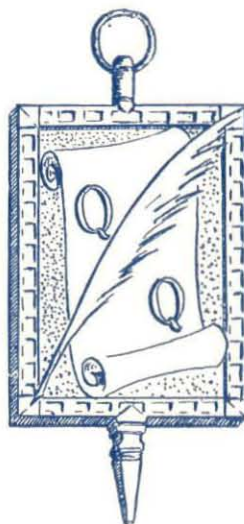


QUILL AND QUAIR



Morehead State Teachers College
Morehead, Kentucky

THIRD ANNUAL HIGH SCHOOL EDITION

Vol. VI

May, 1940

No. 3

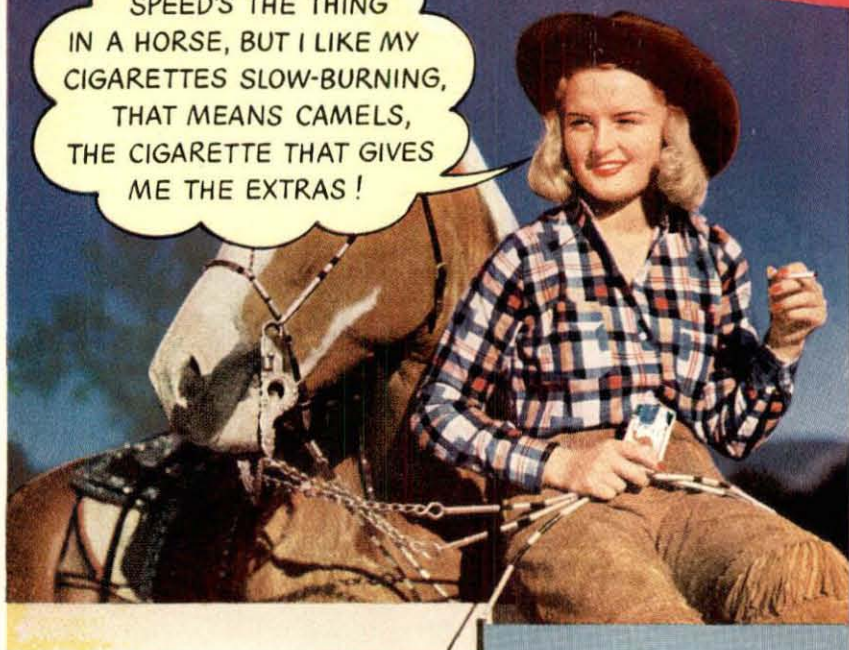
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MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

OUT IN SANTA BARBARA, West Coast girls play a lot of polo. Peggy McManus, shown about to mount one of her ponies, is a daring horsewoman... often breaks and trains her own horses. She has carried off many cups and ribbons at various horse shows and rodeos.



PEGGY SAYS SPEED'S SWELL IN A HORSE

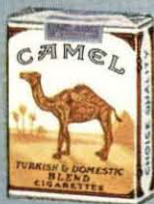
SPEED'S THE THING IN A HORSE, BUT I LIKE MY CIGARETTES SLOW-BURNING, THAT MEANS CAMELS, THE CIGARETTE THAT GIVES ME THE EXTRAS!



PEGGY McMANUS (above) has won numerous cups for "all-round girl"...studied ranch management at the University of California. She's a swell dancer, swims, sails...is a crack rifle shot...handles a shotgun like an expert. She picks Camels as the "all-round" cigarette. "They're milder, cooler, and more fragrant," Peggy says. "By burning more slowly, Camels give me extra smokes. Penny for penny, Camels are certainly the best cigarette buy."

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF
...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5
EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!**

...but the cigarette for her is slower-burning Camels because that means

Extra Mildness

Extra Coolness

Extra Flavor

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST, WEST—people feel the same way about Camel cigarettes as Peggy does. Camels went to the Antarctic with Admiral Byrd and the U. S. Antarctic expedition. Camel is Joe DiMaggio's cigarette. People like a cigarette that burns slowly. And they find the real, worth while *extras* in Camels—an extra amount of mildness, coolness, and flavor. For Camels are slower-burning. Some brands burn fast. Some burn more slowly. But it is a settled fact that Camels burn slower than any other brand tested (see left). Thus Camels give extra smoking...a *plus* equal, on the average, to five extra smokes per pack.

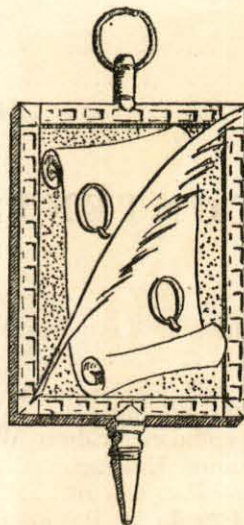
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Camels—the cigarette of Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos

QUILL and QUAIR

PUBLICATION OF

The English Majors Club



Morehead State Teachers College

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

Volume VI

May, 1940

Number 3

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY

MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY

MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

QUILL AND QUAIR

ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB

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CONTENTS

	Page
Poems—Herbert L. Ley, Jr.....	3
Planning A High School Schedule—Leon Katz.....	4
Mystery—Pauline Childrey.....	5
If I Were A Star—Jeanette Mackey.....	5
On Closing Your Mind—Edgar Weddle.....	6
By-Products Of Church Attendance—Edgar Weddle.....	7
Kenton's Championship—Jeanne Bureau.....	8
Pulling Pop Out of A Slump—Dan Corum.....	9
Kentucky Library Service—Ursula M. Davidson.....	10
A Funeralizing—Ursula M. Davidson.....	11
When the Peach Tree Blooms—Patsy Shely.....	12
Contentment—Ida Mae Clemens.....	13
High School Poems.....	14
The Unfortunate Freshman—J. T. Lawson.....	15
Dream House—Faye Hutchinson.....	16
How to Interest Prospective Students—Paul Sparks.....	17
How to Help Undergraduates in the Field—John M. Ridgway.....	18
The Passing of the Year—Helen L. Bush.....	20
Latin Discarded—P. L. Vines.....	21
Poems—Leora Hogge.....	22
Review of "River of Earth," by James Still—Samuel M. Bradley, Jr.....	23
Two Mountain Students Speak of War—Lucille Basenback.....	24
High School Contributors.....	24

MAY, 1940

HIGH SCHOOL

Again we welcome the high school contributions to our magazine, and express our appreciation for your cooperation. We find that more and more of you are reading our magazine and using it in your classes. Begin early next fall, and plan to send your best writings to us for publication. We welcome them at any time.

UNKNOWN

Herbert L. Ley, Jr.

We were born to live, to love;
Not to crumple up into a pasty mass
Mixed with splinters of shrapnel.
We were born to laugh;
Not to rave, go mad, cough, and die.
We were born to think;
Not to fight "A War to End War."

We are human beings.
I am young, alive, vibrant
To the melody of Life.
Will I be found, headless
Crippled, insane, poisoned—
On those future fields of battle?

Death is not hard.
I only fear a fate worse than death.
Crazed, crippled, blind—
Living deaths!

THE CALL

Herbert L. Ley, Jr.
Ashland, Kentucky

Give me a boat, a sail, a mast,
And a tiller to steer her by;
And I'll sail out on the azure sea
Where the ocean meets the sky.

Give me a wind by north or west,
Give me a bracing day;
And I will loose my sail to the wind
And gladly sail away.

I know not when I shall return,
Or whether I shall at all;
But I shall be out on the ocean's waves,
Obeying the ocean's call.

(PAGE THREE)

QUILL AND QUAIR

WHY IT IS NECESSARY TO PLAN YOUR HIGH SCHOOL SCHEDULE

Leon Katz
Ashland, Kentucky

Several years ago a member of the graduating class of Ashland Senior High was offered a scholarship to a famous eastern law school. Everyone was certain that the high scholastic rating of the brilliant boy would win him the coveted scholarship. The following fall, the lad enrolled in another university. Despite his excellent scholastic record, he was denied the scholarship because he had not taken high school Latin.

The year before another gifted boy received his diploma from the same institution. This lad had taken Latin—four years of it along with courses in science and language. An apt pupil in high school chemistry, he decided to continue studying that science in college. To his dismay, he discovered that he lacked the necessary mathematics for his vocation. The four years spent in Latin prevented him from getting the sorely needed mathematics.

The mistake made by these boys in their schedules is an example of just one type of faulty schedule planning, but the result of extra labor during college and business life may be traced uniformly through other and different errors. It is these after-effects, years of labor and misspent time and money, that make the planning of schedules in high school a necessity.

An important point to remember in connection with any errors of schedule planning is that the mistake could have been avoided had the student made plans during his freshman and sophomore years. Good schedules always show signs of early planning.

The carefully-selected schedule does not lack courses in subjects necessary to the chosen vocation. Aspiring engineers build a firm foundation of mathematics on which all science is founded. Those interested in law, medicine, teaching, or other professions get a cultured background of foreign languages, including Latin, as well as the sciences. The only assurance that one may receive to realize for certain that he is taking the right subjects is definite word from the college of his choice. But whatever subjects are decided upon, the schedule should be made flexible with an abundance of alternate choices.

It would seem that the mistake discussed above would be the most common of all schedule faults. Unfortunately, it is not. Were it so, the advice of expert lecturers and businessmen might bear weight with student assemblies all over the nation. But the chief difficulties seem to lie in a fault which has no excuse. Despite all warnings, students persist in coming up in their senior year without the necessary subjects and credits for graduation. Certain subjects required for all students and others demanded by certain courses are constantly overlooked by some students who continue on their haphazard way through school without them. There is but one way to avoid this pitfall of indifferent schedule planning. That is a rigorous check-up each semester to ascertain the number of credits and subjects the student has and needs, and also to remind the student of the time he has to get this work completed.

A third common fault of schedules is not often realized until it is too late—and not always then. This is poor timing of subjects. Everyone realizes that unless he studies a subject at the right time he will get very little out of it. Just as the flavor of the main course of a dinner may be brought out by a tangy appetizer, so will students derive the utmost benefit from a subject when they have sufficient knowledge to understand it.

Most schools realize the importance of this timing and do all in their power to acquaint the student with it. Often a subject is distinguished by its title alone. History VIII meets the eye and instantly suggests the nec-

MAY, 1940

essity for a previous knowledge of History VII. Other subjects are identified as junior or senior subjects. It is best to follow the sequence prescribed by the teachers of the department in which you are interested.

The description of the errors of ill-planned schedules and the hints on correct planning have been given with one idea foremost. From all of this, it must surely be evident that it is necessary to plan high school schedules. When this fact is cognizant to all students, it remains for good common sense to correct the mistakes of each individual and derive for him all that is possible from the four years of his high school education.

IF I WERE A STAR

Jeanette Mackey
Vanceburg, Kentucky

If I were a star way up in the sky,
In that wide expanse of blue,
I wouldn't stay idle all the time,
While all below was new.

If I were a star way up in the sky,
I'd take a long, long hike;
I'd glitter along as swift as I could
And see what the world was like.

I might even slide to a high, high tree,
Where all nature around me was green;
And watch the peaceful country life,
That abides in rest serene.

Then sparkling and shining along the way,
I'd move to a world remote,
Where all was hustle and bustle and strife,
And serenity a long-lost note.

After I'd seen what I wanted to see,
In swifter motion I'd rise;
Then satisfied I know I'd be
In my home in the blue, blue skies.

MYSTERY

Pauline Childrey
Vanceburg, Kentucky

When nightfall pulls her curtain
And ends another day,
And stars begin to flicker
Along the Milky Way,
We just sit back and wonder
About the things we see,
The sun is gone—the moon is out—
How can this all be?

From day to day, it's just the same,
The morn, then noon, then night;
The sun comes up, it's overhead,
Then sinks away from sight;
The darkness falls, the moon is out,
Stars light the lonesome land;
Perhaps these things were never meant
For us to understand.

(PAGE FIVE)

QUILL AND QUAIR ON CLOSING YOUR MIND

Edgar Weddle
Flemingsburg, Kentucky

Closing your mind requires only a naturally indolent disposition and a vivid imagination. With these qualities you can sit through the dullest of hot-air fests and serenely enjoy yourself, as well as develop a peaceful outlook on life and a beautiful tolerance for brass-lunged orators.

It is chapel period, and you have settled yourself comfortably in your seat on the front row, vaguely wondering who is to be the speaker. Outside, the balmy September breeze whispers dreamily of well-populated streams and scented woods.

Just as you are sinking into a pleasantly lethargic contemplation of nature, you are brutally jerked back into the present by "Being a man of wide travel, I have a great knowledge of many things, among which is Greek architecture, the subject I am going to lecture on this morning."

You owlishly eye the wide-girthed owner of the offensive bellows and decide that the door of the architectural department of your mind has been left open long enough. You slam it and settle back to enjoy the next forty-five minutes.

The gusty gentleman has by now launched himself well into Greek ruins, but your mind is in no danger of being cluttered up with such drivel. No indeed! . . . You find it infinitely more absorbing and profitable to follow an inquisitive fly with your lazy gaze, as it buzzes inquiringly around the bald pate of Mr. Greek Expert. You watch the fly, fascinated, as Gothic pillars tumble harmlessly around your barricaded ears.

Oh! the fly has been joined by a companion—maybe his wife, but more likely his mother-in-law, you decide, noting her aggressive attitude. Now, you know definitely that she is the mother-in-law, for without the least hesitation, she lands gently, fearlessly on the bald spot; probably wondering what kind of egg this is.

Evidently encouraged, the timid son-in-law takes a deep breath and settles dubiously beside his companion. You are now admiring the intricate geometric patterns impressed invisibly by their paths on the naked dome.

Ah, you meditate, what has the scholar got that the lowly fly hasn't got! You suddenly start up as the speaker claps his hand frantically to his scarlet cranium and snorts "So there you have the short history of Greek architecture; you had better remember it. I thank you." He departs ponderously, leaving you wondering how the flies have fared.

So you see that is all there is to it! You cannot know that the superintendent is going to get up and say unctuously, "We will have a test on this speech to be sure you got it all."

THE HAPPY HOBO

Jim Sowards

I am a happy vagabond
I wander far and free
I often rest by road or pond;
This is the life for me.
The crackling campfire warmly glows;
It casts weird shadows on each tree;
Then sweet dreams steal through my repose.
This is the life for me.
The winding road goes on and on;
It calls so soft and clear to me
That I rise up and travel on.
This is the life for me.

(PAGE SIX)

MAY, 1940

BY-PRODUCTS OF CHURCH ATTENDANCE

Flemingsburg High School

If you have an eye to see and an ear to hear, you get many things from church attendance besides the sermon.

You go to church early and watch the small congregation enter; you see the old maid of the vicinity, whose appearance has blockaded any hopes of making a conquest, come tripping cautiously down the aisle with a flower garden hat perched primly on her red corkscrew curls. She smiles at nothing in particular, and finally sits down in front of the eligible bachelor from a near-by village, who has just inherited a small fortune. The quaint store-keeper comes in with a self-conscious swagger, wishing secretly that someone would notice his new blue serge. He speaks politely to the ladies so that they will come and trade at his store.

Now the old deacon has settled down in the amen corner and begins to nod sleepily. You wonder if he will stay awake until the sermon starts. A child behind whispers, "He's asleep," and you settle down in your seat to listen to the inevitable snores and watch the flies light on his slick, bald head inquiringly.

A child leans forward, trying to see his face in the deacon's polished bald spot, and almost wakes him up. His head flops over, and you know that he will soon begin his snoring. "Ca-a-a-aw," he wakes up with a start, looking around as if to see who would dare snore so loud as to wake a deacon.

Everyone comments on everyone else's styles, and starts preparing then and there to remodel her own old dresses to match the short skirts of the style expert, who is on a visit to the small community.

You watch enthusiastically as the collection plate is passed to each member and smile grimly to yourself as you compare the miser and the spendthrift. The miser contributes a nickel obstinately and the spendthrift carelessly drops a silver dollar on top of it, viewing everyone else in the corner of his eye, knowing that all are watching him.

You begin to become restless, and carelessly open the cover of the battered song book. In large letters staring you in the face is "Mary Jane loves Clifford." Sue John is winking at you, and as you are directed to turn to page 50, you are greeted with "You are a fool for looking." Embarrassed, you close the book and listen sleepily to the deacon who has taken his place near the altar. His knowledge of the Bible is soon revealed, as a soft September breeze issues forth from the single open window and carries the innocent slip of paper on which the sermon was written gently through the air. The preacher's face turns red with mortification, and, as he knows no Bible verses, he mutters unintelligently, "We will now have a song."

When the benediction is finally pronounced and the seats clatter with the leaving throng, you leave, thinking that besides the small sermon, you have witnessed a style show, a probable love match, and a speaking all in one morning. Oh yes, church is an interesting place to go, and educational in more ways than one!

TREES

Charley Kendall
Riverton, Kentucky

Have you ever stopped something you were doing to watch a big tree swaying gently in the breeze? Have you carefully noted the long crooked branches reaching out toward the sky? If you listen closely, you might hear the branches whispering to one another about the day's events. Maybe they will hum a song or murmur softly about the birds and other wild life that they had held during the day. If the tree is large and old, it might tell you about some historical event, such as a famous battle or the signing of a peace treaty between Indians and white men. Trees are wonderful children of mother nature. Protect them and give more attention to them.

(PAGE SEVEN)

QUILL AND QUAIR

KENTON'S CHAMPIONSHIP

Jeanne Bureau
University High School
Lexington, Kentucky

"Hey, fellas, Rockville came from behind to beat St. Thomas, 30-26."

"Crickets! We were doing good to beat St. Thomas 25-24."

"And we play Rockville in one week. Gosh!"

This conversation took place one week ago among the members of the Kenton High basketball squad. We were all down in the dumps, let me tell you. But, wait a minute! I forgot to introduce you. Over there is Coach Benton, just about one of the best coaches in the state. Talking to him is our Captain and center, "Shorty" Steele. Sitting on the bench talking, from left to right are "Chuck" Lyson and "Red" Garith, two of our best forwards, and over there on the rubbing table is "Sandy" Mayhou, my running guard, with "Doc," the trainer. Just then, Coach blew his whistle, and we all gathered around him.

"You all know that we play Rockville tomorrow," he said, "and I don't want you to start worrying about it. Now, go home; forget the game."

"Then, come back at 6:30 tomorrow night, and if I hear one person talking about basketball, I'll dismiss him from the squad."

We all had to laugh, because that was a standing joke. He never meant what he said.

Well, the next day seemed rather uneventful as far as we were concerned. But we couldn't help thinking about the game, because Rockville was our arch rival—just like Army and Navy. They had beaten us in most of our meetings, but this year we had been hitting a new high. Out of twenty games, we had won eighteen. So, when you considered this, it sort of got you wondering about the game. Well, the students were thinking all right. I have never heard so much commotion in one day. They had a reason, too. Rockville and Kenton were fighting for the State Championship, because we both had won the same percentage of games. Whoever was victor in this game would earn the state title, so you can imagine the excitement that went on all day.

Well, come game time, and "Red" began feeling bad. And, since he was the only one on our team who could stick with their star player "Buzz" Bartlett let me tell you things began to look dark. However, "Red" didn't say one word to the coach.

When we got up on the floor, I thought the roof would come down with all the yelling. But let me tell you Rockville's line-up. Joe Ferigan and "Slim" Wilson were their forwards. "Mickey" Conway was up against "Shorty." "Dutch" Davis held down a guard post while his mate was the famous "Buzz" Bartlett.

Well, the game got started, and, after quite a bit of scrambling under both baskets, "Chuck" broke up a play and sank a crisp shot. That started both baskets "smoking," and by the end of the half the score was 18-18, with both teams nearly fagged out.

When we got down in the locker room, "Red" wasn't feeling any better. I got him aside and started questioning him about it. He finally broke down and told me about his kid sister who had pneumonia. He was worried about her. Just then the telephone rang for "Red."

When he came back from the call there were tears streaming down his face. And you couldn't describe the expression on it.

When we went back on the floor, I never saw that boy "Red" play so well. He was in on every rebound, breaking up plays, keeping our score even with Rockville's, and just being a general spark-plug to the team.

MAY, 1940

Rockville was playing the hardest I had ever seen them play, but "Red" was keeping us even. Even the students couldn't believe it. Toward the end of the game, with about a couple of minutes to play, the score was 33-31, with Rockville on the long end, and Rockville started freezing the ball. But, along came "Red," broke it up, dribbled down, and sank a shot to tie the score. Rockville started down the floor as fast as lightning, but along came "Red," took the ball away from "Buzz"—of all people—and sank a long shot, winning the game which ended about ten seconds afterwards. Well, were we sitting on top of the world? We had beaten Rockville, 35-33, were State champions, and Red's sister had pulled through.

Did I say the day was uneventful?

I LOVE

Kathryn Brown
Riverton, Kentucky

I love to wander on the road,
Where peace and harmony abound,
I rid my mind of all its load
And dream of things of great renown.

I love to walk beside the sea,
And listen to its music sing
Its well-known, haunting melody,
While in my heart glad freedom rings.

PULLING POP OUT OF A SLUMP

Dan Corum
Riverton, Kentucky

"Boo! Boo! give us a new shortstop," yelled a six-year-old boy from the grandstand. "The old man can't play ball. Give us a shortstop."

The shortstop had been in a slump for weeks, and the fans, as well as the manager of the team, had reached the end of their patience. A fan sitting near the small boy said, "Why don't you boost the shortstop? Don't you know he is about to be dismissed from the ball club?"

"Bosh!" retorted the lad, "That man can't play ball and you know it."

"Maybe you're right, buddie. We do need a shortstop who can hit if we are to win the series."

The tiny fan continued his "booing" until it became contagious, and the entire grandstand joined him in venting its disappointment in the cruellest kind of razzing.

The taunts were getting under the player's collar. He sauntered up to the manager and said, "Ike, watch me make that grandstand eat those words. I'm going to hit that ball and hit it hard."

The shortstop came to bat, and the catcalls broke out louder than before. He sent the first ball sailing over the fence for a home run. The crowd emitted a rather feeble cheer, but the young boy never abated his continuous heckling.

Three more times the hated player came to the bat before the game ended, getting a triple, a double, and a single which completed a cycle.

After the victory was won, the crowd, happy that the Bruins had conquered, winning for themselves the penant, heaped flattery and praise upon the player so unmercifully scorned a few hours before.

The little lad left his seat as soon as the game ended and ran home rapidly, where his mother greeted him with, "How did your daddy do in the game toay, Bobby? Will the manager let him go?"

"Not a chance, Mom," her little boy replied with twinkling eyes.

(PAGE NINE)

QUILL AND QUAIR

**WHY KENTUCKY NEEDS STATE-WIDE
LIBRARY SERVICE**

Ursula M. Davidson
Hindman, Kentucky

I saw a school house today—stuck up in a hollow—squeezed between two hills. I saw the students—trustful, eager to learn all they could that would prepare them for good citizenship.

I saw a group of men and women—scrawny, hard-faced, with disappointment written clearly in the lines of their faces. They are graduates of the little log school—years ago they memorized their text books and went out upon their own. I heard them talking too—

“Yep, it’s plain foolishness sendin’ them younguns to school. I went a long time—what good did it do me? Hain’t seen a book since.”

“That’s so,” someone agrees, “looks like the government could do something, but lordy mercy, all they think about these days is fightin.’ I wish somebody would kill all them old Germans—maybe then we could get one good breath.”

“Them and the niggers is just like a mule—never know what they aim to do next. I allus said if I knowed they’d go to Heaven I wouldn’t want to go.”

Yes, as I surveyed this group today I felt that they had failed—miserably. Perhaps I shouldn’t say they had failed—someone else has failed—failed to see that they had one great thing—books—books that uplift the souls of men and lead them on to greater things. Of course what education they had played its part, but after it was over what happened? They had no books to read that their education might be continued; there was nothing else for pastime. They cannot be blamed nor considered ignorant for thinking as they do of Germans and Negroes. If you hadn’t read books that showed you the other side of the picture, would you not think the same? Neither can they be criticized for thinking school doesn’t help their children any—they cannot see where it has helped them. It only gives them an appetite for something they could not have. It has made them bitter toward life.

As I think of this and then the millions of dollars Kentucky spends foolishly, a feeling creeps over me that words cannot express. Let’s take a look at the picture. Kentucky spends five times as much for confectionery as for books and ten times as much for tobacco. Looks pretty bad, doesn’t it?

I envisage another picture today. A community with a good library, and branches all over the county. Hither people come in swarms, borrowing books for amusement, instruction, and information. They are broad-minded, intelligent people understanding the affairs of today and interested in making this world a better place to live in. Book wagons, pack horses, skilled librarians, and state aid in addition to local funds all go to help the people have what they want and deserve.

What will you do to see that this vision becomes a reality?

(Note. This paper won third prize in a contest sponsored by the Kentucky Library Association.)

OMISSION

Herbert L. Ley, Jr.

You are gone!
Yet a fragrant sweetness
Lingers in the air,
As a faint perfume
Lingered in your hair,
On that night,
Not long ago.

(PAGE TEN)

MAY, 1940

A FUNERALIZING

Ursula March Davidson

At eleven o'clock memorial service on the Holliday Graveyard was going full tilt. The log and plank seats which were placed in rows had long been filled, and now the late comers were forced to spread newspapers and baby blankets and sit on the ground.

Brother Gabe finished his long sermon and gave out the song, "Amazing grace how sweet the sound." Slowly and mournfully the deep, low voices of the men and the high, shrill voices of the women blended and floated down the valley below, warming the hearts of those who could not go to the meeting.

The song was finished and prayer began. For thirty minutes the minister continued to plead for his people. Babies grew fretful, forcing their mothers to hunt out the sacks of ginger bread to quiet them. Young couples rose silently and left the crowd so their conversation might be continued. Men looked up at the sun and thought about fried chicken and cake waiting at the houses in the valley below.

The clock rolled 'round to one o'clock—the prayer was finished—another song started—the service was "winding up."

Preacher Robert stood silhouetted against a summer sky before the patient congregation. He was tall—yet a little stooped; his sparse wavy hair was white; his trousers slightly baggy at the knees; his eyes a little red from pleading with his people.

"I hate to make this announcement to the people," he began, "but if any of you attend the meetin' at the Martin Cemetery next Sunday, you'll have to eat dinner some'ers besides at my house. My wife has been ailin' for a month now and, not for the lack of grub, but because we ain't got nobody to cook it, we won't be able to serve the people. Brothers, give out a song!"

"A pretty meetin'," said Sally.

"Pore ole Preacher Robert," answered Nancy; "his wife might never get on her feet again."

"The Martins allus have plenty to eat at meetin' time," said Sally.

"Pore ole Preacher Robert," Nancy replied.

GRANDMA

Jeanette Mackey

Vanceburg, Kentucky

She's not a figure of beauty in the eyes of
man,

She's not a daring show-girl nor a movie fan;
She's not a second Joan of Arc or Queen Mary
of England's niece,

She's not a goddess of mythology in that
ancient country, Greece.

To some she's just a shrunken lady sitting in
her chair,

To others a wrinkled burden with silver in her
hair;

To others a wrecked human life awaiting the
end of time.

To me she's like a faded rose
Torn by yesterday's rains,
But out of her heart no joy goes,
For the petal of faith remains.

(PAGE ELEVEN)

QUILL AND QUAIR

WHEN THE PEACH TREE BLOOMS

Patsy Shely
University High School
Lexington, Kentucky

In the eastern hills of Kentucky, late in the afternoon, a man walked slowly up the twisting, turning path that led up the hill. He was chewing tobacco, and every now and then he would stop and take aim at something and spit. The result was that at whatever he aimed, he would hit. He wasn't necessarily thin, but gave the appearance of being half-starved. His shoulders were stooped from trying to farm on the hills. He walked with a limp which was caused by his foot being caught in a bear trap when he was in his teens.

The path branched off into two, and he took the left one which led to Sarah Mae McKinn's cabin. Sarah Mae, he thought, was right purty, except for the scar that ran from the corner of her eye to her ear. He thought of the time it had happened. She had fallen off the wagon during harvest time and struck the scythe. It made a deep gash, but she didn't say a word, nor did she cry out when her Pap rubbed salt into it. He had admired her for that. A woman like that, he decided, would make a good wife.

He came into the clearing suddenly and stopped short. He looked toward the weather-beaten cabin with the small porch which had been built on several years later. Sarah Mae was sitting on the porch in a straight-backed, cane-bottomed chair. Her skin was weather-beaten and her hands gnarled and calloused from working and farming on the little dusty, dry plot of land that had been cleared out of the forest.

Lem spat out his cud of tobacco and put in a fresh quid; then he approached the house. Coming to the porch, she said, "Howdy, Lem, won't ye' sit a spell?"

Lem perched himself on the edge of the porch and chewed his tobacco a few minutes; then, shifting it from one side to the other, he said, "Sarah Mae, I ain't aimin' to waste my wind on purty speeches, 'cause I don't know how very well, but what I come fer wuz to ask yuh to marry up with me."

As he spoke he saw the barren peach tree which stood alone in the small clearing. He turned and said to Sarah Mae, "When the peach tree blooms, we'll git hitched." He spat out his tobacco, rose, and started on his way down the hill to his cabin.

Sarah Mae's eyes widened, and as she gazed at his back, a queer laugh issued from her throat. But that peculiar laugh can be explained, for she was thinking of the peach tree. It hadn't bloomed for six years.

A HILL BOY'S PARADISE

J. D. E.
West Liberty, Kentucky

A boy I know has not far to go
'To find beauty before his eyes;
'Tis the beauty of hilis and sweet singing rills;
He calls it his paradise.

The heart of this boy overflows with joy
When alone on the hills he lies.
The hills are his throne, he calls them his own;
He is king of his paradise.

(PAGE TWELVE)

MAY, 1940

COMMON MIRACLES

Herbert L. Ley, Jr.
Ashland, Kentucky

Some folks say there are no miracles,
No wondrous, beautiful sights
Of Nature? It can't be true,
For I have seen a miracle.

Have you ever watched the sun,
A ruby disk, sink behind the purple hills?
Have you ever seen the velvet night
Studded with starry diamonds?
Some folks say there are no miracles,
But I have seen the stars.

Have you ever heard the birds?
Have you ever seen a rose?
Have you ever watched the variegated rainbow
In the azure sky?
Oh then, why doubt?
These are miracles!

FIRESIDE DREAMS

Edith Smith
Vanceburg, Kentucky

I like to sit at home and dream
By the fire that shines so bright;
I like to see the visions that seem
To carry me into the night.

I find myself entering a palace old
In an ancient city so rare,
Or speaking to a pirate bold
While he has some time to spare.

As I sail along on a tropical sea,
The wind in the sail of the ship,
Wouldn't you give a lot to be
With me on this wonderful trip?

CONTENTMENT

Ida Mae Clemens,
Stanton, Kentucky

In the mellow glow of the campfire sat an old Indian. Near him the dark, ghostly shadows played on their bed of leaves, which seemed to have been prepared for them by Mother Nature. The breeze from a near-by lake crept softly across the silent picture of the old Indian and the campfire, as he noiselessly smoked the old pipe he held between his trembling lips. On the ground lay his faithful tomahawk which he had used in many wars which were only past events now. The aged Indian seemed to be dreaming of the happy hunting-ground which he was soon to explore. As he sat gazing into the dying embers the shadows crept closer and closer to the old Indian. As the shadows deepened, the old Indian dozed in the sleep of the aged and the braves of Father Time.

QUILL AND QUAIR

DAY'S END

Faye Hutchinson
Crockett, Kentucky

I

Cattle lowing, breezes blowing.
White clouds floating overhead;
Daylight dying, night-birds crying
Western sky all gold and red.

II

Coffee boiling, steak a-smoking
Smell of good things in the air;
Day's work over, all in clover.
Saddles scattered everywhere.

III

Cowboys humming, guitars strumming,
There is music in the air;
Firelight dying, coyotes crying,
Cowboys sleeping everywhere.

THE MEADOW LARK

J. D. E.
West Liberty, Kentucky

Once when sad and lonely in thought
I sat in the wood.
A sweet brown meadow lark brought
Me a message of good.
It perched silent upon a branch
And looked into my eyes,
Wondering perhaps if there were a chance
Of making me wise.

Then it lifted its head and sang
A beautiful song.
Its song through the woodland rang
Loud and long—
Till it seemed that all the forest could hear
This song that fell on my ear.

THE SEASONS

Amanda Ruckner
Sandy Hook, Kentucky

The winter comes howling in,
With a gust of ice and snow;
The ponds are frozen hard with ice,
And the skaters go and go.
The spring comes skipping in,
With daffodils and grasses green.
The housewives begin to rush about;
All day they clean and clean.
The summer comes drifting lazily through
With hot days and lots of hard work.
The boys get out their hooks and lines
And their chores they shirk and shirk.
But when fall proudly comes along,
With its colors of gold and red,
We think of the cold days soon to come
And our tears we shed and shed.

MAY, 1940

THE UNFORTUNATE FRESHMAN

J. T. Lawson

Riverton, Kentucky

After one sleeps through eight years of grade school, he suddenly wakes up to find himself surrounded by new teachers, upper classmen, and other irritating factors. The biggest subject of the day is basketball. Of course, school was my chief interest, for I loved to roll out of bed to see the sun just rising, and then wade through snow all the way to school for the sole purpose of mental improvement. The sophomores, juniors, and seniors seem to be of the opinion that the freshmen are years younger than they are or ever were; so I don't see why the freshmen can't just come to school at noon so as to have less time to be in the way of others. As a pupil in the grades, I looked forward to being in high school, but now that I am here, I am constantly reminded of the fact that there are lots of students more important than I who have various "senior privileges." In fact, I am just a space filler.

The basketball team is very nearly the same. All the other boys have the advantage, but one thing is sure and that is that our day is coming and we will do the same things.

Just looking at the good things and forgetting the bad ones, this year has been full of fun and happiness in spite of the fact that I am a "green freshman."

FABLE OF THE IRISHMAN

Bonnie Stephens

Maytown, Kentucky

An Irish engineer woke up one morning and got up on the wrong side of the bed. He rubbed his sleepy eyes and reached for his pants. In went one leg, then the other. He searched for the buttons and found nothing but his hip pockets. He had them on backwards. He put them on right.

He went into the bathroom and tried to shave himself. When the blood began to flow down his face he shouted at the top of his voice, "Ouch! I'll be" . . . (curse of words).

Toward the stairs he went, and as he stepped on the small rug on the landing, out from under him went his feet. He screamed "Oops!" and he landed at the bottom of the stairs on his ear.

In the dining room carrying a cup of scalding coffee he tripped, spilling the contents on poor old Tom, lying on the rug. He was now a brown cat instead of a white one.

He went down to the turn tables and mounted his engine, smiled at the fireman, and started out. He was coasting down grade, and when he turned the curve, coming down the same track ahead of him was another train. He looked at the fireman and the fireman looked at him. The engineer said very slowly, "Everything that I've done this morning, was wrong. I guess it's the Gypsy in me." Both trains stopped and everything was safe.

Moral: Be careful which side of the bed you get up on.

OUT LATE

Lois Amburgy

Maytown, Kentucky

I wonder what kind of life I would lead

If I lived all alone.

Wonder how many boy friends

I could have

And would I ever bring them home?

Then I wouldn't have to sit out in the car

Or stand leaning against the gate.

And dread to face Mom and Dad

in the morning

After staying out a wee bit late.

(PAGE FIFTEEN)

QUILL AND QUAIR

DREAM HOUSE

Faye Hutchinson
Crockett, Kentucky

There's a gay little house
On top of a hill,
Where the soft winds whisper
And night grows still.

There's a winding path
Leading up the hill,
Where wild flowers bloom
By a brook and rill.

There's a tiny table
Set with tea for two.
O Heart of my heart,
It is all for you.

There's a wedding ring
And a wedding tune.
O Heart of my heart,
Shall we make it soon?

LOOKING IN THE FIRE

Lois Anne Carter
Fifth Grade

I love to look
In the fire and see
Pictures of fairies

I see the young prince
Go to the rescue
Of a beautiful princess
In robes of red and blue.

I see a great queen
In her chariot gay
With her guards and her servants
In handsome array.

Beads around her neck
In beautiful strands
Maids to obey
Her slightest commands.

In her beautiful, beautiful
Chariot of fine
Horses to draw it
In all their attire.

Such a beauty as hers
Is very rare
With her sky-blue eyes
And red-gold hair.

Why don't you look in the fire
Just as I do.
I'm sure that you
Would enjoy it too.

MAY, 1940

ALUMNI AND COLLEGE

Four very excellent talks were made by alumni at the Morehead Breakfast, at Louisville, during K.E.A. We take great pleasure and pride in presenting two of the speeches here. A third equally good, will appear in the November **Quill and Quair**. We are sorry that one speaker did not have a copy of his speech, as he talked from only a few notes.

Why not use the **Quill and Quair** magazine for presenting your best ideas and plans to your friends in Eastern Kentucky?

WHAT CAN THE COLLEGE AND ALUMNI DO TO INTEREST PROSPECTIVE STUDENTS?

Paul Sparks
Emmett Field School
Louisville, Kentucky

What can the college and alumni do to interest prospective students? In attempting to answer this question, let us attempt to answer another: If we were asked to recommend a college to a son or a daughter of a friend, what qualifications would we want the college to have? Leaving aside such characteristics as church denomination, privately endowed institutions, etc., we have listed ten characteristics which we believe a good college will possess.

These characteristics are buildings and grounds, libraries and laboratories, athletic facilities and equipment, cafeteria, surrounding environment, courses offered, membership in various associations, tuitions and fees, faculty advancement and help, and the actual faculty itself. Some of these characteristics are standard, tending to be stable over a long period of time, such as buildings and grounds, but others vary from year to year, from low to high levels. It is two of these variable characteristics that we should like to discuss, namely, faculty advancement and help, and the actual faculty itself.

This college that we are recommending will have a liberal, progressive faculty, whose individual members are leaders in their fields. These members will have contributed to their fields by research and writing, they will be up-to-date in the knowledge of the work of their leaders in their fields, they will be able to give their students something of their own and will not depend on textbooks alone, they will themselves be "sold" on teaching as a profession, they will have a high professional code of ethics which they will follow in such a manner that their students will follow in turn, and they will be ladies and gentlemen.

This college that we are recommending will give ample opportunity for its faculty to grow professionally: by giving them leaves of absence for further study, by giving them a sound salary schedule based on training and experience, by giving them sick leave, by giving them their privilege of saying and doing the things which ought to be said and done, by sending them into the environs of the college to get, at first hand, information which will enable them to do a better job for their students, by giving them security through tenure. All these things will be done by the college that we are recommending.

QUILL AND QUAIR

What can the alumni do to interest this son or daughter to attend their alma mater? Trite as it may sound, we believe that they do most by "setting an example" in their local communities. If the alumnus possesses a good foundation in college work, a high professional attitude, the characteristics of a good teacher, the qualities of a lady or a gentleman, that alumnus will not have to "sell" his or her college to prospective students. Those students will want to go to the college where their teacher went.

Basically, then, we believe that the faculty makes the college, and that, to a great extent, the alumni make the student body. Other things enter in to be sure, such as the extra-curricular activities, band, orchestra, football, debating, and the like, but fundamentally, we believe, the faculty makes the college. Our college will possess this faculty if we are to recommend it. If MY alma mater has these qualities then I shall be proud of her.

WHAT MAY BE DONE TO HELP THE UNDER-GRADUATES IN THE FIELD

John M. Ridgway
Lexington High School
Lexington, Kentucky

I was pleased to note in the tentative program of this morning's gathering that Morehead has begun to give attention to a problem which has been gathering momentum during the past decade. The conventions of the American Alumni Council which represents the organized graduates and undergraduates of American and Canadian Colleges and Universities have been the forum for earnest discussion of what should be the continuing educational relationship between the college man and woman and his institution. There have been other strong relationships for more than a century, namely, social, athletic, financial. These American relationships have been unique in the world's history of education. They are unmatched by similar organized loyalties in vastly older and more distinguished European universities.

But alumni are beginning to say that the social, athletic, financial relationship is not enough. They are beginning to ask why not a continuation in fact of what everyone wants to believe is the fundamental tie between the college and its alumni, that is the intellectual and educational interest of undergraduate days?

But while we are beginning to hear much of "alumni education" or "continuing education for alumni," let us also list as a problem of the Morehead State Teachers College the case of the undergraduate in the field. This problem represents the breakdown of a good many assumptions that no one ever had a right to make assumptions that asserted that students will return for further training, that they look upon this institution as their institution, and that we have served them well.

I believe that the planning of a program designed to serve the undergraduate in the field should begin with a thorough survey of the extent of the problem. How could this be done? Let us first set up an active and continuing census of both our undergraduates and graduates. Since this would be an educational project and not a placement bureau, please do not confuse them. A college census bureau would give an active picture of the problem. The attention could then be riveted upon those that need aid, and

MAY, 1940

much of the indefiniteness of the problem would be removed.

Second, let us keep concerning each undergraduate such pertinent information as his occupation or profession, local library sources, field of study, extent of training, specialization and plan for continuing training.

Third, we have recourse to the usual procedure of correspondence and study center groups. Both are good, but the practicability of the former is nearly at an end. Could not the college issue a mimeographed magazine containing contributions by undergraduates and graduates? Encouragement in writing brings about crystallization of ideas, promotes professional reading, and brings about experimentation and greater effort. Such a publication could contain sources of materials to be used in school rooms. Such lists for publication could be secured from the various departments of the college.

I would not discourage undergraduates in the field from returning for further training, but I would rather encourage those that show particular aptitude for training. Suppose that each Morehead professor undertook to maintain a personal correspondence with his ten most outstanding undergraduates and prospective teachers. The personal contact, the friendly interest of an individual who has the welfare of the undergraduate at heart will pay large dividends in better teaching and self-improvement.

Could not the college use alumni committees to help the undergraduate in the field? Would it not be a source of inspiration to the undergraduate to know that the institution he has attended recognizes its alumni, not only for contact purposes but in helping determine the policies of the institution.

Some time ago when I was at the meeting of the American School Administrators in St. Louis I heard a story that illustrates in part my statements this morning. A very attractive little lass approached the floor walker and asked: "Do you have notions on this floor?" The floor walker looked her over, and then replied, "Yes, madam, but we have to suppress them during business hours." It is only notions that I've been expressing this morning, but thank you for listening.

QUILL AND QUAIR THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

Helen Lucille Bush

Maloneton, Kentucky

Autumn the harvest time of summer's works of nature is again with us, the time of the year which appears to some superior to all other seasons. The tang in the air, the cool nights followed by the frost, and the leaves are as if by magic transformed into many colors by a master stroke of nature's brush.

October's bright blue days with all their serenity, still one senses the tiger claws of approaching winter sheathed in the quietness of the scene. The falling leaves are scattered hither and thither before the brisk winds. The curling smoke arising from the chimneys makes one cherish the fire-side and become reminiscent in its glow and warmth.

Hallowe'en comes with all its gaiety and quaintness, the night of witches and fiery-faced goblins, the legends of which go down and fade in the dim history of the past. The crackling grate fires gleam in the old farm house. The baying of hounds in the distance and the harvesting of grain all revive memories in the hearts of men forever to be cherished.

Then the trees stand barren of their foliage, a somber bleakness manifests itself and forewarns one of a fast approaching winter accompanied by cruel, icy blasts. Thanksgiving comes and goes with its festivities and prayers of thankfulness, recalling the struggle of the pilgrims and the noble sacrifices of our forefathers.

On the hush of the winter night Christmas is ushered in and the whole world seems to drop its blanket of gloom, and a spirit difficult to describe arises in the hearts of all living things. In beautiful lighted churches, soft music of the carols arises from the mighty throat of the organ, mingled with the voices of the choir. In the towns are flashing electric signs, brightly illuminated shops, the swirling of snow, the hurrying people eager to carry the cheer and festivity of the occasion to their fellow-men. The tinkle of sleigh bells in the country lanes all blend and combine to emphasize the importance of the day.

With the passing of Christmas comes the birth of a new year, and the old goes down in history, to become just a memory of the past.

WHEN TWILIGHT COMES

Irene McLin

Fireflies fling their soft winged light
Here and there for coming night,
And in their own flickering way
Lamp good-bye to another day.

MAY, 1940

LATIN DISCARDED

P. L. Vines

There is a rightful tendency at this time to change. This change has come to the school curriculum, and it is well, for nowhere is it needed more. The social studies, rich in material and full of vigor and life, are crowding out the deadwood of useless subject-matter, and substituting those things that will bring to the child a more abundant life.

During the last decade the teaching of Latin has noticeably decreased both in high school and in college. What has brought this about? I think it is due to the fact that many people do not realize its value, or they think that other things are more important. I think I would be the last person to hinder the progress of the schools. As a matter of fact, I am deeply interested in the advancement of the schools. With this forecast in mind, I cannot subscribe to the opinion of those who belittle the value of foreign languages, and are especially inimical to the teaching of Latin.

The great educator, Charles A. Beard, strikes the keynote when he says, "The burden which civilization loads on the back of education cannot be borne by ignoring the present as do the classicists, or by ignoring the past as do many moderns." The modern would tell us that Latin is a dead language. It is true that it is not spoken any more, but it lives and breathes in twenty to twenty-five percent of our important English words. The doctor, the lawyer, the dentist, the bacteriologist, the teacher, and the minister are knee-deep in Latin terms which they should be familiar with. Today, culture demands the use of correct English and a wide vocabulary. How can we better secure these than by a knowledge of Latin?

There are those who would ask how a knowledge of Latin aids our English or grammar. They say you must know the grammatical constructions before you get the Latin. In this they are exactly right. If one knows he must do a thing he usually does it. And don't forget the drill that one gets over and over in his constructions. So Latin and grammar are each a complement to the other.

There are some who would say that a knowledge of Latin does not broaden the mind. To these I would say that any new experience, any new problem, any addition to the knowledge increases our mental capacity. I found just as many new experiences, as many new problems, and I am sure I added as much to my knowledge, in the study of Latin as in the study of any other subject.

There are those who will say Latin is of no economic importance. True, we cannot live on the plunder Caesar brought to Rome, ride the wooden horse, or warm our feet at Dido's funeral pyre, but as for me, I would not turn my back on the language that for a thousand years was the medium on which our civilization fed, from which most of our great men of literature got their inspiration. The aesthetic is to be considered as well as the economic. Let's drink deeply at the Pierian spring; let's be broader than the economic path we tread; let's appreciate the glories of the past that we may better enjoy the fruit of our present labor.

WINTER'S FLAG

Irene McLin

Blue sky above,
White earth below,
And in the clear intervening distance
Swings the bright red of a cardinal's wing!

(PAGE TWENTY-ONE)

QUILL AND QUAIR

QUESTION

Leora Hogge

Phlox—trembling in the wind
At the soft caress
Of the humming bird.
—Shivering as I thought
I should shiver
At your first caress.
Wonder why I didn't?

POSSESSION

Leora Hogge

I hate
Your eyes.

They are hot and brown
And flicker over me
Possessively.

Why am I here—and with
you?

His eyes
Were cool and slate,
And saw beyond.

LAST DANCE

Leora Hogge

It was last night
That I danced with you.
You say you were far away
Last night?

Oh no,
You and I were dancing
Last night.
We danced all night long,
Remember?

We danced gaily,
Not caring that we were
making
Scars that would stay and
stay.
We danced,
And merrily my high heels
Punctured our floor,
And your smile made a rent
Never to be repaired.

For it was last night
That I danced with you,
All night long upon my heart
Poor trampled heart!

MAY, 1940

LETTER TO JAMES STILL, TO WHOM EARTH IS AS A RIVER

Samuel McKee Bradley

Dear Mr. Still:

The "standingest mountains" are in Kentucky. We knew that even before we read your book, *RIVER OF EARTH*; we knew how our life flowed deeply between the eternal hills. Knowing this, it was with no common interest that we read your story of the laborer in the coal mines hereabouts.

You tell, in our own idiom, some experiences that are ours in common, and so we listen carefully, for you write without sentimentality, without exaggeration. True, you are talking as if you were a child of seven, but you are talking of experiences that are mature. Your talk in your novel is solid with images of gem-like loveliness, as if indeed heaven lay about us in our infancy. This sensuous freshness inspires your reader. Of a certainty, your book is of the spirit of us Kentuckians who are shadowed and sheltered by mountains. For it is authentic, wholly and magnificently authentic; whatever beauty it possesses has been made from truth.

So, James Still, we are glad to know you, for you know us, our ways in happiness or in heartbreak. You know how modern life tends to erase the folk spirit we have valued for so long; so while working over at Hindman you decided to preserve it in poetic prose. You have done so. Your workmanship is a sheer delight; you've a style and economy that makes you to realistic writing that Robert Nathan is to romantic literature of today. Now, personally, I was disappointed that you, a poet, did not, like Melville in *MOBY DICK*, give more space to the symbolic keynote, the sermon. And I wish you had not striven so hard to make each chapter a short-story, and that you had not surprised me with an O-Henry-like ending. But when I think of the superb characterizations you drew: the boy, his relatives, pa and ma, and above all, grandma, why, when I think of them, I can forgive you the places where you slipped up.

I liked the beginning of your book, where Ma, as a sort of female Ulysses, gets rid of the shiftless relatives who had sat down on the family. Your book is impregnated with an exaggerated sense of family, which is an outgrowth of our folk-spirit. The Greeks, by the way, had that same over-estimation of kinsmen. Pa's feudalistic comment, "As long as we've got a crust, it'll never be said I turned my folks from my door," is another version of the Grecian hospitality. So is the funeralizing. And the feud-spirit, which is a motif in your tale, comes from our sense of family. Incidentally, I'm glad that feuds, which were nearly all caused by hot-blooded political differences, are extinct.

What appealed to me most was grandma and her rememberings. She had the folk-virtues, and a few of the less admirable qualities, and she brings the agrarian past vividly to life. She did not have to depend, like her grandson, on a precarious industrialism.

Nevertheless, despite restrictions of environment, the fluid precious qualities of life move on; yes, James Still, ours is an immense and mighty River of Earth!

COMPLIMENTS OF
N. E. KENNARD HARDWARE
MOREHEAD, KY.

TWO MOUNTAIN STUDENTS SPEAK OF WAR

Lucille Basenbach

A student, somber-eyed, enlightened me,
"An earth-destroying war is soon to be!"
Head bowed, acknowledging his argument,
I spoke these words that left my spirit spent:
"What shall become of hardy pines on hills,
Dawn-silver rivers, singing whipperwills,
And all life-loving, God-created things
That seemingly from earth eternal spring?"

"Will thundercloud and shell-shriek rend the
air
That feuds had hushed, and ballad-song made
fair?
Here stand the tombs of Lincoln's fighting
men;
Will men, like these, march to the drums
again?"
"Ah, no! This war will shout down from the
air!"
—"It will be lonely—with death everywhere."

o ————— o ————— o

High Schools Contributing.....Teachers

1. Ashland Senior High School.....Mrs. Gladys M. Gute
2. Crockett High School.....Mrs. Mabel W. Barber
3. Flemingsburg High School.....Miss Lillian Allen
4. Hindman High School.....Miss Clara M. Standish
5. Maloneton High School.....Miss Helen L. Bush
6. Maytown High School.....Oliver W. Ratliff
7. Riverton High School.....Mrs. Helen Dale Acker
8. Sandy Hook High School.....Miss Opal Brown
9. Stanton High School.....Miss Florence V. Hall
10. University High School (Lexington).....Miss Andre Smith
11. Vanceburg High School.....Miss Carrie Goldenburg
12. West Liberty High School.....Miss Mildred Whitt

(PAGE TWENTY-FOUR)

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MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

COMPLIMENTS OF
THE BARGAIN STORE
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

For the Merry Month of May
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New York and Hollywood's celebrated
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress



Chesterfield

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