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To the reader;

A PERSONAL MATTER

Please pardon the dress, the uncovered staples, the broken right margins. The truth is the manuscripts have been accumulating and we took a sudden notion to circulate them among our private friends. The INKPOT seemed the easy way for a lazy man to reach them.

Friends, then . . . We are one motley crew. Represented in this issue are majors in physics, sociology, art, and one small major in english (not capitalized by sympathy). And motley are our offerings, weird, rakehelly, prankish, clever, homey. Some of them we cannot abide ourselves; "Eternal Nightmare" scared the writer of "Charlie" out of his wits, but the writer of "Eternal Nightmare" took delight in "Charlie". There is no accounting for taste.

That being the case, an adequate editorial "policy" seems out of the question. Our reasoning is something like this: Out of a campus population of 500 some 499 will wish to write, and 99 will. Who is to tell the 99 what to say and how to say it? Writing, like wine, is good for the health; some things need to be said; on any campus are a raft of characters just waiting for a writer.

Since we must be democratic, the invitation is general to direct manuscripts to:

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EDITORIAL OF THE WEEK -

THE VOTING AGE SHOULD BE LOWERED

The peacetime draft has sharpened everyone's interest as to whether the voting age should be lowered. After all, if the Government can order teenagers into military service, and during war can depend on them in a battle, can it not depend upon them to vote? It is not fair to ask soldiers to defend our country and then deny them the right to vote.

That is only one of the factors entering into this problem. Another important fact is that most American youngsters finish their schooling at seventeen or eighteen. After they graduate from high school, they do not have time for further study. But they have just spent a number of years learning how our governmental system works. If they have to wait two or three years before they are able to vote, they will forget much of what they have learned. They will also lose interest in what is happening in the world about them.

These eighteen-year olds would be more broad-minded than many of our elders. You would not hear them say, "I'm going to vote the straight Democratic ticket because my father did. I never did scratch my ballot and I ain't aiming to". They would not vote for any man just because he was a Democrat. They would consider the situation and vote for the best man even if it meant scratching their ballot.

The younger generation is better educated than the older generation. You will find that many of the older people cannot write their names or read. They never hear a radio and they vote for the man that will give them a dollar or a little drink. They often mark their "X" without knowing the man's ability, principles, or character.

People of eighteen are often on their own. They have enough knowledge and responsibility to earn their living. They marry and take on the serious business of raising families, go into the armed services, are certainly active citizens. The government withholds part of their pay. Their parents cannot deduct them as dependents any more. They have interests and opinions, and prejudices too, and they are entitled to the right to express them.

Anybody who is old enough to have a stake in America, contribute his labor to the country's wealth, to pay taxes, to wear a uniform, is old enough to vote.

Don't scream . . .

ETERNAL NIGHTMARE

I'll never rest. Betty won't let me; she hates me. I keep seeing her face, her beautiful face with her Mona Lisa smile. I see other things, too. I see her indifference when I come home evenings. I see the tell-tale glasses and cigarettes. Betty does not smoke. I see myself sitting opposite her during the evenings. I stare at her over my paper. I feel the hot surge of anger and outraged pride. I see the knowing glances of our friends. I see myself in fantasy standing before a pointing, jeering crowd. I try to run; something stops and holds me. I can't breathe . . . I am being throttled. My fingers fly to my throat. I try to pull away from the burning, cutting rope. Iron bands encase my head. Hammers pound inside my temples. The crowd presses forward. Their scornful laughs ring in my ears. They carry ropes, ropes, ropes! I try to pull away. My lungs are bursting. My eyes ache. I can't close them. Betty's face swims before me. I know I can never escape. I was hanged for the throttling of my wife two years ago.

Paul H. Ockerman - '50

A story. A very tricky story . . .

THE LAST MILE

In a peaceful valley of Northern France rests the little village of Beurrelaitville. Few Americans have heard of this quiet little place; but to Frenchmen it is almost a national shrine. What French man or woman has not heard of Beurrelaitville, the home of French Toast? Those of you who like fancy toast may stay in Beurrelaitville; however, should anyone wish to go on with the story, let him go with me to another village about three thousand miles away.

Up a quiet street of Brooklyn, is a large stone building. In a dimly lighted room of this building are two men; one of them is sitting on a small three legged stool; the other, a man dressed in black robes, is standing near him and is reading from a little black book. Pierre O'Rieley, the man on the stool, appears to be a bit nervous in spite of the priest's efforts to calm him. "Why?", he asks himself, "Why did I do it? Was it worth all this?" Then he puts his hand in his pocket and withdraws a small circular object. It seems to give him new hope.

As Pierre sits, nervously fumbling with the object, the door opens and a third man enters and tells him that everything is ready. Pierre puts the object back into his pocket but does not withdraw his hand; instead he holds the object tightly clutched in his fist. At a motion from the priest he reluctantly rises and they leave the room.

While walking slowly down a long corridor his mind keeps wondering how it will be. What would it be like? If only he could get away. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be home or anywhere but here? It is too late now! All the time his grip on the small circular object increases. Tighter! Tighter! Finally he feels it pressing into his hand and his grip relaxes. They stop at the end of the long passageway and the priest departs.

In a few moments Pierre is walking down a long aisle. On either side of him are many faces. Some of them have tears in their eyes, some are tired looking, some have a slight dazed look, and some are smiling. "Oh!" thinks Pierre, "how can they smile at a time like this!" As he walks by, many a young person emits a sigh. At the end of the aisle he mounts a few steps and is again joined by the priest.

The priest begins to read from his little black book and his every word makes Pierre rather uneasy. Again Pierre fumbles for the little circular object; just as he finds it he hears the priest say, "Do you, Pierre O'Rieley, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?"

A story . . . of a firebug

CHARLIE

An arsonist is a person who sets fire to things. This does not mean that when one lights his cigarette he is to be thus classified for the real honest-to-goodness arsonist likes to see things burn. Often he will light a match and set fire to a huge building. When the trucks come he slips into the crowd and gleefully watches the fun. I once had a friend who was an arsonist. It is strange how many characters of one kind or another all of us know when we stop to consider our acquaintances. Why, I once even had a friend who was a Republican.

This fire bug friend of mine, 'Hot-shot Charlie' we used to call him, was one of the fire-makingest fellows I ever knew. He used to sit in his front room, in which he had a few huge fireplaces - four, I believe, one in each wall - and gaze into first one and then the other for hours. His fuel bill was more than his grocery and whiskey bills together, and he even had to have his basement enlarged to accommodate his coal supply. He used to tell me that he thought Lincoln must have been a suppressed arsonist since he was always lying in front of an open fire.

Charlie was really the talk of the town. He had a small blow torch specially constructed and carried it with him at all times. His friends were always greeted with a blast from it, and in a short time whenever I saw a man coming down Main Street with his coat tail singed or on fire, I'd say, "Oh, you're one of Charlie's friends."

Yep, Charlie's friends bore his trade mark and were more or less proud of it. It was not everyone whom Charlie would greet in this manner and a sort of clique developed. The group finally organized into a lodge and had regular meetings at which Charlie, sitting between two burning torches, would preside. These meetings were always a lot of fun but my wife complained that I always came home smelling like an incendiary bomb. Phooey, the woman has never even smelled an incendiary bomb. These meetings finally broke up, though, because the place burned to the ground one night. We could never find out how the fire started - carelessness probably.

One day a new man appeared in town and opened a clothing store. He featured some very nice garments and on the day of the opening practically everyone was there, including Charlie. We were all pretty hard up for clothes and most of those in attendance re-outfitted themselves. Charlie stood and smiled as the people bought their new suits. He had become tired of burning singed coat tails, for like a vampire he required new blood. Anyone could see that he was very anxious to get started on the new batch. For some reason the manager of the store kept watching Charlie with a fiendish gleam in his eye. Each time he fitted a new suit, he rubbed his hands together in glee and stole a

glance at Charlie, standing outside with his little torch. Soon all of Charlie's friends were outfitted and they began going out the door. I cannot describe the look of supreme joy which came upon Charlie's face as he let go a blast of beautiful, crimson flame. This look did not last long and his face fell, taking on the appearance of complete disillusionment. Another friend came by and Charlie blasted at him.

Well, I guess the poor fellow went mad then because he began crying as if his heart were broken and dancing around firing his torch. He shot flame in all directions, he ran into the store, firing at the rows of new coats while the manager rolled in the floor convulsed with wild, hysterical laughter. Soon all the fluid in Charlie's torch was gone and we watched him sag to the ground in a disheveled heap.

I looked at the label in my coat. It read, "Asbestos".

Glen D. Miller '50

FOR WHOM THE HORSE TOILS

After a jolting three-mile ride on a logging truck we came to a knoll overlooking the camp. Here we stopped to view the scene that lay below us. The muddy camp on which we had been traveling dropped sharply into a deep, narrow valley which had long since been cleared and then deserted as a bad risk for farming land. The other side of the valley sloped gently to the east. It was on this slope that the lumbermen were working at the time. At the edge of the forest stood five buildings, the largest of which was a long, flat-roofed affair that sheltered a powerful sawmill. Around this were four other buildings, two serving as sleeping quarters for the men, one as a tool shed and one as a kitchen. The whole place was teeming with activity; men were hurrying here and there doing their assigned jobs. The shrill singing of the saws biting into tough timbers and the fluctuating roar of powerful engines in their efforts to conquer an exceptionally stubborn log made me feel good inside. At last I was out where I belonged, out in the open. As I watched the activity below me I saw huge caterpillars coming out of the dense forest with long strings of logs trailing behind. It reminded me very much of watching an ant hill when I was a boy; the caterpillars were the workers and the logs served as food for the devouring, ever-hungry queen, the sawmill. Still this was not what I had come to see.

I hurried down the slope, passed the mill and started up the opposite side of the valley. I wanted to see what was going on under those tree tops, for I knew that there was where the exciting part of the lumber business could be found. On my way up the slope I met the caterpillars coming out with more logs but I did not stop to watch them. After a few minutes of steady climbing I began to hear the sounds that I had been waiting to hear, sounds of encouragement from drivers as they coaxed the last bit of strength out of their two thousand pound horses. This was what I had come to see!

I have always had a great admiration for the trim, fast riding horses, but to me they held little interest in comparison with these strong brutes of the log woods. To me nothing is more beautiful than the rhythmic movement of the bulging muscles of a draft horse in motion and the courage displayed when "dogged" to a load that seems impossible to move. With hopes of seeing some of these horses pulling hard, I made myself comfortable on a nearby stump where they would have to pass by me.

Trying my best to control a mounting excitement, I waited for the teams that would not be far around the hill from me. Presently I heard the muffled thump, thump of the huge feet as they dug into the slippery earth and the soft-spoken words of encouragement as the drivers urged their horses on to their utmost efforts. And then they were in sight.

Coming toward me were two huge greys dragging a log that seemed impossible to pull with anything less powerful than a tractor. It was easy to see that they were a well trained team; both horses worked as one, their strong forelegs reaching out together in perfect timing. Directly in front of me the driver stopped them for a rest in preparation for the hard up-hill pull that would place the log for convenient dogging to the tractors. After stroking the sweaty necks of the horses for a moment, the driver sat down beside me and without a word lit a cigarette.

Exhaling a lung full of smoke, he said, "What do you think of them?"

"I can't tell", I answered, "I haven't seen them in a hard pull yet".

"You will".

"Do you think they can drag that thing up this hill?" I hopefully asked. I had the feeling that I had insulted him with my question.

"Shore", he said.

With this he got to his feet and walked over to the horses to work about the harness. Puzzled, I watched him as he wrapped the check lines on the hames and started back to where I was sitting; however, I soon caught on to what he was about to do. He sat down beside me again and softly but sternly spoke four words to the horses.

"Maude, Dock, come here".

Instantly the horses prepared themselves for the pull; the driver sat patiently waiting for them to get ready and again he spoke, this time sharply.

"Come here, I said!"

With this command the horses put their weight into their collars, turned the log uphill and set about pulling in earnest. I could not help admiring the way they came eagerly toward their master, minding him as if they were children, pulling hard, not the fast, jerky movements of a more sure-footed mule but the slow, steady pace of a work horse that knows what he is to do and knows how to do it.

Now the driver began shouting encouragement, for he knew that if they stopped they would never get started again. The horses squatted lower to the ground and dug their forefeet into the earth and the log moved faster. It seemed to me a shame to ask these beauties to pull that hard but they were accustomed to hard pulling. Suddenly the lead horse lost his footing and went down; instantly his teammate stopped

as he should have done. I marveled at the patience of the driver; many men would have been cursing and beating by this time, but he only stroked their necks and talked to them in a calm, soothing voice.

"I doubt if they can start her again", he said to me, "with it being so slick they can't get a toe-hold, but we'll try".

I then realized that I had the privilege of watching one of the very few men who really understood and could handle work horses. He walked up the hill in front of the horses and again spoke to them; without another word from him the horses started pulling, the mighty muscles in their chests and forelegs swelling and bulging until it seemed that they would surely burst through the skin, the large blood vessels running along their sides dilated almost to the bursting point. Then the log began to move, slowly but surely it gained momentum; I knew then that they would never stop until they had the log in place.

With one last mighty heave they topped the hill, swung around and with the aid of the driver got the log in place. I could not have been more proud of the horses had they been my very own as they stood there shaking their heads in triumph. Every muscle in their bodies was trembling; I could hear their hearts beating from where I stood. I watched the driver as he stroked their frothy necks. He smiled at me triumphantly and said, "Now what do you think of them?"

"I've never seen better," I answered truthfully.

Uncle Jim's practical jokes - people
go to jail for less . . .

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THE PORTER FROM FLAG BOTTOM

Flag Bottom is the place where I grew up. It could be most anyplace, for it wasn't even a town. It wasn't even a wide place in the road. Flag Bottom is a peaceful little valley with a creek close by, where cool sparkling water flows constantly and winds its way over hill and dale to a river in the distance.

There aren't too many people living in Flag Bottom and not much to be said about them. The Statons live just where you turn off the main highway, the Blacks down the road a little farther, the Razors over by the store, and the Porters live just up the creek from our house.

Oh yes, the Porters! No one ever called them that; just Uncle Jim and Ma. I guess everyone knew Uncle Jim. He taught us boys everything we knew about fishing or hunting. He was the funniest man I ever knew. I can see him now, little and skinny with heavy black eyebrows that indicated his now grey hair had once been the same color. His long nose looked like the beak of an eagle because he never wore his false teeth. He used to say, "Dad burn 'em, Ma, they won't stay in my mouth." That was mostly on Sundays or when there was company, 'cause Ma knew better than to ask Uncle Jim to wear his teeth any other time.

Ma was just the opposite of Uncle Jim in build. She was big and fat and when she laughed she shook the whole house. Yet, their eyes were the same; both had beady black eyes that sparkled and most of the time little devils seemed to dance in them. More than anything else, Uncle Jim and Ma liked a good joke. Neither let a chance go by to play a prank on someone, or to tell a tall tale just for a laugh.

Uncle Jim worked on the railroad in his younger days and he always liked to tell about the time he started. The first job he got, according to Uncle Jim, was parking engines in a roundhouse. The boss, to see how good Uncle Jim was, told him to park an engine. Uncle Jim said he climbed aboard and started in the roundhouse but went out the other side before he could get the engine stopped. This same thing happened several times and finally the engineer yelled, "Hey Mac, I thought you said you could put this thing in the roundhouse."

"I've had her in three times already; why in the hell don't you close the door?" This never failed to bring the house down.

One night Uncle Jim said to me, "John, come up to the house tomorrow. I got a bang-up surprise for you." I wanted to go right then but Pop said to wait till morning.

The next day I high-tailed it up to Uncle Jim's place about nine o'clock. Uncle Jim and some man by the name of Butler were digging a well. At that time an open well was dug about eight feet across. I hurried over to where they were digging. The hole was about ten feet deep and four feet across. Uncle Jim had some dynamite to make the hole bigger. I didn't know at the time that Uncle Jim had cut a lot of fuse and stuck several pieces in the side of the well without the dynamite. He sent Butler down the ladder to light the fuses. The minute Butler lit the fuses, Uncle Jim pulled the ladder up. Funny? Uncle Jim turned toward the house and yelled, "JESUS CHRIST, Ma, watch Butler jump." He then turned to me and said, "Well, Son, how did you like your surprise?"



John Johnson '52

A story. "Little did I realize that
ridicule could lead to . . . "

SORE THROAT

It was the Mate who caused that frightful evening. The day was one of those long, blistering tropical days that cause men to be at their worst. Noon had arrived and the work noises of the ship had ceased. The black stevedores, huddled together near the hatch, were jabbering among themselves. The hoise that arose from their group reminded me of a swarm of bees on a bright summer day. The crew, myself included, and the white gang bosses were standing along the rail of the midships house looking at the cargo piled on the pier.

Race relations were strained in this South African port and the two groups kept apart as much as possible. Suddenly the Chief Mate noticed a ripped box on the pier and he decided to go down and investigate. As he made his way forward a tall stevedore ascended the gangway. The two met on the top step. When each tried to avoid the other he only succeeded in obstructing him. After three or four steps of this grotesque dance had taken place the Mate lost his temper. With an incoherent roar of anger he kicked the Negro. The crew laughed uproariously as the huge black tumbled awkwardly down the long gangway and landed with a resounding thud upon the stone pier. The black rose slowly to his feet and looked up at the mirthful gathering. His small beady eyes gleamed with a feral light and the thick lips writhed sinuously along the white avenue of his tightly clenched teeth. With a guttural growl he shamled away looking for all the world like one of his anthropoid ancestors.

The quiet of the noon hour resumed its throne. After a while the work noises began to clatter away but now a current of tension ran through them. Even so, the afternoon finally dragged to its oppressive, sweaty end. Nightfall brought coolness, and revived by a shower and some food I decided to go ashore for a glass of beer. I left the waterfront area and walked into town. I did not notice the stealthy figure that followed me through the narrow streets. Perhaps it was the bustling crowds that made me unaware. I window-shopped for a while and then found a small cafe where I could sit, drink and watch.

The dimming of the cafe lights brought me out of my reverie and I arose, paid my bill and made my way to the street. It was dark and deserted and only an occasional light showed. The infrequent pools of dirty yellow that they threw on the streets helped, but little, to relieve the eerie atmosphere. Shivering despite the heat I started toward the waterfront with a sharp, rapid stride. A turn, an alley, a little park, a rusted street sign, and no light, that was all I needed to completely and hopelessly confuse me.

To say that I was lost would be to make the obvious ridiculous. I was near the outskirts of town in the so called shanty district. A section of filth and squalor, it was where the laborers, blacks and the poor classes lived. At dark everyone shut his doors and no one ventured outside.

The long rows of blank doors were like so many death masks. Why should I think of death masks? I didn't know. I was afraid. Why? All the forebodings in the back of my mind rushed to the front of it and clamored for an exit. I glanced wildly here and there. As my frantic gaze scoured the street it caught a movement in the shadows. My eyes strained in an effort to discern its nature. I could see nothing. I turned slowly and walked a few halting steps down the street. Then, I turned suddenly and saw the movement again. As I stared a huge, dark object detached itself from the building and moved out into the street. There it stopped. A full moon stepped out from behind a cloud and bathed the tableau in a ghastly silvery glow. It was the black stevedore that the Chief Mate had kicked.

I realized that he had been following me in order to wreak revenge upon some member of the ship's crew for the insult that he had sustained. To what lengths would he go? I didn't want to find out. Then he began to move toward me, slowly, oh so slowly. It was as if I had been hypnotized. I was the bird mesmerized by the snake. My blood felt like ice and my bones like water. Closer and closer he came. I could see a wild, reckless grin run across his face and then he chuckled. A deep, hard, cavernous thing, it broke the spell. I screamed. As I did so he leaped forward and I turned and ran.

I ran that night as I never had before but it was no use. He was the faster one. My fright gave me added speed but it only prolonged the race for a few minutes. I heard his footsteps coming closer and closer. My legs were pumping like pistons. Like the pistons on the ship. Funny that I should think about that accursed thing now. Were his legs like pistons too? I had weird visions of the massive black greasy rods propelling the ship forward and then in their place I saw his legs churning the water. I threw a look over my shoulder and received a triumphant leer in return. Then I felt a set of steel hooks grasp my shoulder. My forward motion ceased abruptly. He seized me by my shoulder and shook me as the cat shakes a mouse. The harder he shook me the madder he got. Stopping this he grabbed my waist with both hands and squeezed.

The pain was excruciating. I thought his fingers were going to puncture my body and meet inside it. I lashed out with both feet and managed to free myself for an instant. When I tried to run the pain made me double in anguish and fall to the ground. He was upon me in an instant. We threshed about. The animal smell was overpowering and his fetid breath sickened me. Forcing me on my back he started to choke me. First one hand and then the other and now both of them. Drops of sweat dropped from his whiskered face on mine. His face began to blur.

I heard a voice calling, first faintly and then louder. The fuzzier the face got the more clearly I heard the voice. Was it St. Peter already? Suddenly the pressure ceased but not the voice. It got louder. His hand dipped inside his shirt and came out with a knife. He raised it. I shook my head as if I was trying to clear it of a fog. The knife started its downward sweep. It came nearer and nearer to my throat.

Alfred Fuller '52

Representing an actual argument
but greatly toned down.

DIALOGUE ON A COLLEGE

by

Gallow Leo

Simplicio. My dear Salvioti, why must you always be criticizing? I am perfectly content with things as they are. We have excellent professors, an efficient administration, a good physical plant . . .

Salvioti. Please do not use the word "plant" in connection with a college. You make it sound like a factory for turning out finished minds.

Simplicio. And is it not?

Salvioti. Perhaps, but it should not be. Here a person should develop his own intellect, not become a robot.

Simplicio. Do you agree with my other points? Are you in harmony with my view concerning the excellence of our professors?

Salvioti. On that I agree. There, in my opinion, is the only excuse for the existence of a college. The rest, anyone with the desire, may get for himself, but the opinions and views of learned, experienced men can be invaluable in assisting a less learned individual in forming his philosophies, and these are accessible to college students.

Simplicio. Enough of your sophomoric philosophy. Just what are these things you suggest for bettering our college?

Salvioti. My chief contentions are for these three ideas. First, we should have a functioning student council. Second, the administration should be in closer touch with the student body. Third, I believe our student newspaper should be more representative of the students, and used less as an advertising organ for the school.

Simplicio. I don't follow your argument. We have a student council.

Salvioti. We have a student council, yes; but can you cite anything the council has accomplished? This group are potentially a great boon for student life on the campus. They should initiate policies and steps desired by the students, and represent them in matters concerned with the administration. They should make their policies known through the student paper and take polls to determine the students' views on various projects.

Simplicio. We have a Dean of Students who has solved all my problems for me. I have gone to him with various requests and questions and I have received satisfaction each time. It would seem that he removes the need for a student council.

Salvioti. The Dean of Students is efficient in handling individual problems, but there are many problems affecting various groups of students which never reach the Dean. I am suggesting a council to supplement and assist the Dean of Students.

Simplicio. You spoke of the administration. Are you suggesting that they obey the student dictates?

Salvioti. I suggest no such thing. I only contend that the student body should be informed of the decisions and considerations of the faculty and the administration. I further believe that the Student Council should be represented in faculty conferences. College students are not children and there is no point in treating them as such by forcing them to abide by mandates which they have no part in forming.

Simplicio. Would you be more specific?

Salvioti. No. This concerns any college, and problems vary with the individual college.

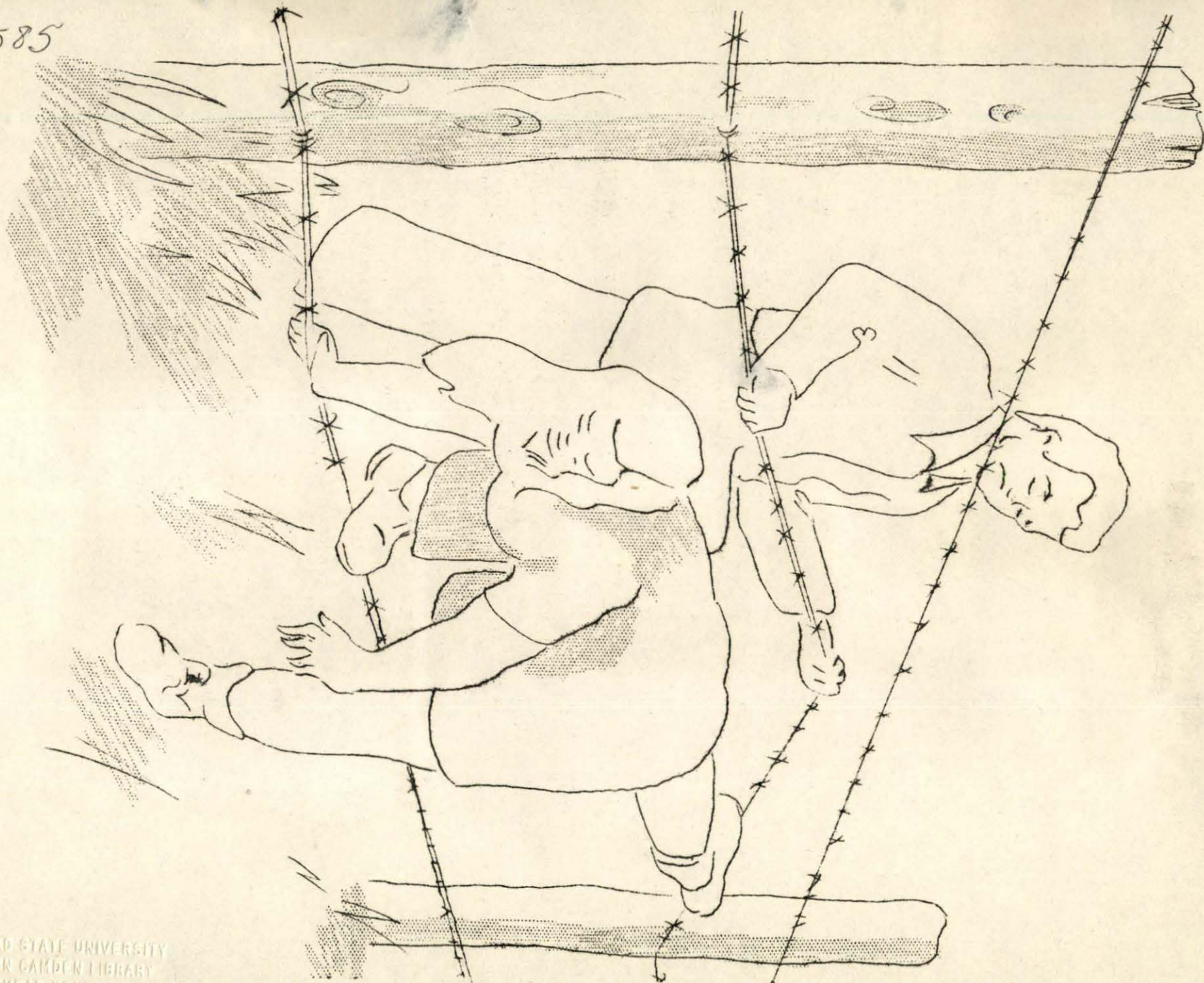
Simplicio. What about your final point? What is the matter with our school paper?

Salvioti. The Inquisition is over. The press has been freed. This should apply to our paper as well as independent papers. Our paper should represent the views of the student body, instead of being a recruiting pamphlet.

Simplicio. Your views sound radical and revolutionary. Personally, I am quite content with things as they are.

Salvioti. I beg to differ, Simplicio. I am not revolutionary. I wish these things to come about gradually. They can be consummated successfully only when we grow enough to be prepared for them. Progress comes through preparation. We must work toward these ends. I hope your contentment is not general. Contentment breeds stagnation. It is only through dissatisfaction that we progress.

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