

Lone M. Chapman

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Morehead, Kentucky

April 1950



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A hint--watch Sgt. Carrignan.

SERGEANT CARRIGNAN

The sun was just setting behind Mt. Taylor and, for a moment, the C-47, silent and still on the Albuquerque ramp, was a giant golden bird with outstretched wings poised as if for flight. Sergeant Carrignan sat on the wooden bench beside the Operations Hangar, restlessly smoking a cigarette and glancing nervously, from time to time, toward the mountains to the east and the thunderheads that towered, pink and grey, above them, and felt the awful hollowness in his stomach and the weakness in his chest.

When Lieutenant Ackerman came out of the office, Carrignan arose, apprehensively.

"Well, Lieutenant, what's the story? Do we RON here or go on to Wichita?"

Ackerman grimaced: "I don't know yet, Sergeant--depends on the Colonel."

"Hell, you're the pilot ain't you, Lieutenant? If you say we stay, then we stay. Ain't that right?"

Ackerman's smile was sardonic. "You've got the theory right, but it don't work out that way in practice. Remember them's eagles he's wearing--not bars."

Carrignan shoved his hands into his coverall pockets and looked disgusted. "Jee-sus Kee-rist, there always has to be some wheel to foul things up. How's the weather look, Lieutenant?"

Ackerman nodded his head toward the distant clouds. "You can see for yourself; it starts right the other side of that mountain."

"Is it like that all the way to Wichita?" Carrignan asked, anxiously.

"Far as I know," Ackerman replied. "Amarillo and Oke City both are reporting five-hundred and a half a mile. Kansas City is clear now, but they're closed with a ground fog. Wichita didn't report last time, but the time before they had eight-hundred and heavy rain."

Carrignan showed concern. "Doesn't look too good, does it, Lieutenant?"

"No," Ackerman frowned, "a thunderstorm is never much fun, even in the daytime." He paused thoughtfully, pursing his lips. "If the Colonel does decide to go, I just hope his business is important."

Carrignan said, "One of those airline boys turned around over Tucumcari and came back. That's good enough for me."

"That's good enough for me too," Ackerman patted his breast pockets. "Got a cigarette, Carrignan, I'm out."

Silently, Carrignan fumbled in his pocket and brought forth a crumpled package. They lit their cigarettes and inhaled deeply, suddenly conscious of the chill of the desert air and the distant rumble of thunder.

Ackerman cursed. "Those damned civilian passengers, they think they're weather experts. They're standing around up there arguing whether we ought to go or not."

Carrignan's look was knowing. "What's the Colonel doing?" he asked.

"I don't think the Colonel can even read a sequence report," Ackerman sneered. "He's just standing around up there looking important."

"Did you tell him that you didn't think we ought to go?" Carrignan inquired.

"Yeah, I told him."

"What'd he say?"

"He looks at me fish-eyed and says: 'Lieutenant,' " Ackerman's voice became gruff in imitation of the Colonel, "Lieutenant, it is imperative that I be in Wichita for a conference tomorrow, and I don't intend letting a little thing like a thunderstorm hold me back!--or something like that."

"Jeez, a little thing."

"He's filing a flight plan right now." Ackerman continued. "He don't realize that it's Saturday night and all the hotels will be filled up."

"Maybe Flight Service won't let him go," Carrignan said hopefully.

"He's got a star and a wreath on his wings, Sergeant. He can sign his own clearance and go, regardless of what Flight Service says."

They stood for a moment in the gathering dusk and watched the lightning flash in the distance. Ackerman suddenly threw his cigarette away. "Damn," he said, "this is a helluva note. Spend two years and fifty missions overseas with never a scratch and then bust my fanny flying a Colonel and a bunch of civilians through a thunderstorm."

"Yeah," Carrignan agreed, "we had a crash in Burma once and spent six weeks walking out of the jungle. Me and another guy were the only ones that made it."

"I didn't know that," There was a note of admiration in Ackerman's voice.

"Yeah, it was rough," Carrignan said, "but I don't like to think about it."

"I know how it is," Ackerman aimlessly kicked a rock. "Well, I guess I best get back upstairs and get the word," He turned towards the door.

"Lieutenant."

Ackerman looked over his shoulder.

"Lieutenant, don't get the idea . . ." he paused. "You're a good pilot--I ain't scared."

"Okay, Sergeant." Ackerman disappeared into the hangar.

Carrignan turned and walked slowly out across the black asphalt ramp to the airplane. He stopped by the tail and nervously lit a cigarette, and then stood in the darkness for a long while and watched the lightning flickering fitfully in the distant sky; then suddenly, he leaned forward and was violently sick.

Ray Niblo

The "taker" gets "took"
or this can happen to you
if you don't watch out.

--Narration--

THE TRICKIEST TRADE OF THE YEAR

I thought I was a hard man to fool on cars. I have been working on them ever since I was large enough to hold a wrench in my hand. Consequently, when I drove my forty-two Ford into the used car lot of Sammy the trader a few months ago, there was a happy grin on my face as I thought of how I was going to give Sammy the short end of the trickiest trade of the year.

A forty-eight Mercury caught my eye and I was sold. It was a convertible with radio, heater, white wall tires and the most graceful lines you've ever seen. Twenty minutes later, we agreed that I would give him six hundred dollars and my old Ford for his new Mercury. Happily, I drove my Mercury off the lot.

About two weeks later, I received a letter from the finance company setting up a schedule of payments to be made. There were to be fifteen monthly payments in all, each of them were to be sixty-five dollars. Figuring it up, I found that I was expected to pay nine hundred and seventy-five dollars to secure the use of six hundred dollars for fifteen months.

I went back to Sammy. He shrugged his shoulders. He convinced me that he could do nothing about the situation, so I protested to the finance company. Another shrug of the shoulders. There was nothing illegal about their charges. Besides, the big fat official said casually, I had signed a contract agreeing to these payments. For proof, he held up the contract. I had not taken the trouble to read it through. As I seem to remember it, the contract had a lot of blank spaces in it the first time I had seen it. Now the spaces were filled in.

Knowing cars, I could not be tricked into a poor mechanical buy, but, careless or rather inexperienced in the paper end of the trade, I turned a good buy into a swindle. The finance company came out on top, leaving me on the short end of the trickiest trade of the year.

An Article

THE MYSTERY OF BIRD MIGRATION

The migration of birds has long remained a mystery and until recent years we knew little or nothing about their migratory habits. Long ago people noted that many species disappeared at a certain season and did not reappear until the next year. One wild belief was that they hibernated in a hollow log or buried themselves in mud along creek banks.¹

In recent years we have gained some little knowledge of where birds spend their winters, the routes they follow, and the time of migration. A great aid to study is a small metal band—placed on the leg of a bird, it is a way of marking birds so that observers can report when and where they are afterwards seen.² The system is far from perfect, for the percentage of recovery is rather low. When a bird dies, for example, there is not much chance it will be found by someone who will report the band number.

The phenomenon of migration has been noted for over two thousand years and no conclusive answer has yet been found as to why birds take their annual trips. Some students conjecture that the habit originated way back in the glacial period. When the ice sheets advanced, they think, birds were forced to go south in order to find food; when they retreated the birds followed them north.³ Since the ice sheets advanced and retreated periodically birds formed a habit of flying north and south and have kept it up throughout the ages.

The time of migration raises more questions. It may take place at any time during the year but usually in spring or autumn. The weather or supply of food has no bearing seemingly.⁴ For example, the bobolink starts south in August when the weather is warmest and insects most abundant.⁵ In the southern

¹ T. Gilbert Pearson, Birds of America, Garden City, N. Y., 1942, p. xxxi.

² "Birds," World Book Encyclopedia, Chicago, 1946, II, 799.

³ Dean Amadon, "Marvels of Bird Migration," Science Digest, October 1949, p. 7.

⁴ "Birds," World Book Encyclopedia, II, 799.

⁵ Ibid.

hemisphere where the birds spend the winter there is very little change in temperature to warn them that winter is over and that it is time to start north again. A late winter or summer does not seem to alter the time of migration. Regardless of the weather or temperature, birds start their journeys at their regular time. It has been found that caged birds exhibit great restlessness during the normal migratory period, and thus reveal how fundamental the migratory rhythm is.⁶ Scientists have demonstrated that birds have no sixth sense to tell them winter is approaching and also that birds cannot talk to their young and tell them to go south.

We know in a general way, of course, that the migratory flight may take place during the day or night or both. Some species that travel by day are the hawks and chimney swifts. They travel fairly slow and sometimes catch their food by flying in a zigzag pattern on their trip. The night travelers include such species as the warblers, thrushes, flycatchers, oreoles and certain shore birds. They travel a few hours each night and rest and find food during the day. Their trip is more perilous but they save time by taking advantage of the daylight to find food. Geese and ducks are the fastest travelers. They travel day and night and sometimes cover a distance of 160 miles without stopping.⁷

We also know that birds do not fly at their fastest speed during migration. Although their exact speed is unknown, it is estimated that small birds travel at about twenty miles an hour and the larger at about thirty to forty. The average distance covered during a day is about twenty-three miles but this distance varies greatly from species to species.⁸ The distance covered during migration also varies. Some birds, such as the robin, remain in one area all year or travel only a short distance, while others, such as the golden plover, travel from the Aleutians to the Hawaiian Islands, a distance of two thousand miles. Several species travel long distances without stopping, especially those that travel over large bodies of water.⁹

The routes birds take is another question not yet answered. Some birds take a roundabout way and travel one hundred miles or more and actually advance only a short distance toward their destination. For example, ducks and geese fly many miles off

⁶ Deam Amadon, "Marvels of Bird Migration," p. 8.

⁷ T. Gilbert Pearson, Birds of America, p. xxxiv.

⁸ "Birds," World Book Encyclopedia, II, 801.

⁹ T. Gilbert Pearson, Birds of America, p. xxxiv.

their course to visit a particular marsh or lake even though several others may be close by. There are several species that travel many miles to avoid flying over a small body of water. Other species extend the distance of their trip by flying around mountains, deserts, or marshes. Geese and ducks select their routes along streams, lakes and marshes so that they will have a place to rest and feed. There are many that select the coastal routes along the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.¹⁰

Another unsolved mystery is how birds find their way along these routes. The younger birds have never traveled the routes before and many travel at night when it is impossible to see landmarks. One theory is that birds can tell the region they are in by the formation of clouds, temperature and wind direction, but it has not been proved.¹¹

Birds migrate either alone or in groups of many sizes. In late summer many of them flock together and fly south and return in the same manner the next spring.¹² Ducks and geese make their flight in a very distinct and orderly manner. They fly in a V formation with an old male bird in front acting as leader. If he is injured and falls out, another quickly takes his place.

Determination and endurance are two main factors to be admired in migratory birds, as I remember from a poem I once read. Regardless of weather conditions they continue their flight, sometimes flying against strong head winds or during sleet and rain storms. They face the problem of finding food along the way and of avoiding such hazards as the guns of hunters. Many are forced down from ice forming on their wings but as soon as they are able they continue on their way.

Our admiration and wonder aside, our actual knowledge is not much. We know that birds migrate. Often it has been determined when they migrate, and where. But one question that we may hardly expect ever to answer is "why."

Johnny E. Day

¹⁰ Ibid.

¹¹ "Birds," World Book Encyclopedia, II, 801.

¹² T. Gilbert Pearson, Birds of America, II, xxxii.

Some day the author hopes
to return to the scene
of this triumph--Shucks!
Who wouldn't?

--Narration--

MY SECOND DELP SEA FISHING TRIP

One warm musty morning in the city of Miami, Florida, my father and I headed for Pier Five to board the "Mary Ann" a small but elaborately decorated fishing boat. Arriving at the Pier about seven o'clock Dad and I decided to have a light breakfast of eggs and bacon. While eating our breakfast we discussed the idea whether we should take a lunch along because several days before we had gone on a trip similar to the one we were about to take. That day the ocean was so rough that my stomach felt as though it were in my throat the whole eight hours we were out and I practically wasted a good lunch. Deciding on a few sandwiches, we gave the waitress our order.

Walking down the pier to the place where the "Mary Ann" was docked we gave her the once over. She was a streamlined boat, with twin engines, very beautifully painted in white and dark mahogany. The captain and mate were busy preparing the bait and rigging the fishing tackle. The Pier by now, was quite busy with everyone moving here and there getting ready for the trips which were to start in a short time.

You could hear the captains discussing where they were heading, up or down the coast, and how far out they were going. This was very important to the captains because if they brought their passengers in with a small catch this meant less business for them. They had to know where the best fishing would be.

After a short time the captain of our boat told us he was ready to leave. I ran back to the lunch stand and picked up our sandwiches. When I got back to the boat I was introduced to the other passengers, a Mr. Brown and his son Bob. There were four seats in the rear of the boat, two directly to the rear and two just behind them. I imagine you can guess where Bob and I sat. You're right--in the two back seats. These seats later proved to be the best seats on the boat but Bob and I surmised that we were going to have a tough time catching fish from the second row.

When we were finally settled in our seats and the money transactions were over we headed out of the harbor.

On our way to the fishing grounds we went along the causeway leading from Miami to Miami Beach. It was quite interesting to see, from our position, all the people heading for Miami Beach either to their business enterprises or for pleasure. Still another sight of interest was the old rusty "tramper" tied up at one of the docks. Finally we left the small channel leading from the harbor to the ocean and headed south for the Key West Islands.

It was a beautiful day with the sun shining, by now, and the ocean was so calm it looked like a sheet of blue green ice. We started fishing at once but nothing was caught for about three hours.

Up to this point our captain hadn't said much but with tension in his voice he told us to be prepared for anything because we were nearing a coral reef.

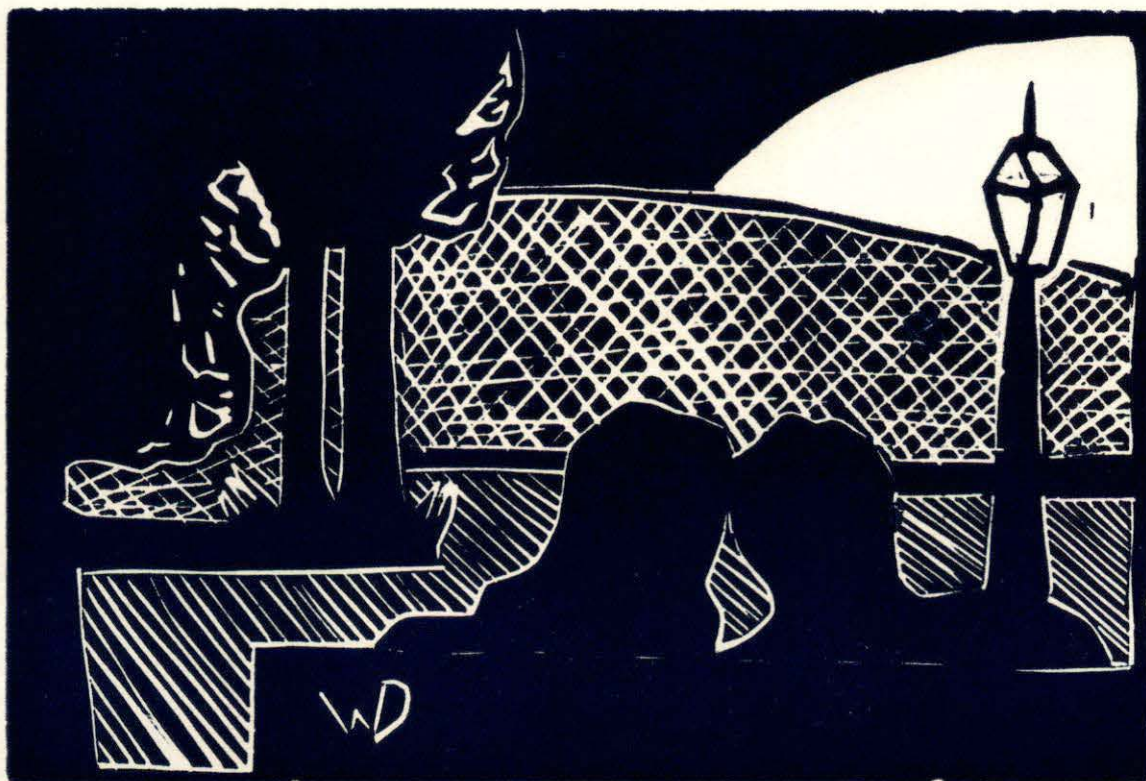
Then without any notice all four of us began catching a variety of fish. We had found a school of fish and for some reason Bob and I ended up with the most fish in the short time we were there.

It was quite a sensation to feel a salt water fish strike and make a run for freedom. With the powerful fishing tackle we had there wasn't much trouble in bringing in our catch.

After the fun stopped the captain let the mate take over at the wheel and he came back to the fish box to see what we had caught. The outstanding fish caught included a Red Sniper, three Dolphins and several Barracudas. This pleased the captain because it would make a nice showing when he docked. It was my lucky day because I caught nine fish, more than any one else in the group.

Just to make my lead safe I caught another fish on the way back. I was very pleased with myself and some day I sure would like to do it again.

William Malone



KENTUCKY MOONSHINE

For several issues now the editorial page of the TRAIL BLAZER has carried drawings like this one. They are clever and skillfully done. The only indication of the artist the public has is the initials "WD" at the lower left. This WD might be Will Darrow or Willy Dow of Chicago or New York, and the picture might be a cut borrowed from the Courier Journal or the RCN.

But it isn't. WD is Wendell Dobyns, a MSC sophomore from Lawrence County and an art major. His co-artists on the TRAIL BLAZER are Hugh Stumbo and Bonny Compton.

"It's no trouble," Wendell says, "if you can draw backwards." First done in pen and ink, the drawing is then transferred to tracing paper so that it can be reversed on a linoleum block, which the printer uses.

There is no experience
more difficult to a child
than this--DIVORCE.

A FELLOW COULD TELL

Judge Johnson leaned across the polished mahogany table. To the boy sitting opposite the judge, his cupped hands looked like the scales of justice balancing.

"It's up to you, Jimmy. Both your parents have agreed to abide by your decision," said the Judge. "They feel, and the Court feels," continued the Judge, "that you are old enough to say whether you wish to live with your mother or your father."

The Judge frowned. He hoped the Court was acting wisely in permitting the boy to choose. Still, this was better than the way it usually went, with both parents hysterically trying to retain the seed of the union they so complacently sundered. The Judge's eyes swept across the too-finely chiseled face of the defendant, then shrewdly encompassed the woman. Not beautiful, but she had that rare quality of serenity and the boy looked as though he needed peace in large doses.

Jimmy was eleven. He looked at his father. Richard Richardson's chair was tilted precariously against the paneled wall of the Judge's chambers, his lips pursed in a soundless whistle. For a moment his eyes met his son's, then swung guiltily toward the window. He was extremely tired. He didn't blame Betty for wanting the divorce, but he was tired. The losing fight had left him devoid of vitality.

It had begun so insidiously--poker with the boys, a few hundred on the ponies, and now it was in his blood. This was the end, and his loneliness was a dull ache. But his big frame tensed with unwarranted hope as he thought of the possibility that Jimmy might choose him.

Betty Richardson clutched her suede purse with fingers which moved constantly in aimless little thumpings. Her eyes were quietly on her husband,

but she was thinking of her son. Jimmy would choose her, he must!

Her mind reviewed the finale of her marriage. Richard had drawn out all their savings and had thrown it away at the tracks. To make a "killing" so he could buy her a fur coat, he had said--a fur coat, when all she wanted was the plain cloth of security.

Jimmy glared at his father's casual profile. He glanced at his mother; she met his questioning gaze directly. He could see by her eyes how much she loved him.

Judge Johnson was waiting. Jimmy knew exactly what he had to do. He said, "I'll live with her, I guess. I'll take care of my mom."

The Judge cleared his throat, vaguely aware that the procedure had gone too smoothly.

After the papers were signed, Richard Richardson scooped his hat from a chair and started out the door.

Betty touched his arm and said, "Perhaps you'd like to say good-by, Richard."

He said explosively, "No!" and faced his son. Jimmy returned the long look defiantly, trying to show with his eyes what a "sourball" he thought his Pop had been. Then he glanced away, knowing that Pop knew all right.

Going home in the taxi, Jimmy sat close to his mother. Unobtrusively, her hand touched Jimmy's, "We'll be real pals, Jimmy," she murmured.

But Jimmy wasn't thinking of his mother. He was thinking about last night, when Pop had taken him to the wrestling matches. They'd had a swell time, but on the way home they had parked beside the road and Pop had explained about the divorce, ending up with:

"If you live with your mother, I'll understand. But if you lived with me, she might not. Your mother couldn't bear it if she thought she had lost you, and I don't feel that way, about losing you, I mean. So tomorrow, when the Judge asks who you want to live with, you say, your mother."

Pop had sucked hungrily at his cigarette and said, "We'd be a fine pair of jerks if we didn't give her that much."

Now Jimmy glanced at his mother. Pop had said to take care of her and what he said went. Whatever Pop said would always go; and it helped some knowing how badly Pop felt about having to be mean the only time he ever had been.

A fellow could tell.

Don Thompson

When in doubt, just be
yourself--at your best.

--Exposition--

BEING A GOOD DATE

When a girl goes out with a boy, she is his guest and expects to be treated as such. Although she can easily open doors and seat herself at a table without assistance, she gives him opportunity to perform these little acts for her. They are ceremonies of sociability.

If the boy calls for the girl in a car, she pauses on the sidewalk to give him time to open the door, then seats herself at the right. After closing the door, he goes around the car, enters it from the other side, and sits at her left. When they reach their destination, he steps out first and helps her to alight. Although she needs no help whatsoever, she lets him take her hand as she steps from the car.

When they walk on a crowded street at night, in the theatre lobby, or on the dance floor, the girl may slip her hand through the boy's arm. He would be making a mistake to take hers, except when giving her assistance. It is distinctly unpleasant to see an escort steering his companion about with a firm hand on her upper arm as if she were under arrest.

The boy is proud of the girl because she conducts herself with easy self-possession in the presence of his friends. She does the right thing in the right way. When he takes her to a party at the home of an acquaintance, she greets his friends' mother and father with gracious regard. When he introduces his chums to her, she seems never at a loss for a remark with which to start conversation. There's usually nothing brilliant about these openings; the point is that she gets them said. "Isn't the music good?" she begins, or "Did you see the game Saturday?"

When a boy and girl go to a dance, she has the first and last dances with him. If there is supper, they go together and usually have the dance following supper. The remaining dances may be exchanged with other couples, the boy seeing to it that the girl is never without a partner. At the end of a number, dancers usually sit down. If, when the music stops, the girl notices that

that her companion seems uncertain what to do next, she may indicate where she would like to sit. Her partner may remain in conversation with her until the next dance begins, or he may excuse himself as soon as he has conducted her to a seat. Either is correct. In parting he thanks her for the dance. She never thanks him, however. Her reply is simply, "I enjoyed it, too." If the girl wishes to sit out a dance, it is her privilege to do so. "I think I'd rather not this time," she may say. "Let's go out on the porch for a breath of air." Or she can excuse herself and slip away to brush her hair and powder her nose.

Some parties drag on and on. The girl takes the initiative in leaving. She and the boy get their wraps and seek out the hostess to say good-bye.

When they go to a restaurant where there is a hostess or a headwaiter, the boy and girl wait at the entrance for this person to come forward and conduct them to a table. The boy, after indicating the number of seats desired, allows the girl to precede him in the wake of their guide. Arriving at their places, the girl steps to one side of her chair and permits the waiter or her escort to draw it out and seat her. The boy then assists her with her wraps before seating himself.

Ordering should be done speedily. Attempts at lively conversation while the waiter stands, pad in hand, result in careless ordering and wasted time. Keep still and study the menu, which is usually sufficiently complicated to require your undivided attention. There will be plenty of time to talk while waiting for the fish to broil. Having made a selection, the girl informs her escort of her wishes. She does not speak to the waiter. The boy then gives both orders.

If a girl is wise, she will show some regard for a boy's pocketbook when she selects her meal. Ordering the most expensive item on the menu shows lack of consideration for his finances and suggests a selfish inclination to get as much as possible. It does not take long to build up a reputation of being a "gold-digger." If a girl wants dates, she should be modest in her demands.

As you know there are many little ceremonies of sociability. Often we forget or we are not aware of some of these ceremonies. This then brings us to our last and most important rule for being a good date: Always, and especially when in doubt, just be natural, be yourself--at your best.

Josephine Bledsoe

The author apologizes to his classmates and instructor and he does it quite gracefully.

-----Essay-----

WHY I LIKE THE HONOR SYSTEM

Possibly it is because I am an individual of low moral character, but for some reason, I have always been skeptical of the Honor System in classroom work. In most people there is an instinct or desire to take the path of least resistance in getting their lessons, themes essays or reports completed. If borrowing information or material from their neighbor is the easiest way out they seldom hesitate.

Frankly I received two surprises when the Honor System was introduced in this classroom. The first surprise was the very introduction of the system. I didn't believe any instructor could be so naive as to expect it to work in a large class. My second surprise was the complete success of the system, once it had been introduced and properly explained to the class.

I reiterate, I was skeptical. When the instructor left the room I expected to borrow information and in turn give it to my neighbor.

"Allright Mr. Professor," I thought, "you may be noble, but we students are only interested in one thing, passing grades."

I waited to see who would be first to "start the ball rolling."

Silence.

Still more silence.

"Do you suppose this bunch of 'nitwits' will actually let the instructor get away with this," I asked myself.

During the remainder of the period there was absolute silence except for riffing of paper,

scratching of pens and the slight noise of some student upon leaving the room, having finished his work.

I realize now that I owe both the instructor and my classmates an apology. I thought the instructor very gullible for even trying the Honor System. I underestimated the integrity of my classmates when placed on their honor. I was mistaken on both counts.

Seeing how well the system worked, I began to wonder if it was beneficial to the student. The answer is obvious. Anyone likes to feel that others trust him. With this feeling he will put forth greater effort.

The Honor System produces originality. Inasmuch as the student can't depend upon his neighbor for ideas and information he will resort to or rely upon his own potential ability for self expression. If his work is approved it gives him a feeling of self confidence.

I regret that all the instructors in this school don't have the opportunity of seeing the success achieved here, for having seen it once, I believe they would agree that the Honor System should be used here at Morehead.

Harland Crawford

An article. Printed in part-
enough to rouse the curiosity

THE TURKEY AND I

The first real live turkey I ever saw was a wild one that strayed into our chicken yard one afternoon immediately after a heavy rain storm. I thought this turkey was the most horrible looking creature I had ever laid eyes on. She was about the size of a frying chicken, and of a brownish grey color with some black scattered on the lower parts of her body. She had legs that were a pinkish yellow and a long beak underneath a pair of dark brown eyes. This turkey remained for some time on our farm. I might say that my interest in turkeys dates from this event.

In appearance all wild turkeys differ from the domesticated birds in the slimness of the head and the length of the neck and legs. In most cases the bones are smaller and more refined. The size of the wild turkey averages smaller than the domesticated type even when raised in captivity and full fed. The eastern wild turkey appears to be the type most commonly raised in captivity.

Wild turkeys are adapted to uplands, lowlands, open country and forest. They feed in open country but do not inhabit country that is not wooded at least along the streams. They select food from trees, shrubs and grass, and search for insects, nuts, and seed from the surface of the soil. Berries, acorns and seeds also please them. When other food is scarce, they will eat buds of trees and shrubs.² Almost every day the turkey will disappear for hours at a time and if followed will be found in the woods looking for this kind of food.

A curious thing I have noticed is how a turkey acts when she is hiding her nest away from the farm. She wanders deep into the forest, watching carefully to see if anyone might be following her. She goes for some distance and then stops, raises her head high in the air and looks all around. She gives the impression that she knows someone is watching her. Every few steps she stops to pick up bits of grass or insects, then she'll look around her in that suspicious manner before she continues toward the house. She will go in a roundabout way very close to the house and stop in the brush or hedges, where she makes her nest low on the ground.

(Cont'd on p. 34)

1. G. F. Klein, "Starting Right With Turkeys",
New York, 1946, p.6
2. Morley A. Jull, "Raising Turkeys",
New York, 1947, pp. 25-38

The original manuscript about the "trading" fool was more fun than the version offered here, with some of his trades cut as well as a brush with a bandit

THE TRADING FOOL

With two empty water buckets clutched in his hands, Coonie Cooper came puffing up the slight rise which led from the barn to the house. Dropping the pails on the front porch, Coonie decided he ought to have a well dug near the barn. Lugging water all the way from the house to his bay team, two cows, and one pig was beginning to become quite a job.

Coonie was an old man in his late sixties with ragged white whiskers, and a mop of white hair which was almost always hidden by a weather-beaten old felt hat. He had the name of being "the tradin'est man in Morgan County," and would trade anything from a boot-jack to a side-saddle.

Coonie sat down on the porch and taking a big red handkerchief from his greasy overalls, began mopping the sweat from his face. While doing this he got to thinking. Some way, he thought, he ought to be able to swap around for a well. With a frown on his face he gazed toward town.

"Sheriff Treadway", he shouted suddenly. "That's it! Get that ole buzzard in a swap, and like as not I can get a well dug free!"

Grinning happily behind his ragged white whiskers, he hitched his pants up over his over-sized middle and headed for the little town of Bath, only a short distance from his little ten acre farm.

A short time later Coonie was walking down the Main Street of Bath. His eyes bright with glee, he crossed the courthouse square, mounted the two steps, and entered the sheriff's office. For forty years now, Coonie Cooper and Sheriff Treadway had been in one trade after another, each trying to swindle the other.

The sheriff wasn't in his office, so Coonie thought he might as well look around a bit. He walked over to the scarred oak desk and jerked open a drawer. Treadway was not a very good housekeeper, as one look inside the drawer proved. In it was everything from partly used plugs of tobacco to rusty handcuffs. Angrily Coon slammed the drawer shut.

"Ain't a dirtier ole goat in the world!"

"What's that?" a voice roared from the doorway. Coonie looked around and saw Sheriff Treadway standing just inside the door, an angry look on his face. Coonie blinked unhappily. This was

a bad start if he intended to trade any with the old goat. He'd have to be more careful.

"I was jest sayin'..."

"Yeah, I heerd yuh," Treadway cut in, "and I also seen yuh snoopin' around my desk. Of all the low-down, nosey old scala-wags, you are the worst! You better get outa' here before I ..."

Something had trailed the sheriff into the office. It was a big red bird dog. In fact, it was as fancy a bird dog as Coon had ever seen.

Ignoring the sheriff's outburst, Coon asked, "Whose dog is that?"

Treadway puckered his lips and expertly shot a stream of brown tobacco juice into the battered brass spittoon across the room.

"That," he answered coldly, "is my new bird dog, Big Red. And he is smart enough not to snoop around, too."

"A downright handsome dog," Coon said. "To tell you the truth, I don't think I've ever seen a dog I like better."

The sheriff's eyes filled with suspicion. It was very seldom that Coon Cooper bragged on anything he owned, and when he did there was something fishy about to happen.

"Look," the sheriff said. "There ain't nobody who likes to hunt quail better'n I do. This here dog is both a pointer and a retriever, and I intend to keep him. I wouldn't trade him to you for anything you've got, includin that one horse far."

Coonie held his temper as best he could. It always made him mad for someone to make fun of his neat little farm. "Nobody's trying to swap you out of that dog," he yelled. "I was jest sayin' that I liked his looks. Me, I got no use for a bird dog no how. I got no time to waste goin' bird huntin'."

"Well, even if you did have time I wouldn't take yuh huntin with me," Sheriff Treadway said hotly.

"I don't blame yuh," Coonie shot back. "I don't blame yuh fer not wantin me to see what a pore bird dog yuh got here."

"Coonie," Treadway roared, "I got a good mind to take yuh with me and prove..."

"Oh, no yuh don't! I got somethin else to be doin' besides huntin', I got to dig me a well. I'm tired of packin' water from the house clean out to the barn."

"Hell," the sheriff exploded, "you're too lazy to dig a post hole, let alone a well! I said, by jiminey you're goin' "

huntin with me and don't say yuh ain't. The truth is yuh're too lazy even to want to go huntin."

Coonie smiled faintly behind his whiskers but made his voice sound sad. "That's jest the way it goes. I git myself all worked up to dig myself a well and someone comes along and makes me do somethin else. All right, if nothin else will do yuh I reckon I'll go huntin with yuh. I'll pick yuh up in my wagon in the mornin'. Reckon we might as well go on a two day hunt while we're at it."

"We'll each furnish our own grub," the sheriff put in quickly. "Yuh eat too darn much for me."

Whistling to himself, Coonie ambled on down Main Street paying no particuler attention to anything. Suddenly from across the street a voice yelled, "Howdy, Coonie, you old sidewinder you. How are you makin' it these days?" Coonie turned and saw a youngish, horse-faced man in a too small, green-striped suit. Suddenly Coon's eyes lit up. He recognized this comical looking figure. It was Twig Carpenter from out Well's Hill way. He'd seen him only a time or two before, but there could never be any forgetting that face with its set of buck teeth projecting from a much too wide mouth. He hadn't thought the man would remember him, though.

"Howdy, Twig," he hollered back. "Come on over and join me." As he watched the man come across the street in that loose-jointed way of his, he began to think, "Funny character, this Twig Carpenter." He was a little off upstairs, or at least that's what most people said. He claimed he was a water-witcher, one of these persons who can find water with a peach tree limb. That's how he had gotten the name of Twig, Coonie remembered. Twig was also a superstitious man. Afraid of black cats and the like,

"Twig, it shore is good to see yuh again," Coonie said as Twig came up to him. "Where yuh headin' this time of day?"

The young man smiled, showing his row of buck teeth, "I'm headin fer my uncle's over Stillwater way. Maybe you can tell me of a short cut I could take, beings as how I'm walkin."

"Now let's see," Coonie said, thinking right hard.

"Oh, my goodness, watch out!"

"What's the matter Twig?"

"There's a black cat! If he crosses yore path, yuh'd better turn around and go the other way." The cat in question suddenly wheeled and went back the way it had come.

Twig let out his breath slowly. "Boy, that was a close one. I'd as soon..."

"I'm going over to Black Water Tomorrow," Coonie interrupted. "If yuh want to go along, I'd be glad to take yuh. That's right close to where yuh're headin'. I'm goin' to do some quail shootin' and swappin' on the way. After all, ridin's better'n walkin'."

The young man smiled. "It shore is. I'll be downright glad to ride with yuh."

"In the meantime," Coonie said, "yuh might as well spend the night with me. Then we can git a early start in the mornin'."

"I'll be glad to," Twig nodded. "while I'm there I'll look yore place over to see they ain't nothin' there to bring yuh no bad luck. A feller's got to be mighty keerful these days."

At sunup the next morning, Coonie and his guest hooked the team to the wagon. Coonie always used this same wagon to do his swappin' in. It was a fine fall morning with just the right snap in it for good quail hunting.

The sheriff was waiting for them when Coonie pulled up in front of the jail fifteen minutes later. His new bird dog was at his heels, and a double-barreled shotgun was cradled in his arms. He picked up his bed rool and tossed it into the wagon bed. After exchanging greetings with Coonie and Twih, the sheriff climbed into the wagon and sat down on the spring seat beside Coon. He didn't bother to ask who Twih was or what he was doing there.

Twih, to whom the dog had taken a liking, lifted the animal into the wagon beside him. Coon picked up the lines, clucked to his team and they were underway.

When they came to Black Water, Sheriff Treadway spotted what he thought was a good place to look for quail. Coonie pulled the bays to a stop and the men and dog piled out of the wagon. Big Red began to circle about expectantly, and Coonie knew then and there that Treadway had a real bird dog. But he said instead, "Look at that fool dog runnin' around like a chicken with its head off."

They made their next stop at Jim and Ida Fuggett's place. It was just about dinner time and Coonie couldn't help remembering that Ida was the best cook in Morgan County. When they drove into the yard, Jim was leanin' against a rail fence smoking his pipe.

"Jim, did yuh ever dig that well yuh was tel'in' me about back in the summer?" Coonie asked.

Jim shook his head. "Nope. I didn't know whereabouts to dig it. Didn't want to come up with a dry hole."

"Twig," Coonie said, "yuh reckon we could locate a good place for a well? Course, we'd want our dinners in return."

"Twig nodded. "Of course I can find water. Never failed to find water where I said it was yet."

"What's on for dinner, Jim?" asked Coonie.

"Stewed chicken and dumplings," Jim answered, "with cherry pie."

"If yuh'll feed me and Twig here," Coonie said motioning toward the boy, "and do a couple hours work the next time yuh come to town, I reckon we can make a deal."

When Sheriff Treadway heard these words he swallowed hard a time or two. He thought of the cold baloney and cheese sandwiches he had in his pack. Calling Coon to one side he asked, "How come yuh ain't includin' me in on that chicken dinner?"

"Yuh got yore own food," Coonie said sadly, "and besides... Wait a minute, I might get yuh invited for, say, six shotgun shells."

Treadway handed over the shells. In the meantime, Twig had found a place where he was positive that Jim would find water. Coonie didn't say anything, but he knew that almost any place he digs a hole in sandy soil of that type he'd find water. Coonie talked to Jim and got an invitation for the sheriff to join them at the dinner table.

After eating, the men went outside. Jim, noticing the bird dog, said, "If I had some shells I'd go huntin' myself."

Coonie reached into his pocket and pulled out the six shells he had gotten from the sheriff. For the six shells he got in return an axe, an old sausage grinder, a fat hen, a wooden bucket, and a horse shoe to boot. He hadn't needed the old horseshoe, but Twig had insisted that he take it. He said it was the luckiest thing a man could have around.

Coonie headed his team on down the road. In a short time they came to a lane which led down to Glenn Johnson's farm. Over many protests from the sheriff, Coonie drove down the lane and into the Johnson's wood yard. Glenn was sitting on a chop block looking downhearted.

"Just now hit a spike in a stick of wood with my axe," he said. "Knocked a chunk out of the blade as big as a half-dollar."

Coonie reached back into the wagon and came up with the axe he'd gotten from Jim Fuggett. After a little dickering, Coonie traded Glenn the axe. In return he got Glenn's promise of three hours work, a fresh peach pie, a sack of corn meal, and a mirror to boot. Twig shook his head sadly when he saw the mirror. "Coonie," he warned, "if that thing gets busted, we're in for seven years bad luck, horseshoe or no horseshoe."

Coonie kept the mirror in spite of Twig's warning. He wasn't going to throw something away that might be traded for something else, he told himself...

Along toward sundown, they arrived at Alvin Lewis's log cabin with his workshop in the rear. Alvin was a bachelor who farmed for his living, but as a hobby was inventing things of many odd shapes. When Coonie drove up, he was sitting in the doorway of his workshop working on another one of his inventions.

"Dog-gone!" he said, upon seeing Coonie. "Got my mechanical hog-caller all fixed up, but I can't work it."

"Hog-caller?" asked Coonie.

"Yep. Jest turn a crank and this thing sounds exactly like a hog gruntin'. I figure that when my hogs hear it they'll come arunnin' thinking it's another hog. Only trouble is, I ain't got no crank to turn it with."

"Now that's a downright shame," Coonie said. "Mebbe I can fix yuh up, Alvin." He lifted the old sausage grinder from the floor of the wagon, while Alvin looked longingly at the crank on the mill.

For the sausage mill, Coonie got a dozen eggs, an old block-and-tackle, and Alvin's promise of a half-day's work the next time he came to town.

When they were heading toward Black Water and Coonie's favorite camping spot, Sheriff Treadway inquired, "Coonie, what do you want with that block-and-tackle, and why are yuh gettin' everybody to promise to work for yuh?"

Coonie answered with a grin, "I intend to use the block-and-tackle to hist the dirt out of my well, and I intend to have them do the diggin' for me."

(Ed. Coonie also got the Sheriff's bird dog.)

Lewis Cox

All of which just goes to
show why the horseless
carriage may eventually
replace the mule.

----Narration----

WHY I HATE MULES

Little that is complimentary can be said of a mule. As you probably know, mules are stubborn, as well as vicious animals. Most people say that they are stupid, but I sometimes think that they are dumb, like a fox.

I have had several experiences with mules, and have always come away second best. Once while hauling fertilizer to farmers in Lawrence County, I had an experience with a couple of mules, which led me to decide that mules will always be my enemies.

It started on a narrow country road, with deep ruts winding their way in and out with irregularity. The motor of my truck roared and growled, as I proceeded cautiously and slowly up the road. The bank on the right side of the road dropped sharply for about thirty feet, and it kept me alert and nervous for fear of slipping over it. I was crossing a small wooden bridge, when a loud crash rang out, and I felt the rear-end of the truck dropping down. The bridge had given away and the rear-end of the truck was down in the creek.

My truck was loaded with eight ton of fertilizer, worth about fifty dollars. By dumping the fertilizer the truck could have pulled itself out of the creek, but not wishing to lose the load, I had to find some other way to get it out.

A boy, who was about twelve years of age, came alone. He said that he would show me where I could get a tractor that could pull the truck out of the creek. Bud, which was the boy's name, said that we could borrow a couple of his dad's mules to ride to where the tractor was.

Crossing a small field to his dad's farm, we tried putting saddles on two mules, whose names were Murt and Jenny. Both of us were afraid of the mules, and every time we tried putting a bridle on one of them, they

turned around and kicked at us. Bud finally had to get his dad to come and put the bridle and saddles on for us.

We finally started on our way, with Bud riding Jenny. I was riding Murt. We got along well until we started up a steep hill. The road had turned into a narrow foot path, and Bud's mule refused to go up the hill. We tried pulling her, and beating her with a club, but she refused to move.

We decided to leave her there and ride double on Murt, but the treacherous beast refused to carry both of us. He twisted his head around and sank his teeth into my leg. I let out a howl and jumped off his back. After I finished clubbing him, we decided to lead him to the top of the hill, and try riding him from there.

The other side of the hill was steeper than ever. Setting back on our "friend" the mule, who seemed to be all right again, we started down the steep hill. The hill was too steep or the mule's shoulders were not large enough to hold the saddle, for the saddle slid over his shoulders and head and we went along with the saddle.

About one hundred feet farther down the hill, I picked myself up and looked dazedly around. Bud was unhurt, but the demon that we had been riding was standing there laughing at us. This was too much for me. Picking up a long club, I started at him, but he must have guessed my intentions, for he took off running and I haven't seen him since.

Angry and disgusted, I walked back to the truck, dumped my load of fertilizer into the creek, and drove home.

Matt Flannery



The paintings by Mexican school children recently exhibited at the MSC Art Gallery attracted considerable interest. Done by children in Grades 4 to 6, they look Mexican, all right, to all spectators, and to the critics they are "interesting."

There is plenty of color. The solid band of color around the edges (not reproduced above) represents the frame, since the pictures are not framed but mounted on cardboard.

The scenes look real. The Mexican children, it is said, know their village. Hence the familiar details of the life they know so well go into their paintings, as serapes, cantinas, and the market place.

Sketch. Disenchantment...
even to Aunt Sarah's cakes

FAMILY REUNION

"Family Reunion," grunted Bob to himself as he drove around a bend in the narrow, country road. Ahead, sitting back from the road, was the cabin where he and his parents would spend the day. Bob Johnson drove into the yard near several other automobiles and followed his mother and father out of the car. He stood near the car and looked at the familiar place before joining the crowd.

The house was not really a cabin, but in its run-down condition it had the appearance of one. If it had ever been painted, the evidence was now wholly lacking. It was built on several stones which leaned precariously, giving the impression that one need only push against the house to send it toppling over on its side.

A dirt road ran past the front, but very few cars passed. Parallel with the road was Mud River, which was actually nothing more than a good-sized creek. The road Bob had just driven over crossed the river in several places without benefit of bridges. There were no fences around the house or the surrounding land, for the property was hardly worth the cost of a fence.

In the disenchanting August sunlight which always seemed more harsh here than anywhere else, the place appeared bare, twisted, and pitiful. Even the automobiles, glistening in the sunlight, seemed out of place, as if by their presence they tried to impose another world upon the cabin's drab, life-worn being.

A number of people were already gathered in the front yard, busily preparing tables. The visitors were from everywhere, some having come many miles, as had Bob, and some having merely walked down the road a half mile or so. There were old people, middle-aged people, youths and children. Four generations were represented, the oldest and only member of the first generation being Grandma Johnson. Bob often wondered why the family continued to have the reunions, for attending them was a chore with most of the visitors, especially after the first few years.

Bob walked over to the group to give and receive the yearly greetings. Each said the things he had heard them say for years: "My how you've grown!" or "How are you gettin' along in college?" Bob considered the things they said and remembered what different meanings these remarks had once had for him when he was a child.

He could easily remember when a trip to the "country had been a wonderful adventure for him. There had been Mud River to play in, a mammoth stream which raged down between the hills. There had always been the possibility of his or some of his cousins finding secret treasure on the banks of that stream. Now the run down farm and the people were a living denial of those memories.

Bob could already predict the day's events. The visitors would gather round the tables, eat a little of this and a little of that; they would ask about who had died, who had moved to the city, and who had gotten married. Someone would, in fact already had, asked him how he was getting along in school under the impression that one went to college to learn more about readin', writin', and 'rithmetic.

After the exchange of "howdy-dos" Bob moved over under a tree and watched the preparations. There was Grandma Johnson standing over there, huddled up in an aged bundle with a dark shawl over her stooped shoulders. Her way of dressing made her look even more gnarled than she was, but at the same time it made her fit the cabin better, like a chameleon, which in time changes color to fit its home. She had lived there all her life, had grown up on Mud River, and would die there without knowing that there had ever been an alternative, and somehow, because of this, Bob felt sorry for her.

It was difficult to think of her as having been young, but undoubtedly she had. She had loved according to the fashion of her times, had married and produced children, some of whom had also become wedded to Mud River and others who had spread their lives all over the country. Anytime Bob came up here, he found that Grandma had either been to nearby Franklin or was planning to go there "next week". The twelve mile trip to Franklin she made perhaps once or twice a year, furnished enough excitement for her to subsist on. She told and retold her experiences in the town while her listeners wondered whether all the happenings occurred in Franklin or in Grandma's mind.

Bob tired of standing under the tree and sat down. He looked out toward Mud River where several children, undoubtedly cousins of his, were wading and skipping rocks on the water. He thought about the many times he had done the same--back when Grandpa Johnson had been living. He remembered how grandpa had always given him a stick of Teaberry chewing gum and let him take a puff on his old pipe. Grandpa was a blacksmith for the most part of his life, evidences of which remained in old, brown photographs of him shoeing a horse or standing in front of his shop.

In later years after most of the children had married and left, the old couple existed on State pensions and whatever donations they received from their children. In those later days, grandpa spent most of his time walking up and down the creek, visiting people and having dinner with them.

Bob thought about other visits he had made to see the two old people. One of these trips, grandpa was being troubled by pain in his ear. The yearly trips weren't much fun after that, for a cancer showed up on the old man's ear, and with each visit the side of his head looked like a mass of bloody hamburger. Bob remembered how grandpa always wore a rag over the thing, but once he took it off to show them. Bob had sat and stared at the mass of puss and blood while flies crawled over it and a sickening odor of dead flesh filled the house.

Bob lit a cigarette and relaxed against the tree. Watching the tables being prepared, he remembered how his mother had once told him not to ask for anything to eat here, after grandpa got worse. At the time he hadn't understood why and had always embarrassed his mother by asking grandma for some apple pie. Grandma would go into the kitchen, brush the flies off the pie and cut him a piece. She would then go to the cupboard and get a glass of warm, unpasteurized milk for him. Bob would sit and eat the food while his mother worried and did her best to keep from saying anything.

Bob thought of grandpa's funeral and how the old man had hung on stubbornly for several months, cooped up in the back room. When he died Bob saw real pennies on a dead man's eyes for the first time in his life. He and his cousins had found the pennies in the grass later and put them in their pockets. While the funeral was in progress in the house, he and those same cousins had run foot races up and down the road.

Bob's gaze shifted around the table, that by now was partly covered with food. The women hurried from the table to the house and to their cars to get food they had brought. Several men stood under a nearby tree, smoking and talking. Bob got up and walked over to the group.

"Hello there, Bob," said his Uncle Ray, "learnin' anything in school?"

"No, not much, Uncle Ray, just doing what I have to," replied Bob, trying to fit into the group.

"A education ain't goin' to hurt nobody. I wished many a time that I'd went on to high school," advised Uncle Ray as the other men nodded their heads in solemn agreement.

"Yer right," began Uncle John who had been listening to the conversation. "If I hadn't a got hurt in that coal mine in '26, I guess I'd a went on to school. Ain't been worth a plug nickel since I got hurt."

"How are you coming along on your law-suit, Uncle John?" asked Bob, knowing that this would open up a new topic of conversation. Uncle John had been trying for over twenty years to collect what he called his "identity" for getting hurt in the mines.

"Well, I went to Logan yesterday to see my lawyer. He said it oughta be settled when court is over, I'll be needin' the money what with my boy sick and all the bills to pay."

The men began talking among themselves about the local church and Bob went out to sit in the car. For as long as he could remember, Uncle John had been going to get his money "any day now." He kept his family in poverty for twenty years, solely because all their earnings had to go to fight his case. To him getting the money had become a "cause" which he would never give up, regardless of the cost. Uncle John always had bills coming up right away that he didn't see how he could pay unless his "identity" came in.. Bob often wondered how he managed to pay them.

Bob turned on the radio and listened a while, but in a few minutes he noticed that the dinner was beginning so he went back over to the tables. The food, as usual, was present in quantities that the group could not hope to consume. There were two tables placed end to end every inch of which ~~was~~^{are} covered with food of all kinds. The agreement, usually decided by letter writing each year, was for everyone to bring something. Each of the women tried to outdo the other, sometimes bringing quantity at the expense of quality.

Everyone kept going round and round the table, eating this and that. There was a lot of noise and everyone talked at once. This was always a great day for the children. At home, they had to eat their vegetables before they got pie and cake, but at reunions there always turned out to be a preponderance of these delicacies and anyone who would restrict himself to them was a welcome visitor. The mass of people churned about the tables, laughing, talking, and waving drumsticks. The smaller children who couldn't reach the table went along the sides tugging at people until someone handed something down to them.

"Here's a piece of Sarah's cake, Bob," came a voice from behind. "I always did say she made the best cake on Mud River." Bob accepted the cake and dutifully began eating what was the third piece of Aunt Sarah's cake that he "just had to eat."

"What's worse than bitin' into a apple and findin' a worm?" he heard Uncle Ray ask someone. The other man didn't know so Uncle Ray assured him that to bite into an apple and find half a worm was much worse. Uncle Ray laughed loudly and his cavernous mouth sent small pieces of cake flying about.

The meal dragged slowly on and one by one stuffed relatives moved away from the tables. Several of the men gathered on the running boards of nearby parked automobiles, took huge chews of tobacco, and squirted brown juice that made little puffs of dust rise wherever it ~~struck~~^{struck} the baked earth. The women cleared the tables and decided on what to do with the leftovers. Eventually all the women ended up in the kitchen and backyard to draw and heat water for washing the dishes. Even before everything was cleaned up many of the children were crying to go home. They were tired and irritable from having stood around the table in the hot sun for the past few hours. One by one the men got up, hunted their wives and children and told Grandma goodbye. By three o'clock most of the visitors had left and the rest were preparing to leave. Many of them wouldn't be back for another year, unless Grandma died in the meantime. In a little while they were all gone except Bob and his parents.

"Well," said Grandma to Bob when they were ready to leave, "you be a good boy and make somethin' out of yourself in school."

The old lady looked tired and alone as she stood there in the yard which, just an hour before, had been alive with a scene enacted primarily for her benefit. Bob wondered if she might not go into the house and cry after they left. He wondered if she really wanted to stay there alone, even though she had emphatically refused several offers to live with her children. Actually he knew why she stayed there. He had seen her sit and look far into the past many times. Even while she talked to someone, he had seen her old mind fix itself on some happy memory and relive it vividly. Still, he could not help but feel the old lady's miseries even though he didn't like the general type of person she represented. He certainly wouldn't have felt sorry for her, as he did now, forty years ago, when she still had her future in her hands. Now she was pitiable and beaten, as though she could see that it had all been for nothing. She had lived and reproduced her kind--now she stood there, it seemed to Bob, enfeebled and waiting for death.

She could be a picture of man in general, looking back and wondering if he should have turned to the left instead of to the right or right instead of left, and never knowing. But she wasn't such a picture, for old age is kind. Memories of past happiness become clearer and the present fades to become only a vehicle of transportation to the past.

The old lady's children still came to see her. Yes, and those who lived nearby saw her often, but she was not 'mother' to them anymore. She was another 'relative' that they were expected to visit. Few of them wrote her, she wouldn't have understood what they wrote about if they had. With her limited understanding of things, she could not even imagine where they lived. Her son James told her he lived in New Hampshire now, but all it meant to her was that it took him a week to get to Mud River. Another lived in New York and often told her about the city, but even while saying that she understood, the old lady's mind pictured a town with endless rows of houses like her's. She knew they came from distant places, brought food and ate it in her front yard--and left.

The thin, wrinkled old lady waved until Bob and his parents had driven out of sight. Then she went into the house to finish the dishes.

Glen D. Miller

Children usually learn lessons the hard way--by experience.

RESULTS OF CLEANLINESS

Usually during everyone's life, there are a few immortal events that occur. Of course, some of these are more outstanding than others and practically every miniature detail can be remembered by the individual to whom it happened. When he recalls the events, it is as if he were reliving them.

When I was a young child, I possessed numerous childish, as well as grown-up, characteristics that I no longer "own." My nickname was "Go"--always prowling around the house and rummaging in every peculiar-looking box that could be found. It was a difficult task for my parents to "keep up with me."

One glowing June day as the golden-winged butterflies flitted from one sweetly-scented gladiolia to another, my mother and I sat on the front porch. While Mother read articles from a weekly-magazine, I turned the pages of an old scrapbook. I became rather bored since I had already seen the pictures so many times previous to this.

Quietly I crept into the house, without disturbing my mother, and out to the back porch. There on the porch stood a huge, marble, old-fashioned washstand. Even though I was quite young, I was aware of the fact that towels were kept in the drawers of this over-sized object.

After getting a pan full of water and some soap, I began to busy myself with a "foot-washing." As I reached for the carved-out handles of this antique, I had no idea that my existence was being threatened. Tug-tug! the drawer was stuck. Just at that instant, the whole steel-edged drawer toppled over on me. My screaming immediately attracted my heedful mother's attention. She quickly grabbed me up into her arms to discover that my nose had been cut. This frightened her so, that she tried to push my dangling nose back, only to cause blood to gush more rapidly. Then she

(Cont'd on p. 38)

Overnight it will come up
the valleys and over the
hills along wooded roads
and all the byways.

--Description--

SPRING

Spring is the time of year when all life begins again. Overnight it will come up the valleys and over the hills, along wooded roads and all the byways.

Spring causes me to develop an interest in nature. In the springtime birds return from the south, trees become leafy again, flowers begin to bloom, and farmers begin to plant their crops.

I sometimes pity the people who live in lands covered with ice and snow all the year. They never have a chance to see the wonderful miracles that occur in springtime. Once you have seen spring no one can ever take the beauty of it away from you; no one can steal from you the memory of an apple tree, full of its own fragrance and loud with the hum of bees at every blossom.

I think the farmer can understand and appreciate spring better than any one else. Being a farmer myself I know what it means to be out walking in the fields or meadows and notice that green grass and flowers are springing up everywhere.

I love to awaken in the mornings to smell the fragrance of deep woods and near by pastures; to stand at my window and watch the cattle grazing knee-deep in red clover, or watch birds build their nests.

Spring is also welcomed by the animals and insects. You can see tiny ants hurrying to and fro building fresh mounds of earth everywhere, toads sunning themselves on rocks, popeyes staring and throats slowly throbbing, squirrels and chipmunks sitting on stones or old tree stumps, and the gold banded bumble, that prowls a tuft of clover, seeking the blossoms that are not yet there. Life is everywhere awakening from the long death of winter.

If spring came only once in ten years we would watch in awe and wonder at the unfolding of the maple leaf and the golden miracle of the dandelion. We would celebrate the blossoming of the apple tree and

hold holidays when morning glories spread over the fresh green meadow. But spring comes once each year and sometimes we take it too much for granted.

When the first day of spring arrives everything looks so beautiful. There is beauty to be seen in the sunlight, the trees, the birds, and the falling rain.

In spring good deeds and happy thoughts repeat themselves in our dreams; in our work, and even in our rest. When I lay down at night I am thankful to God that he was able to make a season as wonderful as spring.

Stephen Frazier

The Turkey and I
Cont. from page 18.

One will be surprised when he looks into the nest of the turkey. The eggs are larger than chicken eggs,³ round on one end and oval shaped, and are cream colored with brown spots on them. The eggs of the wild turkey tend to be smaller than those of the domesticated type.⁴ They are laid eight to fifteen in a setting.

Hattie Burke

3. Stanley J. Marsden, "Turkey Management,"
Danville, Illinois, 1939, p. 8.

4. Ibid., p. 12.

Feature. Middle Tennessee, and its bluegrass section, has traditions that linger from the time of President James K. Polk, and even farther back.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT

Saint John's Church is endowed with history, romance and sorrow. Within its brick walls, other generations have witnessed the passing of a noble family now gone. It is the church built by the Polk family slaves, consecrated by the first Bishop of Tennessee and the burial ground of statesmen, generals and aristocracy. It is empty now except for the daily visits of an old Negro woman. Everyday, she walks across the field from her little cabin to the place built by her ancestors.

Missy is the only survivor of the old Polk "house servants." Each morning, she walks along the cedar lined walk once used by a past President of the United States and his young bride. The same walk that felt the tread of marching feet as the bodies of five Confederate Generals were taken in the church for its last rites. The same walk that has witnessed and captured the past in its now worn and crumbling brick.

Missy follows a regular routine patterned by years of habit. She climbs the steps, enters, makes the sign of the cross and kneels on the floor in front of the bare altar. Yes, the altar is bare but to Missy this is the place where she received her first Holy Communion. She always kneels there and thumbs through an old prayer book still on the Litany desk.

The only prayers Missy knows are those in the Book of Common Prayer and she daily repeats the words that she learned in her childhood. With her grey head bowed low and the book in her slender black hand she repeats for an unseen audience those famous words: "Almighty God, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; Cleanse the thoughts by the inspiration of thy Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name. Amen."

After her devotions, she goes over to the old hand-pump organ and tenderly dusts the now mute keys. She looks longingly at the instrument as if it were still playing the old Anglican Plainsong melodies that had fallen on the ears of those present long ago. This was once the pride and joy of the members of the congregation--the first organ to be brought across the mountains from Virginia. Now silent to all but Missy...who remembers.

Missy keeps her cleaning apparatus in a closet once used to store the clean vestments and colorful altar trappings of a past generation. She sweeps the floor, dusts the old family pew and then sits quietly.

This is the time when Missy leaves the present drabness of her solitary and lonely life and remembers the past when there was joy and happiness. The Church always comes back to life in her mind as it once was. The candles and flowers are placed on the altar once again by her mother. The falling plaster goes back to its place on the walls and roof and she can see the small boys placing the hymnals in the pews before the communicants arrive to fill the church.

That was long ago, but for Missy, they are there everyday praying for their loved one fighting the enemy in Virginia. There is old Mrs. Frierson now, always earlier than the rest, taking her place over by the window where she can look out if the sermon is too long and watch for buggies passing along the road. One by one the families enter and take their accustomed places. Then at last, come the Polks who sit in front and always nod to Missy as she holds the door open while the women manipulate their hoops through the narrow doorway leading into their pew. Soon, all the white people are seated and the slaves, who have been waiting outside, file quickly up the steps to the gallery above. The organ begins to sound the opening chords of the prelude and the service begins.

The choir processes down the aisle and Missy hears every word from "The Lord be with you" until the sermon benediction.

Two lights on a lowly altar; two white cloths for a Feast; two vases are full of red roses. The sunlight is streaming in from the east, with a gleam falling on the folds of the vestments and the face of the priest. Whisperings of sound float over a little bread and the priest bows down his head and holds up the cup of wine. "As red as the red of roses, as white as the white of snows wherein God's flesh glows." She sees the Host uplifted, hears the sound of a silver bell, the gleam of a golden chalice and hears the celebrant say, "Be glad, sad heart, all is well."

The priest comes down to the railing, where brows are bowed in prayer; in the clasp of his fingers he holds the Host for those who are there. Missy then waits until all have finished receiving and she goes to the rail and finds peace and solace in the palm of the priest's hand.

All the worshippers leave and Missy waits at the door to let them out.

Missy then puts her broom and dust mop in the closet and goes out of the church. She walks out into the cemetery to pull weeds off the graves of her "folks" while the tears are streaming down her face that is lifted to the sky. The prayers of yesterday are written on that face now wan with many woes. Memories come to Missy as the breeze over the foam, waking the waves that are sinking to sleep--memories of home and faces now

beyond the deep. Her "folks" are gone and they will return no more, yet with her they have left a light in her heart. These memories come as the stars out in the sky, as a song out of the past and follow her steps as she walks on life's winding way.

She never passes a grave and keeps them as clean as the snowy white apron she wears to the church. When her work there is done, Missy goes back to her little cabin across the field and washes the everlasting amount of clothing brought by her neighbors for her to do.

At night she sits in her bare cabin alone in the past.
It is just as if beloved Father Ryan wrote these lines about her:
There is not a heart that is not haunted so,
Though far we may stray from the scenes of the past
Its memories will follow wherever we go,
And the days that were first sway the days that are last.

Yes, Saint John's Church is endowed with history, romance and sorrow but it is not empty...Missy is there.

William M. Martin

Results of Cleanliness
Cont. from page 33.

yelled for a doctor. When he arrived, he began to take splints out of his medicine kit and hurried toward me. After he discovered that my nose was practically cut off all he could do was bandage my wound and demand that I be rushed immediately to the hospital.

When I became conscious again, I could hardly see or breathe because of a white cloth stretched over my nose. I began to squirm and whimper, just to hear my mother whisper consoling words.

Even though I have had many frightening experiences, this one incident still clings to my memory as if it happened only yesterday.

Betty Meade

Conscience and fear of the supernatural trap an unsuspected killer.

Fiction

MAPLE STREET BRIDGE

Jake slammed the battered door behind him and stormed off the front porch. Sophie, his acid-tongued wife, had been quarreling as usual, so he decided to have a few drinks and drown his troubles at Sam's Bar, around the corner. He shuffled slowly down the dirty, narrow street. The dingy, weather-beaten houses seemed to cling to the shadows in a vain attempt to hide their unsightliness, as revealed by the street lights' glare.

His pace quickened as the familiar neon sign came into view. He could see through the unwashed window-panes that the place was crowded. As he opened the door, he felt his conscience begin to gnaw at him. He shrugged his shoulders and attempted to reassure himself that if he had been suspected, the police would have been asking questions before then. Settling himself on a stool at the bar, he waited patiently to be served.

"Haven't seen you for some time, Jake. Where have you been hidin'?" asked Sam, with a smile on his pudgy, scarred face.

"Gimme a beer," said Jake sourly, ignoring the question.

Sam grunted and waddled away to get the beer. He was a short man with huge, tattooed arms. He made many trips to bring Jake beer that night, and he noticed that Jake was becoming well plastered. The piano in the back of the room was banged continually by a skinny, freckly-faced youth with little talent and plenty of brass. A tall brunette in a tight black skirt added her deep, throaty voice to the confusion created by the piano. The time passed quickly, and before Jake realized it, the clock said midnight. There was no use going home that late; Sophie would be waiting up for him. He didn't care if she stayed up all night; she wouldn't bother him that night.

Jake sat the empty glass on the bar and slowly wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve. Through red, bleary eyes, he began to search the room for a likely companion for the remainder of the night. As he gazed around the crowded, smoky interior, his attention was riveted on the occupants of a booth against the rear wall. He quickly turned his head with a look of incredulity on his face. His voice broke as he gasped an order for more beer.

"What's the matter, Jake? You look like you've seen a ghost,"

said Sam, as he noticed the pained expression on Jake's pale face.

Jake didn't answer; his hand shook noticeably as he quickly raised the cold glass to his lips. He tried to reassure himself that it couldn't be true-that his eyes were playing tricks on him. Furtively, he cast another glance toward the back of the room. He froze in terror; they were still there.

There sat Charlie idly blowing smoke rings as he always did. Beside him sat Mary Ann busily chattering and popping her gum as she always did. Jake shook his head vigorously, trying to clear his muddled brain. The awful truth finally dawned on him-Charlie must have been alive when his body hurtled from the bridge. Jake had been so sure that all the life had been snuffed out of Charlie by his own strong hands, and it was utterly impossible that he should sit in the same room as before. He blinded his eyes several times in order to erase the frightful scene from them. It was of no avail; they were still there. Jake began to recall the events that occurred on that awful night....

Jake was sitting in the back booth with Mabel Stone, the big, husky blonde that slung hash in a cafe down on First Street. A little later they were joined by another couple, a few years younger than themselves. Mary Ann was the cute, red-headed cashier where Mabel worked. Charlie Wade was a country boy from Tennessee who worked in the steel mill across the river. All of them frequented Sam's place and had become acquainted.

"The drinks are on me tonight, folks. Some sucker gave me \$350 for that old flivver of mine this morning-what a pile of junk for this roll of lettuce," Charlie said happily.

Jake's eyes fairly stuck out on stems as he saw the large roll of greenbacks. He was filled with envy and greed. As he sat listening to the conversation and watching the smoke rings rise, his evil mind formulated a plan. As the night wore on, he was happy to observe the stinking condition Charlie was fast falling into. Finally the girls decided to go home because of Charlie's abusive vulgar talk. Jake didn't attempt to persuade them to remain.

About one-thirty Jake helped Charlie to the rest room, unobserved by Sam, who was busy at the time. Charlie was then led through the side door that connected the rest room with the side alley that ran alongside the building. Jake dropped a half dollar on the pavement. As Charlie drunkenly stooped to retrieve the coin, Jake hit him a glancing blow with a beer bottle and sent him sprawling awkwardly. Charlie seemed to rouse from his drunken stupor long enough to realize what was happening. There was a horrified expression on his face as Jake approached him again with his huge hands grasping for Charlie's neck. Charlie began to yell, but the sound soon died away. A lifeless body fell on the cold cement.

Jake lost no time in transferring the money to his own pocket. The problem now was to dispose of the body. He threw the limp form over his shoulder and headed down the dark alley to the river . . .

Jake was roused from his dark thoughts by Sam. "What's eatin' you tonight, Jake? Anybody would think your best friend had died."

Jake lifted his chin from his hands and turned for a last look at that infernal booth before he left. He was aghast to find it empty! He called the waitress over to him.

"Where's Charlie and Mary Ann?" he asked in a puzzled tone.

"You out of yer mind?" she said, "They ain't been here for a week or more."

"You're lyin', Gertrude. They were both here only a few minutes ago," he stated emphatically.

"Aw, go on home, Jake. You're beginning to see things," she laughed and tossed her head.

There was a troubled look on Jake's face as he stepped out on the street. The large, full moon flooded the night with golden light. His head was reeling, so he decided a walk in the cool air might clear it somewhat. As he walked along, he developed a violent urge to see the bridge in the moonlight. Some unexplainable, irresistible force kept luring him back to the river.

The bridge lay quiet and peaceful in the pale moonlight. It was a high, steel bridge which spanned the turbulent waters of the Samson River. Jake slowly walked to the center of the bridge and leaned against the railing. Moonbeams by the thousands danced on the rippling water. Here and there a light shone along the banks. As he stood watching the river, he felt a strong bond between it and himself. He believed that they were the only two that knew his terrible secret. There was a grim smile on his face as he recalled how the body disappeared so swiftly beneath the surface of the water and never reappeared.

The smile left his lips as a small cloud drifted across the moon, and utter darkness fell on the bridge. Jake glanced around uneasily, chills ran up and down his spine. His ears seemed to pick up the sound of soft footsteps approaching. The steps paused, then proceeded again. He tried to convince himself that it was pure imagination on his part, and that no one would be walking on the bridge at that ungodly hour of night. Yet the footfalls kept getting closer and closer. He thought of fleeing, but he couldn't distinguish the way in the darkness. He was spellbound--frozen in his tracks and unable to move a muscle.

"Who are you?" he called frantically. There was no answer. His voice sounded hollow in the night. A distant train whistle mocked him. He could feel his heart pounding rapidly as he clung to the railing for support.

"If I could only see," he whispered, terrified.

As if to answer his plea, the moon pushed the cloud aside and illuminated the bridge once more. Jake screamed in terror at the sight before his eyes. Not more than twenty feet away, he beheld Charlie Wade coming toward him. His face was ghastly pale, and the eyes were seemingly sunken in their sockets. There was an unearthly smile on the pale lips. The ghastly white hands slowly rose as if to throttle Jake upon contact.

"I didn't mean to kill you, Charlie. Let me explain," he gasped, backing away. The figure paid no heed, but came closer and closer. Jake couldn't bear the thought of those cold, clammy hands on his body. Crazy with fear, with a muffled groan, he turned quickly and plunged over the railing as the hands reached out to grab him.

Charlie's "ghost," his twin brother, Clarence, quickly blew a whistle which he had taken from his pocket. A squad car loaded with policemen rushed to the scene from the other end of the bridge.

"He's the skunk who did it all right, but he jumped into the river before I could lay hands on him," Clarence said, wiping the white powder from his face.

"You and Mary Ann did a fine piece of acting tonight. We didn't suspect this fellow at all. We figured that sooner or later someone with a guilty conscience would be scared by your brother's ghost into giving himself away," said Sergeant Wells of the Homicide Department.

"Fish that rat out, boys!" he yelled, "I've seen enough of Maple Street Bridge for one night."

Ray Davis

