
THE INKPOT

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Contributors

Harvey N. Grannis	1, 20	Carolyn Lacy	7, 11, 17
Michael Smith	1, 10	Margaret Fossett	9
Alice Asher	2	Ann Oppenheimer	10
John Johnson	3, 15	Anna J. Tackett	11
Zuela Cornett	4	Billy J. Linkous	12
Sally Miller	4, 19	Carolyn Sparks	13, 19
Judy Kurtz	5, 8	Jon Kelly	13
Carol Caudel	5	Betty Martin	13
Billy R. Bayes	5	Regina Swope	14
Donald Damron	6	Bill Horton	15, 16
Jennie Sewell	6	Michael Fletcher	18
Gene Ranvier	7	David Vance	21

INKPOT AWARDS, 1962

Imaginative.....	John Johnson
Poetry.....	Alice Asher
Essay.....	Michael Fletcher

THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION

The main purpose of education is to introduce the individual to knowledge and experiences which enlarge his scope of thinking and give him a deeper insight into life. Education is portrayed as an experience in "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" by Ernest Hemingway. However, education is the gaining of facts also. Experiences are not enough by themselves and the type of experience is important also. I agree with Clifton Fadiman, the writer of "The Great Debate on Education," that many experiences are time consuming and the time would be better spent in gaining new facts and exploring new areas of knowledge.

Education introduces a person to fields of thought not incurred in everyday life. This is shown in "Young Man Axelbrod" by Sinclair Lewis. This knowledge which is often utterly impractical is sometimes more satisfying to the individual than practical knowledge. It gives the person a wider world than the one he runs into everyday.

Education enables a person to see varied viewpoints on one subject and trains him to think objectively. The uneducated person thinks there is only his side to an argument. The educated person will not "swallow" the first thing he hears on a subject while the uneducated person should be trained to take more time to weigh and consider the facts and opinions. However, as Lynn White, Jr. writer on "How to Educate Yourself" said there are many educated people who don't know how to read critically.

Education gives the individual a better understanding of what he wants to do with his life. In "The Leader of the People" by John Steinbeck, a young boy is shown in the process of growing up and deciding what to do with his life after finding one goal has been reached and that he must search for another. In a sense, any education does about the same thing. That is, it introduces the individual to large numbers of facts about life and the world around him which should enable him to make his important decisions in later life better.

The purpose of education is not a degree and a lot of soon-forgotten facts but a change in the thinking of the individuals through the process of the accumulation of new knowledge and experiences.

Harvey Newell Grannis, Jr.

HOW MY IDEAS ON EDUCATION HAVE CHANGED IN THE PAST YEAR

My ideas on education have changed greatly since I came to college. For one thing, the importance of education for one's life work has become clearer to me. I had known for quite a while the value of a college education in obtaining a job, but I never realized the keen competition for the best jobs until I came to school. A college education is a prerequisite for most well-paying jobs. Only the best-educated, the best-trained, the most highly skilled will obtain the best jobs. And how well we do on these jobs will depend on how well we have educated ourselves.

My views on the purpose of education in general have also changed. I came to college for the purpose of preparing for a vocation; but now I realize the importance of a well-rounded education that will help me through my entire lifetime, that will help me in teaching my children and grandchildren, as well as making me a top-notch executive secretary. I see now that one should not restrict himself to a rigid schedule in one line of endeavor, but should take many classes in liberal arts as well.

I have also changed my ideas about "frivolity" in education. I once thought that the scuba diving clubs, intramural hockey, chess clubs, and social committees served a purpose in developing a person socially; but after my first semester in an institution of higher learning, I wonder just how much working in the concession stand at football games helped me in passing my English 101 final. In the past four years I often found myself so involved in club activities that my education suffered. That was certainly a grave error on my part—an error which many other students also make. Many of the "frills" of education, such as non-educational extra-curricular activities, should be eliminated.

Another view on education that I have changed is the feeling that if I ever make it through four years of college, that will be enough schooling for me. I now feel that unless education is a continuous process, one is not truly educated. I believe that I should continue reading as much through the remainder of my life as I do as a college student. I must keep up on world affairs, medical findings, social problems, etc., or my education will not have accomplished much.

After my first semester at college, my views on education have changed in several ways. I have changed my ideas on the purpose of education, the "frills" of education, and the continuance of education. I believe that my change in viewpoints is for the best and will make a big difference in my education.

Michael Smith

THE BIRDS

The world begins anew!
the blackbirds in the rain
upon the dead top branches
of the living tree,
close to the lace clouds,
annotate the dawn.
Their shrill cries sound
announcing appetite
and drop among the bending flowers
and the dripping grass.

Alice Asher

THE MUMPS AND ME

It was three weeks before Christmas, 1953, and I was ten. On top of being ten, I had the mumps. Or so everybody thought. People kept flocking in with big dill pickles for me. Not toys or games or anything like that — just pickles. The reasoning behind this being that if I refused to eat them, then I had the mumps for sure. Well, I detested big, green dill pickles even when I wasn't sick, but I ate them anyway because the only other food I got was something three times a day that had all the consistency of a French fried milkshake. They kept me in a darkened room (in case maybe the two bumps were big measles) and told me not to move. This went on for a whole week.

Finally some bright person called the doctor who came, rammed a plank down my throat, mumbled something about an infection, and called for an ambulance. The next thing I knew, four women were bathing me and putting my new bath robe on me. Mother, needing moral support, was in the process of calling every relative that could get there by plane, train, or roller skates, and there they all were waiting outside the hospital when we arrived (siren and all). They all breathed on me and patted with cold hands. This I thought, feeling pretty important, is going to be like a party.

Inside, the nurses were all very nice and assured me that "it" wouldn't hurt a bit. "It" was an aspect of the whole procedure that I hadn't even thought of before! Then two great big lady wrestlers in white uniforms came in and took all my clothes away and put me in an old pillow case or something. "I really feel much better," I told them, "and besides, my Mommie told me never to go with strangers." By this time my whole bed was being whizzed down the hall.

"Here we are," said one of the lady wrestlers, and there we were — in a room with knives and all kinds of sharp goodies. They moved (well, maybe forced) me onto a table with a lot of lights around it and someone said, "Will we have to strap you down, Big Man?" Now, I had seen enough television to know what they were planning — to take out my brain and put it into a fly. Infection indeed! I remember explaining to them very rationally (and very loudly) that I would come tomorrow, that I didn't feel like "it" today and so let's just cut out the stuff with the straps and let go of me and HELP! !

The next thing that I can remember was being very, and I mean very, very sick and dizzy. "Feeling better?" someone said. The sound of her voice crashed its way into my head and made my stomach roll. My head was turning in one direction and my stomach in the other. Someone was eating potato chips so loudly it sounded like a road grader scraping across my skull. "Get up," was the only intelligent remark my seven-year-old cousin could make as she plomped her fat little hand down on the bed with such force that I feared my whole body would break into little pieces.

After the visitors had finally left, I felt better and readied myself to go. "Yes," I told the nurse who came at my mother's hysterical screams, "I am going!" Well, I mean, after all, Christmas was only two weeks away and I wanted to be home. Anyway, they had had one chance at my brain and they were not going to have another. I stayed. Not only did I stay, but I stayed in bed. The bed was at least two stories high (so the nurses would

not have to bend over to make it up) and I was scared to jump out because my legs were about as strong as the soup, tea, and jello they gave me so graciously whenever I wanted it.

"The next time I get an infection," I told the nurse who finally gave me my clothes and let me go, "I'm gonna keep it!"

John H. Johnson

DARK UNSLEEPING LAND

The stalactites of the dark land are relentlessly forming while the creeping, unceasing mist moves in. There is a pungent smell of sulfur in the air. The caped guard keeps watch over his land, searching for unwelcome strangers. Layers of stratified slate lend support to the crude dwellings of the barbarous inhabitants. In the distance bits of debris are hurled toward the clouded sky as the earth rebelliously belches up unpleasant remnants from its lowest depths. The gaseous fumes arising from the linen-like pyramid partially obscure the moon, now only barely visible.

Zuela Cornett

HANDS

One could not help noticing the tall, handsome man as he entered the room. His dress was elegant, his step confident, his smile warm and radiating. But most of all, I noticed his hands; hands, strong and tender; hands as graceful as a ballerina's, hands that spoke of long hours at the piano practicing Chopin and Bach, or perhaps, hands that worked for countless hours learning to save lives on a surgical table. As I sat and listened to his smooth, flowing voice, I could envision his teaching a deserving student his special touch for music, guiding young hands to become great like his own, or teaching a young intern how to loop a neat suture in an emergency appendectomy. I could imagine many years of study at Johns Hopkins University or at a leading music conservatory: Sacrifices—made so his goal in life could be achieved. His strong character was evident in his speech, in the movement of his supple hands. I managed to get through the evening without being too brash and asking about him, his work and most important, what he did with those hands. The next morning I called the hostess of the dinner party, and I learned that he had crashed the party. I also learned what his fascinating hands did, he was . . . **A PROFESSIONAL GAMBLER.**

Sally Miller

DARKNESS

The night was still and quiet, surrounded by a blanket of morbidness and a feeling of deathly coldness. The sky was black, an evil and wicked black, and no moon could be seen shining overhead. The one, lonely star which sparkled like a diamond against a bedlike softness of black velvet seemed small and infinite. The world was quiet and at peace as if suddenly all living had ceased and life would be no more. As I walked the cobbled street, I felt a calmness and serenity within myself.

Happenings of the day were now a part of the past and only the unforeseeable future lay ahead.

As I walked along further, the wind began to stir and the calmness I had felt turned to fear. The beat of my heart steadily increased to the point of a rapid race, and weird sounds pierced through the darkness like the sharp blade of a knife. Suddenly the night was filled with a penetrating scream as if witches and vampires had dropped from the darkness and hell and its torments had swallowed the world. The scream continued as if it were a snake, twisting and coiling inside until it reached a point of shrillness. And then just as suddenly, all was again quiet and still, and the world became dead and opaque, as the sounds of the evening slowly drifted into the shadows of darkness.

Judy Kurtz

RED RUIN

Fragile flowers, shoots of green, waving branches—None of these are safe from the long greedy fingers of red that move closer and closer. Pink-eyed and twitching, a tiny bunny peeps from behind a clump of bushes. Its tiny heart begins to beat faster and faster as it realizes it is trapped. The clump of bushes that had once been such a haven suddenly offers no protection at all. Frantically struggling, even to the end, the bunny finally gives in to the age-old conflict between life and death.

Carol Caudel

THE ESSENCE OF RAIN

The sky is deep azure, infinite and haunting, and at the same time gay. It is unmarred except for some billowing white clouds on the western horizon. These thunderheads, resembling great dunes of cotton balls are slowly becoming dusty and gray. Restlessness is evident too.

A wind is present now. It can be felt, and its effects can be seen in the swaying of the trees and the bending of the grasses. Movement is most prominent in the sages and the iron weeds, but even the short pasture grass is bowing too. The blossoms of the wild flowers are nodding as if they were acknowledging a strangeness in the air.

As the wind increases, the clouds continue to move eastward. The sun's brilliance is subdued, and the earth becomes dark. These clouds, once innocent and gay, are now slate-blue and eerie. Lightning, like broken threads of gold, races across the sky. Its retort thunders and trembles the earth, and then the rain begins.

Billy Ray Bayes

THE LAST TWO MINUTES

The clock showed two minutes and nineteen seconds as the tall boy leaped high into the air to pull the ball off the backboard. Our star center quickly heaved the ball to one of the smaller guards and raced hard down the floor to take his position under the basket.

The district tournament had finally arrived and with it came the thrill of playing in the game to decide the championship.

This year our team was not rated very highly, but toward the end of the season we found ourselves and whipped everybody good and proper. Still our chances in the tournament were not very good the people thought. But our team was not to be denied, and to the surprise of the "barbershop coaches" we fought and clawed our way to the finals where we were to meet our old rival Olive Hill.

We had jumped to an early lead in the game and had managed to protect it even though the opposition kept whittling away and finally cut it from nine points to two.

Now with less than two minutes to play we were in possession of the ball and the tension was weighing on each one of us like a dark, heavy cloak. Suddenly, a forward broke away from his man and intercepted a pass. He dribbled quickly down the floor and our entire team, looking like hounds after a fox, strained every muscle in an attempt to intercept him. Just as he reached the head of the foul circle our guards caught and surrounded him. The clock showed fifty-four seconds.

As we dropped back on defense we knew we had to take that ball somehow, anyway! The seconds ticked slowly off as we in desperation held our defense tight and the other team with as much determination tried to penetrate our forces.

The great crowd of humanity seated in the stands had ceased their yelling and seemed to watch spellbound the clock advancing without pause toward the final gun. The only sound that could be heard now was the rhythmic "thump, thump, thump" of the ball on the dull hardwood floor.

Soon the Olive Hill fans began to plead with their boys to shoot. As if in answer the center broke from his position, set a block on one of the guard's men, and the little fellow heaved a shot with just three seconds left.

Every eye followed the spinning ball as it arched its lazy path toward the basket. I ran quickly for the bucket in hope the shot might miss. It struck the rim and bounced toward me. I leaped with all my might, but the Olive Hill forward reached over my head and tipped the ball into the basket just as the buzzer rang.

We went on to win the game in the overtime period, but the excitement of those last two minutes of play made all the rest of the game anticlimatic.

Donald Damron

A SNOWFLAKE

A light, soft white crystal begins its long journey toward the earth. As it falls, it seems to know its destination and make its path accordingly. While it twists and turns, the sun glistens on its many edges. This translucent object seems to be a symbol of life with its many facets.

Jennie Sewell

CLICHES

It was the "beginning of the end" for me in English. I was between "the devil and the deep blue sea." My assignment was to write a theme or flunk the course. Realizing it was not going to be any "bed of roses" I chose the former. I walked to the library "bright and early" in the morning deciding to "beard the lion in his den" and complete my theme before the weekend. I proceeded to the card catalog and started searching for information that would give me an idea about what to write. "Like a bolt from the blue" an idea crossed my mind. There "big as life" was an index card titled "Cliches." I let out a "blood-curdling yell" of ecstasy, wrote down some call numbers and gave them to the librarian. As I gazed at the pile of books she set before me, I began to wonder whether I had not "bit off more than I could chew." But undaunted and without "beating around the bush" I sat to work piecing together the various bits of subject matter and trying to form a pattern. This was truly a "battle royal" and I had all but given up when, like a "blessing in disguise," I found a book in which were arranged hundreds of cliches in alphabetical order. Once more I gleefully set to work and this time things began to make sense.

Four hours later I was so tired I decided to "bury the hatchet" and call it quits for the day. I wearily walked back over that familiar "beaten path" to my room and collapsed on the bed. Truly this had been a trying day and I was fully convinced that if anyone even mentioned the word "cliche" to me again there would be "bad blood between us."

Gene Ranvier

MOUNTAIN STREAM

One morning I walked to the stream in the mountains which flows between two high cliffs. The cliffs looked fresh and dewy green because the tender young shoots of the grasses were just peeping skyward. . . . A patch of jonquils splashed from beneath mushy snow and unfolded their brightness to the world.

The water came rippling down the mountain, clear and blue, as a robin red breast shattered the stillness with the radiance of a song.

The pebble I threw to the edge of the pool sent slivers of thin ice glistening in the sunlight. . . . A flash of silver darted upward and an insect disappeared. The bass were beginning to feed. Spring was coming!

Carolyn Jo Lacy

GINNY

That was a sight I will never forget.

She landed on all four feet and charged up the hill, mane flying in the air, like lightning as a wild horse would do. Her tail was straight out and spread like a fan. Her neck arched like a proud unearthly thing and the slim little legs and minute feet shot up and down as if she were dancing to some invigorating rhythm.

At the top of the ridge she suddenly stopped and turned back toward me as if to take a bow and then trotted slowly out of sight.

As I returned home, the gracefulness of that beautiful creature haunted me.

Carolyn Jo Lacy

ENCOUNTERING MISS DOOLITTLE!

I think of all my childhood memories, I shall never forget my first excruciating experience when I encountered dancing school. I had never thought of myself as being graceful like a swan but rather the clumsy, ugly-duckling type who didn't know her right foot from her left one. Oh, how I hated the idea of attending dancing school! I wanted so much to be a great baseball pitcher or well-known mountain climber but instead I was forced into the long, tedious art of learning to become a charming and graceful young lady.

Of course, I had to have a special attire for this new experience and I shall never forget how I, with my barrel-type figure, looked in that morbid black outfit and those hideous black tights. Finally the big day arrived, and with great force from my persistent and strict mother, I enrolled in Miss Clara Doolittle's School of Dance.

Miss Doolittle was a very sweet, kindhearted person who from first glance reminded me of a rather limp, willowy, frail type individual. She had short, red hair entwined with a few grayish strands, setting off her pale blue eyes and her freckled nose which turned up at an angle. She just wasn't the type to wear black tights either.

I froze stiff as I entered the large, colorful room of the dance studio and after a brief inspection from corner to corner, I thawed out somewhat and went over to Miss Doolittle and introduced myself as Harriet Hammer-shed. She in return introduced herself as Miss Clara Doolittle and replied that she was very happy to meet me and was very delighted to have me as one of her new pupils. I had a feeling that she wouldn't be so happy after a few lessons. I then went about trying to strike up an acquaintance with the other beginning pupils who had met with the same fate I had.

Most of the girls were ten, the same age as I, but for some unknown reason, some of these crazy, mixed-up darlings were anticipating this new terror known as ballet. But I think the greatest shock I can remember was having boys in the class. I just couldn't imagine boys in a dancing class! They were real, honest-to-goodness, all-American, red-blooded boys, each one having two left feet. Things were growing dimmer, and I knew I was doomed when I was informed that sometime I would have to dance with one of these two, left-footed creatures. I was petrified!

After being shown the first dance position, I was sure I looked more like a scarecrow than a graceful dance figurine. I was instructed to stand in such a position that my heels were to be together and my toes to point outward to my sides. After learning to balance myself in such a position, I was told to rise up and down by bending my knees. When my knees were bent, I looked as if I had been on a horse much too long.

Then the other pupils and I were told to go the bar. Can you imagine telling a group of ten-year olds to go to a bar! It really wasn't at all what I had expected. It was a long, black bar extending for several feet along the wall and extending outward from the wall about eighteen inches. I was told to stand sideways and to raise my right leg and place my heel on the bar. This was such a procedure! I kept raising my leg and stretching to try to get my heel on that confounded bar, but the only place I got was falling on my posterior end. But I wasn't easily discouraged and I

went through this back-breaking procedure twice a week just to become a dancing ballerina.

I worked and practiced each day. However, little was I to know that my dancing career would be short-lived. One morning when I was practicing so voriously, I went into a spin, suddenly becoming very dizzy and just as suddenly I fell. After going to the doctor, he diagnosed my case as being a broken large toe.

I knew now my debut would never come, but I still had one consolation. My pitching arm was still good and I could hardly wait to start practicing my technique of throwing curve balls.

Judy Kurtz

A HELICOPTER TAKES OFF WITH ME INSIDE

As I crossed the field toward the monstrous, insect-like contraption, I suddenly wondered why I had been so eager to take a ride. The wind from the giant whirling blades was so powerful it seemed it would be impossible to get close enough to the craft to get in without being blown away.

I managed to climb into my seat, fasten my safety belt, and smile feebly at the pilot even though I felt sure I would never see my family and friends again.

I sat there waiting to be lifted up into the air when a very weird thing happened. I looked down and saw that the earth was swiftly slipping away from beneath us. It was as though we were stationary and the earth was falling out of its orbit. It was a few moments before this eerie sensation left me and I realized that we were moving and the earth hadn't really gone on an excursion to another galaxy.

After we climbed a few moments, we started moving forward and again I felt the same sensation as before. It seemed as if we were suspended in space watching the earth rotate on its axis.

I soon became accustomed to this feeling and began to marvel at how different everything looked from this position. Fields of corn, tobacco, and freshly plowed soil were no longer stately stalks, fluttering leaves and even rows with mounds of dirt on either side. Now they were quilt-like patches in different shades of green and contrasting browns. Familiar buildings were no longer windows, doors, porches and steps, but pointed roofs, flat roofs and rounded roofs.

People were no longer Mr. Jones, Sally Ann, or Aunt Mary, but they were miniature toys that all looked alike. Hills that I once looked up to, I was now looking down upon and I could see just how the little valley town where I lived was nestled among those hills. But all too soon we were hovering over the landing field and descending back into a world where corn is corn, houses are houses and people are people.

Margaret Fossett

WINTER TREE

Had I foreseen an early frost,
A sudden snow,
Would I have welcomed Autumn
As he painted my leaves a brilliant hue,
Oh, Winter?

Sally Miller

MY HOME TOWN

In that special sunlight of the golden west, San Diego shines like a many colored mosaic pendant on the breast of a lovely Spanish lady . . . she who lies dreaming in the mists of the beautiful Palomar mountains, bathing her feet in the blue Pacific. She spreads her peacock skirt from the Mexican border north to Cardiff-by-the-Sea. From the mesas of Escondido to high atop mount Soledad. Her jeweled arm reaches beckoningly toward the sea. To the right is Point Loma where the Cabrillo National Monument, the Authentic Greek theatre and the white markets of Fort Rosencrans, hang like charms from her richly braceleted arm. To the left is the Silver strand with the flickering lights of Coronado like diamond covered fingers, holding in her palm, North Island, the Navy's winged goddess of Victory. Pinned to her shoulder like an antique Spanish brooch is Old Town, the home of Ramona, which gathers the green velvet of the hills together and deposits like jewels the progress of man into her lap.

One of her most fabulous treasurers is Balboa Park, which covers fourteen hundred acres in the heart of the city. Its verdant picturesque setting holds an attraction for all visitors of any age. There is the Zoo, the Bird Forest, the Rain Forest, the Sub-tropical gardens through which runs an unusual escalator. There are also the Science and Fine Arts buildings, The Old Globe theatre and the 1916 and 1936 International Exposition buildings, designed in the Spanish Renaissance Architectural period, and in the center of the park, famous old Balboa Naval Hospital with its red tile roofs following the pink adobe-like walls up and down the ravines.

On the palm-fringed edge of the park begins the city. There is the famous El Cortez hotel with its outside, glass-inclosed, elevator. The El Prado that arches over the city and flows to the waters edge and the busy down town plazas where the sophisticated stores and colorful shops sell merchandise from all over the world.

San Diego, aged and ageless. Her memories are of Cabrillo, Balboa, Father Serra and mission San Diego De Alcala, de Portola, de Anza, General Kearny and Father Horton. But most of all her face is the future. Her dreams are skyward, with institutes of Scripps and Berkley and a new breed of pioneers like Saulk, Von Braun, and Teller. These are new gems for her to wear. San Diego, jewel city, where California began!

Ann Oppenheimer

RAIN

The wet wind peppering your face,
Shoppers scurrying under green
    canvas awnings for cover,
The musty smell of sidewalks and wet shoes,
Multi-colored umbrellas marching down the street,
And the rain pitter-patters on.

Michael Smith

FIRST SNOW

December brings winter and a grayness to our mountains, but I believe that these winter days are to be appreciated. Sometimes people get too busy to appreciate. I do not believe "busyness" is what we are on this earth for. I prefer the days during winter when earth is a soft down.

Some people abhor getting out of bed in the mornings, but I love the peace and quiet that can be seen and felt only in the early hours of the day. I like to collect sunrises. My favorite is when I awake and find that while I slept the snow has fallen gently and softly to cover the world around me. The sunrise is a pale wash of color and gives a pink-pearl glow to the snow outside my window. The intensity of summer dawn is missing, but the color is so pure it seems distilled.

This early morning quiet will be short-lived, for my son will awake very soon and discover the snow, and like all children both old and young, will not be able to wait to get outside. By this time the stillness will be gone, and being part child, I, too, will be caught up in the thrill of the first snow. Robert, my six year old, and I will don our hats and coats, grab his sleigh and rush to Post Office Hill where children have been sleighing for generations. The street will be filled with happy children and stout-hearted parents. Robert will begin to sleigh, with the trips down so swift and the trudge back so long. I will stand and watch the bright-coated youngsters go flying down the hill and hear the laughter as it seems to fill our town. Soon the child of long ago—which never seems to become quite dead in me—will borrow a sleigh and begin the trip down that ends in the middle of town at the stop light. I will feel the cold air on my face and the excitement that I felt as a child. My face may become a little red when my sleigh comes to a halt and my friends, who are unable to restrain themselves, shake their hands and help me to my feet. But then I will turn and view the children silhouetted against the pure white snow and hear their joyful laughter and will feel a little sad that my friends cannot hear or feel with me just a little of those days of our childhood. It will be time for work now, and I must leave the care-free world of snow and laughter, but I am sure that, as in all the years gone by, I will close my eyes for just a second, and ask God never to let the child within me die.

Anna Jean Tackett

LATE FEBRUARY

The tip - tip - tip - of raindrops falling
somewhere.

A clean, invigorating wind that cools
a hot face.

Pine needles moss green against brown,
bare limbed oaks.

Wet pebbles, temporary streams, and a grey sky —

Carolyn Jo Lacy

WHERE IS THE CAT?

After owning cats for many years, practically all my life, it is still very difficult to understand what is meant by the expressions on their faces. Many people, mostly those who don't own cats, say they do not have different expressions. I'm sure if they would watch a cat, while the cat watches them, they would realize just how much a cat's face shows his feelings.

Cats do have a large variety of facial expressions—not nearly so many as do people, but then, people are **supposed** to be far more intelligent. Cats have the ability to almost-smile when you pet them. Their eyes close and they simply rumble their purr. When they become angry, as they often do, no one is so blind as to be unable to know it. Their eyes blaze, their ears are laid back, they curl their lips, and they arch their back so as to look twice as large as they really are.

Cats also have expressions of surprise, and they can open their eyes wide and manage to look dumbfounded. Anyone who has looked into a beagle's or a cocker spaniel's eyes know how pleading they can look. A cat's eyes have this same expression when he is hungry or cold or hurt. The funniest expression is his sly look, often referred to as that looks-like-he-caught-a-rat expression. You can never be sure if he has really done something wrong or if he is just laughing at you behind all that fur.

For example, one time my mother's white Persian tom cat was left, by oversight, alone in the kitchen with three pounds of meat. The meat was on the cabinet and the cat was on the floor. Later my mother went back to the kitchen.

"Paul," she called, or rather, screamed, "you come do something with this no-account cat!"

"What in the world is going on?" asked my father.

"That cat has eaten that three pounds of meat I left on the cabinet," Mother cried.

"How do you know?" said my father.

"Just look at that sly look on his face," was the response from my mother.

And sure enough, he had **that** expression on his face as he sat on the floor washing.

"I'll prove it to you," said Mother. And with that she grabbed the cat, took him upstairs to the bathroom, and weighed him.

"See there!" She pointed to the scales. "Three pounds exactly!"

"Sure," said my father, "there is the meat, but where is the cat?"

Really, while Mother was gone I had put the meat back in the freezer.

Of course, she didn't know this. Then I had fed the cat. That was why he was washing. I guess he just felt good listening to her accuse him when the meat was safe in the freezer. Maybe he was laughing at her. Who knows? I don't. I still can't understand all of his expressions.

Billie Joyce Linkous

SUMMER EVENING AT HOME

The tinkling of wind chimes,
Tree limbs waving in the breeze,
The distant chatter of children playing,
A chipmunk scampering through the brush,
Water dancing over the pebbles in a stream,
Golden-winged butterflies gliding through the air,
Billowy clouds chasing each other across the sky,
The crimson afterglow of the vanishing sun . . .

Carolyn Sparks

DARKNESS

The last of light disappears
A great velvet shadow moves over the land silently, noiselessly
The birds have stopped their chirping, their chattering
The moon appears, casting its glow over the rolling hills
Causing a long shadow thrown by the trees
The shadow moving with a feline stillness, slowly but surely.
Time ticks away
The sphere in the sky has made its path
Its halo now fading
The inevitable exodus is about to take place
Light merges, creeping silently upon darkness
Ready for its journey over the horizon.

Jon Kelly

BLUE IS A FEELING

Blue . . .
A shade.
A mood.
A spring-time coat I once had.
The tiny robin egg lying crushed on the
Ground.
The color of his eyes.
Blue . . .
A shade.
A mood.
That summer day was blue
And yet the night was too
But neither could touch my blue tears
Blue . . .
A shade.
A mood.

Betty Martin

GOOD-TIME GENERATION OURS? YES!

Our generation is a "Good-Time Generation". Teenagers never had it so good. Today's teenager is perhaps the most happy-go-lucky generation ever created. The average teenager is sent through college by his parents. He is not forced to make extra-good grades; just good enough to be acceptable. He is urged to spend as much, or more, time developing his social skills as his academic skills. And he usually doesn't have to worry extensively about getting a job after graduation. If a fraternity brother doesn't pull a few strings to help him, his father will.

The majority of teenagers today have the opportunity to go to college. What they do with that opportunity determines whether they should be included in the "Good-Timers" Club. College offers multiple opportunities but the ability and desire to make good use of them is up to the individual. If he is truly striving to educate himself, he should not be classified with the good-timers.

This desire to make good use of what is present is rarely inborn; however, if it does present itself, it seems someone is right there trying to destroy it. The parents want their little "Johnny" to be just like all the other kids. If he does anything to attract attention like being overly-bright in mathematics, he is scorned by the other children and consequently by his parents.

It should be impressed upon everyone that individuality is an asset, not a defect. People should be made to think for themselves instead of always following the crowd in thinking and actions.

The process of developing our minds as individuals instead of part of a whole, calls for a complete revisal of our society. This, I know, cannot be achieved overnight, but we can all take part in this undertaking. We must try, within ourself, to place values on the right things.

Placing values on the right things will not only help us to see what we want more clearly but will also achieve the more important task. It will help our posterity not to be such a "Good-Time Generation" as we have been when we have not made the best possible use of all the opportunities to education that have been handed to us too freely.

Regina Swope

THE GOOD-TIME GENERATION OURS? NO!

It is the opinion of many of the older people that our generation, that is, the teenagers of today, are a good time generation. They believe that we are looking only for pleasure and a good time out of life. They say that we are a group that idolizes pleasure seeking, and that we have no worthwhile aims and ambitions for our lives.

I am of the side which believes that this opinion could not be more wrong. It is true, we are looking for pleasures and good times, but, contrary to the views of older people, we do have very worthwhile goals and ambitions. I think that three of the most important goals to a teenager today are a good home, a comfortable living, and a happy outlook on life. These, to me, are the most important goals to be reached.

It is a good thing to point out to all adults and older people that there has always been a good time generation. This "good time generation" has

always been made up of young people, and, taking for granted that all adults were once young, it is natural to assume that they, too, once belonged to such a generation.

I believe that the adults of today place too much emphasis on early maturation of young people. They expect teenagers to be ready to accept adult responsibilities that they are ready for them. This is good to a point, but when they become too heavy, a teenager is robbed of the most carefree and happy time of his life. A child should learn adult responsibilities, not by having them all put on him at once, but gradually, so that when he comes of age he will be ready to enter the adult world and carry his share of the load.

Also, as to this business of pleasure seeking, I think that everyone should seek pleasure in whatever he is doing. People today place much stress on material things, and they connect material things with a drudge life with no time for pleasure. This, I think, is a most contemptible outlook on life. Material things are important, up to a point. They should not, however dominate men's life, as many seem to think. Material things should be seen only as things to supplement and add to your mental well being and your happiness in life.

Therefore, in summing up, I will concede that we maybe are a good time generation, but no more so than in the past. We will, as past generations have done, accept our responsibilities in life, but we will do so with a better and more happy outlook on life.

Bill Horton

A WAY OF LIFE AND DEATH

"The book was so good. It was sad, but it had such a happy ending." Such is a typical comment of a reader describing almost any book on the best-seller list. People all too frequently read to lose the problems of everyday life. Happy endings, in real life, are the exception rather than the rule. The American way of life, seen as it should be by sharp-witted American authors, is not a series of Cinderella stories but a drama of interacting human relations too complex to have any end at all except death.

Take, for example, "You Were Perfectly Fine." It is a humorous portrayal of the awkward positions in which people sometimes find themselves. It relates on the day after just what did happen the night before. Offering no happy ending, in fact no ending at all, it takes a young man through about three minutes of his life.

"Champion," on the other hand, looks at life as it is lived—not dreamed. The reader is left in a state of suspended animation, waiting for the ax of justice to fall. As it so often happens, justice is left as something relative. People see things as they wish. Crime pays. Finishing "Champion" the reader is incensed, but he is also satisfied for he has been told what he really knew all along.

Boredom is not an escape subject and yet "Profession: Housewife" is interesting and lends insight to what the housewife did before television with its half-hourly soap operas came along. Dorothy Grannis is trapped in the cage she always wanted, "a home of her own." Her story offers no solution other than living life as it comes and be glad it is still coming.

Dressing up the facts of life is like drowning the piece of pie in whipped cream. Life is worth living. You only do it once—and "ain't" you glad!

John Johnson

IS MAN'S RACE TO THE MOON WORTHWHILE? NO.

Man has, ever since the prehistoric days of the cavemen, wanted to go out into space and explore among the stars. The first goal was the moon, perhaps because it seemed to be the largest and closest of the celestial bodies. The moon has always held a fascination for man. Men for centuries have gazed at the moon in wonder and pondered over its mysteries, what it is like on the moon, and especially how to get there. The moon has been used by different civilizations as a measure of time and even as a basis of a primitive type of religion. Thus it is only natural for man to want to reach the moon and explore it to discover its secrets.

Perhaps the most natural reason for man to want to go to the moon is his natural curiosity. Curiosity is one of the basic traits of human nature, and accounts in part for the great intellectual strides man has made in the relatively short time that he has existed. Man has always been exploring new frontiers, both physically, such as exploring the western frontier, and mentally, such as Einstein's relativity theory and Madame Curie's radium experiments. Therefore, today most of the curiosity about the moon is scientific, for today man strives to achieve more and more scientific knowledge. He longs to increase his scientific knowledge about his surroundings and himself.

Although reaching the moon could be a real benefit to mankind, I believe the most pressing reason for reaching the moon to be that of cultural competition. Our culture, that of freedom and peace, competes with the cultures of the world that deny the individual his basic rights. Thus, the system reaching the moon first would be acclaimed by the world to be the system most advanced and would receive a gigantic propaganda victory. Also, the system reaching the moon first could have a strategic position from which to terrorize and dominate the world.

As I said before, reaching the moon would be a real boon to culture and mankind. Man has always sought for new and wonderful things to explore, develop, and exploit, and the moon is a natural goal. The moon has a very great potential for economic wealth and economic development. There are bound to be great amounts of minerals and other natural resources on the moon. These could be exploited very extensively by the nation reaching the moon first and could make that nation very wealthy. Also, the moon could be of great social value if it was well developed and fully utilized. In this field I am referring mainly to the population problem. The world is today becoming seriously over populated. If the moon could be developed correctly, the world's population problem could be relieved by large colonies on the moon, and it could become a "second earth."

Although I believe reaching the moon to be a worthwhile project, there are several reasons against it. I believe that man is not yet socially well developed to attempt such a project. Man has not advanced socially as fast as he has scientifically, and I believe this to be one of the greatest hindrances to the progress of mankind. The main objective of the modern man is to outdo the other cultures and show them up. This tends to slow down the scientific progress of the world, because instead of all mankind working together and pooling their knowledge each culture is working against the other.

Therefore, in summing up, I would say that, while reaching the moon is a worthwhile project, it is too early and that man is not socially and scientifically well enough advanced to comprehend this project as it should be.

Bill Horton

IS THE RACE TO THE MOON WORTHWHILE? YES.

It seems as if everyone is looking up toward the moon these days, and I doubt if all these people are lovers seeing the moon through rose-colored glasses. Indeed, most scientists are looking at it through "telescopic glasses." It is undoubtedly the chief point of interest to all the nations of the world at the present time and especially to the people of the United States.

For many years proud Americans have fought openly and vigorously for freedom. They have shouted it, sung it, and preserved it in every form! They built the most powerful nation in the world from a few small colonies scattered on the mosquito-infested shores of the United States. They demanded independence from the mother country and developed their own ideals of a government by the people and for the people.

Many threats to our country have arisen in the past years but I doubt if any threat has ever been as great as the one we are now facing with communist Russia. Man has always had the urge to explore the unknown and to learn what he does not know. This urge and the desire of communist leaders to control the world has led to the exploration of space.

Russia's aim is to be the dominant force on earth, and she has scored high in scientific achievements in the last ten years. It is obvious that Russia is determined to get man into space, and to get him there as fast as possible. It is also obvious that the moon is her main objective. The steady progression of Russian experiments show us this—from Sputnik to hitting the moon, to photographing the moon's far side, to the extensive space tests with animals.

Now, the questions come to mind, "Why does Russia want to go to the moon? Why does the United States have to go to the moon just because Russia is going to go?" The reasons are obvious. Who ever controls the moon will control the earth because they can control the earth from the moon. This is why the U. S. has to put a man on the moon, if for no other reason than to keep Russia from getting control of it.

It would take quite a few years for man to learn how to live on the moon with the elements found there. Water, oxygen and other life substances would have to be broken down or chemically changed before they could be used un harmfully by people from earth. But once this was accomplished the real experiments would begin.

Missile bases would be established, or planted in craters, on the far side of the moon. These bases would never be seen from earth, they could never be observed and any type of experiments could be performed there unknown to the rest of the world. Neither could they be destroyed as spotted targets from earth-based attackers. Even if there were a missile exchange between earth and moon forces, lunar missiles would have the advantage of time and accuracy, and of direct guidance systems that are already in existence.

Since the moon's escape velocity is lower than the earth's, a missile

leaving the moon would use less pull in blast-off, and could use it to increase travel speed. Even with today's rocket engines, a team on the moon could send a missile to the earth in less than two days.

To prove further that the earth will be a "sitting duck," for whoever controls the moon, the earth can be completely observed from the moon. Everything as wide as one-hundred feet across can be seen from the moon. Airplanes, ship locations, test fields, factories and cities would all be a "bird's eye view." We all know what this means.

Of course it will be perhaps years before any nation could develop all the facilities required to turn the moon into a giant testing field but it can be done. And the nation that does it will be the dominant force on earth.

So, if the United States can put a man on the moon, it will not only mean world prestige, but perhaps survival, also.

Caroln Jo Lacy

THE WORSHIP OF FRIVOLITY

Let us consider the worship of frivolity as a cult, one that has been gathering members for years, and will probably continue to gather them for many more to come. The people with the greatest advantages in the cult are the wealthy. The poor are in the less advantageous position. However both of these classes possess one great desire: to live a life of unimaginable pleasures and frivolities.

The first of the "rich and frivolous," in my estimation, were the Romans. As their great empire dissolved under them, they ate, drank, danced, sang, and lived a life of continuous lost week-ends. They died with their bellies full, yet with their mouths opened, seeking more. Comparable to them are the "rich and frivolous" of modern times, who use their immense riches to produce their pleasures, placing their values along the same value scale as the Romans.

Now the "poor and frivolous" leads a rough existence. He finds himself with the tastes of a rich man, but minus his capital. As he squanders his money on desires, his life dissipates, for he cannot replenish his health and needs as does the rich man. Consequently, this man usually develops into the true "poor and frivolous man," the moribund bowery bum.

These worshippers of frivolity usually develop an unscrupulous character, which seeks nothing but its immediate pleasures. Anything that does not constitute a pleasure is cast aside as unworthy of their time and effort. This is frivolity at its extremes, but it is a code of living adopted by some people. The results are not necessarily so drastic as to lead to the downfall of an empire, or perhaps even the death of the moral life of a human being. But surely no fair wind is blown toward modern day society by such a frivolity as the worship of frivolity.

Michael A. Fletcher

SUPERSTITIONS: THEIR MEANING TO HUCK AND JIM

Too often people think of superstition as something which belongs to past ages. Superstition still lives, just as it has from the beginning of civilization. It is one of the most stubborn barriers to a growth of reasoning intelligence.

It is difficult to say just what superstition really means. It might be called a belief, usually born of fear, which is contrary to reason and cannot be proved by experience.

Throughout the book of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," many superstitions are used. Everytime some bad luck occurs to Jim and Huck, they can trace it back to some superstitious happening. If no bad luck charm or sign of bad luck had occurred, the bad luck would still probably have happened to them, but they did not realize this.

Some believe that demons, witches, goblins, and other spirits of the supernatural world still exist. Jim and Huck believed that ghosts and witches really existed. When Jim saw Huck for the first time, after he was believed to be dead, he thought Huck was a ghost and had come back to haunt him. Tom Sawyer thought Huck was a ghost, too, when he saw him for the first time.

"To spill salt at the table will bring bad luck, unless you pick up a pinch between the finger and thumb and throw it behind you over your left shoulder," is a common superstition that Jim and Huck believed. This is, of course, one of the most prevalent superstitions of today. Even those persons who laugh at superstition will seldom upset salt without throwing a pinch over their shoulder.

Huck's pap warned him that a new moon seen over the right shoulder is lucky, but unlucky if seen over the left shoulder.

If a member of the family dies, the bees in their hives must be told, or they will die, or go away. Telling the bees of death was (and, still is, in some remote areas) a most elaborate ceremonial. The procedures were that as soon as the master or mistress had taken his last breath, a member of the household visited the hives, and bending over them said, three times, "Little brownie, little brownie, your mistress is dead." Silence was then observed for a few minutes. If the bees then began to hum, it was a sign that they consented to remain under the new owner. Jim told Huck about this superstition.

Huck thought that if he would nail a horseshoe up over the door, it would keep off the bad luck after he had killed the spider. This belief in the luck of the horseshoe is still one of the most prevalent in the country today. Jim believed that people with much hair on their arms, hands, or chest would at some future time gain wealth. Jim really did gain wealth at the end of the story. He might not have gained great wealth in the form of money, but he gained his freedom and that meant more to him than the forty dollars.

The Negro that guarded Jim when he was captured was very superstitious. Superstition dominated his life. One might say that superstition made a fool of him. He let superstition run away with his senses. He could not face reality.

If there was no superstition in the novel, Huck and Jim's adventures would not have been as exciting. Mark Twain probably included a lot of

ridiculous superstitions in his story as a satire, but nevertheless, the superstitions made the story more interesting.

Carolyn Sparks

RELIGION IN HUCKLEBERRY FINN

In *Huckleberry Finn*, Mark Twain points out that most people are a little hypocritical about their religion but pretty good folks anyway.

Miss Watson's religion was very similar to her outward appearance. Huck's description was, "Her sister, Miss Watson, a tolerable slim old maid, with goggles on . . ." Miss Watson's religion was slim or just for the few. It was dry and serious and even her idea of Heaven was so dry that Huck said, "Well, I couldn't see no advantage in going where she was going, so I made up my mind I wouldn't try for it. "Her whole religion was gloomy and dry and pinched and stuffy. Also, she emphasized the negative side and her plan for reaching Heaven was mainly a list of taboos. Mark Twain must have had her personality in mind when he described her physical characteristics.

The Widow Douglas' religion was cheerful but a little impractical. Huck's idea of her Heaven was ". . . a poor chap would stand considerable show with the widow's Providence . . ." She studied the Bible which Huck thought a lot of nonsense because those people were all dead and gone anyway. However, she lived very close to what she read. While this may have made her outlook too otherworldly, she was a kind and gentle person. A weakness in her religion was that she tried to bend it a little to fit herself as Huck showed in her condemnation of smoking while taking snuff herself.

The Grangerfords and Shepherdsons were shown to be very hypocritical in their religion, it being an hour a week affair. However, underneath, the Grangerfords were shown as very warm and human people except for their feud. They were probably supposed to be the idealized "average" people of the period. No one would really expect an "average" family to adopt a strange boy. They took Huck in and made him one of their family. Twain's play on the religiosity of hogs versus humans was pretty weak, being obvious and overdrawn. The Grangerfords' fault was like many people's in that they had neatly compartmented their religion on Sunday morning and felt free to follow their own aims the rest of the week. Here, we might ask of Twain if he were still alive, "What does he want?" He makes fun of the Widow Douglas for too otherworldly an attitude and then bitterly hits the Grangerfords' for one-day-a-week religion.

Interesting contrasts can be drawn between Sinclair Lewis' book, *Elmer Gantry*, about a hypocritical revivalist, and the camp-meeting scene in *Huck Finn*. In *Elmer Gantry*, the revivalist is shown as a completely grasping individual and the people as having average intelligence but being preyed upon by him. In the camp-meeting scene it is the people who are belittled for their pretense of being religious, while they are at the revival for every other reason but to worship God. Also, we laugh at them rather than sympathize with them for being so gullible as to fall for the king's wild tale. In *Gantry*, the reader is left sick of revivalists and doubting human goodness while in *Huck Finn* he is left thinking, "How can anybody be so stupid?"

Huck's religion was very unique in the novel and probably expressed Clemens' ideal of a religion fitted for everyday life with beliefs matched to practices. Clemens has an advantage in that if we complain that anything is wrong with Huck religiously, he is already protected by the fact that he's a boy so he can't be expected to be perfect. Huck decided early in the book that he wasn't interested in formal religion. This has certainly been worn out since then, for how many times have we seen the moralist with a shadowy, gentle religion shown to be superior to the person with a definite, dogmatic belief? How many times have we read where a character says, "I don't have any particular religion, I just have a feeling in the infinite goodness of the universe and feel Someone bigger than me made all of this." It would be as unfair to blame Twain, though, as it would be to jail the government engraver whose work is counterfitted and hence lowered in value.

Anyway, Huck finds himself unable to avoid moral issues; and although he says he is going all bad, we feel more and more as the book goes on that he is making the right choices. Many times we see his conscience lead him to do the hard right instead of the easy wrong. His alliance with Jim is the first of these decisions. Another was saving the thieves from the wreck. The most important was his choice to save the three orphan girls' money and thereby endanger his own life.

Throughout the book Clemens pokes fun at peoples' religion, though usually not bitterly. He seems to say it is the weak spot in most people, but their consciences' make them pretty fair.

Harvey Newell Grannis, Jr.

AUTOMATION AND ITS CONNOTATIONS

The world is experiencing a new era in scientific advancement.

A big reason for this, possibly the most important, is the introduction of automation.

It is this scientific achievement which has brought about a drastic change in the lives of millions of people. And it is this same accomplishment which will continue to play such an important role in the future of the world

Automation, as defined in Webster's *New World Dictionary*, is "a system or method of manufacturing, in which many or all of the processes of production, movement, and inspection of parts and materials are automatically performed or controlled by self-operating machinery, electronic devices, etc." However, this word takes on much connotative significance among the people of the world.

At one time, automation was almost wholly denotative. But, the sudden realization of what this could connote personally, to a vast number of individuals, has brought about a completely controversial outlook on this situation. To America as a whole, in general connotation, automation is a part of the "New Frontier" which President John F. Kennedy spoke of so frequently in his campaign. This is the new era, another advancement in the "Jet Age." Each day, as we pick up the newspaper, we see headlines depicting more great advances in automation. A great example of this is

the recent orbital flight by the United States. Although this took many great minds to accomplish, without the use of automation, the flight would have been almost impossible.

The manufacturer has his own connotation for the word automation. To him it means the ultimate in profit. Automation is naturally less expensive. To be able to hire one man to do the work of hundreds is the significant achievement in his field. To be able to push a button and accomplish so many things means a great deal to him. It is quicker and possibly even more accurate. For this man, the executive, it brings about still another era, that being one of even greater profit-making. Hence, automation, to the manufacturer, in a very concise connotation, means quicker, easier, and even more important, less expensive production of material goods. This is the personal significance automation connotes to him.

But let us look at still another, and equally important connotation of this word, this being that of the common laborer—the man who works for these same manufacturers. He must face the harsh reality that some day the important contribution he is now making, may be replaced by a machine. According to statistics released by *Time Magazine*, over 300,000 men have lost employment because of automation. These jobs were lost in the steel and automotive empires alone. To know that many years of hard training, that many years of devoted work on his job may all be washed down the drain, must truly be a tremendous blow.

At the present, he is working, in most cases, to support his wife and children. His devotion to his work has been a great asset to his company. Yet, someday, possibly very soon, he must go out again, unemployed, seeking a job elsewhere, after being specialized in one specific field for the greater part of his adult life. To this man, the average worker, the laborer, automation connotes one thing—the end—death to a once secure life, possibly poverty.

Yet, there is nothing that can be done to prevent such a thing. Automation has made its advancements and will continue to do so until it becomes the framework of the world. We of the free world are stymied. This word denotes great advancement, yet connotes possible depression, poverty, and unhappiness. However rewarding automation may be to our country or the world in manufacturing advancement, it still brings heartache to the so-called common man through its ever-present connotative significance.

In order to receive a more well-rounded view of its connotative powers, I took a small survey among students on Morehead State College campus. The general opinion was that automation is very important, and, a more or less "necessary evil" for the welfare of the world. One individual was asked his views on the subject and he said, "It is important to the United States in order to maintain a foothold on world power." Here then, is still another connotative significance; this concerns world supremacy. On the other hand, there was the skeptical connotation. One person said it signifies only one thing. . . . "Laziness." "People today are looking for a quicker, easier way of doing things. . . . automation introduces this way out." To be able to push a button and take the place of a complete assem-

bly line, means relaxation while doing a tremendous job. Yet it does mean a more specialized person.

Still another personal connotation came from a girl whose father works in a mill in Pennsylvania. This word scared her. She said it meant the possible loss of job for his father; therefore, the loss of education for her.

To pick up a newspaper and read, "Complete automation takes over in Ford Motor plant," would connote to any individual "Pity for those who must lose their job because of this push-button era." Yet, it connotes quicker assembly, better cars, a new advancement.

Personally, this word connotes but one thing, if it can be considered connotation, for it could very easily take the denotative view. This was my view before writing the article, and it remains my view after seeing both sides. Automation means progress.

In the preceeding paragraphs, an attempt has been made to give several connotations to the word automation, both generally and personally.

Generally, to America, it means advancement in many necessary fields. To the manufacturer it means a new life of profit and advancement. To the common laborer, it connotes the end of a way of life. To the world, it holds the future. To me, it means progress, which we cannot and should not obstruct.

One denotation . . . many connotations: this is automation.

Dave Vance