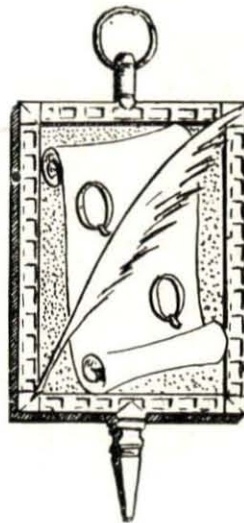


# QUILL AND QUAIR



**Morehead State Teachers College**  
**Morehead, Kentucky**

**Vol. VIII**

**May, 1942**

**No. 3**

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MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY  
MOREHEAD, KENTUCKY.

# YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're  
flying Uncle Sam's  
bombers across  
the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (*second from left, above*) says: "I found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (*nearest camera*), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

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in the smoke*

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Winston-Salem, North Carolina

IN MY NEW  
DEFENSE JOB, LESS  
NICOTINE IN THE  
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT  
TO ME. I STICK  
TO CAMELS



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The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!



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OUR MILK!"

# QUILL and QUAIR

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## Can You Read Faces?

Ruth Steele

The greatest advantage in having a railroad conductor for a Dad is that I can travel. I seldom take a long trip, for the C. & O. has not yet come to the place where it is willing to pay hotel bills. But short trips can be a lot of fun. The Ashland-Lexington local, for example—try it some Saturday morning. I warn you, the scenery is pitiful. Lonely cows, stumpy hillsides and an occasional farm. Your eyes will probably turn to your fellow-travelers, and if you are anything like me you will covertly give them the once-over, you will wonder where they are going and why. You will wonder what their homes are like.

It was Saturday morning and the train was that same local, a very obliging train. It would stop for anyone at the wave of a hand. Every few hundred feet it ground to a stop to pick up passengers—sturdy, hard-worked passengers from the seed-bed of the nation. Many were carrying baskets and grotesque packages. Several were carrying blanket-wrapped babies and leading small children. Rural America was going to town.

Their faces were like open books. In them I could read of poverty and hard work, of a life of subsistence and of simple pleasures. Muddy shoes and denim, unrouged cheeks and smooth hair but verified the story told in their faces. And the train had stopped again, this time at Gran station.

Here a queer little woman entered the car. Uncertainty marked her steps, and as the train started with a jerk, she sat down suddenly on the nearest seat. She sat there anxiously erect, fingering her purse. The young soldier who sat facing her squirmed uncomfortably under her steady gaze and finally moved to the other end of the car. She settled back a little then, still fingering her purse nervously. She reminded me of the little old women we read about in the fairy tales, the ones who wore long black dresses, white aprons, and on their heads duster-caps. Of course she did not have on a white apron, but I could easily imagine one beneath her voluminous black coat. And her headpiece—it was a hood, a youngster's parka hood. Framing her aged face, it was tied securely beneath her chin with bits of yellow ribbon. It gave her the appearance of a wise old owl in a night-cap.

I studied her. I wondered where she was going. She did not appear to



be enjoying the trip, and from the way she doled out her pennies for her ticket, I knew that there must be some crisis in her life. Maybe her daughter was ailing, or having a baby, or even dying. Maybe a son was about to lose his farm and she was carrying him her life's savings. In the little old woman's face I read worry and anxiety. And the train pulled itself slowly along, up a hill and down, then to a stop.

A big, burly fellow clambered aboard. His newspaper-wrapped package he handled with care. He hugged it to himself as the train started. Something for which he has been saving a long time, I thought. He staggered down the aisle of the swaying coach. But he did not get past the little old woman. She looked up at him, her face beaming.

"Howdy, John," she cried; "how's yer folks?"

John steadied himself and answered, "Just fine, ma'am, but where you goin' anyhow, Missus Parsons?"

Now, I thought, I shall find I was right, that her face was an open book telling a story of anxiety and worry.

She chuckled. "John, didn't you know that Missus Jarvis' people over at Rush has just killed a heifer? I'm going over to eat a mess of beef. I git so tired of eatin' chicken."

John chuckled with her. "Got a right purty piece of beef here myself," he answered, and patted his precious package.

## Star

Opal Lytton

The first point of light in the fading west,  
It seems I only have to reach up my hand  
To pluck you from the pale sky;  
Yet I know you are far beyond me in empty space.

Brighter you grow, as a dawning dream,  
Calming the soul as you gaze down  
Forever unchanged on a changing world.

You look down, unmoved, from your lofty height;  
You see war and terror and death,  
And it moves you not.  
You cannot change or fall or fail—you are just there.

Sad and bitter eyes look up to you from war-torn lands,  
As I from this peaceful hill.  
Perhaps you give them courage and hope  
As you help me now.

## The Usual

Dorothy Simmons

The buzz of conversation filled the classroom. Not the usual kind you expected a group of students to be interested in before the last bell; not football, basketball or what was first on the hit parade, but serious talk about Einstein and his theory on relativity.

"If two systems are in relative motion with a uniform linear velocity —," singsonged a dark haired boy in bright plaid shirt and rainbow socks.

"Now you shut up, Raymond Wilson," snapped Gracie, emphasizing this with a stamp of her foot and flash of challenging green eyes. "Anybody can read it."

" . . . it is impossible for observers in either systemouch!"

The disturbance died a natural death. The others, who almost any other day would have welcomed the fight, today ignored it. A few were not taking part but were poring over textbooks, scanning passages rapidly, and hesitating at bold type, italics, underlining, and checks. Had you stepped inside, a stranger, you might have thought, "Ah, this must be an exceptional class, an "A" group—and so interested in their work."

At this instant an elderly man, slight and stoop-shouldered, stepped inside. Was he impressed by the scene? He stood for a moment on the threshold, eyeing the group through thick metal-encircled spectacles, without a change in expression. There was an ominous silence, followed by directions to close books and change seats, so as not to be so close together.

"Was the test to be today?" squeaked a little boy in front.

"But, Mr. Johnson, all the teachers are giving us tests today," complained the girl behind him.

"Couldn't we review today and take the test Friday?" This from another section of the room.

No, this was no unusual class.

## Victory

David O. Johnson

**V**alor extraordinary,  
**I**ngenuity unmatched,  
**C**ourage unconquerable,  
**T**act remarkable,  
**O**bedience ever  
**R**eville always—  
**Y**ankees forever!

In connection with the Kentucky Sesquicentennial, various colleges have conducted essay contests. The following is Morehead's first prize essay:

## Mammoth Cave

Loena Fyffe

Kentucky is the greatest cave region in the world. Six thousand of the eight thousand square miles of the cave region are in this State. Innumerable sink holes and caverns are known to exist in this area. Mammoth Cave, whose opening is in Edmonson County is the largest subterranean cavern known and one of the seven wonders of the world.

Discovered over a hundred years ago, it was bought by McLean with a tract of two hundred acres around its mouth at forty dollars per acre in 1811. Later it was bought by Gratz and Wilkins of Philadelphia, who made a fortune from mining saltpeter, used in gunpowder in the War of 1812. Near the main entrance can still be seen the ruts made by the wheels of the oxcarts and also may be seen the vats in which the leaching was done.

During the War of 1812 England placed a rigid embargo on all shipping to the United States. The American force suffered severe shortage of gunpowder because they were cut off from all supplies of saltpeter.

Mammoth Cave had a large deposit of nitrous earth. From this thousands of pounds of saltpeter were extracted and hauled to Philadelphia by oxcart and pack-mule or in barges to New Orleans.

The nitrates came from two sources, from water charged with nitrogen compounds which drained into the cave and from the nitrification of bat guano. Roads were built into the cave so that oxcarts could be used in the gathering of the dirt. Imprints of the oxen hoofs can still be seen in the cave floor.

Men built the large leaching vats into which the nitrous earth was dumped. This was saturated with water brought into the cave through the pipe line made of hollowed-out logs. These still are in a well-preserved state in the cave.

The solution of nitrates leached from this earth drained into wooden troughs. Small logs split in halves, grooved and placed in two layers, formed the drainage system. The solution from the troughs flowed by gravity into a large trough. A large wooden pump then raised it into an elevated tank near the ceiling. From here it flowed by gravity to the entrance through another wooden pipe line.

Here on the surface the solution was boiled and run through hoppers of wood ashes. Then it was boiled a second time and cooled in wooden troughs, the result being saltpeter.

This cave earth contained about four pounds of nitrate per bushel. It



cost about four cents per pound to make saltpeter from the cave earth and ashes, and the selling price was twenty-five cents per pound.

This work was carried on by fifty-odd workmen for a period of five years.

In 1816 a Mr. Moore of Philadelphia purchased the cave and later sold it to Mr. Gatewood, the first owner to exhibit it. By 1837 Frank Gorin owned the cave and directed the noted guides Bransford and Bishop in leading tourists through its dark, spooky passages. In 1837 it was bought by Dr. John Croghan, of Louisville, who spent much money in exploring, developing, and advertising it. In 1849, he willed the property, two thousand acres of land, to his nieces and nephews, the last of whom died in 1926. The Mammoth Cave National Park Association immediately took steps to acquire it and seventy thousand acres of land around it for a national park. A bill sponsored by Mr. Thatcher of Louisville was passed by Congress providing the necessary legislation. To get the funds for the first payment a state-wide drive was launched. In 1930, the Legislature of Kentucky passed the Strange-McBrayer bill, which diverted eight and one-half percent of the state tax now going into the road fund into a fund to purchase and turn over to the Federal Government the land needed to establish the Mammoth Cave National Park.

Architects under the supervision of the Government have planned a landscaping project of the entire area which is now being carried out by the Civilian Conservation Corps, which has four camps within the National Park Area. Some of this work has been bridle paths, foot trails and fifty-nine miles of park roads. A bathing beach attracts many of the tourists each year.

The old hotel of a century ago was burned during World War One. It was built of hand-hewn logs along two sides of the woodland which sheltered it, the first section being built in 1812 to take care of the saltpeter workers. As necessity demanded other log cabins were added. The long rows were connected with six hundred feet of covered verandas sixteen feet wide. Finally, a large central building was necessary, and with its handsome pillars, elegant parlors, large dining room, and famous ballroom thirty by ninety feet, it attracted many of the beauties of the South. The social life in the Cave Hotel under the management of Frank Gorin was famous in the Southland.

Two modern hotels, a coffee shop, and thirty-odd new cabins of two hundred to be constructed now serve the Cave and Park visitors. The sixty-five rooms of the Mammoth Cave Hotel are equipped with modern conveniences, are newly decorated and up-to-date in every way. The spacious lobby, containing a new, huge stone fireplace matches the comfort and luxury to be found in the hotel rooms. On the first floor is a large souvenir room. Operating in connection with the hotel is the coffee shop, which enables visitors to purchase meals any time during the day. This is highly

desirable in order that serving of meals may conform with cave trips, which operate each hour of the day with the exception of the de luxe, or all day-trip. The newly constructed cabins are equipped with private baths, hardwood floors, electric lights, and splendid furnishings. They are considered by tourists as the best cabins of the kind in the country.

The newly landscaped grounds around the hotel are free to the visitors, offering recreational facilities such as shuffleboard, croquet, horseshoe pitching, softball, tennis, swimming, horseback riding, hiking, and boating.

Among foremost improvements at the cave is the new amphitheatre located upon the hotel grounds. It is made of logs and will present a typical Kentucky appearance. The seating capacity is about seven hundred persons, and it is used for theatricals, motion pictures, lectures, group meetings, and other forms of entertainment.

The entrance to the cave is one hundred and eighteen feet below the level of the hotel. Going down the rough trail and into the dark opening, the tourist gets the feel of adventure before he enters the cavern when he feels the cool rush of air in his face. As he walks into the black darkness he becomes accustomed to the temperature before passing through the Iron Gate. It never varies from fifty-four degrees Fahrenheit in winter or summer. The even temperature and pure air caused many tubercular patients to move into it and build stone houses there to live in, in their vain search for restored health. They did not consider sunshine as essential as the pure air.

The cave has also probably been used as a burial ground by pre-historical man. While mining saltpeter in 1813, Hyman Gratz found a mummy in a cist grave, sitting upright with her wardrobe and ornaments about her. Her arms were folded on her breast. Two deer skins ornamented with vines and sketched in white were wrapped around her body. A square sheet of the inner bark of the linden tree was over these skins, her red hair was cut short, her teeth were perfect. Her moccasins and cap were made of the same linden bark. For the cap were seven head dresses made of the quills of large birds. Besides the hundreds of strings of beads she had needles of bone and other articles of utility and ornament in the dress.

The tourist gets a thrill as he follows the guide from narrow passageways to enormous vaulted chambers.

One chamber is fifteen hundred feet wide, and one hundred to one hundred twenty-five feet high. Another is four hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and one hundred feet high. About one hundred and fifty miles of passageways are already charted, and the half has never been told.

One of the most beautiful formations in the cave is Martha's Vineyard. Grapevines with their leaves, tendrils, and bunches of grapes hang from arbors, looking very real.



In Flora's Garden, a dream garden two miles long, may be seen helianthus, chrysanthemums, tuberoses, cereus, lilies, pansies, daisies and tulips hanging from the ceiling. These are made up of crystals, shimmering white and in prismatic colors.

The ceiling of the Snowball Room is thickly dotted with white round balls of snowy gypsum.

From Gorin's Dome falls a long alabaster curtain in deep graceful folds.

After the long and interesting walk the tourist nears Echo River with a feeling of relief and rest. Seated in a flat-bottomed boat which will hold twenty persons, he sets his lantern on the bottom of the boat and either listens to the guide or joins the group in a song. The roof varies from five to thirty feet in height. It is two hundred feet wide in some places and so narrow in others that the guide pushes the boat along the walls with his hands.

Some of the other interesting parts of the cave are the Maelstrom, the Bottomless Pit, the Corkscrew, and the Frozen Cascade.

One cannot afford to miss this place of interest. It is of much value as either recreation or education.

## Little Frog . . . Big Pond

Robert Hogge

Percy Marks in his essay, "Advice to Freshmen" very appropriately compares the college boy to a frog in a puddle—and he certainly hits a nail on the head when he says, "Don't try to fill the puddle; try to fill yourself instead."

Having grown up in a college town, I've had chances to see a lot of sad cases where students failed to "fill the puddle." I've seen dozens of freshmen come to town, start into college boasting about their high school records, strutting their intentions of taking college by storm—and then plop right in the middle of the big swim, flat! But even sadder are the cases of freshmen who start out sanely, gain a lot of popularity their first year, win some honors and the admiration of everyone—and then come back for a second year with heads swelled by a first year's success. They really sink in the puddle! I've seen a carnival queen come back and ruin herself the next year by displaying her conceit over her honor, a football man turn into a drunk because his year before's record showed he didn't need to keep training rules; an honor student flunk out in his second year while he rested on his laurels. I think Marks means just such persons as these when he warns freshmen not to try to be big frogs in little ponds.

The following poems were written by members of  
the classes in children's literature:

### **Heigh! Ho! The Snow!**

Mrs. C. J. Carey

Heigh! Ho! Here's the snow!  
We grab a sled and away we go!  
Father to pull and Johnny to push;  
Then down the hill we come with a rush!  
Past the boxwood, fat and white,  
Past flaring trellis, still upright,  
A diamond fan in the flashing light,  
On and on we skim so fast  
We know the way just cannot last!  
When all at once we hit a bump;  
We have no time to try to jump,  
But over and over we all three go  
In one big pile in the deepest snow!  
Hear Father laugh, and Johnny shout  
As we work to get ourselves out,  
With a "Heigh! Ho! for the good, good snow!"  
A "Heigh! Ho! for the snow."

### **The March Wind**

Edward Cline

The March wind now is blowing  
'Round houses and through streets,  
It madly slaps each passing face  
Or anything it meets.

It lifts the kites away up high,  
And sets old leaves a-strolling,  
And tips the old man's hat for him  
And sends it off a-rolling.

I laughed to see the quaint old man,  
There, chasing for his hat;  
But hushed! for my papers, then,  
Were gone this way and that.



## Two Rabbits

Randolph E. George

Oh, once there lived on yonder cliff  
Two rabbits, long and lean, and stiff  
With age, for they, as any hound could tell,  
Could fool the dogs, and do it well  
When it came to giving chase.  
How else could they have lived so long  
That their creaky bones could play a song  
When'er they walked a pace?

But woe is he, and woe is she!  
Their day has come! Their system, see!...  
It failed to work one day...and how!  
So they are in poor Bowser now  
(Except one tooth and three toenails,  
Which clutter up the bloody vales  
From cabbage patch to cliff).

## Maysville

Jack Miller

From the Stevens' front porch, the entire sweep of the river valley could be plainly seen. I paused for several moments to look at this, my future home.

Immediately below, stretching like a thick snake along the river's bank, was Maysville, its red roofs glowing dully in the afternoon sun. Cars and trucks crawled like flies over the skin of the dozing serpent. The slight, indefinable hum of their motors, the small, shrill trumpeting of their horns added to the illusion that the town was really a large insect colony.

Drifting imperceptibly along the flanks of the little city, the river somehow influenced, but in a way didn't fit into, the picture. The sloping Kentucky shore and the level Ohio land would not have fitted had the river not been there to unite them. But while the green hills were softened by a late afternoon haze which turned them a little gray, and the flat farmlands shimmered indistinctly through heat waves, the river was clear-cut and alive. Little waves jumped and sparkled on its surface; the whole length of it moved and glittered like a string of diamonds.

## Miss Ollie

Garnet Kane

Dad always dreaded meeting Miss Ollie at the station. When she wired she was en-route from Dayton, Charleston or other points east or west, he would pace the floor, running his hand through his hair. "She'll die on a train. A woman her age riding around the country on trains," he would say again and again.

I knew he was worrying about what she would be wearing and what modern trends she had picked up during her sojourn in Dayton. Miss Ollie had never let us call her granny and felt insulted if anyone casually mentioned her sixty-eight years.

Dad drove to the station resignedly. Somehow he thought even the Sportsman would be late with Miss Ollie riding it.

We crossed over to Track Four to help her with her luggage. After a long line of passengers had gone by, Miss Ollie bustled off the train, waving good-bye to complete strangers.

Dad raised his hand to his mouth when he saw her hat. It was an Empress Eugenie with a feather trailing down her back half way to her waist.

She pressed over to us, her high heels clicking against the cement. After the kissing was over, Miss Ollie began a play-by-play description of the trip. She loved trains; meeting strangers, eating on diners, made her feel fifty years younger.

Finally we maneuvered her to the car. The front seat of the family car was reserved for Miss Ollie. She perched herself on the edge of the seat and I could hear her fumbling in her red patent leather purse. I glanced up at the mirror and saw dad's mouth gape open. I leaned over to see what had shocked him. Miss Ollie was lightly knocking a cigarette against her knee. I could hardly swallow my laughter. After Miss Ollie first made her declarations of independence from her sons and daughters, dad would cry, "Mother," when she adopted a new custom. He was speechless now.

When Miss Ollie's last child married, she worked out a program of leisure and living for herself. She wrote to each child requisitioning a definite contribution each month to augment her Spanish-American War Widow Pension. If she didn't get the promised amount the fifth of the month she would send out a monthly statement, threatening to retire to the Masonic Home.

Miss Ollie was in rare form today. I could almost hear her sparkle as she noted Dad's reaction. When neither of us spoke, she began her recital of the doings and happenings of the Dayton branch of the family. Dad drove home in second.



## Reverie

Opal Lytton

The tires screeched to a stop at the curb and cold, damp air rushed in as her husband opened the door.

"Be back in a minute, darling," he said, and vanished across the rainy street.

The rain rushed against the closed windows of the car in angry little gusts. The night was black, except for the car lights slashing the darkness and the yellow street-lights, cut across by rain and mirrored in the wet blackness of the pavement. She sat curled in the corner of the deep front seat, watching the water wash down the windshield. The swish of tires on the wet street, the splash of hurrying feet, and the impatient honks were unnoticed and remote, only a background of sound for the beat of the rain on the top of the car.

She snuggled her chin deeper into her warm fur, and, gazing dreamily at the rain sluicing down the windshield-wiper, gave herself up to reverie. The little rush and patter of rain brought back so many things—feelings that were forgotten at all other times.

In her little, low room when she was a child, she had been lulled to sleep many times by the steady, loud rain on the roof. As she grew older, on rainy days she had stolen away from the other children to sit by that little window and munch apples and read or daydream. The rain would beat a tattoo on the roof and stream down the window-pane; and she loved to watch it sweep in sheets over the fields.

There was the first time she was in love, when she and Jim always went driving on rainy nights because they both enjoyed it. In his battered old car they drove through the rain, she, safe and snug in the circle of his arm, her head nestled against his young shoulder. Sometimes they parked in the rain and ate hamburgers and listened to the rain beat in tune to their young dreams.

And there had been times, later, when the days were unbearably lonely, but rainy days were worst of all. Then, she had crept to her retreat under the eaves and read and cried over a bundle of letters. The grey sky wept with her and the gentle rain-tears on the roof eased her heartbreak.

And that day—the day her mother died, and she stood alone by her window—there had been nothing in the world except the rain beating against the glass in utter desolation and grief. She had listened to that sound so often in the city, alone and homesick, and whether in her room or in a crowded street car, she was always assailed by memories.

The door was yanked open suddenly and her husband slid behind the wheel, filling the car with dampness and the present.

## Gossip

Mrs. Rebecca Moore

"Maud, they air goin' to send Hat's ole man up fer killin' that air Keerk boy at that air dance las' fall."

"You don't say. Well I allus hev said I ruther see airy one uv my younguns dead an see 'em hev to go that air pen. It would purt nigh kill airy one uv 'em to hev to stay cooped up in 'at air place."

"Yow, it shore would be hard fer yore younguns to be shet up fer they shore love fun. Is Hat carryin' on much fer her ole man?"

"No, she air as meek as a lamb. She said what's goin' to happen will happen and no use rarin' and blubber'n."

"How many younguns does Hat hev?"

"Well, let me study a minute. Thar air Sam an' John an' Pete with their maw yit. Tom he got drowned larst summer over yander in 'at air dam. An the baby died this spring. Hat says 'twar the colic killed it but 'twarn't the colic. They could a kyored 'at with catnip tea. It jist pined away an died easy like. Then thar war Susie jist comin' fourteen an up an run off with 'at air furriner that tuk up hyar a spell larst fall. Lordy me, pore Hat shore has 'ad a powerful hard time with raisin' younguns an burryin' 'em and worryin' about 'at air no 'count man o' hern. I guess she jist don't hev no more tears to shed. Well, come over an' see me some time, Maud. I have to hurry home and do my work up before dark, fer I'm cl'ar out of lamp oil."

## Settlin' Down

Lavina Waters

Lena finally got married. Went down to some fancy place in Arkansas and spent a honeymoon with that fellow she hooked. Everybody thinks it's a crazy match. Fellow's name's Rogers—he's a farmer lives out here coupla miles east of Modesto, rents the Capman place. Right good farm—pastures more'n a hundred cattle, wins a lot of fair ribbons every year. Well, anyway, you'd a never a thought about Lena picking a man like that, after she's so used to high-class traveling salesmen, and likes to go to dances, and drives a new Buick every year. But she musta been real lonesome since her Mother died; she hasn't been doing near half the crazy things she used to when her Mother was here to get her out of messes. Sure is crazy, a forty-year-old woman doing the things Lena did—running square dances, wrecking cars, mocching meals off'a people! She's got a lot of money—why, she owns every store in the Martin block, got a pile of money in the bank, that swell house and everything. Well, anyway, no one thought much about Lena and Ben Rogers—she's always chasing some fellow—until we got to



seeing his car outside her house every night. And then they got to coming to church together, and to community club, and she even had some of his married daughters in to supper. His first wife died a year ago and he's got five girls all married. You know, they just got to going everywhere together, and Lena didn't even seem at all embarrassed at him being just a plain common farmer in wash pants and shirt, and her with a maid at home and lots of perfume and silk dresses and jewels. Course, she didn't have any room to talk—she's no beauty queen, kinda squashy and getting bald-headed. But you know, she got just real nice, going with him; seemed more normal-like, and quiet, and minded her own business. Folks around town, they joked about it and said he sure must be out after her money, and some of them said she sure must be hard up to settle on a farmer. And then one day Lena called up the Gazette office and told them they could put it in the paper that she and Mr. Rogers were gonna get married, and were taking a trip to Arkansas for it, and she was going to wear pink jersey for her dress. They're aiming to move out on his farm as soon as she gets her house all shut up and the furniture covered over so it won't get dusty. Sure can't feature Lena feeding chickens and washing milk crocks.

### Three Generations

Garnet Kane

Pap leaned back in a cane-bottomed chair. He braced himself against the porch post. Great dreams of smoke poured from his old stone pipe. His peg leg beat a steady tattoo against the porch floor. He kept time to music Davy couldn't hear, the whistle of wind in the sedge grass or a song of hill witches.

Davy sat drawing stories with his big toe in the dust; he sat still, his face streaked with dirt and sweat. It was the first time he noticed Pap didn't have two good legs like other men.

"Pap, where's your other leg?"

"I left my leg at Bull Run, child. With Stonewall Jackson, I left my leg at Bull Run."

"Bull Run, Bull Run;" Davy liked the taste of the words in his mouth. He jumped up and hopped around the yard. "Bull Run, Bull Run, I left my leg at Bull Run."

Pap didn't seem to notice. His eyes wandered up the hillsides. He sucked at his pipestem. He took the pipe from his mouth and knocked the clay bowl against the post. "Who's that comin' yonder, Davy? My eyesight ain't what it once was." A man was turning off the state road and starting up the hollow. He walked with long strides and soon would be close enough to be recognized.

"Davy, it's your Paw. Home from the war," Pap raised himself on his crutch. "Run meet him."

Davy was shy. He didn't remember the tall man coming up the path. The sleeve cuff of the comer's shirt was pinned to the shoulder.

Pap and the man shook hands and the man had touseled Davy's hair and said, "So this is Davy."

The man and Pap talked about a man named Wilson and a place called France. Davy sensed that these names were far away from the hollow.

Twenty-three years later a list of those from Kentucky who were killed in action at Pearl Harbor appeared in the Floyd County Times. The first name was "Anderson, David, Kitty Friend Branch."

## Courage

Lavina Waters

When the men went to tell Mrs. Wiggins that Wattie had been killed by the five-twenty limited they expected she'd go all to pieces and take on a lot—him being her only son and her spoiling him so. But the minute they knocked at the door she came and opened it and said, real calm-like, "Something's happened to my boy, hasn't it?"

And then they told her about him, and how he probably couldn't see because the rain blinded him and that was why he drove the grain truck right onto the track and stopped. She just turned around and picked her coat off a peg behind the kitchen door and said, "Where is he now? I'll go to him."

They tried to get her to stay home and lie down and not go to the undertaking parlor where he was. Wattie had always been so handsome with his shiny, wavy black hair and the prettiest build that ever played on the high school basketball floor, and they were sure his mother might collapse if she saw him all cut up, with half his scalp pushed off, and all bloody, and oats mixed with his hair, and dirty from lying dead in the ditch in the rain so long before the ambulance came.

But Mrs. Wiggins went right to the funeral home, and never wavered once when she looked at him all dead and messy. She said she knew it was her boy by the class ring on his finger, and she wanted to sit there and be with him for awhile, while he was still himself before they fixed him up. And she helped wash the clotty blood off of him, all the time talking soft to him just like he could hear her and she was trying to lull him to sleep. She told him what a fine boy he'd been and how proud she was of him; how that very afternoon she'd been looking at some of his baby clothes and thinking back to when he was just little, and how much she loved him, about how he'd done some things he shouldn't have, but she'd never been disappointed in him; and how she'd do things different, probably, if he could live again.

She talked to that dead boy so sweetly, and so sadly, that everybody in the room sniffed and cried—everybody except Mrs. Wiggins.



## HIGH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTIONS

The following have been chosen for publication from among papers received too late for the regular annual high school number in February. High School English students are again invited to send in, with their teachers' approval, contributions to be considered for publication in February, 1943.

### A Strange Madonna

Mary Elizabeth Kercheval

Ashland High School

Miriam N. Agnew, Teacher

In the red-skied dawn, Madame Marie du Bois stood among the blackened ruins of what had been her home, and looked about her. There were no tears in her eyes—only a look of desolate bewilderment. This was the third time the Nazis had robbed her of her home—first the lovely house near Paris, next the little cottage in Brittany and now her home in the rolling English countryside.

"Where is Rene?" her thoughts wailed. Rene, the slim, laughing-eyed boy who was her husband. Perhaps he was marching through a strange land seeking her or fighting in a Free French regiment. Perhaps—perhaps he was lying in some muck-hole of death at Dunkerque. News had been so scarce, so vague.

Suddenly a faint cry aroused her. The baby! How could she have forgotten him? Marie picked him up from his bed on the bundle of salvaged clothing; murmuring all the foolish, maternal endearments, she held him close—the chubby, dear child Rene had never seen.

With a queer ache in her heart, Marie picked up the bundle and began walking down the road. Soon it was going to rain—that cold rain of late December—and she must find some shelter. "But no charity," she told herself proudly, as a true Frenchwoman should.

\* \* \* \* \*

The men in the regiment of English Tommies looked curiously at their new companion. Queer bloke—Frenchie with a mouth which should have smiled, but which was now tight, strained. They said he'd been at Dunkerque, poor devil.

\* \* \* \* \*

High over the Channel the sharp wings of a Junker JU-52 slit the dark sky. Heinrich von Blum sat tensely by the door, his parachute straps pulling against his quick-drawn breath. Three minutes, two minutes, one minute, five seconds. Now down, down into a Stygian darkness.

Floating in the black emptiness Heinrich saw flashing before him, sharp and detailed, pictures of his whole life. One, clearer than the oth-

ers, came to him—his grandmother, a proud, old-time German who often held him on her knee and told him old legends. One of those haunted him still, in his heart. Of course it was foolish, a product of the old regime and its foolish beliefs. Of course there was no such thing, his common sense told him. Hitler was the true God, the all-powerful chancellor—and yet—that story. An old Von Blum had murdered a man on Christmas Eve and as he stood above his victim a vision of the Virgin Mary appeared to him and struck him dead. The vision had come back to those of the Von Blum family who had erred in the following years.

Heinrich came to himself with a start—only a few hundred feet remained. There, to the right, was a group of buildings from which came a sound of animals. Heinrich thought to himself, "I'll float over the building and throw this grenade; the wind will carry me out of range. Kill their sheep and pigs and let the English starve."

Suddenly a strangled cry came to his throat. There—that vision—a stable with a woman kneeling by a baby in a manger. A voice, soft but incessant came to his ears: "and the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children."

His voice rose to a wailing scream, "Ach, Gott im Himmel! Maria, Gottes Mutter!"

Marie du Bois was happier than she could realize. Here at last, in this beloved England, she, Rene, and their baby had been reunited, last night at twilight, in this barn.

"Rene," she called from the door, "Breakfast's ready." As he came into the stable Marie looked at him sharply.

"What's the matter, mon petit chou? What did you see to make you look so queer?"

"Marie, Ma cherie, don't be afraid but the queerest thing's happened. I found a German parachutist outside."

At her cry of fright he hastened to reassure her.

"Don't be afraid; he's dead. But the queer thing is that there's not a mark on him."

## My Composition

Juanita Clemons

Powell County High School

Florence V. Hall, Teacher

As I sat in English class one Thursday morning, Miss Hall, our English teacher, made the pleasant assignment of a written composition. I had been sitting there thinking about anything and everything but a written composition.

Well, when she made that announcement, I came back to life—but not for very long. The first thing that darted through my mind was my subject. She read a list of suggested topics, but my poor brain had already begun to fall back into its normal resting position, and I just couldn't seem to grab a thing.



I went to history class still in my usual trance. While Mr. Gabbard told us about the way some president was elected, after day dreaming for awhile, I made a very feeble attempt to find a topic on which to write.

I left history class with nothing but my brain still more taxed than ever and went to chapel where I went through untold torture. I guess the poor children did their best, but they shouldn't have prolonged our misery by playing the pieces forever.

There wasn't any use for me to try to concentrate after I had eaten my lunch, so I entered my good old geometry class with my burden resting heavily upon my shoulders. I don't see why one has to prove things that have already been found to be true—especially when one's poor head is buzzing.

Physiology class found me in the same miserable condition. They talked about the use of cosmetics, dyeing hair, and everything else. Now, why didn't I write a few notes and from them write a composition? I guess my poor weary brain must have gone to sleep.

When I finally dragged my weary limbs into Pap's house, I was almost exhausted. I had to eat enough for two persons in my weakened condition, then I felt fifty percent better. I didn't want to disturb the digestion of my food by thinking of unpleasant things. Neither did I want to disturb Dad's temper by bringing home an "F" in English, so here is my feeble attempt to write my composition.

## End Of Day

Cecil Keibler

McKeil High School

Thelma Juergensmeyer, Teacher

As the sun drops o'er the hill  
Leaving the day so dark and still,  
It tells us that it's the end of day  
And another won't come till the dawn of gray.

The rays reflect from the trees  
A story that one never sees  
And shadows fall over little towns;  
This is but one of nature's rounds.

The darkness of dusk creeps into night  
And oh, what artist doesn't love the sight,  
To picture the heavens in all their glory  
And later to paint a wonderful story.

Tomorrow's sunset will soon be past,  
But like this it will always last;  
It may bring happiness or it may bring sorrow,  
But only God knows what will come tomorrow.

Two Poems By Rosa Inez Messer

McKell High School

Thelma Juergensmeyer, Teacher

Mixed Tales

One night around the fire side  
After our chores was done  
Danny turned to his paw  
Who was shinin' up his gun.  
"Come tell us a story, Paw,"  
Quoth little Danny Drew,  
"About the days when you was young  
An' your weddin' clothes was new."

His paw looked 'round an' with a grin  
He started in right there  
To tell about when him an' Bill  
Had gone to catch a bear.  
"Well, me an' Bill we got our dogs,  
'Twas on a Friday morn'.  
We swore we'd come back with a bear  
As shore as we was born.

"It wasn't long before the dogs  
Begin to bark an' bay.  
We followed close behind an' thought  
We'd catch him right away.  
The bear he headed fer a tree,  
A chestnut that war holler;  
Bill spoke up an' said, 'His hide  
Is worth nigh a dollar.'

"Me an' Bill we chopped it down;  
It fell down with a crash.  
The bear who come out at the top,  
His teeth began to gnash.  
The tree was cracked all up the side  
When it begin to fall;  
The bear had put his paw within  
An' couldn't git out a 'tall.



"Me an' Bill we thought an' thought  
An' figured out the facts  
An' finally had to walk five mile  
Before we got an ax.  
We had to have the ax you see  
To chop the bear's paw loose—"  
Then Danny laughed right out an' said  
"Why, Pa, you little goose!

"You said you chopped the tree down  
So you must have had an ax  
Or else you come to wrong conclusions  
When you figured out the facts."  
His pa he looked him up an' down  
An' said, "Why that's a crime;  
The one that I was telling about  
Happened another time."

## Ode To Death

Rosa Inez Messer

You know it makes you shudder  
With a cold and nameless fear  
To think that after you are gone  
The world will still be here.

To think it will not matter  
Whether you live or die  
The world won't long remember  
Even the place you lie.

Someone will fill your place  
After you have gone  
As you once filled another's place  
But the world goes on and on.

The things that you believed in  
The world will soon despise  
They'll laugh and say,  
"How queer things were  
Before they were modernized."

Janice Peters and Jeune Carpenter, two of Miss Lillian Allen's pupils, of the Flemingsburg High School, have composed the words and music of a song which won a cash prize at the State convention of the Beta Club in Louisville early in April. QUILL and QUAIR, though not equipped to print the music, is grateful to the author-composers and to their teacher for this opportunity to publish the lyric.

## Petition

Jeune Carpenter—Janice Peters

Flemingsburg High School

Lillian Allen, Teacher

Let me wander ever free  
From enslaving tyranny  
With sublime liberty  
In Kentucky.  
May brotherhood, eternal good,  
Ne'er forsake Kentucky.  
May America live, may freedom live,  
Forever, forever, forever,  
In Kentucky.

Let me cross thy crystal streams  
To the mountains of my dreams  
Whereon God's wondrous bounty beams.  
Oh, Kentucky,  
May brotherhood eternal good,  
Ne'er forsake Kentucky.  
May America live, may freedom live  
Forever, forever, forever,  
In Kentucky.

Let me kneel humbly at the shrine  
Of this cherished state of mine,  
'Mid the maple, oak, and pine,  
In Kentucky.  
May brotherhood, eternal good,  
Ne'er forsake Kentucky.  
May America live, may freedom live  
Forever, forever, forever,  
In Kentucky.



Two Poems By Charlotte Ruth Winans

Ashland High School

Miriam A. Agnew, Teacher

**A Beauty Secret**

The beauty of a painting is not all the well-etched line,  
The color, or the shading, or all the well spent time.—  
The beauty of a painting is the thought that is entwined,  
And love of work, not genius, is what makes the painting fine!

The beauty of a symphony is not all the lovely theme,  
The harmony, the counterpoint, or style, it seems.—  
The beauty of a symphony is the thought that is outlined  
And love of work, not genius, is what makes the music fine.

So if you're not a genius in the work you do  
Perhaps this "beauty secret" just might help you;  
The beauty of most anything is the thought that is entwined  
And love of work, not genius, is what makes it really fine.

**A Storm**

Today I saw a storm  
With rolling thunder's crash,  
The zig-zagged lightning's flash.  
It made me feel the glory that is God.

Today I saw a storm,  
The peppering, pelting rain.  
The fight, without the gain.  
It made me feel reverence toward my God.

Today I saw a storm,  
And after came the calm,  
The floating sun-set's balm.  
It made me know the kindness of my God.

Today I saw a storm.  
It brought me wondrous peace,  
The knowledge of my lease on life.  
'Twas given me by the being I know is God.

## Yankee Doodle, 1942

Justin Webb

Greenup High School

Jewell Stephenson, Teacher

Yankee Doodles of this war  
On many fronts are fighting;  
Land and sea, and in the air,  
They Freedom's torch are lighting.

### Chorus:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee Doodle, dandy,  
Soon the Rising Sun will set  
If with your gun you're handy.

Sailors on our ships at sea,  
The enemy attacking;  
They are brave and strong of will,  
And courage are not lacking.

Planes are flying over there,  
Their brave attacks repeating;  
Dropping bombs, and sinking ships,  
The Japanese defeating.

Vicious onslaught of the foe,  
MacArthur's men withstanding;  
Holding yet the Philippines,  
Although the foe is landing.

Think of fighters over there,  
And of our flag there waving;  
Living, fighting, then to die,  
Our Liberty now saving.

Rifles, cannon, ships, and planes,  
Our men in shops producing,  
Tide of battle soon will turn,  
The enemy reducing.



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