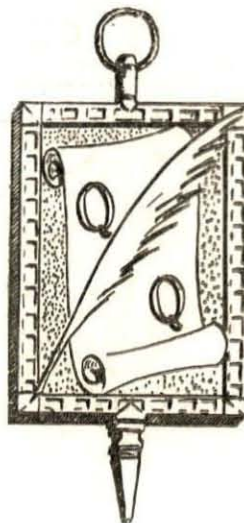


QUILL AND QUAIR



Morehead State Teachers College

Morehead, Kentucky

VOLUME VII

NOVEMBER, 1940

NO. 1

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

**YOU NEVER SEE HIM —
BUT HIS EXTRA SKILL
FLIES WITH YOU EVERY
MILE !**

WILLIAM H. MILLER

Flight Supt., American Airlines



I'D WALK A MILE FOR THE
EXTRAS IN A SLOW-BURNING
CAMEL. CAMELS ARE EXTRA
MILD, BUT THE FLAVOR'S ALL THERE
— **EXTRA** FLAVOR



THE ARMCHAIR above is his cockpit—
but Bill Miller flies as many as 100
planes a day. North, south, east, and west
from New York's LaGuardia Field (*air view
upper right*) his radio control-room directs
the course of *American's* giant flagships.

Flier, navigator, engineer, traffic executive
all in one—yes, flight superintendent Bill
Miller is a man with the extras—a man who
gets the extras, too...the extra pleasure and
extra smoking in slower-burning Camels.

For Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower
way of burning give you extra mildness and
coolness with a flavor that holds its appeal
through the last extra puff. Camels also give
you extra smoking per pack (*see right*).

**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**

● 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!**

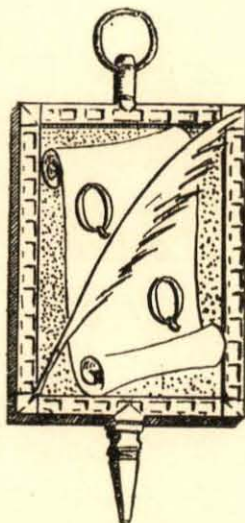


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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

GET THE "EXTRAS" — WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

QUILL and QUAIR

PUBLICATION OF
THE ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB



Morehead State Teachers College
Morehead, Kentucky

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MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

English Majors Club

Dorothy Bailey

Carol Patrick

Robert Gevedon

Sally Betty Smith

Irene McLin Keller

Charles Thomas

Eugene McClure

Lavina Waters

Jack Miller

Issue Editor: Charles Thomas

Linoleum Cuts: Carol Patrick

Sales: Sally Betty Smith, Eugene McClure

Faculty Sponsors: Inez Faith Humphrey
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Q-&-Q

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QUILL AND QUAIR

Volume VII

November, 1940

No. 1

Foreword



PRESIDENT VAUGHAN

One of the major activities on the college campus each year is the publication of the student literary magazine, the **Quill and Quair**. The English Majors Club under the able direction of Miss Inez Faith Humphrey has published the magazine for some years; this fall, Miss Humphrey is being joined in sponsoring the organization by Dr. Fred A. Dudley, who has been associated with the publication of a similar magazine at Iowa State College.

The **Quill and Quair** represents an effort to provide for honest self expression on the part of the students. It is our belief that the **Quill and Quair** will provide for self-expression, self-discovery, and self-education to the students participating in its publication. The student who writes an original poem, essay, or story has made a serious beginning in the educative process and has found a new joy in life. In preceding years, the magazine has contributed much to college life and to the happiness of those who have been engaged in producing it. We commend all those who have had a share in it, and we wish for this year that an even richer series of experiences may lie ahead for those who take part in the publication of the magazine.

The publication of the **Quill and Quair** may not attract as much fanfare or praise as does participation in the athletic program, but benefits accruing to those who participate in literary activities are by no means second in importance to the others. So, we wish you a happy and delightful year with the **Quill and Quair**.

WILLIAM H. VAUGHAN

Jugs

James Stuart

"I'm a-telling you the truth, children, I ain't seed no such calamity here on Sansuck Creek since I was a little girl," says Ollie Skinner.

"My husband, Sam, had gone to Greensburg to get some sugar. He hadn't more'n drove the Lizzie around that dip yander when a man walks up into the yard. He was just as nice and clever as you please. Didn't have on no brass badge ner nothin'. Jist a pair of uncommon shiny black shoes. Said his name was Champion.

"He says howdy and I say howdy. He tells me his name, and then starts to walk around the house. He walks all the way round the house jist eyein' it and eyein' it as he goes. I don't like it but I don't say nothin'.

" 'Got any winders in that upstairs there?' he says.

" 'No,' I tell him.

"I couldn't see why he was wantin' to know that.

"He walks over to a pile of cane pummies by the chicken house; my heart kind of acts funny and I feel sorta weak, but I don't say nothin.' I jist set myself back down in the green swing and swing back and forth, unconcerned and natural like. He takes his cane and pushes it down deep into the pummies, then walks up the path by the chicken house toward the apple tree there at yander end of the garden.

" 'Mind if I get one of your apples?' says he.

" 'No,' I tells him. 'Them is old-fashioned Roman Beauties and as good as ye ever stuck yer tooth in, too'.

"He jist grins his purty grin and walks on.

"Three other men come down the road and they fill their pockets with apples. Champion turns his ankle on something. I see him limp on up the holler and hear him say, 'Damn the luck!'

"Finally, in about an hour, Sam comes back in our Lizzie. We walk toward the chicken house. Sam opens the door. She's percolatin' jist as purty as ye please. The thumper is workin' jist fine. The barrels are blubberin' and poppin' through the malt coat. All seventeen of the barrels are in good order. Maybe that revenuer couldn't smell nor see neither.

"That night when I went to git the cows I raked back the leaves under the apple tree. One of the jug stoppers was stove plum down in the neck, but all twenty-five of the gallon jugs of whiskey was still there. Buried jist like we left them. Mr. Champion hadn't turned his ankle on no rock."

Yesterday There Was Wind

Sally Betty Smith

The wind blew yesterday,
And the bare bleak branches
Of the maples swayed and cracked.
The crisp crust of the snow glistened
Although the sky was empty—
The sky was empty and stretched far
Until the sloping hills
Came white against the grey.

And I walked against the wind,
Head down, hair streaming back;
And there was sky and wind;
And there was I—
Head down and hair back.

The wind came hard against me,
And I went against the wind
Until the wind was gone—
The sky gone—into black,
And only I was left —
Face burned by wind; head up.



River Tragedy

George Jackson

Peewee Wright stepped out onto the deck of the river steamer and gazed at the blinking lights in the distance across the river. As he stood watching the lights he could hear the faint tinkle of a piano coming from the Silver Dollar, a river-front saloon. Somewhere among those lights was the "Mohawk," a river steamer similar to the one on which Peewee was standing at the present. Peewee uttered a grunt of disgust, mingled with hate, as he thought of the "Mohawk". It wasn't the "Mohawk" he hated so much, for Peewee was prone to admit that she was a fine boat, but it was its owner that caused Peewee's disgusted grunt. In other words it was Big Bill Smith, the skipper of the Mohawk, that was the object of Peewee's scorn.

Peewee had loathed Big Bill ever since the day that the "Mohawk" had nosed into the landing at St. Louis. Peewee had been standing on the wharf watching the darkies unload cotton from his boat. As he turned to shout an order he collided head on with the six-foot-three-inch, two-hundred-pound bulk of Big Bill Smith.

"Say, where do you think you are going, Shorty?" roared Big Bill. "Get out of my way."

"Listen, you big stiff, this is a free country. I don't take orders from anybody," was Peewee's retort.

Big Bill put his hands on his hips and roared with laughter. Without another word he grasped Peewee by the seat of the britches and tossed him into the river.

From that day on, Peewee had lived in misery. He lived in terror of Big Bill and his towering strength. Peewee hated Big Bill with every inch of his five-foot-six-inch frame.

Now, as Peewee stood on the deck of his boat he thought of his girl, Nellie. "I wonder if she's at home like she told me she'd be, or is she out with that big boob, Bill Smith," he mused. "I think I'll go see."

Peewee had been told that Nellie was two-timing him, and now he was going to find out for himself.

He dropped over the side of the boat into the skiff. He picked up the oars and started slowly across the river. As he neared the other side he heard a faint cry. He stopped and listened carefully. It was a cry for help! He rowed swiftly in the direction from which the cry came, and in the moonlight he could see a head bobbing up among the waves. As he rowed alongside the sinking figure he grasped the head by its shock of black wavy hair. As he pulled the semi-conscious figure over the side of the boat a ray of moonlight revealed the features of the drowning man. It was Big Bill! Slowly Peewee's grasp relaxed and the body slipped below the surface of the water. Peewee picked up the oars and slowly rowed away.

What A Fool I Once Was

John F. Greene

"I killed your uncle, son. Sure as we sit here now and see that stone marking for centuries to come the place where his dear bones shall rest forevermore, I killed him!"

These words were murmured by a reminiscing old man to a young boy of about ten years of age. They were seated on a naked root of a gnarled old beech tree which towered mightily on this highest knoll in the vicinity. Before them and enclosed by an iron fence on the same level with the base of the great tree on which they sat rose a single tombstone with the inscription, "Marvin Horton, aged twenty." The old man seemed sad and troubled, and his head drooped as he went slowly on to relate his story to the boy.

"Marvin and I were twins. All our life we had played and worked together. I am sure no brothers ever were more affectionate to each other than we. We were practically inseparable until we were separated by the war.

"At the Normal School in Ashville I met Rose, your mother. I liked her from the moment we met, and she liked me. Unfortunately, however, Marvin liked her too, and sooner than mine his affection grew into love and was returned. He did not know, I am sure, that I too loved Rose as I knew of his love. Because of my affection for him I threw cold water on my courtship.

"The following summer we were at home when war was declared, and were only seventeen, yet we went into town to register. A month followed and there had been two calls made. We were very busy at home harvesting and building a new stock barn. In one more month Marvin and I would be eighteen and ready for the next call. Although we disliked leaving our parents and friends we were eager to go, to fight for what we considered all that was worth living for in the world. Yet, as each day passed I began to think. My imagination worked to its full extent and I saw pictures, strange scenes of horror and ghostliness. I dreamed at night, and in these fancies Marvin would appear, always a disfigured dead man. In my dreams I could see him being stabbed in the back by an enemy with a long and gory bayonet, or shot down by half a dozen of them closing in on all sides, or perhaps lying on some battlefield with his body dehydrated and burned by the fumes of that alkyl sulfide they call mustard gas. The last of my series of dreams was entirely different from all the former ones. This one presented Marvin at home with a happy countenance and an air of peacefulness about. He was married to Rose and they were very happy.

"This last dream left me troubled more, and I wished Marvin didn't have to go. My wish grew in intensity and became my obsession. I would not let Marvin go to the battle front to be mutilated when he could

be so happy at home. Yet how could I prevent his going? This was my problem, and I worked feverishly on it for days as we completed the harvest and began work on the large stock barn. One day Marvin and I were hewing beams to go in the construction of the barn. Then the solution of my problem dawned in my mind. Marvin would not be allowed to fight with the fingers of his right hand chopped off at the second joint. A gruesome thought, no doubt, but it seemed the only way. Marvin was holding the beam down close to the mark along which it was to be pared. I looked at the fingers of that right hand and picked out the line along which my ax should fall to make that hand useless in handling a gun. I looked until it was magnified in my sight and obscured everything. Then with my determination at great strength I swung the ax, diverting it from its normal path just the proper amount. My life on the farm had made an accurate chopper of me, so the cut was neat and clean and healed rapidly.

"In three weeks I went to war, and my memory of that home parting shall live in my brain until my death. Marvin went to the train with me, and as I looked back on pulling out of the station I saw his face, full of sadness, regretful, and hating what he thought was luck or fate that handicapped him and prevented his going to fight for his ideals. At this moment I began to feel that I had made a mistake but cast these thoughts aside and saw Marvin happily married to Rose.

"His happiness, however, was not destined to be, and my letters from home were full of his sadness and how he morosely sat about the house until he became nervous and unsettled. For six months I was at the front and fighting and received no word from home. During this time the belief that I had made a great mistake grew in me and was climaxed at the end of this period by a letter from mother telling me that Marvin had killed himself. All the death I had seen in battle affected me lightly compared to this news of my brother's suicide because he could not help his country at war. He was probably very much ashamed, and I had brought on his death. It would have been much better if he had died in battle as he wanted to.

"Always my mistake weighs upon my brain, and I hate myself for a fool; for a fool that I was in my youth."



My Obsession

Herbert L. Ley, Jr.

Ashland Senior High School

I'm proud!
I've put my head into the clouds,
Yet my eyes are low enough
To see even the scum of humanity;
And I pity them.

I pity them that have not had
The advantages I have had,
Or my luck.
Who knows? I might have been
With them; and one of them here
Except for Fate's decree!

Still I'm proud.
I'm going to serve them.
I shall be a servant of the lowliest,
And I shall be proud of it.
I shall save lives; bring them;
And watch them ebb slowly out
Beating time to the symphony of Life

Why should I be proud?
I don't know,
But I am!
I want to scream it to the skies:
I want to bellow it to the depths:
I want to laugh! to live!
For I shall serve them!
That is living!

I love my task; I love life itself;
I want to save, to conserve it!
That is life!
I am a doctor.
That's why I am proud!

An Invitation To High School English Students

Quill and Quair, which is in part your own magazine, invites your contributions.

The annual Special High School Edition, formerly published in May, will appear in February, 1941, and will reach your school soon after it is printed.

Your stories, essays, and poems are wanted. Every properly attested manuscript which is received in time will be carefully considered by the editors. The best items will be printed, with credit to you, to your teacher, and to your school.



Campus Scene

Here in the hills of eastern Kentucky people are as human, nature is as lovely, life is as rich and varied, as beautiful and bewildering, as anywhere else on earth. You have as much to write about as have people of your age in Oregon or Texas, in 'Frisco or Rio or the Bronx. And if you haven't had (thank heaven) the experiences that are shattering the lives of young people in England and Germany, at least you are free to express the shape and feel of the life around you.

Quill and Quair is proud to serve as an outlet for some of the best of what you write. We want to be still prouder of the quality of your work. More and better manuscripts are needed, more competition, and a rising standard of excellence.

For your own satisfaction and for the credit of your school, please send us your best work. Manuscripts will be received as late as January 31, 1941; but early submission is desired and may improve your chance of publication.

Please follow these rules:

1. Type your contribution, double-spacing the lines, or write plainly a correct copy, on one side only of sheets 8 1/2 x 11 inches.
2. Put your name on every page.
3. Attach an entry blank, properly filled out, and signed by both you and your teacher. A supply of blanks was sent with this magazine; more will be furnished on request.
4. Mail (first class postage required) to Miss Inez Faith Humphrey, Morehead State Teachers College, Morehead, Kentucky.



A Spike of Larkspur

Sally Betty Smith

It was a hot afternoon, and as Mavis entered the small glade where the spring was she let a sigh escape her lips as damp coolness enveloped her. It was very still; no sound except the occasional call of a cardinal to his mate or the snapping of a twig as a rabbit darted to its hole. Mavis set her bucket down, sank on the moss covering the bank beside the spring, and let her taut nerves and tired body slowly relax. The sun came through the thick bushes and leaves in long golden shafts of light. Ferns leaned their tight-curved buds toward the still water, and wild larkspurs made patches of bright color with their blue and white and purple flowers. Mavis reached out her hand and broke one of the heavy spikes. She lay on her back with the flower in her hand and let just sensations reach her—the feel of the springy moss under her—the smell of the earth. The larkspur was lovely, royal blue and perfectly shaped. She ran her fingers lightly over the separate blooms, and the cool silkiness of them seemed to sink into the palms of her hands and her finger tips. A vague sadness filled her. The flower was so beautiful and so short lived, and there was only she to enjoy it. There were so many things like that. Once she had come unexpectedly upon a patch of ground covered with violets—yellow ones and pale blue and white—and she had fallen on her knees before them and wondered at the feelings aroused within her. Things like that hurt. They were so wonderful that when they were gone you wondered if you had not dreamed them. She held the larkspur to her face and closed her eyes at the touch of the smooth petals.

A strident voice broke her dreamy mood abruptly: "Ma-vis! You Mavis! Brang that water hyer. Hev you fell in the sprang? Come on with ye!"

Mavis sprang to her feet, letting the larkspur fall. She snatched up the bucket and hastily dipped it full of water from the spring, leaving the water disturbed and muddy. Starting out of the glade, she saw the blue flower lying where she had dropped it. She picked it up and tucked it in the heavy coils of her black hair. Then she left the glade and hurried toward the house.

"Aunt Rebe sounded real mad," she thought as she walked. "She's a-gittin' worse ever' day. 'Pears like I can't stand much more uf her fussin'. 'Fore maw died thangs wuz fine. Maw wuz like me, I guess, likin' thangs purty and clean. Aunt Rebe's like paw—contrary and durty. She won't take time to fix thangs nice and won't let me."

She was getting close to the house now. It was a shack rather than a house, with a hard dirt yard around it, bare, dirty, and ugly. A porch extended along the front of the house, and on it stood a tall, rawboned woman. Her grey hair dropped in matted strands around her neck and face, and her dirty bare feet protruded from under a grease-spotted, food-caked old calico dress. Mavis felt a feeling of revulsion rise within her as she looked at her.

"God knows that I oughten ter feel this-a-way about my Paw's own blood sister, but I jist can't hep hit," she thought.

"I'm awful sorry, Aunt Rebe. I didn't thank you wuz in a hurry."

Rebe glared at her. "Whut do ye thank ye ere, Mavis Ramey? A ledy?—Thet ye kin fiddle around all day whilst yore pore ole aunt works her fingers to ther bone? Now gimme thet water."

She yanked the bucket so violently from Mavis's hand the water sloshed out on the girl's dress, causing her to cry out in indignant protest. The woman laughed jeeringly, "Did I git yer purty dress wet? Now thet's jist too bad, hain't hit?" Then she saw the larkspur tucked in Mavis's hair and screamed in sudden wrath, "So thet's whut ye've been doin'! Pickin' flowers! I'll larn ye to traipse around pickin' flowers whilst I slave. Thar's yer flower"—and she jerked the larkspur from Mavis's hair, threw it on the floor and stamped on it. "And take that, you slothful thing! I'll larn ye to let me do yer work"—and she slapped Mavis's face hard. Mavis staggered against the wall, and her foot knocked over the bucket of water. She stood leaning against the wall with her hand to her face for a moment. Suddenly she sprang erect. Her eyes fastened on her aunt. She seized the bucket at her feet, still staring at the woman, and stood holding it, swaying slightly.

Rebe laughed. "Now, git along back ter the sprang with ye and git some more water. And mind ye don't stop to pick any more of these posies"—and she aimed a careless kick at the crushed blue flower. Mavis gave an inarticulate cry and raising the heavy bucket high, brought it around in a swing onto her aunt's head with a thud. Rebe fell heavily and lay motionless, her head hanging over the edge of the porch. Mavis dropped the bucket and looked at her aunt. Blood was gushing from Rebe's temple. Blood. Red blood. Gushing. Mavis was sick. Then she went in the house and smoothed her hair and changed her dress. She went back out on the porch, picked up the flower, and walked with averted head, past her aunt, down the steps, and out the gate toward town.

A Cry For Help

Friends of the **Quill and Quair** will realize that the financing of the publication is not easy.

If every high school receiving the magazine free would send in yearly forty-five cents for just one additional paid subscription, it would be a great help. If every school furnished three to five paid subscriptions, we would be in a fairly comfortable position. Orders for single, extra copies, too, at fifteen cents each, are very welcome.

Now and then an alumnus or an interested teacher makes a most welcome gift of from one to five dollars. There's an idea!

Our good friends on the campus, both students and faculty, can assist by urging their friends to buy copies or to subscribe.

Let's work together to keep the **Quill and Quair** in good financial health.

Q-&-Q

The Flash Flood

Juanita Elam

It was a perfect fourth of July. Morehead was celebrating the fourth for the first time in four years. There was a special program planned for the day, with parades, floats, and the last feature of the day was a car to be given away. A carnival was also paying its annual visit to Morehead. The sun was hot; everyone walked up to town and then walked back down the street meeting old friends.

Evening came with a lovely sunset. People still lingered and went to the carnival as soon as the gates were open. As the last rays of golden sunset slowly found their way behind the tree tops, dark clouds made their appearance in the North. Only a few people saw the dark clouds and with weary feet began to scatter toward their homes.

By eight o'clock the entire heavens was illuminated with piercing rays of lightening. People rushed home, struggled out of their drenched clothes, slipped into bed completely exhausted from a busy day, and were soon unconscious of all that was going on about them.

The Jones family had spent the day in town, and had gotten home late too. Their lights were soon turned off and the house became quite except for their soft breathing. They had only been in bed a couple of hours when Mrs. Jones was suddenly awakened by the noise of lapping water around the house. She sprang out of bed and went to the side door, and turned the light on the back porch on. To her horror, she saw mad walls of foaming water coming in on the porch. She slammed the door and rushed back to the bed room and woke the children. Loud voices from across the lane told them to get out of the

house immediately and swim toward the higher land. Mrs. Jones suddenly remembered she and the girls could not swim. But before she had time to make up her mind just what to do there was a terrific roar, and inch by inch they began to feel the house move. They rushed from one room to the other trying to find a way to get to the top of the house. The house was moving faster. Muddy water was seeping in through the doors. The family huddled close to a raised window. At a moment's notice they were prepared to jump from the house. There was a deafening blow on the upper end of the house. The house screamed then the next minute began to tear apart. Water was climbing by leaps and bounds from their knees to their necks. As the family was swept under there were prayers heard by neighbors. The last words Jack heard his mother say were, "Jack, please stay with us, and we will all die together." Jack was a good swimmer, and he sprang into the roaring water to fight until the end. He grasped small floating objects trying to hang on to something that would support him, but heavy objects kept hitting him in the face, and sweeping over his body. Every time something took him under he would struggle free and keep going with the current. Suddenly he was thrown against something that didn't move; he grasped it and pulled himself above the water. Time and again drifts pushed so hard against him he almost lost his hold on the object.

Jack's eyes burned from staring into the blackness of the night, and his limbs were aching and stiff. As the first rays of dawn began to show, Jack discovered he was in the top of a huge tree about a mile below where his home was located. He saw neighbors' cars, garages, and even houses turned upside down in every direction he looked. As it began to grow lighter he observed that the water had begun to fall, and knew that it wouldn't be long until help would come. In a short time he saw a boat coming down the bottom, and he called out to it. Jack was taken down out of the tree and hurried to an emergency hospital where he was given first aid treatment, and something to wear. Jack refused to talk, for he alone knew his mother and sisters had not survived in the horrible muddy waters. And as soon as the water had gone down Jack accompanied the searching party that found the bodies of his mother and sisters.

Q-&-Q

An Evening Alone

Irene Fraley

"Janice, you're sure you don't mind staying here by yourself a while?" Janice's father and mother had both asked several times, and each time the seventeen-year-old Janice had assured them, "Of course not!"

But when she saw the automobile disappear around the curve, she

had a funny feeling inside.

She sat down in the living room, not turning on the lights as it wasn't quite dark yet. Just then she noticed how dark the sky had suddenly become and also the occasional flashes of lightning. The wind was rapidly rising. The rain came down in torrents. She sat stunned and afraid to move. The wind seemed to rock the house on its foundation. Rain seemed to beat holes in the roof. She felt eyes—many eyes—peering through the darkness. (She still hadn't turned the lights on.) To avoid this feeling, she closed her eyes tightly, and then she imagined hands—many hands—closing around her throat.

Deciding she could stand this suspense no longer, she ran to her bedroom and slammed the door with all her might. Bang! This seemed to make her feel better. She made a plunge toward her bed, but no! Instantly she stopped dead still. Under her bed! Eyes—very visible, horrible eyes staring at her. She stood frozen in her tracks, her brain paralyzed. Her mind functioned—(her father's revolver in his bedroom; how to get it.) Slowly she took a step backwards—the eyes didn't move—one more step—still no disturbance. Her eyes were glued to those eyes—those horrible eyes. In the living room—now, to her father's bedroom. She continued her method—walking backwards and watching, always watching. In her father's bedroom, noiselessly she opened the dresser drawer and took the revolver. What luck, her father's flashlight. She took the pistol in her right hand and the flashlight in her left hand. Back she went—step by step, as quietly as possible. Now in the living room—next she stepped directly in front of her bed and flashed the light, screamed hysterically, and pulled the trigger—not once, but six times. She listened, but no movement. She didn't lock; she couldn't. She could imagine the warm red blood covering the floor. The front door opened. She stood still for a moment with a burning flashlight in one hand and a smoking revolver in the other hand.

When she recognized her mother and father she ran to them and tried to sob out her story. But she couldn't go look, she declared, she was a murderer.

Her father went into her bedroom to take a look at the corpse, and there under Janice's bed was her falseface she had worn to the Halloween party the night before with six bullet holes in it. He carried it into the living room where Janice lay pale and trembling and said, "Don't you suppose I'd better call the police?"

Janice tried to laugh, but she couldn't.

St. Anne

Harriet Huey

A steady stream of people filed in and out of the door of the Cathedral of St. Anne de Beaupre. In the crowd mingled people from every station of life; the rich, well-dressed business man brushed shoulders with the poorly clad farmer and the common street beggar walked beside the aloof titled woman. These class distinctions were unnoticed. Every man and woman there had come in order to worship at the shrine of the Patron Saint, Anne de Beaupre.

Jeanne Frecott made her painful way along the edge of the crowd. At last she reached the cool seclusion of the interior of the Cathedral. Here she dropped tiredly to a smooth polished bench. Outside, her mind had been in a turmoil. This day was to decide the course of the rest of her life.

For two years she had lived in hopeful expectancy of the time when she could walk unaided by crutches. After the operation, the doctor had told her that within six months she would walk, but that time had stretched into two long years. At last she had given up all hope. If the operation had been successful she would have at least shown some sign of improvement by now. No, in her mind there was no alternative; today she must tell Pierre that she could never marry him. As her thoughts turned to Pierre her whole manner changed. Pierre was all she had in the world worth living for. During her long illness he had never failed her in any way. And now she trembled at the thought of saying to him, "Pierre, today is the end. You must go your way alone; I can never become your wife. I would only handicap you. Please go, Pierre." Tears rolled down Jeanne's cheeks. Oh, how different everything would have been if her operation had been successful!

She looked up to see Pierre standing in the doorway. She started to call aloud to him, but her words froze in her throat. Her terrified eyes saw a huge wooden beam, slipping from its ancient hold in the wall. Pierre stood directly under the beam. Unconscious of the danger he was in, he remained in the doorway and scanned the interior of the cathedral in search of Jeanne.

With sudden realization Jeanne raised herself to her feet and rushed to Pierre, dragging him to safety just as the beam crashed to the floor.

Weak and trembling, Jeanne let Pierre lead her to a seat. She had walked for the first time in many months.

"Pierre," Jeanne said, "I think it was St. Anne who caused that beam to fall. Without that sudden necessity I would probably never have found out that I could walk. I might have lost you, Pierre."

Pierre said nothing, but he led her to the altar, and they both knelt in prayer and thankfulness.

The Best Teacher I Have Had

Edith Chappel

(Selections from a longer paper)

If I ever thought of going to school untidy, I'd think, "Oh, Miss A. never goes that way," and my poor little rough-looking shoes, how I did rub them, though somehow they just wouldn't shine like hers.

When the bell rang and we entered that room there was no other desire than to set right to our task. It didn't occur to us to lose any time, because she had instilled in us a determination.

She had an interesting way with class procedure. We never expected the class to start the same way; she would have a different way to arouse interest, by showing pictures, telling a story, reading something interesting, or starting a discussion. We did things never realizing it was work. If we were to memorize a poem we would be so interested in it by the time Miss A. assigned it to learn that we would even be wanting to memorize it regardless of its length or difficulty.

She diagnosed our intelligence, our learning capacity, our environment, our readiness for the work, and went to work on us. We were handled when we didn't know we were being handled at all. She spent the night or at least visited with each. I can understand now her motive: she wanted to study our homelife.

At that time the eighth grade had to go to the county seat for the examination. She knew the psychological effect it would have on us, being examined by strange people, as we were all country children and hadn't been away from home much; therefore she started weeks before trying to bring us up to par socially so we wouldn't have a strained and backward feeling. Her older sister, who was to be one of the examiners, was invited out to our school for a day. She entered into our activities and became personally acquainted with each of us; we found ourselves actually loving her at the end of the day. Miss A. spent a week end at home after that, and came back saying her sister had remarked how well dressed we were and that we looked better than the city school children. We believed it all, studied hard for the examination, took it, and the three highest grades in the county were from our school.

She adjusted herself in the community; she didn't go home every week end, but stayed over sometimes and we would go on a hike, a picnic, or just get together for a good social hour. If anyone was sick in the community she would visit them, offer assistance, probably take flowers or fruit, or something delicious she had cooked. I remember one time she came to see me and brought the prettiest ribbon for my hair. My! how I cherished it.

That woman loved her work; in loving it she loved her children; in loving them she collected methods, means, materials and put them all together to reach her aim in life—to be a real teacher.

The Demi-God and His Stooges

Francis Proctor

Thousands stood waiting in anxious excitement. They covered the streets as far as eyes could see. Thousands of living, breathing humans, pressed together, jostling, falling, tramping on one another, laughing, screaming, arguing, cursing. An old woman gaudily dressed, her large, gaping mouth squawking hoarsely in a vulgar voice—A young student proclaiming disbelief in a loud, sneering manner—A mother standing in the heat of the sun feeding a dirty, grasping baby—An old man fainting, nauseated by the mass of bodies pouring against him.

Then a large band violently boomed out the national anthem. The crowd yelled madly and they cried, "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

The world clamored with insanity as the great man walked out on the platform, and then the noise gradually faded away as his revered presence awed them to complete silence.

Some high official, whom none cared about, spoke the great man's name. The clamor broke anew and then as quickly subsided.

The great man's clear, strong voice streamed out to his public.

It had a soothing effect on the hot, perspiring mass which had been standing, waiting so long for this moment.

The voice grew persuasive and poured forth in syrupy sweetness. The upturned faces spoke all the assurance and confidence their words could not express.

With this response the voice grew firmer, sterner, and more commanding. The speaker's determined, iron-jawed expression became reflected on the expression of his audience. His wishes were their wishes, his fury their fury. And as he finished with the perfect voice, the perfect words, the perfect gestures, as a perfect actor, they cried the words he had put in their mouths, as he had foreseen they would: "War! War! War!"

The word rang forth in one deafening voice. The thousands screamed excitedly in demanding tones, their emotion roused to the highest possible peak. Blazing flags brandished back and forth; confetti snowed through the air. Cheers rang out for the great one.

The old woman, her mouth gaping wider than before, screwed up her eyes and let out an inhuman screech which could be heard above all the rest. Her arms waved wildly to the hero—The young student cried out his approval with all signs of skepticism gone—Even the baby stopped eating long enough to look about him at such display—The old man gazed on with doubting, questioning eyes, but only for a moment, and then he too joined in hilariously.

The great man paced behind closed doors, a triumphant smile on his heavy face, now greedy with desire.

Mad howling dervishes.

He slowly raised his arm above his head, and gazing up with glittering eyes at his outspread palm, he deliberately clenched his fingers together as he spoke in a low, lustful voice:

"I have them in the palm of my hand, in the palm of my hand!"

Q-&-Q

All Around Boy

V. Lyle Abrams

The restaurant business is a great business if you've got strong feet and little ambition. I worked on a nine-hour shift, and sometimes the nine hours ran into ten or more. The extra hours were a gift of my gratitude to the company. Now don't think I was so much in love with my work that I didn't want to leave after my nine hours were up. Oh no! If we were pretty busy about the time I was to leave, the boss would say, "If you could stay about ten or fifteen minutes more—" So to hold my job I'd stay.

Now I'm going to let you in on a little secret if you promise you won't tell. I was hired to work in the S and S Cafe as a curb service boy. But for some reason we never had curb service. So to keep me busy, my employer gave me a few puttering jobs. Well, I didn't do very much—just a few little things such as washing dishes, drying dishes, washing fountain glasses, drying fountain glasses, clearing tables, emptying waste paper baskets, being cashier, firing the furnace, scrubbing floors, waxing floors, washing woodwork, washing windows, polishing furniture, making sodas and sundaes. I even fried hamburgers and steaks on night shift, and occasionally waited on customers.

You've probably heard the song that begins, "Have you ever been embarrassed when you're in a smart cafe?" This part of the song applied to me several times during my career as a suspected waiter. During the noon hour on busy Sundays, some one would always crook his index finger at me and say in a rather impatient voice, "Boy, oh boy." So with a tray full of dishes in my arms, a smile on my face and murder in my heart I would dash between the tables and arrive to hear the customer always say, "What kind of pie do you have to-day?"

Never waiting on tables during the Sunday rush, I would reply with a pleasant smile on my face, "I'm sorry, I don't know."

Then the customer would rare back in his seat, glare at me and say, "Well, what do you do around here?"

Of course I would always reply in a humble sort of way, "I—I'm just the bus-boy."

After this had happened several times I'd feel like shouting, "I wish you would follow me around some day." But no, I would just walk away, smile to myself and say, "This cafe business is a great life. You'll love it."

First Love

Virginia Bowling

At last she had reached the wonderful age of fifteen. Imagine, spending fifteen long years on this planet which we call earth. Linda's mother had told her that she might date when she was fifteen, and she had been to classes for two whole hours and not a single boy had asked her for a date. Didn't anyone know that today was her birthday? Didn't they know that today was marking the beginning of the romantic period of her life? She was undecided whether to shout it from the house tops that she was at last fifteen, or to mention the fact casually to one of her classmates. After all, Linda knew that she was pretty. She was of average height and was filled out at the right places. She had lovely light brown curly hair and the bluest eyes you have ever seen. To top this all off she had a lovely disposition and a lot of what so many girls today lack, character.

At noon, she was at her wit's end. Not one of the boys had mentioned taking her to the local picture show that night. At lunch time she was walking down the street alone. She was alone because she had not waited for any of the girls, as she wanted to do some serious thinking. She was walking alone with her head down, when suddenly she was brought to her senses by the screaming of brakes. She looked up to see a Model-T Ford coming toward her. She didn't know what to do because she felt as if she were glued to that one spot, and the jalopy was coming right at her, despite all the efforts Tommy Evans was making to stop it. Finally, it stopped about a foot in front of her, and she was so scared she could not have moved. Tommy emerged from the jalopy in one swift jump.

Now Tommy Evans was the star football player and definitely the catch of the season. But he was just about to forget to be a gentleman as he shouted, "Why in the devil don't you get off the street? Why don't you look where you are going?"

Didn't poor Linda have enough troubles already without Tommy, her hero, her idol, getting mad at her? But Tommy had always considered Linda a baby and just a kid. This was the last straw, and she began to cry—very softly, you know, as Priscilla Lane would. She had heard that tears would always get next to a man's heart, that is if you went about it in the right way. She certainly hoped she was. Well, she did, as Tommy, the football player, very clumsily put his arm around her and apologized and said he was sorry. Was she thrilled? Her heart was practically beating out of her, and her throat was getting dry, and she couldn't think of a single thing to say. She felt so foolish just standing there and not saying a thing.

Finally after about a minute or so Tommy said, "Come on, or we'll

be late for lunch." He gallantly opened the door and helped Linda in. On the way home he asked her if she would like to attend the first showing of Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in "Goodbye Forever." Again her throat got dry and she couldn't say a word. Finally she uttered a weak, "Yes—I'd love to."

As she jumped from the car he said, "O. K. I'll be around about seven."

Linda was so thrilled she could hardly believe that it was she. She kept pinching herself, trying to bring herself back to reality. Then she knew that this was really her "First Love."

Q-&-Q

A Mountain Water Fall

Edward Cline

Visiting with my grandmother affords me many pleasures which I never seem to fill of. In this isolated section, I feel free to roam over the mountains, follow the cheerful birds in their work, march down the dusty lanes barefooted, and listen to the call of the crows as they sparkle in the sun-shine.

Although these things are always pleasant to see and hear, my eagerness to see the water falls always leaves them far in the background. As I leave the old farm home, I see the ghostly chestnut trees—no more active as in former days but now useless and short of leaves and branches. These stand scattered near the lane which is refreshing to the bare feet as I sink in the powder-soft dust. The road winds around the base of the hill and then I enter a forest which acts as a tarpaulin over the vast area. My destination may be reached by going through a one-way path. On the descending path, the ground is packed hard, black, and damp. Vines and flowers on either side give the atmosphere a sweet perfume. At the bottom of the hill, I catch the sound of tumult and scurrying. Coolness runs over my body. As I walk on, I hear the water in the small stream from the falls as it gurgles on its twisting route. Rocks mean nothing to it—it says, "I'll gladly go around," and goes swiftly curving by. Now, the white foam comes in sight. Its continuous pour holds me spell-bound as it smoothly glides from the upper rock and madly thumps the bottom pit. After forty feet of travel, it smacks the standing water and keeps a great splashing.

Whether water is powerful, beautiful, comforting, or dangerous—I like to see it pour from heights. Just why this is I can't explain. I can't describe its beauty, but while I gaze upon it with unchanging eyes my mind is not upon its values or destructions but on its close relation to its Maker.

Second Meeting

Kenny Volgares

The two men gazed at each other for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Jim Steele! Bob Turner!"

"Bob, you old son-of-a-gun, I've wondered many a night where you were and what you were doing. How are things with you? Have you been on any big jobs lately?"

"Oh, I'm pretty fair. No use in complaining, I guess. Where are you headed now? What do you say to going down to Andy's Place, and having a drink for old time's sake? We haven't seen each other since that oil boom at Tanktown."

"Okay, Bob. Let's make it two, though. One for our second meeting. Remember how we met while bumming to Tanktown, and decided to buddy together?"

"Yeah, that was a lucky break for me. I don't believe I ever buddied with a better partner."

"Thanks, Bob. I really enjoyed working with you too. We had a lot of fun working together. How long ago was that? Must have been at least six years ago."

"That's about right. We broke camp in '34, didn't we?"

"Say, Bob, what are you doing now? Located any place?"

"No, not just now. I have been traveling around lately. I've had several pretty good jobs, but I haven't worked very much the past two years. Well, here we are. What will you have? The same as usual? That's what I thought. Two Scotch, waiter."

"You know, Bob, I'm still glad that I got out of the oil game after Tanktown. I guess I just got tired of bumming around. You know, I got married about two years later. I've got two kids now."

"Well congratulations, Jim. What do you mean by keeping back such good news? It's too bad that I can't come up to your home and see them."

"Why can't you?"

"Oh, I've got to leave in about fifteen minutes. I have a ride to Houston. I'm following up a hot tip about a coming oil boom about thirty miles north."

"I hope that it turns out to be pretty good."

"I think it will. By the way, you didn't tell me what you are doing now."

"To tell you the truth, I'm not doing anything just now. I worked at the mill for three years, but was laid off about a year ago. I'll be working in a few weeks though. There are pretty good signs that the mill will start working soon."

"Well, good luck. I've got to be going now. You're not going down towards East State Street, are you?"

"No, I'm living on 34th Street."

"So long, Jim. Hope I see you again soon."

"So long, Bob."

As Bob Turner walked down the street he did some heavy thinking. What right did he have to complain? Look at poor Jim. He had two kids and a wife to keep. He was out of a job, and he wasn't complaining. And, if the truth were known, he probably didn't have any prospects of a job. Sure, he told himself, I'm out of work, but at least I don't have a family to support. Jim hasn't given up, and if he can carry on, so can I.

Several blocks in the opposite direction, another figure meditated as he walked down the street. He cursed his own weakness. Just because he had a family to keep, and had been out of work for a year, he had no right to give up. At least I have a strong body to work with, and I am not crippled like Bob. He tried to hide the fact, but it was too hard to conceal. Goodness knows that he can never get a job around an oil well with a peg leg. Yet, he had courage enough to hold his head and chin high. I don't have to work at the mill. I can learn to do something else. I'll find a job somewhere.

Q-&-Q

The Substitute

Jones Tallent

"I'd hate to think," said the boy on the team
As he gazed at the boys on the bench,
"That without those fellows sitting there
We'd have a tough game to clinch."

To the crowd they're only some substitutes,
And they think of them hardly at all.
But the boy on the floor, he knows they're more.
To him they stand for a wall.

A wall at his back when the going is tough
And the other teams press him apace—
The boy on the floor can run no more,
And a sub is sent in in his place.

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