiastic over. The far away look that would appear in those bottomless black eyes when he looked across the long rolling green of the course.

That was Bill. Sometimes he was on a cloud; face down in the mud; gay as a lark; gloomy as an owl; never did one certain mood stay with him for any long period of time.

I remember the last time I saw him standing in the radio shack putting on his heat suit. Big, tall, well built, he was my ideal representation of what early manhood should be. I recall saying a few joking remarks to him regarding his health for the day, and deep down in my memory I see the peculiar expression creep over his face, that at the time seemed odd to me but which I saw no particular significance in, until now, looking back, I wonder if he knew—if there was any way possible he could have known.

Yes, that is Bill. Every last little particle. To me he is real, still as in yester-year. Big, moody, sometimes gay, always near. Now at rest.

---Ray Roberts

"Incorrect English," says the author of her last sentence, "but I like its sound." The whole description shows her interest in words and their meanings—as well as their sounds. ---Description---

THAT ROOM

I lumbered up the hall, shifting my books to my left hand. I opened the door to room 312, closed it behind me. Still clutching the knob, I leaned back, shut my eyes helplessly and sighed.

Minutes elapsed before I had the courage to open my eyes to this room. Two closets on either side of me projected from the rest of the narrow, almost square room. They were small closets, about a door's width across and another door's width in length. A closet door stood gaping, revealing carelessly-hung dresses and skirts and tossed-in dirty clothes where shoes should have been.

Running lengthwise along opposite sides of the orchid-pink walls were the two beds, iron, varnished, and hard. More clothing—a collection of several days—mercifully concealed Lois's unmade bed. My glance fell to the 1935 model typewriter, suitcases and artistically-strewn shoes under the bed. Huge shoes. Red, sock-like bedroom slippers. Graceful ballet shoes.

My eyes stole a look at my own bed. No sheets. Only a blue wool blanket and a pillow and creamish pillowcase. An orange bedspread lay folded neatly at the foot. I wondered how that rod—one of the series which made up the design of both the head and the foot—got bent in such a way. My pride leaped when I remembered, underneath, the stack of papers that were held up by a saucepan and my oil case. I was proud of my drawings ("hopped-up doodlings" you might call them)—few, poor but pregnant. A small, stickered suitcase huddled next to them and a typewriter was shoved in the meager place left. A pair of suedes, muddy and shapeless, reminded me of last night's late walk to the dam. I scuffed across the filthy, handmade rug along the hallway formed by the two closets and two beds, stepping on an ashtray but not stopping to clean up the mess. I took a dingy slip washed and hung the night before on the back of the chair to dry and tossed it on my bed. How can there be so much crammed in the remainder of this room? It amazed me.

I pushed the chair under the desk and lit a cigarette. One end of the desk was over-stuffed with books and papers and boxes. The shelves at the other end held cosmetics and

bottles. The top of the desk was adorned with two, tiny, dry, withered plants, dust, and a nicely modern lamp.

To the left of the desk was an ironing board pushed up against the wall and the radiator. On the end of the board was a radio and under it was a jumble of wires--the lamp plug, radio, iron plugs and an aerial which was much, much too long, fastened to a coat hanger and stretched up to the window--and a round pipe that went through the ceiling and through the floor. Lined along the wall beneath the ironing board were coke bottles, a sleeve board, magazines, a dirty panda bear and a uke long ago out of tune.

Sliding my stare on along the wall I saw the books in the window sill as in a library shelf. Well used books. In the second window were my brushes, a green bathing cap, a bottle of Clorox, a large fruit jar, and a back brush and some spoons. One consolation: the monks cloth drapes partially covered the greasy window panes and tattered shades.

On the right wall was the wash basin and three towel racks. four bars of soap, a couple of green toothbrushes, a blue plastic glass, an orange one. A waste basket, rags draped on the nether pipes kept the picture messy.

Between Lois's bed and the basin was the brown dresser. A splattered mirror, too many boxes and bottles, repeated the story of the desk.

I turned and smiled. "But I love this room. I love its modern paintings on the walls and I love its depth and feeling of lonely."

-----Ann Felix

But, friendly Cindy broke
a limb off the tree and
gave the bully a "whopping."
-----character sketch-----

CINDY

As I remember Cindy, she was a woman of rather large stature and with quite a bit of weight on her frame. I have heard my Dad say that she only weighed 325 pounds.

Although Cindy was getting old, we kids in the neighborhood merely regarded her as another one of the kids, because she was always teaching us new games to play and even joining in the games herself occasionally. To be exact, Cindy was twenty-five years old and was never married, nor did she ever as much as have a date with a boy. According to Cindy the lowest thing a girl could do was to date a boy.

Cindy stayed with the Johnsons, who at that time were our next door neighbors. Her parents died when she was a child and her aunt had taken the responsibility of rearing her. Cindy told us that her aunt made her work all the time and the only place that her aunt would let her go was to church once a week. She also told us that her aunt had taken her out of school when she was in the fifth grade because she didn't believe in girls knowing anything but how to do housework. At the age of eighteen, Cindy put an ad in the paper and the Johnsons happened to read the ad, and later they hired her to do housework just for her room and board.

She was a clean housekeeper. Cindy kept that house immaculate. The food she prepared was just as good as the house was clean. The best banana pudding that I ever ate in my life was made by Cindy. I don't imagine that you could mention anything that Cindy couldn't cook. And she didn't use recipes, either. She told us that she memorized all the recipes when she was growing up.

Cindy was a very religious person, too, although I don't think she could be called a religious fanatic. She read her Bible devoutly. She went to prayer meeting once a week and to church and Sunday school on Sunday. She had a rather peculiar conception of the Bible. One day she told us kids to our faces that we would go to Hell if we played marbles and went to the picture shows. She even thought it was a sin to read any book except the Bible—the Good Book, as she called it. Then she would tell us not to have our hair cut if we wanted to go to Heaven. I remember she would say, "Girls, ye don't haf ta take my word fer it, jes read 'leveneth chapter of furst Corinthians.

Then ye can see it ain't jist Cindy talkin to ye, but it's yur Lord."

Cindy was a very friendly person, too. She never passed anyone, though he be a total stranger, without speaking to him. I remember how she would yell out her back door when she was working in the kitchen just to say hello to someone. It seems even now that I can hear her tender voice saying, "Hello there."

I remember one day we kids were out wrestling and Jake, a big boy of about fourteen years of age, came along. Of course, he had to stick his nose in. He said, "Who wants to rasel with me?" Nobody said a word because he was so much bigger than we were that we were afraid of him. I glanced over toward Johnsons' house and noticed that Cindy was watching all this from her kitchen window. Jake yelled out, "Somebody's goin' rasel wi' me er—" That was all that he said. Still nobody said a word, so Jake grabbed me around the neck and threw me down. I tried to get up but Jake held me flat on my back. I began to beg Jake to let me go, but Jake just said, "Heck no, I'll not let ye go. I'm gona make ye rasel wi' me er beat che up one er the other. Try to git up."

I finally turned my head enough to look over toward Johnsons' and there I saw Cindy breaking a limb off a tree in the back yard. Then she started toward us with her limb. And was I glad because I knew that Cindy would protect us kids.

"What sa matter with you all?" Cindy said.

I said, "Jake won't let me up. Make him git off me, Cindy."

"Git off a her right now, Jake. You big onery varment, you. You oughta be a shamed of yerself, holdin' that kid like that. Yer to big fer sich stuff and ye know it."

"You kiss my foot, big fat woman. You can't make me git up."

This reply made Cindy mad, I knew she was getting mad from the expression on her face. Cindy grabbed Jake up by the seat of the pants and cracked him around the seat with her limb two or three times.

"Git yer self down that road, Jake, and don't let me ever ketch yu botherin these kids agen."

Jake went and was glad to go, because he found out what he was up against when he told Cindy he didn't have to do as she said. And that was the last we ever were bothered with bully Jake.

At the present Cindy lives about five miles from my home, but this doesn't keep me from going to see her when I visit my parents. My family comes first, and then Cindy. She is now around forty years of age, I suppose, but she is still the same old loving Cindy that she was fifteen years ago.

-----Tamsy Mills

The complete life: independent
living, a jar of tobacco, and
now and then a jug of wine.
-----character sketch-----

THE SIMPLE FARMER

He is a small skinny man with a long nose, thin mouth, and sharp, piercing blue eyes. His hair is streaked with gray and it stands straight up from his head. His wide forehead is covered with small lines that run to and fro down the side of his face to his eyes. From there they travel slowly in deep furrows down his cheeks to his chin.

He has a small but stubborn chin, and when he sets it in a certain angle you know that whatever you may say or do you cannot change this man's mind.

Though he is skinny and looks as if the wind might blow him away, he is not bent, but stands straight as a marble statue.

This man is of simple speech and humble birth, but he is not ignorant for he can talk with you hour after hour on many things of interest.

He is just a simple farmer in a small valley.

He is known throughout this valley as the "Lone Wolf" because, never married, he lives in a small log house by himself. Here he has lived alone for many years, as he goes about his simple way of living, toiling on his farm from day to day.

To the people who have come to know him he is a man of few words but great wisdom. Never has anyone ever heard him lose his temper or become angry at anyone. Nor has he ever been known to hold a grudge against a person who has done him wrong.

No person in the valley can tell you they ever heard him say an unkind word against another human being.

In his farming he is the same. He is always kind to animals and patient with his crops. Often you may see him from sunrise to sunset in the fields always alone, but tending with care these fields he loves so much.

Though he is but a simple farmer he is by no means unknown. People from the near-by towns come to spend the nights with him in his small home just to hear him talk and to ask advice on their problems. They come to see his farm, too, because he is known to be an excellent farmer in whatever he raises.

He speaks in a soft voice and is slow in movement.

The children of the valley call him "uncle" because of his kindness and patience with them. Never is he too busy when he passes to stop and talk with them or help them with their pets, and with the older people he does the same.

He is loved by everyone in the valley, but he has his faults, too. One of these is his love for tobacco. Whenever he is not working he sits by the fire with his pipe and a chew of tobacco in his mouth. Another fault is his craving for wine. He enjoys a drink of this almost every day from his homemade jug in the cellar, but he never loses his head after such an experience.

This skinny little man who lives alone on his farm is not a melancholy person nor a jolly one. He is only a humble simple person living his life in quiet contentment.

———Peggy Salyer

COLLEGE "CHARACTERS"

Character writing was a favorite with 17th century writers and readers. This kind of writing is not concerned with the portrayal of traits of an individual person, but with the traits which make up a specific type of individual--the plodding student, for example, or the fop, or the flirt. The INKPOT presents in this issue a condensed version of a character by John Earle, one of the 17th century's most successful writers of them, and, in addition, character writing by Morehead College students on the various types to be found on campus.

1. A PRETENDER TO LEARNING

Is one that would make all others more fools than himself, for though he know nothing, he would not have the world know so much. He conceits nothing in learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with less labor cure his ignorance than hide it. He is indeed a kind of scholar-mountebank, and his art our delusion. He is tricked out in all the accoutrements of learning, and at the first encounter none passes better. He is oftener in his study than at the book, and you cannot pleasure him better than to reprehend him: yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his slippers and a pen in his ear, in which formality he was asleep. His table is spread wide with some classic folio, which is as constant to it as the carpet, and hath laid open in the same page this half year. His candle is always a longer sitter-up than himself, and the boast of his window at midnight. He walks much alone in the posture of meditation, and has a book still before his face in the fields. His pocket is seldom without a Greek Testament or Hebrew Bible, which he opens only in the church, and that when some stander-by looks over. He has sentences for company, some scatterings of Seneca and Tacitus, which are good upon all occasions. If he read anything in the morning, it comes up all at dinner; and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. His business and retirement and caller-away is his study, and he protests no delight to it comparable. He is a great nomenclator of authors, which he has read in general in the catalogue, and in particular in the title, and goes seldom so far as the dedication. He never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he only puts in or gravely says nothing. He has taken pains to be an ass, though not to be a scholar, and is at length discovered and laughed at.

11. THE FEMALE ATHLETE

One can always tell a female athlete by her big bones and large build. When she walks, the huge muscles in her legs contract until she appears to have large balls of flesh hanging on her leg bone. The big athletic men admire her for her build and smaller men admire her for other reasons.

The female athlete is, quite naturally, the star of her physical education classes. No one can knock a softball so far or so hard as she. No one seems to make as many points in basketball and absolutely no one will play ping-pong with her because he feels if the ball is not smashed before it gets to him, it will hit him somewhere.

Everyone cheers when she walks up to bat and she always puts on a grand show for them. Why shouldn't she be the biggest, the strongest and the heaviest? After all, she sleeps health, she eats health, and lives health. She never saved lunch money so she could go to a movie that afternoon. She never played 'til dark at night a half-mile from home so when she came home there was only left-overs.

She went to bed at night around nine or nine-thirty. She awoke the next morning at six. She ate three square meals a day.

She was almost at the head of her class and never had a date or a crush until she was nineteen.

—Betty Lou Combs

111. A COLLEGIATE DANCE

Usually one who spends half the night before borrowing special clothes and perfumes for the dance the following night. After she has suited herself in the most dashing array of colors, she spends the rest of the night grooming her hair and applying a variety of different creams and powder to her face.

She has broken three dates for her special and newest fancy, and is thinking very seriously of repeating and getting a date with the first.

The day of the big dance finally approaches and she is drowsy-eyed and walking as if on clouds. All day she cuts classes practicing her new steps and dancing in her new high-shoes. She lays her clothing out and daydreams of the big

dance and of the band—she will turn and twirl in tempo to its rythm.

She watches the clock and wonders if the day will ever pass and the big moment arrive. Finally she is aware of her long awaited date. He is ringing the door bell. Her heart leaps to her throat as she wonders if he has an orchid or some other rare flower for her.

Now she is on the dance floor, turning, stepping, and reversing her course all in time with the band. All night she does this and early in the morning she realizes she is very tired and wonders if it was worth the preparation.

——Homer Neeley

IV. THE MALE FLIRT

The flirt has very subtle methods in getting what he wants. He has a way of walking and talking that suggests his next move. The flirt isn't very obvious, of course, in a way that would make a girl detest him or even ignore him. But she plays right along with his tactics in every way she possibly can without letting him know it. In other words she leads him on. Sometimes the "tables" turn, and he is leading her on. He actually makes her feel "on the top of the world." She's the most beautiful girl in the world, a kind, generous and sweet little girl. She would probably be standing on her head if she were the gullible type and didn't have a strong constitution. His smile is only for her until some snazzy blond walks down the street about a mile away and then the smile flickers and her eyes are focused on one thing. He has forgotten all until his objective has removed herself. Then his whole attitude changes. The one before him is the girl of his dreams.

His fickleness is something that is very obvious, yet his tactics are very subtle. The touching of a hand, the caressing look in his eyes, and the beautiful smile are only apart of his makeup.

——Nell Little

A story of marriage and of a wife who wished both freedom and security.

-----A short story-----

RELEASE FOR LETTIE

"Such a lovely funeral," they remarked. "So many flowers and such a pretty service, everything just the way Ben would have wanted it." Lettie managed to look grateful.

"He was so fine," they consoled her. "And right in his prime. It's such a pity, but you must be brave, my dear, we must all give up loved one's sooner or later." Lettie managed to look humble.

"We really feel terrible about leaving you alone tonight," they had apologized. "But, we really must get back to Chester's job - or Junior's school - or to feed Fido." Lettie hoped she had managed not to look relieved.

As she closed the door after the last relative Lettie relaxed inwardly, though she still stood rather stiffly in the foyer as though her body were a machine waiting to respond to some external stimulus. Only when she realized that she was completely alone did she move into the room she had shared with Ben to change from the black suit into a robe.

She had sent Mrs. Briggs who for the past five years had helped her with the house, to her sister's for the night. Mrs. Briggs had squeamish about spending the night in a house so recently visited by death, although Lettie was sure she was even now enjoying telling her friend. Bertha who worked next door for the Paulson's, how Mrs. Bancroft had found poor Mr. Bancroft all sprawled out on the floor of his den, dead of heart failure when she went to call him for dinner. Yes, Mrs. Briggs was sure to make the most of this situation describing in detail the grotesque position of the body and poor Mrs. Bancroft's shocked face. She often had to take a back seat to Bertha who had the most exciting things to tell, like the time Mr. Paulson came back from Kansas City with lipstick on his undershirt. Mrs. Paulson had locked herself in the bathroom and turned on the gas. Nothing like that ever happened at the Bancroft's, not that Mrs. Briggs would have worked for people like the Paulsons who gave wild parties and hid from bill collectors but she had to admit that the

story of Mr. Paulson on his knees at the bathroom door pleading for forgiveness and promising undying fidelity was more romantic even than the genuine pearls Mr. Bancroft had given Mrs. Bancroft last year on their tenth anniversary.

As Lettie changed she tried to remember the last night she had spent alone. For the last few years Ben had had several bright young men to do his running so he was out of town only a week every spring to see his eastern contacts. Somehow his Aunt Ida always chose this time to make her annual visit. Lettie had, of course, suspected a conspiracy between them and had resented it, but she hadn't said anything for she was really quite fond of Aunt Ida and Ben wouldn't have understood.

Ben never understood such things. Lettie would never forget the hurt look of bewilderment on Ben's handsome face when shortly after their marriage she had tried to tell him that though the dresses he had bought were, for her, perfect in style and color, she would rather have shopped for them herself. Very few people ever had the power to hurt a man like Ben and when one did, one just didn't.

She supposed, though, that she had encouraged Ben's protective attitude toward her before their marriage. Her parents had died when she was eight and she was left with only an uncle and a trust fund. The uncle traveled and she heard from him only on birthdays when he sent appropriate gifts, roller skates when she was ten and two books about sex, both emphasizing the value of chastity in the female, when she was thirteen. The trust fund was small but she learned to be resourceful and managed to get through college. She was doing very well in her first job when she met Ben.

At first he was just another of the personalbe young men who took her to the movies and occasionally dancing. He was large and blond and made an excellent foil for her small dark prettiness. One night before a date he called to remind her to wear her galoshes. Never, in all her life, had anyone reminded Letticia Adams to wear her galoushes! A few weeks later when he proposed, she accepted.

Since Lettie had no family they were married without much ado in Aunt Ida's front parlor and immediately took possession of a three room apartment near the small cabinet shop that was now Bancroft, Incorporated, covering the whole block.

Lettie, who felt she had a flair for decorating, set out to conquer the drabness of the apartment. She succeeded after several weeks of scrubbing, sanding, and polishing. She shopped gaily in bargain basements for materials for drapes and slip covers. She would experience a very satisfying burst of pride as beautiful wood emerged from beneath the several layers of paint that reflected the tastes of previous tenants, or, as a nondescript chair with broken springs became cheerful and comfortable.

Ben's attitude puzzled her. It was not one of indifference; in fact, he was very quick to notice and admire, but she seemed to sense a strain of annoyance.

He told her one night, the story of his parents. They were both dead and Lettie, because she had almost no memory of her own, had failed to ask questions.

His father had been an amazing little man, a jack-of-all-trades it seemed. He was by trade a carpenter but he dabbled at times in everything from politics to poetry. Never quite finishing anything, he drifted from one enterprise to another, starting each with a renewed faith in mankind only to become blackly disillusioned! It was at this time he wrote poetry.

As a result there was almost no money. Ben's mother who loved her husband offered in turn sympathy and encouragement. Although she must have realized the futility of his life, she never complained. Instead, she took in sewing and cleaned for more prosperous neighbors. She cooked potatoes in their peelings and bought fish on Friday afternoons, never making even a small purchase without haggling with the vendor. She died when Ben was fifteen of a malady which the intern from the clinic gave a long Latin name.

Ben's father went out and sold his carpenter tools to give her an impressive funeral and Ben went to the public library with the doctor's words scrawled on a piece of paper. His mother had died of overwork. She had, at forty, literally worn out her body.

After this Lettie understood and tolerated Ben's solicitousness toward her physical well being which having lost its novelty had become vexing.

The next spring they bought a house in Sharondale, a typical housing development patronized by young people with a hopeful future. The dwellings were all alike with the same floor plan, six rooms and a bath.

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The contractor's only attempt at individuality was with the exterior paint which ran its course for five houses-white, brown, blue, yellow and green-and began again with white on the sixth. Ben bought the furniture wholesale through a business connection, modern functional pieces, reflecting the temperament of the neighborhood and much better than they could have afforded otherwise.

Ben proceeded to become one of the rare promising young men to fulfill the promises. Naturally, the road wasn't always smooth. Some evenings she could sense in Ben uneasiness and anxiety but when she tried to question him she got for her trouble only a chuck under the chin and a stock answer, "Nothing for you to trouble your pretty head about."

She heard about these problems, of course, but only after the logical solution had been found and successfully worked out.

Although, she realized they were "well off" the full scope of Ben's success came home to her only when the salespeople in the downtown department stores began to vie with each other to wait upon her.

One day she overheard a clerk using snob appeal on a lady customer in a gaudy hat. "Just the other day, I sold a set exactly like this one to Mrs. Benjamin Bancroft, of the cabinet factory, you know."

Lettie, who despised such tactics herself, watched fascinated as the woman was impressed and bought.

That night she asked Ben about building a permanent home in one of the older sections of town and he agreed. She had never been quite able to adjust herself to Sharondale and the cool efficiency of their modern furniture. So she threw herself into the plan with the old energetic drive which had for months been dormant.

She filed away hundreds of clippings from magazines and spent hours in decorating and furniture shops. She viewed every lot offered by real estate agencies in the Highland section and consulted several architects.

Just when they were ready to go to a contractor the Lattimer place was put on the market for what Ben considered a song. It was almost exactly what they wanted. The materials used in it would have been almost impossible to duplicate. It had recently been redecorated and was tastefully furnished. Ben felt that it would have been foolish to let it get away and Lettie had to agree.

They moved in and because the place was large and because no one in the Highland Section did all their own work, Mrs. Briggs, the widow of one of Ben's foremen, moved in too. She proved herself to be a meticulous housekeeper and a shrewd buyer. Slowly she assumed all of the technical duties of the household from a strangely passive Lettie.

Left with time on her hands, she joined the Keats Society, the Women's Endeavor and various other literary and civic organizations. She was instrumental in preserving the hundred year old maple on the courthouse lawn and in adding three new slides to the children's playground. She tried strenuously but unsuccessfully to convince herself that she was an alert citizen leading a full and constructive life.

Their friends now were mostly from the successful professional people, Madge and Henry Considine and Nancy and Bob Hamilton—they had been devoted to Ben and were shocked and sincerely hurt by his untimely death.

Bob Hamilton, who handled Ben's legal affairs had stopped by this morning to tell her that every thing was in order, that she would have no financial or administrative difficulties. Some how she had resented this—it had been completely unnecessary, for Ben never left anything at loose ends.

"Anyway," she thought brightly, "There will still be lots of things to take care of tomorrow and I must sleep."

It was very early when she awoke but her mind was clear. She slipped on her robe and began to brush her hair. "I really don't look thirty-two, even in the morning," she thought.

Her hair was badly tangled and she decided she would look very well with one of the new shorter hair styles. She wondered why it had never occurred to her before.

Outside the milkman's truck stopped. Lettie dropped her brush and ran to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Sims," she called out. "Only one quart this morning, please."

"Yes, mam," Mrs. Bancroft." Mr. Sims stood awkwardly and looked down at the porch floor. "We was awful sorry to hear about Mr. Bancroft, the wife and I. He was a fine man, mighty fine. Why, just the other day I was sayin' to the wife--."

"Thank you, Mr. Sims," interrupted Lettie. "And leave coffee cream only once a week, please."

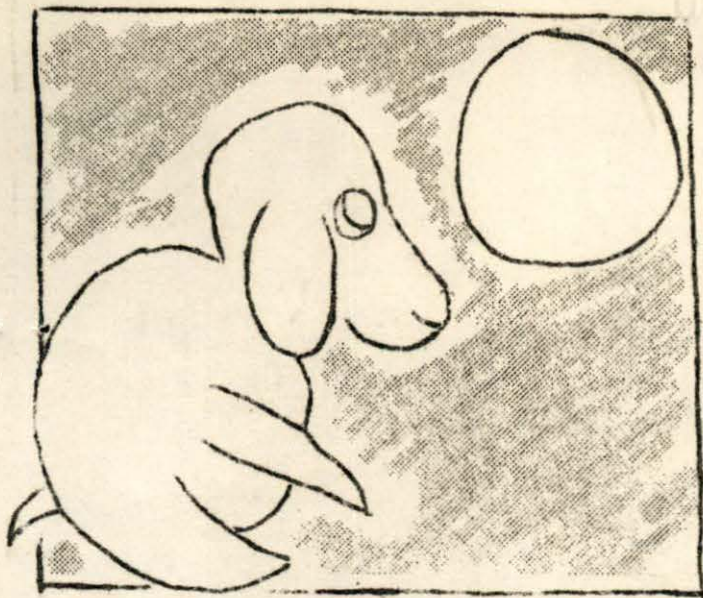
She hummed happily as she carried the milk to the refrigerator but stopped suddenly as its door snapped shut.

Leaning against the door she was overcome by a sudden sense of guilt. She sat down at the kitchen table and put her head on her arms. Very soon she heard a woman's voice crying and her own body was moving convulsively.

Mrs. Briggs found her there when she came in at eight. She was sobbing quietly now out of sheer physical exhaustion.

"Well," Mrs. Briggs thought, "Wait 'til I tell Bertha about this. I told her when she complained about Mrs. Bancroft not 'carryin' on" none at the funeral that it was always the quite ones that took things the hardest."

—Neva White



Young love in the spring—
three freshmen discuss
their first "affairs"

PUPPY LOVE

"I gazed at the moon——"

I.

I was fourteen, young, impressionable, in love with life, and truly fascinated by an older man. He was eighteen, a senior, had beautiful blue eyes, and lovely curls (blond).

At the time, I was a freshman, just embarking upon the gay trip through high school and looking at everything through rose-colored glasses. I was just beginning to get in with the crowd, and I was very proud of the fact that the seventh and eighth graders admired and looked up to me.

Love came in a sudden blinding stroke, hitting me with the force of a rocket. Oh, I'd had childish crushes and sweethearts, but this was the real thing.

I'd known the boy for years, but on a friendly basis. In fact, he dated one of my best girl friends. It was a very pleasant surprise to discover that his attentions had been focused on me after all that time.

He called for me at home bravely facing the family, without flickering a lash, and proudly we strolled nonchalantly to the movie, or at least we attempted to be casual about the whole affair when facing the public. There was the eternal agony of waiting for him to hold my hand, and when he did, the indescribable ecstasy that made my spine tingle. When he grew brave enough to kiss me after our fifteenth date, the bliss was almost too much for your delicate writer. I didn't sleep at all that night, but lay and gazed at the moon, queen of my own private world.

Oh, yes, he was the real and only one. Don't think for a minute that he might have been a sissy because of his blond curls and baby blue eyes. He had a wonderful build, strong arms

that could crush the very life from you, and besides, he was a basketball and baseball player.

Can I even try to enumerate his many assets and qualities? He was a letterman, president of the senior class and various clubs, the go-getter who did things and did them well, much respected by students and faculty, a good conversationalist, and the hit of the party without being a showoff. He had an exceptional singing voice, and too—— he was the dream of every young girl's heart—— an artist and poet.

We wrote letters every day in school, declaring our passionate love for each other. My girl friends delivered them because we were too shy. Ah! the excitement in English class when I read my love letter for the day to the girls, and let them admire the wonderful poetry that I had inspired. Truly, I was a woman now, loving and being loved.

I can remember many mornings that I skipped breakfast and caught the first bus to spend an hour with him before class. I read every article on marriage that I could get my hands on, and poured over the society columns in all the papers, to get ideas for a wedding dress. I would have a wedding that my home town would never forget.

He always came to see me at home on week-nights, and we talked for hours of the finer things. We discussed poetry and listened to music for hours.

I lead the grand march with him at the Junior-Senior prom, and listened to his speech with misty eyes. I would help him go forward. He would be a success with my love to see him through.

Then came the crushing blow. Mother felt that we had been dating too much, to be so young, and suggested that we limit our dates to two or three a week. When I told my Casanova, he was hurt to the core, and backed out of the picture with a flowery letter. If he couldn't see me every night of the week, he wouldn't see me at all. A dozen sponges couldn't have soaked up the tears I shed. I hated Mother with a passion, for she was the cause of my broken heart. Why can't parents be a little broadminded? I was sure that she hated me, and was only afraid of losing me, so I wouldn't be able to help with the housework. I decided to do something daring to forget my troubles, so I rode my bike at breakneck speed for an hour. Later, very tired and weary I dragged home, with a lighter heart.

My Romeo, realizing his mistake, came crawling back on his hands and knees to, not only me, but of all things, my mother. She let me make my own decision, and thus reinstated

herself. I forgave all, and took him back, my shattered heart whole once again.

But this is where the tables turned. I was a woman of pride, and never could I be treated in such a scandalous way, without consideration. I dated him for two weeks, and used every feminine trick, that a fourteen-year old could know to make him like me. Then, I dropped him like a hot potato. Now, it was his time to cry for me. Was he shocked! He would never have thought that I could have done him this way.

You see, I grew up a little then. I realized that Mother was always right then, as she is now, and I opened my eyes to the facts.

Yes, I could see through him. Didn't he always eat when he came to see me? Did he sketch me because he wanted to, or just to show his ability? Was he a good conversationalist, or did it just seem that way because he talked all the time, mostly of himself? Why, my goodness, I was fourteen years old, and I wanted a man, not an adolescent high school boy.

Maybe I could have had a pleasant memory of my first love, but circumstances prevent it. He is in service now, fat and sloppy, and uncouth. I find him utterly revolting. I can now see his faults and shortcomings.

Don't misunderstand. My puppy love wasn't entirely useless. It prompted the first part of my growing up, and to it, I can give credit for my first encounter with life and its emotions.

-----Jacqueline E. Holbrook

II.

When I walked into class the morning I was thirteen, I saw the most handsome boy I had ever seen. He had blond wavy hair and big blue eyes.

Since I was late to class Miss Black, my teacher, introduced me to the new boy. I was thrilled "to death" to meet him, but I was so afraid he could hear the rapid beating of my young heart.

Was I ever surprised when the teacher placed him in the vacant seat behind me! Now at least I could send him a few notes.

My grades gradually began to decline and Miss Black kept asking me what was wrong. She never did find out that I was mooning over Tom Baxter, the new boy. She couldn't understand how her honor student's grades could fall from A's to low C's.

I had so much fun that year dreaming up beautiful things that Tom and I would do some day but even though everyone in my class seemed to know that I had a crush on Tom he never showed me any more affection or attention than he did to any of the other girls.

We girls and boys went everywhere together. We went to the movies, ice skating, played ball, and did all the other things that energetic young teenagers like to do.

One of the girls in our class was Francine. She was one of those beautiful shapely blonds who could charm almost any of the boys in our class if she found out one of us girls had a crush on him.

I thought I might at least have a chance with Tom if I could get Mother to let me cut my pigtails off. I tried to explain to Mother that none of the other girls wore pigtails, yet she firmly said that I would have to wait until I was a little older. Mother didn't realize that a girl at thirteen thought she was a grown woman.

That afternoon just before it was time for our class's square dance I decided that even if Mother didn't want me to cut my pigtails off I was going to because I couldn't stand to be the only girl at the dance in pigtails. So when June, my best girl friend, came over we slipped upstairs taking Mother's sharp scissors with us. I watched with surprise as June began to cut my hair. I looked so funny with my short straight hair that I began to sob and wish I hadn't cut it. June told me to stop acting so silly and hurry up and find my mother's old fashioned curling iron for her and she would fix my hair so that it would be attractive. When she got done I looked nicer than I had ever looked.

At the dance that night when the boys were choosing partners for the Virginia Reel I thought that Tom was going to choose me but he only said, "Hi Polly. Where are your pigtails?" He then walked over to Francine and asked her to dance with him.

I was getting pretty blue until I looked at the door and then pop! the embers of my old love for Tom died as I saw the cute red haired boy enter the room and start towards me.

III.

My first puppy love took place when I was four and a half years old. It all began with a cat. One of our neighbors had given a cat to me and I couldn't decide on a name for it. I had a visitor the same afternoon the cat was given to me. The visitor was five years old and his name was Bobby. The cat was known as Bobby from that day on.

The same week I named my cat Bobby I received a doll from an aunt. The doll was named Bobby.

My sister, who was about fourteen and very serious about everything, took me to the store with her. One of the clerks asked me what my name was. I quickly replied, "Bobby."

At dinner that night my sister vowed there was an idiot in the family and she wasn't referring to herself. I was disgraced.

Similar actions took place for quite some time.

Eventually, I reached school age. I had looked forward to school for sometime now. Bobby was in school. That year, when school pictures were made, Bobby and I exchanged pictures. At that stage, we became known as sweethearts.

Not long after we had exchanged pictures we exchanged the chicken-pox. Our family doctor visited both of us. He came to see me first and naturally I had Bobby's picture by my bed. He wanted to know all about that picture. I gladly told him. When he was called to Bobby's home he found my picture there. He teased Bobby about the picture by saying, "Why, you have my sweetheart's picture." Bobby, who was quite shocked to hear this, had to know just what was meant by that remark when we were allowed to return to school.

As the years drifted by Bobby became less important in my life. The same was true about me in his life.

There seemed to be a "Bobby" every year after the third grade only sometimes his name wasn't "Bobby." Bobby and I are friends today but once when I was in the sixth grade he asked me if I still had his picture and I only blushed for after all it was only puppy love.

---Phyllis Bolling

Morehead's writer of lyrics
writes of the difficulties
of his profession.

-----essay-----

GETTING A SONG PUBLISHED

Deep down in most of us there is a firm conviction that if we only took the time we could write a fabulously successful book, play, scenario, or song. The conviction is not confined to any race, color or creed; it is common to both sexes of all ages and is not restricted to any locality or walk of life. A banker and farmer will both have it, a housewife and a steamfitter. Fortunately for our pride and self-complacency, the chores of living prevent all but a very few from attempting a novel or a play. Too many things must be done each day, and somehow the task of writing out the necessary thousands of words keeps getting put off.

But a song-poem! That's something different! A lyric may be only eight or a dozen lines long and can be fitted together on the trolley riding to work or while guiding a plow around a ten-acre lot. Then, in the evening after supper, it can be written down, and maybe fixed up a little. It's easy; and everybody knows that plenty of cash can be made from a song that clicks.

At least, that's what we are always hearing. But as a matter of cold, hard fact, hits are not written by amateurs. Naturally, every professional was an amateur once. But he was not just an ordinary amateur. He had gifts, talents, possibly genius of a sort. Either he had an ear which caught the significant phrase in casual conversation, and from it could make a song to catch the fancy of a few million people; or he was sufficient master of the twelve available notes in the scale to contrive from them a different and effective melody. On top of all this the amateur will have had enough strength and ambition to perfect himself in his craft by writing fifty or a hundred songs before a single one was accepted for publication. In the process, he has taken rebuffs from one orchestra leader, radio star, or agent after another. Finally he wears down their resistance. A song is published, and then another. They aren't necessarily hits, but they get played, and at last he can get in to see the publishers without waiting all day. Suddenly, for some unknown reason, one of his songs catches on with the public. He's the writer of a hit and a real professional--and the publishers start cultivating him.

Everyone expects a lawyer or an architect to spend years learning his trade; everyone would be horrified if an untrained Army officer attempted to send his men into battle. Many a farmer has had a quiet laugh at the city man trying to grow crops on his week-end place in the country. And yet, one and all, we seem to think that the writing of songs should be something we can do as a side-line. We wake up one morning and say to ourselves: "I think I'll write a song today." And then we get provoked because the publishers turn it down, and we start talking about closed shops, monopolies, trusts and worse.

Actually, the big publishers of the country have two very good reasons for acting the way they do. First, the apparent simplicity, which I assure you is only apparent and not real, of writing a song has produced so many amateurs that, in self-defense, the publishers have to place the burden of proof on the newcomer. If they published even a tenth of the songs submitted to them, they would quickly go bankrupt. And second, the publication and promotion of a hit takes capital. Merely printing a song in the necessary number of arrangements and copies costs at least a thousand dollars; and before a song can become a hit, infinitely more will have to be spent in overhead, advertising, and plugging. It's small wonder that the publishers can't support all the amateurs in the style to which they would like to become accustomed.

Whatever you do, don't take the easy way out and fall into the traps so cleverly baited by the song shark publishers. You will find it no solution. Instead of making money, you will be out of it; and the product you receive in exchange for your cash, instead of increasing your fame, will probably black-ball you with any decent publisher. He wants to have nothing to do with a song shark or any customers of a song shark. And since he can recognize one of their cheap off-set printing jobs a mile off and knows that it has been paid for by the composer, he is not in the least impressed. He would infinitely prefer a clean manuscript copy of your song; and since you can copyright a manuscript song quite as well, and cheaper, than a printed song, you need have no fear that the publisher will steal your ideas. If you don't know about the protection to be derived from copyright, write to the Copyright Office in Washington, D. C., for information and application blanks.

Thus, unless you have more money than you know what to do with, the safest thing is to have no truck whatsoever with anyone who asks you to pay for the privilege of publishing your song. Stop and consider the situation a moment. You've heard that money talks. If your lyric plus a song shark's melody were really good and the publisher thought it would make any money, don't you

--Paul Gilloy

CONTRIBUTORS

PHYLLIS BOLLING, a freshman, was graduated from Jenkins High School. She is enrolled in a two-year commercial course at Morehead.

PAULINE BROWN, afreshman working for a provisional elementary certificate, comes from Mariba, Kentucky. She was graduated from Frenchburg High School.

ROBERT COLLIER, treasurer of the freshman class, was graduated from Ashland Senior High. He is in the band and chorus.

BETTY LOU COMBS, also from Ashland Senior High, is a freshman majoring in music.

ROBERT DE LONGA, freshman from Mount Lebanon, Pa., plans to be a football coach after graduation from Morehead.

JOHN EARLE, who never attended college at Morehead, was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1601. While a student at Oxford, he wrote his Microcosmography, from which the INKPOT selection is taken, a little book which has been called "the most thorough and mature work ever written by an inexperienced student." In 1662, he became a Bishop, and he died in 1665.

ANN FELIX not only drew the modernistic Mr. Inkpote on this issue's cover, but is represented by a prose selection. She is a freshman from Ashland, majoring in art and music.

PAUL GILLEY's talents as a lyric writer were publicized in a recent Trailblazer article. He is a freshman, and plays basketball. Inspiration for his "Cold, Cold Heart" may have been a referee.

JACQUELINE HOLBROOK and NELL LITTLE both are freshmen from Wheelwright, both are commerce students, and both are members of the Morehead Players.

MIMED BOND
TAMSY MILLS, a freshman majoring in history, comes from Tomahawk, Kentucky. She was graduated from Inez High School.

HOMER NEELEY, a pre-law student at Morehead, was graduated last year from Prestonburg High School.

DAVID W. POLLY, Morehead freshman and straight A student last semester, won honorable mention in the INKPOT contest for his "Monarch of the Night."

RAY ROBERTS is a freshman at Morehead.

PEGGY SALYER, along with twin sister Phyllis, come (naturally) from Salyersville. She is a freshman majoring in elementary education.

LOIS THORNBURY, an English major, is a freshman from Ashland. Poetry of hers appeared in a previous INKPOT.

NEVA WHITE, a sophomore from Morehead, is majoring in biology, and is a member of the course in Literature for Writers.

AT-MON-K
MIMED BOND