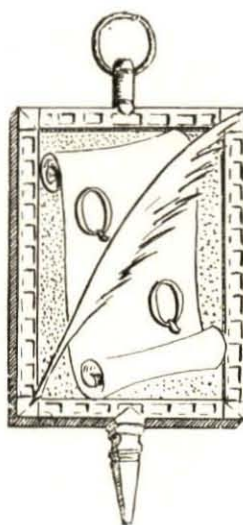


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QUILL AND QUAIR



Morehead State Teachers College

Morehead, Kentucky

VOLUME VII

MAY, 1941

NO. 3

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY.

"YOU SAVVY
QUICK,
SOLDIER!"



DAD ought to know. Look at the wall behind him. Photo of Dad, straight and proud in old-style choker-collar blouse, Sam Browne belt, and second "looie's" gold bars. And his decorations—the Order of the Purple Heart, Victory Medal, Croix de Guerre *with* palm.

"You savvy quick, soldier," he says to his son as that chip off the old block in the new uniform proffers Camels. "These were practically 'regulation' cigarettes with the army men I knew. Lots of other things seem to have changed, but *not* a soldier's 'smokin's.'"

Right! Today, and for more than 20 years, reports from Army Post Exchanges show that Camels are the favorite. And in Navy canteens, too, Camel is the leader.

Just seems that Camels click with more people than any other cigarette—whether they're wearing O.D., blues, or civvies. You'll savvy, too—and quick—with your first puff of a slower-burning Camel with its extra mildness, extra coolness, and extra flavor, why it's the "front-line" cigarette—past, present, and future!

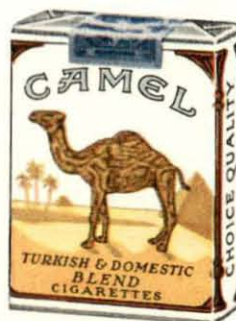
THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR AND

28% LESS NICOTINE
than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests *of the smoke itself*

● What cigarette are you smoking now? The odds are that it's one of those included in the famous "nicotine-in-the-smoke" laboratory test. Camels, and four other largest-selling brands, were analyzed and compared . . . over and over again . . . for nicotine content *in the smoke itself*! And when all is said and done, the thing that interests you in a cigarette is *the smoke*.

YES, SIR, THE SMOKE'S THE THING! SMOKE CAMELS!

CAMEL THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS



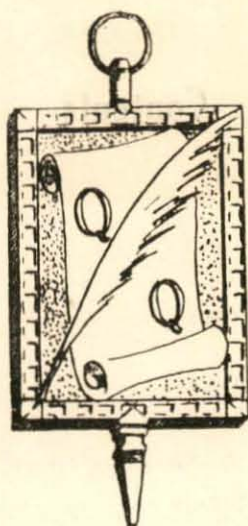
BUY CAMELS BY THE CARTON
—FOR CONVENIENCE,
FOR ECONOMY

BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER than the average
of the 4 other largest-selling
brands tested—slower than
any of them—Camels also
give you a smoking *plus*
equal, on the average, to
**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

QUILL AND QUAIR

PUBLICATION OF
THE ENGLISH MAJORS CLUB



Morehead State Teachers College

Morehead, Kentucky

VOLUME VII

MAY, 1941

NO. 3

JOHNSON CAMDEN LIBRARY
MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY

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Q & Q

Contents

Poems--Garnet Vaughan Kane	3
Poems--Sally Betty Smith	5
The Swan--Marjorie Brandhorst	5
Camp Meeting--Lavina Waters	6
The Empty House--Lyle Abrams	7
Poems--Kay Palmer	8
Spring Will Come--James Stuart	9
Friendship--Paul Wheeler	11
Grand Canyon National Park--Suzanne Chunn	11
Homeward Thought--Ruth Steele	12
Spring Fever--Two Versions	
I--Grace Rayl	13
II--Beverly Varney	13
My Son, My Son--Mervel Hanes	14
Poems--Dorothy Turner	15
Poems For Children	
Susy's Chores--Rebecca Cassady	16
Ed and I--Eunice Lewis	16
Drinking Cup Animals--Jeanette Thomas	17
Who Am I?--Eleanor Bowling	17
Confidante--Francis Proctor	18
I Listen With My Eyes--Sally Betty Smith	19
Dory Died--Ruth Steele	20
Book Reviews	20
The Strike--Edward Cline	22
Among Our Contributors--Jack Miller	23
Ode to the Mountains--Jessie Stewart	24

QUILL AND QUAIR

Volume VII

May, 1941

No. 3

Poems by Garnet Vaughan Kane

Mountain Women

Oh you mountain women
Who drink so deep of life,
Yours is the tall glass
Of cool spring water.

I salute you, mountain women
With your tanned cheeks and stringy hair;
With brown hands calloused by a hickory well sweep
You draw water, feed the chickens, milk the cows;
You hoe corn on a steep hillside under a blazing July sun.

Oh, you mountain women with your lined, wind-stung faces
Care and worry plow deep furrows at your mouth and eyes;
Your body sags, your breasts and your hips,
From unattended childbirth.

You are uncomplaining and submissive
To that hardened mountain man whose children you bore;
His people are your people.
Ready you stand with him to defend the fruits of your passion;
For them you want the best in life,
For yourself a hillside farm and strength to labor from dawn to dusk.

God bless you, mountain women,
For yours is the pure stock;
You are the mother of the strong men and the brave women
 of tomorrow;
Love them and raise them well.

Destiny On Paint Creek

I've abided here these many years
On proud, steep cliffs towering above Paint Creek;
I grew up with the willows whose drooping branches sway
To drink the muddy waters of Paint.
I climbed rocky ledges ginsenging,
Or in quest of chipped flint arrow heads.
I drove cattle across the pebbled bed of Paint Creek in summer
From pasture on the grassy benches of lonesome hills;
Stripping to the skin in dark, thick undergrowth,
I learned to swim in pools dammed up with boulders,
And hairy moss gathered from near-by hillsides.

My life flows on like Paint Creek rushing to meet Big Sandy;
Soon no longer will I watch tadpoles change to bull-frogs
Or wade in sandy, red pebbled waters;
Paint Creek will dry up every summer long after I am gone,
But I, the human sapling, will be laid low
Forever in the silent cold of earth.

Indian Knolls In An August Dusk

There in the grove of the rough-leaved elm and
slippery-leaved black gum
Stand centuries-old twin knolls, a monument
to a mighty race,
Long disappeared before the broad-side axe
felled the first tree in this land of the meadows,
Long before history, the stylus of time, blazed a
faint dim trail through virgin wilderness.
Calm and peaceful in an August dusk, still guard an age-old chieftain,
the sapling-slim body of a red-lipped princess,
Or the arrow-pierced body of a brave valiant in battle.

Here in the dim grave
Man has not robbed your ancient dead.

Proud and aloof, you are the firm full breasts of the
earthly mother of us all,
A bosom covered with the wild sweet mint and purple
wood sorrel.
Stand forever, defiant and brave,

Fill the heart of generations to come
With a love for the power and the grit of the earth.

Poems by Sally Betty Smith

The Wind And I

I saw the wind
Come running through the valley
And stop in our silver maple tree
Turning upward the white undersides
Of every tiny green leaf.
It swept on--and then
Came back, riffling the leaves again
With a slow, searching touch.
I said with a small dry smile,
"You won't find what you're looking for--
I know. I looked too, long ago.
But don't stop.
There might be something there
That you didn't know you wanted."

Contrast

At night
When I was young,
I heard the whippoorwill's cry,
Moths beating the window
And roosters at midnight.

Now
I am old,
And I hear the clock
In the next room,
Ticking off seconds, minutes, and hours.

Q & Q

The Swan

Marjorie Brandhorst

The lights were dimmed, the audience was still, the pianist struck the first note, and the violinist raised her bow. It was a moment of suspense, but only a moment, broken by the soft rippling strains of "The Swan," by C. Saint-Saens. The pianist played the first few measures in solo, and as she moved her nimble fingers up and down the keyboard, I could picture the rippling water of a narrow brook weaving like a silver thread through the greenness of a meadow. Then the sweet strains of the violin obbligato fitted themselves with perfect

harmony into the beautiful monotony of the piano solo. Like a swan fearful of disturbing the steady ripple of the stream, the violinist softly, slowly, and cautiously appeared in the musical picture.

Sitting there with my eyes closed, I thought nothing could be more beautiful. Then at the sound of soft singing, I gazed up toward the stage. At least twenty girls dressed entirely in white were sitting in a group, their skirts spread out around them accentuating the multi-shades of their hair, with the effect of colored dots on clear white paper. The stage was darkened except for a faint, indirect red lighting at the extreme rear. The girls seemed more immortal than human. Their lips barely moved as they chanted the beautiful words to this even more beautiful melody. This, at last, was perfection. Not a quality was missing--a beautiful composition, a piano, a violin, twenty sweet young voices, and a setting suited to all. The audience was tense--not a sound for several minutes. Every one seemed to be afraid to breathe.

Slowly the swan glided down the stream out of sight; the water settled back into its smooth ripple, and the composition was at an end. For a second the spectators sat perfectly still, seemingly afraid to break the spell the music had created. Then like a thunderbolt they broke into applause. Those rare moments of perfection ended as abruptly as the calm of the sea is ended by a storm, but this presentation of "The Swan" by the Oberlin College Glee Club leaves a memory which music lovers will always cling to.

Q & Q

Camp Meeting

Lavina Waters

When I was probably eight years old, as I remember it, I was seized with such ardent religious zeal that my mother was almost convinced that her life long hopes for one of her children to take up missionary work would be realized by me, the youngest of her brood. For days I walked about the house with a pious air, humming doleful church tunes, and even spending ten minutes at a time scanning the Bible!

My saintly attitude had been prompted and kindled by the arrival in town of a revival troupe--a corps of tinny trumpeters, piano bangers, and banjo pluckers, a husky-voiced, red-faced preacher, and his peroxide blonde wife, all under a big circus tent in a vacant lot on Main Street. At first, I had known of this wonderful company only through my little schoolmates, who banded together at recess time to argue Protestantism against the "Hellfulness" of Catholicism, or to puzzle over the red-faced evangelist's warnings of anti-Christ.

My enthusiasm was so aroused that I was in a proper state of mind

to be emotionally impressed on the night when mother allowed me to go to the revival while she attended Eastern Star meeting. The opening hour of jazzy songs and "testimonies" by the congregation had me afire inside even before the preacher began his two-hours' ranting. But I cannot express the wringings and twistings of my soul as he told, dramatically, of actual cases when people had dropped dead in front of him for "denying the call of the Lord"! Then, I was almost overcome with a realization of the power of God as I saw the town drunks get converted, and watched the sympathetic congregation kneel and sway and weep and cry out "Praise the Lord!" in time with the mournful invitation hymn! When, after hours of this emotional tensi-ty, I finally got home to bed, I stayed awake all night wondering if the multitude of sins I had committed in my eight years of living could even be forgiven!

For the next two weeks, while the revival troupe held their nightly meetings, I was a regular attendant and a devoted follower--just as I became a regular attendant and admirer of the street carnival which occupied the vacant lot on Main Street after the gospel troupe left town!

Q & Q

The Empty House

Lyle Abrams

Something was wrong. She wasn't there to meet him. Always before she had met him at the door. He ran up the walk, opened the door and called her name. No answer; only his echo rang from room to room. No answer. He went from room to room, the house seemed to become larger, larger and quieter.

Where could she be? She had kissed him when he left this morning. No, she hadn't been mad at him. Yesterday! He had done something yesterday that she did not like. Maybe she had left him.

Big tears started to roll down his cheeks. Just one on each side. Now and then the biggest of men cry a little. He rubbed his eyes, sniffled and started up the stair. Maybe, he hoped, she was asleep in her bed. He walked very, very softly so he wouldn't wake her. He opened the door with such a little noise, hardly any noise at all. Peeking around the door--GONE--GONE. She was gone. Now the tears came a little faster, just a little faster. Why, you probably would cry too. He didn't understand. He looked in the closet and her coat was gone, gone, she had gone away.

Someone opened the side door and called his name. He ran like the wind, two steps at a time, around the big table to the kitchen. She was there! With a cry of joy he ran to her outstretched arms.

"Why, darling!" she said, "Mother just went to the store. How was your third day of kindergarten?"

Poems by Kay Palmer

Ashes

The fire dims
Our hopes lie cold.
Dreams are ashes
Never to know
The heat of life
The warmth of fulfillment.

Remembrance

Who can forget with remembrance in every footfall,
Every look, and every touch.
Each thought brings you closer to my soul.
Till it seems I am no more myself
But you, all you with hope and tears and longing in my heart.

Waiting

Wild, wide and searching
Like a candle in the dark.
Eager, earnest, watching
For a gesture or remark.
Passive, plaintive waiting
Till my heart shall reach its mark.

A Wave

Serpent like you flash your head above the blue deep, your home.
Spit forth your foam, recoil, and spring once more upon the rocks.
With mighty heaves you sweep the sand before you,
Suck back all in your wake and surge again.
You lash the shore, pounding, pounding, pounding,
As if you thought the earth would part at your command.

Spring Will Come

James Stuart

And Spring will come.
Blue waters run,
Green grass will leap
To the white sun.

The crows will fly,
Sticks in their bills,
To build their nests
On beechy hills.

The cows will graze
On greening meadows;
Kildees will leave
Lean flying shadows.

Black snakes will coil
Among horse bones
That amalgamate
With sun-bleached stones.

Lizard will lie
On the dead log
And catch his flies
Like the green frog

And gnats will flock
Around moist eyes
By pasture bars
Under late dusk skies.

And life will feel
In pulsing mood
Like sap that flows
In April wood.

And the snail will crawl
On rotted log;
Weaned rabbits will hide
From the hound-dog.

But it will be Spring!
This glorious Spring!
The wind so bright.
Birds on the wing.

Bird full of song,
Snake full of love;
The trees will leaf,
Stars high above.

Spring will be gay
Where fallow lands
Await the seeds
From sowers' hands.

The high white-top,
It will be where
The heavy corn crop
Stood last year.

Grapevines will twine
Among the snags;
Wrens will build there
With sticks and rags.

Wild flowers will bloom
Beside the rocks
With mountain daisy
And wild phlox.

The dark blue violets
Will burst through mold
Of fungus leaves
To wind-bright gold —

Burst through the sun
And the blue light;
Blue fingers in
The blue-day light.

Lovers will walk
By blithesome pair
Where wild plum blossoms
Scent the air —

They say so much
Of youthful chatter
Groundhogs will wonder
What is the matter.

I tell you life
Will be on the wing
In the maple sap
And it will be Spring.

Friendship

Paul Wheeler

William lifted his elbows off the top of the pin ball machine and admiringly watched Jim Colbert shift his heavy bulk toward the machine.

"Hi, Jim."

"Hello, Bud."

"You gonna donate a nickel to the cause?"

"Aw, I thought I might invest a little. Hey, Blondie! bring me a coke."

"How's football today?"

"Same old stuff. I went through those sissy freshmen like a rock through wet paper. Doggone it, standing here beatin' my gums while this robber eats me up. I'll git that number one this shot!"

"Boy! they sure do make these machines hard to beat, don't they?"

"Yea, I reckon. Well, I'll be darned, missed that number one again."

"Say! they haven't brought your coke yet."

"By golly, that's right. Come on, Blondie, shake a leg and get me that coke. Holy catfish! did you see that blonde wot just breezed through the door?"

"Why sure, I know her."

"Don't feed me that stuff, Freshie; I don't even know her myself."

"No stuff, I really do. She's from Mount Doford; lives right across the street from me. You wanna meet 'er?"

"Say, Blondie, make that two cokes."

Q & Q

Grand Canyon National Park

Suzanne Chunn

We were almost there! The car did not seem so crowded, nor the sun quite so hot. The driver came to an abrupt halt as if he was afraid to cross the barrier thrown so resolutely and positively in front of us by the arched sign which announced our arrival at Grand Canyon National Park.

After a brief discourse with the guards we started our drive down the pine-shaded highway of the southeast entrance.

Every one in the party was either sub-consciously thinking of what he would say when he stood on the brink of this great gulch, or practicing ejaculations on each other.--I wonder if the American Tourist is

the only traveler in the world who feels duty-bound to express an opinion on anything and everything he sees or experiences.--All our minds were just about satisfied with the impression the canyon was going to make on us, when all of a sudden we turned a last curve.

Nobody said a word for thirty seconds; then one of the back doors opened slowly but quietly,--somebody in the front seat asked for the camera and we solemnly unloaded.

All the exclamations which we had felt would "become us" in the sight of our fellow-gazers remained unsaid. As we stood and looked into the hazy mist which the thin, hot air shed over the canyon our eyes became focussed on some distant formation. The purple depths swallowed the rushing torrent--that was the Colorado River--far below us. Not a sound issued from any voice in that realm of quiet. The only noise was the purring of myriads of crickets back out of somewhere, and the occasional swish of the hot, thin air rushing through the wing-feathers of a diving cliff-swallow.

Q & Q

Homeward Thought

Ruth Steele

I sit and muse, and out of the darkness,
Out of the starless night,
Comes the shriek of the engine--
Far-carried and mournful,
Turning me home.

My thoughts fly swifter,
Even swifter than that night-borne cry,
When out of the darkness,
Far-carried and mournful,
Comes the shriek of the engine.

Ever, till my sun sinks low,
And my feet grow weary, grow heavy,
Will come the shriek of the engine,
Far-carried and mournful,
Turning me home.

Spring Fever - Two Versions

I

Grace Rayl

Spring fever, that's what I have. I try to translate Schiller and I think of Louisiana. I study weaves for textiles, but I dream of Panama. Now I'm trying to read Arnold, but somehow I think of that island in the river at home. It's about a mile from either shore. There's a smooth sandy beach there with the clear warm water lapping at its edges. Tug boats go puffing by, blowing their lazy, muffled, rather hoarse signals to a ferry about a mile away. A canoe drifts down the slow stream, its only occupant lying flat in the bottom, not bothering to paddle or guide his way.

I think about these things because I'm tired now, tired of school, lessons, work, and colds. My throat hurts and my arms ache. I would love to be on the island, and, after a cool swim in the river, just lie there, full length on the deep warm sand, and feel the late June sun burning my back. I want lazily to burrow my toes into the rich sand, to lay my head on my folded arms and let my hair fall over my face, protecting it from the sun. I guess I just want to be lazy; forget about Schiller; forget about clubs and people. I guess I just want to lie there and maybe go to sleep or perhaps let rambling memories drift through my mind—memories of duties that I won't have to do, now or ever. Maybe I won't think. Maybe I won't sleep. Maybe I'll just lie there in the warm, penetrating sun.

II

Beverly Varney

The warm, spring sunlight sifted in through the window and I slumped in my seat. Why go to the trouble to sit up straight when lounging in my seat was so comfortable? Anyway the professor had not yet arrived. Screams of the children as they played and the rumbling of roller skates as they glided over the sidewalk greeted my ears and my mind was filled with wonder as to how anyone could feel so energetic on a day like this.

I idly flipped the pages of my notebook and wished that the professor would not show up. It was so nice not to think. Even the knowledge that I had come to class without my assignment did not worry me. Why worry over anything when such a feeling of contentment filled my whole being? It was five minutes past the hour. I closed my eyes and breathed a silent prayer that the professor would be so late that I could leave before he got there. Visions of my room flashed before my eyes, and it seemed to contain only one piece of furniture, a bed.

Never had it looked so inviting. A movement of my arm caused my pencil to roll off on the floor, but I did not bother to stoop and pick it up; after all I had another one. Another student came into the room, but I did not look up. The thought of spring vacation came to my mind; I'll sleep till noon every day--Sunday I won't bother to go to Sunday School; I'll just sleep until it's time for me to catch the train. Tonight I'll go to bed at eight o'clock and just dare any of the boys to come around to my room and want me to play bridge. I'll lock my door early tonight. Just as the word "door" went through my brain the door to the class room swung open and in walked the professor. With great effort I straightened my self in my chair and prepared for a forty-minute nap with my eyes open.

Q & Q

My Son, My Son

Mervel Hanes

"My, my! This is a fine time for a boy of sixteen to be getting in. It's nearly eleven o'clock. I suppose you've been out with that gang of rascals down the street. Just look at you! That suit has no more crease than your father's pajamas. And your tie is swinging out of your pullover. There's no use to buy good clothes for you--"

"Please, Mother, if you will listen for one minute I can explain everything. Tonight was the regular meeting of the 'Swing Club'--"

"'Swing Club'! 'Swing Club', indeed! I suppose you call the actions you young folks go through dancing. Jumping around like monkeys. In my day people would have been thrown out of a ball room for acting like that."

"But Mother, we like to dance. I know the style of dancing has changed. Say, guess what! Kay and I won the jitterbug contest tonight. I about forgot it, but I was elected president of the club, too."

"President of the club, my eye. If you'd spend a little more time on your history and biology you'd get along better. To look at you, people would never think your father is the leading lawyer here. When he was in college he graduated with highest honors. I just wonder if you'll ever graduate from high school--"

"We got five dollars as prize money, so we went down to the 'Krazy Kat' and had a milk shake and--"

"All you want to do is sit down at that place and spend your father's money playing 'Beat Me Daddy' by Ray Miser or someone like that! Oh! I don't know why I even talk to you. Now go upstairs and go to bed. I'll have a hard enough time getting you up without sitting up till twelve."

"Yes, Mother. I'm going, I'm going."

Poems By Dorothy Turner

End Of Day

Day draws her shining garments about her
And walks away toward the distant west,
A proud woman who gracefully
Takes her leave in a throng.
Evening with its tranquil beauty
Moves behind in measured step,
An echo of remembered music
That is sweet and still.

Sunset

Sunset--

A pane of molten glass,
Myriad-hued and glowing,
Against the blue.

Dark--

A shadow creeping over the hills,
Dulled and gray-clad,
Lifts her long hands,
And the shattered brightness
Falls into the stars of evening.

Dreaming

Smoke curling lazily up to the sky
Is a feeling of sweet sadness,
Of searching for unknown, far-off things.
Imageries of a moment of madness.
Make me yearn for something that is not,
Create a pensive mood that charms
And a longing to capture elusive life,
And crush it in my eager arms.

Poems For Children

Drinking Cup Animals

Jeanette Thomas

The animals on my drinking cup
Are always happy and gay.
They never tire of their silver home,
And they frolic all the day.

It's hoppity here and skippity there,
They never quit the chase;
They're playing when I go to bed,
And playing when I wake.

I love the animals on my cup
Because they never whimper.
I never have to put them to bed
Or bother to give them supper.

Eunice Lewis

Ed And I

When Ed and I were sick in bed,
Ed's head, it ached and ached, he said.
I wanted to look and look and dream,
'Cause the bed was soft and felt so clean.

I saw a big giant so grim and tall.
Ed looked too, but he saw a wall.
I heard fairies dancing on the pane,
But he only heard the dreary old rain.

The magic carpet came and the lovable thief,
Ed saw the wind blow in a brown leaf.
They said I was sick and out of my head.
I sometimes wonder what was ailin' Ed.

Susie's Chores

Rebecca Cassady

Susie, bring my Sunday shoes;
And Susie, bring my socks.
It's Susie this and Susie that,
And Susie, brush my wide brimmed hat.

Susie, hurry and make the beds;
And Susie, sweep the floor.
It's Susie this and Susie that,
As soon as I enter the door.

Q & Q

Who Am I

Eleanor Bowling

Why I look so different I do not know;
It all seems strange but I know it's so.
Some say I look like my Aunt Nell,
While others say they can not tell.
Mother says I have eyes like her brother
Charley,
And Father claims my ears are those of Uncle
Marley;
All these remarks are confusing, you see,
For when I cry, they say I look exactly like me.

Confidante

Francis Proctor

I was dragged from a heavy sleep by persistent hands. I opened my eyes and stared groggily at her shifting back and forth in front of me.

"I can't sleep. I haven't been asleep all night," I heard her say.

"Why not--what time is it?" I murmured muffledly with a distant feeling of irritation.

"Two-thirty," she answered, and I hummed into my pillow and settled into cloudy comfort.

"I couldn't sleep. I'm worried to death--" she began nervously. My cozy clouds waved a fond farewell and I was awake, though reluctantly so.

"Why, what's the matter?" I managed to inquire.

And she talked and told me her troubles and walked about in a circle in the center of the room. I listened and was fascinated by the movement of her figure forward, around, and back--forward, around, and back. Her hair was up and the net on her head gave her a look of ridiculous futility. She wore a white terry-cloth robe with wide sleeves and as she trudged about, head hunched over, she reminded me of a teapot for some unknown reason--maybe the shape of the robe--and through my mind ran--"I'm a little teapot, here's my spout--turn me up and pour me out." But I heard all that she said and I put in an occasional word to reassure her of my attention. I was only impersonally interested--her fears were to me of trifles--she was a perennial worrier and I was weary of her alarms. I mentally stuck myself with a pin for not being more concerned over her distress. Upon my interruption she would stop and standing still would gaze at me with glassy eyes as though her brain were going on where her voice left off. When I had finished she would continue her pilgrimage about the room and rush on with her clear, ringing voice, the demonstrative tilt of the head, and the eyes so wide and gray in the gravity of her feelings.

She went on and on, and I wondered, "Is she out of her head or is this the part she never cared to divulge before? How wonderful and sensible and intelligent we be till a member of the opposite sex comes along. If only this one were a little more worthy of her anxiety."

Finally she had exhausted herself with a wild flow of disconnected, yet self-revealing chatter. She left and I gazed out the window in empty wonder. I thought of the beautiful sleep I had been doused in

and I tugged the covers up closely and lying on my stomach strove for sleep. I longed for it deeply and I hum-drummed it into my head that I should blot out all thought. I grinned because I caught myself lying there as if expecting sleep to turn the corner and clasp me by the hand and I to acknowledge my surrender. I knew that when it did come I would not know it was there, and I sniffed distastefully upon such deprivation. I remembered something she had said, and I stared searchingly out the window, and the purple hills were outlined by a gray-blue mist lifting itself from the earth. I could not sleep. There was no use in my trying. So I lay and thought and recited all the poetry I knew and I saw a golden sunrise as it arose from behind a hill.

Q & Q

I Listen With My Eyes

Sally Betty Sizith

For a long time music was only a mass of sound to me. The only emotions that affected me while listening were disappointment and confusion. No clear melody or harmony was distinguishable. It was as if I had been given a beautiful house, exquisite in every detail, but with no key, and the interior could be admired only through curtained windows. I was on the outside of music. There was no losing of self; there were just two ears, straining and not hearing. I did not know what was wrong until late one night when I was listening to some symphonic recordings. I was sitting in a comfortable chair by the fire with my eyes closed. Everyone else was in bed, and there was no sound but the music. Suddenly the music was more beautiful, and easier to understand. The notes seemed to form patterns on a dark background with the drums a low, black mass. The notes from the clarinets and the trumpets cut in piercing silver flashes across the entire screen. The saxophones and the 'cellos flowed in undulating golden curves sprayed by showers of flute notes. The violins formed horizontal lines, sometimes dark-hued and wide, and then thin and silver. The horns were a rather indistinct blur, flecked by the round dots of the piano, and the oboe was a wavering thread of light coming directly from the screen. The tempo increased, and the patterns became more animated, then grew paler and moved more slowly as the music retarded. The last note faded and the screen grew blank.

Ever since, notes have had color, and melodies have flowed in curves and flashed in lines. When I listen to music, I see it as well as hear it. That is why I say, I listen with my eyes.

Dory Died

Ruth Steele

Dory was our garbage woman and now she is dead. She died giving birth to her twenty-first child. Poor old soul. Harvey was her husband. Venomous old Harvey. He seems to miss her.

For years I had known Dory. I had heard her every morning about six o'clock, rattling down the street with Harvey and a few of her children. Then in the long-drawn summer evening, I would see them return. Harvey sat with Dory atop the reeking, creaking wagon while Dory urged on their weary old horse. The children--wild, tow-headed, filthy--sat with legs dangling from the back of the wagon.

Dory looked like an Indian. She wore musty brown pants and a shirt of somewhat the same color, greasy and dirty. She parted her coarse black hair in the middle and wore it in long swinging braids. Her face was dark and furrowed, fierce and distrustful.

Boys taunted her, mistreated her children. She spat her tobacco juice at them and cursed them. Others just looked at her with curiosity. She returned their gaze with candor. On Sundays, she often swaggered down the street with her children, laughing and pointing. And they always stopped for a bottle of beer at Doc Stout's. They enjoyed it, one at a time and loudly.

I remember the time Dory decided to sell "products," soaps, flavoring, lotions, powder. She put on a dress and run-over shoes, took the heavy case of samples and set out, two of her little boys and two of her little girls at her heels. Though she trudged for miles she was not successful. Whether rebuke hurt her more than her shoes, I can only guess, but she put back on her tennis shoes and returned to her garbage wagon.

Then a car rammed into Dory's wagon. It was Dory who was hurt. She was pregnant and her baby came early. Dory died. Her eleven living children she left to the world, the fruits of her life. Now they have a shabby little truck with Harvey at the wheel. They must miss her, for now they must ride by themselves. Now they must sweat and dig for themselves. And old Harvey seems to miss her too.

Q & Q

Book Reviews

Loena Fyffe reviews **Babbitt**, by Sinclair Lewis

Babbitt is a satire on the typical middle-aged business man. George F. Babbitt is a real estate agent living with his family of wife, daughter, and son, in an Illinois city. Throughout the story the following occurrences are related--his rise in political fame; popularity in his own community; affair with a young widow; downfall in politics; realization of his situation; and the final settling down to usual homelife.

Lurley Willoughby reviews **The Native's Return**, by Louis Adamic

The Native's Return is a very striking account given by Louis Adamic of his visit to his native country, Yugo-Slavia, after an absence of nineteen years. He meant to make only a brief stay there, but he found the place and people so absorbing that he spent all his time abroad in Yugo-Slavia. He reported that the people were oppressed greatly by the Belgrade regime under Alexander and struggling with poverty, yet hoping for a change.

Marian Louise Oppenheimer reviews **A Time Will Come**,
by Rachel M. Varble

New York in 1900 provides the setting for Rachel Varble's first novel. The three daughters-in-law of old Schward Wright, grown rich through his shrewd dealings in New York real estate, are its central characters. Rich in characterization and pungent in its writing, the story shows the women of the Wright household struggling to be free from the domination of their men, fighting without weapons against the impregnable male who is safe behind an armor of convention, wealth and law.

Dorothy Bailey reviews **Trees of Heaven**, by Jesse Stuart

The story of Tarwin and Subrina lasts from autumn until autumn. He is the son of a mountain farmer, and she the daughter of a drunken squatter.

Memorable scenes are a square dance at the sorghum mill, hog-killing time, and Subrina preaching and singing, as she buries the dead lambs under the trees of Heaven.

Charles Rice reviews **The Citadel**, by A. J. Cronin

The book deals with an impoverished young doctor and his struggle to rise in the world. He started out with a flaming idealism which stood out in sharp contrast to the average English doctor's practices.

He lost one position after another because he refused to sacrifice his rugged individuality to the whims of the conventional people whom he wished to serve.

His love for money finally overcame his ideals for a time but at the end we find him setting out again with undaunted courage to try to accomplish his aims of earlier life.

Irene McLin Keller reviews **Sapphira and the Slave Girl**,
by Willa Cather

In a once-upon-a-time tone, the story is told of Sapphira, the invalid wife of Henry Colbert, a Virginia miller. She heartlessly persecuted Nancy, an attractive mulatto slave, whom she wrongly suspected of misconduct with her husband. With the help of Mrs. Blake, an abolitionist, Nancy escaped into Canada. In an old-fashioned epilogue, Willa Cather describes Nancy's return to Virginia twenty-five years later.

The Strike

Edward Cline

Grandma Jones peeked over the top of her tortoise-rimmed spectacles at grandpa coming home with his dinner pail under his arm.

"What's the matter, pa, that you air gettin' in so early? 'Tis only nine-thirty. Reckon you ain't feelin' so good, huh?"

"No, ma, it ain't that. I can't work. Them rascals have called another strike. Reckon they done forgot how they almost starved through the other strike--in summer they et raw cabbage and in winter they jest et what they could steal. I reckon it's got where a man can't learn by experience."

"My gracious!" exclaimed grandma, "I'd never dreamed of a strike. We're gettin' plenty of work and good pay. I don't see what else they would want fer. Too, that company's treatin' everybody jest like a baby."

"Well, ma, it's like this--it's them young fellers with their radical ideas. Ain't none of us old ones into it. I reckon we wuzn't raised on union terms and principles. All them men can talk about is closed shop and collective bargaining."

"What's them things?"

"I__reckon them__means__I think they mean you have to belong to the union before you can work."

"Well, pa, couldn't everybody jine up with the union and go ahead in peace? I reckon it ain't no sin to be in one of them unions. I reckon, though, it's a disgrace to have to be a brother to such good-for-nothing trash that they've got in that union that ain't even working at the brick-yard. There's them Littles__I reckon they're the very out-laws that ambushed and shot off poor old Uncle Jim's leg."

"Yes, ma, you're right. Here you go out and pay in big initiation fees and monthly dues for these here organizers and big shots to spruce around on. We never hear from that money again or any good it does--jest payin' it out to make men lose their jobs by strikin'. Ma, it ain't nothin' but a big racket, and America still lets it go on. I'm sure not goin' to support 'em. I'll not jine it! No Sir! And, too, as you say, it's a disgrace to be with some of them fellers."

"Ma, do you know what the Bible says about that?"

"No, what does it say?" Grandma stretched her neck forward.

"'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers.' Ma, I've settled it fer all times. You and me air headin' fer the farm."

Among Our Contributors

Jack Miller

Lavina Waters, freshman from Palmyra, Illinois, is what you might call a girl about the campus. She belongs to seven organizations including three music groups and three school publications. She has achieved the distinction of having work in every Quill and Quair issued since she came to school.

Francis Proctor, "Sancie" to her friends, is a home town girl, claiming Morehead as her residence. She is a junior, a Political Science major, and is not quite certain about her clubs. Hasn't attended any in so long that she thinks she's probably been struck from membership rolls.

Eunice Lewis, popular junior from Morgan County, is majoring in Commerce and Physical Education. She naturally belongs to Kappa Mu, the Commerce Club, and Women's Athletic Association. Her hobbies include outdoor sports and, oddly enough, reading. Probably for rainy weather.

Kay Palmer, now of Morehead, is a veteran contributor to school publications. She was editor of the high school paper at Mount Sterling, member of the staff of the Crimson Rambler, school newspaper of Transylvania College, which she attended formerly, and a contributor to the Transylvania literary magazine. She is at present a junior at M. S. T. C. and claims writing, especially of free verse, as her hobby.

Mervel Hanes, a freshman pre-medical student, is a graduate of Ezel High School. He is a newcomer to the pages of Quill and Quair but is active on the campus, belonging to Beta Zeta (Biology Club), Future Teachers of America, and the Raconteur staff. In spite of having such weighty subjects as Chemistry and Biology for majors, he spends his spare time collecting match book covers.

Marjorie Brandhorst really came a long distance to go to school in Morehead. Her home is in Schenectady, New York. She is a sophomore and a Commerce major. Although a newcomer to Quill and Quair, she was active in high school literary circles.

Paul Wheeler is a pre-engineering student from Morehead. He is a graduate of Breckinridge Training School and a member of Mu Phi (Physics and Math Club). Says Kipling is his favorite author but will read adventure stories by anybody.

Beverly "Jug" Varney is better known on the football field than in the writing field, but here he proves what a versatile chap he is. He hails from Williamsport, W. Va., is a senior and member of the Campus Club.

Grace Rayl, nominated by Raconteur as most beautiful girl on the campus, is an English major, a junior, and comes from 'way out west

in Paducah. Quite a combination. She's known as Snow White by the cafeteria patrons who respect her eagle eye and unerring accuracy in calculating what they owe for a meal.

Dorothy Turner is a home county girl, coming as she does from Elliottville in Rowan. She is now rated as a senior and has spent the last three years teaching school. Miss Turner is majoring in English and Sociology.

Lyle Abrams, one of the Indiana boys, is from the town of Huntington in that state. He is a Music major, and in addition to the musical organizations, belongs to Beaux Arts Club. He has had a previous contribution published in Quill and Quair and much is expected of him in the future.

Sally Betty Smith's name is now familiar to our readers for she has contributed one or more literary efforts to every issue of Quill and Quair this year. She's from Hindman, Kentucky, and is an English major. Belongs to every club on the campus from Debating on down. She has many hobbies including dancing with which she amuses the denizens of Fields Hall.

Garnet Vaughan Kane is one of the most promising young poetesses of M. S. T. C. She is only a sophomore but has already had several poems published by the Readers' Forum of Antioch Press. She says Walt Whitman is her favorite poet and inspiration.

Ruth Steele, of Raceland, comes from a railroading family, her father being a conductor on the C. & O. She formerly attended Ashland Junior College, has taught school, and is majoring in Elementary Education. Her hobbies are writing and drawing.

Suzanne Chunn comes all the way from Woodbury, Georgia, and has attended Breneau College.

James Stuart of Riverton is the brother of Jesse Stuart, who wrote **Trees of Heaven** reviewed in this issue. James had a story called "Jugs" in our October issue, and has published in other magazines.

Jessie Stewart of Roxana, Letcher County, not Jesse Stuart of Greenup County, has attended Jackson Junior College and is now a junior.

Q & Q

Ode To The Mountains

Jessie Stewart

Blue are the hills of my mountains
Green are the hills in the Spring
And my heart beats fast in rapture
With the notes the blue bird sings.
Gay are the bright flowers budding
The streams laugh by me in glee;
Cares are as light in the mountains
As the breezes in the trees.



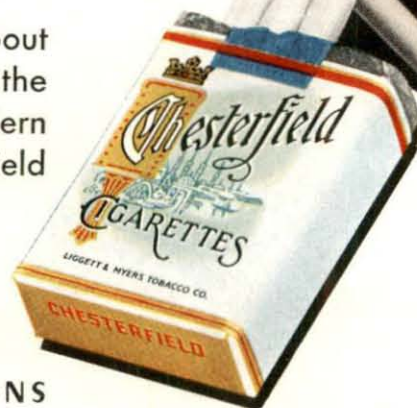
ELLEN DREW
Chesterfield's Girl of the Month
currently starring in Paramount's
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