

mountaineer's door is not asked to eat and spend the night, he is expected to. If one does not deign to stop the mountaineer is deeply hurt, although lodging such a stranger, he often deprives himself of a bed. As for pay; to mention it is an insult to this man who spent hours growing the food the traveler eats. He expects no pay for his kindness, but he does expect the kindness to be returned if ever the occasion arises. These things are true not only of a few individuals, but of the Kentucky mountaineer as a class.

Thus it is, that while the celebrated hospitality wherein a visitor was given a free hand on a huge plantation has passed with the passing of the plantations, an equally generous hospitality may be found in the poverty-stricken cabin of the Kentucky mountaineer. And, although the mountaineer may not have as much to offer as did the Kentucky colonel, what he does have is given with the same true spirit of old-time Kentucky hospitality.

## The Ups and Downs

Jack Silknitter

Jack as a child spent most of his time in bed: he would no sooner get over one illness than he would contract another one. After having every disease in the category, Jack has enjoyed perfect health since he was nine years of age.

School life seemed impossible to Jack. He wanted the teachers to listen to what he had to say, instead of his listening to what they were trying to teach him. Consequently Jack spent most of his first years of school being punished for what seemed to him, a tragedy. Jack always participated in athletics in the school, or out. He was, and is, a great lover

of sports. Baseball was a favorite diversion from the time he could hold the big bat in his two chubby hands—a favorite school game.

Farm life is about the best way to enjoy nature, Jack early learned. Tramping about the farm with grandpa Holston, nature lent itself admirably to Jack's receptive mind. After spending most of one's life on a farm, it is hard to get used to the atmosphere of the city; therefore Jack has always been partial to the farm. Its perfect freedom hinders not the dreams of his quieter moments. During vacations and weekends he would go to the farm to help his grandpa; doing the chores and necessary lighter work around the farm, for it was only a stone's throw from town to grandpa's farm. Being too small to plow and help with the heavier work, Jack would follow his grandpa for hours when he was plowing. In haying time he always got the job of water boy. Jack had one serious weakness, and that was falling out of the hay-mow, but during all of the "ups" and "downs" Jack enjoyed this open life very greatly.

Since Jack had been able to go about by himself he would generally attend something musical. He and all of his family love music. The music of his home community could be improved upon, greatly; but nevertheless most people enjoy music, even if they are poor judges.

In Brownsburg High School the one idea and the topic of the students' conversation was sport. They thought far more of the man who made the basketball team than of the one who made A's on his report card. Therefore, after the freshman year, Jack thought if the others could breeze through the next three years, he could do the same thing. Owing to this fact his grades for the last three years in high school were not what they should have been.

Jack had always liked music during grade school; hence he joined the high school glee club. This worked out fine for the first two years, but in the junior year he had a battle royal with the music teacher and quit. After this had happened he spent his efforts in making the basketball team, which he finally succeeded in doing.

During the four years of high school there were many social activities in which Jack had a more or less prominent part. He was leader of his class's booster club. This was a class cheering section at the basketball games. Jack had the reputation of being able to make more noise than anyone else in school. These different activities held the class of '34 very close together as a student body and as personal friends. There was not a class in high school that stood together like this one. The faculty of the high school could not break their spell of hilarious spirit in the classroom.

The one thing that has caused Jack to look back on his high school career with a smile is that feeling of undying friendship of the students toward each other. Never in the four years was there friction among the students, although they took many a stand against the faculty to ascertain their rights. Right or wrong they would stick to their argument until the last word was spoken.

Jack has been graduated from Brownsburg High School two years, but he wishes that he were a freshman there now and could live those four years over again. When he stops to realize that his high school career was something that cannot be lived over again, something that cannot be bought or sold, he finds many a tear taking a stroll over his solemn face: many a lump rising in his throat.

After all, he realizes the four years in high school were worth a great

deal to him. Looking backward he says, "Oh, that I were back there again."

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## A Dark Rainy Street

Paul Des Jean

The drip, drip, drip of a steady four-hour rain had transformed the usually busy street into a deserted, silent ribbon; black and glistening, stretching away into the darkness.

Miniature rivers, trickling along the gutters, their progress punctuated by tiny cascades and gurgling rushes over collecting debris, reached a climax in a deep-throated 'slosh' as they poured into the yawning mouths of greedy sewers.

Here and there the ebon monotony of the pavement was broken by sparkling, yellow pools of light, reflections from lighted windows; reflections that seemed alive as they shimmered fitfully under the relentless downpour. Neon tubes cast splotches of vivid red on the shiny surface, while street lamps formed twin rows of illumination that appeared to meet in a hazy rendezvous in the distance.

The rhythmic hum of the rain was interspersed with irregular splashes from the branches overhead. An occasional passing automobile added an eerie whine, as flashing wheels threw out showers of spray on either side. Each motorcar, as it sped by, left telltale imprints of its tires on the wet street, but even these signs of life quickly disappeared as myriads of tiny drops erased them from sight.

On such a night, home, with its windows tinted a roseate hue by the flickering logs on the hearth, is a harbor of perfect peace and contentment to a storm-tossed land lubber.