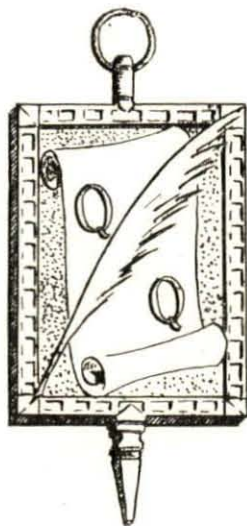


# QUILL AND QUAIR



Special High School Edition

*Morehead State Teachers College*

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

Volume V

May, 1939

Number 3

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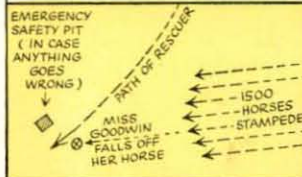




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SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES



# QUILL and QUAIR

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# High School Edition

This is the second annual High School edition of the *Quill and Quair* magazine. We express our appreciation to all the teachers and pupils who have co-operated in making this edition a success. Two other schools, not represented here, had excellent contributions in the February *Quill and Quair*, Breckinridge and Hindman High Schools. We trust that the students in all the high schools may be stimulated to develop all their talents.

—oOo—

## THE PERFECT CRIME

Andrew T. Jones

Greenup Independent High School. Helen Dale Acker, Teacher

"The Kid" slipped the key into the lock and crept out of the room. He tiptoed into the hall and looked into the next door. There lay the old duck who owned the place, and he was sleeping as if didn't have the "Kimberly Queen," the largest diamond in the world, in his safe downstairs.

"The Kid" eased over to the bed, ran his hand over the bedpost, and looked at the old man. Then he saw that he was deep in sleep and that he wouldn't cause any trouble. He turned to leave but, at the last minute, remembered that he had touched the bedpost; so he went back and polished the post with his handkerchief until all possible prints had been removed. "The Kid" was a smart guy; he wasn't going to be caught and be sent up because of some lack of forethought on his part.

He strode down the hall to the stairs and jumped over the first one because a burglar alarm was attached to that. It had taken him two weeks to case the job. At first he thought of bringing the gang along, but had decided that this was quite logically a one-man's job.

He slipped into the living-room and knew that over there behind the picture was the safe. He passed this room by and entered the next, put a chair up against the cupboard, and got a firm grip on the cookie jar. He was trembling and shaking with fright because this was dangerous business for a three-year-old on his first cookie-stealing job.

## ON FINGERNAILS

Harriet Huey

Paintsville High School

R. G. Huey, Superintendent

People are strange, aren't they? Have you ever noticed how interesting it is to study a friend, or a stranger, without his knowledge? One of the most interesting points to note is the fingernail. One can almost read the entire character through one glance at the fingernails.

Our modern custom of painting the nails gives even the most insipid person the chance to cover up her deficiency and appear as lurid as "the Century of Progress," and others whose interiors are evil and corrupt, as innocent as a faded sampler. A few years ago, one was considered bold indeed if she ventured forth with rose-tinted fingernails. One no longer stops with merely wearing the heart on her sleeve; the modern girl is proud to display the color of her good healthy liver on her fingernails.

A good place to carry on observations is at church. There one may see all types of people and fingernails; the small blunt nails of a baby, the worn, hurriedly polished nails of the housewife, the brilliant, claw-like nails of the young socialite, and the devil-may-care nails of the twelve-year-old. These and many others make up the fingernail family.

Even the masculine sex is becoming conscious of the appearance of their fingernails. Gentlemen naturally keep their fingernails well trimmed. They could paint their nails to harmonize with their tie, handkerchief, and sock ensemble, but let's hope they won't.



## HABITAT

Opal Stevenson

South Portsmouth High School. Opal Stephenson, Teacher

Where the clay of the bank with the green of the weed  
Edges the mud-amber stream,  
Where the tallest of saplings spring out of the grass,  
Where the waters give back the sunbeam,  
Where the twig from the brush ambles over the rock,  
Where the ripples pour glistening down,  
There's where the birds nestle, singing in spring--  
Where all forms of nature abound.

## PRELUDE TO TWILIGHT

Deep down the sun steep in the west  
Beneath the earth's misshapened brim,  
Where falt'ring hues float down to rest,  
And mix with twilight, dusk and dim;  
Where clouds like ribbons stream the sky  
And, hast'ning with the wind, the mar  
The sun blood-red, whose night is nigh;  
They sail across the blue-hilled bar.

## THE UNKNOWN CHILD

Alice Tolle

Lewisburg High School  
Florence Tucker, Teacher

The night was still and dark and cold;  
The wind was howling 'round;  
The snow was whirling, swirling o'er  
The white and rugged ground.

A child was slowly crawling toward  
A dim and distant light;  
The child was lost and all alone  
Out in this awful night.

But ere she reached this distant light  
She fell upon the snow.  
The last that she remembered was  
That far and distant glow.

Some people found her lying there  
All stiff and cold and dead;  
Her body was all covered up  
Except her curly head.

No one knew from whence she came  
Or where she was to go.  
They picked her up so tenderly  
Out of that awful snow.

They buried her beside a man  
Who loved all children dear,  
And on her tombstone they did put  
"An unknown child lies here."

## AN AMERICAN

John Schwab  
Greenup Independent High School

He may come from northern woodlands,  
Or from far Pacific shores;  
From Texas or from headlands,  
Where the cold Atlantic roars.

Though he comes from various places,  
Though he lives in diff'rent states,  
There are certain things that mark him,  
For the freedom that he rates.

He may speak his mind most freely,  
He may act without the fear  
That he may be made to suffer  
For that liberty so dear.

He may mix with thousands daily,  
He may walk a lonely man;  
But wherever he may come from,  
He's a proud American.

## ENVY

Betty Wellman  
Greenup Independent High School

Outside a filling station stood  
A beggar old and grey,  
As he was gazing at the cars  
That went along that way.

As each car came steaming up  
And snorting hot as sin,  
Some kind attendant poured  
A quart of alcohol within.

"The days are long, the days are cold,  
The days are harsh," said he,  
"Alas, nobody ever pours,  
A warming drink in me."

## FOG

Alliene Stewart  
Greenup Independent High School

The street lights have a golden fringe,  
But seem to give no light;  
The fog all white and silvery,  
Has swallowed up the night.

The sky is gone, the street is lost,  
But I see now and then,  
Under large umbrellas,  
The hurrying feet of men.



## OUR VILLAGE CHOIR

Jeanne Ruark

Lewis County High School

At the small church in the village  
We gather ev'ry Monday night,  
To loosen up our vocal cords  
And practice by lamplight.

Fin'ly when we're congregated  
An' lawsy, that takes time!  
Our leader, Mr. Whippermull,  
Gits up and gives his sign.

The tunin' fork has done its part,  
An' now we're on our own;  
Oh, mercy! Did you hear that flat?  
Now that was Widder Jones.

Our high sopraner, Miss Cordell,  
Has gone and lost her hymnal;  
You know it was intentional,  
Now, she can sing with Kimball.

Kimball is our baritone  
And land! Is he good lookin'!  
The reason the gals all come to church  
Is just to see who'll hook 'im.

The funniest feller in our choir  
Is little ole Mr. Brown;  
He sings the bass with a bullfrog chant,  
And he shore kin go way down.

The mayor sings in a monotone,  
But then, he's a privileged man;  
His corpulent wife stands by his side  
And puffs and labors as hard as she can.

After an hour of scales and hymns,  
We're dismissed to go to our homes,  
And that's when I got the brilliant idee  
Of a-writin' this here pome.

## SPRING

Jim Bob May

Greenup Independent High School

When all the trees are budding  
And all the streams run clear,  
And all the birds are singing,  
Something tells me spring is here.

When the flowers are all a-blooming  
And the wind is blowing free,  
And the butterflies all flutter,  
Then it seems like spring to me.



## THEY DON'T CHANGE

James Earl Cottle  
West Liberty High School. Nelle Taulbee, Teacher

The first man on earth lazily opened his eyes,  
Gazed wonderingly about at the earth, the sky;  
Moved his arms, his legs, greatly to his surprise,  
And finding he could move jumped up with a cry.

Frightened at the sound issuing from his throat,  
He raced o'er the fields like a wild mountain goat.  
At last exhausted he dropped to the ground  
Hid in the grass to escape that sound.

Hearing the labored throbbing of his throat,  
He shrieked in terror and with a start  
Sprang up again beating his throat;  
At length in a swoon sank to rest.

When again he awoke the morning sun was high.  
He yawned, stretched himself, then opened his eyes.  
Looking about he saw--What could it be?  
Another creature most beautiful to see,

Moving timidly toward him emitting soft, sweet sighs.  
Was earth's first woman taking man by surprise?  
Too shocked to move he stood mutely still  
'Til she threw her arms about him--as ever woman will.

Then swayed by an instinct too powerful to resist  
He drew her to him, pressed her lips with a kiss;  
So woman and man have done ever since  
And will be doing a million years hence.

## A MUCH USED BOOK

Harriet Kates  
Lewis County High School

Dog-eared and battered, its discolored cover worn and frayed by the  
constant touch of baby's hands, the book lay, satisfied with its destiny.

## NIGHT

Floyd Warrix  
Prestonsburg High School

No other thing can be to me more dear;  
No silence holds a peace so pure as night;  
It's then I'm free from every daily care  
To share a place beyond the mountain height--  
To delve into a realm that's still unknown  
With misty shadows never seen by day,  
And feel that soft, caressing light alone,  
The morning sun will come to drive away.

No one can ever write a song to tell  
The mystic things that give the heavens gold;  
The pen can never justify their spell,  
For all of these will e'er remain untold--  
Nor can the artist paint this sparkling space,  
For only night can show its wondrous face.



## SECRETS OF A GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

Jenne Ruark

Lewis County High School

Carrie Goldenburg, Teacher

Standing in the corner of a long, dark hall in an old Southern mansion, I have witnessed many things during my lifetime. Though some folks say my uselessness as a timepiece is due to old age, I am positive that neglect is the chief cause.

My existence began in Bristol, England, where all good clocks are made. Eighty years ago my case, carved from a walnut tree, was beautifully finished and fitted with the best of works, a sedate round face, clear glass, and a shiny gold pendulum. After my completion, I was moved to a little furniture shop. There I stood between a Jenny Lind bed and a Louis XVI desk, and patiently waited my fate.

One day a rich Southern gentleman from the United States, who was traveling in England, came into the shop. His eyes lighted on me, and though I don't mean to brag, I think my splendor dazzled him. He purchased me at any rate, for no miserly sum either, and I began my journey to my present home.

I entered the fine old mansion, which was to be my home, on September 2, 1858. There were nine in the family, mother, father, three girls, and four boys, besides many negro servants. I was placed in the large front hall and was attended to very carefully. Every Sunday night I was wound, without fail, and many guests exclaimed at my beauty.

After three years of peaceful happiness, I heard the family discussing a great war. I heard the man talking fiercely of revenge for those Northern Yankees who dared to question the rights of the South. I heard the women pleading with the men to remain at home as long as possible. Then came the night when the Colonel and his three oldest sons marched out to join the Confederate troops, and gloom settled over the house. Before leaving, the Colonel placed the carefully wrapped jewels in my case where they remained until his return.

When the war ended, only the Colonel and one son came back, the two oldest sons having died in action. For some time the household was in mourning for these two loved ones, but finally the family adjusted itself to the normal routine.

In the spring before the war, Miss Sally and her young lover often sat on a settee near me in the hall, and talked. While he was away fighting, she seemed to come to the seat, seeking comfort. When he returned, she led him at once to this place, and I witnessed a most tender love scene and a betrothal.

Perhaps the funniest of my experiences took place on the night I suspected burglars. It was after midnight when the door opened slowly with a creak, and someone tiptoed into the hall. Supposing the family to be safe in bed, I became alarmed and struck loudly. Someone stumbled over a chair and to my surprise and relief, I heard the voice of Tom, the Colonel's only son, swearing softly to himself as he hurried on upstairs.

The passing years have seen many changes in the old house, but I still stand in my corner. Electric clocks and radios tell the time now, and I am regarded merely as an antique.



## DATE

Charles Boggs

Dudley High School. Juliet Clark, Teacher

Ellen had waited there at the bus depot for nearly three long--long hours--but he had not come. She had seen busses come in and go out--but no Gerald. To pass the time away she had tried to read the serial in the *Times*, but the story, which had been her reading habit, now seemed dry and without meaning--for Gerald was coming! He was due on the seven-twenty. The big silent clock over the door said nine forty-five, and still she waited.

Once she dozed, but for only a minute, for the public address system woke her, blaring the names of towns to which the big busses made their trips.

She recalled the letter she had received only yesterday. She hadn't heard from Gerald in so long, she had opened the letter with no little anxiety. Gerald had written in a manner that showed plainly his enthusiasm--"Have saved enough. Am returning tomorrow. We will be married Friday. Be sure to meet me."

Ellen had confided the secret to only her closest friends, and they had been very much pleased and had promised gifts.

"Dear, sweet Gerald," she thought, "I knew he would return. He hasn't written for over a month--and then I get this letter."

He hadn't written--but then Ellen forgave him with "Ah, well--the excitement of coming home--"

Gerald had worked in Texas for the past two years, had answered her letters so eagerly. He had worked hard--saved--had sent her nice gifts--often money (though she would rather have the gifts), and a "boom" had enlarged his bank account to a certain extent. For Gerald was an industrious oil man.

Ellen looked at the clock again. Another hour had passed. She asked the man at the information desk when the next bus from Dallas came in. One more hour of waiting. Surely he'll be on this bus. Surely . . . he'll be . . . on . . . this . . . bus. The clerk eyed her curiously as her head drooped--in deepest sleep.

The eleven fifty bus from Dallas rolled in a few minutes late. The only passengers were a young man and a girl. The man carried a large valise and three porters staggered under heavy traveling bags and boxes. The man stood for a brief moment gazing about the large station, his eyes flitting from bench to bench, until he saw her!

Hurriedly he strode to the bench and shook Ellen gently.

"Say, wake up--it's Gerald."

Tenderly he took her into his arms.

"Darling, it's good to see you."

She scolded him teasingly with "Gerald, why did you keep me waiting?"

Gerald looked a bit sheepish but finally turned to the girl standing back of him and said, "This is my fiancée, Jeanne."

His fiancée! This was certainly a surprise!

"You see, we missed the early bus--so sorry we're late. Say, Jeanne, meet the sweetest person you'll ever meet--My Mother!"

## TRANQUILITY

Lois Foreman

Lewis County High School

Now in the quiet of the evening, my heart is comforted. I shall have time to draw the curtain back and show a world, all sapphire and white. The trees are drooping with the weight of the sparkling snow. The sky is a thing of beauty. The sun has just set, and the sky is still a mead of heavenly azure. As I look at this, my hands are quiet and my soul is at peace.



## KEEPSAKE

John Whisman  
Powell County High School  
John J. Wilkey, Principal

"Here's the prisoner, sir." The bailiff spoke in a dull monotone as a small, wiry man stepped into the dim light in front of the judge's rostrum. The small man, his face wrinkled and his hair prematurely gray around the temples, squinted his eyes as the dull light hurt them and peered up at the stern face above the railing.

"Y' honor, sir. I'd like to say sompin'," the little man said in a rasping, wheezy voice, his words interspersed with racking tubercular coughs.

"I dunno e' zactly why y' got me up here. I don' r'member las' night none; guess I must a been drunk. That's usually th' charge, sir. Y' see, it's this a way. I 'uz born 'n' raised down Kentucky way, jus' 'bout where th' mountains rise out a the aidge a th' blue grass, near 's I c'n r'member. Y' see, I lef' home wen I wuz 'bout ten yeahs old." Here he had to stop as a fit of coughing shook him.

The judge settled back in his leather chair. He was an elderly gentleman, whose imposing forehead bespoke an inherent intellect. His sparkling eyes, deep set in crinkly wrinkles would have evidenced boisterous humor had they not been inspired to dignity by the wisps of gray hair forming the eyebrows. The docket had been particularly dry that day and the judge scented a story which he proposed to enjoy.

The tiny prisoner continued:

"Yessir," he said, "it jus' 'peared 's if I had t' leave home, sir. Y' see mother muz sick an' pap,--y' know, I never could connect up what happened t' pap--seems 's tho' I r'member him an' then he jus' sorta fades out da pictur'."

Here the judge leaned forward slightly and several casual spectators in the court-room crept closer to the little man telling his story--telling a history in a cosmopolitan lingo that included every dialect. He talked like a cultured aristocratic Southerner, the careless, simple mountain man, a street-educated city waif, and like a concise speaking English professor.

"Yessir, as I uz saying, mother was sick, and I thought I'd leave home 'n' make a fortune so's she cud have th' bes' doctors and all like that. Well, sir, I drifted around here 'n' there doin' firs' one thing an' then another but 't 'peared 's though making a fortune is more uv a job 'n' I'd ever thought about. Well, I guess I mus' a wandered in a circle, 'cause one day I walked right back into the old home town. They told me Mother had gone away. I understood. I was glad, too. So, purty soon, I lef' agin. I been wanderin' ever since. Sometimes I take a few drinks--you know how 'tis--y' get t' athinkin' . . . an' sometimes I jus' soak up too much, Judge. I guess I mus' a got jus' a leetle too much las' night, Judge, but I didn't mean no wrong, hones', I din't. Watsa penalty, Judge, wat sa penalty?"

The judge cleared this throat and surreptitiously blew his nose. He leaned forward and looked into the watery gray eyes that gazed up at him so wistfully. Clearing his throat again he gruffly addressed the prisoner, "I'm not going to pronounce sentence upon you--yet. Officer, take the prisoner to my office. I will be there in a moment."

A few minutes later, in the judge's office the judge and the prisoner faced each other across the polished desk top. The small man waited expectantly for the judge to speak.

"Yessir, y' honor," he prompted.

"What is your real name?"

"Mayfield, sir. Jim Mayfield."

"Hmm. Mayfield, eh? So you were telling the truth the first time. How old?"

"I'm not right sure, sir, what with all the wandering an' all--but I'd say it was right at thirty, sir."

The judge spoke softly now.



"Jim Mayfield, and about thirty. Is it possible?" Then louder, "Jim, was your mother's name--Mary?" He spoke the name in a reverent whisper.

The little man's words rang vibrant and clear, "Yes, sir, and as true a mother as was the first Mary!"

The judge raised himself to his feet and leaned on his hands across the desk.

"Do you have anything--any keepsake that--that once belonged to either of your parents?"

"Yes, sir. I have an old watch that used to belong to Pa . . . er . . . Father.

"Could I see it?" The judge's voice quivered slightly.

"Well, sir, a friend of mine is keeping it for me. I think he is staying here in town, sir. I guess I could get it."

Tears welled in the judge's grey eyes, as he spoke haltingly.

"I am . . . almost . . . sure . . . you see,--I really . . . it doesn't seem, but it must be true, your name. Go get the watch and bring it to my house tonight. You can find it easily. Just ask someone where Judge James Allensby lives."

"Yes'r," replied the weazened little man as he bowed his way out of the door.

Late that night in a lumbering box car speeding toward somewhere, two hoboes huddled together in the open door.

"How'd ya beat da rap, Jim?" asked one of them.

"Aw, I pulled th' old one--you know--I made him think I wuz his long-lost son. He forgot all 'bout the sentence."

"Jim Mayfield, I swear, you wuz borned a genius. How'd ya know da old guy had lost a son?"

"Oh--I got ways. Say, Bo, lemme have my watch 'f ye ain't lost it at craps."

"Here 'tis, Jim. Shore is a purty watch. Must be an old un, ain't it?"

"Yeh," Jim's nimble fingers were busy for a moment as he unscrewed the massive silver cover. Then in the pale, clear moonlight he looked inside the watch. A sudden strident whisper escaped his lips. There, engraved inside the old time-piece, a symphony in silver and shadow in the gray moonlight, was a name. A distinctive name.

James Mayfield Allensby, Esq.

## COMPOSITION

Hershel Boggs  
Jenkins High School  
Irma Shufflebarger, Teacher

A clear stream,  
A deep pool,  
Cool shade and pretty flowers  
Make  
A Paradise.

A witty brain,  
A working tongue,  
A big smile and keen eye  
Make  
A Fisherman.

A shallow pool  
With no fish,  
Many mosquitos and snags in  
profusion  
Make  
A fisherman's Paradise.



## MUSIC IN OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Leon Katz

Ashland Senior High School

Gladys Muhleman, Teacher

"Music in Our Public Schools" is a title which lends itself readily to speculative thought. What is music? What is its relation to the public school? These questions, and many others, arise upon reading the title. The answers that research reveals should be of interest to everyone, for they form a distinct chapter in the history of music.

The word "music" was derived from the Greek and originally included all the accomplishments of the nine Muses. Literature, mathematics, art—"music" was applied indiscriminately to them all. Through the ages its usage was gradually restricted, until finally it stood for only one of the original fine arts. Music became the science of combining tones in rhythmic and harmonic order to excite the emotion or intellect. The high aesthetic plane upon which it soars, the harmony which small ensembles effect--such qualities make music an educational element in the formation of character.

From the beginning, the course of music has been diverted into two fundamental channels, the instrumental and the vocal. Instrumental music includes band, orchestra, small ensembles, and solos. Vocal music consists of girls', boys', and mixed ensembles, plus smaller ensembles and solos. Thus the public has a wide field in which to venture in their attempt to bring music into education.

The history of this attempt is characterized by the feats of unsung heroes. In 1837 Lowell Mason installed music in the Boston Public School. Other cities instantly followed suit and, by 1870, the stage was set for Luther Whitlow Mason's "National Music Course" consisting of vocal material for all school grades. The success of these pioneers in vocal education paved the way for instrumental courses, and Richmond, Indiana, boasted the first high school orchestra in America. By 1914 music was well developed in the public schools of the country. The trend of organized music instruction was toward a curriculum-balancing performance and general music learning.

Today vocal music is enjoyed by all students. However, instrumental music in most schools is limited to those students capable of purchasing instruments. Uniform college courses for music educators have done much to standardize public school music. For capable high school graduates there is always an opportunity to win a scholarship to some accredited college on musical merit alone. In the striving for advancement along the musical line, the student serves to weld grade school, high school, and college instructors into a close cooperation.

Since music has attained its recent prominence in education, the question has been raised, "Is music justifiable as a part of our school curriculum?" The answer from any standpoint is a resounding, "Yes."

As the years go on, the importance of music in the school is emphasized more and more. Examine a typical high school year; note the part music plays in the activities. Fall football season arrives and the band is asked to maneuver during the half. If the school has an R. O. T. C. unit, there will be a military band to add to the ceremony of the impressive reviews. The seniors give their annual minstrel. "Will the orchestra kindly give us a few selections during the show?" In the meanwhile the choral club, the band, and the orchestra are all sending various members to chapel, school clubs, and even civic club programs. This is where the small compact ensembles achieve their full worth. It is Spring and the entire music department leaves school for the state contests. Band, orchestral, choral, ensemble, and solo entrants all add to the honor and reputation of the school. A few more advanced musicians may even win national honors. Graduation arrives and with it the Class Play, Class Night, Commencement--all these mean overtime work for the orchestra and the choral groups.



Music should never be separated from education. The addition of music to the school curriculum is almost certain to add a refined touch that will go far in making a cultured, well-balanced individual out of a child.

## THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING IN LETCHER

Clarence Daniels

Jenkins High School. Irma Shufflebarger, Teacher

Spring in all her glory kissed the mountain air good morning,  
And Letcher woke up smiling to the new day that was dawning,  
And the hills called back the laughter of the flitting, fairy breeze  
That lightly ran her fingers through the boughs of chestnut trees.  
For Spring had come to Letcher, the "garden of the mountains."  
It broke the frozen stillness of her gurgling, laughing fountains;  
It set the sunshine glancing over hilly dale and woodland,  
And made all Nature happy and proved that life was grand.

## MY MOTLEY PERSONALITY

Edgar Weddle

Flemingsburg High School. Lillian Allen, Teacher

We hear of people with dual personalities and smile smugly to ourselves, thinking that we are not of that peculiar breed. However, if we study ourselves, we invariably find that we have not only two personalities, but more.

Of course these personalities are not violently criminal nor insane, like some people we read and hear about who have dual personalities, but our personalities are just as changeable. When I think about it, I find to my surprise, that I have four or five; a pleasant one, a surly one, a business-like one, an indifferent one, and sometimes a vicious one.

Last week I changed my personality from an easy one to a business-like one, then back to the easy one, when I learned that the man I was talking with did not have any money. Instead of letting him go his way or turning him over to the police, I took him home to a dinner and gave him an old pair of shoes before he left.

I am sure my personality is far from pleasing when I have to get up on a cold morning and go down to the city hall. I make a fire, empty ashes, and then get my feet wet coming back home. However, my personality gets back to normal when I eat a hot breakfast and get into dry clothes.

I try to keep my personality as pleasing as possible, but I forget many times. I was selling papers about three years ago and doing fairly well. A prospective customer was recommended to me by a friend and I went to see him. I did not have my mind entirely on the subject of selling papers, so I appeared to be indifferent and not particularly interested. I did not get his subscription.

That incident taught me carefully to guard the workings of my motley personality. Now, I am either business-like or pleasant during the day when I am with my friends. At night, when I am alone and can harm no one I give my vicious, surly, indifferent personalities an airing. I quarrel with myself but I am also indifferent to surliness. The next day pleasantness beams from me.

# THE TRIANGLE

Willie Weaver  
Flemingsburg High School

## I

All in the merry month of May,  
When the green buds were a-swelling,  
John Robinson came to a mountain town,  
And there he made his dwelling.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## II

A handsomer man never was seen,  
Than this man of eight and twenty.  
Of gold and silver he boasted a store  
And his farms he said were many.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## III

He had been in town only a few days;  
I'm sure the days weren't ten,  
When he fell in love with another man's wife  
And she fell in love with him, I ken.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## IV

He said to her, "My lady love,  
If you will marry me,  
I'll take you to cities far and wide,  
And finally I'll take you to sea."  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## V

"I'd like to go to cities both far and wide.  
I'd like to go to sea,  
But married I am to a nice young man,  
And one who dearly loves me."  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## VI

If you will forsake your husband, dear,  
And go along with me,  
We will go to cities far and wide,  
And then we'll go to sea.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## VII

And so she did go away with him,  
And left her babies three,  
They went to the cities both far and wide,  
And finally went to sea.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## VIII

She had not been sailing good three weeks,  
I'm sure it wasn't four,  
Until she broke down and wept for the little  
babes,  
Whose faces she'd see no more.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## IX

"Cheer up, cheer up, my fair love,  
Cheer up, cheer up," said he,  
"I'll take you to cities far and wide,  
And then to a far countree."  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!



## X

But she hadn't been sailing good three months,  
I'm sure it wasn't four,  
Until she jumped into the ocean deep.  
And sank to rise no more.  
U-li-oe-o-e-oe-o!

## THE JUNIOR-SENIOR PROM

Thomas Wilson

Russel High School. Charles Clark, teacher

The Junior-Senior Prom, these words excite blushing Juniors and thrill dignified Seniors. Weeks before this great event takes place girls are preparing their evening gowns and boys are out buying loud shirts and bow ties. Then comes the day of the great event. The girls are gathered in small groups telling each other what they are to wear that night, and as for the boys, well, they are out running around and not thinking much about it. About six o'clock in the evening the girls rush home to prepare themselves so that the boys will think that they are beautiful when they call for them. The boy goes home to try to talk his dad out of the car for the night.

About an hour before the dance the boy goes home and struggles into his stiff collar and loud tie. After this is done he drives off in the car, which he has been polishing all evening. By the time the girl is getting worried wondering if the boy will get there on time, but her worrying stops when she hears the boy's car outside. And so to the dance. All the way down the street the girl is wondering if her makeup is on straight and the boy is wondering if his tie is tied straight.

Finally they reach the auditorium, get out of the car, and walk up to the door. The boy by this time is having a queer feeling inside of him and the girl is getting nervous, but when they enter the auditorium the queer feeling leaves the boy and the nervousness leaves the girl when they see their friends dancing. They begin to dance and forget about everything but having a good time.

After the dance is over the boy and girl go to the drug store to get a soda and to show off their new clothes. After this the boy drives the girl home and they walk up the walk to her front porch together. When they reach the front porch the boy leans over and kisses the girl and walks off the porch whistling, leaving the blushing girl behind him. As he walks he thinks, "This is a night worth remembering."

## TO A PANSY

Charles Boggs

Quintuplet petaled,  
Things of minute loveliness,  
Dark shades of lavender--  
And light of blue . . .  
Simple in your setting  
Small, and yet--  
You've majesty that surpasses all--  
Thou Pansy--  
I cannot forget  
Thy simple beauty.



## LITTLE THINGS

Minnie Malena Ledford  
Powell County High School  
John J. Wilkey, Superintendent

An old song that an old man sang,  
Not beautiful at all, so why  
Should I remember yet the words  
And sing them now with that same sigh?

A moon-lit night--I can't recall  
Just when, I only know the air  
Had springtime's softness, and the scent  
Of plum trees shedding blossoms there.

Spring lilacs blooming in the rain,  
That I saw by a kitchen door;  
Some kind word spoken by a friend,  
Whom I thought was friend no more.

The smell of brown earth, freshly plowed,  
Still steaming with the April rain;  
Blue violets on the grassy banks,  
White violets blooming by the lane.

A thin, sweet violin strain I heard,  
Comes back to be, I know not why,  
And yet, I cannot understand  
Just why those notes should make me cry.

## SPRING

Jimmy Boggess, Sixth Grade  
Breckinridge Training School  
Rebecca Thompson, Teacher

The grass is green,  
The flowers are seen,  
Old Father Sun is shining bright,  
It's just right to fly my kite;  
That's because it's spring.

The birds are singing,  
The air is ringing  
With music sweet and soft.  
The boys are playing; the boys are falling  
Out of the old barn-loft.

## SPRING IS COMING

Emily Williams, Sixth Grade

Spring is coming with her flowers,  
With her sunshine and her showers,  
With her beauty and her graces,  
Like a queen in all her laces.  
Spring is coming.

Spring is coming, birds are singing,  
Bees are humming, church bells ringing.  
Spring! With all of Nature's beauty,  
She will not forget her duty.  
Spring is coming.



# College Section

## INVOCATION

Scott Risner

Blow, warm wind,  
go softly and  
wake not spring yet.

Slow, warm wind;  
low is the voice  
I hear calling.

Flow, south wind;  
mow me a swath  
to breath down in.



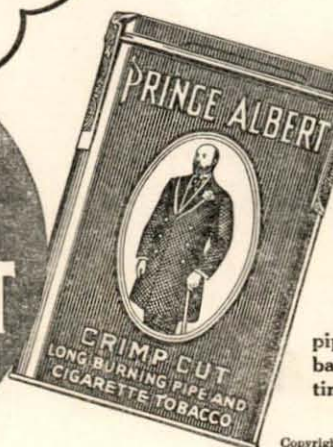
PRINCE ALBERT'S  
NO-RISK OFFER  
SAYS: 'MELLOWEST,  
TASTIEST.' AND,  
MAN, I SOON SAID  
THE SAME—  
AND HOW!

### STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.

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 Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

PRINCE  
ALBERT

THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



SO  
MILD!

50

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.



## SKEPTICAL?

Dorothy Caudill

The last time I saw Dale was when she walked out of Clivemore Hall. I happen to be in the lobby as she passed through and told Miss Field goodbye. She just said, "Goodbye. I'll write you some time."

Dale was dressed in her blue mannish suit and wore collegiate low-heeled oxfords. Her head was bare and she carried nothing; no purse; no book; nothing. As she pushed the door open a breeze blew her hair lightly away from her face. She didn't wave or look back. She just walked out as if she were going to class.

It didn't occur to me to call after her and ask where she was going or to ask Miss Field. It didn't occur to me that she might be leaving. I just lounged further down on my backbone and took up the story I was reading from where I had left off.

Day after day I leisurely strolled back and forth to those classes in which compulsion made my presence necessary. It was about four days before I began to miss Dale. So in order to pacify my unreasonable curiosity I casually asked Lisbeth where Dale was. My eyebrows shot up skyhigh in surprise when Lisbeth grinned and said, "Why, she got married and left school to start housekeeping." She added fondly, "And that crazy little thing even flunked that snap Child-Care course we had."

"Who?" I asked.

"Who what?" Lisbeth mumbled through the sweat-shirt she was slithering into.

"Who's the fellow?"

"Barnes."

I remembered Barnes well, although he had been out of school a year. We had sat together in History 232. Ignoring the professor's accurately directed cut-it-out stare, Barnes had told me all about his girl, the one with the car and the rich dad. He had insisted on showing me parts of her letters and we had discussed her freely. He was dating Dale on the side.

Big Barnes was an athlete and a nice looking fellow in his own funny embarrassed way. Perhaps this marriage might be successful. I am not one to be skeptical--always. But these college marriages--Tsk! tsk!

During the year Lisbeth got a few letters from Dale and she gave me the low-down. It seemed that a baby was to be born soon.

Well, here I lounge in the same spot as when Dale walked out exactly a year ago, and whom should I see? In walks Dale in a collegiate outfit which consists of a blue suit, flat rubber-soled shoes, no hat, no purse, just as if she were returning from a class.

"Hi, there, Dale. How's every little thing?" I called out to her.

"Hi, everything's swell," she grinned kiddishly. "By golly, I'm back here to study. Ten bucks to one that I make an 'A' in that blamed old Child-Care course that I flunked. Honey, I've had a concrete experience. No more abstractions for me."

And you could have knocked me over with a tooth-pick, that is if I hadn't already been sitting on my neck, when Dale went on to say that the school had offered her a scholarship if she would bring her baby to be a living example in the Home Economics and Child Training Department. Baby would have a nursery and get the best of everything, and of course everybody would simply love him to death.

I gasped in amazement. "What will they think of next?"

A new and excited look came into Dale's eyes. She said very low, "Barnes is going to bring the baby over tomorrow. We have decided that, as soon as Barnes can touch the boss for a raise and as soon as I can get my head full of child-care and homeish knowledge, we are going to settle down and raise a whooping big family, a lot more just like Babe Barney."

I was astounded, aghast. I remember once saying, "I am not the one to be skeptical--always." But perhaps I am not the one to be skeptical at all--anymore.



## THE TYRANNIES OF A BUDGET

Janet Judd

Before I was formally introduced to a budget and its inconsiderate prying, I was as free as the air. I spent when I pleased, and I bought what I pleased. Only my conscience was my guide. And I must admit that it took frequent naps.

Now, when I feel in an expensive mood, no longer can I say, "Come on, I treat you this time, and you can do the same for me some day." Oh, no. It would upset my budget's equilibrium, for it says that only so much can be spent today. It would leave a deficit today, and a balance at some future date, and I can just imagine the look on its smug little face. Not that I don't upset it rather frequently. It wouldn't be so bad if you could keep a few secrets, but it is so prying. Somebody should warn my budget about what happened to the cat with too much curiosity.

If I even have a runner it not only ruins my composure, my temper, and my stockings, but as if that weren't enough, my budget gives a squeal of dismay. It is most exasperating.

Before I had a budget, I never knew where my money went, but everything was covered adequately, and I had a good time and got what I wanted. Now I cannot indulge in my pet weakness, shoes. I see a pair of shoes that make me stand figuratively with my nose pressed against the glass, but because of my budget, I can only think wistfully, "If wishes were shoes--." At least that is all I should do.

Budgets may be suitable for people with stern resolutions and the will to do or die, but as for me, give me liberty, and let my budget do the dying.

## TO A BUTTERFLY

Irene McLin

Today you lingered in a palace--  
The royal court of purple queens,  
And dipped to kiss the ladies fair,  
Behind your fan of yellow wings.

While there, the goddess of all flowers  
Slipped you a pure exotic thing:  
A fragrant wisp of sweet perfume  
From her hyacinth vase of spring.

## APPLE BLOSSOM TIME

Edgar Moles

While gazing on the pinkish white loveliness of a blooming apple tree, I am held spellbound by a sweet intoxicating odor that drifts to my nostrils.

Weak with the disease that doctors declare does not exist, spring fever, I cannot resist the charm of the blossoms. So I discover myself lying under the apple tree, a pillow under my head and a copy of the latest historical novel over my eyes to protect them from the glaring sun.

"Oh! This is Heaven," I think. I even hear the angels flying around. I am brought back to earth when my odor-intoxicated brain assures me that angels do not make a buzzing sound when they fly.

I come up fully revived and fighting, but it seems that aggressors never win, and I am the aggressor, trying to steal the bees' food, but I only wanted to look and smell. I needed an interpreter.

With several of my opponents' poisonous daggers in my face, I stomp back to the safety of the house to be subjected to my mother's medical treatment. (She is a firm believer in cure-alls.)

Lying in bed, with my eyes swollen completely beyond sight, and my nostrils burning with the irritating odor of the latest patent liniment, I wish to slowly choke my newly arrived city cousin as she looks from my window and sighs, "Aren't those apple blossoms just too, too ducky?"



## I'D RATHER PLAN HOUSES

Kinney Long

To me, houses are individuals. They have personality and distinguishing characteristics much the same as people. Some of them are as bright and cheerful as freshly scrubbed second graders, some are dowdy, frowsy looking structures, making one think of tenement housewives, others are plain, unpretentious cottages, resembling staid, mild-mannered clerks, and then there are the fine, aristocratic mansions, very severe and austere in appearance. I'm sure they would frown if a person should trespass upon their premises or make any undue disturbance within their hearing. Houses are like people; none are perfect.

I have tried to plan the perfect house. My first attempt was one constructed of pine boughs, placed upon poles driven into the ground. It was a wonderful structure. The door was the bushy top of a pine bush and the hinge was a piece of hickory bark. To get into the house, it was necessary to raise the door, just as the rear compartment of a business coupe is raised.

The one large room, four by six, was furnished and decorated by my sisters. We had all the furniture we needed, a table, my grandfather's milking stool, chairs, square rocks, and dishes of all types, half plates, cracked cups and saucers, lard can lids, discarded knives, and our forks were made of sharpened prongs of hickory. The stove was made from a twenty-five pound lard can. It was a fine stove, but we could not stay in the house when it was fired. One day during a rain storm we tried to stay in our house but finally decided it was not all that was desired, so it was abandoned.

After reading *Ab, the Cave Man*, I planned and built several houses. None were successful. They resembled groundhog dens and invariably leaked. I had to give up building caves because of outside pressure. My mother became tired of cleaning and scrubbing me every day, but I still think I could have built one that would not have leaked.

The best house of all that I have planned and built was one of logs. My friends and I were studying history and upon seeing the picture of frontier cabins, we decided to build one. I was the architect and drew the plans for the structure. It was a success. The roof was water-tight, the fireplace did not smoke, and the door would actually open without the use of force. The furniture consisted of two bunks made of hickory poles, covered with hemlock, and split logs, with pegs for legs, made the table and benches. The only thing that kept it from being perfect was the chinking; everytime it rained, the clay got wet and fell out. This house was destroyed by a forest fire.

I'm planning the perfect house now. It is going to be a second grader, modern in every respect, adequately furnished with comfortable furniture, large porches, a nice lawn, shade trees, and a small garden in the back. The one thing to make it perfect is going to be the attic. I'm going to convert it into a hunting lodge.

I chose the attic because it is out of the way and visitors will not be prowling in and out nearly as much as if it were on the ground floor. This room will be all my own. It will have a gun cabinet, a cabinet for fishing equipment and trophies fastened permanently upon the wall, so that they won't have to be taken down every spring during house-cleaning. The floor will be covered with linoleum so that grease stains, caused by cleaning and oiling sporting equipment, may be cleaned up without sending the rug to the cleaners, and the walls will be full of pegs for clothing. I'll be able to find any article without looking all over the house and garage. The furniture will consist of two easy chairs, a desk with many drawers, a good reading lamp, and many books.

It will be a perfect hide-away, strictly masculine, and will be kept that way. In such a spot, a man can reap a full measure of satisfaction. Ashes can be dropped, feet rested upon the furniture, wet hunting clothes and fishing lines strung out to dry, guns and reels cleaned and oiled, in all, a place where a man "can call his soul his own."



## MY FRIENDS, THE FISH

T. Calvin White

In my early days, when I was a little barefoot boy, I loved to wander along a meandering stream, or sit in the shade of a tree upon the bank of some stream, gaze into the deep blue water, and watch my friends, the fish, dart to and fro, getting food that had fallen into the water. I loved to sit upon the root of an old sycamore near the mill pond, with nothing to disturb me except the splash of a fish that had leaped from the water in order to escape its enemy or to feed upon insects, or the call of some of the feathered friends, and watch the lazy watersnake gliding over a drift of wood in search of some cool place just out of the sun.

If I were to return to this scene, I would see "Old Speck," the longest of all trout, poking his head out from under a root, teasing me by coming up to my baited hook, and then darting after a chub that had been nibbling at my hook. I often called this trout "King" because he was so wise, and seemed to be ruler of the old mill pond.

I would also see my friends, the bass, darting hither and thither in the pond. I often call the bass "the Demon," for when I set hooks in a bass I knew I had a hard fight on hand, if I landed him. Bass can really fight, and it takes a good angler to land one. They will leap into the air, turn somersaults, run the length of the pool, and refuse to be reeled in unless they are too tired to run.

The proudest and most beautiful of the mill pond friends are the sun fish. These fish are about the size of a person's hand, and are very beautifully colored. They like to swim in still shallow water where they can play in the sunshine, and show their beautiful colors. They remind me of some of our modern society women who try to attract attention by wearing gaudy colored dresses. They seem to be very proud.

There I would also find the "Night Prowlers." That is the name I gave the catfish. I called them this because they travel at night in order to secure food. During the day they hide in holes in the bank, and continue their prowling when night comes. These fish do not like the bright light of the sun. It is not often that I catch one of these fish during the day unless the water is muddy. During the spawning season the catfish is very gentle. Once a friend of mine tamed a large catfish, and he could rub his hand over its back.

The "little devils" of the fishing hole are the chubs. They are small, hard to catch, and are regular bait stealers. They are a nuisance to the fishers who use the old time fishing equipment, hook line, and pole. The chubs are always hungry. They nibble at the tip of the bait until the fishermen give up, and leave for deeper water.

One day I thought I would secure some chubs for bass bait. I baited my hook, crawled on a drift of cross-ties, and about the time I had tolled them to the surface of the water, so I could dip them with a net, the cross-ties rolled over, and I was left sitting in the water.



## ON SNAKES

Frank Tate

This past summer I decided to stay in Morehead and do some collecting for the Biology Department, during the June vacation. In this way I could make enough money to cover my expenses while here, with some to spare, and at the same time save the six or seven dollars I would have to spend going home and back.

One morning I put some old tennis shoes and other old clothes on, got a sack and started for the creek. Although it was only seven-thirty, the day was beginning to get very warm. I crossed the bridge at the power plant and went up Triplett Creek on the right side. Rolling both my pants legs and sleeves up as far as I could I started watching the edges of the bank very closely for anything that walked, crawled, wriggled or jumped. Three or four times I slipped up within grabbing distance of some good-sized bullfrogs, only to have them slip from under my hands. I finally became so disgusted that I quit fooling with frogs and concentrated on snakes.

After I had gone far enough above the dam, the water became shallow, and I could wade out into the middle of it, something I have always loved to do, but which I find quite painful in recent years without some protection for my feet.

At first the snakes were few and far between, but as the day grew warmer I began to find them in more conspicuous places. Old rusty, scaly water snakes love nothing better than to lie on a warm rock, a pile of drift, or an old log, near the water's edge in the bright sun. They also like very much to be left alone. These that lie in the open are usually hard to catch, for although they look happy and lazy, they are on the alert and ready at the slightest disturbance to drop into the water, where they easily make themselves invisible. The ones I had the most success with were found under rocks. What a mixed thrill of alarm and pleasure I would get when I came upon a large flat rock, that might conceal a brownish three-foot coiled spring, that was in all probability ready to bounce into my face as I jerked the rock over. I've been bitten time after time but always there is that nervous or instinctive dread each time that I reach for one of nature's most repelling species. Usually I would jerk the rock over quickly, slap a short stick across the snake's neck, pick him up, and drop him into my sack. One at a time is easy to handle, but meandering slowly through the rock bars, not paying any especial attention to my business, I suddenly turned over, with the toe of my shoe, a small rock with three large snakes under it! For a second none of us moved; we were shocked into immovability. Then the wind blew, a twig rustled, and the snakes were off, one in each direction. I moved as quickly as I ever did in my life, trying to move in three directions at once, for every large snake I caught meant a quarter, money to a fellow who had only ten dollars to enroll on, and here before my eyes was almost a whole dollar rapidly disappearing. I flipped this way and that way with my stick or foot as fast as I could move, being careful not to injure them, for they are worthless in the laboratory then, trying to maneuver them on to a sand bar where I could have more time to handle each separately. I slipped once and fell headlong in the water and while getting the water out of my eyes, I saw one's tail disappearing under some brush. With a quick grab I snatched him back onto the sandbar and made a lunge for another one that had squeezed under a rock, and all I could see was the tip of his tail. He beat me; so I let him stay there until I could take care of the other two. The one I had jerked back from the brush was swimming on top of the water, so with a quick sweep I caught him just behind the head and slammed him into my sack. The tail of another was sticking from under a rock that was too small to cover him, so in a couple of seconds he had joined his partner. I searched the whole bank, turning over stones, drift piles and small logs trying to find number three, but he had evidently slipped out from under the rock I saw him go under, and made for places unknown.



My feverish activities had taken but a few minutes, but I was scratched, bruised, wet, and panting like a locomotive, from hilarious exercise and excitement. We used to have a small fox terrier that would go into a frenzy wherever we happened to roust a bunch of field mice in a fodder shock trying to go in all sides of the shock at once in fear that some might get away, and I suspect I would have resembled that pup very closely in actions that evening if an observer had chanced that way.

I continued on up the creek catching eighteen snakes, four or five frogs, and three field mice, but none of my succeeding adventures could compare with the thrill of trying to get three snakes at a time.

After reaching Rodburn Bridge I left the creek, with my legs and arms so blistered that I could hardly bear the touch of my pants or sleeves on them. Bidding farewell to Mother Nature's snake garden, I climbed up on the hot, dusty highway, and thumbed myself a ride back to civilization and Science Hall.

## OUR SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

Thomas F. Rogers

I was nine years old before I met him face to face--our skeleton in the closet. Not even the faintest whiff of his ignoble presence had reached my innocent mind previous to that time. What a well-behaved skeleton! Most of them usually pop up at the wrong time as uninvited guests.

We had a family reunion in the fall of that ninth year of mine. The skeleton did not put in his appearance. A little known uncle was conspicuously absent also. When I inquired about the latter, the glances I received caused the chains to clank and bones to rattle for the first time. Added to that was the "knowing" expression on my sister's face to taunt me beyond reason. It became a subject "that might as well be dropped" or "it had better be discussed later," whenever I was present.

Like Bluebeard's wife, curiosity got the better of me and I took to eavesdropping. That seemed to be the only key with which I might unlock this closet door.

Well, I heard it all and blurted it out at the supper table when they (and I) least expected it. The male members of the family were prone to overlook my acknowledgement, but the weaker sex took my announcement with a mixture of tears and horror.

I was not overcome by this product of adult fears. It didn't matter greatly to me that we had a black sheep in the family. What pleased me most of all was my detective work in prying the door open for a glimpse at this imprisoned spectre.

It afforded me great pleasure to blackmail the others whenever I was caught in a pinch. Especially was it effective on my sister whom the love-bug had bit most severely. I resolved to make the most of my opportunity, but the application of hickory to my hide put the quietus on my effluent daring. It also sobered my senses to the meaning of having a skeleton shadow the household.

You'd be surprised how grateful it made us that I got the door shut back again in time to keep him from shoving his foot through the crack like a Fuller Brush salesman. Why, we pulled together like the Harvard crew with this common bond of keeping our secret under our . . . , excuse me, in the closet. He makes a very useful and handy apparatus for any well-meaning family to have around..

How much would we sell him for? Dearly, I should say! However, as he has served his purpose, we might make a bargain with you, but we would expect you to take good care of him. After all, he is a member of the family.



## HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

Mona Combs

When the last star flutters and fades away I am wide awake and am thinking about getting up. It would not be very hard to get up then. All I would have to do would be to throw off the covers vigorously and step out, but something fights against this idea and overpowers it. I lie calmly and watch the room turn from darkness to a pearly gray and from pearly gray to golden yellow, but I don't get up. I hear the early birds clearing their throats for their morning songs and then I hear the songs. I feel guilty lying there lazily enjoying the morning sounds and sunshine. I know I should be up and doing, should be getting ready for a song or preparing breakfast, but I lie and allow my brain to wrestle with the problem without giving it any physical assistance.

I hear mother get up and hum cheerfully as she prepares breakfast. Thelma is in the yard fussing with the flowers, while Joe goes out swinging two large milk pails. I imagine every movement and visualize every homey happening as I lie idly in bed. Mother prepares to make the biscuits. I hear the cabinet door open and hear the swoosh of flour as it is being sifted into the mixing bowl. I hear her lift and replace the cans and jars containing the other ingredients. I can't hear her roll the dough but I can see her in my mind as she rolls the dough and cuts the flabby discs that will be puffy delicious biscuits. Next, I hear Mother walk across the floor and I know she is putting the biscuits in the oven.

"Now, why don't you get up?" my brain asks me. "You can have so much fun watching the biscuits and frying bacon into broad ribbons of crispness." I know I should get up and since I will have to get up sometime, I turn and look toward the door of my room.

After having dozed a minute or two I gently come back to consciousness and the smell of bacon mingled with the fragrance of ready-to-eat biscuits greets my nostrils. How good those biscuits would be with a mound of fresh, hand-molded butter. "Now, I will get up," I say determinedly to my slippers as they sit waiting for me, and ease my right foot from under the covers. Mother comes in and sees me getting up, as I tell her I am doing, and then returns to the dining room. Thelma dances in and tells me about the flowers. She urges me to come out and see them while they are cool and dewy. I promise to see them immediately and as Thelma goes to breakfast I put my left foot out with the right one. When I reach that stage I have practically begun my work for the day.

The family gathers around the table after Dad has asked me if I am getting up and I have answered, "Yes." Charles lisps the blessing and the morning meal begins. I want to have breakfast with them so I tumble the covers completely to one side. I hear Charles going through the audible act of drinking milk. Dad is telling mother she is the best cook in the world--the whole world.

Breakfast is over, but I am still in bed debating whether it is nicer getting up or lying still. I decide really and truly to get up. So I sit up in bed and then put my feet over the side of the bed into my yawning house-slippers. The only thing remaining to be done in order to be out of bed is to stand up. I do this when the whole family comes in and assists me playfully into the next room commanding, "Now get ready and eat breakfast."

## IN APRIL

Irene McLin

Spring, the maiden, wears a dress  
Of leaf-green eyelet,  
Delicately embroidered  
In flowers of violet.



## CLOCK PSYCHOSIS

Evelyn Miles

It doesn't look extraordinary, my clock. It appears to be just a demure round-faced little thing that sits on the window sill all day long and ticks assiduously. It is so sweet and simple-seeming, no one would suspect--

But it is a "wolf in sheep's clothing!" In the still of the night it becomes a horrible monstrosity, a living terror. It comes to life and, verily, I say it haunteth me!

I know I haven't done anything so heinous as to warrant such merciless persecution; I am morally good. I admit that I am sometimes a little careless about themes and such things.

When day has dragged its weary self away, and darkness creeps into the dormitory, my darling time-piece smiles a smile as sweet as saccharin. For a while only the quiet breathing of my roommate is audible. While "sleep knits up the ravelled sleeve" of Wilma's care, my siege begins.

My clock gets up and walks around. It talks to me; it sneers at me. It sits naively on the window-sill swinging whatever feet it has, and folding its hands in whatever lap it has. It ticks inquisitively, "Your theme? Your theme?"

Sometimes I answer, "I will; I will; I will." (My roommate thinks I dream of matrimony, but I simply cannot confess.)

Thus it torments me for hours and hours. Then perhaps it sees the grey stroke of dawn and grows frightened lest its secret be seen. It creeps far back upon the window-sill and becomes quiet. Perhaps I sleep--

Suddenly I am jerked high and hard. An ear-splitting laugh breaks into the peace of my subconsciousness. I am doused into reality. That demon is--

Oh, no, it is just my little alarm clock telling me it is time to get up.

## THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW

Eugene McClure

When one is taking a jaunt for pleasure down a shady country lane, wearing his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit, he pays little heed to passing automobiles. Then, unthinkingly, he slowly passes a small puddle formed by the last rain. The roar of a motor behind him should have been a warning, but there was no time to dodge. There was plenty of time to gaze ruefully at the muddy splotches on his suit, and to shout, "There ought to be a law to handle such persons as you!" after the offender is safely out of hearing.

And then there is the radio-fan problem. Almost any red-blooded American enjoys listening to the big league games. Now the game is getting under way, and Mr. America settles himself in his easy chair and takes a firmer grip on his pipe. "Two on base and two down!" Mr. America leans forward, just as three women burst into the room chatting gaily.

"Oh, have you heard Louis Whattasnozzle of the grand opera? He's singing this afternoon." Mrs. America rushes to the radio and twirls the dials, as Mr. America staggers out into the sunshine moaning, "I tell you, there ought to be a law to protect a man from intrusions."

And there are the bath-room crooners! Who hasn't experienced their boring performances. Joe College settles himself at his desk with his sociology text propped up before him. No sooner does he begin to concentrate than an un-melodious voice pours its entreaties through the very walls. He reads, "Sociology is--" "a sweet little headache," drones the voice next door. "Through this medium we may study our problems in--" "all affairs of the heart!" Joe College grabs the book, slams it down on the desk, and stamps out of the room, swearing that if he were in Congress, he'd have a law passed to exterminate such pests.

Insignificant problems, these. I wouldn't let a little thing like a crooner worry me. There goes that trombone again! There ought to be a law--!



## LIMERICKS

Mona Combs

My Ma baked a butterscotch pie,  
And a nice young chicken did fry.  
"If you touch the chicken,  
You'll sure get a lickin.,"  
So I ate the butterscotch pie.

There was a poor girl studying math  
Who hadn't even time for a bath.  
She studied night and day  
In a demonish way;  
Now an "E" is all that she hath.

Some gold fish were having much fun  
When they were gulped down one by one.  
The means of digestion  
Was then the great question.  
Can double digestion be done?

## POOR MAN, HE NEVER GOT MARRIED

Marshall Daniel

Poor Lloyd, his case is really pathetic. He is forty-seven years young and is still unmarried. Young, did I say? Just that alone is a terrible factor in his pathetic existence. Were he married he could now enjoy the dignity of being forty-seven years old. He has missed that happiness. I am afraid that he will always be so many years young.

The rolling pin is spoken of jestingly in its relation to marriage. This should not be. I am sure that Lloyd can now see for himself the inspiring encounter he has missed with this instrument of domestic subjection? And babies, he adores them. Poor fellow, he has been robbed of the pleasure other men find in keeping the baby from crying while its mother is getting a permanent.

Spring house-cleaning is another joy of which Lloyd is deprived. Other men may come in during house-cleaning week and receive the thrill of sitting down on the smoking stand instead of in their favorite chair. Not so for Lloyd. He always finds his easy chair in the same monotonous place. The arrangement of the furniture in his bachelor quarters is never different. He never goes to the mirror during the delightful days of spring house-cleaning to find instead of his reflection a painting of the "Lone Wolf" gazing down at him.

Lloyd never thrills with eager anticipation as the days for spring frocks and hats draw near. The pride with which husbands escort their wives from shop to store and back to shop again in search of the inevitable spring hat is not his. He is not allowed the pleasure of paying for a woman's spring attire. To him falls the woeful lot of spending his money as he pleases. He has no wife.

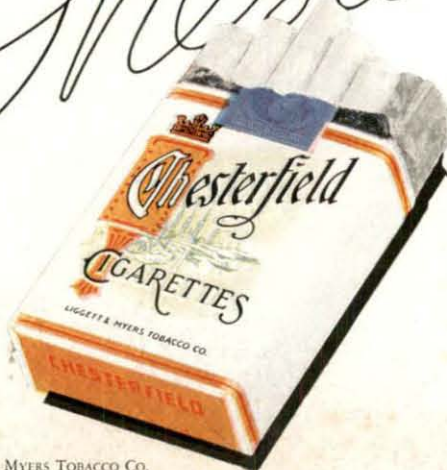
Someone has said that every man is a potential husband. If this is true, Lloyd may still be in an unsafe position. Of course if he never marries he will never realize the value of freedom. Divorce courts are not founded for bachelors.





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