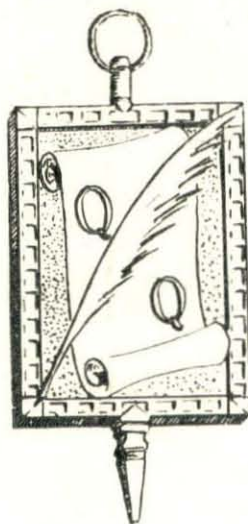


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QUILL AND QUAIR



SPECIAL HIGH SCHOOL EDITION

Morehead State Teachers College

Morehead, Kentucky

VOLUME VII

FEBRUARY, 1941

NO. 2

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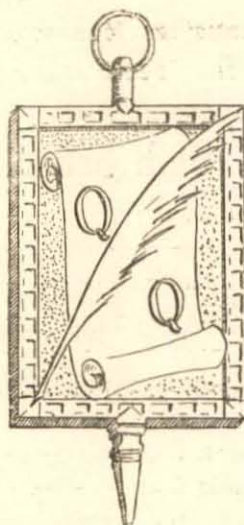
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QUILL and QUAIR

PUBLICATION OF

THE ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB



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MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

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QUILL AND QUAIR

Volume VII

February, 1941

No. 2

To Our High School Friends

The **Quill and Quair** staff extends hearty thanks to those of you who have made this annual high school edition possible. Even though we were unable to print all contributions, we hope that those who are not represented in this issue will strive harder for the next. We welcome your contributions at any time, and feel sure that many more of you are able to submit work worthy of publication. Send us your best papers **this spring**; they will be carefully filed for the next annual high school edition.

We especially thank, also, those who have taken the regular annual subscription at forty-five cents and those who have bought single copies at fifteen cents each.

Q-&-Q

Rain

Martha Lee Pennebaker

Breckinridge Training School

Sam J. Denney, Teacher

Pitter, patter goes the rain
On every roof and window pane,
Falling on the flower beds,
Making flowers raise their heads;

Making dandelions smile,
"Did you come to stay a while?"
Making violets yawn and hum,
"Has the springtime really come?"

Making jonquils nod their heads,
And crawl out of their winter beds;
Making tulips bud again
In the sunshine and the rain;

Making daisies softly say,
"What a lovely, rainy day!"
Making flow'rs in chorus sing,
"Spring is here! It's come again!"

Red Clouds

Harry Ison

Jenkins High School

Irma Shufflebarger, Teacher

When I awoke this morning and looked out my open window,
I saw clouds -- red clouds--
Red clouds resting on a blanket of heavenly blue--
Clouds bursting forth into a magnificent panorama of scarlet.
But as I watched Nature performing her endless drama,
I knew this could not last.
Red clouds soon turn to black clouds--
Black clouds mean rain.
Rain flying down to earth as if on tiny wings.
Rain which makes the grass grow greener,
And the flowers glow brighter.
So, I said, it is good to see red clouds
Because red clouds mean rain.

Q-&-Q

A Prying Fool

Elsie Mae Hayes

Hindman High School

Andre Smith, Teacher

She bent her white old head over the blazing, crackling fire, and grasping the poker firmly in her gnarled and work-worn hand, she proceeded to punch the red-hot embers. Then, settling back in the aged, leather rocker, she slowly turned her sparkling black eyes toward me and chuckled in a low, throaty voice which seemed to come from the depths of her merry old soul.

"So ye want to know about my love affairs when I was young?" she asked, a wide grin creasing her brown, leathery brow into wrinkles.

After a long pause, in which she gazed steadily at the fire, a soft glow coming to her eyes, she sighed, almost inaudibly.

"Well, Honey, they really ain't much to tell, ye see," she turned the full force of her brilliant eyes upon me. "They was just one."

She gazed steadily into the fire, and, as if talking to herself, she began in a low voice.

"They was a time when I was young and beautiful. My hair was black 'n' shiny, an' my skin was white as cherry-blossoms. But I didn't get no pretty clothes like the other gals aroun'. I didn't get to go to none of the Sattiday night dances and gatherin's. I worked in the fields, I washed, I milked cows, I tended to the babies, and all the other things they was to do.

"One day when I was a-washin' by the crick—he come!" Here she paused so long I thought she had forgotten me, but she continued, "I don't know what we talked about, an' I couldn't a told ye that evenin' either. Everyday he come to that spot. He told me how his heart was set on bein' a lawyer, an' all. I guess I was the happiest gal in the worl' at that time. Then one day he went to the city. I never saw him again." Her voice had dropped so low I had to bend my head to hear.

"I heard o' him, though," she continued. "He run fer representative, not so long ago. I seen his name in a paper Josie brought in, along with his wife." She shook her head slightly, "What if Josie really knowed his Dad...."

She had forgotten me. I tiptoed out and left the old lady to her bittersweet memories.

Q-&-Q

Hobo Jim

Vernice Perkins

Salyersville High School

Wm. B. May, Teacher

I care not for the farmer boy
Who loves the summer rain,
It's Hobo Jim who has my heart,
He rides the lonesome train.
Sir Gobel gave to me his love,
And Frank has wealth I know,
But wealth is nothing now to me
When I hear a freight train blow.

Should I have gold and wealth to spare
With notions bright and gay,
No loving words could comfort me
When my heart is far away.
If I should marry Frank for wealth,
Gobel who loves me true,
My heart would linger till I die
With Jim, whose eyes are blue.

When I spend an hour with Frank
The time is spent in vain,
For I'd rather be by a railroad track,
To await a long freight train.
I'd rather dress in denim clothes,
And wrap in faded plaid
And follow the nation's railroad track
With my blue-eyed hobo lad.

Dawn

Robert Friedberg

Lewis County High School

Carrie Goldenburg, Teacher

In noble mood, open wide the portals
Of the dark,
And bid enter the sharp sweet notes
Of the morning lark;
Lock fast the gates behind the night,
For dawn,
In dull silver gray, is here;
And night is gone.

Q-&-Q

War--In a Vision

Josephine Hampton

Lee County High School

Carmel Jett Quillen, Teacher

I sat before a wide, open fireplace, gazing at the crackling wood and red and yellow flames. Everything was peaceful.

Although Mom and Dad had gone to bed, I thought I could see them in their favorite chairs, Mom in the family rocking chair and Dad in the large armchair, smoking and reading the daily newspaper.

What was Dad reading about? Peace? Oh, no. Not peace—but war. War!

I felt cold chills race over me, and I clenched my hands, for now there was something different in this room. The fireplace, once a scene of peace, was now a blazing inferno of exploding bombs and death.

Perspiration broke from my forehead. I saw boys marching—marching—marching. To what were they marching? Death—to kill and to be killed! Many of their lips moved in prayer that they might be with their loved ones again.

I must have run from the fire, for the next thing I knew, I was hiding behind the sofa. Hiding from what? From hatred and jealousy. I was hiding from the causes of war!

Looking at the ceiling, I saw myriads of planes. Bombers! Bombers coming to shatter America! No, they couldn't! They couldn't take away Liberty! I stood up to defend America, to tell them to leave our homes and families alone.

But a helmeted soldier sprang at me... I must run and hide! Hide and get away.

Regaining my self control, I saw that my soldier was only the floor lamp.

"Thank God, this isn't—isn't real!" I screamed aloud, "Thank God I'm free!"

"Ann—Ann!" It was father calling from the bedroom.

"Yes—" I replied.

"Were you talking?" he asked.

"No," I answered, "I was only thinking."

"You think awfully loud."

Yes, I had said it aloud. But why not!? I was glad I lived in a land of freedom.

But I must go to bed and forget; that horrible life wasn't for Americans. And I pray it shall never be.

"Father," I said going to my bedroom.

"Yes, Ann," he answered.

"Aren't you glad you're an American?"

"Why—of course," answered surprised Dad, "what made you ask that?"

"Nothing—only—thank God I'm an American!" I cried joyously and prepared for bed thankfully.

Q-&-Q

Profit

Bill Banks

Breckinridge Training School

Sam J. Denney, Teacher

Seven little birdies on a bright summer day
Met the old robber, Mister Archibald Jay.
They each had a dime to go to the show,
But how they got it I do not know.

Now Mister Archibald Jay needed a dollar right away,
To pay for the shoes he had charged that day,
But all he had was thirty cents,
And a big white bag of yellow peppermints.

Then there raged an awful fight
In which the birdies showed their might,
And the birdies walked away with an extra thirty cents,
And a big white bag of yellow peppermints.

Living In The Past

Rosaleen Denton

Flemingsburg High School

Lillian Allen, Teacher

The screen door was locked, as it always is, when I knocked for admittance, but it was promptly opened by the feeble old lady who lives alone in the rambling, seven-room house.

To secure a chair for me, she groped about the room as if in darkness, because time had long ago deprived her of her sight.

As soon as I was seated, she began relating bits of neighborhood gossip. She discussed the weather rather moodily, and then began a vigorous speech about the long ago: how her father had farmed, and how her mother had carried on her housekeeping.

"People used to ask us why Pa didn't send us away to school," she remarked somberly. "But our parents were paying for a farm and building a new house on it. Pa borrowed money at twelve per cent." Then she added disgustedly, "Oh, some people enjoy showin' off to other folks by braggin' on things they have. That's one thing my father never did.

"My mother hired trustworthy girls for a dollar a week; they washed, ironed, milked, and sewed too."

She sat rubbing her wrinkled forefinger across her quivering old lip, and suddenly pounded her knee violently and whispered, "I tell you the girls of this generation are ruined by education. All they think of is book-print; they don't want common everyday learnin'. If you ever got one to work for you at all, you'd have to pay her three dollars a week, and then she wouldn't stick to her job. Poppy-cock, I say!" And she bit her lip hastily.

When asked if she didn't think we lived in a more promising age, she replied emphatically, "No!" She continued to rub her lip while I stared, half amused, yet wholly sympathetic, into the merry flames dancing in the grate.

As if reminiscing she remarked, somewhat tenderly, "Why, I remember the first cook stove Mother ever had. How proud she was of it! My heart aches as I think how unthankful folks of today are. I say they just take too much for granted." She laughed then, a half-sad, half-glad laugh, and told childishly of the many times she had carried sorghum molasses and cornbread in a rusty pail to school.

She thinks boys are all right, but she ventured smilingly that she thinks she saved herself a lot of trouble by staying single.

I sat with her until the last glowing flame had become a dying ember, and as I rose to bid her good-bye, a solitary longing for a period of good old days enveloped my heart. "How true", I mused, "that wisdom grows with age."

Friday The 13th

Grace McGlone

Boyd County High School

T. Calvin White, Teacher

Yes, that Friday the 13th will remain deeply in my memory. The rest of the family had gone to call on some friends, and I was enjoying myself playing cards.

Suddenly there came a violent outburst of thunder and lightning. I have always been afraid of storms when the family was at home, so you can imagine how I felt being alone.

The thunder and lightning kept raging, and my hair stood straight on its ends! The radio had been playing soft music, but now it was difficult to hear with all the thunder.

I was still playing cards, or at least trying to when I turned and saw someone standing opposite me—I let out a scream for help, hoping some pedestrian would hear me and come at once. To my surprise the figure opened its mouth and seemed to yell also—and then foolish as I was I came to the conclusion that the person I saw must have been myself.

Then there came a flash of lightning that lighted up the whole earth, then a bang of thunder. Awkwardly I laid down my thirteenth card; the unmistakable mirror came clashing to the floor and the lights went out. There I was in total darkness with chills going up and down my spine and my hair seemed to echo my breathing. I waited so long it seemed like an eternity before a sound was uttered. At that moment "Mitzie," my little dog, who had been lying at my feet asleep, turned over and stretched.

Q-&-Q

Lament Of The Classics

Jeanne Ruark

Lewis County High School

Carrie Goldenburg, Teacher

—Bong! The study hall clock struck midnight. The hollow clang having subsided, silence reigned over the huge room. Moonlight streamed through the windows. The desks cast eerie shadows and the four corners resolved into murky gloom. Seemingly, all was well.

Suddenly, from the top of the crowded library shelves, a rustling noise was heard. "The Spy" leaped down upon the floor waving his arms and shouting, "I rebel! I refuse to stand for it any longer!" In his tattered clothing, his bright eyes gleaming fanatically in the moonlight, he continued his soliloquy. "I've been on the go all year. Traveling, traveling, always traveling. From one house to another, with first one person, then another. They say they're using me for a report. Ah, I hear

them. Telling their friends how they dislike me! As if I were eager to be with them! I am so tired. How nice it would be to go home with some one who really cared for me, and stay there always."

The clang of steel was heard as he finished. A knight on a white steed, his shining armor reflecting the moonbeams, rode forth. "I am Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I, too, have suffered many hardships. Most of my readers are boys and few of them are good knights. They toss me about in their lockers until I am soiled and tattered. If I could only declare a crusade against them!"

Tiptoeing from the door of "The Old Curiosity Shop", came Little Nell. "Ooooh!" she said. "He looks so brave. I wish he were my champion. I surely need one. Parts of 'The Shop' have been torn out, and it does vex me so. Why must the boys and girls be so mean?"

"Eh? What was that? I quite agree, little girl," muttered a sprightly, white-haired old gentleman. His suit was mussed, his tie askew, and his eyes, peering over the rim of his spectacles, held an absent-minded expression. "Yes, the—umph—pages of my book are quite—umph—mutilated by —umph—pencil marks. The boys of Brookfield were —umph—sometimes extraordinarily—umph—mischievous, but—umph—they did refrain from—umph—shall I say—umph—vandalism."

As Mr. Chips turned away, a freckled-faced, typical American boy bounded away from a partly white-washed fence on the fourth shelf. "Ain't it the truth? Seems like we can't have no peace a-tall. Most ever'body reads me, an' I'm torn and marked-up an' ever'thing. I think I'll git myself lost in somebody's house, jest for spite." And Tom Sawyer picked up his brush in disgust.

Gray streaks of dawn came through the windows. As if this were a signal, all the night ramblers scurried back to their places to await the sound of the gong which would usher in another school day. There on the shelves, in neat order, helpless but always hoping, they await their fate.

Q-&-Q

Favorite Quotations

Joyce Flannery

Breckinridge Training School

Sam J. Denney, Teacher

One day when I was about six or seven years old, I told what I thought was a little harmless lie. It didn't turn out as I had expected. One thing led to another until I had involved others as well as myself. Grandma and a switch finally came to my rescue and helped me. I have never forgotten the whipping nor the quotation she told me. "Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all."

Another of my favorite quotations is "Live and let live." These four words tell, in a plain simple way, my idea of life.

Elbert Hubbard wrote "Happiness is a habit—contract it." I like this one because there is more to it than just words. If you're happy you'll make others happy. I know, because I've tried it. It works wonderfully.

About thirty years ago, my aunt tore a beautiful picture out of a magazine and pasted it on the wall in her room. It was still on the wall when I went to live with my grandparents. On cold winter mornings, dreading to leave my warm bed, I'd lie and look at the picture. Beneath the picture these words were written: "A winner never quits, and a quitter never wins."

"One thing better than success is to be worthy of success." I like this one because it fits so many cases. We think of a person who has accomplished something worthwhile, has made a success of his life, yet, if he has gained his power by dishonesty, he is not worthy of success.

Q-&-Q

A Sunrise

Kathleen Beckett

Lewis County High School

Carrie Goldenburg, Teacher

I have felt happy all day, just over a sunrise.

The heavy fog was just beginning to lift from the low places where it had nestled all night, when I stepped out upon the porch. Everything was as usual, and I had come out for the ordinary task of removing the first clothes from the washer. As I shifted the wringer, I stopped and stared! A large dead tree stands about halfway up the hill, a magnificent ghost of a past glory. Its gaunt arms are stretched toward the sky, and though no leaves clothe those bare arms, it was lovely this morning dressed in a gossamer creation of lifting fog and morning sunbeams.

Through every opening, a shaft of the golden sunlight poured a line of light through the misty fog. For the first time, I realized the magic and charm wrapped up in a little sunbeam. The old tree will be one of my best friends, for it has helped me to see the beauty of a sunrise.

Blessed Event

Alpha Morgan

Teacher At Garrett, Ky.

Little term paper,
Now that you are here,
I shall deal with you frankly and honestly;
You are now a full-fledged term paper
And I am very glad to have you.

Only those who have term papers of their own
Can ever know
How much you mean to me;
Yet, strange as it may seem,
There was once a time when you were only one of those
Little "unwanted" things.

Suddenly,
I knew that you were coming!
There was nothing to do about it,
So I began to hew down big men's ideas
And fashion them together,
So that they would fit a little term paper
Which was soon to be my very own.

Plato was your daddy, but don't be surprised
If you find yourself resembling Socrates—Sh!—
Who was said to be Plato's friend and teacher.
Go forth, little Term Paper;
Cry your loudest and kick your hardest,

For I am hoping
That the Doctor of Philosophy
Will pronounce you to be a perfectly developed
Little term paper.....Cheerio!

Tribute To America

Jeune Carpenter

Flemingsburg High School

Lillian Allen, Teacher

It's great to be an American;
It's great to know we're free
From the heartaches, pain, distress and woe
They are having oversea.

It's great to stand on fertile soil
And know it's our own sod;
To stand up in the choir at church
And sing our praise to God.

It's great to have our home and schools
Free from bloody hue.
It's great to have an Uncle Sam,
Triumphant in red, white, and blue.

Q-&-Q

A Poem

Woodridge Spears

Teacher At Wurtland, Ky.

A poem is a picture
Of a dark woman sweeping
Down the muddy road
And back again.

At ten o'clock one o'clock
Goes an old woman sweeping
Down a muddy road
And up again.

All night I see her eyes
One bright and one a little dim,
One a little old and one a star.

No wonder six o'clock
She is pale pale.

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COLLEGE SECTION

Q-&-Q

The Mountain

LaRue Warner

He paused at the base of The Mountain. Could he do it this time? Was his mastery over his mind complete enough to allow him to climb The Mountain? Countless times he had failed not because of the steepness of The Mountain but because of his fear.

Finally he bent close to the ground and turned his feet sidewise for foothold and began to climb. All his life The Mountain had terrified him. In his childhood, when he was naughty his parents had often threatened him with "the Old Man of the Mountain." The Mountain cut off the sunlight from his yard far after daybreak. At night the Mountain loomed fearfully dark and shapeless against the stars. In winter the snow made a huge specter of The Mountain. The top of The Mountain was forever hidden in a curtain of bluish smoke. The mist had always seemed to him to conceal some serious and awful secret.

One day as he sat by his mother in church the preacher compared the obstacles of life to a mountain with an uphill fight all the way and happiness at the top. He knew then what the smoke concealed—the aim of life and the secret of happiness.

Yet always he was afraid to climb The Mountain. The fear of his childhood combined with the more terrible fear that perhaps the secret should not be revealed. He never spoke of his mania to anyone. After years and years of brooding it had grown and festered in his mind until he believed that his sanity depended upon his climbing The Mountain.

He grabbed a tree and stopped to rest, forcing himself to look up at

the blue veil. He was much closer to the blue curtain now, but it seemed more dense and opaque than ever. His heart knocked violently against his ribs because of his physical exertion and his intense fear.

He knew that he must conquer this fear if he were to ever be a normal person. No one could live with such fear and stay sane. Again he bent to his climbing, dragging his leaden legs and breathing so hard that excruciating pains shot through his chest. His head was light because of his deep breathing and his brain reeled drunkenly. His stomach was drawing up into an uncomfortable knot, and nausea forced him to grit his teeth. Up and up he labored until he was at the edge of the blue veil.

Now that he was near the blue veil he discovered that he could see the edges of a small plateau, dimly as if he were in a dream. Into the blue smoke he climbed and in one last effort dragged himself upon the rim of the plateau. He lay there and sickness came upon him in a terrible wave and he vomited—for there on the plateau was his secret. Marked by two rough stones was a bleak, solitary, nameless grave.

Q-&-Q

My Outdoor Den

Ida Duncan

Every autumn I like to climb the hill which extends its roller-coaster curves and humps miles and miles along the Ohio Valley where I live. My favorite path is just steep enough so that I am always glad to burrow in the brown leaves at the top and rest for a long, long time. After my rest I usually walk farther along the ridge until I find some fox-grapes and then fill my pockets with the tiny, purple beads and go back to my resting place.

One tall pine in this spot makes an ideal backrest, and from this great height I can see the Ohio River winding along for miles. On either side of the river are acres and acres of brown and green squares of farm land. The hills on the other side look like rows of green-painted pipes tinged with rust.

Everything below looks tiny and far away. It's funny to see an old Model-T creeping along down there without being able to hear its "chug-chug," or to see a fast train rushing along and not hear its deafening whistle. Only the trees and birds near me seem real in this high, high world of my own.

Today

Irene McLin Keller

Today

The sky is a great inverted sea

Placed high

In the firmament at low tide---

A sea of cerulean blue;

A sea that stretches;

A sea that soothes.

Q-&-Q

New York to Pittsburgh--1930

Jack Miller

I awaken with the subdued clickety-clack, clickety-clack of train wheels drumming in my ears. For several minutes I lie there looking at the low steel ceiling, wondering where I am; then memories crowd back upon me.

Again I hear the bustle and hum of Grand Central, the long drawn "bo-oard!" the rumble and crash of the train making repeated starts and stops, the grating of the wheels over switches in the Jersey yards.

I glance out the window. In contrast to the flat, sleeping farmlands of New Jersey, the foothills of the Alleghenies are now rolling by, hazy light green in the spring dawn. Between those low hills and me a small river is slipping along the valley floor. I watch its brown smoothness, fascinated. Suddenly comes a rapids foaming among rubble from some long-forgotten landslide. In the middle of the white water stands an early fisherman who stares as the train goes by.

A highway rushes down a hill to race us for a time and then disappear behind another hill, leaving with us a narrow dirt road which accompanies us for miles.

Houses begin to intrude upon the landscape; first shacks, then substantial farms, scattered towns, and finally the grimy suburbs of industrial Pittsburgh.

I begin to go through the gymnastics of dressing in a berth. Previously friendly clothes suddenly became enemies, unwilling to be pulled on. As I squirm into my sweater, I hear the conductor's voice booming, "All out, East Liberty Station!" and feel the wheels grinding to a stop.

My first trip alone is over.

If Practice Makes Perfect

Dorothy Simmons

I was scarcely able to sit still. I had hurried about all morning, putting the living room in order, rubbing the piano keys until they glistened, for today was the day I was to take my first piano lesson. My mother admonished me to quit moving so restlessly, or I would spoil the pleats in the new silk dress which I had insisted on wearing.

As the doorbell shrilled I jumped to my feet, caught my skirt on a sharp edge of the chair, and tore a long, narrow piece out of one side. My eyes still sparkled, but now with tears, for I dreaded having the lady find me like this almost as much as I hated having ruined the snell-pink frock which had been my favorite. It was slight consolation for me to hear a strange boy's voice ask my mother if she cared for any fresh vegetables. It was beyond my comprehension how my mother could calmly ask the price of tomatoes, and I cried harder because of her evident unconcern for me. After the tomatoes had been sorted, weighed, and paid for, after the price of vegetables on the market today had been discussed, and after the boy had promised to bring ox-heart tomatoes the next time he was in our neighborhood, I was remembered. I must have appeared a desolate little figure in my torn crumpled dress and tear-stained face as I lay, like a bit of debris cast up on shore by a stormy sea, feeling as if nobody cared for me.

Escaping the well-deserved punishment, I had my tears dried by Mother and was dressed in a clean but old print dress.

As the doorbell shrilled for the second time, I wiped away a stray tear but didn't attempt to answer. I listened to my mother laughingly explain to the lady that we had had a little accident, but everything was all right now. After I had spoken to the tall, thin lady, Miss Stone by name, I sat quietly and listened to her and my mother discuss the type of music book I should need, how long I should practice, and how I should practice.

I have often wondered what Miss Stone's first impression of me was. That afternoon I sat silently, dimly conscious of her explanation of different signs, thinking of my swollen face and the faded print dress I was wearing.

Half-heartedly I promised to practice the set of exercises she assigned to me and hurried outside to play as soon as the lesson was over.

It was after supper that evening that I had my first practice period. Pictures at the top of each page attracted my attention, and soon I became absorbed in the pretty melodies and worked vigorously at perfecting my playing of them.

For months I worked, laying my musical foundation. Miss Stone and I became the best of friends. Now the most important part of each les-

son was not shining piano keys and a new expensive dress, but the way I played my lesson. I now learned the alphabet in different forms, such as e, g, b, d, f—every good boy does fine.

The little melodies gradually turned into exercises which grew more difficult as each week passed. I sweated through hot summer months on a Bach overture and stayed in from play after school in the autumn, played the "Skaters' Waltz" with the snow on the ground. As the snow melted I played accompaniment to a clarinet in "Spring's Awakening."

One day in late spring my mother and I visited a musical instrument factory. Quality and price of various clarinets were discussed, as rows of shiny instruments were placed before us.

As I chose a suitable wind instrument, my active piano practice ended. I had what I wanted, a foundation for music.

Q-&-Q

Song of a Sophomore

Sally Betty Smith

I'm a sauntering, singing sophomore,
A dizzy, daffy dame,
I'm an awful affectionate animal,
I love every laddie the same.

I'm a frolicking, fanciful flossy,
I've a meandering, maddening mind,
I'm a lazy, lingering lady—
Me and my date keep behind.

I'm a charming, cosmopolitan creature,
A gorgeous, glittering gal,
A suave, smooth sophisticate,
Each professor is my pal.

I'm an expensive, elegant elfkin,
A cute, cunning co-ed—
And I'll graduate from college
Without a brain in my head.

The Art Of Reading

Lavina Waters

I had been attending school all of two weeks before I learned to read. That, my older sister informed me, was because I was of lower mental calibre than most five-year-olds. I argued that it was because the teachers at school were hindering my progress with their annoying fairy stories, their pictures to color, and their simple songs to sing. Anyway, I consoled myself, how could I learn to read when the teacher made no effort to teach me?

Then—joyous day!—on Friday of the second week of school, after we in the first grade had molded and smashed our grey clay birds-on-their-nests, had sung and re-sung “There’s a little wee man, in a little wee house—” with diminishing enthusiasm, and had colored the roly-poly cats, we learned to read. It was a truly simple process, once we were given a chance to prove our intelligence. The order of procedure was somewhat as follows:

From her closet at one end of the cloakroom, the teacher—Mrs. Jerome, she was—emerged with an armful of thin, yellow “Field’s First Primers”; and with no suggestion of the great part those little volumes were to play in our lives, she laid one on each beginner’s desk. Then, at her “Turn—Rise—Pass” command, we marched to our respective places in the semi-circular row of red chairs at the front of the room. Momentarily we considered the black witch silhouetted on the cover of the book, with two or three beginners advancing explanations of her presence there. Then we turned to page one (I forgot to say, didn’t I, that in our first two weeks of idleness, we had learned to recognize the numbers from one to ten?), centered our attention on the queer old lady at the top of the page, and were faintly conscious of Mrs. Jerome’s audible

“Here is Mother Goose
I see Mother Goose.
Can you see Mother Goose?
Mother Goose is here.”

Suddenly, and profoundly, it dawned on me that Mrs. Jerome’s slow chant was actually a reading of those four lines of gigantic print below the picture! Why, even I could say that! Eagerly I scanned those four lines while Mrs. Jerome read them a fourth time! To myself I repeated them while she read them a fifth time!

And then, a great satisfaction came to me as I pictured myself nonchalantly strolling home at dismissal time, perching myself on a chair within my big sister’s hearing, opening my “Field’s First Primer” to page one, and unerringly reciting, “Here—is—Mother—Goose—I—see Mother—Goose—can—you—see—Mother—Goose — Mother —Goose —is here”!

Churches

David Hennessey

Sometimes when I listen to the War news, I wonder what is happening to the churches of the Old World. Those beautiful old cathedrals have probably been wrecked beyond repair by the bombers of the warring nations. Yet their destruction does not seem to move me much. I would rather see these cathedrals, with all their beauty, replaced by churches simpler and less attractive—churches where the worship is more important than the surroundings.

The church Herbert Read describes in his book, "The Innocent Eye," fits my idea of what a church should be. His church was just an old gray stone building with a slate roof. The inside had white-washed walls and square box pews. The service was simple and the congregation small. In winter it was so cold the church-goers had to keep their coats on during the services.

I prefer even my present church to all the cathedrals of Europe. I go to church in a motion picture theatre equipped with stage, screen, sound amplifiers, and leather upholstered seats! Yet I think that there is more true worship in this gaudily decorated theatre or in Read's cold country church, than there is in the richest or most beautiful church that man has built.

Q-&-Q

Fear

Kathryn Brown

A terrific storm was at its height. As the thunder rumbled and growled, I had a mental picture of an old man pouring out bushels of potatoes somewhere in those threatening clouds. When the lightning zig-zagged across the sky, I could see the great trees bent almost double. While I was staring, fascinated by the scene, a bolt of lightning shot across the sky. In the space of seconds I felt a premonition of danger. With my heart thumping wildly and my senses alert, I wheeled and bolted out of the room. Just as I reached the door, I was blinded by a glare of light. Loud crashes echoed and re-echoed, and the world seemed crumbling to bits at my feet. I stood still, paralyzed with fear. For me, those few seconds stretched like endless years. Through the thick smoke, I caught glimpses of huge beams crashing down, amid chunks of plaster, and heard the loud crack of glass being smashed to bits. Gradually the smoke cleared away, and my eyes were riveted to the spot where I had been looking out the window. It was a mass of wreckage. Realizing how narrow my escape had been, I gasped with relief, and a black state of unconsciousness swallowed me up.

On Wiener Roasts

Louise Carey

There is something about a wiener roast that associates itself with sunsets and soft cool evenings. There is the late, mild sunlight when the tramp begins, and as the first hills are met the sun drops slowly behind them, while its reflected glow lends itself to the approaching darkness, stiller yet from the melancholy call of tree frogs and crickets.

On gaining the crest of the first hillock, the party usually stops for a spell to rest. Then the climb begins again. On it goes up craggy ridges whose backbones cut indistinct patterns on the violet mist of twilight.

A spot is chosen for the feast, wood gathered, and a fire begun. Yellow blazes lick leaves and twigs, and finally consume heavy dead logs. There is a backdrop of mist and foliage, and the figures of people stand out between the haze and blaze. The aroma of food drifts out and flavors the air.

The food disappears. "Home on the Range" rings softly and clearly through the sleeping woods. A slim white moon shows itself through the deep purple of night, blinking stars make themselves known, and the descent begins. A small avalanche of sticks and stones rumbles down and over the steep back of the hill. The night lulls the group into a whispering mood.

Down the path to town is the softest light that ever was, falling to the cool side of the dark green valley. Forms of dwellings take shape as the town approaches and the hard bright glow of street lamps showers the group.

Q-&-Q

A Day At The Circus

Kay Hopson

I can see it yet. I was only five, and I entered the circus gate with my hand clasped tightly in my father's.

I found myself staring into the glowing eyes of one of the most monstrous animals I had ever seen. Suddenly it opened its jaws and roared with such ferocity that I screamed and clutched more tightly my father's hand. I was told not be be frightened, that the lion couldn't come out from behind the bars.

Then began a tour of all the other cages. All the strange animals I gazed upon were far beyond my comprehension. Then I discovered the monkeys. I'll always remember their beady little black eyes, their comical, rubber faces, and their pleading expression as they begged

for the peanuts that I held in a paper bag.

Soon I found myself seated in what appeared to be a huge arena. Here I was held in fascination by people in glittering costumes who swung back and forth in the very peak of the tent. I roared with laughter at the pranks of the sad-faced clowns. I gazed with awe upon the seals that bounced a bright red ball perilously upon their noses. I was enraptured with the fluffy balls of blue and green taffy wound around a paper. Nothing has ever tasted so good to me as the pink lemonade that I was allowed to drink.

But memory goes only so far. I began to tire of the wonderful sights. My eyes grew heavy and fatigue overcame me. The last I remember was Daddy's arms around me; the smell of warm tweed close to my nose, and forgetting the wonders I had beheld, I sank into sleep on Daddy's shoulder.

Q-&-Q

Memorable Moments

Edward Cline

When I was tucked in bed at night in my seventh and eighth years, I felt the comfort of relieving bones and muscles after a day's strain. The most comfortable position was stretching full length on my back. The first few moments were not designed for sleeping, but to gaze around with the mellow light reaching softly to every corner, to nibble at something not for the sake of appetite but for the pleasure, and to review the past hours and glance hastily over the future hours' work and play. One thought wiggled out and a new one crept in. All the thoughts become vague; the eyes are pulled together often. Now the breathing is more difficult and the eyes seldom open. At last, they close for rest.

The night speeds on and a distant freight train shrills to interrupt sleep. The train bustles down the track and the noise creates a cool feeling, causes an involuntary shake of the whole body, and calls for a change in position.

Later on, the awakening is greeted by wind whistling around the corners and the rustling of leaves. Water splatters on the window-pane. Beneath the leak of the house, a bucket turned bottom-side-up receives the timed taps of dripping water. The drumming ushers on drowsiness. Coldness reigns without. Within, the bedding allows me to nestle close, draw up my body, and appreciate the value of home.

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