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"Mr. Inkpot"
 Awards to:
 *LOUISE HALL, "My
 "Loving Cup," p. 1
 *POLLY LYND, "Grand-
 mother's Death," p. 3
 ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:
 Poetry by Lois Thornbury,
 William Martin, Sammy
 Miller... Essays and sketches
 by Phillip Martin, David W.
 Polly, Bill Ross, Naomi
 Christian, Vivian Pope and
 Marvin Rammelsberg

March 1951 --- Vol. II,
 No. 3

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MOREHEAD STATE COLLEGE

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Mr. Inkpot Freshman Awards ---



Mr. Inkpot

FIRST-PLACE WINNERS:

***LOUISE HALL, winner of the descriptive sketch award, for "My Loving Cup."

***POLLY LYND, winner of the character sketch award, for "Grandmother's Death."

HONORABLE MENTION:

*James Ellington

*Don White

*Jacqueline Holbrook

*David Wayne Polly

*Bill Ross

*Phillip Martin

*Vivian Pope

*Naomi Christian

COMMENTS OF THE JUDGES ON THE PRIZE-WINNING ESSAYS:

On the Descriptive Award: (Two selected 'My Loving Cup,' one David Wayne Polly's 'Monarch of the Night')

JUDGE NUMBER ONE: "I give first choice to 'My Loving Cup.' Although this essay describes a variety of things and people, it conveys a very fine single impression of well-being--as in Pippa Passes, 'God's in his heaven, all's right with the world.'"

JUDGE NUMBER TWO: "The writer of 'My Loving Cup' has imparted a feeling of freshness and love of life that lingers."

JUDGE NUMBER THREE: "I find 'Monarch of the Night' to have the smoothest writing technique of them all. I liked especially the movement from the rather gentle to the violent. None of the descriptive phrases, though romantic, strike the reader as being out of place or overly exaggerated."

On the Character Sketch Award: (Two selected Polly Lynd's "grandmother's Death," one Bill Ross' "Rocco Leco.")

JUDGE NUMBER ONE: "'Rocco Leco' is the only essay in this group which gives anything like a complete picture of the person. The others relate incidents which do not add up to a single picture."

JUDGE NUMBER TWO: "I choose Polly Lynd's 'Grandmother's Death.' Although the grandmother doesn't seem very enticing in this sketch, she does seem to walk through the description, and I do not easily forget her."

JUDGE NUMBER THREE: "Although 'Grandmother's Death' is not so satisfactory stylistically as some of the others, the detail is exceptionally vivid. I caught myself thinking, 'This is a picture of somebody I know myself.'"

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A "Mr. Inkpot" Freshman
Award story: winner of
first prize in descriptive
sketch category.

My Loving Cup

I straightened up from my weeding and breathed deeply of the warm, fresh air. It was fragrant with roses and stalks and wet grass. The willow tendrils gestured delicately, and the flowers nodded in a gay little breeze. A meadow lark's notes sang in my open heart. Somehow it seemed that even though my feet were planted there securely on the earth, my real self was completely separate.

"Surely, surely, my cup runneth over," was my thought, as my spirit fitted itself humbly back into the human stature that still stood breathing the sweet air.

Thoughts of the people I loved crowded my heart.

There was a young mother next door. In blue shorts and shirt, she was energetically mowing the small patch of lawn. She always had a glad greeting, a generous word, a warm, true thank you for a friend who had cared for her baby. I thought of her sewing her own dresses and dainty aprons, because, as she said, "Johnny likes me to be in dresses when he comes home instead of slacks."

Across the street, slim, vibrant, and gay, a gray-haired neighbor was out sawing off the too-ambitious dogwood limb and snipping shrubbery to neatness. She is alone now and the neighbors love to tell of other days, when she and her husband added six orphaned nieces and nephews to their own family of three children. They had adopted them and reared all the children to admirable self-sufficiency. But the past does not hold her. She is free and shining and powerful even now.

The older couple on the other side of the street took a dreary little place and made it pleasant and shining inside, a picture of beauty outside.

It is all color and fragrance with a formal pool and rockeries log cabin cookhouse. They are always making presents of flowers and vegetables to neighbors who don't garden so well.

There's the grocer and his wife--he always has a friendly twinkle in his eye. A philosophic quip, no matter what complexities arise. When the war claimed

their help, time and again she took her place beside him in the store. "The people in the community must have food," she said. With loving kindness in her eyes and dimples in her cheeks as she smiled, she took care of their home, their children, and helped her husband, too.

Oh, I love them all--and my loving cup brims over.

I knelt to my weeding again.

-----Louise Hall



▲ "Mr. Inkpot" Freshman
Award story: winner of
first prize in character
sketch category.

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GRANDMOTHER'S DEATH

The dining room and kitchen, of my grandmother's house were separated from the main house. A lot of old houses are like that.

Most of the time we would find my grandmother in the kitchen in the winter.

As we would open the door to the kitchen, hot air and a strong odor of gas would hit us in the face. Of course, she couldn't smell the gas because she was used to it.

Sometimes she would be cooking. Other times she would be sitting in an old rocking chair with a dog at her feet.

I can't remember it, but they said at one time she had hated dogs, very much.

Then one day my grandfather brought home a crippled dog. The pitiful animal touched her heart. She took the dog and nursed her back to health. After that, cats never again held first place in her heart.

Perhaps dogs kept her company, for she would sit for hours talking to them. I believe they understood what she said, because sometimes they would look very sympathetically at her.

When we visited my grandparents, my daddy, after a brief conversation with Grandma, would go into the "other house" and talk to Grandpa.

Mother and Grandma would then settle down to talk. Usually the subject was very dull and uninteresting.

My brother, sister and I would sit, very quietly with hands folded and look around the room. Because we didn't visit very often, the room and its furniture would hold our attention for some time.

Then we would get tired and start to twist in our chairs. Grandma would notice this and ask us if we wanted anything to eat. Of course, we did. Usually she would give us a cup cake, with two or three different batches of the same kind of frosting on it.

She liked to cook and she always had on an apron. Usually the apron had dog hairs on it. Naturally these would get into the food that she soaked.

I remember one time she gave us a jar of beans that was full of dog hairs.

I don't think she realized this, because she was always talking about how dirty "Poppy" was.

My grandmother didn't like to go off the place. She would hardly visit her children, unless someone would stay at the house. Yet, she would go away off to the barn and never think of locking a door.

My grandmother was sick during the last years of her life. I don't guess anyone but she knew just how sick she was.

She wouldn't go to the doctor, but finally her children realized that she was really ill. They offered to hire someone to stay with her, but she wouldn't dream of letting them do such a thing.

She liked to be outside. She would rather be out repairing fences or working in the garden than almost anything else.

The morning of her death she was out repairing chicken houses in the rain, they found her down by the barn. I rather think that she died the way she wanted to.

-----Polly Lynn

The weary, dreary
stopover in a
strange town
--description--

WAITING

If you were ever stranded in a small town, you know what it is to wait for a late bus. There is no place to stay but the bus station. Through the long hours of night there is nothing to do but wait, wait, wait.

It all begins in the ticket office and waiting room of the small, dreary bus station. You find out that you have just missed the bus by five minutes. Standing there in awe and sadness you purchase your ticket for the next bus. After putting your grip in a locker you suddenly feel the pangs of hunger.

In the small sandwich shop on the other side of the ticket office you order something to eat. A cigarette soothes your mind and makes you think that you are not so bad off after all.

There is no use of your sitting here all night, so you decide to walk out and see what the town is like. As you walk down the streets of this strange town you happen to see a movie that you missed when it came to your home town. You buy a ticket and go in.

After the show is over the town seems to have drifted into space and left all of the people on earth. There are a few raindrops falling and a cold wind sends chills up your spine. As you walk up the lonely sidewalk with your overcoat collar turned up on your neck, you have your mind on a hot cup of fragrant coffee. You stop at a small restaurant in a dingy part of town and drink your soothing cup of goodness. This doesn't last long and soon you find yourself walking back up the street. The wind is very strong now and all that can be heard is the slow click of your heels on the cold, moist sidewalk and a lonely sign, creaking in the wind.

As you make your way up the street, you begin to notice the store windows. There are cheap clothing stores, high-class women's dress shops, jewelry stores and smelly restaurants with sweat-coated windows. Walking down a dark back street, you see in the distance, the familiar sign of the greyhound, running, running, never stopping, just like a clock ticking off slow seconds. It seems like hours before you get to the station.. Finally you get there, where you look at your watch and find that it has been only a few minutes since you left your last cup of coffee.

There is nothing else to do so you go into the sandwich shop and have some more coffee. You sit there so long that you become self-conscious and get up to move to the waiting room. You sit and sit, move from one elbow to the other and keep looking at the clock on the wall. Time seems to go slower and slower. Your eyes fall on the floor. It's dirty surface is littered with cigarette butts, candy papers, chewing gum wrappers, and empty pop bottles. The place is smelly with floor cleaner, wooden benches, cigarette smoke, and coffee. Time goes slower and slower and you find yourself counting the seconds as the small hand moves around the clock.

All of a sudden a bus comes roaring up in front and you jump up, grab your grip, and quickly find a seat. You sigh as the bus rounds the curve which puts the town out of sight because it has been like forty hello to you.

-----Phillip Martin

A study of a "character"--
 and also of the reaction of
 boys to somebody "different"
 -----character sketch-----

ROCCO LECO

The most interesting character I ever met was Rocco Leco. He was an old Italian, who had come to this country after the First World War.

From his appearance one would think he was ninety years old, but he was really only about sixty. He wore horn rimmed glasses on the end of his nose, and when he laughed his glasses fell off. Rocco's feet were long and looked larger than his legs. He always kept one of his pants legs tied, because he rode a bicycle.

A bicycle to Rocco was like a car to anyone else. Every Saturday morning he rode his bicycle to the movies. He packed his lunch and took in both movies. He always parked his bicycle in front of the theater, and locked it. One day a group of boys filed his lock off, and stole his bicycle. He found it about a week later with the tires punctured and the frame bent. This kept him from going to the movies for some-time.

Rocco lived in an old dilapidated house, but to him it was a mansion. Every Halloween a group of boys soaped his windows, knocked in his doors, and threw rocks at his house. He became angry sometimes, and chased the boys with broomsticks. If he had ever caught one of the boys, he probably would have killed him.

Rocco was really a good hearted old fellow, but he got mad easily. He always drank Kool-aid during the summer months, and all the boys started calling him "Flavor-aid." This made him furious, and one day he shot at a group of the boys.

Like all Italians Rocco liked wine. He had a vineyard in his back yard, and was always making wine. He kept the wine in a ten-gallon barrel in the living room. He yelled at everybody who came by his house, and asked them in to drink wine.

Rocco was a laborer in the coal mines; however he didn't work very often. People often kidded him about working just long enough to earn show fare. He was a good worker when he worked, which wasn't very much. He worked in the garden for my father in the late afternoons. Boys often caught him with sacks of potatoes or corn on his shoulders, and threw rocks at him.

A few years ago Rocco Leco left Hazard. No one knew where he went, and to this day nothing has been heard of him. To me he was the most comical and interesting character I have ever known.

-----Bill Ross

A return to the
old school house
---description---

THE SCHOOL HOUSE

The one-room school building looks just about the same today as it did five years ago, except the roof seems to look browner from the rust which has formed through the years. I am only seeing the outside of the building, I thought, wish I could go inside! Well, maybe I can, the door isn't locked all the time. The door is locked today, but after all there is really no need of going inside for I can picture the room in every detail.

I know if I could walk into the room, the first thing I would see would be a card hanging through a small hole in the ceiling. The card leads to a large bell, which is rung promptly, by the school teachers, at eight o'clock each morning.

At the far end of the room there is a blackboard, which is about three feet in width, extending across the entire length of the room.

A few feet out from the blackboard is a very old desk. The desk is placed upon a platform about a foot high. I often wondered why, and came to the conclusion that the supervisor had a better chance of seeing one, when a note was being passed across the room or when peculiar looking faces were drawn, and employed, in order to cause the student reciting to have a laughing spasm.

The room is filled with seats varying with the size of the students. The desks, in front of the seats, are deeply carved with names of the students who sat in that seat. The seats are very old ones, but look as if they endured through the years well.

There are ten windows spaced evenly around the room. The windows are without shades. They are decorated according to the season or holidays of the school year. If it were Christmas now, the windows would be decked with holly and in the center Santa Claus would be riding high across the window pane, with large drops of snow falling upon him.

In the back of the room is a long seat, where the dinner-pails are placed each day. It seems along about noon the children, especially the younger ones, are much interested in the long seat with all the pails.

Yes, I'm sure the inside of the old school building would look the same, but it is much more fun remembering all the joy and laughter, which filled the room, than being inside the school house, quiet now, and longing for the school days, long past.

-----Naomi Christian

Beecher, "childlike and bothersome,"
still was helpful in an emergency.
-----character sketch-----

BEECHER

Over the loud-speaker came the booming announcement--
"Conley Bus number 82 loading in the rear for Williamsport,
Beones Camp, In -----." That was all I remember. It was
my bus and I just had to make it, but my feet wouldn't go.
I just had to make that bus! Oh heavens! What was I to do?

Blankness came, but not for long. I began to smell the
fragrant odor of NH_3 . Round and round everything went. The
only clear thing in sight was Beecher.

His toothless mouth seemed to be a large cavity in the
mess of flesh that was his face. Beecher had always been
sort of repulsive to me, with his bobbling speech and unwanted
attentions, but now it seemed very nice to see him.

He was porter, janitor and general errand boy for the
Greyhound Bus Company in our town. He also served as a night
watchman for the bus station, and the company provided him
with a room out back of the station.

This room proved to be a good thing, especially for me
today. The crowd around began to shout, "where shall we take
her?" They picked me up and carried me back to Beecher's
room, and started to put me on the bed, but no, the plain
old spread wasn't good enough. With the flourish of Sir
Walter Raleigh when he put his coat down for Queen Bess,
Beecher spread a fresh laundered sheet down for me to be put
upon. The lady attendant tried to shoo Beecher away, but he
wouldn't go. He fluttered around like a hen with one chick.

To my amazement, suddenly he came up and dumped a whole
handful of ammonia inhalors in my lap. I'm sure he said,
"Keep one with you all the time," although I couldn't understand
him due to a bad speech defect.

The whole town had been out looking for a relative of mine
to take me to a doctor, but he seemed to have vanished.
Beecher suddenly disappeared; it seemed funny without his
steady stream of babbling. It didn't take long for him to
come back, though. Whom did he have with him but my uncle!
His grin was like one of a small child who had done something
that no one else could do.

As my uncle drove away, taking me to the hospital,
Beecher was giving a lot of advice that wasn't understood.
This is Beecher, child-like and bothersome, yet eager and
helpful in an emergency.

-----Vivian Pope

Opus #132
Beethoven's 15th Quartet

Music in the strings
Steadily playing
Guides the wonderer
Past each turning.

The sound of promise will
Make harmony fulfill
Its obscure utterance
Of Divine assurance.

----William M. Martin

The snow was beautiful and serene--
but its effect on man's plans wasn't.
-----description-----

OUR WORST STORM

Seven-thirty! Time for the bus so soon! I grabbed my books together, jumped into my coat, and hurried through the snow to the highway. As I stood there wishing for the bus to come, my thoughts ran to what was to happen in the oncoming day. The thought struck me--this was a day after a holiday! My credits would be cut if I missed a class!

I dashed into Johnson's store to call a taxicab. Fate was against me, for someone was using the telephone. I ran down the slippery highway to Kegley's to use their telephone. As I placed the receiver to my ear, I heard someone say excitedly, "I have the most dreadful news to tell you. Brace yourself for a shock! Blankety Blank's wife died last night!" The party-line telephone was teeming with the latest gossip.

After what seemed to be hours, one of the gabblers regretfully exclaimed, "I'll have to hang up, now, and change Junior's diaper." Eventually, they ended their conversation, I succeeded in getting a taxi, and I was only a few minutes late to class on the first day of the storm. I had little difficulty getting home that night, for one of my neighbors graciously invited me to ride the one-mile trip with him.

My sister invited five girls who live in the dormitory to a soup-bean supper that night. A snowball free-for-all developed. The girls ganged up on my brother and me, but we fought them off like well-trained troupers.

I spent the next morning sprawled out in my favorite old rocking chair reading The King's General, a novel from the college library.

My sister and I were due at our jobs shortly after noon. We had decided to grab a taxi to town, since it was so cold outside. We called from the store, but none of the numbers we called would answer. After calling the "boss" and saying we'd be a little late, we ventured out into the snow. The raging winds blew the blustery snow directly against our faces, and they were soon covered with coatings of snow. The gusts of wind seemed to pierce us through our clothing. My furlined ear muffs and gloves protected my hands and ears from the freezing wind, but my bare face made up for my lack of being cold elsewhere. We trudged on through the deep texture of white. When we reached our destination, the snow had covered my hair until I looked like a gray-headed old man. My eyebrows were filled with snow, and my glasses had begun to freeze to them.

When we had finished working that night, the clogged roads forced us to "ride" our feet again. This time our backs were

to the wind. We could make better progress and it wasn't so cold.

As I looked out a window the next morning, I saw a huge snow-drift about waist deep extending from our well along the east side of our house. After breakfast my brother and I bundled up so we could be warm, and played in the snow. We dived into the snow drift and "swam" through the gleaming crystals. I didn't report to work that day as I felt the movie patrons would probably stay at home; moreover, I did not look forward with delight to the cold walk.

On Monday morning I piled on almost all the clothes I could find and walked to school. Everyone I saw was wearing boots, scarfs, and gloves. Even some of the men wore scarfs to protect their ears from the cold.

A trip through town revealed the bustle of the small-town folk to me. It proved that although they like to lie around in the shade in the summer time, they can skillfully use a shovel when it is needed.

Don White

Men especially should find this interesting.

--Description--

LIFE IN A DORMITORY

The night sounds in a dorm might seem commonplace to the realist, but to the romanticist they could be fascinating; each one a special part of an intricate pattern woven into the atmosphere of the dorm itself; an important and living part of the life that buzzes and bustles with unending activity.

In the early evening there is the sound of high pitched laughter and animated chatter as the girls return to their rooms from supper to prepare for dates. A girl steps into the hall and screams, "Who took my pink scarf?" Bits of conversation can be picked up-----Did he finally ask her for a date? Well, it's about time. Say, do you have your typing assignment? Lend me your white coat. Hey! Anybody going to the movie? Hey Sue, I saw John in the grill with Mary.

The study hours from 7:30 to 10:00 are comparatively quiet for most of the girls are out.

Then at 9:30 activity really begins, with talk about dates, tomorrow's classes, etc.

Water splashes, the shower runs unceasingly, radios blare with commercials, string and popular music, windows and doors slam, as visitors enter or leave, bursts of giggles fill the hall, shuffling feet patter up and down the corridor, cellophane rattles as cookies or crackers are unwrapped, the crash of a cosmetic jar can be heard, and the annoying scraping of furniture rasps on nerves.

Upon walking down the corridor, you hear a group on second discussing plans for a party, the click click of typewriter keys, the oaths and complaints of a hot canasta game.

Back in your own room you hear the perfectly timed groans of the radiator, which could drive a weak person insane, the roar of cars whizzing by on College Boulevard, an occasional group of boys teasing the girls who go to the windows. Then after you go to bed, there is the whistle of night trains to frighten you or a police siren to pierce the night air with its shrieking wail and lastly, the murmuring of the wind through the trees, lulling you to sleep with its whispering lullaby.

Jacqueline Holbrook

The sound of the wind at night

-----description--

MONARCH OF THE NIGHT

To a person who goes to bed early, the first night sounds are warm and human, and not at all different from the sounds of late evening. Most apparent is the blaring of a radio, then the tinkle of china and silverware of late snackers, followed by the pounding of the steam pipes. Outside, the sound of traffic reveals that man still dominates the scene, but beneath all, and barely perceptible, is the whisper of the wind.

As the night wears on, those who remain awake are aware of a gradual change which comes over all the sounds. The blaring of the radio changes to a squeal as the owner neglects to tune it, but is finally cut off altogether. The occupants of the hall are quiet now, and only the groan of the steam pipes remain to voice for the building.

Outside, the traffic has died down. An occasional truck may scurry by with tires screaming like a lost soul. The wind has risen from a whisper to a dread hum of power. A wire stretched across the roof is no longer proud and taut. It groans and pulls at its mooring as the wind tortures it for resisting his path. The trees creak and rattle as the wind beats them. These increase in pitch. The sounds become frenzied. The wind by itself causes sounds as great as man creates in day. The wind is truly monarch of the night.

David Wayne Polly

The pigs used him for a dinner plate

-----memory sketch-----

CHILDHOOD ON A FARM

I didn't know what to do when I saw the snake's head protruding from the martin box. It had climbed the long pole to the box during the night and had eaten the young martins that sang so sweetly. I called for Daddy to do something, but he said he had no shells for his gun. It was only a short distance to the little country store that supplied our neighborhood, so I volunteered to go get some shells. When I returned, Dad took one of the shells, loaded his shotgun, and pointed the gun at the snake. I closed my eyes and put my hands over my ears. When I opened my eyes, there lay the snake, minus its head, twisting over and over as it died. But killing the snake couldn't bring back the little martins that I had grown so fond of.

Daddy had assigned certain chores for my older brother Harold and me to do on the farm. I was only five, but I thought I could do anything Harold could. Each morning I would take some corn out to the chickens. I dreaded this job because we had a rooster that would chase after me and try to flog me. Somehow I couldn't talk Daddy into giving him the same treatment he had given the snake in the martin box.

In the evenings I would take a pail of milk Dad had run through the separator, to the little pigs in the barn. This job didn't last long, for the pigs outgrew me and one day they didn't wait till I poured the milk into their trough. Instead they knocked me over and the milk on top of me. Mother answered my call for help and found me lying in the midst of the pigs, which were enjoying lapping their meal off my face.

After my daily chores were finished, I would call Roger, my big German police dog and we would go play in our spacious front yard. We would chase lightning bugs after it began to grow dark and I would put them in a bottle and show them to my mother. I could never understand what made them "burn," as I described it to her.

Christmas was the most important part of the year to me, not just because I would receive a number of pretty presents, but because of the fun the whole family would have in preparing for it. While Mother and my sister Alma were doing the baking in the kitchen, Dad, Harold and I would be down in the snow-covered fields, looking for a Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve we would write a letter to Santa Claus. The next morning, there would be our presents under the tree.

Maybe I'm enjoying myself now, but I surely would like to be a kid again.

James Ellington

Golf existed even before
The time of bankers and
businessmen.

-----research essay-----

THE EARLY HISTORY OF GOLF BEFORE 1800

By searching and researching books, I have come to the conclusion that before 1800 the people sure did play golf. Of course golf played in those days seems very peculiar to us today, but still it was golf played with balls and a long club.

Although the origin of golf is lost in antiquity, historians are inclined to credit the game, as we know it today, to Scotland. There is evidence, though, that the basic principle of the game might have been taken there from Holland, where the Dutch played a game with a club and ball on ice.

We have one exception in the British museum, of a picture which served as the tailpiece to an illuminated "Book of Hours", which was made in Bruges at the beginning of the 16th century. The picture shows three players, each with a ball and something that looked to be an ironheaded club. They were putting at a hole in the turf.

In 1457 golf was played so much in Scotland that it took the place of archery and other ancient games. The year following, 1458, Parliament passed an act that the game be abandoned, and it wasn't until 1491 that Parliament stopped interfering with it. The decree, in the interest of the defense of the realm read: "Parliament decieted and ordained that Wapinshawingis he halden he the lordis and boronis spirituale and temporale, four times in the zair; and that the futeball and golf be utterly cryit down, and mocht usit; and that the bowemerkis be maid at ike paroche kirk a pair of buttis, and schuttin be usit ik Sunday."

Fourteen years later, in 1471, it was judged necessary to pass this act, "anent wapenshawings" because "futeball and golfe be abusit in tyme cuming." In 1491 a final paper was issued which listed the penalties and pains about the games. The statements read: "Futeball and Golfe forbidden. Item, it is statut and ordainit that in no place of the realme there be usit futeball, golfe or either sik unprofitabill sportis." This was probably a public notice of James IV, who a few years later set his commons an ill example by practice of the "Unprofitabill sportis," as is shown by various entries for golf balls and such in the account of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland from 1503-1506.

About a century later golf was still as popular as before. In 1592 the town council of Edinburg made a proclamation that was to be sent through all the town that, "No inhabitants of the

sayn be seen at any pastime within or without the town on the Sabbath day."

Golf has been known since old times as the "royal and ancient game of golf." James IV was the first person to prepare a golf record. After James IV we had James V and his daughter, Mary Stuart, who was seen by some people, playing golf near Sexton, a few days after the murder of her husband.

In 1642 Charles I had been playing golf at Leith when he heard about the Irish Rebellion. Afterwards while Charles I was prisoner of the Scots army at Newcastle, he was given permission to play golf without being behind the prison walls. The son of Charles I, Charles II, didn't play golf, but James II did. After the Restoration, James II was sent to Edinburg in 1681-1682 as commissioner of the king to parliament. "While there he was challenged by two noblemen of his suite to play a match against them, along with any Scotch ally he might select. James II chose as his partner "Johne Patersone," a shoemaker. The duke and his assistant won easily and the duke made over half of the large stake to the "shoemaker" or, John Patersone. John later built himself a house at 77 Canongate, which was known as "Golfer's Land."

The Royal Blackheath Club was said to have been in operation in 1608, but modern searches among golf records show the date about 1787. Records show that six clubs were founded earlier - the Honourable Company of Edinburg Golfers in 1744, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews in 1754, the Bruntsfield links in 1761, the Royal Burgess Golfing Society in 1773, the Royal Musselburg Golf Club in 1774, and the Royal Golf Club in 1780.

-----Mary Lou Dials

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Nature furnishes this writer
(as she did Wordsworth) with
theme material, ideas, and
inspiration.

"A PARADISE IN THE NORTHWEST CORNER OF MY HEART"

Near my home in the mountains of eastern Kentucky there is a spot that is more dear to me than any other place. It consists only of a small creek, a grass carpet under a large oak tree, and a poetically blue sky, but to me it is a paradise that I conceal in the northwest corner of my heart.

This place lies between two hills. Just within hearing-range is a mountain trail that was used by the early settlers of that section of the country. Built around the side of the farthest mountain from this place is a stone fence that was built by the slaves of my great-great-grandfather during the time of the civil war.

When I was growing up, I idled away most of my playing time in my secret rendezvous, portraying some famous hero or just watching the moving pictures that mother nature operated for me. When I had been spanked or scolded by my mother, I would slip away to my hideaway and plan the route that I would take as I was running away from home. It was there that I built my dreams and planned for the future.

As I began to advance in my life and grow older, the place became more and more a vital part of me. During my high school years, I depended on it more and more to supply me with themes and other subject matter for my classes and to help me decide some important questions. One of these questions that confronted me when I reached my sixteenth birthday was one that confronts most boys. I was undecided whether to continue my schooling or to go into the Army. I depended upon my seclusion to help me decide the thing that was best for me to do, and together "we" sized up the advantages and disadvantages.

I also depended upon it to give me encouragement in my weaker moments and to supply me with rest and comfort when I needed it.

Just before I left for school this fall, I stumbled over the rocks in the creek bed and weaved my way along the narrow cow-path trail until I came once again to my spot of seclusion. I lay down upon my favorite spot under the large oak and slowly drank in the old familiar scenes. As I lay there, I thought of the days I had spent there and of all the things I had planned there. A lot of those things have come true and a lot more are

yet to come. I had always dreamed of playing in a band and studying music in order to prepare myself for creating the joy that music brings. I someday plan to give music to young people wherever I may be, in the form of a symphonic band.

Then as I lay there thinking, with God as my witness, I renewed my vows to carry out my inspirations. I believe that if good music is given to the young people it will implant in them the idea that there is something beautiful in the world and that life is worth living.

When my senses informed me that it was getting late, I arose and started home. While I was slowly walking away from my hideaway, I heard the great forest symphony orchestra slip into strains of beautiful music that was the beginning of a new symphony. I couldn't help feeling that the unequalled music was being played for me. The music became softer as I lessened the distance to home until all I could hear was a whisper that eventually faded into the memory that I carry with me now.

-----John Howard Frisby

A reminder, in March
of January weather
----description----

SNOW SENSATIONS

Snow creates a new world that is beautiful and unusual. It fills in and levels off the hollows and little dips in the land, making them seem level and smooth. Where the land is level, the wind whips the snow into rolling ridges which make the most familiar paths seem strange and unknown. The snow plays tricks on the senses. It distorts trees and bushes into grotesque figures that resemble monsters stalking unsuspecting humans. It drifts up against the windows creating a weird gloom within the house that cannot be driven out.

Still a snow-covered world is beautiful. The shadows fall on the snow in all different colors. Under the trees it looks purple. The sun reflecting on snow makes it gleam like silver. The whiteness of the snow makes the deep green of pines and cedars outstanding. All the scars of the battle-torn world are hidden and the sharp lines are softened by the drifting snow.

Snow makes the world seem peaceful. The biting cold and howling winds make one appreciate a crackling log fire in a fireplace, a book, an easy chair, and the companionship of friends.

As the flakes float down slowly and settle softly against the window and on the ground, it causes reminiscing and many nearly-forgotten experiences flood back into memory. Snow encourages close companionship and sets the background for many pleasant experiences and scenes. Nothing is more beautiful than a snow-covered house with lights in the windows and smoke lazily curling from the chimney.

Lillian Burriss

Like William Saroyan, the author makes a house his most important character.

--narration--

THE OLD HOUSE

Incredible as it may seem, this is the story of an old house, as told by the house itself. If you are still skeptical, read on and you will soon discover that even objects often have a story to relate, provided you take time to listen.

Many, many years ago, when I was born, Main street was just a country road. The young couple, who gave me life and substance, took every conceivable care so that I may be the looks of perfection. I had a beautiful iron fence guarding my front and a lovely grassy lawn. My interior was lit by the latest invention: the incandescent bulb. It felt grand, standing there all by myself, the object of admiration from every passer-by. I was so thrilled with my own importance, I forget to stretch and settle down. And when I finally did, I am afraid I did it with too much vigor because I developed enormous ugly cracks, much to the angry of my good people.

I jealously sheltered them from wind and weather, even though I sometimes suffered great pains. As the years went by, the child came and grew into a healthy tot. Other houses sprang up here and there, the road was widened and paved. We had become an official part of the great city. It was about that time, Phillis, our youngster, came down with scarlet fever. When the child recovered from her illness, I played a practical joke upon the nurse, which almost backfired with fatal results. I never cared for the nurse, because I thought she didn't give Phillis the attention she should have. She used to leave the child alone and meet her boyfriend on the back lawn when she thought Phillis was already asleep. One night, aware the nurse had no key and knowing that my people didn't approve of this practice, I slammed the door behind her and locked her out. Well, you should have seen her face, and mine for that matter, because the noise of the door had awakened Phillis. The frightened child, finding herself alone, ran to the open window, leaned out and cried betterly for her mother. The nurse tried vainly to soothe the child and her good-for-nothing boy-friend began climbing up my backside. Phillis lost her balance and would surely have fallen two stories if I hadn't dropped the window on her chubby legs. I held her this way until tender hands lifted her back into a room.

The following day the nurse was gone and another one had taken her place until Phillis was again able to go out-doors.

One summer morning I felt a burning pain inside of me and upon investigating discovered that I was on fire. My people were away for the summer and I did not know what to do. I managed to tear open a part of my roof which brought the flames and smoke into the open. The fire department arrived in due time and soothed my aches with cooling water. Later I learned that the discharged nurse's friend had revengefully set me afire. He was apprehended and spent many years with a husky, iron barred cousin of mine, who lives near a beautiful river.

Sad to relate after the confusion I never saw Phillis and her parents again. I stood empty, my charred scars shamelessly exposed for many months. During that period a new upstart moved in right next to me. I did my best to fight the newcomer, I even leaned dangerously against him. But it did me no good. Some men came, building inspectors they called themselves, and in no time I was set straight, braced up properly, my insides fixed and painted over and soon I sheltered a new tenant.

I must admit they were quite a come-down from the original owners. I knew they were shady characters and took a violent dislike to them. I deliberately sprung a leak in my otherwise still perfect roof, I cracked the overworked watermain and started a flood in the basement. I don't know to this day, whether it was through my own efforts or to the terrible shooting, which began right after the watermain was repaired, that these rowdy people moved away. Anyway, when a lot of men in blue uniforms surrounded me and broke down my doors, I gave them all the help I could. I trapped one of the fellows by loosening a floor board, tripping him as he ran shooting towards one of the raiders. He fell and the man in blue had no trouble in capturing him.

After that I again stood empty and forlorn in the noise and clamor of the now busy street. The other houses, with their painted fronts outclassed me and I suddenly felt cold.

And then, as if touched by the wand of a magician, I lived again. After weeks of preparation I was all decked out in a new coat. Expensive fixtures adorned my papered walls, dozens of green covered odd shaped tables filled my upstairs rooms. A brand new sign bearing my new name "Cafe Rouge", covered the sidewalk leading to my brand new bronze door. Crowds of gay people filled me with laughter. I was really happy in the knowledge, that my old hulk was still able to give people so much pleasure.

And then I saw Phillis again. She had grown into a beautiful woman. With her was a weak looking young man, whom

I had seen many times before losing money like mad in the upstairs rooms. Phillis looked determined as she led her companion into a private room on the third floor. This room was new and soundproof. Remembering the bad experience I had with the people who used my cellar as a distillery I had for weeks accumulated water above the ceiling of the soundproofed room, in order to be ready for any emergency. Although I could not make out what Phillis said, because the rattling of the dice and the clicking chips above the babble of voices drowned her voice, I knew the time for action had come.

And when the hawk-nosed gambler threatned Phillis with a gun, I broke the ceiling showered the cursing owner with plaster and water. In the confusion Phillis and her friend were able to make good their escape. This was the last I saw of poor Phillis and her weak-chinned escort. I learned from the enraged gambler, that he was her husband, who had gambled away the greater part of her fortune in the "Cafe Rouge".

Realizing the evil influence the activities within my walls has upon otherwise pleasant people, I resolved to get rid of the source of so much heartaches. I resorted to my old tricks of flooding the cellar, clogging the waterpipes and peeling the walls. Well, I am glad to say this time I succeeded. They packed up and left.

I was thoroughly disgusted by now and did everything in my power to prevent any new tenant from moving in. But they didn't seem to understand. I had to kill the last owner, miserable money lender, who ventured into the streets only to squeeze cash from his poor victims, to make them see my point. One windy night, I loosened one of the cellar steps and then banged repeatedly with the wooden shutter against the low window. Sure enough he came down and when he stepped on the loose stair, I crumbled it completely and he toppled down into the darkness, breaking his scrawny neck.

After that, I was able to keep any newcomer away by simply pretending to be haunted by the ghost of the old miser. I became an expert on creaking folers, rattling closets and slamming doors.

Occasionally, I gave unwilling shelter to down-and-outers and other assorted drunkards. But they never stayed long, because I let the cold wind whistle through my aged bones.

No one comes any more and last week building inspectors gave me the once over and condemned me as unsafe and a menace to the community. My fading eyes were unsafe and were boarded up and now I stand here, old and useless, a playground for rats, who tirelessly gnaw at my insides, awaiting the day, when the wreckers cart me away.

John Hoffman

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Two versions of instructions-- version "A" is for us common folk, "B" for the lexicon lover.

A. HOW TO CARVE A TURKEY

The usual steps to be used may be shown best by taking them one at a time, in order.

First, put the roasted turkey on a large platter, breast up. Taking your fork in your left hand, your knife in your right, cut each leg off with a straight down stroke. Then slice the breast meat off in slabs. From here on, go ahead and slice off all the outside meat, using your fork to hold and turn the turkey. The wings should be cut off just as the legs were. Your knife should be very sharp, so as to cut evenly, but care should be taken to keep from cutting off a finger.

While carving your turkey, be sure to keep a fast line of talk going, never letting the dinner party grow dull. Still do not let the talk take your mind off your cutting and carving. Do not punch the other people in their faces with your elbows. To end your job, make a long cut down the backbone of the turkey and make a joke. This puts the party at ease, and you are ready to eat.

B. METHOD FOR HAULING A YULETIDE FOWL

The common procedure for carving a turkey may be best illustrated by analyzing the more prominent steps in outline order.

As a primary step place the fowl, after culinary processes are completed, upon a large serving platter. Secure it in such a position as to render the underside vulnerable to the knife. Drumstick appendages are allowed to protrude at a diagonal angle from the base. Now take your cuttery tools in a firm grip. Carving blade in your right hand, four-tined tool in your left, and proceed to sever the drumsticks from the

carcass with a deft, artistic stroke. Then, further, proceed to slice off all exterior meat. The wing protuberances are severed from the "fuselage" in the same manner as the drumsticks. Use discretion in choosing a razor-sharp instrument as a cleaver, but be consistent in removing your digits from its immediate vicinity.

As you maul your bird, perpetuate a vivacious conversation, to amuse your fellow diners. Nevertheless, keep a heedful optic directed to your task. It is not permissible for you to (unmindfully) rain a shower of elbow blows upon the luckless heads of your observing companions. As a coup de grace, inflict a flourishing stroke of the severing instrument along the vertebrae of the victim fowl, and voice a humorous, witty sentiment. Your entourage is now in a state of relaxation and frivality, and you are quite prepared to gorge them with a feast of delicious, golden-brown gobbler.

Jesse S. Hogg

FOUR POEMS

Life

Dirty old man.
I'm afraid of him.
Afraid of his lice
And sore eyes.
He chases me
I have to run.
Sometimes I fail to
Escape into a dream
Before he grabs me
And breaks my spirit to pieces.

He's tricky, too.
Sometimes he becomes
Beautiful and Young.
He holds me,
And I sing
But he can't
Fool me long.
I know him too well,
And my song turns to ice.

I will always
Run from him,
Or struggle to be
Free of him,
Till one of us dies.
Sometimes I think
It will be the other.

Search

I've got that damned squarepeg feeling again tonight.
No matter where I go I'm in the wrong place.
I'm never with anybody.
Always alone, and quite lonely
No matter how many people are around
Where I am now I don't fit.
When I finish school and get a job
It will be the same thing all over again.
Only once in my life have I been happy.
He was in love with me that night,
But the next morning it was all gone.
I glimpse at my face in the mirror

"The First Sweet Notes Of The Violin"

The first sweet notes of the violin
Fills my soul with well-being.
I close my eyes, and my mind
Begins a journey off somewhere
Over moon lit rivers
In a white boat with fuzzy edges.
Tropical birds of scarlet and white
Pass through lemon clouds
Whistling the sweet tones of
Mendelsshon.

My boat drifts to a shadow
And I walk.....and walk
Through overhung paths
Accompanied by the moon and my birds.
I climb eons of white marble stairs
Before I can see you
Smiling at me from the top,
Your arms beckoning me.
You fade in the mist.
The moon turns scarlet
And shows my birds
To be vultures screaming
Schönberg

-----Lois Thornbury

"Red Fire Cuddled Round The Logs"

Red fire cuddled round the logs
and the glow
Touched a small boy playing
Bp bp bp bp bp pp
The rubber car went round and round
guided by a boy

Red and green the lights flashed on
stop and go
Great boy knows the rules
in the world
Traffic rushes to and fro
running fast
There is a life ahead to know
ride a bicycle

Needle-burn, Shell-bursting rage,
lovelessness of war
The taste of life thick and sweet
in his mouth
He looked on his dusty shoe and died
in a small self-smile.

He knew the purple of an immortal soul
and knew too late
Why such could never meet in harmony
before this hour
And the search was finished now
in peace.

---Sammy Miller

An old man's jealous love
for a peach tree conflicts
with a boy's appetite for
peaches

-----narrative-----

A PEACH OF A GUY

I remember that there was an old and wrinkled man who lived in the faded yellow house over on State Street. I remember that he had a dirty grey beard and wore a funny-looking rusted black suit that hung ill-fittingly on his shrunken frame. He was something of a mystery to us boys; I don't recall that we even knew his name. But I do remember that he had the finest peach tree in the neighborhood! In the spring we boys would meet after school and creep quietly down the grass-grown, garbage-littered alley that ran behind his house. Shielded from view by the grape arbor that stood in the east corner of the old man's yard, we would stealthily climb the back fence and drop like cats among the withered grape leaves that lay dank and decayed in the cool shade of the arbor. What an adventure to our young hearts to steal the old man's liquid peaches and lie on our backs gazing upward with half closed eyes through the web of green grape leaves and tender immature clusters at the deep blue of the sky, talking of knights and buccaneers and dreaming the dreams of adolescents was the height of perilous adventure.

We were thus engrossed, one day, in the reveries of youth, when suddenly the old man was before us. We froze. For an awful instant we stared unmoving. The memory of that mild old man, grown suddenly tall and threatening, lives in my memory. Then we moved; in a mad scramble we leaped for the back fence, cleared it in a breath and ran like the wind, frantically, down the alleyway to the school yard beyond.

For weeks I deliberately avoided State Street, the faded yellow house, the peach tree, and its succulent fruit. Ultimately, inquisitiveness overcame my better judgement (the taste of those peaches was in my mouth). I crept guiltily up the alley, climbed the fence, and found myself again, on hands and knees, on the soft moist mat of decomposed grape leaves. I

poised, then bounded rashly, in full view of the world, into the open yard. Grasping a lower limb, I swung into the tree. With abandon I hurriedly stuffed peaches inside my shirt, more than I could eat, then dropped to the ground and into the surprisingly strong arms of the little old man who had been tending, unobserved by me, the house-side of the grape arbor. I struggled, but a deft movement by the old man forced my arm behind me into a painful hammer-lock.

"Stand still!" the old man's cracked voice commanded in my ear. "Stand still, or I'll break your arm."

"I won't run." I gasped, my heart pounding madly.

Without a word, he forced me, my arm behind my back, across the neatly trimmed yard to the flower bordered door of the yellow frame house. We mounted the steps and entered the kitchen. He opened my shirt and, one-by-one, emptied sixteen peaches, in varied stages of ripeness, on the battered table top. Without further ado, he locked the back door and faced me, his watery blue eyes flashing, his gnarled old hands trembling from his late exertion.

"Young man," again the cracked voice, "I'm going to teach you a lesson."

From the drawer of the cabinet, he produced a long and wicked-looking butcher knife. When he turned, the blade gleamed viciously in the sunlight that came in through the white curtains of the window. There was a sickening flutter in my stomach.

"I'm an old man, sonny, and that peach tree is all I have left."

His face was contorted; I could see the pink gums in his toothless mouth. I stared at him fascinated.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson, sonny," he repeated. "Before you leave here, you're going to eat every one of those peaches."

There was something evil, something jaded, in his eyes; I picked up the first peach and bit into it. The sweetness was gone. Another bite. And

another. He watched my every move. Another peach. And another. My eyes never left that knife. Slowly the pile of peaches shrank and the pile of pits grew. I finished my last peach.

He arose and unlocked the back door.

"Now get out of here, and if I catch you in my peaches again, I'll have the law on yuh."

I walked slowly along State Street in the gathering dusk breathing the warm odor of spring, watching the lights come on in the houses, hearing the bubbling voices of laughter, and feeling sick at heart and sick of stomach. I needed a bath. I wondered how I would explain to my mother why I wasn't hungry.

-----Marvin Rammelsberg

CONTRIBUTORS

LILLIAN BURRISS was born in Black Oak, Kentucky; her home is now in Salt Lick. She is a 1948 graduate of Lewis County High School, and has taught in the Armstrong school.

NAOMI CHRISTIAN, a freshman at Morehead, is a graduate of Morehead High School.

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JOHN HOWARD FRISBY is president of the Freshman class at Morehead. He plays in the band and orchestra, and is the band's drum major. His interest in music stems from his high school days in Hazard, Kentucky, where he learned how to play the trombone.

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