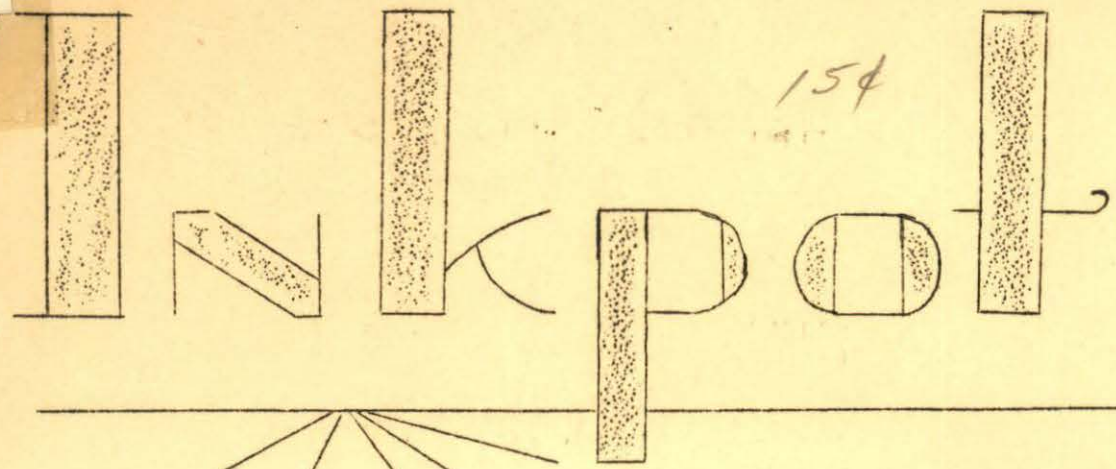


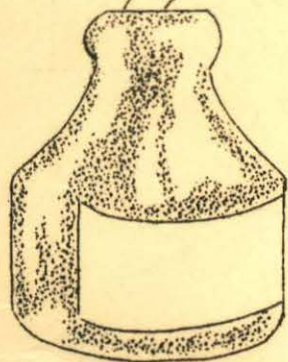
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Vol. V, No. 1  
March, 1954



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(In the following essays, freshman students express their opinions on issues which they feel to be important.)

-1-

THE EQUALITY OF NEGROS

"All persons born in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside." These words from the Constitution mean that all persons born in this country are citizens without regard to race, color, creed, or ancestry.

The Negro is the most frequent victim of racial discrimination because prejudice on the basis of color is dominant in the American Community. The Negro must endure discriminatory practices in almost every aspect of his life. That such practices and attitudes are rooted in the history of our country does not make it easier for him to bear them.

The problem of discrimination is complicated in the seventeen southern states and the District of Columbia where legalized separation limits educational opportunities for the Negro. Customs and attitudes in the South have required that Negroes be denied admission to the institutions of higher learning for whites. Separation of the races in educational institutions legally requires the maintenance of a double school system. In most states this greatly increases the total cost and causes difficulty in making education equally open to all. A double system thus means an almost certain lessening of educational opportunity and a lowering for all of the quality of education. The Negro has a mind the same as whites so why shouldn't he have an equal chance to develop it? Such men as George Washington Carver and Booker T. Washington have proved that just because a man's skin is black he is not necessarily feeble-minded.

I believe it is essential for man to have an equal chance to put his skills and knowledge to use. Discriminations in employment damages lives, both the bodies and the minds, of those discriminated against and those who discriminate. The withholding of jobs and business opportunities from some people does not make more jobs and business opportunities for others. Such a policy tends to drag down the whole economic level.

Equality of opportunity to rent or buy homes should exist for every American but it is the policy of landlords and real estate agents to prevent Negroes from renting outside of certain areas. Therefore, large areas of land are barred against use by various classes of American Citizens.

There is also an acute shortage of Negro physicians. This is no fault of theirs, however, because many of the

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medical schools will not admit them. Also, some medical societies and many hospitals refuse to admit Negro physicians and internes for practice.

Some Americans, because of their color, are barred from entering some places and are given unequal service in others. In many sections of this country, some people must pause and give thought before they enter places serving the public if they wish to avoid embarrassment, arrest, or ever possible violence.

It was not the Negro's desire to come to this country in the first place. He did not come voluntarily nor was he brought here to swell the population of citizens. He was brought to this country under the condition that he would remain a slave. Even from the very beginning he has been an unequal.

Summarized, Negroes-fellow citizens of the United States-do not have equal chances to go to school, to rent or buy a house, to secure a good job, to get medical care or even practice medicine, or to get governmental services or accommodations. Also, various means are used to keep many citizens from voting.

We boast of the freedom enjoyed by our people above all other peoples. But it is difficult to reconcile that boast with a state of the law which practically lowers the self-respect of a large class of our fellow citizens, our equals before the law.

The nation's own Capital illustrates the need for a change in the opportunities for the Negro race. It should symbolize to our own citizens and to the people of all countries our great tradition of civil liberty but it definitely does not. It illustrates a failure of democracy. The shamefulness of Washington's treatment of Negro Americans is highlighted by the presence of many dark-skinned visitors. The customs of the Capital not only humiliate colored citizens, but is a source of considerable embarrassment to these visitors. Foreign officials are often mistaken for American Negroes and refused food, lodging and entertainment.

Most of us feel pretty "hot" when our rights have been invaded. Not all of us, however, have the same feeling when it happens to someone else. If a majority of people forget, don't care about or deny the rights of others, then the phrase "all men are created free and equal" loses its meaning. Man has no right to interfere with the chance for happiness of other human beings - merely because he may not like their skin color.

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Negroes are citizens of the United States and I believe they should be recognized as such and granted the privileges which they, also, deserve.

Ina Kay Adams



## FULL CITIZENSHIP FOR YOUTH

In forty-seven states of the United States, only persons who have passed their twenty-first birthdays will be permitted to vote. In the forty-eighth state, Georgia, anyone eighteen or over is able to cast a ballot for President of the United States as well as for other offices.

I believe that everyone who has reached the age of eighteen should be allowed to vote.

There are a number of reasons why the voting age should be lowered. We ask eighteen-year-olds to fight and to die for democracy; yet we do not give them the most fundamental democratic right; the right to vote. Our eighteen-year-olds take on tremendous responsibilities in our armed forces. Surely they are equal to the responsibilities of good and informed citizenship. I agree with President Eisenhower when he said, "If they are old enough to fight, they are old enough to vote."

Youth is trusted with other heavy responsibilities. In most states the minimum age for marriage without parent's consent is eighteen or even less. In many states young people are legally free to sign contracts at eighteen. They can be held to those contracts as strictly as persons over twenty-one.

There is no logical reason for the choice of age twenty-one as the standard for maturity. The only reason we use that standard is habit and custom stretching back to the middle ages. Other countries, in Latin America and elsewhere, have already lowered the voting age to eighteen. We should do the same.

Today young people are more qualified to vote than they were in the past. When the Constitution was written 165 years ago, schools were few and far between. Travel and communication were slow and extremely difficult. Most young persons had no chance to get the knowledge and political awareness needed to cast an intelligent vote.

Today every young person is required to attend school. Travel has become swift and simple. Radio and television bring important political events into every home and allow young people to share in them.

Young men and young women of eighteen years of age today are in most instances more capable of deciding clearly and accurately the issues presented by candidates, than were the youth of the country one hundred years ago at the age of twenty-one.



I believe that giving younger persons the vote would raise our political standards. Men and women in their late teens are fresh and vigorous, courageous and forward-looking; not burdened with all the habits and prejudices of older persons. Young voters would put new life into the political bloodstream.

The minds of young people have ideas that are new and useful, while the minds of older people are filled with things of the past.

Men and women of the older age group are more inclined to vote along strict party lines, whereas the younger group is more likely to probe into parties and consider the candidates and then make their own decisions.

In our schools today students discuss the problems of government. They develop an interest in politics that even their parents may not have. But when the students graduate at seventeen or eighteen, they find that they cannot put their knowledge to use. Their political enthusiasm drops off. Polls show that when they reach twenty-one too many do not bother to vote.

Lowering the voting age to eighteen would solve that problem. Young people would have a chance to put into practice what they learn about government in their classrooms. Teachers, in turn, would be put on the alert and challenged to improve training for good citizenship. Youth would also get experience valuable toward possible careers in public life.

Young voters are needed to balance the political power of the aged. The United States is gradually growing older. Our birth rate has declined, and at the same time life expectancy has increased.

Both Democrats and Republicans have already begun to court this influential "older vote." If we wish to preserve our political balance, we must counter the influence of our older citizens who lean toward the conservative and stogy. We can do this by lowering the voting age to bring in more younger votes.

One of the most alarming problems in our democracy today is voter apathy. Only sixty-three per cent of our people voted in the last national election. I think that many people are more interested in politics and political issues and are more better informed on these issues when they are between the age of eighteen and twenty-one than they are later on. When they have been out of school for a



longer time, they become more absorbed in the everyday business of earning a living, and they become subject to the voter apathy which affects so many of our citizens.

The young people of this generation are better prepared educationally for political responsibility than were Americans of previous generations. Our young people would be more than mere passive voters; they could be an informative force in American politics. They have the enthusiasm and idealism of youth, and have at the same time learned to know responsibility in many walks of life. Many of them are fresh from our schools and colleges, with a lively interest in political and social affairs. They would take on their civic responsibilities at an age when they are more apt to place national interest above those more particular interests which they may later acquire.

There is no better civic training than the exercise of the vote. Without the vote, all other forms of civic training are lacking in meaning and effectiveness. It is essential that our young people take on political responsibilities as soon as they are ready to do so, for the real value of education comes from its association with responsibility.

Youth ought to have a voice in determining its own future. It has a definite contribution to make to the future of our whole country. I hope that the Congress and the states will act soon to permit eighteen-year-olds to take their deserved place as full citizens.

William F. Perry



## KENTUCKY'S RURAL HIGH SCHOOLS ARE INADEQUATE

Many people think that all a child should have to learn is reading, writing and arithmetic. This opinion is held especially by people in rural areas. Young people don't need any special schooling to run a farm or a home so why waste money sending them to college or even letting them finish high school? This is the thought of many people even in our times.

The fallacy in this type of thinking is that now more than ever before a college education or at least a high school education is needed to get a decent job. Also boys can study agriculture to learn better methods for managing a farm. Girls can learn to run their homes and bring up their children in a healthier and more beneficial way by studying home economics. College life is an experience in human relations that tends to give people a broader outlook on life. It also broadens their interests and makes possible a better understanding of many things.

Now let us look at some of the facts concerning Kentucky's rural high schools.

We have fewer people who have had any high school education than any state in the union. Only about 32.2 percent of farm boys and girls 16 to 17 years of age in this state attend school. The average percent for the entire country is 56.8 but we are far below even that.

The majority of rural schools in the state are so small (we have over 4,000 one room schools) that they cannot provide an attractive or varied curriculum. Many of them teach only the most necessary subjects and few subjects that are needed for college are taught. If a boy wanted to attend college and study engineering he might not be able to get the necessary higher math in high school. Many times there are not enough other students wishing to take a certain course to warrant teaching it.

The income of rural people is inadequate to support efficient schools either large or small. The teacher's salaries are so low that finding good teachers is a big problem. A large percent of the teachers in Kentucky have not finished their training but are teaching on emergency certificates. Many of them have less than two years training. When we don't pay teachers fairly high salaries then we must hire people who are hardly out of high school themselves. How can they teach young people when they do not have proper training? The truth is they can't. Therefore students graduate every year from our high schools with very little preparation for college.



The main thing to get out of an education is not necessarily book learning. Just as important is learning how to live and how to become a better person in all ways. Kentucky, with few good schools and fewer good teachers, cannot hope to teach the children these things. The people in our state must learn to appreciate an education and to want their children to have one before we can start building better schools.

Carol Hafer



Autumn causes the leaves  
to change-and it makes  
an effect on people,  
as well.

-9-

-essay-

THE WAY I FEEL WHEN LEAVES  
FALL ABOUT ME IN THE AUTUMN

As I sat under the tree, I looked up to the hills in the distance. I saw many different colors. Then I began to think just how I felt when the leaves began to fall. The trees were very black and barren. I realized that winter was almost here. I shivered at the thought. I like the summer when the nights are warm and I can go swimming when I want to.

Now the leaves began to rustle as the wind helped them along their way. One of them blew against my leg. I jumped, not knowing at first, what it was. I thought that it had been a bug. I picked the leaf up and held it in my hand. Looking at it I pictured it back on the tree, green and fresh looking. Now it was dead and lifeless.

The wind began to blow rather swiftly just then. I looked at some of the other trees about me and watched the leaves as they seemed to hold on as long as they could, to the tiny branches to which they were attached. At long last they would flutter to the ground, lying there as if all hope for their life was gone, now that they were no longer on the tree.

These leaves that were falling were also a cause of a lot of danger. Various forest fires had been reported in the paper that morning. Dried out leaves which seemed to be lying harmlessly on the ground had spread the flame which some careless smoker had started.

Someone walked up the sidewalk toward me. He was on his way to class. As the leaves were crushed under his feet, I heard the crackling sound which came from them. Now that they had dropped to the ground, they were crisp and not soft as they had once been. The stems were hard and bent as if they were crippled.

What power made these leaves to fall? This was not for me to question. I felt as if someone's large hand had given each tree a good shaking. Maybe this hand would shake me. I don't suppose that I will ever learn the answer to this question. I do know that in a sense, God speaks to me through the falling of the leaves. He lets me know that Mother Nature is at work around me and that I should be conscious of this fact.

The falling leaves make me think of the beautiful sunsets that I am privileged to see in the fall. The Heavens glow with the reflections of the sun. The leaves



also glow with their shiny sides up. They look like tiny crystals set in the grass around me. Each blade of grass holds each leaf up from the ground.

A few of the leaves at my feet began to make a formation, as the wind hurried them along. It looked like a tiny castle with the draw bridge at the entrance. I could see the horses ready to ride out. The red leaf in the center, might have been the coat of arms.

The leader was a nice big brown leaf who was always looking out for the others. He led them over to a pile of yellow leaves who seemed to be the enemy, for he fell on top of them and they were obscured from my sight.

Then I heard someone whistling. I saw a boy kicking up the leaves about him and making some beautiful tones by whistling a tune. He was happy in the leaves. I shared his emotion as I watched him go into the distance. The leaves had done something for me since I had sat down to look at them. They had made me happy, sad, and very imaginative. I felt better about everything as I got up from the park bench on the campus, to go home. These leaves have personalities. They have eyes to see, ears to hear, but fortunately for men, they have no mouth!

Lucile Mayhall

#### THE FALLING LEAVES

As I walked from the Ad Building to the Science Building today, I found myself wading through a layer of leaves that had fallen from the many trees on the campus. As I looked about me, I discovered anew the marvelous process of seasonal changes. The falling leaves seem to be a sign that the time for growth and development has passed; the time for hibernation has arrived. It could be depressing, but I don't like to think of one of the most beautiful seasons of the year in this way. Instead, I try to direct my thoughts toward the beauty and welcome restfulness of the winter. Although leaves are the most beautiful part of a tree, they must fall, or else how could the new ones we like so well grow? The trees must rest and store up energy for the great task of replacing the leaves in the spring.

The winter season sends men scurrying to hide behind heavy coats, jackets and overshoes. In just the same way, trees hide from the winter cold behind a covering of bark.



Have you ever noticed a turtle when he withdraws into his shell? He doesn't have a sign of life about him, does he? He looks dead, but just as soon as the danger passes, he will come to life and go about his business. Trees are the same way. As soon as the danger of cold weather appears, they drop their leaves and withdraw into an outward appearance of lifelessness. Then, just as soon as the danger is past, the tree, like the turtle, will come to life and live and grow.

Even the days seem to lend to this feeling of restfulness and dormancy. As they grow shorter, giving in more and more to the dark hours of the night, they seem to be in harmony with the theme of winter. I am reminded that the world is settling down for a long rest just as I would settle down for a night of sleep, so that it will be prepared for the work of being fresh and beautiful in the spring.

I begin to feel sad when I realize that the beautiful beaches will be deserted, but then how can I stay sad when the picture of a family gathered around a fire-place enjoying the cozy, safe warmth of the fire while just outside the door, the wind howls with all the fury of a bear caught in a bear-trap is presented to my mind's eye? No, it is no longer the sad ending of the summer's pleasures, it is the beginning of the winter peace and tranquillity.

No, the falling leaves can't bring the sadness of an ending but an anticipation of a quieter and more peaceful period of rest. This feeling of anticipation is assured, but why is it so assured? This is God's plan, and it includes even the smallest details, as the falling of the leaves.

Ebene J. Bowers

"They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I have seen your women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked, and I answer: "Yes, it is true, I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill again."

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: "On the faces of women and children I have seen the marks of wanton hunger."<sup>1</sup>

\*\*\*Short Story\*\*\*

### THE CITY IS DARK

This is a gloomy day in Chicago, the fog has already settled and the rain is beating down on the roofs of all the homes. In the slums, it leaks through the patched holes, making a chill spread through the dark and dingy rooms. Yes, the city is dark, but in a shabby flat on Fourth Street, the gloom and fog have no effect on the occupants. For today, the Manago family are facing a bright future and their hearts are crying out with joy. Today, a son has been born to them--to carry on the family name--a son to love and to protect.

The Italian family has great things in store for their son. "He shall be a member of the Catholic Church--he shall be a fine specimen of manhood!" These words come from the mouth of Nicholas Manago, the proud Father, whose face lights up the room with happiness. "We shall give him a fine name, Mama, a name such as Douglas; Yes, Douglas Manago!"

So Douglas Manago was brought into the world, a baby with magnificent features and a strong body. With his life all planned for him, how could anything go wrong? Just how did everything turn out so wrong? Let's go back to when Douglas started out on the road to crime, sin, and passion.

His early years would hardly seem to indicate that he would follow this pattern for he became devoted to the Catholic Church, and was well respected by the Priest and by his parents. Every Sunday, he would march off to the church, with his spotless robe and join the Priest for prayer. Even though his Father had a poor job, and lived in the shabby apartment on Fourth Street, almost every cent went to pay for his son's education in the Catholic Church and School. So, for the first eight years of Douglas's life, everything went according to the plans his parents had for him.

Then came the depression.<sup>1</sup> It hit the Manago family very hard; Mr. Manago lost his job, and Mrs. Manago was

<sup>1</sup> From Chicago by Carl Sandburg.



forced to take in a few washings each week in order to see the family through. Douglas had to be taken out of the school, and this hurt the family worse than anything possibly could.

During these lean years, Douglas found himself out in the streets of Chicago, bumming for food and for money. If he was lucky, he got a nickel every so often, and with this, he would buy something from the bakery store to help satisfy his hungry stomach.

A friend came into his life when he met Johnny, a colored boy, just a few years older than he, and it was then that he began his life of crime. Forever hungry, the two boys would plan countless robberies of the stores in town and would succeed in carrying out their plans. They stole food and some articles that they could sell to get money. Douglas saw no wrong in this, because it was satisfying his hunger for the things he couldn't ordinarily have.

The years passed, and Mr. Manago became ill and couldn't work, so all the family had to rely on was the small amount of money Mrs. Manago could take in. But Douglas never went hungry or broke. Unknown to his parents, he had joined a gang of teen-age hoodlums who robbed stores and people on the streets who looked as though they had some money. Douglas had reached the age of sixteen now; he had picked up smoking and drinking, he had grown into the form of a man---handsome and strong. He considered himself a "tough guy", but has the innocent look of an "angel". He could just look at people and get what he wanted, for he tried it on all the beer tavern owners and could get a free bottle of beer anytime he pleased. Any girl would jump at the chance to date him, and every boy on the street would gladly become his friend.

This teen-age gang was, of course, run by some one higher up, and the boys had never seen his face. They got each instruction from Joe Robles, the owner of the corner poolroom. He "fence" their stolen goods for them, but they never had the desire to meet him.

Douglas had been lucky, he had never been caught by the police; chased a few times, but never caught. He considered himself "big time"; he even bought a gun to prove it.

His father died during the next year, leaving only his tired, old mother to face the cold, heartless world. Douglas told her he had got a job in the factory, but was giving her money he had taken from the stores or from people on the



streets.

Love walked in his life, when he met Jane Smith. She was clean and pure---everything he wasn't. He had met her on a Sunday, while he was walking through the park, looking for any person who looked like he had money. They had bumped into each other and it was love at first sight for both of them.

Douglas and Jane were married only two months later and he had to get a job to support her and his mother. He could never let her find out he was nothing but a hoodlum; "The Hoodlum Saint", he was often called by his friends. He found a job in a factory, and never being used to hard work, he couldn't endure the long and strenuous hours. The next week, Douglas drew his pay check, and walked out of the factory, unknown by his wife.

He went down to the pool room to see the gang. He hadn't pulled a "job" in so long that his fingers were itching to grasp a gun once more. He had the fullest confidence that Jane would never find out what he was doing. He pulled robbery after robbery, therefore having more than enough money to see them through each week.

He had never been caught---luck was with him, but was his luck to hold out forever? He needed money badly, for he had lost all he had in a card game with the boys. He walked the streets nervously, because today was payday at the factory and he didn't have the nerve to face Jane; he had never had the courage to face reality.

The little restaurant on the corner looked like a good set-up for him. It made good business and as he looked through the windows, it was closing time and the owner was alone. He pulled his hat over his eyes, turned up his coat collar, felt for his gun, and walked in. He walked up to the counter and told the owner in a low voice to empty the cash register. Seeing the gun, he didn't protest and handed all the money over to Douglas. "Two-hundred dollars---good!" thought Douglas, "this will keep Jane from finding out!" He backed out the door and began to run down the street. He heard the owner call for the Police. Luck was running out, because he heard footsteps gaining on him. The bullets began to go over his head, and then one struck its mark in his back. As he lay in the mud and rain, he thought of Jane, and of his mother and father, and his tears fell into a puddle of rain. Then his eyes closed, he had paid his debt to society. The city is dark, and "Chicago is sleeping."



\*Short Story\*

DATE ON MOON LAKE

From the corner of her eye, Cynthia Hunt caught sight of the bright red shirt moving across the inn's wide dining room toward her table. She could feel her heart beat faster. Of all the girls that were guests at the Moon Lake Inn, Ronnie Parker kept choosing her for his attention.

As he reached her side, she smiled up at the now familiar face, the pointed chin, bright blue eyes and black curly hair.

"Good morning," she said and wondered why her own voice had the sound of music in it.

"Hi, Cynthia. morning, Mr. Hunt."

"Good morning, Ronnie. Have a seat." Mr. Hunt nodded toward a chair.

Ronnie slid sideways into the chair, his long legs sprawled out to one side. He picked up a fork and began making designs on the tablecloth. "Do you have anything planned for this morning, Cynthia?"

In a quick gesture of embarrassment Cynthia pushed back her hair. She had not realized dating would be like this. Part of it was pure delight, but some times she felt as if she was too young, a little awkward. And now to be making a date right in front of Daddy!

"Nothing special," she said.

Mr. Hunt smiled, pushed back his chair. "Well, I have a game of golf. If I don't get going I'll miss my foursome." He rose and patted Cynthia on the head. "Be good," he said and walked away.

Ronnie leaned toward her, his face earnest. "Listen Cynthia, I know it is still pretty windy, but today is my last day. Let's paddle up through the inlet?"

Cynthia looked out the big window facing the lake. The lake was white with tumbling waves. It would be silly to go canoeing on a day like this. Besides, Daddy trusted her judgement. It had been sort of a present on her last birthday, his permitting her to make her own decisions.

"I don't know, Ronnie. Couldn't we go on another hike?"

"But I want to show you the inlet."



Cynthia nervously twisted her ring round and round her finger. She knew Ronnie wanted to show her the inlet. He has talked about it every day. But all week the weather had been too windy. It had also been too cold—too cold to even go swimming.

"Couldn't we go in a rowboat?" She didn't want him to know that she had never been in a canoe.

"A rowboat! What for? You can swim, can't you?"

"Mmmhmm." Well, she could, couldn't she? The length of the pool anyway.

"Oh come on. It will be fun."

"I'm not much at paddling." Maybe if she admitted that much he would change his mind.

"I'm the man to give you some good pointers on that. Please, Cynthia."

His urging tugged at her like a rope. She was pretty sure Daddy would not approve. He had talked to her about the responsibility of having freedom, and he counted on her not to take foolish chances. Still, a person owed something to her friends, especially when she wanted so much to have them like her. On a sudden wave of caring she said, "Okay Ronnie, I'll go."

"Swell Cynthia! Swell! Let's get going."

Ronnie jumped up, but waited to follow her out of the dining room. It made her feel grown up and important to be leaving the way.

Inside the boathouse, their feet made a hollow sound on the floor. Jim, the boat boy, threw aside his book and brought his tipped chair down with a crack, "Hello," he said.

"Lo," Ronnie walked between the rows of upturned boats slapping his hand along their sides. "How's about a canoe?" he asked.

"A canoe?" Jim came toward them. "You going far?"

"Up through the inlet," Ronnie answered.

Jim ran his hand through his hair. "Boy! Are you going to have a struggle! On a day like this the wind is apt to blow up strong by noon."



"My girl is game," Ronnie grinned. "You're not afraid of a little wind are you, Cynthia?"

My Girl! "I'm not afraid," she said. maybe she wasn't. Maybe it was just Ronnie's words that made the tightness in her chest.

While the boys argued which canoe was the best, Cynthia walked out to the dock and looked at the wooded hills on the opposite side of the lake. They had never looked so far away. Her eyes traveled the whole long length of the lake to the yellow speck which Ronnie said was a sandy beach at the entrance to the inlet. Was it too late to back out?

Ronnie and Jim came down the ramp with the canoe, laughing and kidding with each other. Surely they wouldn't be acting so light-hearted if it were really dangerous. Cynthia heard the canoe drop into the water, saw Jim hold out his hand to help her in.

"Step into the middle," Ronnie advised.

No, there was no backing out now. She put her foot into the exact middle of the boat and sat down. Ronnie climbed into the stern and the canoe wobbled and tipped. Cynthia's hands flew down to grip the sides.

"Just sit tight for a minute," Ronnie said.

She caught her breath as the canoe moved slowly away from the dock.

"Happy rowing," Jim called after them cheerfully.

"Says you," Ronnie shouted back.

"Now dip your paddle and pull." Ronnie was matter-of-fact and business like. "Take it easy though and don't lean toward the paddle."

Cynthia pulled the paddle gently through the water.

"You're doing fine but put more power behind it. You don't want me to do all the work do you?" Ronnie laughed.

She tried again. "Is this all right?"

"Fine. Keep your arms straight."

Concentrating on her paddling, Cynthia forgot her



fear. Finally she caught the hang of it.

Gradually the opposite shore changed from woods to individual trees.

"Isn't it pretty!" Cynthia exclaimed.

"You ain't seen nothing yet." Ronnie was triumphant. He was also right.

"I don't care what happens. It was worth it," Cynthia said.

"I knew you'd feel that way."

Cynthia felt a tingle of happiness at the pleasure in his voice. What would he have thought of her if she had gone against her better judgement?

"I'm so glad I ca--" A sudden splash cut off her words. "W-what was that?" She stammered.

Ronnie chuckled. "Only a beaver. Didn't you see him?"

"No, I didn't. Will he come near the canoe?" She asked.

Ronnie roared with laughter, "You baby, of course not."

At the end of the channel, they beached the canoe and got out. They sat on a log, warm in the sun. Neither of them noticed the wind on the hills was beginning to roar.

They began to notice it long before they got back to the lake.

"Could you pull a little harder, Cynthia?" Ronnie called.

"I'll try." She could see the lake now. Its great waves rushed frightfully toward her.

"Ronnie, can we make it?"

"Sure. Don't worry."

The canoe moved out onto the lake. Cynthia found the tiny dot that was the inn.

All of the sudden a big foaming wave came, turning the boat over.



The next thing she knew Ronnie was pulling at her, trying to see if she was okay.

"You all right, Cynthia?"

"I'm all right," she groaned.

"We'll beach the canoe and dump it," he said.

They dragged the canoe to the beach.

"There's a motorboat," she shrieked.

Ronnie straightened up to look. "It's not the inn's boat."

"Wave your red shirt," Cynthia urged. "Maybe they'll pick us up anyway."

"Listen Cynthia, there's no need to call for help. I'm sure we can make it under our own power. It may be a bit tough, but we're not children and there's really no danger. Don't you see?"

"Ronnie, I can't swim across the lake. I can only just make it across the pool," she said in desperation.

Ronnie took off his shirt and waved it. The boat stopped and took them back across the lake.

Back at the inn Cynthia was stretched out on a lawn chair in the sun.

"Cynthia?" Ronnie's voice made her jump. She had not heard him come across the lawn.

"Hello, Ronnie," she said, trying to smile.

"You okay?" he asked.

"I'm fine, thanks. What about you?"

"I'm okay. Jeepers, Cynthia, why didn't you tell me you couldn't swim? You had me worried for a while."

"Well, I --" Cynthia flushed. How could she tell him she had gone to please him?

He looked up at her and laughed. "Well, I guess you learned not to go out in a canoe until you can swim, and I learned to find out how good a girl can swim before I paddle



her across a lake. How about going to a square dance tonight?"

A square dance! Her favorite thing in all the world. "Okay," she said, "but I have to be home by ten-thirty."

"Okay. Can you be ready by eight?"

"I'll be ready."

Cynthia smiled. This might be her last night with Ronnie, but she was ready for dates with other boys now. She could be herself, speak her own mind, have her own ideas. Saying what you thought was right wasn't so fatal, after all.

Letitia Tyler

#### Short Story

#### THE AWAKENING

The moonlight was white on the flagstone walk and the trees glistened a bit beneath their coat of frost. It was early November and the leaves were nearly all brown now. It was the time of year when the days are warm and the nights are cool, and the time when people rather enjoy living.

Sarah sat on the floor by the window with the white lace curtains thrown back over her shoulder so they wouldn't obstruct her view of the road. The valley was bathed in white moonlight and the autumn wind blew gently through the trees and rustled the leaves. Down near the creek was the barn and Sarah could see the moonlight on the roof and she could hear the night creatures call.

It was not only the sweet, clear, autumn night that attracted her to the open window. Today had been election day in Jasper county and it was the first time in her short, married life that Steve had been away from her for a day. He had been away since early morning and now it was nearly midnight. Tho she knew the distance was long from here to the county seat, she couldn't help feeling a bit fearful for Steve.

Then again, it seemed to Sarah that nothing could really happen to him. He was too big and fine. He was her husband! Even if the whole county went hog-wild crazy, they couldn't hurt Steve. He was too big!



The far off sound of movement of the animals in the barn distracted Sarah's thoughts for a moment. Just why was she here anyway, in this God-for-saken hill county where the whole world was just outside your door and the Valley and mountains were your only security? No! She couldn't say that. Steve was her security. That's why she was here.

Steve was a kind and gentle man in everything he did; as he talked and lived and worked. Everyone loved him, even the animals he kept. And sometimes Sarah couldn't keep from believing that the very earth he loved so much and worked in every day, returned his warm affection. He was a very respected man in the community and in the county as far as that was.

But today, election day, he had gone to the county seat to vote. Of course every man around would be there and she had heard such awful things about elections days in Jasper County. The women at the church had told her things that were hard to believe, especially to Sarah, after her soft, city raising. They had told her how men drank and fought, and sometimes even killed. Though she fought the idea with her whole heart and soul, and tried to tell herself that no people could really be like that, she was still afraid. Why she was afraid, of course, stemmed from the fact that Steve was there among the other men of the county.

Thus, she sat now before the open window with only her thin cotton nightgown on and the lace curtains thrown over her shoulders. She folded her arms on the window sill and sat listening; listening to the night hum and sing about her. And as she sat the moonlight shed its golden beams on her hair.

Then quite suddenly, the silence was broken. Far off down the road she could hear the beat of horses hoofs on the hard road surface. The road was always hard and fairly smooth this time of year. She lifted her head and as she listened, the hoof beat came closer and closer.

Was it Steve? "Oh Lord, let it be Steve," she prayed aloud. "Please, let it be Steve."

The dark figure of the horse and rider came into the yard. It seemed to Sarah that they were flying. Quite suddenly she was standing. "It's Steve," she whispered as she ran out of the room and down stairs.

She banged the front screen door, which they hadn't taken down yet, as she ran out into the yard.



"Steve, Steve, where are you? Was it all right? what happened? I--I--" She paused and listened for a moment. "Darling, where are you?"

The only sound she could hear was water splashing against the rock wash bowl near the well. At first the silence nearly deafened her. Then she heard his faint answer.

"I'm here Sarah. Here!" And then nothing.

"I'm coming dear." She answered quickly. "I'm --- Oh Steve!"

She found him lying on the ground near the wash bowl. The sleeve of his shirt was nearly torn away and he had a huge red place on his shoulder. The blood was running down his arm. Not far away were his jacket and hat; the jacket had a huge brown stain on it. His mare stood shyly by the flower row of the garden.

Sarah stood with her hand over her mouth for a moment. She didn't know whether to cry or not. He decided for her.

"It's my shoulder honey, you'd better call Dr. Sam." Sarah dropped to her knees and touched his arm with her fingers. "The bullet's still in it."

"Yes dear. Don't talk." She didn't really know why he shouldn't talk, but she had heard it somewhere. A feeling of horror came over her for she had never seen Steve hurt before, never seen him suffer. Tho she was horrified, she knew she must do something. "I'll go for Dr. Sam, but I can't leave you here!"

"Go on. I can't go in." He groaned a little and put his hand over hers. "hurry, Sarah! Hurry!"

She didn't say another word. The fear paralyzed her, the fact that Steve needed her help was uppermost in her mind and she realized that the only way she could help was to go for Dr. Sam.

So, with only Steve's jacket around her, she took the little mare and rode as hard as she would go, through the Valley, and into Jasper Creek Hollow.

Dr. Sam was in bed, but he was up and away with her in only a few minutes time. The mile they rode seemed never ending and Sarah felt they would never reach home.

When they reached him, Steve was still lying in the



same place, only now, he was unconscious. Sarah was even more stunned, but somehow she helped Dr. Sam carry Steve in the house and then helped as she could, as the doctor began to try to remove the bullet. Everything that happened seemed to be a dream and yet she knew it was very real.

Sometime or other, she wasn't sure when, she dressed and tied back her hair. When she wasn't running to and fro for the doctor she just stood and stared. It couldn't be Steve! He might die!

As always in a crisis the hours dragged by. But when she went into the kitchen to heat some water, she heard the doctor calling from the stairway. "Sarah! Sarah Winthrop, Come in here."

Her heart beat wildly as she ran to the stair way. "What's wrong? He will be all right, won't he?" she asked a bit excitedly.

"Well of course. He's lost a lot of blood, but with rest he'll be fine. Now as for you--." He didn't finish for the tears of joy flowed, quite suddenly, from Sarah's eyes. As she took up her apron to dry them, Dr. Sam took her in his arms and said nothing.

When she gained some control of herself she whispered, "I couldn't believe it. Not Steve! He's so strong, so big. How could they hurt him? When did it happen? Why?"

"He's not holy, my dear. He's just happened to step in too quickly when Jed Conn and Clem Dalley got in an argument. Clem shot him, but he was too drunk to know what he was doing. I know it isn't a small matter to you. It has no reason to be. This is your first encounter with pain but doubtlessly, not your last. Steve needs you, now. You can't let him down. You've had to grow up in one night, but I think you've passed the test."

"Grown up in one night." The words clung in Sarah's mind. Was that it, only a few hours ago she was a child, and now she was a woman? "How can so much happen in such a short length of time?" she asked the doctor.

"The things that make our lives take the shortest lengths of time! You were born quickly, you were married quickly, you will die quickly. Tonight you have grown up quickly."

Somehow Sarah understood and she knew Steve needed her. When the doctor left, he promised to call again tomorrow to see about Steve. His only order was to keep him quiet.

After he had gone, Sarah climbed the stairs with a lamp in her hand and went into the room where her husband lay. He was sleeping.

As she looked at him, she realized that he was still big and he was still her security, but he was no longer holy. Suddenly he was very real and very human. He was just as she, herself for he was something to her now he had never been before.

He had always been above her, now he was a part of her. It was true that she had grown up, that she had reached a time of awakening.

Steve was hers now and as she touched his hand, she no longer felt awe and fear of him, but she felt his life to be her life and she knew he was just her Steve.

Annette McMullen



CHASE

I walked down Front Street for the first time in twelve years. I had lived there all of my life before I left to go to the army. I hadn't come back until now.

Front Street had changed a great deal since I was there last. The railroad and the depot were the same, dirty and desolate. We used to play around the platform until the police ran us home at night. There was a crazy sort of game we used to play, chase, we called it. It was a wild form of "hide and seek". We chose up sides and flipped a coin to see which side was "it". Then the others would all go hide. There were no boundary limits, we went all over town. The "it" side would give the other side long enough to get out of sight; then they would go after them. Each member had to catch one member of the other side and bring him back to the railroad platform.

Across the street was the Gault Building. It was a very old building, built before 1900. It had first been used as a hotel. During the time I had lived on Front Street, the first floor of the Gault had been used as an "all-night-joint", as my mother had called it. Kate's place was its name. I remember seeing drunks fall out of the door on the sidewalk. The second floor was then used as a kind of "rooming house".

The Gault Building was completely different now. The general framework was the same, but the outside had been covered with white asphalt shingles. The first floor windows had been widened, and neat curtains hung from halfway down. I laughed to myself when I saw the sign on the door - "Holiness Mission".

On the other side of the Gault Building was a vacant lot. This was where the Crain Hotel had been, before it burned. The Crain had been a thriving business before Mr. Crain began to drink. He had let Ma Hill manage it for him, and she had turned it into a "rough house". It was closed by court order. While it was closed, it burned. Some people said that Mr. Crain burned it himself, for some mysterious reason; others said the same thing about Ma Hill. We didn't care how or why it burned. It made an ideal place for "exploring", and the basement was the favorite place for hiding when we played chase.

Mr. Crain had never done anything about the lot. He refused to build on it, or clean it. It was much the same as it had been twelve years earlier, only the scrubby bushes that grew there were much higher.

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I walked on down the street and I came to what I knew should be the little frame building that had been Boggs' Store. Jim Boggs had been my best friend. We used to play monopoly in the rear of the store on the nights when there was no Chase game. I don't know what ever happened to the Boggs family. I guess they left town.

There was nothing to hint that the little frame store had once been here. A huge garage was here now, and a used car lot took up what had been several lots.

On down Front Street I saw something that hadn't changed. It was what we had called the Tin Building. Mr. Crain owned it and he had treated it the same way he had the hotel lot. He refused to do anything with it. It seemed completely useless, and it was now. It hadn't been useless once. Before the war people had lived there.

I saw two big initials in red paint, written on the side of the building. They were "B.H.". That was Benny Hillman. His family had lived in the Tin Building, but that wasn't necessarily why his initials were there. Benny had his initials everywhere. His father drank and bootlegged whiskey, his mother never combed her hair, and none of them ever had enough to eat. Benny tried to be recognized as a leader. He played with younger children. He often wore a mask made out of a feed-sack. He called himself the masked bandit. Benny wasn't always with younger children; he was a bully with older ones as well. I didn't escape Benny's bulliness myself.

My mother had told me never to go near Kate's Place, but once I went all the way in. That was the night Benny Hillman made me go in. Benny was older than me, and that night he had a knife. He made me take his shoeshine box and go in and ask every customer if they wanted a shoeshine. He expected Kate to throw me out, but she encouraged everyone to get a shoeshine. She gave me a hamburger and I made a dollar and a quarter. Benny was always a bully, but he never bothered me again after that.

Benny had only gone to about the fourth grade. He had never gone much of the four years; his mother lied for him to keep him out. He never did anything but play the masked bandit in the daytime or go to the show at night, if he could beg the money. On the nights when he couldn't get the money, he played chase.

One night Benny and I were on the same side in the Chase game. We were hiding on the second floor of an unfinished building. Ben was confident.



"They'll never find us here," said Ben.

"No, they won't find us," I agreed.

While I was talking I saw Bob Morris and David Miller coming up the ladder. It seemed funny to me.

"Well, Masked Bandit, so we'll never find you," kidded Bob Morris, grabbing Benny by the arm.

Benny didn't take it as a joke though. He knocked Bob off the ladder and ran down and kicked him as he lay on the floor below. Then Benny went home.

Bob Morris was in the hospital for two weeks, but everyone thought it was an accident.

After that I liked Benny even less than before. I tried to manage to stay away from him. When the War started, Benny wanted to enlist in the Army, but for some reason they didn't take him. One day he stopped me on Front Street.

"I flunked the test," he said.

"What test?" I asked him.

"Don't you know? The Army I.Q. Test."

"That's too bad; if you really wanted to go."

"Look, you were always pretty good in school; why don't you help me?"

"Well, I guess I could try."

"Come about two."

"Okay."

"See you."

I didn't exactly want to go, but I had promised, so I went. Mrs. Hillman was surprised to see me; I had never gone to Ben's house before.

"I wanted to see Ben," I said.

"He ain't here now," she replied.

"I was supposed to see him."

"Well, he ain't here now," she said, her hair stringing as it always did. She closed the door and I walked on down the street. I was glad Ben wasn't home.

When I passed the Crain Hotel lot, I saw Benny with his feed sack mask. He was the Masked Bandit chasing four little boys.

I didn't see Benny again after that. I went to the Army the next month.

A few weeks after I joined the Army I heard that Benny had been killed. He had dared Frank Martin to come out of his house, and Frank had shot him with a shotgun.

I stood looking at the initials on the side of the Tin Building. Benny's life hadn't been worth much. He probably would have been different if he had had half a chance.

With Front Street changed like it was, nothing like that could happen again. Everyone had money, Kate's Place had become a Church, most of the shabbiness was gone from Front Street. No, it couldn't happen again.

I turned from the Tin Building and walked back up Front Street. It was getting dark as I stepped on the railroad platform. The train would be here in a minute. There were four or five little boys running from the platform toward the Crain Hotel lot. After them was a larger boy in an expensive looking sort of space suit. He chased the boys into the Crain Lot, and they disappeared into the basement.

I heard the train coming, but it wasn't the whistle of twelve years ago that I heard. It was that nerve-tearing blare of the horn on the diesel, but it served the same purpose.

James Davis

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