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Belles Lettres, 1935

Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

BELLES LETTRES

1935

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An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the Canterbury Club of Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College

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FOREWORD

The publication of this little anthology of verse and prose marks the beginning of a student publication devoted exclusively to literary forms of writing. Recognizing the need of a medium of publication for the creative work of the students at Eastern, the Canterbury Club has undertaken the sponsorship of such a periodical. The editorial board recognized that although the volume does not measure up in all respects to what it had hoped to present, all things must have a beginning.

The title "Belles Lettres," under which name the student contributions will appear, is perhaps too ambitious, but it is, after all, an expression of faith in what the anthology will become. It is hoped that with each succeeding year more students will be induced to contribute poetry, short stories, criticism, drama, and all other forms of creative writing. With this hope in mind the editorial board respectfully submits volume I of Belles Lettres.

MA

By Jane Paynter

The Moores had now lived in their little boarded-up home for a long time. Ma remembered when she and Pa had come there; she didn't know exactly how long ago but it had been about twenty years. Cordy, her oldest child, had been married for four years, some people said. Ma thought it must be nice to be learned so a body could count and write. If Ma could have written, she would have written a letter to her home in Tennessee. They would have been so surprised and proud. They wouldn't have been able to read it of course, but they could have shown it to their friends and maybe Daphne, with her high sounding name and high handed ways, would have seen it. Ma wondered how much it would cost to have a letter written. If Pa had only let Tommy go to that school at Pine Fork, he could have written a letter for her, but Pa said that it was a bad thing to let your kids learn more than you yourself knew. Anyway Pa guessed Tommy would get along all right. Why look at Pa. He had come from Tennessee with a wife and a baby without a cent in the world. He didn't have a cent now, but he had a roof over his head and a couple of acres cleared on the mountain side and a mule and some cows besides ten children. He had always managed to feed and clothe them. What more could a man want?

Ma sat musing on a log. She had just finished putting out a big washing and she was tired. Ma began to think about how much work there was to do, and she and Sal worked all the time and still things were dirty. Ma had quit worrying about the dirt a long time ago, since so many children had come along and everything was so crowded. But then, there wasn't anything else to do but work, and it was a good tonic for the worry. Of course, Sal helped, but it was much easier for Ma to go ahead and do it herself. Ma didn't like to tell anyone to do anything; in fact, Ma never did talk much. My goodness, why would people want to listen to her? She never went any place, and she would rather listen to Pa or the boys talk. They got to go and see people, and they went to Carter Creek every two weeks to trade, and there was plenty to listen to when they got back. Of course, Pa and the boys got pretty drunk, but they worked hard and a man wasn't like a woman; they had to have enjoyment ever once in a while.

Ma got plenty of enjoyment in her way. When a revivaling preacher came and held meetings in different peoples' houses, Ma went. It sure was fun to see people and to sing and laugh. You couldn't notice the difference in people's morals a month after the preacher left, so Pa said, but it was lots of fun. Another thing which gave Ma pleasure was going after the cows. No one knew why she liked to go after the cows though. Why, people would have thought her crazy. One day, by chance, Ma went after the cows which had happened to be on top of the mountain, and Ma had seen the prettiest sight. The sun was just going below the mountains and only half of it showed, ad as it disappeared the prettiest colors lighted up the sky; so Ma gradually took over the cows. The pretty colors didn't always come in the sky, but Ma always went in hope that they would be there, and it just seemed that they would be there on her most worrisome days. It sort of lifted the trouble from Ma's shoulders.

They were going to have a big supper tonight because that stuff they drank in town sure made them hungry, and my, my, how they did lose their temper at any old thing.

Jed, one of Ma's sons, could tell of the funniest things in the funniest way. It was funny the way Jed had a knack of talking. He could talk anyone into doing anything. Nance Carter blamed her baby on him, but that was just tommy rot. Everyone knew that Jed would have nothing to do with her. Just because he was the best looking, prettiest talking man in the hollow she blamed him. Phoo!

Now Tommy was quiet; he never said anything; no back sass or grumbling either. He liked the sunsets too. He would go with Ma sometimes after the cows. One time when he went, the pretty colors were in the sky, and he just stood and looked at them. Ma got the cows started home by herself for she knew that he would like to look at the pretty colors. He always noticed a new dress which Ma dyed some pretty color. Whenever he went hunting or berry picking he'd always bring back some pretty leaves or flowers for Ma. Tommy was a good boy. always willing to help. He never got drunk either, he sort of looked after the others. He didn't like that sort of enjoyment.

Ma heard her men folks coming back. Startled, Ma wondered what time it was. The sun was still high in the sky. Ma wondered what the men were carrying between

them. They didn't appear to be happy like they usually were.

Who? Should it be Ted or Tommy, or Pa, perhaps?

Ted dead! Killed by a crazy, drunken fool! Ma guessed she would go after the cows. There ought to be a lot of of bright colors in the sky this evening.

KENTUCKY AUTUMN

By Blanche Wimble

Wild birds crying,
Flying across the moon;
Long night shadows shifting
Through bare black trees,
A burning wood odor
In the still air,
Means autumn in Kentucky.

THREE POEMS

By Kathleen Welch

WANDERLUST

Oh, come my Marilee,
Let us away!
We'll sail the southern sea,
Just o'er the bay;
We'll climb a mountain high;
Find tropic isles;
And walk 'neath bright, blue sky
For miles and miles!

WHY

I don't know why I wept and sighed,
When you went away,
I knew you couldn't always bide
With me, nor always play.

I don't know why I pled with you,
To lengthen my one happy day.
I only know my heart went too,
When you went away.

SORROW

There is a sorrow that's sadder than death,
Tho' sorrier sight there's none,
Than the tall, black hearse and the tolling bell,
That tell of a life that's done.

There's one thing that's sadder than death's
long sleep,
There's no sighing and no mass is said,
For the life that clings on with a sickening beat,
When the soul is already dead.

JOHN HUNT MORGAN

By Grace Schneider

"Morgan, Morgan, the raider,
And Morgan's terrible men—"

"Kentucky Belle" and a grandfather who fought with the Union army gave me the impression that John Hunt Morgan was a horse thief, a traitor to his state, and something of a disgrace to the Confederacy as well. One day when I was browsing around in the Kentucky Room, I picked up a copy of Bennett H. Young's "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle." I was surprised to find Morgan's praises sung in such extravagant phrases as, "In no country, in no war had any leader ever undertaken such hazards or invited such peril. Smashing all military precedents—he was the pioneer and the first cavalryman who had undertaken such marvellous marches or defied the formulas and maxims that military authors had written—"

I thought that the outburst of an extreme partisan spirit, but when I read a message dated July 13, 1862, in which Lincoln referred to Morgan's activities and said to General Halleck way down at Corinth, Mississippi, "They are having a stampede in Kentucky. Please look to it." I began to wonder if there was something more to the man than I had ever suspected.

I looked for Morgan's name in the "Dictionary of American Biography" and found a page or more devoted to his life and his unique methods of warfare. Shaler, who fought on the Union side, accorded Morgan high praise. The historian includes in his "Kentucky" a detailed and admiring account of how Morgan chose by competition a group of fifty of his best pistol shots; how he planned to hurl this band against the flank of the enemy in line of battle. I began to realize that Morgan was no ordinary horse thief. Where did he get the training that made him such a clever strategist?

I turned to Collins to see what he had to say. "The greatest partisan ranger of all American wars . . ." was the way Collins described him.

By this time I was beginning to be keenly interested in the man. Who was he? From where did he come? What training in the arts of war did he have What experience had he had? What were the motives which prompted him to join his fate with that of the Confeder-

acy? What was his version of those raids that I had been taught to regard with contempt?

He was born June first, 1825 at Huntsville, Alabama. His father was a Virginian, and his mother was the daughter of a leading merchant of Lexington, Kentucky. Not much is known of his early manhood. He married a Lexington girl and was engaged in the mercantile business in that city.

His military career began in the Mexican War, where he served as captain in Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment of Kentucky calvary. Bennett Young describes him as proud, spirited, brave, manly, companionable, handsome, six feet tall, erect and graceful.

A few years after the Mexican War he was made first captain of a volunteer infantary company, the Lexington Rifles. This unit later became part of the State Guard, and when, on September twentieth, 1861, Morgan decided to risk his fortunes with the South, he and his men escaped to the Confederate lines. They organized as Company A of Morgan's Squadron, and a few months later were engaged in the "dashing independent service to which their lives were henceforth devoted."

In the "War of the Rebellion" I found some interesting reports written by General Morgan himself. In one addressed to General Cooper of the Southern Army, Morgan explains the objectives of his raids into Kentucky. At that time General Hobson was planning an attack on the old salt works and the lead mines of southwestern Virginia. Morgan had a command of about two thousand men, and with these he planned to "divert the Union Army, destroy the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and also the road between Knoxville and Chatanooga." He entered Kentucky by way of Pound Gap, burned the quartermaster's stores, pushed on to Mount Sterling, where he captured supplies and three hundred and eighty prisoners, moved on to Lexington the next day, burned the government stables, got new horses for his command, burned Cynthiana, took four hundred prisoners there, captured Hobson, three trains, and two thousand Union men whom he was forced to parole. It is significent to note that he closes his report with this statement, "The people (of Kentucky) are ready and anxious to strike for the South if they can be supported."

Young says that Morgan had a "squadron of brave, chivalrous, dashing young men who would follow wherever he led the way and go wherever he told them to go, and

he could use them where in his judgment he could do the most damage to the enemies of the Southland." Morgan used the telegraph extensively to learn the plans and positions of his enemies. Reckless, rash, heedless, it is little wonder that he was able to secure recruits from Kentucky. Kentuckians sympathy with the Southern cause made the State Guard forget their pledge of allegiance to the Union and to take the weapons that the state had just given them and join Morgan's band. His subordinates were nearly all Kentuckians. The prestige of their successes attracted the bravest young men, and for a time the Confederacy was confident of securing the support of the entire state.

Morgan made three raids into Kentucky in 1862. His report shows that in less than a month all told, he traveled over one thousand miles, captured seventeen towns, paroled about twelve hundred regular troops, and lost in the raids only ninety men. Shaler says Morgan's raids had become "as successive as a tertian ague; men counted time from one raid to another."

In July, 1863, he attempted something even more dangerous. At this time the Confederate Army was planning an advance into Pennsylvania and it was necessary to make some diversion in the West. Morgan thought that if he could get some troops north of the Ohio River he might be able to detain a large number of Federal soldiers who would otherwise be used against Lee. He had in his command three thousand men. After a stubborn fight, he captured the garrison at Lebanon, and went north to Brandenburg where he captured two boats which he used to ferry his troops across the river. He moved east following the Ohio, destroying railways as he went. At Corydon and Salem he met and defeated small gatherings of militia. He learned by intercepting telegraph messages that the country was rising against him, and he decided to retreat toward the South. Since Lee had already given up his attack on Pennsylvania, Morgan's presence in Indiana was no longer needed. He tried to cross the river at Louisville and again near Cincinnati but the fords were guarded by Federal gunboats.

Six regiments of Kentucky cavalry were after him, and his position grew more and more dangerous. He swept the country of fresh horses, but could not keep more than a day's march ahead of his pursuers. Every time he tried to cross the river he found the Federal gunboats watching the crossings. His chances to escape were getting fewer

and fewer. Finally he tried to force a passage, but a large part of his command, exhausted from their ride of over eleven hundred miles, was captured.

Morgan and his staff officers were imprisoned in the Ohio penitentiary and treated like convicts, but they soon dug their way out under the walls of their prison and were free. Collins tells us that they were "too polite to part from their host without a farewell word. They left a letter for the warden and enclosed the tally of time and labor:

"Commencement ---------- November 4, 1863
Conclusion ---------- November 20, 1863
No. of hours for labor, per day ---------- three
Tools ---------- two small knives
La patience est amere, mais son fruit est doux.
By order of six honorable Confederates,
Thos. H. Hines, Captain, C. S. A."

It is interesting to know that this same Captain Hines later became chief justice of the Kentucky Court of Appeals. Hines and Morgan went by rail from Dayton to Cincinnati, where they crossed the Ohio in a skiff. They had breakfast at the home of an "enthusiastic lady friend" at Ludlow near Covington, secured fresh horses, and that day rode thirty miles to Union in Boone county. Loyal Southern sympathizers guided them through Gallatin, Owen, Henry, Shelby, Spencer, Nelson, Green and Cumberland counties and they reached Overton county, Tennessee eleven days after their escape from the jail.

Morgan returned to the Confederacy with the firm belief that he had "discovered on the part of the people (of Kentucky) an almost unanimous sentiment of sympathy with our cause, and which promises support to any advance of our troops in the State." Shortly after his return he was placed in charge of Western Virginia and East Tennessee activities. It is rather amusing to read a communication from him to General Cooper in which Morgan asks permission to "rid the country of straggling cavalrymen who are deserters from the Confederate Army and who are harassing the people." Again he shows his military skill, for he suggested that the marauders be dismounted and sent to join a strictly disciplined infantry regiment—by far the worst punishment that corld be administered to a cavalryman.

One blot on the record of General Morgan's career was the robbing of the Mount Sterling bank of some eighty

thousand dollars by the men under his command. In fairness to him, it must be said that he did everything in his power to make restitution, but there seems little doubt that some of his officers as well as his privates mere involved in the disgraceful affair. Morgan wrote to the cashier of the bank for a statement of loss in order that he might return the property if it was found in the possession of any of his men, but he was not able to get much information. Many of his command were in Federal prisons, and those who could have thrown some light on the robbery refused to talk. A number of Morgan's own officers, feeling that their reputations wee at stake, urged a court of inquiry. R. A. Alston wrote, "But for the reckless mismanagement of the expedition which was the result of our unlicensed and thieveing course, we would this day have been in Kentucky with an army of twenty thousand men, and Sherman would have been fleeing before our Army in Georgia."

It was a matter of deep regret to General Morgan that this matter was not cleared up, but on September fourth, 1864, Collins reports: "General John Hunt Morgan is betrayed, then surprised and surrounded at Greenville, Tennessee, by Federal cavalry under General Alvin C. Gillem —one of whom killed him as he was trying to escape, or after his surrender." Basil W. Duke in his "Morgan's Cavalry" says, "His friends have always believed that he was murdered after his surrender. His slayers broke down the paling around the garden in which they killed him, dragged him through, and while he was tossing his arms in his dying agnoies, threw him across a mule, and paraded his body about the town, shouting and screaming in savage exultation, 'Here's your horse thief!'" In this manner he met his death at the hands of ruffians. The body was dragged from the mule and thrown into a muddy ditch where General Gillem said it should "lie and rot like a dog." Afterwards he was persuaded to deliver the body to Adjutant-general Charles A. Witchers, of Covington, Kentucky. Morgan was buried first at Abingdon, then removed to the cemetery at Richmond, Virginia, and later brought back home to Lexington.

Basil Duke pays this tribute, "As kindly and as noble a heart as was ever warmed by the constant presence of generous emotions was stilled by a ruffian's bullet, . . , Every trait of the man we almost worshipped, recollections of incidents which showed his superb nature, crowd now, as they crowded then, upon the mind. When he died the

glory and chivalry seemed gone from the struggle and it became a tedious routine, enjoined and sustained only by pride and duty."

Edward Pollard in "The Lost Cause" says Morgan was "testimony to Kentucky chivalry—the record of a gallant dashing life and a fearless death."

Thus ended the life of a brilliant soldier and one of the most successful commanders that this country has ever produced. His beautiful house at Mill and Second streets, Lexington, is open to an admiring public. There are displayed his flag, his sword, has saddle blanket beautifully embroidered by some enthusiastic young lady of the Bluegrass. Adjoining the spacious entrance hall we can see his office from which his business was transacted in the peaceful days before the War. The caretaker points with pride to some deep scars in the floor of the back hall, and tells how one day Morgan and his beautiful thoroughbred, "Black Bess" dashed into the house to bid farewell to his family and escaped through the paved courtyard without ever bothering to dismount.

In the dim quiet of this fine old mansion which was built more than one hundred and twenty years ago by Morgan's grandfather, John W. Hunt, it is not difficult to imagine the life of those days. Born the eldest son of a well-to-do merchant, joining Marshall's regiment in the Mexican War when he was only twenty-one, serving with distiction, returning to Kentucky to resume his business, marrying a frail but extremely beautiful Lexington girl, caring for her with geatest tenderness throughout a long period of invalidism following the death of their infant son, organizing the Kentucky Rifles, casting his lot with the Confederates, making those wild and dashing raids into his home state, always believing that Kentucky was at heart with the South—John Hunt Morgan was a gallant gentleman, a military wizard, and a true son of Kentucky.

PRIDE

By Elizabeth Collins

Pride—Beauty, courage, ugliness,
Sordidness, power and danger
Compose it.

When beauty and courage,
Pride shows to the world,
The world looks up and admires
Its gay flaunting banners,
Its strong stoic courage,
Its bold, brave air of defiance.

When sordidness, ugliness
Pride shows to the world,
The world hides her head and weeps—
At its ominous ugliness, treacherous sordidness—
Its air of haughty conceit.

When great power and danger,
Pride shows to the world,
Man should look up and pray
That its strong, greedy hold
And its dangerous pomp
Shall never strangle his soul.

Pride—Beauty, courage, ugliness,
Sordidness, power and danger
Compose it.

STACKS

Tall stacks,
Black stacks,
Long, dirty fingers
Reaching into the sky
. . . . Searching for God.

Tall stacks,
Black stacks,
Blaspheming the evening sky.
With inky smoke
. . . . fumes.

—By O. C. G.

MARCH WINDS

By George Anne Graham

Warm me, March Winds,
With your soft hands
Feel my face,
Caress my eyelids.
Warm me, March Winds,
With your soft breath
Brush my hair
Back from my forehead.
Get into my veins,
Course my limbs
And race my blood;
Pulse in my throat
And leap in my body;
Beat at my breast
And leave me panting;
Fill me with life
And love and beauty;
Make me feel young
And strong and glad.
Warm me, March Winds,
For tomorrow
You'll blow cold again—
And I
Shall not be in the mood
For warming.

POEM

By Scott Osborne

The earth is a sentimental sadist,
Weeping the rain for man's plight,
Washing her face in the honest salt of sorrow,
Inarticulately blubbering her sympathy in thunder,
Yet holding man tight like a fly in a trap,
Holding him to cry over him,
Yet hold him, torture him,
And weep—
The earth is a sentimental sadist.

WISHES

By J. Gleneva Sharp

I have wished on the evening star
That looks down from afar—
I have looked at the moon over my shoulder
Wishing for you.

I have heard the wind and waves
In singing violins rejoice—
I have heard orchestras majestic
But not your voice.

I have touched the flowers
Delecate blossoms of the land,
Violet, tulip, roses in the bowers
But not yourh and.

I have kissed the twilight
Its shining feet—loverwise.
I have opened the doors to the dawn
But not your eyes.

I have dreamed the sweetest dreams,
Dreams that love does brew.
I have spoken with fondest hopes
Always of you.

A RAIN-DRENCHED SHRUB

By Blanche Wimble

I'll admit the skies are grey,
The trees lifeless,
And the air damp,
But who could help being happy,
When there are diamonds
Just outside the window,

THE PAST—A SOLILOQUY

By Donald Michelson

Oh wilderness of lonliness,
Oh vast expanse of space,
Oh unknown depths, oh boundlessness,
May I intrude, Your Grace?

Dare I your unknown terrors strip,
Unsift the sands of Time?
Might I exhume the aged crypt,
And from that dust so fine,
Cull out the secrets of the past.
Take from that hoary grime,
The tales of ancient kingdom's fame,
Their splendor, rise, decline?

Of prehistoric life on earth,
Of monsters great and tall;
Of floods, and fire, and ice and dearth,
Of mankind's rise and fall?

But, nay—'tis but soliquy;
A stripling's mad pretense;
A vague attempt at philosophy;
Puerile, dim, nonsense.

IT IS NIGHT IN AMERICA

By Agnes Edmunds

It is night in America,
Silence reigns over the land
A deep, vast silence that engulfs the human heart;
A silence that brings the heart to the breaking point.
Suddenly the wind whispers through the trees—
swish—s-h-h-swish-h-swish,
Then vast silence reigns.

A freight train goes oooh-ooh-ooh-ooh;
A sound which brings that far-away, lonesome feeling.
Then the wind swish, swishes through the trees,
And a great sadness engulfs the human heart.
It is night in America,

THE LACK OF LITERARY APPRECIATION

By Robert H. Rankin

A noted author has said that a nation's intellect is indicated by its literature. America has a literature, yet it is seldom recognized or approached outside academic circles.

A very small percentage of our population constitutes the book-buying public, counting in all the readers of trashy fiction. Mr. W. E. Pearce, for many years manager of the book store at Syracuse University, reports: "As a definite estimate, I should say that three-fourths of our students come from non-book-reading homes."

One of the factors helping to confer on the United States the lowest literary rating among the nations is the postal rates. For instance, the Post Office charges from seven to fourteen cents per pound for delivering literature bound as a book. One pound of the same text published as a newspaper or magazine is delivered for a cent and a half. This postal idiosyncrasy and the growth of advertising have effectively subsidized our periodicals, with the result that our low status in book publishing is somewhat counter-balanced by the fact that we lead the world in the production of magazines.

Unfortunately, the utter insignificance of much magazine literature is obvious, as a survey of any newstand will readily show. It need ot be true that the appreciation of literature be wholly an upper class function.

The modern age apparently wants facts. The upper crust turns more and more to realistic fiction, factual biographies and informative books of uarious kinds, while the lower level craves picture papers and true confession magazines.

The increasing distribution of wealth, the shortening of working hours, and the new freedom of young people, all combine to create a greatly increased desire for leisure time entertainment. I am not wrong, I believe, when I say that a good percent of the American public is obsessed by sport, gin and sex. This pleasure hunger must be turned toward art and lterature.

It is also true that the book reading public is open to the charge of Dimnet that books are read in this country to kill time. "The word read has changed its very meaning. It is mentioned along with smoking and card play-

ing as a semi-physical relaxation. The notion of a definite purpose in giving one's self up to it is excluded. The real purpose hidden under the gregarious act of reading is NOT TO THINK."

The movies are blamed for almost everything, and no doubt they have somewhat lessened the demand for printed entertainment.

In view of the obvious disregard for good literature, it is the charge of teachers in this field to find the basic causes and so handle their courses that these causes be removed.

The English tongue of today is recognized as the richest, most complete, and most varied language in world literature. It is a delicately discriminating instrument of thought. But, as is the case with such complex mechanisms, it is worse than useless in the hands of the ignorant.

DISTANCE

By Mary Ann Patton

By the window I sat
    Last evening.
The Lightning flashed
    In streaks across the sky;
Overhead the thunder boomed;
    The wind blew a spray of rain
Against my face.
    Darkness and dampness were without.

I looked at the lights
    In the distance.
How far away
    They seemed!
How bright they shone
    In the darkness!
You—the light in my life
    Yet how far away!

WASI'S JAM

By Loreen Couchman

Wasi groaned softly and eased himself a little further under the Elderberry Bush. It was a gloriously starlit night, but he did not think about that at all. He was thinking about the time when all the Puckwudgies would be eating jam and he would have to do without. He groaned again. It made him more miserable than his broken ankle, but he couldn't seem to stop thinking about it. The law of the Puckwudgies is that no one shall eat who does not work for it, and it was a good law he thought, but it didn't seem quite right in his case. He had always worked hard helping Oconee hang jam pots high up on the Passion Vines to cook in the sun. Now, just because his foot had slipped, causing him to fall and break his ankle, he would not be able to help again. Among all the Puckwudgies no one liked jam better than Wasi. He thought about it so much he lost all notion of the time. No jam at Jam Time, no jam at Jam Time, no jam at Jam Time. His mind was like a race track with his thoughts galloping round and round in that one circle, until suddenly, hearing the crackle of twigs near by he quickly opened his eyes.

It was Oconee coming. He saw Oconee, but he saw something else beyond him that made his little heart begin to sing, for what he saw gave him new hope. He became so happy he could not hide the light of joy that was shining in his eyes as Oconee walked up to him. Oconee frowned, "I thought your ankle was broken and you felt so miserable. You don't look sick," he said.

"It is broken, and I was miserable, but I just thought of something."

"Well, I hope it is something that will fill your stomach when the jam is ready to eat," was Oconee's retort. However, he didn't remain angry, for the Puckwudgies are very kindly little folk, and Oconee really was sorry Wasi would have no jam to eat with the others. He knew what a lover of jam Wasi was. He remembered too, how Wasi's ankle must hurt. He reached down to slip his arm under little Puckwudgie's shoulder for a support as he got up.

"There now, don't put your weight on your bad foot. I'll help you. We must hurry if we are to get home before it is light."

Wasi looked up. The stars were very pale. They would have to hurry. As he raised himself up with his one good foot and Oconee's help, a sudden pain shot through him, making him shut his eyes tightly to keep from crying out. Now that he was standing it didn't feel quite so bad. Queerly enough his eyes rested on the same thing he had seen before. His heart was singing again now, and did sing all the way home in spite of the frequent pains in his leg.

When they finally reached the Wood Chuck's den in which they lived, Wasi let himself carefully down on the dirt floor and stretched his tired body out. One of the chief Puckwudgies was summoned to examine the ankle. He pulled gently at the foot, twisted it a bit and poked at it thoughtfully. It was very swollen. All the while Wasi gritted his teeth and held tightly to a tree root that made a sort of beam slanting down from the ceiling to the floor. Little chills of pain shot up his back, but he was very brave and moaned not a cry.

The Puckwudgie, when he had finished poking and pulling, said in his most professional voice, "Your ankle is not broken, Wasi. It is only badly sprained. However, you will not be able to help with the jam again this season. I hope you will not mind too much." He was quite surprised to see a quiet smile on Wasi's face as he said a respectful "Yes Sir," and "Thank you."

"You don't seem to mind," said the Chief. "You understand of course that you will not be allowed to eat jam which you have not helped to make?"

Again he received that puzzling, faintly, smiling, "Yes, Sir."

"Well, I hope you have good dreams tonight. Goodbye." If you remember, the Puckwudgies' night is our day and our day is their night, for they sleep in dark holes during the Sun Hours and work and play during the Moon and Star Hours. So when the Chief Puckwudgie bade Wasi good night the sun was just beginning to peep over the rim of the world and shoot its banners of silver and gold across the tree tops.

Wasi said, "Good night," and "Thank you very kindly, Sir," for he was a nice mannered little Puckwudgie, trying always to do the thing that was right and pleasing. Left alone, he yawned and wriggled into a more cozy position. He might have a big surprise for everyone when Jam Time came, was his comforting thought as he drifted dreamily into sleep.

The next morning when the moon and stars began to show faintly in the sky, Oconee came into Wasi's room to see how he was. Wasi wanted a good crutch stick as soon as Oconee could find one, he said, because he had something very important to do. Oconee looked his surprise. He raised his eyebrows and opened his mouth, but shut it again, and went to find the crutch stick, without saying anything. He had expected Wasi to spend the day at home nursing his sore ankle. That Wasi was a hard fellow to understand sometimes, he thought. It he wanted to be mysterious, then, let him. Upon finding a suitable stick he returned with it to Wasi, then left to join the other Puckwudgies at play for a while before going to his jam making. He wondered about Wasi and his very puzzling behavior since he dislocated his ankle.

After a few days of no one seeing Wasi, others began to wonder. They questioned Oconee, but he knew no more than they. Wasi left at early starlight each day and did not return home until the stars began to pale. No one asked him what he was doing, for if he did not tell Oconee, he would certainly not tell anyone else. Finally they forgot about it. He was just being queer, they thought. He must be, because he did not even come out and watch the others play at their games.

When Jam Time arrived he began carrying great sacks full of jam pots down to his room. The other Puckwudgies, seeing him, began to cry after him, "Oh, Wasi is stealing! Wasi is stealing! Wasi is stealing!"

Wasi paid no attention to them, but worked steadily storing the jam pots. After a time the Chief Puckwudgies heard of it and came hurrying to Wasi's den to find out about it. They were so shocked they ran all the way, but before going in they each took a deep breath, stood up in a very dignified attitude, straightened their clothes to hide the recent haste they had been in, and procceeded in a slow and sober procession down into Wasi's den and into his room. The smell of jam greeted their noses like a bouquet of sweet-scented flowers, but such a different smell. It was not at all like that of the jam they were accustomed to. Wasi stood respectfully to one side, waiting for them to speak. The biggest one spoke to him. He cleared his throat first to let Wasi know he was about to speak.

"Wasi, you did not help hang the jam pots on the Passion Vines this season, did you?"

"No, Sir," was the meek reply.

"Then why are you storing jam you did not make? You have taken someone else's jam." He did not like to say to Wasi that he had stolen the jam. That would have sounded so bad.

"No, Sir, that it my jam," answered Wasi. All the Puckwudgies clacked their tongues in quick surprise and shame.

"You see," began Wasi timidly, for he had never before had all the Chief Puckwudgies visit him at one time, so he was not quite certain how he should begin.

"You see, Sir, I hated to think that I would have no jam at all, so I thought the jam might cook all right if I hung it on the Mandrake flower stems instead of the Passion Vines as the Puckwudgie custom is. I would not tell anyone what I was doing because I was afraid it would not cook right. It is so much shadier under the Mandrakes. It doesn't taste quite the same, but I think it's better than none. Would you like to taste some of it?"

The Chief Puckwudgies said they would since it smelled rather interesting.

Wasi carefully picked the nicest looking pots out and gave one to each Chief. They tasted and made agreeable smacking noises as they looked up at the ceiling and said, "Hm." Then they tasted again until the pots were entirely empty. The Spokesman, the one who had been talking to Wasi before, peered with his bright dark eyes into the empty jam pot as if he expected to find something more. Then he looked over at Wasi with an appraising look; a very speculative look which seemed to say, "You are a new kind of Puckwudgie; a very original Puckwudgie."

He said, "Wasi, do you know what you have done? Wait, don't answer. I have not finished yet and I dislike to be interrupted. You have something new, something of value. No one has ever thought of making a different kind of jam before, but this jam you have made is even better than the jam we are accustomed to having."

Wasi had given the Chief Puckwudgies the very best he had in the hope that it would please them if possible. This was even better than he had hoped. Maybe they would give him the Black Stripe of Merit on his forehead. Oh! If they only would, he thought. How happy he would be!

The Spokesman continued, "Anyone who does some-

thing that makes people happier deserves a reward."

Wasi's heart began to pound now. He could hear it in his ears.

"I am sure everyone will enjoy having two kinds of jam. After this they can hang some pots on the Passion Vines and some on the Mandrakes. You shall receive the Black Stripe of Merit at the next Council which is the Council of the Red Moon (August). You might bring one of the jam pots along. Goodbye, my young man."

Wasi gulped and made a stiff little bow. "Goodbye, Sir," he said weakly. Then they were gone! As suddenly as that!

Wasi felt that he had been having a very wonderful dream. It was too good to be true. He was still trembling with excitement. He blinked back the tears as he looked at the now wonderful jam pots. For a long time he had been afraid that it might not turn out all right. There would be several Starry Hours before bedtime, but Wasi was so tired and so happy he curled up by his jam pots and went to sleep, to dream about that lovely Black Stripe he was to get at the Council of the Red Moon.

If you have never eaten Pukwudgie jam, you have missed the best kind of jam there is. You may know the two kinds as May Apples (Wasi's Jam) and the May Pops (Puckwudgie Jam), but whatever you call them they are delicious.

POEM

By Blanche Wimble

The moon shines full
As you said it would,
But it looks on a restless earth.
The clouds roll low.
The strong wind blows
And the trees lash to and fro.

When the moon shines like that
The earth should be still
And glow like a happy heart.

But restless nights will always come
To the earth and the heart as well.
Still happiness thrives
In most of our lives
Where faith and contentment dwell.

THREE POEMS BY

CREEDS

How many a man in ages past
Has looked upon this life,
As but a fleeting feverish dream,
The sooner gone for strife.

Then there's the man who spends his time
With prayers and incantations,
To purify him from the grime
And slothful degradations.

This world to him lacks purity,
And so he does prepare
To cleanse himself from worldliness,
To reach that golden stair.

But then there is the fearful one,
He acts the measures well.
False prophets have inured him with
The fear of fire and hell.

Oh, oft with pity have we looked
Upon the wastrel fool,
Whose ravished hulk it but a shell,
From Baccanalle's brief rule.

Too weak to view the blinding light
Of life's relentless gleam,
He flees to artificial glows,
To languish in his dream.

Yet, I shall neither flee from light,
Nor fear the fires of hell,
Nor murmur puritanically,
Nor ask for Death to fell.

But rather shall I strive to make
The present so sublime,
That monuments built by you and me,
Shall stand 'till end of time.

Yes, the present shapes the future.
The Heaven and the hell
Are made upon this very earth
By man and God as well.

DONALD MICHELSON

HER EYES—TO B. D.

Her eyes were of uncertain hue;
Not violet, hazel, gray, or blue.
O deep unfathomable pools serene,
So sombre yet so blythe, oft times it seemed
Those eyes enchanted my very dreams.

But angels came and took those eyes;
Took her, tookl ife, took hope; took skies
That once meant beauty, utter joy;
Alas, the gods did thus employ
Such means to crush my world—Oh sighs
Can ne'er bring back that life, those eyes.

ODE TO FLEETING AUTUMN

The last red leaves of Autumn
Have tumbled to the ground;
Swirling blasts at Aeolian commands
Have swirled them round and round,
'Till they have found their rest
Upon some unknown strand.

And 'eer December's moon has waned,
Before the year is born,
These cloaks of crimson,orange hue
Will lie yet more forlorn;
Dispersed, diffused, and tossed about,
Scattered far and wide.

That mother oak who once so proud
Held up her leafy hands,
Now ravished and bare, denuded.
A skeleton she stands;
With wasted arms uplifted,
A wistful supplicant.

But did not the gentle poet,
Sweet Ariel remind,
In spite of Winter's cruelty,
"Can Spring be far behind?"

FLOWERS AND GEMS

By J. Gleneva Sharp

Rose—love I send you.
Heliotrope—devotion.
Similax—constancy,
This is my emotion.

Garnet—fidelity.
Pearl—pure and innocent.
Bloodstone—steadfast affection.
All these are reminiscent.

You sent them back to me,
'Twas freedom you wanted most,
I bought myself an opal,
'Twas all I could boast.

DEATH

By C. E. Lanham

Death, so mysterious and calm,
Its stillness, coolness, and its balm,
Not any man on earth can say
When he will meet this fatal day.

Death is serene, cool and quiet.
It comes as steadily as the night.
It takes away the ones we love
To the gleaming stars, high up above.

We sometimes wonder about it all,
When from this earth we chance to fall,
What's in the abyss, the dark unknown,
Where we will reap what we have sown.

Time goes on, and we grow old.
Many people reach their goals,
Many of them are go beteweens,
Amount to nothing, so it seems.

We wonder about things we do not know,
About the earth, the rain and snow.
We gaze at wonders from afar,
And meditate what's beyond the bar.

WINTER VERSUS WINTER

By Exie Mae Skaggs

Blackness, grayness, whiteness
Countervail earth and sky
Blankets of white, white snow
That is cold, cold
With the penetrating chill of winter.

Swaying gently from trees
Icicles crystal clear,
Clinging and trembling, they
Too are cold, cold
With the penetrating chill of winter.

The earth, frosty, frigid,
Its chill will go away;
But ice in hearts and souls
Just stays and stays
And grows colder every day.

FUTILITY

By Mary Ann Patton

Tired moments are precious moments
When you are near.
The crowd is there—
The dissatisfied, jostling, hurring crowd,
The strained, forlorn, care-worn crowd.
But I only know I'm not in that crowd
When I'm with you.

But you shall soon be gone;
Then I shall join that weary
Struggling, weary, hurrying crowd,
The dissatisfied, weary, hurrying crowd,
The strained, forlorn, care-worn crowd,
That throngs the street
And looks and buys
And buys and looks
And goes on and on and on.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE ANSWERS

By Scott Osborne

I am content to be content with me;
No use have I or mine for missionary zeal
That saves the pagan savage satisfied with life,
Which, after all, is all that we can hope—
No pity nor instruction need I now
.To live a high and lofty life of vanity and pride—
(For that it what their "civilized existence" emans;)
From those to whom my pity would go top
If, in the slow and stolid system of my thought,
I knew (and don't) that it would ease their mad career
Of lifting up to their ideals a most unwilling world
That's satisfied. . . We have our parts to play,
Some "high" some "low," but average in the end;
Let him beware who would the course of She,
Old Nature, change in his inspired conceit.

Why should I think about tomorrow, man?
—Will it not come without my thinking, anyway,
Will full solutions for its problems (mine are few)
And all such things as He sees fit to give?
My dyas of rest Have I, poor pleasure true,
(For I am poor), but they suffice for me.
My flesh inured to pain, my nerves too dead
To sense the sharp, chill sting of winters blast,
We live in peace, my wife, mw progeny, and I;
While you, unless you have your fires, your coats,
Your luxuries of "civilized existence," suffer much.
My teeth grow strong and sharp on cold hard bread
And beans, my sinews show no signs of wear, I have
Life's greatest pleasure seeing green things grow.
What more could soul of man desire
While in the guise of flesh.

But you, O "brother to the angels," what
Is it you show to me, "companion to the clod?"
—The vast turmoil of useless life, the fight
To hold what's had eternal strife;
You worry over great and small alike
Thus cutting short your years and growing gray
And wrinkled as the ape, (to which
You in the post of master, liken me),
You are always in combat with your fellow man;
Or worse, you are a dreamer of ideals,

Creating filmy schemes for men "as they should be,"
And criticizing them if they are not.
—Why should I run about ratlike, to find
My grave alone, and all my runnings come to naught?
And you, my learned critic, will be there with me
To share with me the shelter of a clod.

KEPT TRYST

By Dorothy Lee Denham

I meet myself at the trysting place,
We strolled along hand in hand;
The me that known to me alone
And the me that is known to man.

I've fallen in love with that other self,
She has quiet and peace to give.
I keep a tryst with that other self,
She gives me the strength to live.

STAR MINDED

By Frazier B. Adams

Roll on! Roll on! oh, stars bright,
Guardians of the celestial night.
Sweeping along at terrific speed,
Guided by a Mind supreme indeed.
With gravity you hold your planets tight,
And radiate each with celestial light.
How can things be other than they are?
All's in its place from atom to star.

We mortals on this earth to range,
Are subject ever to death and change.
Millions of stars are out in space,
Ever changing as the human race.
Let us remember in the Creator's plan
That evolution is it, and not the man.
Undeneath the milky-way I sit,
I am honored to be part of it.

Man was made with a questioning mind,
To reject the false for truths sublime;
But what a price we have to pay
If we happen to think beyond our day.
With instruments precisely planned
Nature is yielding her secrets to man.
Let us develop the cosmic sense,
And live our lives without suspense.

THE WEIGHMAN

The shaft mine at Beckley was owned by Theodore Moseley. He was one of the first to gain control of the mining business in the Black River field. He had worked first in an old wagon mine driving the mule trips to the outside, and he knew the coal business from the standpoint of the working man. His gain of wealth had not been a gift so he did not forget the problems of the laborers. The miner's union had been broken up, and many of the coal operators put their own weighmen to work on the scales. This job supposedly was to be filled by honest men; however, many men worked at them without clean reputations. The weighmen determined how much coal was on the cars and since the men were being paid by the ton, their incomes depended on the honesty of the weighmen.

"Old Ted" as the miners called him, left it to the miners in his employ as to who was to be weighman, and they selected Mike Arnette, who had been connected with the mines of that region for several years. Never was a complaint registered by the "leaders" because they trusted Mike Arnett without question, and he in return gave the closest attention to the scales. They were tested, cleaned, and repaired every week so that no error as to pounds could occur.

Mike became attached to the miners and always referred to them as, "My Boys." He, too, was a close friend to Old Ted, and being an honest soul from the start, was an ideal man to weigh the coal.

In those days the methods of safe mining were very crude, but what was known about safety and first aid was strictly enforced by Old Ted. He had the lives of his men at heart and wanted as much happiness for them as he could possibly bring about. When a man was found violating a safety rule, he was suspended from work for a period of time, and consequently the accidents due to cerelessness were relatively few. The miners used carbide lamps which gave a good light but were dangerous because of the open flame. The modern safety lamp had not yet appeared, neither had the lead insulated trolly wheel. These now are the two main agents to prevent explosions. Much gas, dust and various kinds of explosions wer prevalent then and resulted in a great loss of life and much suffering.

About ten o'clock one December morning the alarm bells began to ring; every person in the mining camp knew that an explosion had occurred. Shrieks and screams of the women told that many men were at work and many would not return. Black smoke belched from the mine shaft and told a story that no one who is acquainted with the mines needs to hear. A pocket of natural gas had been struck, and after it had been ignited by some miner's lamp it became a rolling ball of fire, getting bigger and bigger as it gathered the fine particles of coal dust, which are as inflamable as gun powder and twice as strong in the explosive form. The flames tore out of the room, down the entry, and through the main line, carrying death and destruction of a burning hell with it. Like all explosions it sought the nearest outlet, that being the mine shaft. As it went out the shaft, the cable that was used to let the cage down was burned with such intense heat that it broke When the explosion was over there settled throughout the mines the poisonous gas, carbon-monoxide. Nothing could live down there long. The gases would soon diffuse through every section of the mines and slowly kill all life which remained.. The big fans that ventilated the mine were unable to function because the first impact of the explosion tore the trolley lines down, cutting off the electrical current. The men under the ground were trapped and could not get out or help themselves very much.

Safety gangs soon gathered at the top of the shaft, having with them gas masks and first aid kits, but they were helpless because the cage could not be raised and that was the only way the crew could get to the bottom as a group. The cries of the women and children gradually developed into wails like those of hysteric madmen; it was a job to keep back the women, who were fighting to get to the shaft, where they might try to get into the mines in an effort to find their loved ones. They were too excited to realize the danger. Had they gotten near the shaft without wearing a gas mask, they would have immediately been killed by the gases.

When the state men arrived they said that no one would be able to enter the mine for days, because to enter was impossible; the cage could not be repaired under present conditions.

Mike Arnett and Old Ted watched the sight; their faces were firmly set. If only someone would go down and tie the cable many lives could be saved. Mike could

stand it no longer; he thought of his friends who were in the death trap, the wives and children of these men, and of his own love for them. He knew that something had to be done quickly. He put on his gas mask, tied a rope around himself and gave orders to be lowered. Slowly he went down, down, into the pitch black shaft, where not even a light would burn. The safety crew watched in cold silence; they wondered how a man could dare to risk his life in that place where the odds were so great. Another explosion could happen since fire would be scattered to the other places that had been idle and had accumulated large quantities of inflammable gas.

As Mike was going down, he felt along the rope with one hand in order to find the broken section. The hot air and fumes were nearly unbearable; the gas mask forced him to breathe in gasps. The signal rope was jerked; Mike had found the broken section and was calling for the slack so that he could be able to tie the cable; another signal was given and the big drums slowly pulled Mike and the cage to the outside. Mike was unconscious but not seriously injured.

He had helped his boys.

FAME

By Kathleen Welch

The World is glad to kiss the hands,
Which once it trod upon,
It favors not the earlier bans,
Dispelled by fortune's golden wand!

THE HICKORY BARK CRADLE

By Patricia Parsons

Jane twisted the last drop of water from the dish rag, gave it a smart snap to shake out the wrinkles, and spread it over the bottom of the dishpan on the wall. Turning down the wick of the oil lamp, she gave a little puff at the top of the globe which put out the light. The lamp was no longer needed for it was daylight. She looked about the small kitchen with loving eyes. Yes, everything was in place, and clean, clean as only a real mountain woman knows how to clean—scrubbing with hot water and lye soap. She buttoned the kitchen door and hurried into the other room. John was at the gate with the mare. He would be calling in a minute. She went over to the baby's crib and gathered the sleeping child and pink cotton blanket into her arms.

Jane came out the front door with the baby and a basket. She set the basket down on the stone steps and put the baby on the other hip in order to button the door. John watched her from the gate. She had on a calico dress, a faded blue one, which hung limply about her small body. He noticed a slump around her shoulders and heaved a rebellious sigh as he thought of all the work those shoulders endured.

"These here weeds are gittin' bad fer snakes, John. You ought ter take th' time to mow 'em off."

"I know hit, honey, but I cain't seem to git time fer everything. I jist got to git this new ground cleared afore corn hoein' time so's I cain sow my late rye." He held the baby while she climbed upon the mare. Then, she took the basket on her arm and the baby in her lap. John gave the mare a keen slap with his hand, and with a flirt of her tail she hurried across the little branch and started up the road to the field.

John and Jane Gentry were struggling to make a living on this small mountain farm. John had worked hard all winter and spring clearing up a "new ground." Corn hoeing time was at hand, and that would mean work in the fields from morning until night. Today they would finish up the "new ground," burning the piles of stumps and logs, and finishing the grubbing. John would plow it the next day and sow his rye.

As Jane guided the old stumbling mare up the wind-

ing, rocky road, she looked down at the scene below her. It was a beautiful early summer morning. The sun had not yet reached the secluded valley but was shining bright on the tops of the hills. Over her head was the clear, blue sky—as blue and clear as if the angels had washed it clean before the rising of the sun. Clouds of mist, soft and fleecy, floated over the little branch like young lambs grazing in the meadow. The small house squatted like a large bug below her. A few white moving spots were her chickens. She thought of hawks and remembered that she had forgotten to put up a scare-crow. She waved hopefully back to the dew soaked clothes hanging on a line. They would be ironed to-morrow.

In the corners of the old rail fence by the side of the road were silver spider webs, glistening like shining new armor. Across the fence stretched a long field of young corn.

"Ain't hit all pretty?" And John stopped a minute to survey it. "Ready fer hoein' in a day er two. Little woman, in a few more years of hard labor maybe we'll be gittin in a good fix. But I don't mind hard work if I cain turn out sich pretty fields of corn as this 'en. But hit goes aginst my grain to have you workin' so hard."

"Aw, John don't worry about me none. I'm a workin' fer yu' and my baby."She kissed the cheek of the child in her arms. It gazed back at her with wide, absorbing eyes then puckered its lips into a mouthy smile. They looked at each other. Joy, like a golden arrow, pierced the hearts of John and Jane Gentry, leaving them free and happy.

At the top of the cleared ground stood a large tree. They had left it for shade. John skinned a small hickory tree of its bark, thus making an excellent cradle for the baby.

"The little mite cain sleep here under this tree as safe as in his crib at home, cain't he, Jane? Yu've got a grand, new cradle, little mite. Let's don't hear nothin' out of yu' so's me and your mammy cain work!" It amused Jane to see this man of hers tucking their baby into its crude bed.

They rolled the large logs and stumps into convenient piles and set them to burning. Some stumps still clutched the ground, and it took chopping and grubbing to root them out. Ground snakes, slick and shiny black, streaked from their up-rooted nests to other hidings; gray, rusty lizards scaled across the logs as the heat swept up around them; bugs, worms, and ants crawled and squirmed and

chased over the soft brown earth as they were routed from their homes. The sun crept higher and higher, showering down hotter and hotter rays with each little climb. The workers toiled on until, poised in the center of the heavens, it beat down unenduring hunger into their stomachs.

"Yu' go on up now and see to the mite. I'll be up when I finish this here stump." John mopped his sopping face and stood looking a moment at the several piles of burning brush and logs. As Jane neared the shade tree she did not hear the baby.

"He must still be asleep, the blessed child!"

The baby was gone! Was this—yes, it was the right tree. There was the basket with their dinner it it. A wave of sudden fear swept up through her body, closed her heart, squeezing it tight with the pain of it and leaving her paralyzed. She tried to call John, but her voice floated away with the breeze, as inaudible as a voice in a dream. With one mighty tearing effort she screamed and stumbled over to the tree. This sudden movement checked her senses, leaving her calm, and she turned to face John, who was running up the hill.

"Oh, John, the baby's gone."

"Gone?" He stopped. "Gone—God! No." For one breathless instant they looked into each other's eyes—hers bottomless with black misery, his wild with disbelief. With one agonizing wrench he tore his eyes from hers and looked at the place where this morning they had left the baby in its hickory bark cradle. The place was full of the hot noon-day sun. Like a flash it dawned upon him.

"Look! The sun! The cradle curled up in hit and hit rolled down the hill." Jane, looking wildly about her, saw piles and piles of burning heaps below.

"Oh, God," she moaned softy over and over as they frantically searched in the burning heaps. From one pile to another they rushed poking into the blazing coals. No trace—no trace!

"Thank God," they whispered through white lips. The red flames licked the logs and seemed to laugh at their frantic misery. They had come to the last pile.

Suddenly their hearts stood still. Was that a cry? Oh, where—where! Then a wail, thin and piercing, arose from a thicket of black berry vines directly below them. With one leap John was clutching a roll of hickory bark. Catching sight of the pink blanket, he pulled it with both hands. Out rolled the mite, very red and very angry.