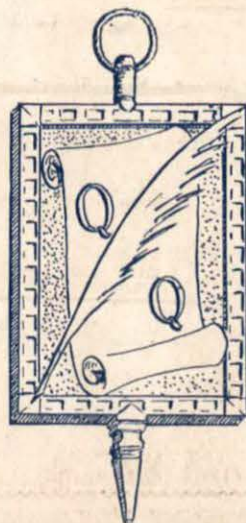


# QUILL AND QUAIR



*Morehead State Teachers  
College*

*Morehead, Kentucky*

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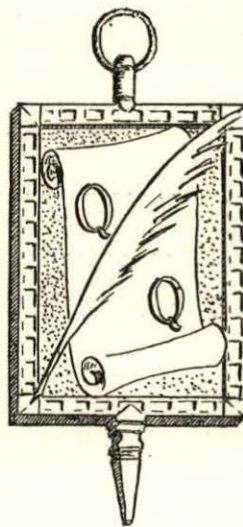
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Morehead, Kentucky  
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# QUILL and QUAIR

PUBLICATION OF

*THE ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB*



**Morehead State Teachers College**  
**Morehead, Kentucky**

VOL. IV

NOVEMBER, 1937

NO. 2

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MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY



THE QUILL AND QUAIR

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NOVEMBER, 1937

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## THE QUILL AND QUAIR

### RELEASED

Irene McLin

#### I

In the tranquil  
Quietude of evening  
When sun is gone  
And day awaits moon and stars,  
Upon leaf-clinging vine  
A bud chrysalis  
Tilts in breathless silence  
Toward the sky.

#### II

Then gradually  
In a moment of sacred  
Expectancy  
The corded threads untwine, and  
There emerges  
A soft silken specimen  
Of white beauty--  
An aromatic blossom  
Of night's moonvine.

### STORM STREAK

Irene McLin

Angrily  
Like a great phosphorescent serpent,  
Lightning swept across the darkened sky  
And, rushing forward in a maddened dash,  
Sped onward with a glare, a flare, a flash.

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## A LEGEND

Irene McLin

Lo! the crescent moon  
Is an Indian bow  
Held in the swarthy hands of night.  
Slung from it are sharp  
Pointed arrows, the stars,  
That pierce the ebon sky with light.

## LEAF STAMPS

Irene McLin

O'er October walk,  
Maple trees  
Like mourning maidens  
Let tears fall:  
They stamp leaves-in-print  
On blocks of cement.

## CHARACTERIZATION

Irene McLin

Fall is a care-worn woman,  
With patient, thoughtful fingers,  
Gathering seed pods from flowers  
Parched and dried by summer's hot hours.



## *Essay of a Young Man in Autumn*

Samuel Bradley, Jr.

Has love passed by and left me? Has the pale flower, shaded in its retreat, the pale many-petalled flower of hope, been left unpollinated? Have the roots groped into the warm soil of humanity to find no firmness, no maturity before the withering, no seed to leave behind?

Summer has left a trail of glory behind her, a glory that soon tarnishes before the onslaughts of winter. The swallows veer southward. Autumn, like the dying Roman empire, sees the former greatness of earth growing thin and fast disintegrating. Unable to believe that the splendor is passing away, the earth drowns with its pipe-dreams of action. The heavy pungence of autumn, memory-evoking and inciting that melancholy passion so poignantly felt in this season when life seems to be joining hands with the Dark Sister, the aroma of ripeness, hangs upon the tranquil air.

Whosoever has said, in living words, "I remember," has also said in his heart, "I would recapture." The lightest heart is touched with this vexing and mysterious discontent. It is as if we would possess some virtue which does not belong to us, to tie up the frayed ends of life, bundle up the whole of experience, and have it all new and shining again. We hate the necessity of being stoical. The philosopher's cloak fits us badly; if we dared, we might cast it aside with a gesture of disdain.

For we are not ready to give up one particle of beauty, not willing to depart without one sweeter kiss, not consoled to the passing of that desperate loveliness called youth.

Autumn seems to me, a youthful spirit, a symbol of my vexation; for every natural fact can correspond with some deep-rooted mood. With autumn, I suspect all young men are impatient, for, though it may provide well, autumn does not answer their dreams. Their clay vessels cannot be filled brim-full of the golden wine of experience. True, autumn, like the wise crow, can drop pebbles into the vessel to fill it comfortably, but his wisdom does not content us. His wisdom is hard, cold, tasteless. We can admire it; we cannot savor it.

Certainly philosophy should soften the harshness of reality, and most of us try to preserve an Indian-summer existence, one long, lengthened respite from the harsh extremes that ever threaten life. The quarrel of youth is not with philosophy, with its smooth, white pebbles of wisdom, but with Life for refusing them itself in all its ripeness and fullness of virginity.

As I walk across the wide, wooded campus of the university, one student among twelve thousand others who must feel very much alone as they hear the crisp crumbling of the dry leaves underfoot, I am suddenly aware that I am being followed. A gusty frolic of leaves trails me. A student passes telling of a fair string of fish he has caught. His face is alight with a shiftless Irish good-humor, which his companion obviously admires. The leaves trail impishly behind them.

To young men autumn brings a giddiness more unsteady than the tumultuous surge of blood and feeling in the spring. For spring is the



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proud assertion; autumn the wistful questioning. The proud, defiant laughter must some day be silent, and remembered with a frightened and melancholy smile. There is also the fever of doubt, the light-heartedness of courage faced with a barren season, and gay trippings which are edged with frustration and all its bitterness. The bitterest pain, however, is in our longing, in the ache of knowing that love, like an immortal goddess, goes on triumphant. It is only our leashed hearts that break.

Filled with the spoils of autumn are the fields, the barns, the freights and barges, the granaries and stock-rooms, the horn of plenty and the pocket-book, but not a young man's heart. Like the emptiness of the silent, boundless regions of the sky is this emptiness he feels, invaded as he is by the winds of fierce desire. He roves the earth unsatisfied, wondering at the fallen, broken fruits, at the wasteful lavishness of nature, at the burning of leaves once green, at the stealthy approach of winter and of death.



## DREAMS

Ninona L. Miller

I live in dreams, in dreams of my own making;  
And here is gladness, gladness for the taking,  
But sometimes I'm afraid--afraid of waking.

Beyond these silver walls the world goes by--  
Men learn to bravely live and bravely die,  
And I could learn, but I'm afraid to try.

Some day I'll leave the dreams that I have made;  
My castle for a cottage I will trade;  
If you are there, I cannot be afraid.

## *An Early Enterprise Of Mine*

Frank W. Miller, Jr.  
Breckinridge High School

In my younger days, I was always fond of collections. Stamps, rubber balls, tops, and bottle caps comprised some of the things that took my fancy at various times. But probably my most famous or, more properly, notorious collection was that of rocks, crystal pebbles, and petrified wood (mostly rocks).

No objection was made when my collection occupied only one obscure corner. I then had three good-sized baskets full of brightly-hued rocks that were picked up from the surrounding streets and yards, and one piece of petrified wood, the prize of my collection. My family began to look askance when I branched out into two more corners of the room. I was gathering rocks on the average of five a day and had appropriated all empty boxes, bags, sacks, and pails. Finally I used my desk for the choicest ones.

About that time my brother sprained his ankle on one of my larger specimens. It was only after an argument that I was allowed to keep the collection. The incident that really decided the matter, however, happened a week later. My brother had brought into the house a strange yellow rock that chipped very easily. Eager to make experiments, I thought I would like to see what color (if any) it would turn when a match was lighted under it. Only too late did my mother realize that it was sulphur from the next door neighbor's chemistry set that I was burning with my match. The family dined out that night. For the next two days there was an obnoxious odor left as a reminder of my experiment.

Some time later, I started a collection of bottle caps, but for a month after the end of my geological efforts, I continually stumbled upon stray rocks hidden in various parts of the house and one day even found in my closet a pail completely filled with rare (?) specimens.

Although I still maintain a stamp collection, most of my collecting was done between the ages of eight and twelve. I think that this period could very rightly be called the Collecting Age.

To children looking for something to collect, I would recommend an object that is smaller than a common rock and not so easy to find.

## THE MASK

Leora Hogge

He taught you to wear a mask--  
A laughing, careless, diffident mask,  
That no one might lift.  
Now, may I be the one to remove it,  
May I be the one to find again  
The loving, trusting, tremblingly warm  
You who breathes beneath--  
Or must you wait for another?



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## FLOOD

Frances Peratt

Swirling waters . . .  
Yellow destruction . . .  
Torn houses, bawling calves, all swept before the monster.  
Flowing tentacles reaching, grasping, sucking the breath of  
cities.  
Up, up it comes--feeling, measuring as it rises.  
Wood and brick and mud cover the fronts;  
Swollen bodies fill the buildings.

Creeping waters . . .  
Murky destruction . . .  
Like Indians, creeping slowly, attacking with a rush  
Till the last hold, the last safe place, is gone.  
Reeling, senseless in its power, it ruins all.  
Thwarted at last, and tamed, it flows gently to the gulf.

---

## SMOKE MOODS

Frances Peratt

Calm, serene as a summer's day,  
Unhurriedly climbing to the clouds,  
Untroubled by the scurrying, rushing people in the streets,  
Contemplating and cool and easy  
Smoke lifts upward.

Oppressed, oppressing, hanging low,  
Black mood of smoke.  
Ugly, hateful, spiteful--  
Falling over the people, burying them,  
Smothering their thoughts.

Curling, blowing, wildly free--  
Circling, weaving, dancing, changing.  
Glad to be alive,  
Lifting, swooping, laughing in its play,  
Smoke rises to the heavens.



## *Fun From Figures*

Amy Irene Moore

There is much of the mystic element in life, whether traced through traditions, religion, and fraternal orders, or through literature: myths, mystery plays, and detective stories. From earliest times to the present people have sought guidance from soothsayers, fortunes from gypsies, and revelations from many types of mystics. It has been said that the American people, in particular, enjoy being fooled. They spend thousands of dollars annually to learn what they already know from the past and what they desire to believe relative to the future.

One person goes into a trance and reads in visions from the spirit world. Another measures the bumps on one's head and uses phrenology. A third examines tea leaves or coffee grounds and the information is there. The palmist looks for lines in the hand, the psychologist for facial evidence, the crystal gazer looks at his ball, a gypsy resorts to a deck of cards which always reveals "a dark and a light man," while still another can hand out a ready-made horoscope determined from the stars.

The above list is not exhaustive by any means. At present interest is revived in a very old method of determining one's aptitudes. Numerology is indeed an ancient science, if such it may be called. Numbers have always fascinated many persons. Psychologists have tested many people and report that those who are the most rapid calculators are the most accurate. Numerologists have delved deeper than the practical working with numbers and have endeavored to discover aptitudes and individual characteristics. They assign a one digit value to each letter of the alphabet and find the total for names. If our parents unfortunately gave us names with one too many letters, our entire lives are misdirected. However, the outlook is not as hopeless as one might fear, as we have two alternatives, to use only a middle initial or to drop the middle name entirely. If neither of these remedies relieves the situation, a favorite nickname may supplant both first and middle names. Movie stars and authors are said to have changed their entire careers by means of a changed name. Marriage does not help, as the use of a husband's name does not count with the true Numerologist.

Hervey Allen, who won phenomenal success with *Anthony Adverse*, attributes the fact to the "A" in his last name which he used for both names of the book. His wife, Ann Allen, also brought him luck. So great is his faith in numerology that he has named the book which he is now writing "Action at Aquilla" not only continuing the "A's," but also the fourteen letter title. Clifford W. Cheasley who has written several books on numerology thinks that Hervey Allen should continue to "Stick to his A's" as his birthday, as well as name, can be resolved to "A" or "1" marking him as a pioneer or a trail blazer.

Perhaps we, too, are interested in our names from the standpoint of Numerology. The process is simple. After the one place digits assigned to each letter are totaled, the result itself resolves to a one digit number in all cases except the master numbers "11" and "22" which are the best



possible numbers. All persons who possess either of these magic numbers should cling to it and live up to his highest possibilities. Information can be gathered from all letters in the names, from the vowels alone, and from birthday dates on the same basis.

The following data concerning faculty members of the college is based on three names unless only two and an initial are known.

Those who vibrate to the expression number "1" are Miss Carr, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Mays, Miss Paulson, Mr. Senff, Miss Smith, Miss E. Robinson, and the celebrities Grace Moore, John Lewis, and Bobby Jones. One can see that the pioneer spirit, business ability, and push involved in this letter have taken various forms on the faculty.

Number "3" includes Mr. Bradley, Miss Braun, Mr. Fair, Dr. Falls, Miss Findlay, Mr. Horton, Mr. Len Miller, Miss Moore, and Dr. Terrell. Such persons find expression in the decorative professions, singing, acting, writing, and usually they like society. Dale Carnegie joins this group.

Number "4" with its materialistic aspect brings builders and organizers. With Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart, Frances E. Willard, and Jack Dempsey, we find Miss Wilkes, Miss Minish, Dr. Judd, and Mr. Jackson.

Number "5" places Dean Vaughan, Mr. Banks, Mr. George, Mr. Haggan, Mrs. Morris, and Mr. G. Young in the "Hail Fellow Well Met" group with Shirley Temple. They can influence people without the aid of Dale Carnegie and make excellent salesmen. They should not spend too much time in an office.

Those who vibrate to the number "6" enter civic and educational fields, make good teachers and writers. They need responsibility. President and Mrs. Roosevelt welcome to this group Dr. Black, Mr. Davis, Mr. Fincel, Miss Humphrey, Mr. Lappin, Senator Nickell, and Dr. Welter.

Perfectionists, good scientists, writers, clergymen, lawyers, and other experts are reached through the number "7." Mussolini, Shakespeare, Miss Milton, Dr. Bach, Mrs. Claypool, Mr. Downing, and Mr. Sullivan represent this group.

The big business man, success, is written with an "8." However, this is qualified, as success is attained only when the person is broad-minded. Stanley Baldwin may have been, who is to say? At any rate this is his number along with President Babb, Miss Caudill, Mr. Denney, Mrs. Hall, Dr. Holtzclaw, Mr. Peratt, Miss Riggs, and Miss Troemel.

Those who can succeed in art, teaching, and other professions may vibrate to the number "9" where we find Miss Catlett, Mr. T. Young, Mr. Wineland, Miss B. Robinson, Miss Sparks, Dr. Miller, and Mr. Laughlin.

Dr. Hoke, Miss Neal, and Miss Roome have achieved the magic "11" and should reach high attainment along with Hitler. Such persons can be reformers, philosophers, and idealists of many kinds. The late Ogden Mills with all of his wealth belongs with the idealists.

If vowels alone are used, the inner force or driving power can be ascertained. This gives a different number to almost everyone on the faculty.

Mr. Denney and Miss Paulson reach the magic "22" and President Babb, Coach Johnson, Mr. Mays, and Miss Milton acquire the coveted "11" while the others shift accordingly.

Mr. Bradley, Mr. George, Mrs. Hall, Miss Moore, Mr. L. Miller, Mr. Jackson, Dr. Hoke, and Miss Sparks gain an "8" along with President Roosevelt, Lawrence Tibbett, Theodore Roosevelt, and William Powell.

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The number signifies leadership, power, love of figures and financial problems, vision, achievement, and love of struggle for good.

In this classification Dean Vaughan chooses a "6" and becomes a good counselor, sympathetic, understanding, and willing to serve.

Numerologists reveal through the birth date and age that George Young is very fond of the dance, that Dr. Welter should stay at home and avoid straying, that Miss Paulson hates to get up in the morning, that Miss Moore will take tea instead of cocktails, and that Miss Riggs prefers work which will not spoil her nice hands. If the year in which others were born were known other information would be available. Dr. Welter's birth year signifies that he should cultivate people, get on the lighter side of life, write, and be joyous. It shows that Miss Riggs and the Duke of Windsor serve cheerfully and quietly, and assume the burdens of the weak. Miss Moore finds opportunity without seeking it, has a philosophy of life, searches for truth, and does not try to get rich.

With Ripley we can all say "Believe It Or Not," and have as much fun with numbers as if we believed every indication.



## PETERCAVE HEIGHTS

Woodridge Spears

- A cedar or a sycamore  
Beside the path may save
- A jolting arc of verse before  
A climb to Petercave.
- A cabin or a man with team,  
The telling can be terse,
- A miner's rotten stake can seem  
A complement of verse.
- A cedar or a raincrow's wings:  
Between me and the one  
And all the songs that I shall sing  
Against the hardened sun.



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## *If I Should Cease To Be*

Lucille Basenback

Henry was an obscure poet who lived on Egg Street because he was obscure. If he couldn't sleep he walked, and his favorite promenade was the east bank of the Jason River, where he composed orally, beating the air with passionate fists. Henry could not sleep, so he thrust his big arms into a heavy coat and fled from his quarters in Mrs. Jugens' rooming-house. Outside, he pushed through the fog, down Egg Street into Road Avenue, turned a corner, and suddenly, almost at his feet, were the furious black waters of the river Jason.

The words of a verse, full of beautiful and sublime feeling, faulty of meter, but containing vigorous poetic arguments, poured from his lips, almost drowning the rumble of the rushing Jason. Right in the middle of his magnificent soliloquy, a sound of oars brushing water escaped through to Henry's unusually good sense of hearing. The monologue ceased abruptly and his large, dark bard's eyes stared fiercely in the direction of the interruption. Nothing but the flow of the river filled Henry's immense, keen ears.

"Hallo!" Henry's deep baritone startled the foggy air and even its owner, so that he cursed mentally and called himself a rabbit. For a minute that seemed ageless the poet stood motionless as a mountain on the brink of the Jason. Then again came the splash of oars, now so loud that Henry's legs mutinied against his more courageous impulses. A voice, hoarse and low, glued Henry in his illustrious tracks, and almost against his will he peered intently toward the spot whence it came.

"Stand still, or we'll riddle your gizzard with lead an' throw you to the minners."

Henry obeyed, flinching when a dazzling light was flashed in his face. Blinded, he offered futile resistance when iron-like hands seized him and lifted his struggling body into a boat of some kind, and before the unfortunate composer knew what had happened, his arms and legs were securely bound. Oars splashed once more and Henry and his kidnappers moved along the bank of the Jason.

As his eyes became more used to the darkness, Henry surveyed his companions. There were two of them, rough-looking scalawags, if he was a fair judge of character. They were sitting together on the middle plank, each plying an oar. Henry switched his eyes over the body of the craft, searching a means of turning the tables on the villainous rascals. On the floor of the boat, near their heavily-shod feet, he spied a sack with its mouth gathered and tied with a piece of red ribbon on which, peering sharply, he could barely see the initials U. S. He gasped inwardly and decided to bide his time.

They must have travelled a good quarter of a mile along the river, sometimes brushing the muddy banks, when a plan lighted Henry's mind like a flare of light in a dungeon. A slight cough attracted their attention and half-prepared them for Henry's question, "Where are we going,



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gentlemen?"

"That's for us to know an' you to find out, Chump," one of them growled.

Henry ignored this, as any gentleman would, and continued his probing.

"Are you planning to rob the mint, or do you think me a son of fabulous wealth?"

"Naw," came the growled answer. "We picked you up because you might have attracted a cop with your bawlings."

"Well," persisted Henry, "that is all right, but I'm a bit uncomfortable with these damp thongs tightening on my limbs."

"We'll unsplice you if you promise to be quiet. Eh, Wooly?"

"Yeah, untie the gink. If he raises a rumpus, we'll pitch him into the Jason."

Unbound, Henry flexed his muscles and settled into silence. Another quarter mile of river bank had been passed before he spoke again. This time he began softly to intone the lines of a Keats sonnet:

"When I have fears that I may cease to be

Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain . . ."

Neither of the ruffians interrupted his recitation, seeming to listen carefully to its end. Then one growled, "He's a blasted poet, Hank."

"What we goin' to do with 'im?" rumbled the other.

Then Henry went into action! He jerked up his arm and pointed toward the river bank, "Look! There's a cop!" His voice was so sharp with alarm, and his eyes bulged so realistically, that both of their heads spun around. Henry promptly banged their heads together, wincing with the dull thud of their collision, and seeing them slump backwards, leaped ashore. He found a policeman on the corner a block away and apprized him of the catch he might get in a boat parked by the bank of the Jason.

The officer disappeared, and so did Henry, toward the safety of Egg Street and Mrs. Jugens' rooming house.





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## IN THE SHADOW OF THE HILL

Madge Prather Tabor

There are those who find great beauty  
On a wide and rolling plain.  
Their hearts glow with contentment  
When they find their fields of grain.

My heart pines for the mountains  
And my eyes with tear-drops fill;  
I long for an humble cottage  
In the shadow of a hill,

Where the chimney smoke curls upward  
As sweet incense on the breeze  
And settles protectingly  
O'er the mountains and the trees,

Where winding paths go up and 'round  
And lead me to other cots,  
And I may stroll at evening time  
Across the pasture lots.

For me there's poignant beauty  
In a rippling mountain rill  
And a tiny white-washed cottage  
In the shadow of a hill.



## *Perfect To The Last*

Madge Prather Tabor

Mirabell Thompson was the daughter of a farmer who lived on the outskirts of a small town. She was rather pretty, but gave promise of being cruel and domineering unless she changed her way. She completed the grades in school with credit and attended the village high school until the second year.

About this time her father died and her mother, who took on the extra duties of the farm, was injured in a fall at the barn as she started to feed the cows. This was a hardship to Mirabell, who had to stop school to take care of her mother.

Mirabell worked hard at whatever her hand found to do, which was plenty. Her kitchen floor shone from frequent scrubblings. Her curtains were always prim, and she took great pride in her baking. It seemed very unnatural for a girl of her age to be so proficient in the heavy work of a farm home.

Mirabell had been very popular at school and had many friends who admired her for taking up the task where her mother left off. Now that she was so busy she didn't cultivate friendships very much, as anything that interfered with her work annoyed her.

Finally, all her friends dropped away except one young man who lived farther out in the country and who had had to work hard all of his life. He had only reached the end of grammar school, and not very creditably, at that. To his love-starved soul, Mirabell was everything that was beautiful. He admired her because she could do as much work as a woman. He cared not that some girls had lovely soft hands and took more pains to curl their hair. He probably did not notice that Mirabell's lips were getting thinner day by day as she became more absorbed in her work. Maybe he was no hand to read character in one's face, or he would have been afraid of this indication of her cruelty.

When Mirabell's mother died, she was lost for a time as she was used to having someone depend on her. Keeping her house in order became an obsession with her.

If a neighbor took time to go to the club or some other meeting, Mirabell was sure she had left the dishes unwashed. If one sat on the verandah in the afternoon in a frilly dress and with a book, it was awful that she should waste so much time, and she just knew that if one looked under the beds there would be dust.

There must have been a tiny spot left in Mirabell's heart that wasn't entirely calloused with work, for when John Sprague insisted that he could make a living for two and begged her to marry him, she consented. For a few weeks it seemed that love might be taking a hand in changing her. She was heard to sing occasionally, and when a neighbor dropped in to see her she talked of John and things he did rather than how sure she was that her house was in much better order than that of some people she could name.

The change didn't last long, however, for she soon took John for



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granted and he became to her only someone who cluttered her house. John became aware of the change in her, but was too loyal to criticize her in his heart. Besides, he still loved her with such dogged devotion that even if her tongue was sharp he was only sorry that he had hurt her.

Finally, thinking that everything he did worried her, he became quiet and tried to remain out of her way so that she would be happier. This only made matters worse, for it made him appear stupid and dull. Knowing that she had a little more schooling than he had made him feel inferior and all this combined to add to her superiority complex. Every time he came in she felt furious with him and with herself for marrying him.

If anyone had suggested a divorce she would have been horrified. No, indeed! She kept her house perfect and she would do her duty. No running to the divorce court like some of the women she knew. It just wasn't decent. Of course people didn't know her thoughts and that she was hoping that a kind Providence would release her from the unhappy situation. Until this happened she would do her duty. Nobody could say she ever shirked a hardship.

As time went on she expected every day to find John fatally injured or killed by his vicious mules. She even planned where the coffin would be placed and what she would wear to the funeral. In her mind she could hear the neighbors say, "Did you ever see a house in such perfect order? Generally at a time like this there is so much to be done. Well, he certainly had a good wife. She has a place for everything and everything in its place!"

One sultry day Mirabell awoke with a feeling that something important was going to happen. What could it be? Was it possible that today was to be the day. She must surely have been out of her mind to have such morbid thoughts. The feeling persisted and she took especial pains to do everything perfectly.

About noon the clouds piled higher and higher and gave promise of a terrific storm. While she was finishing dinner the thunder roared and the lightning flashed. The rain fell in torrents.

She supposed that John had stopped in the barn out of the rain. Maybe that was the reason for the queer feeling. Didn't lightning often strike barns. Maybe she had better put on a clean apron, for it wouldn't do for the neighbors to come in to sympathize with her and see her in a mussed apron. She gave another pat to her already smooth hair and went to the door to look toward the barn. My, how the lightning flashed! It didn't seem possible that it could fail to strike.

\* \* \* \*

The neighbors came in with slow steps and hushed voices. It was certainly a tragedy. They offered to do what they could, but there was not much to be done. They sympathized with John, who was heart broken. He had forgotten her cruelty. She was his Mirabell, and he loved her. He didn't know how he would live without her.

There was little to do before the funeral. The neighbors said her house was in perfect order.



# S K E T C H E S

## 1. A SMALL TOWN LADY

Mrs. Saxe's cap bristled with indignation. Why didn't the neighbors sweep up their locust leaves twice a day instead of allowing them to drift over on her side of the road? If a wind blew toward her house, the leathery little yellow leaves settled in her evergreens and it took all morning to pick them out. Of course the neighbors exaggerated when they said she dusted the shrubbery every day, but she did try to keep it neat. As she swept the last of the leaves on the dustpan, her plain morning watch told her that the hour had come for her to dress. Carefully tying the paper sack in which she had emptied the leaves, she carried it to the basement, hung the broom and dustpan on their nails, put her leather gloves in their pocket, and went upstairs.

This was orchid day, so Mrs. Saxe sprinkled salts of that tint in the bath and turned on the water. She placed a fluffy orchid-colored towel and wash cloth within reach, lowered the blind, and locked the door. In a nice clear voice she sang, "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand." After a sufficient time, Mrs. Saxe opened the door, peered about, and crossed the hall to her room. On the bed lay the new fifteen-dollar Spencer corset which the lady agent had fitted to her hard little seventy-five-year-old body. With a sigh she said, "I might as well put it on and wear it. Somebody'll get it after I'm gone that maybe won't take care of it." Fifteen minutes were devoted to patting and massaging her face and neck. Harriet Hubbard Ayers Beautifying Cream was applied. Pure white powder was dusted on lavishly, eye brows and lashes were brushed, and lips were carefully outlined. The orchid dress was hooked at the side, and she was ready for the final rite. This consisted of lifting the corrugated metal cap from her head, exposing a coiffure which resembled a new tin washboard.

At half past eleven Mrs. Saxe descended the stairs and went to the kitchen for her lonely lunch. From the Frigidaire she took a covered pan and set it to heat on the electric stove. On the small drop-leaf walnut table she placed a doily, a plate, a glass, and a silver service of three forks, two knives, and three spoons. Filling a small bowl from the steaming pan, she carried it to the table and seated herself. With hands clasped on the edge of the table, Mrs. Saxe silently gave thanks.

As she unfolded her napkin, her face, without disturbing an atom of talcum, registered extreme disapproval. "Goodness gracious, whatever made me think I could eat tomato soup today, me with this orchid dress on!" Frugally pouring the soup back into the pan, she placed it in the refrigerator and searched for something which would fit the color scheme. This proved to be cottage cheese and lettuce, which she ate with relish. Reaching a small scrapbook from her kitchen desk, she selected a suitable poem, Joyce Kilmer's "Trees," and read aloud.

With a large black rubber apron over her dress, Mrs. Saxe washed dishes, washed the snow white tea-towel and pinned it to the line in the sun, hung her apron in the utilities closet, locked the back door, and inserted her dress teeth. Mrs. Saxe was ready for the afternoon.



## 2. WALNUT - POEM

Woodridge Spears

The very height of the tree made Uncle Joe rustle on with some pride, "Why, why, that thair walnut has ben astandin' right thair in my yard place fer might nigh on to a hundert yer. I've et the walnuts nigh seventy fallin's of the leaf, and a power of things have happened by yan tree.

"The infair night I fetched Maime to that thair tree, and when the leaves jumped a little in the moonshine like, Maime was fust akisst.

"A'ter the housekeepin' began, the wind ripped out a big limb, right out of th' top, a big pan'ter of a limb like, right down on th' top of the house. I heisted it off the roof wi' my bare hands. As ye might well know I was strong and like a bull in them days.

"But I ben a thinkin' that yan tree won't outlast me and I ben a thinkin' as how I'm to last outen the fallin' of the leaves. When I smell the frost on the yeller leaf and on the red leaf in the maples and on the hul walnut grove, I think then as how I'd likely be goin'."

Then Uncle Joe hitched his gallus and called for Aunt Maime.

Aunt Maime uncoiled from her chair behind the kitchen stove. The springy old body took a seat on the floor, on the edge of the porch, just beside Joe's rocker.

"This yer front porch needin' fixin', and the hul house needin' fixin', Joe. I been thinkin' how we kin sell yan walnut tree, becus we're a needin' of the money this comin' fall." And Aunt Mamie ended with a question to the point, a question in reply to the squirming face-muscles of Joe, "Whut do ye want now?"

"I'm a wantin' to talk of that walnut out yander. If ye and the boys, Rod or Jim, be a strikin' of an ax athort that tree I'll cuss ye'uns right out o' the grave, ye all-forgotten sots."

"Lordy, have mercy. That pizen's jest about t' kill me."

Aunt Maime swatted a fly. She then rubbed the stick-like legs of the old house-man, who all the while intoned, "The Lord giveth and the Lord'll take away; and bless the name of the Lord, oh, Lordy!"

\* \* \* \*

His Lord took Joe's soul before the heat had left the mornings and evenings in the deep hollows.

One of the boys, Rod or Jim, helped Jake, the Sawyer, build a strong oak coffin. After the singing and the preaching Joe rested on the hill with the Lord.

And not long after the new moon, a rain came to take away part of the heat. The heavy shower made Jim and Jake leave the cross-cut saw. To keep their jackets dry they left their work and went to the front porch. The roll of thunder gave promise that the work of cutting down the walnut in the front yard would have to be postponed.

"Settlin' back in yander fer an all-night rain it seem like, ain't it, Jim?"

But as Jake, the Sawyer, spoke, Jim's answer was lost in the burst of thunder and blue lightning. The blue lightning tore through the hollow and ripped the yard-walnut from top to bottom.

## THE QUILL AND QUAIR

### LACK

Madge Prather Tabor

My kitchen is very cozy,  
A hearth fire warming too;  
And in a kettle on the stove  
There's a very savory stew.

I spread my tiny table  
With linen, blue and gold,  
And lay a sprig of bitter-sweet  
Upon the napkin fold.

But what's a cheery kitchen  
Tho' decked in heaven's hue  
When all the warmth within my heart  
Goes out to search for you!

### THROUGH THE STOMACH

Madge Prather Tabor

I wish I had some apples;  
I'd like to make a pie;  
I'd make it look so tempting  
That it would catch your eye.

I know you'd sniff with hunger  
And gladly take a part;  
Ah! then I'd wish no longer,  
For I would have your heart.

### HOME

Madge Prather Tabor

A little home with a place for books  
And other little whatnot nooks.  
A tiny room for children's play  
And a cheery fire at close of day.

A table spread with enough to eat,  
A "welcome" mat for neighbor's feet;  
A "borrow shelf" from which to lend  
And a baby's crib where angels bend.

For others, fame and wealth to roam,  
God, bless me only with a home.



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## *A Midnight Episode*

Mrs. R. G. Huey

The midnight quiet of the village was scarcely broken by the dainty clip-clop of Trilby's feet on the hard pike as she tiptoed in after a long ride. Refreshed and relaxed, the rider, Dr. Hal, looked lovingly at the home town.

As Joe Pye weed, elder, bittersweet, and goldenrod grow contentedly together along the fence-row, so do homes, churches, and business houses hobnob along the main street of a small Kentucky town. To a newcomer, this may look shiftless, even ugly; but if he has a sympathetic ear, he will soon learn that they grew there naturally, and that the removal of a single one would leave a colorless gap.

That tipsy shed leaning against the livery stable is old Adam Wilson's shop. To earn a dime he spends half a day whittling out a comfortable handle for an old potato masher. Every day his little old wife brings his dinner in a napkin-covered basket, and puts a rose geranium leaf in his suspender buckle. Just to see them together gave one a feeling of homely permanence.

The white-washed building peeping from behind the stable, is the negro school-house. The dresses and knickers, which brighten the playground at recess, went to the big school last year. From the tin buckets come cake, old ham on beaten biscuits, and crisp cucumber pickles, for the mammy cooks fix lunch for the black as well as the white children.

Such were the musings that ran through Dr. Hal's mind as, on reaching the north side of the brick church, he guided Trilby into the moss-covered drive which led to the barn back of his father's great stone house. In spite of all that his dear little mother could do to create cheer with rich curtains and blooming plants, any one could see that this home housed tragedy. Years ago while preparing himself to join his father in service as a country doctor, Dr. Hal, their only son, had contracted the opium habit. Now, at fifty, he was seldom at himself. To avoid facing the loving pity which his shriveled body and troubled eyes called forth from their friends, Dr. Hal spent his days in sleeping and his nights in reading, playing solitaire, or riding.

As with shaking hands Dr. Hal unsaddled Trilby, he sniffed the air. At the same instant, a dull, pounding sound came from the livery stable. Throwing off his riding coat, he took the heavy scoop which stood beside the door, and ran through the yard. In the clear white moonlight, clouds of pearl-gray smoke ascended from the eaves of the low stable and drifted lazily over the church belfry.

Hoarsely Dr. Hal shouted, "Fire! Fire!" as he leaped over the iron fence and ran across the street. Inserting the edge of the scoop in the crack between the broad doors, he raised it with a sharp whack beneath



## THE QUILL AND QUAIR

the heavy iron hook. As the door slowly swung open, the hay in the loft burst into flames, showing the white eyes of eight fright-crazed horses in the cobweb-draped stalls. Quickly, systematically, Dr. Hal unbuttoned the leather straps and opened the stall doors. The stable door had swung shut, so he rushed back to prop it open, expecting the horses to rush out to safety.

Looking back he saw every horse rearing on its hind legs against the back wall of his stall, screaming and snorting. Bunches of burning hay were falling all about. No help was near. Dr. Hal shouted again, but only whispers came from his throat. Grabbing a halter, he automatically tied a noose as he ran to the fourth stall where the straw bedding was blazing. Throwing the noose over the horse's neck, he pulled with superhuman strength, but the sorrel only backed as far as possible from the blaze. Snatching a lap-robe which hung folded on a peg, he climbed on the manger, threw it over the horse's head and jumped upon his back. In response to a dig from the spurred heel, the horse leaped through the door and out of the stable. With smoke-blinded eyes, Dr. Hal instinctively guided the galloping horse through the gate of a small graveyard which was enclosed with a high stone wall. As with calm steady fingers he loosed the rope, his mind wrestled with the problem of the old iron gate which had not been closed for years. It must be drawn shut, or the horse would probably follow him back into the stable. As he stopped to pick up the lap-robe, his hand struck an edge, which proved to be a stout grubbing hoe, buried in the deep myrtle. Running to the entrance, he hooked this in the protruding bar of the gate and pulled. As with a shuddering grumble the old gate bumped into place, Dr. Hal's artistic eye took in the scene—the moonlight-drenched graveyard, with its low gray stones rising out of the thick green carpet, the statuesque horse, with distended nostrils, and frightened eyes fixed on his burning home.

The flames were beginning to send a rosy light over the land, and as Dr. Hal ran down the street, he knew that the sleeping town must be alarmed. The nearest fire department was twelve miles away. His father had the only telephone near, and he was sleeping at the rear of the house, because he was not well, and night calls, which he was not able to answer, only interfered with his needed rest. Their neighbor, old Mrs. Elliot, was quite deaf. Leaning against her fence was a piece of new metal roofing. Seizing this, Dr. Hal dragged it along the hard, uneven pike, chuckling as he thought the racket should wake even the folks in the graveyard.

Inside the barn the scene had changed. There was no longer a blaze to light the way, for the draft from the open door had driven the fire to the top, and heavy smoke filled the building. Groping his way inside the first stall, Dr. Hal gently patted the head of old Nigger, which his father always hired when his own horses were too tired to answer a call. To his surprise the horse docilely followed him. With fingers which did not fumble, he tied one end of the long halter about Nigger's neck, entered the second stall, and put the other noosed end over the lowered head. Encouraged, holding the middle of the rope, he drew



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himself up to the back of the third horse, and, leading the others, guided the three to the safety of the graveyard. As he ran back he saw lights in the homes on side streets and heard running steps and shouts. Again in the dense blackness, he was guided to the fifth and sixth stalls by the labored breathing of the horses. Gently, mechanically, he tied the halter about their necks and led them to the door, knowing that the remaining pair would not be able to walk out when he returned. And they were the matched grays which so proudly drew the hearse and officiated on all state occasions in the life of the town.

Outside, Dr. Hal drew a short, deep breath and opened his stinging eyes. Across the road by the gate, watching with ears erect and eyes alert, sat the terrier which belonged to his father's stable darkey. Throwing the rope to the small dog, he gasped, "Hold it, Foxy," and dashed back toward the door once more.

Great masses of smoke reached out and swallowed his frail body. Hatless, coatless men, running from both directions shouted at him. If he heard he paid no heed, but went unerringly to those quivering, suffering horses. No longer were they frightened. With drooping heads they stood perishing. Going first to the farther stall Dr. Hal led King out by the forelock, hoping against hope that he would not need to grope for Queen. But there she stood, as if she knew and were doing her best to help. The three, smoke-grimed and scorched, walked out to safety.



THE QUILL AND QUAIR

Song from a Summer Shade

James Stuart

I think I hear  
A clinking hoe;  
I think I hear  
The June wind blow.

I know I see  
On Primrose tip  
Wild honey bee  
Kiss her red lip.

I am jealous;  
I am afraid  
The bees will steal  
This blood-red glade.

Last night I heard  
Upon the hill  
A mocking bird  
And whip-poor-will.

And they were jealous;  
They were afraid  
That one would steal  
Tunes the other made.

The moon was high,  
A silver chip.  
The highland waves  
Did toss and dip.

You can't fool me--  
I know I hear  
Wind in the trees  
And voices near.

I know I hear  
A clicking hoe  
And voices singing  
"Old Black Joe."



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Sky high, sky low,  
Sky above the trees;  
Wind fast, wind slow,  
Among the leaves.

Blow through, slow through,,  
Don't turn up your nose;  
Pry through, sly through,  
You wind that blows.

That honey bee,  
That summer breeze,  
That foolish tree  
With foolish leaves.

Blow through, slow through,  
The silver hours;  
Kiss through, miss through,  
The bee glade flowers.

twenty-seven

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