

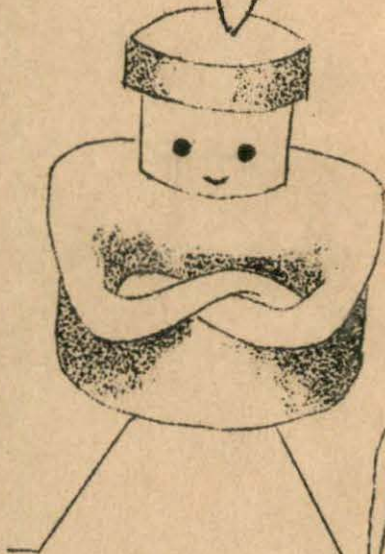
Contributors to this issue:

- *Marietta Crase
- *Leonora Williams
- *Helen Asher
- *Robert Bach
- *Ralph M. Cannoy
- *Robert Elder
- *Idella Walters
- *Fredy Perlman
- *Jack Carey

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Feb. 1953

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Description

HOME ON SUNDAY MORNING

The Negro voices blended with each other and with my dreams. I opened one eye and peeped at the little cream colored radio on the bed side table. Strips of black tape encompassed its exterior and tried vainly to hide the cracks suffered during a boxing match between my little brothers. It seemed odd that the same device which had brought us disc-jockey jazz only a few hours before could now be issuing forth Sunday morning spirituals.

The air in our bedroom was still thick with little bits of home and college gossip that had been exchanged the night before. My sister was still sleeping industriously and the sheet was crumpled into a million little bends around her body. There was a small sink-hole beside me where Daddy had sat when he came in earlier in the morning to turn the radio on. I couldn't remember whether I had talked to him or not but I remembered how it had startled me to wake up and see Daddy instead of the disappointing face of my roommate. The pillows were plump and large; the bed was wide and firm; this was home again on Sunday morning.

The fall sunlight, filtered into little streams by the closed venetian blinds, struggled to brighten the room, and in the almost magical light each object stood out and asked to be noticed.

The gray wall paper with a wine border was cracked by heat in several places over in the corner where the kitchen ~~he~~ went up. In winter when it was cold we would get up close to the warm jut-out in the wall and stay until we were warm all the way through.

The yellow hob-nailed bed spread was the icy peak of a mountain formed by a chair piled high with a week's collection of clothes.

When I turned and looked over the edge of the bed a handsome man smiled up at me from an illustration in the Companion magazine. He was pitifully disfigured by the tears I had shed on him the night before and he looked more than slightly ironic lying there with his tuxedo on in the midst of stationery boxes, wrinkled magazines, coke bottles, and midnight-sandwich scraps.

Several sealed and stamped products of last nights letter-writing spree were propped up at the back of the dresser with lip stick tubes standing guard beside them. The drawers in our chest resembled an abstract study in disorder. Each drawer stuck out in a different angle and mysterious little corners of things hung down over the edges.

The clatter of silverware reached my ears and the smell of bacon and coffee enticed me from the bed. When I opened the bathroom door warm steamy vapors floated out and I smiled to myself at the thought of Daddy "primping" so long in the bathroom and then kidding us for doing the same thing. Green tooth paste and shaving cream were spattered liberally over the sink and the caps lay serenely beside the tubes as if that were where they belonged.

When I dried my face the reek of hair tonic and after-shave lotion from the hand towel almost suffocated me but it was a delicious smell after so long a time and I was glad Daddy had never learned to use his own towel.

On a plastic throne in the midst of a hopeless mess of capless bottles and used razor blades sat the most sensitive object in all the world, Daddy's razor. I never could understand why this instrument was being so cruelly mistreated when I used it to shave just one hair off my legs and yet could scrape ole tough beard off day after day.

As I drew my robe more closely about me and started down stairs I could hear my little sister's voice trilling off some popular song about love mixed in with a church hymn. Tommy, four, was giving a long speech to no one in particular on the advantages of taking pennies from the collection plate at Sunday School instead of putting more in. Bill, who just started in school this year was being drilled on his multiplication tables by Daddy, who kept thinking that fractions and decimals were learned in the first grade.

I stood at the bottom of the stairs watching Mother turn the bacon over expertly and at the same time butter the toast and scramble the eggs and climb over Tommy who seemed to be trying to mop the floor with his bathrobe while he gave his speech to the germs. His red headed temper wasn't at all evident in his big brown cow eyes now but I knew how quickly it could flare up and I just pitied the little germs if Mother should have stepped on his finger.

Linda's feet sticking out from her pink gown looked somewhat like Daisy Duck's or Minnie Mouses in Mother's cast off high heels which were just about three times as long as Linda's feet. She was counting out three little stacks of pennies as she sang. She always saved pennies and then gave them out for collections on Sunday morning. The Sunday School collection was always a great topic of concentration and discussion at our house on Sunday mornings.

Bill was spelling out his girl friend's name from the cereal box while he solved the problems Daddy kept throwing at him. Daddy tried to act like he was peeved but he really thought it was cute. There was no doubt as to the origin of the devilish "ladies' man" gleam in Bill's eyes, and there was no use for Daddy to try to deny the fact that he was proud of his elder son's flirty attitude.

As I stood there behind Daddy I kept wondering if the gray hairs around the edge of his hairline hadn't increased in number since I had been away. After all, there were a lot more bills to pay because of me-----then Daddy whirled around and flipped me with a rubber band that seemed to appear from nowhere and I made a mad dash for his coffee. Now I knew for sure that I was really home.

The table had a covering of steam now that the gravy and eggs were sitting in the middle of it. The sunlight that had taken possession of the kitchen was young and crisp and the room was a magic world of steam and sunlight.

As we sat down around the table Tommy announced that he wanted to say the blessing. We bowed our heads while he mumbled something inaudible about birds and trees and food. When he raised his head his eyes were shining with pride but he tried to pretend he didn't see the special smile I gave him--- and I knew he was growing up.

Breakfast, always hectic on Sunday morning, was finished by everyone dashing wildly upstairs at the same time to get ready for Sunday School. The last time I had taken the kids to Sunday School they had been wearing short pants and pinafores but this morning the brisk wind called for something warmer. The leaves were being whirled into small whirl-pools and the life size painting behind our house was really the beautiful autumn trees.

Shortly after our return from Sunday School our back yard did its regular transformation into the neighborhood playground

and to the music of cowboy yells and pistol shots Mother and I began to get dinner.

While I cut up nuts and celery for the salad Mother had finished getting the rest of the dinner. As the hot rolls were coming from the oven and I was mashing the potatoes the cow hands and their Daddy ambled into the house to eat.

Dinner was slow and comfortable and plump with talk and everyone seemed to have forgotten that I would soon be leaving.

As we were stacking the dishes the car to take me back to school arrived and I pretended I had much rather go back to school than wash the dishes. I had almost convinced myself that this was the truth until I was in the car watching home get farther and farther away.

The car went faster and faster, and the world sped by my window and no one cared how long it would be until I could be home on Sunday morning again.

Marietta Crase

Description

O U R A T T I C

It was a dark dismal day. A raw wind was driving the cold wind against the house making the loose shutter on the back of the house scream as it swung to and fro. I had spent the past hour curled up with a good adventure story. I had let Rupkins, the family cat, in by the fire to keep me company while Mother was visiting a sick neighbor. The white ball of fur was lying on a rug at my feet purring contentedly.

After a while I grew tired of this bliss. Perhaps it was the outside storm stirring me and giving me such a restless feeling. I left the warmth of the fire and began to wander about the big house where I had spent so many happy days in my childhood. How good it was to be home again. I eagerly feasted my eyes on all the things I had dreamed of and yearned for in my moments of homesickness in the past two years I had been away. In the two short weeks of my vacation I was desperately trying to live again my entire past.

I walked down the spacious, dimly lit, hall and past the big grandfather clock of which my sisters and I had grown so fond. We used to sit for hours on the floor in front of it and sing little songs to its rhythmic music. Or maybe we would admire all the figures and carvings on it.

There was the closet near the end of the hall which had provided an excellent hiding place for me during a game of hide-and-seek. It had also become a refuge for me when my cranky old aunt came to visit us for a few minutes or my mother wanted me to take a bath.

Finally my footsteps led me to the rickety old green stairway at the far end of the hall. I noticed that it was a much lighter shade of green than it had been when I left. As I started up, I found that I still remembered where the loose step was and automatically stepped over it.

After I had arrived at the top of the stairs and my eyes had become accustomed to the semi-darkness of the room, I began to feel the excitement and spirit of adventure I always experienced upon entering this room. I was a little girl again exploring every nook and corner of the room. There was the same warm coziness of the room and the musty smell of old treasures long forgotten by now.

Stored away next to the wall was a picture of my great aunt. I did not linger on this for, as they always had, Aunt Jenny's haunting eyes seemed to be following me all the time. I liked the old fashioned dress she wore in the picture and wished I had inherited the lovely necklace she wore.

My attention was then turned to the old fiddle my grandfather had played at the hoe downs in his young days. He used to sit for hours and describe these dances. A lantern lit room, a bare wooden floor, but in these humble surroundings was lots of fun, dancing, and laughter. It seemed that as he talked his fingers fairly ached for those fiddle strings. I can still see the sparkle come to his dim blue eyes as he told of a pretty little girl in a calico gown who was always there dancing to the old fiddle tunes and casting sly glances at the fiddler.

I then re-discovered the two windows at one end of the attic. From here one could see the road which looked like a white ribbon with the moon shining on it. In sunlight it glistened but besides being pleasing to the eye it was very necessary for the people of our community. It was their one connection with the outside world. A winding little brook was to the left of the road. It was lined with huge shady trees and flowers of all colors in the spring and summer. Some of the flowers my sisters and I had planted but there were the sweet blue violets and other wild flowers growing in profusion along the banks.

Many a day had my sisters and I waded in the cool rippling water of this brook and imagined that we were going with this water onward to the sea.

There was the big pine tree we had always thought the animals used for a Christmas tree. Every time I saw its branches laden with snow I wished I were an artist so I would be able to capture the beauty of it.

My eyes wandered dreamily about these things until my gaze fell on the large trunks at one side of the attic. I climbed hastily over some old boxes in the middle of the floor and, with the excitement of a child at his first birthday party, threw open the lid of one of them. There on the top were the dresses that had belonged to my mother when she was young. They were quaint and old fashioned but very delicate, being of light blues and pinks with lots of ruffles and lace. I could just see her as she made her grand

entrance into the room to become the belle of some exquisite ball. I gently lifted the dresses out so I could explore further the treasures I knew the trunk contained.

There was a photograph of Dad. How young and handsome he looked and how dear this picture must have been to mother in the early days of their courtship.

Next was a red heart-shaped box still bearing a faint candy odor. Could Mom have felt the same thrill I had on receiving a similar valentine? I'd never known this Mom before. Young and gay and romantic weren't descriptions I usually gave for my Mother. Instead words like kind, loving, tender, and sweet were words I usually connected with her. I was eager to know more about this other person. In another pretty box I found some ribbon which must have once held the loveliest flowers in town. A worn dance program filled with Dad's name was right next to the ribbon. I felt as if I had found the key to her whole young life.

As I looked further I came upon some old letters addressed to Mom in Dad's familiar hand writing. Not being able to overcome the temptation, I took one of the letters, moved to the window so I could see better, and stealthily began to read. When I had finished, I reverently took it back over to the trunk and put it back to rest among the others. I gently replaced all the other things. I almost dared not touch them. Suddenly they had become more than just old clothes and bits of paper. They were a sort of symbol of a wonderful past which had grown into an even more wonderful future. I shuddered to think how I could have been so childish as to dress up in the gowns and pretend that I was a fine lady doing her marketing. Or how at a later age I had laughed at the odd styling of the gowns. Why, they were something that was almost sacred.

I sat there in a comfortable old chair my grand mother had used and dreamed the hours away. I thought all about my Mother's fascinating past, my past, and my future. I was still sitting there when I heard the familiar call, "Dinner is ready, dear." I knew my Mother was there and she would be looking for me. I left my world of dreams and fantasies and started down those same rickety green stairs into a world of reality.

Leonora Williams

Exposition

WHY I CAME TO COLLEGE

The books Alice In Wonderland, Mother Goose Nursery Rhymes, and Little Women lay on the desk in front of me. A small lady, dressed in a white dress and cap, entered and asked, "Will you have your tea before you go to college, Miss Helen?" Puckering my mouth and chewing the end of my pencil I replied, as if in deep study, "I'm afraid not, today, Anne. I have to study for an exam."

This conversation took place under an old apple tree many years ago. I was a college student and my sister was the maid. Playing college was one of our favorite games.

Then I grew too old for play houses, so I turned to daydreaming. Here, again, I was a college student. I would walk with my head thrown back and a stack of books under my arms. The light would burn far into the night as I prepared my lessons for the following day.

As my senior year approached in high school, I was surprised that so many of my old play mates had dropped out. This gave me something new to think about, so I gave up daydreaming.

I became an individual. I planned for college. I looked forward to it far more than I had when playing college or daydreaming about. I talked about it to my family, my friends and some of my teachers. Their reactions were different.

My family thought I should go, but, since they were unable to assist me in my expenses, they were uncertain as to how I could manage it.

It was natural that my high school teachers almost insisted that I go. They were eager for me to enter college as soon as possible. I believe they were afraid that if I didn't go as soon as high school graduation that I would lose interest and never go. So they encouraged me to go on to college.

The reaction of my friends was different, especially of the seniors in my class. They were all getting jobs. They were grown up now and had an education. They were on

their own, they wanted money and freedom. Why be tied down to college and study? They begged me to go to different cities with them to seek employment. Sometimes I was almost tempted to give up college and go with them. But there was always the memory of my childhood days, playing college under the old apple tree and day dreaming about college in study hall. And when these memories came flooding over me, I could easily say no to everything. I was determined to go to college. I was willing to give up my friends, to work my way, anything to get to go to college. Let the others make money and have a big time, but I'll be satisfied with college!

The years, months, weeks and even days rolled by. Then the morning of my high school graduation I went to school with my parents. I was proud and sure of myself; but deep within was the burning desire to go to college. I entered the building with my head held high and my shoulders thrown back. I knew it wasn't possible to go to college this summer but I still had hopes. No sooner had I entered the building than the superintendent's secretary met me in the hall and told me that I was wanted in the superintendent's office.

I couldn't imagine what he wanted to see me about on the last day of school. As I went up the stairs to his office all kinds of worries flashed through my mind. Had I flunked some course and not been informed until now? Had my diploma been lost?

Nervously I knocked on the office door and was invited in and given a seat. One look at the superintendent's face and my worries were all over. For clear across his face was a big grin as he said, "Helen, how would you like to go to college this summer? You can." He waited a full two minutes for my answer. Yes, you guessed it. I was tongue tied for the first time in my life. Tears burned my eye lids but I knew this was no time for a young lady to give away to tears. Finally I managed to get enough will power to ask a few questions. I was told to be ready to leave in three days.

I didn't have much time in three days to get ready to go to college, but somehow I managed and here I am-- a college student!

Why did I come to college? Well, that's a hard question to answer, but there are reasons, so I will try to tell you. It wasn't because I made good grades, or liked to study, or liked to be away from home; and it wasn't because I like to work. I came to college to try to make something out of myself. I want to teach, to give to people something that has been given to me.

Every average American girl has a secret dream of having a home and family of her own. I guess I must be an average girl, because I want a home and a family of my own. But there is plenty of time for that later. First I want the things that make a happy home and family. I think I can find many of them in college. I chose teaching as my part time career because I like it and think it is needed. I realize that I won't be paid as much as those friends who went on and got a job, but I don't care. I don't want money. I want something to make me happy, something I can give to someone else.

Helen Asher

Narrative (tall tale)

"Ingenious Joe"

Amid the clashing noise of freshmen, co-eds, pinochle, and a moaning juke box, I happened to hear this tale of American youth, ingenuity, and fighting spirit. We, a group of P L 550 boys, (taxpayers dilemma, as we're known in some circles) were drinking our afternoon coffees in the grill and conversation naturally turned to "Frozen Chosen."

We had been discussing the coming drive for blood, and the importance of it in battle areas. There was an ex-medic among us, whom, for the sake of proper nomenclature, we'll call "Needles." Naturally he dominated this medical conversation.

Needles was enumerating on his cold, bony, cue-stick-like fingers (most medics have'em) how many pints of blood were necessary for a day's fighting casualties. He pointed out one instance of a guy named Joe, from Kakomo, Indiana, U. S. A.

Joe was a combat engineer. The platoon in which he was a corporal was assigned to remove the anti-personnel mines from an area of about 200 yards length and 100 yards depth, not a foot of which was level. The terrain did follow a pattern, though--rocks, ice--uphill and down.

Through channels came the by-word. Hurry, hurry, hurry. The platoon would probably replace them next week, but they hurried then.

Joe knew that, using the proper procedure, one just doesn't hurry when removing mines from good old clinging, oft mis-judged, frozen, rocky mother earth. But, Joe wanted to make the Sergeant bad. Not that he needed the money so much, but his ego could sure use a shot in the arm. All his life people had been laughing at his ideas. He designed an aircraft wing once. It was not only laughed at back home--but he had to repair the school bus he flew it through. A week later the Air Force released news that they had just discovered a revolutionary wing. That's right, just like Joe's. And now this letter from his girl, Chloe, telling him

that she'd been dating a master sergeant who had the most fascinating office job. Pish!

However, back to the mines. He found a solution all right--it must have jumped right out of Cosmic Comics at him. Wow! Knowing that the mines take about two seconds to go off, and also that they ran in a straight line, about five yards apart, he hit upon the answer. Or it hit him.

He left early one morning and didn't return until about two that afternoon. When the other guys saw him leave, their comments were varied and just a little wary. Joe wasn't thought to be the sanest guy in the world," Shmick; someone should put a leash on him; what's wit him--hey; why did he take those springs?" so the talk went.

On returning, Joe created quite a disturbance. Having fashioned a page stick from some surplus springs and stuff, he was going down the line of mines, leaping directly on top of them. As one would go off, he would already be on top of the next one in line. As long as his timing was good, and he didn't stop for a smoke along the way, he had it made.

Needles remarked that he had met Joe in the hospital and heard the story there.

We asked in unison, "Did one of the mines get him?"

"No," came the answer, "He cleared all the mines in about 30 minutes, and a promotion came through in a couple of days. When I saw him last he was working on a method of laying barbed-wire from a helicopter."

Again in unison--"Why was he in the hospital?"

"Well," Needles said, "his outfit had been pulled back to a rest area, and an exploding can of frozen beer had injured him very seriously." Joe needed several transfusions.

Robert Bach

Narrative (tall tale)

The Giant Yo-Yo

I happened to hear the story of the largest yo-yo in the world one day while serving in the Armed Forces. It was a cold, rainy, Sunday afternoon near the end of the month. The men in my outfit were doing the something that thousands of other soldiers all over the world were doing, or would have done if in a similiar situation. They were writing letters, listening to the radio, playing Pay Day Poker, telling their friends about the good-looking girl they had seen last night, or telling each other some of the amazing things they had seen or done.

Mickey Jim Crow, a tall slow-talking boy from Tennessee, had been very quiet and attentive during the time the other men were telling their stories. He was really quite a character, with a slow lazy grin; he continually was singing or whistling the song, "Pretty Eyed Baby," very much off key. He had that rare sense of humor of being able to enjoy a joke at his own expense as well as at the other fellow's. Mickey Jim Crow could also tell a story as no one else could tell it. He was in rare form that day as he told us the story of how he built the largest yo-yo in the world.

Mickey Jim had been born and raised on a small farm in Tennessee. Although his home was near the highway, he had never had the opportunity to go to very many places and to see very many things. He worked on his family's farm and attended a small one room school; what few forms of amusement he had, he created himself. The highlight of his life was his yearly trip to the nearest town of Greenhorn. It was on one of these trips that he first saw a yo-yo. To Mickey Jim this was very fascinating.

Upon his return home, Mickey Jim thought and thought about the little yo-yo. He decided that he would make himself one. He would make the largest yo-yo in the world.

Deciding to build the giant yo-yo was a lot easier than building it. Mickey Jim did not have anything with which to build a giant yo-yo. He needed a thick long rope for the string, a cylindrically shaped object for

the two outer parts or wheels of the yo-yo.

Mickey Jim solved the problem of the string by getting a large rope from the men who pulled barges up the Cumberland River. The rope was one-hundred feet long and two inches thick. He used a whiskey keg for the center section on which to wind the rope, and got his two large wheels by cutting down a large oak tree, ten feet in diameter, and sawing two large disks out of the trunk. He then put these pieces of the yo-yo together, making the largest yo-yo in the world.

Now that Mickey Jim had his yo-yo built, he had to have some way to make it work. There was a tall birch tree in his front yard near the road. It was very tall and straight. The tree was continually being blown back and forth by the wind. Mickey Jim cut all the limbs off the tree, and bent the top over to which he connected the rope, used as the string for his giant yo-yo. Since the tree was very limber, it was continually moved by the wind; and, once started, the yo-yo kept going up and down.

The people in cars passing by on the highway, seeing the giant yo-yo, stopped to get a better look. Some of the people watched it for hours and hours. When they decided to leave, they found that it was impossible. Cars coming in both directions had stopped causing a traffic jam. Traffic in both directions was lined up for miles. Everyone was trying to get a look at the giant yo-yo. All the time the yo-yo continued to go up and down, up and down. Mickey was real proud of his yo-yo. He intended to let it keep going up and down forever.

After three days and three nights, the traffic problem had become so serious that the State Police asked Mickey to take down his yo-yo. He refused, saying he would never take it down. All the while the yo-yo kept going up and down, up and down.

Then on the morning of the eighth day Mickey took his giant yo-yo down. There was only one reason in the world strong enough to cause Mickey to take down his giant yo-yo. Mickey's dear old Mother, being fascinated by the giant yo-yo her son had built, had sat on the porch in her rocking-chair, rocking and

watching the yo-yo for seven days and seven nights.
Her head had become so used to moving up and down
from watching the yo-yo that she couldn't stop it.
She also refused to take time to eat. There was
nothing else for Mickey Jim Crow to do but cut down
his giant yo-yoto keep his dear old Mother from starving
to death.

Ralph M. Cannoy

Narration

A Day On The M-1 Rifle Range

It was a horrible sound, that bugle blowing at five o'clock in the morning. I awakened slowly, and I was so sleepy I couldn't see. I couldn't hold my eyes open. I pulled on my fatigues and just stood there watching the other guys trying to wake up.

It was still dark when we fell in. They called the names quick, and we answered quick. The first sergeant yelled, "Fall out!" We did. We headed for chow. The mess hall, with its continuous row of wooden tables and benches, is a pretty dead looking place anyway, and we didn't add anything, standing there in line with half-closed eyes and no life for twenty minutes. The line moved slow, and we were hungry. We felt better with two helpings of breakfast in our stomachs.

On the way back to our tents, which were eight man wooden floor affairs, one of my buddies asked me if I had any idea where we'd go. No, I didn't. He cursed some and walked on ahead. All I knew was we were going to the range. I didn't care where we went.

We cleaned our tent, and then we cleaned the company area. It's understood that we never get it clean enough. It takes five and six cleanings, to the first sergeant's notion. The first sergeant is the soldier you want to get in good with anyway. He is responsible for assigning all of the details and the issuing of passes,

"Fall in!" The guys came running. I stood there stiff as a drunk and waited for him to call my name. "Report to the M-1 Range..." He yelled again and the rigid lines broke. I held tight to my rifle, trotting along with the guys. The pack that held two blankets, mess gear, pup tent, tent pegs, shovel and bayonet was heavy on my back, and I wasn't in too much of a hurry anyway. I laid the rifle on the bed of the brown truck which was a new six by six with hydromatic drive and pulled myself up and sat down beside another guy. For almost half an hour we rode. No one said much. I lit a cigarette and just sat there and smoked.

When the trucks stopped, we dropped off to the ground one at a time and fell in automatically in columns of three. This was known as the three firing orders. The first order goes up on the firing line, and the second goes up to coach. The third order stays back in the rear and gets instructed on firing.

It was daylight now, and it was a little damp. I let my body fall flat on the ground, held the rifle to my shoulder, resting on my left arm. I set my sight and windage knobs--the sight knob is a knob on the side of the rifle that is adjusted according to the distance you are firing; one click of this knob will raise the impact of a shell one inch for every hundred yards. The windage knob is another knob on the other side of the gun which you adjust according to the amount of wind blowing. One click right or left will move the impact of a shell one inch for every hundred yards. I inserted one round of ammunition into the chamber. I held my breath, aimed and the shot rang out. It was a good one. The man in the pit behind my target marked it and ran it back up again. I inserted another round and fired. Six more times I fired and I missed only once. I relaxed.

"Keep that piece pointed down the range, soldier!" I jumped and did as commanded at the same time. They beat that into you from the time you go onto the range until you leave. It's dangerous to point a gun anywhere except away from people, and I knew that but you forget. Keep that piece pointed down the range, soldier. I held the barrel of the gun down range and sat up, the next position, leveling the gun between my spraddled legs. I fired four rounds, and missed just one. That's two. It makes you mad when you miss. The guy behind my pit marked the target and ran it back up, and I raised up to the kneeling position.

The guy behind me kept hollering at us, and the sergeants and the range officers kept pacing back and forth with their hands on their hips or knotted behind them and hollering at us, and the guns kept echoing. I rested my elbow on my left knee and steadied the rifle. I sighted the target and shot fast. I watched the fella moving down the range and the target going up without moving my head out of position.

The last position was the standing position. It is hard because the only support you have is the sling around your arm. Usually you are told to fire fast from this position without taking too much aim. It was all I could do to keep the gun from wobbling, and I missed the first one. I turned around--I guess I was disgusted--and, just as I did, a whallop hit me in the seat of the pants. My eyes flew wide open, and I turned back around awfully quick, but I didn't say anything. The first sergeant had kicked me. "Keep that piece pointed down the range," he said.

I aimed the rifle and fired. I fired three more times as I stood there. I was muttering all kinds of words to myself.

At noon we sat down in the grass and ate dinner. The potatoes and beans and corn were piled high with big spoons, and the coffee was Army coffee, thick and black. My hands were filthy dirty, and my ears rang from the firing. I could hardly eat for slapping off the bugs and grasshoppers. The only consolation was a cigarette.

We marched back for record fire.

"First order on the firing line," called the range officer. His voice came blaring over the speaker in a string of orders. We followed the commands without saying a word. We worked fast and metal clicked all down the line.

"Coaches draw ammo. Fire four standing and four sitting."

The shots rang out and hit their targets. I took the stub of a pencil and wrote my score in the book. The coach drew eight more rounds of ammunition, and we fired four kneeling and four standing. I put the number in the score book.

"Prepare for rapid fire."

We had fifty-two seconds to fire nine rounds, from the standing position to the prone position. The targets were drawn half way down.

"Ready on the right?" The coaches' hands were up unevenly.

"Ready on the left?" When all the hands went up, the voice yelled, "Ready on the firing line?"

A red flag went up down the range.

"The flag is up. The flag is waving. The flag is down." Five seconds passed, and the targets came up, and all hell broke loose. The first shots were gone, I dropped forward on the butt of my gun, down on my left arm and emptied my rifle of the other four bullets. It was suddenly quiet compared to the ear-bursting crack of guns that didn't stop. A non-com came by and checked my rifle to see if it was empty.

We went through the same procedure from different changes of positions. I scribbled down the score and handed my book to the officer.

We were ready to leave by the time the other two orders had gone through this, but we had to clean up all the empty cartridges and paper around the firing line. We didn't waste much time because we were tired.

I threw my pack on my back, started toward the truck. My gun almost weighted me down, and I was stiff with dirt.

The first thing I did when I got in that tent was strip off and stand for a half an hour under the shower. I stood there and let the water beat at my back until the skin was tight. I didn't talk much, but the other guys hollered back and forth about what we'd been through. They compared scores. One of them asked me what I did, and I told him. Some of the talk was good and some of it was just complaining. They cursed their bruises and their scores and things that had happened. One of the non-coms told us how easy we had it. Everybody always has it harder than the next guy. Some of the men just stood there silent, enjoying the shower or thinking of home.

It was great to hit the bed. It was great to know that you could go to sleep and the next morning you were going to spend another day on the M-1 Rifle Range.

--Robert Elder--

Attribute to our country.

America

The car sped through the warm Sunday afternoon air; and I tried sleepily to think up a good "angle" from which to write my weekly English theme. The teacher had instructed us to discuss from our own individual viewpoints our right to be American citizens; and we understood that this discussion was to be based upon the right to vote, since election time was so near. As the car moved smoothly over the road, I grew more and more sleepy and found it harder and harder to concentrate on serious thoughts. My head drooped suddenly and my mom, who was sitting beside me, said, "Why don't you give up and go to sleep?" I mumbled something drowsily and was vaguely conscious of the family's teasing laughter. Suddenly an idea struck me, and my drowsiness disappeared as I sat bolt upright in my seat. It had suddenly occurred to me that I had the makings of my theme in the car with me if I could only get them down on paper.

Since Sunday afternoon, when my brainstorm hit me, I have been mulling it over in my mind and I am now ready to try to shape my ideas into a reasonably understandable theme. I won't base my discussion on the right to vote because anyone can see the advantages one gains from that right, and almost everyone is properly appreciative of it. (This was proved by the tremendous vote which was recorded in the election today.) I won't make a long list of rights that are granted to Americans, either, because most Americans are fully aware of their fortunate position as compared to corresponding positions of people in other countries. My sole aim in this discussion is to paint a picture of typical American life and let it speak for itself in explaining why I am so glad to be an American citizen.

Picture in your mind an average American family on a Sunday afternoon drive. Dad and mom and the oldest daughter ride in the front seat and the three boys and little sister ride in the back. Dad whistles as he drives, happy in the smooth motion of the car under him and the sure control of his hands on the wheel. He knows that tomorrow he must face his job again--the crops must be taken in and the farm prepared for winter--but today he is free of duties and he whistles happily. Mom smiles contentedly as she surveys her little brood. Tomorrow she, too, must go back to work, teaching school to a bunch of dirty--faced angels who fail to appreciate her efforts, and keeping house for a large family which likewise often fails to appreciate her efforts. Today, though, she has all her family together, and she, too, is happy.

The children busy themselves with their own thoughts; and the older ones enjoying the family's "togetherness" as much as mom and dad, and the younger ones reveling in the speed of the car and the wind whistling past the windows. They, too, are free from cares for the moment, even though tomorrow means school again.

Where else but America could people throw off their cares so lightly? Where else is family closeness as strongly in evidence? Where else is that indescribable spirit that makes "the American scene" so vividly human? Where else can you find a place quite like America? I know of no greater tribute to America than the teen-ager's favorite expression--"It's swell!!"

--Idella Walters--

--Narration--

YOU'VE JUST STARTED

A loud shriek and the screeching of tires is all you hear. You see nothing but trees and houses flying in front of you. You find that your mind is suddenly oblivious of anything that is going on around you, and is gradually becoming concerned with the life of someone very far away, someone whom you find very strange and whose life seems unallied and disconnected from your own.

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A spoiled little boy, the boy who held the reputation of being the best mannered child in the neighborhood, walked between the two people closest to his heart down a crowded street during the last few minutes of 1937.

"My Philip! My boy! He is the best child in the world." The words were uttered with a sigh of joy by a pretty, young girl, probably in her early twenties. With her gentle, pride-filled eyes and a certain sense of ownership, she looked at the princely-clad three year old boy whose right hand she was holding.

Walking on the other side of the boy was a decidedly smaller and slightly older woman. Through the corner of her eye, the smaller woman peered at her son's nursemaid, wondering whether she was serious in her proclamation of ownership of the child. However, the words about to be spoken by the older woman were left unspoken as both women suddenly lifted the child as high as they could, and joined the tumult of people gathered in the main square of Brno, Czechoslovakia, in screaming and yelling "Happy New Year"; "Welcome 1938."

In the fourth month of the gladly hailed year of 1938, the nursemaid, who had with so much pride taken care of the boy since the day of his birth, lost him, never to see him again. The boy was taken to the hospital with a bad case of scarlet fever.

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"He's dead, he's dead."

You open your eyes slightly and find that you are sprawled in the middle of a road. Surrounding you, you vaguely make out the silhouettes of a mad, shrieking multitude of people. It is a pitch dark, freezing night, and you dare not stir for fear of becoming colder. The crowd surrounding you means absolutely nothing to you as you calmly return to your slumber.

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"Extranjero!"

"Judio!"

"Forastero!"

A skinny, seven year old boy ran as fast as his long, weak feet could carry him from five or six pursuers of approximately the same age yelling to him ugly words of welcome on his first day of school. The boy was unfamiliar with the words thrown at him by his pursuers, but instinct told him that the words weren't meant to flatter him. When a stone found a stopping place in the middle of his back, he was sure that his pursuers meant to play no friendly game. The boys following Philip were, after a time that seemed to Philip like years, chased away by the tall American who that same morning had enrolled Philip in the first grade of the American Institute in Cochabamba Bolivia. The American who had saved Philip from the oncoming plight walked the lost, confused, disillusioned boy home.

The skinny, weak seven year old boy walking down the filthy, deserted street of Cochabamba beside the tall American teacher seemed to bear no apparent resemblance to the child who had lived the life of a prince in Czechoslovakia. He remembered very little about the long trip that his family had been forced to take, and learned very little from his parents about the long sickness, the after effects from which he was still suffering, and the ugly war that destroyed the work on which his father had spent many years.

On returning to school the following day, Philip found himself none too popular, for he had caused the expulsion of five boys from the school. Every eye in the classroom seemed to be focussed on Phillip's

every action. The boy thought he was hated by everyone in the classroom, and that day he set his mind on showing them that he was every bit as good and as strong as they were.

His first chance to demonstrate his strength came in the second grade, when he and another boy in his class found occasion to fight. For over a year Philip had looked forward to the day when he would get a chance to show his fighting ability in this fashion. He had held secret rehearsals in front of a mirror, teaching himself the arts of boxing, kicking, and scratching. When the fight started, however, Philip was very disappointed to find that, after exerting every last ounce of his power in his first two blows, the blows merely glanced off his opponent's chest and face as though they hadn't even been felt, whereupon Philip attempted a kick. The kick was even less effective than the blows had been, for it completely missed the opponent's thigh, and Philip went hurtling to the ground.

As the boy fell, he was suddenly aware of the audience surrounding the two fighters, an audience that was roaring, laughing at him, mocking him for his fall. He also found that his freshly cut fingernails were of no avail in scratching, and his ears quickly filled, filled with the cries and shouts cheering the inevitable victory of his opponent, whose full weight he now bore on his stomach and chest. Finally, after having for an endless period of time been on the receiving end of a fierce beating, he again found reason to be thankful to the tall American who was in charge of enrolling students to the American Institute.

Phillip's big chance came, at last, when he was in the third grade. The principal of the school asked him to carry the school flag at the big marching demonstration in which the American Institute was to take part.

When the day finally arrived, Philip, holding the Bolivian flag, marched in front of the whole school, including even the teachers, with a slight

sense of pride. For the first time in his life he felt that he was no different from other people. Standing at attention holding a flag for several hours is an exhausting task for a ten year old boy, but to Philip it was sheer paradise. The boy, though his feet shook with weariness, stood at attention all the time that the demonstration went on; for he was proclaiming his equality. In the third grade Philip also made his first friends in the American Institute. He was no longer different from anyone else.

In the fourth grade, however, he did not fare so well. The boy entered a condition probably worse than the one from which he had so recently found exit, the cause being an earthquake, the first earthquake that the boy experienced.

Philip had just gotten home from school one afternoon, when he felt a sensation that the ground was moving from under his feet. He screamed. When he looked around he saw that the walls were moving; he heard the glasses, the furniture sliding back and forth. Everything around him was moving. The whole world was moving back and forth, back and forth.

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Back and forth back and forth. Everything is moving. You suddenly come upon the realization that you are being carried, you know not where or by whom, but you neither care. The voices around you are loud, almost screaming, all hurtling questions back and forth. It's cold, very cold. You don't even bother to open your eyes and acknowledge your carriers. You are much too cold to know, or care, who it is that is carrying you.

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Lights, people, cars, buildings, and more lights--this was New York. Philip had dreamed about it, heard about it, and read about it.

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In the spring of 1946 he was in the midst of it. He found the city even more beautiful and fascinating than he had imagined. He was in the back seat of a taxi leaving Grand Central Station the first time he saw the composition of lights, towers, and honking horns with which he was later to fall in love.

In the back seat of that cab again sat a thin, lost, confused boy, this time twelve years old. All of the boy's ideas of inferiority had returned, and with their return a new element had been added, the element of fear. Philip feared everything and anything, whether it be man, beast, or neither.

Heavy over Philip's head hung the memory of his unglorious departure from Bolivia. He fiercely remembered all the doctors his parents had sent for to "calm him down." Those doctors had been nothing but story-tellers, each of them giving Philip a different explanation of earthquakes, each of them trying to convince the boy that earthquakes were a natural thing, nothing to be alarmed from. Philip knew better though. He knew that there was good reason to be alarmed of earthquakes for they shook and destroyed things. Philip knew that there was good reason to be afraid of anything, and he was. The memory of the moving walls, rattling dishes, and sliding furniture, remained with him for a long time.

The boy's first day in a New York public school was no more pleasant than a similar event several years earlier. Upon entering the classroom in which the sixth grade was in session, Philip was again greeted by the sight of staring eyes, trying to see through him. As soon as he opened his mouth to answer the teacher's first question, the one thing he had most feared came in its fullest impact. The room was roaring with laughter. Philip was being mimicked by various artists throughout the classroom. The bewildered boy, dressed in his finest Bolivian clothes which included a pair of short pants and a short sleeved shirt, again stood alone, different.

New York was no longer the city of Philip's dreams. It had become a city of unfriendly strangers, all of whom spoke a language which Philip could not understand. He

wanted to understand the strangers around him, but he was afraid. In his classroom, the boy sat in dread fear that the teacher would ask him a question. When he was called on, the boy refused to speak for fear that the children would start laughing again, they would make fun of him and mock him.

Philip wished more and more that he could be the same as the American boys and girls. Many days he would sit by the window of his room and would look at the gay, carefree Americans as they played ball games in the street. He saw that they were happy, for they constantly laughed and yelled.

Philip looked with respect and even envy at the boys and girls in class that constantly raised their hands and answered the teacher's questions. He marveled at their gift of speech, the gift which he so badly wanted. He envied the pupils who recited stories and poems in front of the whole class, and even more he envied the ones who were good enough to act in plays in front of the whole school.

In the seventh grade of the New York public school, Philip got his big chance, the chance that made it possible for him to finally find himself. In the seventh grade Philip was given a role in a play. It wasn't a big part but it involved acting and speaking.

Philip was resolved, once and for all that he would show that he could do anything as well as anyone else. He was out to prove that he wasn't different. He practiced his few lines in the play day and night, making sure that he eliminated every trace of an accent. He rehearsed in front of a mirror countless times. Oh yes, this time he was making sure that he wouldn't be laughed at.

Every time Philip rehearsed he found that the lines and actions came easier. Eventually he even felt the part. No, Philip was no longer different. He knew then that he could do anything he set his mind to do. He was no longer lost. He had found the path to his goal, and no one and nothing was ever again going to stand in his way. The path he found was straight and simple, with no short cuts or unnecessary variations.

--Criticism--

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
A critical Review

In For Whom the Bell Tolls, Ernest Hemingway tells a very enjoyable story centered around the Spanish Civil War. To complete the fullness of his story, he inserts many characters, each an individual in his own right, yet sharing common traits with others.

This is not, however, the story of an individual as so many novels are, but rather is concerned with many people. It is not as concerned with plot as with characterization and description. Although Robert Jordan is the primary figure, the characters, personality traits, habits, and reactions of the others must be understood to grasp the full meaning of the narrative. The entire story is intricately interwoven, and it is therefore difficult to establish definite boundaries by which to limit the extent of an individual character or his influence on the other characters.

The complete story takes place in less than a week's time. This seems rather unusual for such a long story, but Hemingway makes use of many flash-backs. By this method, he brings the most remote occurrences to the present time without the reader's being aware that he has left the present. The natural flow of conversation takes one back to the time an event is happening, while he still realizes that the characters are merely talking to each other.

As stated in the San Francisco Chronicle, For Whom the Bell Tolls is a story "packed with real people." The central character, of course, is Robert Jordan. Jordan is an American teacher of Spanish at a mid-western university who has spent several months in Spain for the purpose of studying the language and various dialects more thoroughly. While in Spain, the revolution breaks out. Like so many Americans of that time, he sympathized with the supporters of the Republic, which was opposed to fascism. He became acquainted with the military tacticians supplied by the communist party, and became engaged in guerilla warfare, as well as out-and-out war against the fascists.

Not only are Jordan's inner-most thoughts exposed by Hemingway, but that of the other characters are as well. Also, traits are discovered in one character by the deductions of another. An example of such a case is in the instance in which Pilar decides that Jordan is not going to be troublesome, as she previously feared.

In relation to the flat and round categorization, Jordan is certainly a round character. He changes from an outsider to a trusted comrade of the mountain dwellers. When he first comes from the office of General Golz, he thinks of this mission as "just another job," but from that point on, it is a changing picture in his mind. From this point on, it turns to mean his oncoming death.

Jordan's love for Maria, however, leaves some doubt. Was his love genuine, or did he lead her on to gain her favors at night? Would the two have reacted the same under different circumstances? These are two of the most frequently asked questions. Actually, I believe that Jordan was earnestly devoted to Maria, but was torn between love and duty. He was constantly thinking of his mission. His true love is shown by his musings of the two of them in Montana, in Madrid, and in other places. However, this romance was a matter of occasion. Realizing that life could not last much longer, Jordan wanted to live his last few days in full happiness, if possible. Physical attraction between Jordan and Maria was not necessarily to give a sex element to the story, but to exemplify human emotions and thus make the story more realistic. Whether or not their love would have lasted, or even have been, under different circumstances is debatable. However, I shall be bold enough to state that it would have lasted, had they escaped to some part of refuge and become legally joined.

Pilar, who seemed to be the least realistic of the characters, was second to none in the art of handling men. It seems practically impossible for a woman who had been mistress to so many men to be entangled in such a plot. It is hard to visualize how she could have been a favorite to so many, yet not have a better home than a cave on a mountain top. Her softness toward the girl appeared motherly in nature, but her pushing Maria into Jordan's sleeping bag certainly did

not verify this unless she foresaw their attraction for each other. Pilar's devotion to the revolutionary cause seems only to reveal the intensity of the strict idealistic nature of those fighting for the republic. It does not appear natural that ~~one~~ woman could experience so many adventures in her life's span.

Pablo seems real enough for the reader to actually believe he lived. His reluctance to destroy the bridge is only natural to a man who does not want to lose his material possessions. Yet, he is smart. He knows to join the rest of the expedition or lose his life. The law of self-preservation is the first law of nature. Pablo is the picture of a once-important man fading into oblivion. Remembering the days when he and his comrades captured their first city, he is quite naturally angered at Pilar's taking command of his band. Even though he is rugged and severe in nature, he is still human as seen by the fact that his conscience hurts him and he refuses to talk of the execution of the fascists. He gives the impression of a peasant who wants to rise in the world, yet does not like the after-effects of attaining his position.

Anselmo, actually a flat character, plays a far more important part in the story than is immediately realized. He is every way a Christian, whether he means to be one or not. He is truthful, trustworthy, and loyal to the republic. He hates the thought of killing and violence. His presence in the story indicates that even in the most desolate and hopeless localities, there is always one who has faith.

The girl, Maria, is one of the more rounded and realistic characters. At the beginning of the book, she was shy, timid, and frightened. Later, after she had become attracted to Jordan, she gradually became bolder, chiefly due to Pilar's urging. This is not to say that she was immoral, but that she realizes that life is very complicated and that one must adjust himself to the conditions and customs about him. Even though Maria seems rather rough-natured and brazen at the first few casual glances, she is really the symbol of purity and femininity. She cannot be pure in the actual sense of the word, because of the barbarious effects of a nation in turmoil.

The gypsy was definitely a flat character. He was hard, ruthless, and evil to the core. Rafael's thoughts were continually of killing the enemy as contrasted with Anselmo's hopes of doing the job at the bridge without violence.

The book is filled with flat characters who give desired effects at the proper moments. Karkov is a confirmed communist who talks Jordan into joining the movement. Kashkin was also a

communist, but he was fearful of a painful death. That is why he had Jordan shoot him after he was wounded severely. Golz was a stern, efficient general; El Sordo was an equally determined man, but with much less equipment, men and authority.

Augustin, Primitivo, Andris, and Eladio are unimportant to the story itself, but give it a more natural atmosphere.

Hemingway's descriptions are among the best I have ever encountered. The falling snow, the rocky slopes, and the swaying pinetrees seem to be in front of the reader's very eyes. Pilar's conversations in which she tells Jordan of the execution of the fascists is enough to make a man's blood turn cold. The swinging flails, the jagged scythes, screaming victims, and a drunken man setting fire to another human being are portions of one of the most gruesome passages I have ever read. One can hear the anguished voices, the clamoring crowd, and breaking liquor bottles. When Pilar describes the smell of death, one can almost smell the sickening odor rising from the pages.

The change of setting is sometimes irritating, but its evident purpose of giving additional information about other sections of war-torn Spain is relatively successful. It diverts from the main story to have the scene of action changed, but the broken pieces soon fit together to give the story a much greater scope.

Hemingway uses sentence fragments occasionally, too. They are hardly noticed, and give much greater emphasis at desired points.

I should say that Hemingway has done a wonderful job of presenting the problems and toils of a land of unrest. He has efficiently presented both inner and outer conflicts of a small group of people who were fighting for a lost cause. They had to live the rest of their lives in a matter of hours, and knew it. Hemingway reveals the ruthless brutality of war, which changes the personality and method of living for those affected. This story illustrates war--frank and unglorified--and the versatility of the human mind.

---Jack Carey---

CONTRIBUTORS

HELEN ROSE ASHER graduated from Stewart Robinson High School in Letcher county in 1952, and is majoring at Morehead in home economics. In high school, she was president of the senior class and belonged to the glee club.

ROBERT BACH is a Korean veteran who has spent four years in the army. Active in journalism and dramatics, he will play the role of Mr. Page in the forthcoming Morehead Player's production of The Merry Wives of Windsor. Mr. Bach was graduated from Breckinridge Training School in 1949.

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JACK CAREY, a junior, transferred to Morehead from Centre College in Danville, Ky., after his freshman year. He was vice president of his sophomore class, and plays on the football squad. He also plays intramural basketball and softball. Mr. Carey is carrying a double major of biology and chemistry.

MARIETTA CRASE, a 1952 graduate of Jenkins High School, is interested in creative writing and recently had a poem published in a national poetry magazine. An English major, her activities include membership in the Student Council, the Trail Blazer staff and the Morehead Players. Recently she was cast in the role of Mrs. Quickly for the production of The Merry Wives of Windsor.

ROBETY ELDER was graduated from Jefferson High School, Jefferson, Indiana, in 1950. Some of his own experiences are recorded in his essay in this issue, "A Day on the M-1 Rifle Range."

ANN FELIX, an art major at Morehead from Ashland, contributed the cover to this issue.

FREDY PERLMAN, another member of the cast of The Merry Wives of Windsor, comes from Covington where he was graduated from Dixie Heights High School in 1952.

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LEONORA WILLIAMS, whose home is Red Brush, was graduated from Flat Gap High School in 1952. At Morehead, she is a nursing major, a member of the initial group to study in that field here. She is a member of Beta Chi Gamma.

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