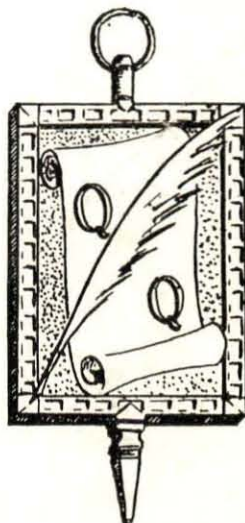


*Dr. Johnson*

# QUILL AND QUAIR



*Morehead State Teachers College*

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

Volume V

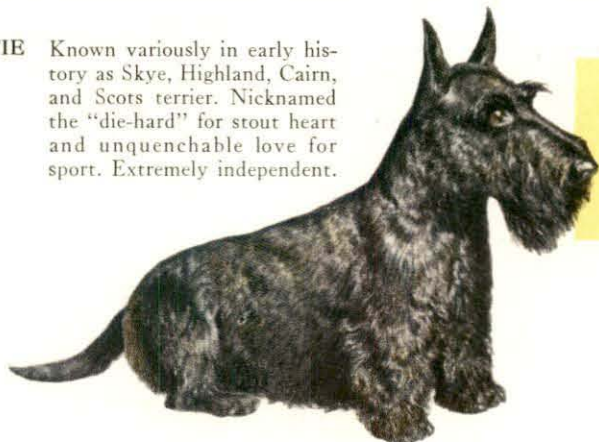
November, 1938

Number 1

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY  
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY  
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY.

# Your tired nerves need frequent relief

**SCOTTIE** Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.



He's giving his  
nerves  
a rest...

and so  
is he

**L**IKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild — *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise  
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"



**RALPH GULDAHL** (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

## DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...Turkish and Domestic.

Gopsy: 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.



Smoke 6 packs  
of Camels  
and find out  
why they are  
the **LARGEST-  
SELLING  
CIGARETTE  
IN AMERICA**

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

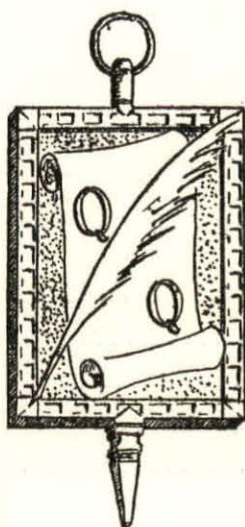
Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves



# *QUILL and QUAIR*

PUBLICATION OF

*The English Majors Club*



*Morehead State Teachers College*

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

Volume V

November, 1938

Number 1

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY  
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY  
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

## QUILL AND QUAIR

### *The Staff*

Janet Judd.....	Editor
Christine Mitchell.....	Associate Editor
Jean Black.....	Business Manager
Oliver Ratliff.....	Secretary
Inez Faith Humphrey.....	Faculty Sponsor

NOVEMBER, 1938

## *Contents*

	Page
A Picture in the Moonlight--Lucille Basenback.....	6
How to Be Unpopular and Lose Friends--Frances Peratt.....	7
Freedom--Jean Black.....	8
A Liberal Education--Karlana Vencill.....	9
What I Expect from College--Herma See.....	9
Sportsmanship--Mrs. Goldie Haymaker.....	10
Mystery Falls--Lavina Waters.....	11
The Gambler--Frank Miller.....	12
Canyon of the Devil's Fork--Emory Lee Clevenger.....	13
Poems from Grade Two.....	14
Movie Dreamland--Frank Miller.....	15
Matching Proverbs--Sam J. Denney.....	16
The Plowman's Wife--Lucille Basenback.....	17
Book Review: The Yearling--Ella Wilkes.....	18
"Where the Treasure Is -- --"--Mrs. R. G. Huey.....	21
God's World--Lucille Basenback.....	24
Pioneering in Kentucky--Former Student.....	25
C. C. C. Roads--Jean Black.....	27

## QUILL AND QUAIR

### *Foreword*

The November issue of the **Quill and Quair** comes to you with the assurance that we have presented in it the best material available. Some of the material was written previous to this school year; we use it because we need it and because we think it is worth reading.

This is an honest, unpretentious magazine. The editors do very little "editing," except to correct the most obvious errors in English and punctuation. Whatever appears in print is the actual work of the individual to whom it is accredited, so far as we are able to judge.

We expect to make the February, 1939, **Quill and Quair** another high school edition, hoping for an even more generous response from the high schools of Eastern Kentucky than we had in May, 1938. Many of the freshmen who entered our school in September had read the **Quill and Quair** magazine; so we feel sure it is welcomed in the various high schools. Several high school teachers have told us that they use the magazine in their English activities projects.

The editors of **Quill and Quair** are grateful to the contributors in this issue. They desire to continue to make the magazine a vehicle for those who "wish to have their say on paper," whether it be in fiction, essay, or poetic form. The editors wish to publish all the best writing that is done in the college, in the training school, or among former students, alumni, faculty, and friends who wish to have their writings printed. They will welcome suitable contributions from all sources.



NOVEMBER, 1938

# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS'

## TRAILER TRIP AT MT. MANSFIELD, VERMONT

GLAD YOU'RE FEELING BETTER, CHUBBINS --- BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO SEE THE DOCTOR JUST ONCE MORE BEFORE WE GO ON

I'M GLAD YOU FIND ME O.K. TOO, DOC! NOW FOR THAT TRIP UP MT. MANSFIELD. I HOPE YOU'VE GOT TIME TO GO WITH US

DELIGHTED, JUDGE! WHY NOT LEAVE YOUR TRAILER HERE AND DRIVE UP IN MY CAR?

YOU'VE CERTAINLY MADE US FEEL AT HOME HERE, DOCTOR

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR HOSPITALITY

TUT, TUT, JUDGE --- HOW ABOUT THE FAVOR YOU DID IN INTRODUCING ME TO PRINCE ALBERT?

NOW YOU CAN SEE THAT MT. MANSFIELD LOOKS LIKE A MAN'S FACE LOOKING UP AT THE SKY. THERE'S HIS FOREHEAD, NOSE, LIPS, CHIN, AND ---

EVEN HIS ADAM'S APPLE!

ISN'T THIS PEAK A LONELY SPOT?

WELL --- LOOK AT THE EMPTY P.A. TIN. SOME UNFORTUNATE FELLOW RAN OUT OF PRINCE ALBERT WAY UP HERE

I'M ALWAYS READY FOR THAT EMERGENCY, JUDGE. I GET STUCK IN PRETTY REMOTE PLACES MYSELF, SO I ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

A WISE PRECAUTION, DOCTOR. THE MAN WHO SMOKES PRINCE ALBERT IS GETTING EXTRA SMOOKING JOY --- ALL THE MORE REASON WHY HE DOESN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE PIPE-LOAD

BREAKING IN A PIPE? DO IT WITH THAT NO-BITE PRINCE ALBERT. IT'S **SLOW-BURNING** AND TOPS FOR **COOL, MELLOW SMOKING**

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



**SO MILD!**



**50** pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

**P. A. MONEY-BACK OFFER.** Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

### A PICTURE IN THE MOONLIGHT

Lucille Basenback

I saw the willows bend thirstily  
toward the brown-green water.  
They dipped slim fingers in and trailed  
a silver line along the pebbly shore.  
I saw the moon appear among the stars,  
filtering mist among the willow leaves,  
sending a golden ribbon along the stream.

I saw the cattle come to dip their noses deep  
disturbing the ribbon of moonlight,  
splashing their forefeet in its coolness.

A brown bird saw this loveliness,  
and trilled a song.

I stood helpless, hating my songless state.



NOVEMBER, 1938

## HOW TO BE UNPOPULAR AND LOSE FRIENDS

Frances Peratt

So you want to be unpopular and can't! In that case let an authority tell you all the tricks in ten easy lessons on the installment plan. After deliberate research I have arrived at the conclusion that no matter how hard you try, no matter if you throw all your energies into it, you can not make enemies of everyone. Perfection is put into the jingle:

Nobody loves me, everybody hates me,

I'm going down to the garden to eat worms.

Perfection is impossible. Even the world's meanest man has some friends. So don't feel discouraged if you have friends. Even the best of us do.

First, you must decide whether your unpopularity is to be scattered thinly over a large number of people or to be concentrated with a certain type or group. As one with much experience in the field, I warn you that any unpopularity with a large number is likely to spread so thinly that it amounts to indifference. My advice is to select one particular group, because you really can't be unpopular with everyone.

If you want to, you may use such things as the ads recommend for loss of friends, but in my long years of experience, I find that such superficial methods as B. O. do not lead to lasting enemies.

Supposing that you have chosen to be the pet peeve of a group of intellectuals, there is a long list of little mannerisms that guarantee unpopularity with the group. When you meet one of the crowd on the street yell to him from across the street, then rush to him, slap him on the back violently, and break his hand with your other paw. Pop your gum and see how close to him you can pull it. Keep an accurate measurement of your gum to watch your development in unpopularity. If you succeed in touching him, it insures your isolation forever. Ridicule each person's views on any subject. Never make fun of only one side of the argument. Both sides are liable to consider you an intellectual, too. Bring out your funniest or dullest story when the argument starts to climax and tell it at the top of your voice, then hold your sides and laugh. If you aren't left in the room by yourself, you're slipping. You can't expect it to last with every individual in the group because one or two are sure to regard your eccentricities as a sign of genius.

At the other extreme we have the "song and dance" crowd. To put your worst foot forward with them, don't do any of the things you would do with an intellectual group; instead, carry about with you five or six books about the size of "Gone with the Wind," but ones that weigh very little. When they begin to jive, yawn twice and pull out your biggest book. And when they tell jokes, stare vacantly into space and say nothing. If you feel compelled to smile, yawn. You will find that yawning is as contagious as smiling. Pursue a strictly "hands off" attitude. In the crowd, probably there will be one or two who will find you restful, but as I said before, there are some people who will admire you in spite of everything.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

If you are going into this seriously, here are a few pointers you should know. They work in any crowd because they seem naturally to jar human nature. They are all obnoxious so I won't give any preference. (1) Brag about anything—the price of a suit—the trail of broken hearts left behind—your prowess as an athlete or a cook. (2) Be a sieve for secrets. Tell everything you know and know everything. Soon you won't know anything to tell. (3) Stick your nose in the air and look down it at your "friends." Assume the "Holier than thou" attitude—you're better than they are. (4) Know all the answers—or let them think that you do. (5) Sulk and never speak. Don't pretend to be timid, that wins many friends. Put on a frown and sulk in a corner.

There you are, you hoodlums, and if you don't succeed, don't try again, because there is either something wrong with you or with my system. It can't be my system; so resign yourself to a life of popularity.

## FREEDOM

Jean Black

Let me be free for only an  
hour  
To soar like a bird  
Or nod as a flower.  
Let the winds drift me any-  
where  
As a leaf from a tree  
With never a care.



NOVEMBER, 1938

## A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Karlana Vencill  
Breckinridge High School

My aim in going to school and attempting to obtain an education is to enable myself to be like the kind of person who rates highest in my estimation.

This type of person has a general knowledge of many things. He may converse intelligently on a wide variety of topics instead of being so over-specialized that he knows only one. The liberally educated person knows right from wrong and governs himself accordingly. He also has the ability to see things clearly and as they really are though they may oppose his particular political, religious, or personal viewpoints. He sees things in their true relationship and does not try to convince himself that wrong is right or vice versa. Too, the type of person I long to be has the ability to adapt himself to situations which may, at first, seem unbearable. Last, the educated person "gets along with" his associates and not only has the art of making friends, but is able to keep them. He "respects others as himself." To me these qualities constitute the foundation of a liberal education and the person possessing them is to be both respected and admired by everyone.

## WHAT I EXPECT FROM COLLEGE

Herma See  
College Freshman

Our presence in college, to some of us at least, signifies one thing, that we are here to get ready for advanced work. If we do not properly prepare ourselves for that work, then we have failed. It is all up to us!

Perhaps I expect too much from college. That is for you to judge. I want, and intend to get, from college my part of all it has to offer, that part which interests me, and will benefit me most when school is over. If the remainder of our days were to be spent here we would be secure. If we did not have to arrive at that inevitable stage of maturity, when we must lay aside our childish toys and take, instead, the armor to fight on and for the same grounds our fathers and mothers fought, our life would be secure. But fate has another course mapped for us. For that predestined future I am preparing now, and I expect college to help me.

How? First, I expect to learn, while here, all I possibly can from all the courses I am taking. Secondly, I intend to learn about this great, wide, big, and beautiful world I am going to share. I want to understand more fully the world in which I live. I want confidence in myself and fellow-man. I want to learn control, control of my emotions, actions, and pleasures. I want to learn to take an active, intelligent, and constructive part in human affairs. To accomplish this I must learn poise, culture, and refinement. All this represents a need which can be met only through a diversified curriculum.

I do not expect college to be an easy and royal road to success, but I do expect it to be an aid to a better life. It is going to be my means of getting acquainted with the world and its difficulties.



## QUILL AND QUAIR

### SPORTSMANSHIP

Mrs. Goldie Haymaker  
College Freshman

Sportsmanship is a blend of fairness, the grace of a good loser, modesty, the grace of a good winner, and loyalty to the team.

The captain of my first tennis team will always remain in memory as a type of the ideal sportsman. As we approached the courts of the neighboring high school he said to us, in his peculiar thrilling way, "Now, comrades, we may not be winners, but let's show them, anyway, that we can be good losers!"

Though the sportsman is a good loser, he is a precious hard loser. He battles to the last trench, and he never says die. He is a "dead game sport" which is, we may suppose, a sport who continues game until he drops dead. He is a chip off the old block from which were carved fighters like Johnny Armstrong of the early ballad, familiar to all of us:

Said John, "Fight on, my merry men all,  
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain;  
I will lay me down for to bleed awhile,  
And then I shall rise and fight with you again."

On the other hand we find on the athletic field the fellow who is inclined to be "lily-livered," though he may not always "lack gall." Quite often he is beaten in the first few minutes of the game and "lies down" definitely. Not infrequently an opponent with a formidable reputation can conquer him even before the ball leaves the ground. He will often play with deliberate carelessness in order to save his dignity by having it appear that he doesn't deign to take the game seriously. He is what we vividly call "a quitter."

The true sportsman is modest; he never boasts about victories won or victories "about-to-be won." We all remember the story of the "champions" who were to play football with one of the universities in the South. They were so confident of victory that they stopped at an inn the night before the game to celebrate and several of them became very ill, a fact which caused them to lose the game the following day.

A true sportsman is a good winner. After an easy victory he will pretend to mop his dry, cool forehead, and will make much of the unique points in the other fellow's style, pretending that the game was really closer than the score would seem to indicate. He is willing and eager to sacrifice any personal advantage to the spirit of fair play. In teamwork he is equally ready to forego personal glory for the good of the team.

But the sporting spirit is about the most democratic, unstellar thing I know. In the eyes of the law all men are supposed to be equal. But in the eyes of the law of sport all men are actually equal so far as a fair chance goes, and the spirit of that law is very generally enforced. Just join some college team on its travels and give some other college a tremendous trouncing on its home grounds, where a trouncing is most painful, and then see how like long-lost brothers that other team will treat you when the last ball has come to rest.



NOVEMBER, 1938

After all, the sporting spirit is about the most precious thing we Americans have. What other nation could have fought out such a sportsmanlike contest as the Civil War and then have allowed bygones to be so completely bygones?

It is significant that this healing process should have been begun by members of the "unsportsmanlike" sex, and members of the losing side, at that. The mere fact that Memorial Day, the symbol of reconciliation, was created by the act of Southern women in strewing flowers on the graves of Northern and Southern soldiers alike would seem to indicate that the American woman, handicapped as she is by ages of unsportsmanlike feminine heredity, is an example of the grand old ideal of playing the game with a fair field and no favor.

## MYSTERY FALLS

Lavina Waters

High School Sophomore, Palmyra, Illinois

We had just emerged from the main group of caves, when our guide suggested that we visit Mystery Falls. This cave, as the name implies, housed a waterfall which poured rapidly from a great height. As the guide flashed delicately tinted light on this rushing torrent, it appeared as the product of an artist--too beautiful for reality.

But as we gazed at this awe-inspiring sight, suddenly the lights were transformed to a sickly yellowish-gray hue, and we could hear a weird, moaning sound issuing from below. Immediately I visioned some dreadful apparition, pale and thin, painfully struggling to free himself from the rocks which crushed him. And to heighten my fears, there came a loud fiendish laugh from the entrance of the cave; and I, turning toward the section whence came the sound, recognized our guide shaking with laughter, as he switched on the natural lighting and pointed to an annoyed owl perched on a rock below the falls.



## QUILL AND QUAIR

### THE GAMBLER

Frank Miller  
College Freshman

A man stood looking out of a small hut at a transport plane slowly taking off. It was raining outside, but the drops on his cheek were not caused by rain. They were, perhaps, caused by the knowledge that he was in an extremely dangerous spot.

He was a gambler. (Tony, the Gambler, they called him.) One glance was sufficient to tell that. He had a dark swarthy complexion and shifty, black eyes. He wore spats and two large diamond rings. Over a chair in the little one-room shack was his black coat.

He was watching a plane that seemed to be having a hard time getting off the ground. The passengers inside, however, did not seem to be worried; in fact, they seemed quite jovial.

"Well, his luck finally caught up with him."

"Who would have thought Tony would be the one to lose?"

"I wonder how he feels after losing for the first time."

One passenger, however, did not enter into the conversation. He was a young man with a rather frail face. A young woman, his newly married wife, sat beside him. Perhaps the young man, Jimmy, by name, was thinking of the poker game, that all the male passengers had partaken of, not ten minutes ago. It was a strange sort of poker game they had played. Not for money but for the right to ride in the transport plane. One passenger had to give up his place to the injured man they had found at the emergency landing field.

"Bandits, robbers," the man had muttered as he was carried to the plane. Well, these Mexican bandits were terrifying persons.

Thirteen slips had been cut out and an "X" placed on one of them. They had been shuffled in a hat and everyone had taken one. Silence had ensued for a few seconds; then Tony, the gambler, who had stood next to Jimmy, had said in a curious sort of voice, "Well, boys, I guess I stay."

Now that the plane was in the air again, Jimmy should have discarded his worried frown. But it remained even though he attempted to hide it.

The transport plane hummed on into the night, disappearing from the gambler's sight.

The next day dawned bright and clear at the emergency landing field. Two peons were hauling a pushcart, filled with empty gasoline cans, up the trail towards the shack. Reaching the shack, they knocked on the door; once, twice, three times. Receiving no answer, they tried the latch, found it unlocked, and walked in. Everything was in order, but Tony lay on the floor, dead, with a knife in his back. The two peons searched his pockets, but no clues to his identity were found. Shaking their heads, they loaded the body into their pushcart and headed for their village.

At Los Angeles the transport plane had landed and everything was hurry and confusion. Jimmy got off with his wife, dug into his pocket to give a tip to the stewardess, and a tiny piece of paper fell to the ground. A porter, seeing what happened, walked forward and picked up the paper. He was about to hand it to the young man, but stopped to look at it more closely. It was only a piece of paper with an "X" in the middle. The porter put it in his pocket and walked on.



NOVEMBER, 1938

## CANYON OF THE DEVIL'S FORK

Emory Lee Clevenger  
College Freshman

One mighty rift in solid sandstone, like a great mouth heavily bearded with evergreen trees; great jumbled masses of sandstone and conglomerate rocks heaped in confusion along the course of the stream; dazzling white waterfalls that sport and race through these masses--I might go on indefinitely in such terms if I were giving a complete description of the Devil's Fork region.

It is a fact, however, that this place is rare among Kentucky scenes for sheer majesty and grandeur. The stream called Devil's Fork has its beginning in Elliott County, crosses Elliott and more than half of Morgan, then empties in the North Fork of the Licking River about four miles below Wrigley, on the old Morehead and North Fork Railroad grade. Along its entire length it is bordered by high gray and reddish-brown sandstone cliffs, with a spice of conglomerate rock, sandstone set with white quartz jewel-pebbles.

In every crack and cranny of these cliffs grow mosses, evergreen trees, and a few poplars and beeches. There the bees hum in summer all day long, and the fish leap in the stream. There could be found peaceful quiet and rest for the tired city worker, if he only knew it.

In winter the scene is somewhat different. Since the sun cannot shine directly upon the ground because of the narrowness of the channel, the stream and cliffs remain frozen almost continuously. In such a time it is not safe for an inexperienced person to venture into the slippery, steep cliffs. Yet to grasp completely the beauty of the place there should be winter visits also. The water of the stream will be quiet under the ice, the trees will creak softly with frost, soft showers of snow will sift down upon you. If you look sharp, you may see rabbits, squirrels, and, if you are lucky, a fox. Redbirds will call from laurel thickets or flash from limb to limb as you pass.

But you must go to Devil's Fork in laurel season! If you love beauty, by all means visit the canyon in late spring when the air is balmy and laden with bird-song. Whole cliffs will be crowned with pink and white laurel and rhododendron blossoms. Bury yourself in their cascading petals as they fall from the flower; smell the pungent odor of the pine needles as you lie at ease. You will agree with me that you have found one of the most satisfying retreats there are. Take it from me--I know.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

### POEMS FROM GRADE II

(Miss Edna Neal, Teacher)

#### LITTLE JACK FROST

Little Jack Frost comes in the night.  
He makes the leaves all pretty and bright;  
He turns them yellow and red and gold;  
He makes our cheeks all red and cold.

Jack Frost comes on Hallowe'en.  
He plays with the witches and old black cats;  
He bites their toes and tickles their nose.  
Little Jack Frost likes Hallowe'en.

He runs away when the sun comes out;  
He turns to a water fairy and plays about;  
He makes the flowers all go to sleep.  
They awake again in the springtime sweet.

#### THE SUNSET

The sun has set behind the hill;  
The colored clouds are rolling by;  
The butterflies have gone to sleep;  
The little stars begin to peep.

The moon is coming up;  
The whip-poor-will is singing,  
Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,  
As he sits upon the hill.

#### JACK FROST

Jack Frost, Jack Frost,  
Why don't you stay?  
When the sun comes out,  
You run away.

You always come  
When it is dark;  
We cannot see you  
Paint in the park.



## MOVIE DREAMLAND

Frank Miller

Two years ago, I Married an Angel, On Borrowed Time. (The Bride Wore Red.) While we were in Seventh Heaven, Having a Wonderful Time, another angel went Flying Down to Rio, After the Thin Man, who didn't want to become a Passport Husband. While there She saw his Three Comrades Between Two Women. The Bad Man of Brimstone made fun of her, so she killed him and took The Life of Louis Pasteur, The Life of Emile Zola, and The Life of Henry VIII because they offended her. After a while she brought back The Thin Man, Lord Jeff, Peter the First, David Copperfield, Forty-Five Fathers and their Little Women, and Alexander's Ragtime Band. She also brought back A Fugitive from the Chain Gang and made him serve Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing. She would have brought the Captain Courageous, but they wanted to Follow the Fleet.

My Second Honeymoon was over so I waited only long enough to see that Accidents Will Happen, for The Three Musketeers threw King Kong Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, which was A Slight Case of Murder. I then returned home with my bride.

When we arrived it was All Quiet on the Western Front. The twins Rose Marie and Rosalie, who could always Keep Smiling, welcomed us home, but they wanted to spend A Day at the Races at Boy's Town so they left soon. They said that they liked races, but I'll Take Romance.

We heard a big argument going on next door between those Three Smart Girls, Sally, Irene, and Mary. It was only Woman Against Woman so I did not enter The Lion's Den. They are rather Fast Company at best, and I expected to hear Whistlin' Bullets any minute. Evidently they had said a Farewell to Arms though.

I went in the front door thinking about the wonderful Holiday I had had. Just as I stepped in the door, Roberta, The Gay Divorcee, grabbed me by the shoulder and started shaking me. I heard her say, "Frank, Wake Up and Live or you'll be late to school. Your breakfast's all ready. Come and Get It."

P. S. This is a True Confession.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

### MATCHING PROVERBS

Match each one in the alphabet column with one in the numbered column.

Sam. J. Denney

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| A. Strong drink causes a man's reason and self-control to leave him.                                 | 1. A spot is most seen on the finest cloth.       |
| B. One who pays his debts promptly can nearly always obtain credit.                                  | 2. Cut your coat according to your cloth.         |
| C. People are not always wise enough to make use of the advantages around them.                      | 3. Best to bend while it is a twig.               |
| D. A champion doesn't often push people around.  | 4. A well-filled body does not believe in hunger. |
| E. A good workman is worthy of a high wage.  | 5. A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.  |
| F. Even an obscure person may have great influence upon others.                                      | 6. A wager (bet) is a fool's argument.            |
| G. We do not often talk much to defend an act unless we think it to be in need of defense.           | 7. A mountain and a river are good neighbors.     |
| H. Adjust your life to suit conditions.  | 8. A drunken man is not at home.                  |
| I. It is easy for one who makes great promises to become a great liar.                               | 9. A good payer is master of another purse.       |
| J. A fault in a person of consequence is much more noticeable than if found in one of no importance. | 10. A good swordsman is not a quarreler.          |



- K. A dunce offers a bet or a blow because he can't think of reasons.
- L. It is hard to foresee a possible future need when in the midst of prosperity.
- M. It is unwise to want what can never be possible to have.
- N. Youth is the time to form habits and lay the foundation for success in life.
- O. Neighbors are apt to be friendly if they are not too much alike in tastes and desires.
11. A promise neglected is an untruth told.
12. A long tongue is the sign of a short hand.
13. A good road and a wise traveler are two different things.
14. A good workman is never overpaid.
15. A little man may cast a great shadow.

## THE PLOWMAN'S WIFE

(His eyes see her thus)

Lucille Basenback

Your hair is the colour of the black soil I plow,  
Your features as delicate as the line of hills beyond,  
Your eyes as clear as the brook in the meadow,  
Where cattle quench their thirst at early dawn.  
Sometimes I mistake your apron for a snowy cloud  
On the top of the hills where the trees are thin;  
Your step is as light as the wind in my hair,  
Your appearance as fresh as Spring coming in.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

The essence of the novel lies, however, in the story of Jody, the boy, and Flag, the fawn, captured in the forest by Jody and received at home by virtue of Penny's overcoming Ory's objections. This fawn came to the boy as a satisfying answer to his yearning for some living creature to appease his loneliness. As he expresses it to his father, "I jest want something all my own. Something to foller me and be mine."

The love that grows between the boy and the fawn is told simply and beautifully. For months they run and play, sleep and eat as only two young, growing things can. Then suddenly, or so it seems, Flag is fully grown and, true to his nature, takes his food where he finds it, whether in the forest, the storeroom, or the field. Knowing Jody's love for the fawn, Penny on a bed of illness endures the knowledge of Flag's depredations, though he does not conceal from himself or from his son the menace offered to their food supply. Frantically Jody builds barriers after each raid, only to have Flag kick them down or leap them with one bound. Twice the deer eats the precious corn, and Penny can stretch his tolerance no further. He decrees that Flag must die, and there is only Jody to kill him. With his gun and his beloved playmate the boy goes into the forest and there faces his Gethsemane. It would be almost desecration to tell of this in any words less effective than those of the author who depicts the heartbroken Jody as he comes to this decision—"I cain't do it."

He and Flag turn homeward and there in a spurt of anger his mother does that which Jody could not do. Again the boy leaves home, this time bitter in speech and spirit. Inevitably, though, the clearing draws him back, and it is then that Penny sums up the meaning of the whole book as he says: "I'm goin' to talk to you, man to man. You figgered I went back on you . . . 'Twan't only me. 'Twan't only your yearlin' deer havin' to be destroyed. Boy, life goes back on you."

"You've seed how things goes on in the world o' men. You've knowed men to be low-down and mean. You've seed ol' Death at his tricks. You've messed around with ol' Starvation. Ever' man wants life to be a fine thing, and a easy. 'Tis fine, boy, but tain't easy. Life knocks a man down and he gets up and it knocks him down again."

"What's he to do then? What's he to do when he gits knocked down? Why, take it for his share and go on."

As Jody's storm of rebellion passes, there comes in its stead a feeling of near-content to find his father living, his mother doing her usual tasks; in other words to be at home. That night in his own bed under his own roof he busies himself with his thinking.

"He did not believe he should ever again love anything, man or woman or his own child, as he had loved the yearling. He would be lonely all his life. But a man took it for his share and went on."

"In the beginning of his sleep he called out, 'Flag!'"

"It was not his own voice that called. It was a boy's voice. Somewhere beyond the sink-hole, past the magnolia, under the live oaks, a boy and a yearling ran side by side, and were gone forever."

Jody had grown up.



"WHERE THE TREASURE IS - - -"

Mrs. R. G. Huey

"You'll have to move your cheer a mite."

As I walked the splint-bottomed chair backward, Aunt Em lowered her heavy body to the floor and raised a board. Lying flat, she reached into the darkness and drew forth a great flat, round gourd with a neatly fitting, stem-handled lid. Lifting it carefully with both hands, she set it on the floor close to my chair, spanked the dust from her dress, and went to the door of the one-room cabin. Shading her eyes with her hand, she looked up and down the road. Stepping back into the room, she said apologetically, "Jist drape yer skirt over that till I get back." True to my trust, I sat sternly in my straight chair.

This gloomy, ill-smelling home was not offensive to me. In the few days since my meeting with Aunt Em, we had become friends. She probably knew all about me, for Jim and I had been living in a tent at the ford since our wedding day, June seventh. Absorbed in each other and in the beauty of the narrow mountain valley, we loved everything and everybody, and met the same response. We bought our provisions wherever we could find them. What if we did walk five miles to buy a black hen to boil over our camp fire! Everywhere we found new friends, and we never refused an invitation to "eat vittles" at noon. We repaid this never-failing hospitality with tinted Kodak pictures of the family.

Aunt Em appeared in the door with her apron bunched together in her hand. Opening it carefully, she counted five slim white eggs into my basket. Going again to the door, she looked and listened, stepped swiftly back, raised the gourd lid, and exposed nine more eggs in a nest of tan tissue paper. Placing these with the others, Aunt Em lifted the paper from a pair of new vici-kid Oxfords, with patent leather tips. Dexterously easing them out of their cramped quarters, she set them on the floor before me, and stood triumphant.

My gasp expressed my admiration even more satisfactorily than did the flow of adjectives which followed. Aunt Em breathed, "I allus did desire a pair of fine slipper shoes."

Her face clouded as she swooped down and squinted anxiously at a small green speck on the lustrous black surface. Raising the left shoe, she dampened a corner of her apron at her lips and tenderly wiped away the mold. Nothing could make me doubt that this mountain mother had treasures laid away where moth and rust do not corrupt, but my eyes followed hers in search of a safe place to stow this earthly treasure. In the frank nakedness of the cabin, this seemed beyond the power of human ingenuity, so we smoothed the limp tissue, and wound it about each shoe. Fitting them back into the gourd, Aunt Em stood expectantly. I counted eighteen cents into her palm. The silver dime was dropped into the single ornament in the home, a gilded mustache cup on the fire board, but the nickel and three coppers slid to rest in the gourd under the shoes.



## QUILL AND QUAIR

Stowing away her symbol of Cinderella's coach, the old lady replaced the plank, dragged one bare foot along the disturbed ridge of dust, set her chair squarely over the secret panel, and seated herself.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I told you I'd send for you when the onions got as big as teacups, and I kept my word. But I couldn't hardly stick it out. The reason why, I had a surprise that'll pleasure you."

Fanning with my coarse straw hat, I sat down in the cool dimness of the cabin. The old house had an atmosphere all its own. For almost a hundred years monarchs of the forest had roared in the great fireplace, or fumed sulkily, blowing out great breaths of fragrant, blinding smoke into the room. Over beds of live coals, chunks of deer, bear, or mountain hog meat had sputtered. Sometimes the contents of the big iron kettle had boiled over, and the black, greasy smoke had permeated the pores of the logs of which the cabin was made. Perhaps tons of tobacco and aromatic leaves had been smoked in cob or clay pipes by the men or women who had lived here. Dried herbs, strings of dusty red peppers, and the last of the "leather britches" hanging from the rafters suggested odors which would be brought to life by simmering over a fire.

The four-panel glass window was firmly set in mud plaster, close to the door, in the front wall. Over both, graceful tendrils of wild grape fell. That sweetest of woods odors, which comes from its bloom, mingled with the fresh clean smell of the chestnut board floor, scrubbed early this morning with soft soap.

A glittering blue-black snake-feeder darted in at the open door, but was thrust back by the shadows. The pregnant quiet which follows in the ushering of a visitor was broken by the cackling of a brown leghorn hen, which had risen from her nest in the brush to the top of the rail fence below the road.

Aunt Em brought in the wooden bucket, and while I drank sweet cool spring water from the gourd, she accepted a piece of candy from my sack. When she had set the bucket back on its shelf outside the door, she went to the bed, mysteriously turned back the straw tick and drew forth a large soft something in a muslin bag. Shaking it out on the quilt, she said, "Jist lace. I made it myself." Not comprehending, I stood speechless while Aunt Em continued, "I raised the cotton, I spun it to cord, and I tied it. And they didn't anyone know what I was up to, neither," Aunt Em did not notice my spellbound silence. From the faint smile on her lips, she was living again those days when she had created this piece of art—for real art it was.

The coarse, creamy-white, loosely-twisted cord was tied into an intricate, exact pattern of net, with peculiar flat knots, each beautiful in its perfection. In every fifth loop hung a tassel, of just the right proportion. The lace was about three yards long and eighteen inches wide. But still I did not understand its name or its purpose.



## NOVEMBER, 1938

Aunt Em began to put her memories into words. "It was the summer little Sammy died. I was just cut to the quick, and it seemed like there wasn't nothin' that was satisfyin' to me. We hadn't wore out our ticks yet that my mammy and Sam's mammy give us when we wus wed, and anyhow, I knowed Aunt Tempy Vanover was a-goin to heir us all her beddin' when she passed. So I made me two pieces of jist lace."

"Hit took might-nigh all summer and fall, but I didn't have nothin else much to do—just the garden to hoe out and the cook-wood to git. Hit didn't take a sight of cookin' fer jist Sam and me, and anyhow, he et the big meal at his Grandpappy Vanover's where he was a-workin' in the crop. Some days I went with him, but mostly I had to stay home and fight the hawks off the chickens. So I jist set right here in this room and tied. Hit hain't much of a chore after you git the cotton picked, and cleaned, and carded, and spun, and hanked, and bleached, and cord-twistened. Hit's the only, what you'd say, lady-work I ever done, 'cause me and Sam raised seven boys and put two in the ground. Lots of vittles has to be cooked to grow boys."

"Well, I never said nothin' 'bout what I was doin' to Sam. I whittled out my pegs, and drave in that there jist over yer head, and stretched the lace. It was a real nippy night, and when he come home from pullin' fodder, I had a big fire, an' some squirrel dumplin's on a-cookin' and a red year of corn standin' on each end of the fireboard. Sam stopped stock-still in the door, and looked all around, and his face, hit lit up kind of solemn-like, and he laid his hand on my shoulder, an' he says, 'Emmie, our home's purty as a pitcher, hain't it?'"

"I jist couldn't hardly eat fur tellin' him all about how I done it. An' when we pushed back, I seen a dippy place where the tassel hung down, and Sam he histed me up and helt me whilst I evened it. And even after we tuck to the bed, we couldn't hardly go off to sleep fer lookin' at hit."

Aunt Em paused, and we stood fingering the lace, unwilling to break the spell cast by the scene which she had so vividly portrayed. Suddenly she gathered the mass into her arms and thrust it against me. "Take hit. Hit's fer you. You and yer man look jist like Sam and me did when we wus as young as you. You won't allus have to live in that goods tent, and when you set up, this here jist lace will be all ready fer you. I know you'll want things purty."

I had no words. Tears rolled down my face and were absorbed by the lace. Aunt Em understood.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

## GOD'S WORLD

Lucille Basenback

This earth is mine?

This world of restless life,  
Its children spilling blood and  
wine  
In flighty youth,  
Who, aged, remember with re-  
morse  
They laughed at truth!

My hands give fire  
To the cold sheet of song,  
The voice of the lyre  
Is silent, lest I inspire  
This clay of mine!

No man can build  
Against me resistance,  
I am the kernel  
And joy of existence;  
I am the spirit of birth  
And the Bread and the Wine.

But this—this earth—  
Is it mine?



NOVEMBER, 1938

## PIONEERING IN KENTUCKY

Former Student

Away back in the "seventies," when Letcher County, Kentucky, was sparsely settled and great forests of tall trees and tangled underbrush darkened what are now her bright sunny hills and sparkling streams, there stood upon the south bank of the sandy Kentucky River, a mile or more south of the little village of Mayking, a squatty log cabin of three rooms--two front and one back.

The owner of the house, Will Combs, had inherited it through his father from his grandfather, old Ed Combs, who came to Kentucky from North Carolina when Kentucky was a part of Virginia, and who traced his ancestry to the McCombs of Ireland. The elder Combs had built his cabin in the center of his homestead, and owned up and down the river "as far as the eye could see," or more exactly half a mile each way between the top of the "ridge" and the "bed" of the river. This tract consisted of three or four hundred acres of mountain land and river valley.

The two front rooms faced the river, the east room being used as a bedroom, and the west room being used as both bedroom and "sitting room" or parlor. The front rooms were separated from each other by a space of perhaps ten feet. Directly back and facing this opening stood the kitchen and store room combined. The whole was covered with one roof, forming over the open space a sort of shed. In this shed were hung old clothing, baskets, saddles, harness, or "gears" as they were called, and numerous other articles of pioneer usefulness.

South of the house stood a log barn with room for several horses and cows, chickens, geese, and other barn-yard fowls. Hogs and sheep were allowed to run wild until hog-killing and sheep-shearing time. At these seasons the hogs were run down with dogs and slain wherever found, but the sheep were driven into an enclosure and sheared by hand. The sheep were also corraled at lambing time that they might be safe from "wild varmints," as all predatory animals were called. The half-wild hogs, however, were capable of protecting their offspring.

The present owner of this wild domain was a cripple. Five years before, while out 'possum hunting one dark night, he had fallen over a cliff and had broken his leg. He was not found until the evening of the second day after he had fallen, and it was early morning of the third day before the best "hog-butcher" could be secured to amputate the leg. Since that time he had hopped around on crude crutches and nursed his internal injuries as best he could. The young son raised meagre crops on the farm, while the mother raised healthy babies at the log cabin, three having arrived since the father's accident five years before.

## QUILL AND QUAIR

One day the young son, Tim, probably a contraction of Timrod, who is the hero of this story, came in from the field earlier than usual. He went to the gun-rack over the door of the west room and took down "Old Hulda," the heavy long-barreled squirrel rifle. "Ma," he called into the kitchen, "I'm a-going up th' river to th' pine thicket. I hearn a old turkey gobbler up thar t'other night. Maybe he's fat 'nuf to eat." Without further word he shouldered the long rifle and sauntered out through the paling gate, and was quickly lost to sight in the heavy willow growth of the river bank. Three or four small children watched his departure with questioning eyes and immediately forgot the incident.

No rain had fallen for a week, and the dead sticks and dry leaves cracked and rattled under Tim's feet as he plodded along the narrow shelf of the river bank. Once a rabbit jumped from the thicket of briars and bounded up the hillside in a noisy clatter. A covey of quail rose at his approach and sailed off over the dense undergrowth. Tim gave little heed to such small game. A drove of half-wild hogs stopped feeding. A great black boar sniffed loudly. "Whoosh! Whoosh!" sounded his warning, and the drove melted into the great timber.

When Tim reached the thicket of pines, he cautiously and somewhat tremblingly peered through the dense foliage of the thicket. Nothing met his gaze. He moved a short distance up the hillside so that he might see into the taller trees of the thicket. At the foot of a great oak he sat down to wait. Twilight was in the trees. There in the tranquil evening, the bright sunset lighting the hilltops, the boy sat and gazed on the silent majesty of these deep woods. Shocks of yellow hair floated down under the ragged brim or stuck up through the torn crown of his old hat.

Suddenly the boy jerked erect, strained forward. Downward from the mountains through the evening twilight came an unearthly wail. The birds suddenly hushed their chatter. Tim could hear his unsteady pulse beat with strange flutterings. The pines and hemlocks, indistinct in the twilight, murmured softly in the cool breeze, but Tim heard them not. Slowly he stood erect, listening. Again the awful silence of these wild solitudes was shattered by the fearful scream. The boy's face blanched and his lips trembled. "Pant'er," he whispered huskily.

Around the hill to the right of the pine thicket was a deep, heavily-wooded hollow. Somewhere down in this hollow a limb snapped loudly, and instantly a rabbit sailed around the hillside, almost colliding with the boy, but never slackening speed. This broke the spell and put the boy to instant action. Around the hillside above the thicket and down through the undergrowth Tim sped, dragging the long rifle with one hand. He jumped and dodged in a mad stampede, but the noise of his wild retreat was cut off from the great cat by the intervening thicket of pines.

When Tim had almost reached the foot of the hill, his flight was suddenly arrested by a shattering scream from near the place where he had been sitting only a few moments before. The boy rose into the air



NOVEMBER, 1938

as if he had been shot, the long rifle trailing out behind him, and landed down the hill ten or twelve feet with a thud, rolling over and over. He brought up with a jar against the upturned root of a giant hickory, which had blown over and whose trunk completely spanned the narrow gorge of the river and rested its top on the other hillside. The bridge formed by this great log reached a height of fifteen feet directly over the water. Tim quickly recovered his feet and climbed onto the great log. He cautiously worked himself out over the stream.

On the far side of the river stood a cedar, the limbs of which extended out over the fallen hickory. Up into the cedar the boy pulled himself still clinging to his gun. He gradually became conscious of a gentle "swish, swish," over near the upended root of the hickory. The shades of night were falling fast, and vision in the dusk was difficult.

Suddenly Tim saw two points of light slowly lift above the upturned root. A scraping noise reached his ears, and a great brown shape slowly took form upon the log. Tim drew bead between the glowing eyes as best he could in the gathering dusk and fired. The great beast rose into the air with a screech of death, fell with a dull thud, and rolled down into the edge of the water, where the silver stream pours a full white cascade down over large moss-covered stones. There in the dull twilight of the wild solitudes, warm and brown and lifeless, but beautiful, lay the panther.

## C. C. C. ROADS

Jean Black

Creeping smoothly among unblazed  
Hills, cheering rough natives amazed,  
You smear contacts with worlds unknown,-  
Three C trails, pine-fringed, laurel-blown.

Page twenty-seven

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY  
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY  
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY



*They Satisfy*

*Discovered*  
...a new pleasure  
in smoking

You too will find more pleasure  
in Chesterfield's refreshing  
mildness and satisfying taste.  
That's why smokers every-  
where are now saying ...  
"More pleasure than any  
cigarette I ever tried"  
*They Satisfy*

Chesterfield

200

20's

Chesterfield

Copyright 1938, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY  
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY  
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY.