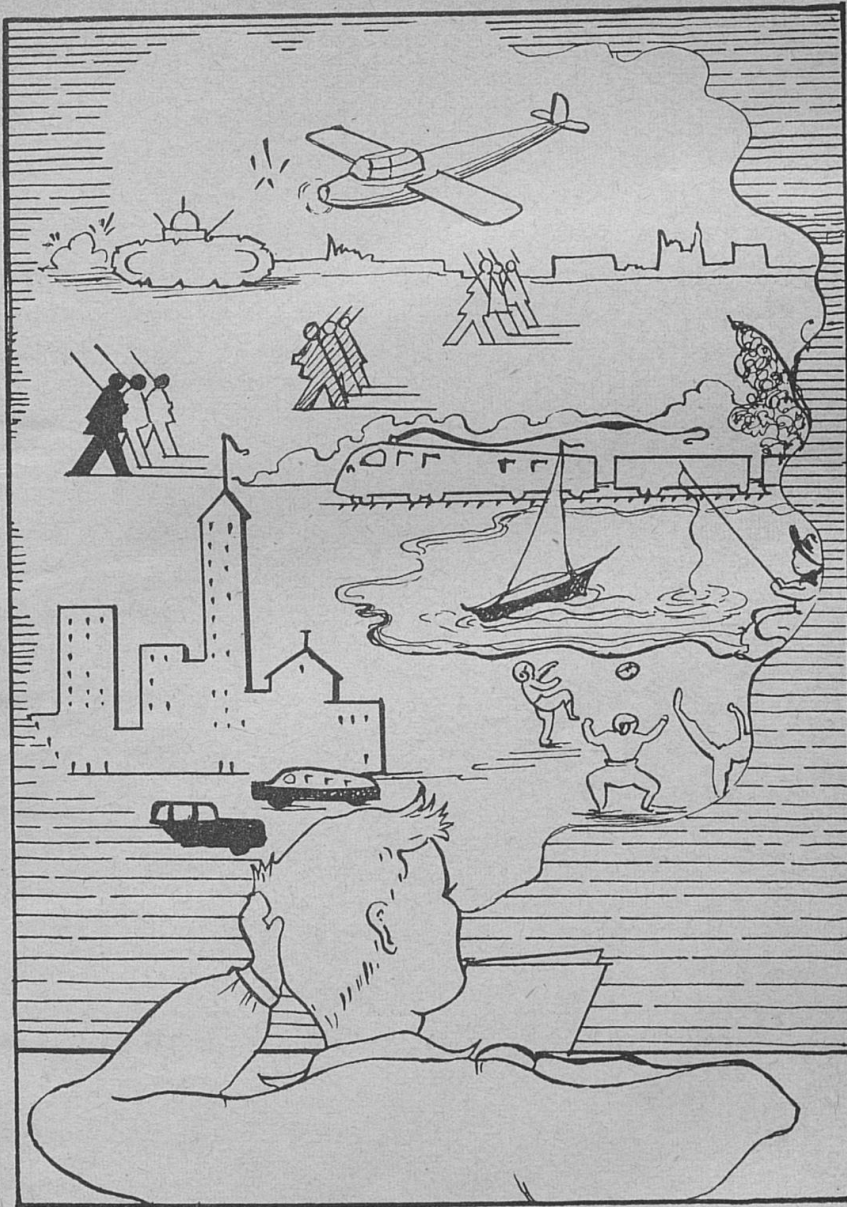


Commonwealth of Kentucky
EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN



“Thoughts Have Wings”

Published by

Ky. **DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION**

BOSWELL B. HODGKIN

Superintendent of Public Instruction

ISSUED MONTHLY

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FOREWORD

This Bulletin is the third edition of "Thoughts Have Wings". The first edition was issued as the January, 1947, Bulletin of the State Department of Education. The second edition was a mimeographed publication, released through the State Department of Education in April, 1948. The first two editions contained examples of creative writings in verse and prose done by boys and girls in grades 1 through 12. This, the third edition, contains poetry written and illustrated by Kentucky teachers.

I trust that this publication will be received with enthusiasm by all of the teachers in Kentucky who are in position to develop love and appreciation of poetry in the minds and hearts of the boys and girls in our schools, and to encourage creative talent in this field.

Gratitude is expressed to the teachers who cooperated with the committee by sharing their writings with all who may read this Bulletin.

Genuine appreciation is extended to the following special committee for the preparation of this unique and creative piece of work:

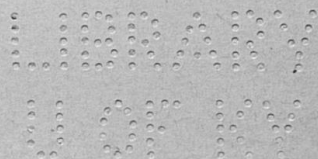
Miss Rubie Smith, Chairman	-----	Murray State College
Miss Martha Shipman	-----	University High School
Miss Claudia Payne	-----	Supervisor, Ft. Thomas Schools
Miss Louise Combs	-----	State Department of Education

Appreciation is also expressed to every contributor to the Appendices, a significant part of this Bulletin.

Plans are underway to use these three editions of "Thoughts Have Wings" as an approach to encouraging all schools of the Commonwealth to place some emphasis throughout the year on reading and writing of poetry and on growth and development of boys and girls through such learning experiences.

Boswell B. Hodgkin
Superintendent Public Instruction

February 7, 1951



Thoughts Have Wings

We are told that within every individual there is a desire to create. This innate creative drive expresses itself in many ways. Sometimes it is with paints, or clay, or charcoal that people express themselves. Sometimes it is with saws and wood working tools. Again, the draftsman's board reveals a design, either simple or intricate. Often it is with words that people paint their thoughts and feelings.

Possibly it is creative teachers who do the most to develop and nurture the innate creativity of children. Unfortunately, it can be teachers who do the most harm to children's creative spirits. Many teachers, who do little writing themselves, free children to write and experience the joy of creating. Some teachers, however, write for the joy of self expression, often joining the children as they write.

This bulletin is made up of poetry written by teachers in Kentucky. Part I contains verse written with no special audience in mind. Part II contains verse written for children. It is with a great deal of enthusiasm that the committee shares with other Kentucky teachers these poems.

The illustrations, creativity through artistic experiences, were done by Claudia Payne, Art Supervisor in Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

Committee,

Rubie E. Smith, Chairman
Murray State College
Murray, Kentucky

Martha Shipman
University School
Lexington, Kentucky

Claudia Payne
Art Supervisor
Fort Thomas, Kentucky

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THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS*

(Cover page and all illustrations by Miss Claudia Payne,
Art Supervisor, Fort Thomas)

* The title used for this bulletin and for the first issue in January, 1947, was created in 1946 by a group of children in the sixth grade of the Murray Training School. Miss Rubie Smith was the teacher.

POETRY*

..... To develop a love for poetry in a child, the teacher must love and appreciate poetry. In the presentation of poetry, the teacher should

1. Love and appreciate good poetry
2. Have a large and varied store of poems at her command
3. Know her poems well, though it is unnecessary to repeat them from memory
4. Have a background of the best in poetry
5. Enunciate well
6. Improve her voice if necessary
7. Speak distinctively, making the rhythm felt

No yardstick can measure the poetry age of a child. The teacher must try different poems until most of the children show interest and appreciation. Saturate the children with good poetry. Give new poems, but also repeat often the poems you have read and found enjoyed. If a great deal of the best poetry is well presented at opportune moments, there will be an arousing of an appreciation of and an interest in the best of poetry. It will lay the foundation for a love of the best available poems.*

* From the State Department of Education Bulletin "A Kindergarten Guide", September, 1950—Miss Carolyn Taylor, Louisville, Chairman.

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PART I
TEACHERS WRITE POETRY

Peace

How still the field holds its soft weight of snow!
Even the black water of the pond stands motionless
Slow to reflect the fragile gold of sedge
And the strange whiteness of apple trees
Huddled about its edge.

How still the field holds its soft weight of snow—
Let those who walk across it softly go—
Treasure its quietness—
Talk not at all.
Peace can be shattered
By a loud footfall.

LILLIAN LOWRY

Twilight

Deep burnt orange and lilac purple
Sunset gold and scarlet red,
Powder blue and egg yolk yellow,
Blended softly overhead.

Fading slowly with the sunlight
Dying embers float away,
Throwing kisses with their shadows
Bidding farewell to the day.

Deeper, deeper gray light covers
All the golden gleams of light;
And the deepest shades of blackness
Transform twilight into night.

ERMA CARR LOAR



As Seen by Boone

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"As Seen By Boone . . ."¹

Last night I dreamed that through a silent wood
Whose shadows oft had known some red-skinned band,
A figure trod, in buck and moccasins,
To stand once more atop the Cumberland.

The Bluegrass carpet swept in waves of jade,
The eastern coal fields lent a murky hue,
While far away the northern cities' towers
Were needles stitching stars on skies of blue.

With shaded eyes the well-known figures gazed
And seemed to pierce the shadows of the years.
Beloved Kentuck—how lovely in the mist—
His land of hopes and dreams—of prayers and tears!

There was the home of Foster's glowing dreams,
The poetry in stone at Hodgenville,
Tobacco fields and tasselled golden corn
Which stretched across the vale and O'er the hill.

And as the dawnlight gleamed along the ridge,
It found a figure kneeling in the dew,
And somewhere near, this whisper on the breeze,
"My dreams of you, Kentucky, have all come true!"

ALICE E. KENNELLY

¹ Published in *Bluegrass*, a volume of verse by Miss Kennelly.

Ballet Thought

Swiftly the butterflies
Gather around the phlox,
Skim through the four o'clocks—
Hover and rise.
So, lightly, spirits rise,
Soar with brief happiness
After such loveliness,
Swiftly, like butterflies.

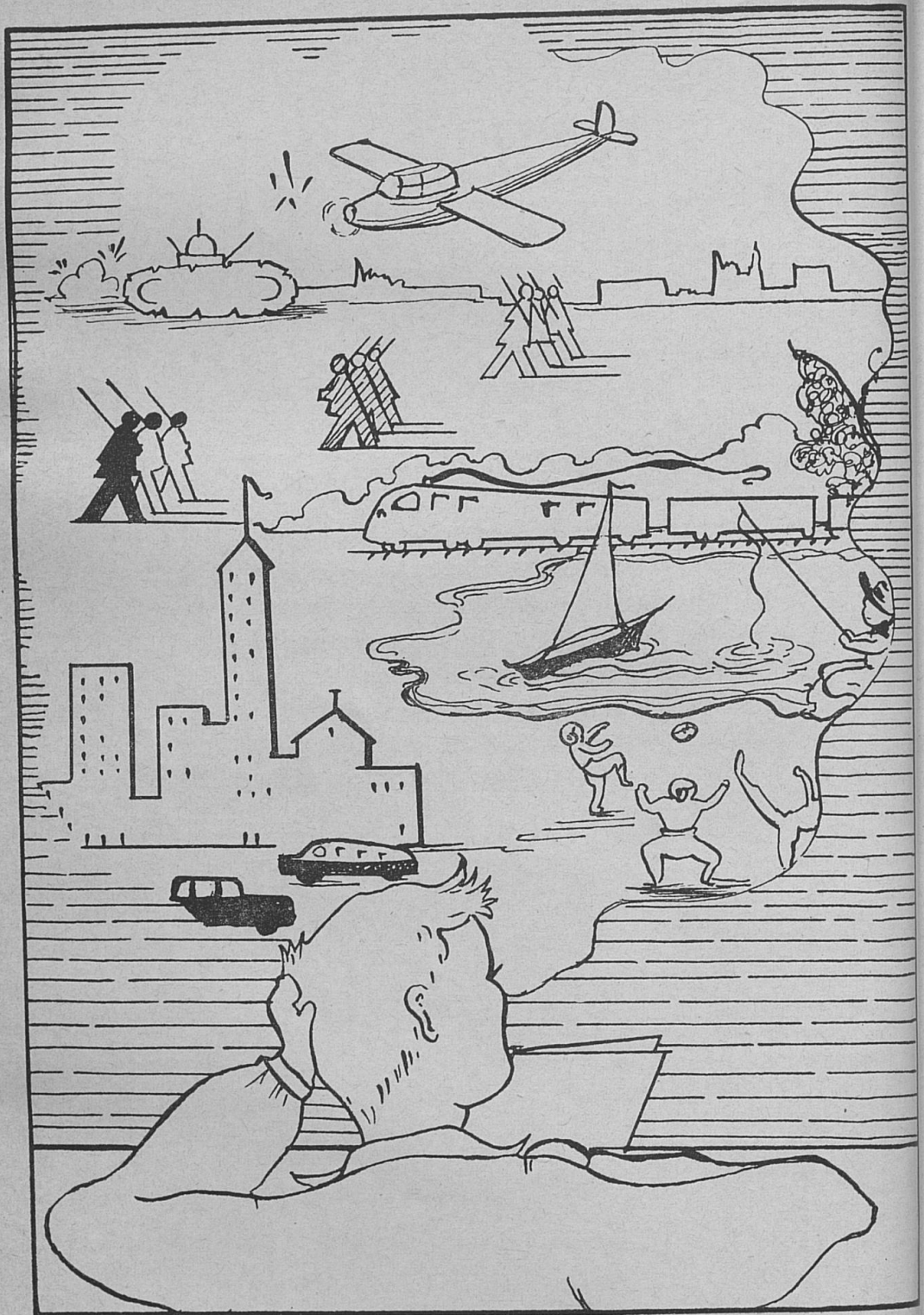
LILLIAN LOWRY.

Behind the Dream³ . . .

I never see a tree bud into leaf,
Or watch a waxen rose unfold to light,
Or feel the wind—a scarf of faint perfume
That steals across the softly scented night,
I never see a bird on homeward wing,
Or catch the fading gleams of sunset's glow,
Without remembering in my heart of hearts
The One whose mighty power hath made it so.

ALICE E. KENNELLY

Published in *Bluegrass*, a volume of verse by Miss Kennelly.



Thoughts Have Wings



Thoughts

Thoughts have wings; they always will—
And they can take us far.
We need not have an airplane or even a motor car,
For though we really are at home,
Our thoughts need not be there.
They have the fun of spreading wings,
And traveling everywhere.

SARA LAND

Spring is hanging out her signs
To advertise her joys
Her hawkers are the blue jays
Who fill the air with noise
The elm tree holds her laces
Spread out against the sky
The bluejays screamed the prices
Come buy! Come buy! Come buy!

LILLIAN LOWERY

Intruder

You have walked a path
That others may not walk;
Have made old words
Take new meanings;
Have smiled and made your way
Into long-deserted halls;
Have laughed, and made them echo
With the sound.
Your eyes have been gay,
Kind, wise.

You have made me laugh
And look into myself,
You have made me cry
And curse you.
You have forced your way

Into my garden
And walked a path
Where others have not been
And will not be.
No other stranger
Will smile his way
Into this heart.

LAURA VIRGINIA ROBERTS

The tree that grows the tallest
Grows the closest to the sky
Sees the first bright ray of morning
Hears the thunder rolling by;

But the tree that grows the shortest
Grows the closest to the earth
Hears the first small crickets calling
Sees the first spring flower at birth.

ERMA CARR LOAR

Snowfall

Outside (I cannot see it but I know)
The snow is falling heavily . . .
Weaving itself into a blanket
To cover my world.
To cleanse my world perhaps?
No, to cover it.
The hillsides, the trees, cease to be bare;
An untended garden—a garbage heap—
Become a frosted wonderland and
A gem-encrusted pyramid.
A squalid cabin
Is the Gingerbread Cottage—sugar coated—
And a poorman's yard or two of lawn
Is sprinkled with diamonds.
The snow falls silently . . .
And covers the ugliness—
It does not cleanse.

LAURA VIRGINIA ROBERTS

What will it be, oh, what will it be?
What did you bring me from over the sea?
A silver trinket, a strange perfume?
Mementoes of Isfahan, Bagdad, Khartoum?
A box, a jewel, a crocodile?
Why—I brought you—
 a golden wait-awhile.

Tell me truly, what did you bring?
A fine, old painting, a golden ring?
A turquoise, blue as the sky at Capri?
Something wonderful—just for me?
Exciting, exotic, sweet as a caress?
Ah—I brought you—
 A silver nothingness.

LILLIAN LOWERY

Purple Blue

You ask me why my lips
Are purple blue today?
You do not know that yesterday
I ran away
And walked through meadows
Wet with dew
Until I found the
Purple blue
Of violets.

And so my lips are
Purple blue today
Because I kissed each tiny one
I found along the way,
And now when I look into your eyes
And smile to you
You know my lips show
Purple blue
Of violets.

ERMA CARR LOAR



Dream Trail

Dream Trail²

"How far away is Heaven?"

I asked a silver star,
He winked at me and whispered,
"From earth—it's very far."

"But how then must I reach it?"

I questioned in dismay,
While he, all twinkling, beckoned,
"Come on, it's up this way."

And so I tiptoed skyward
In shoes of dreamer blue,
And softly kicked a cotton cloud
To see if this were true.

And when it bumped against the moon,
I skipped the Milky Way!
Then I lightly danced from star to star—
Convinced that I should stay.

But as I reached the final step,
Alas, I didn't see
The deep blue pool between the stars—
and splash—Eternity!

ALICE E. KENNELLY

² Published in *Bluegrass*, a volume of verse by Miss Kennelly.

Dawn in the Valley

The dawn flowed out and over me
Before I left the hill
But 'round me in the valley
Darkness sat still—
So still that I stopped walking
Across the valley's cup
And felt the dawn spill over me
While I was looking up.

LILLIAN LOWRY

Rainbow Flowers

The rainbow must have fallen down
And scattered color all around;
For yesterday up in the sky
Rainbow color floated by,
And now today it is not there,
But painted flowers bloom everywhere.

ERMA CARR LOAR

PART II
TEACHERS WRITE VERSE FOR CHILDREN

At the Barbershop

EN
Zip, go the scissors, zip, zip, zip!
Clip, go the clippers, clip, clip, clip!
Down go the curly locks, down, down, down!
'Round goes the barber's chair, 'round, 'round, 'round!

MARGARET MARRS

Little Bird

While sitting in our apple tree
I saw a little bird.
And although he would sing to me
He would not say a word.

I said to him, "How-do-you-do,"
Politely as I could;
But he just chirped and flew away.
I guess he thought he should.

MARGARET MARRS

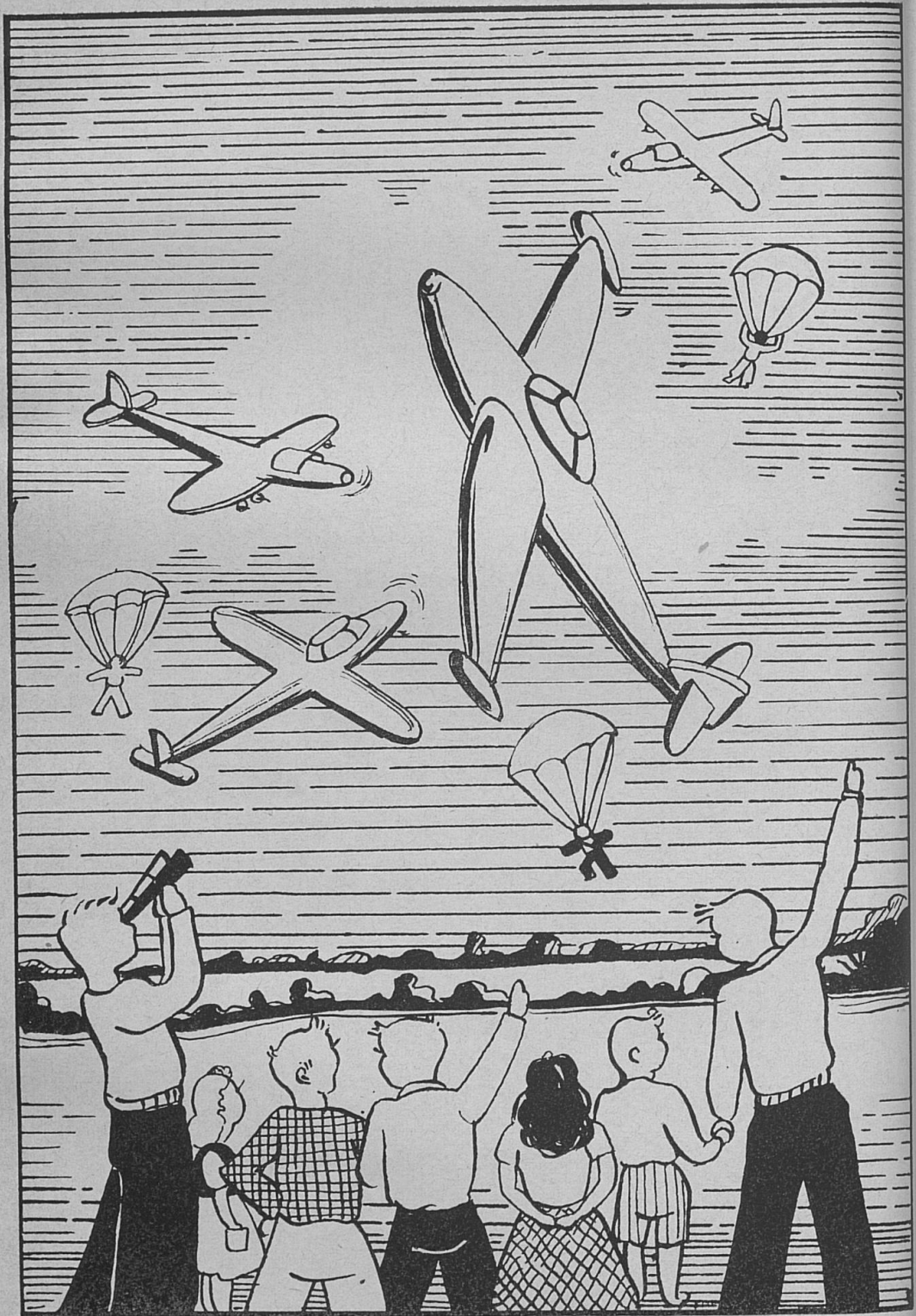
The Yoyo

I like to play with my bright yoyo;
Watch it go high, watch it go low.

I can twirl it and flip it and make it spin—
And I hope in the tournament a prize I'll win.

MARY DAWN WALLING

LARRS



"The Air Show"



The Air Show

It's lots of fun to watch the air show.
I've been many times, did you ever go?

The bombers and jet planes make lots of noise
Buzz, whiz and zoom, go the girls and boys.

It must be fun to fly so high,
To touch the clouds as they go by—

And as they fly low over fields so green
They see the barns and farms so clean.

The rivers must look like a piece of brown thread;
I hope they can see Gramp's tobacco bed—

There's the parachute man getting ready to jump;
If he lands in a haystack he won't get a bump.

The pilots are bringing the planes in to land.
The air show was fun, and so was the band.

MARY DAWN WALLING

Banana

When you peel a banana, just go zip, zip, zip,
But don't step on the peeling or you'll slip, slip, slip.

MARY DAWN WALLING

Corn on the Cob

Corn on the cob is my favorite food.
It's salty and buttery and very good;
It's such a delicious vegetable friend;
Won't you please pass the corn to me again?

It exercises my teeth and my gums, I guess—
But don't you agree, it's an awful mess?

MARY DAWN WALLING

Chocolate Pie

I took some mud and made a pie
Chocolate, you know,
Then took some suds from Mama's wash
To have meringue to go
Upon the top so it would be
Exactly like the ones I see
On pantry shelves.

But when I went to serve it,
Surprises were in store
Because a baby fishing worm
Came tumbling to the floor
And all my friends who were at tea
Got up and ran away from me.

The scary cats!

ERMA CARR LOAR

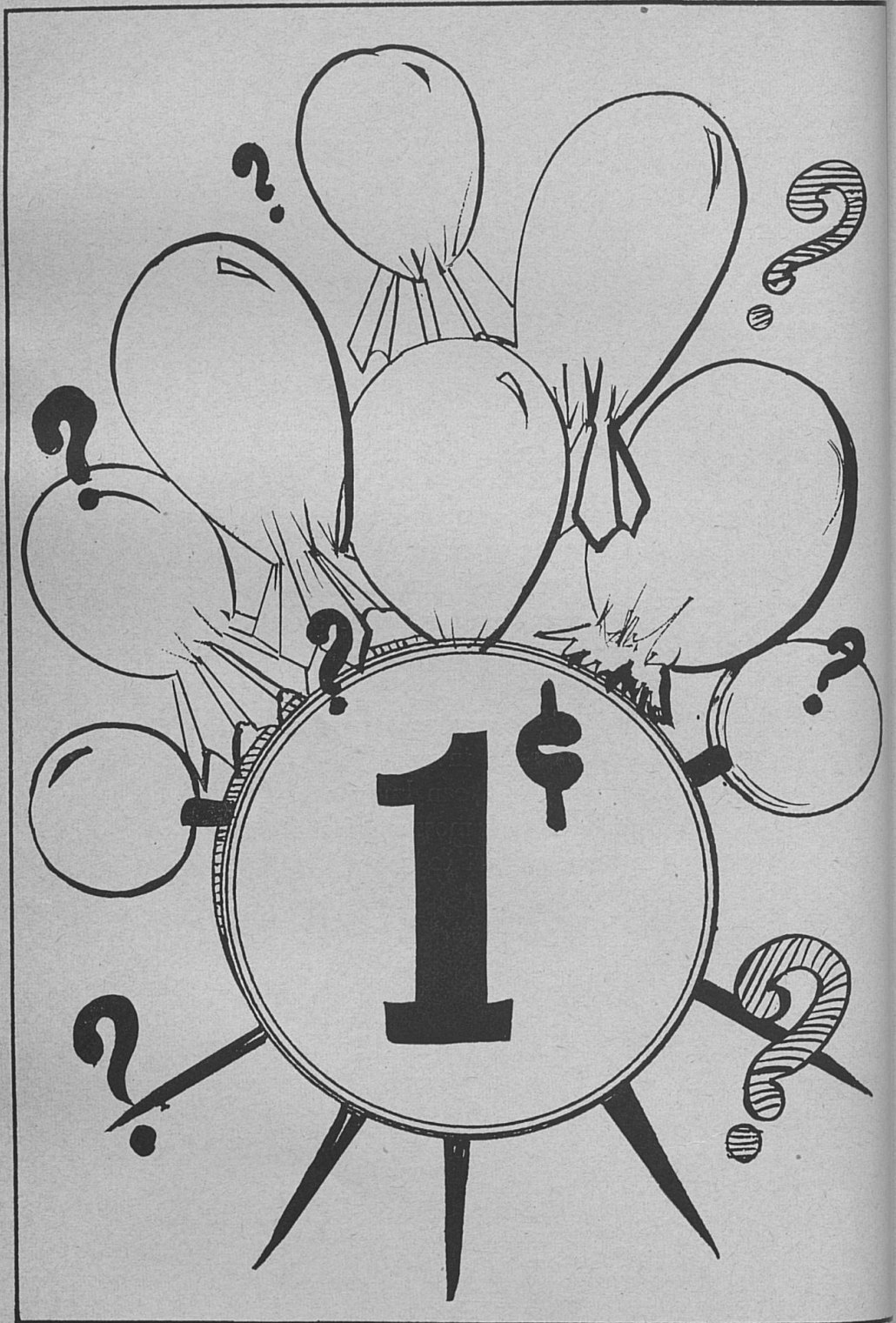
A Telephone for Plants

I wonder if the crocus has
A calendar or chart,
Or else how would she know
When it's time for her to start
Up through the snow?

Someday when I have learned a lot
I think I shall invent
A telephone, so I can know
And hear each message that is sent
When flowers start to grow.

ERMA CARR LOAR

LOAR



"Suckers"



Suckers

Lime ones and lemon,
And red suckers, too,
I've only one penny,
Oh! What will I do?

JUANITA WILFORD

Little Bridges

Thoughts are little bridges
That you cross each day
Whether you're at home or school
Or whether you're at play.

Little thoughts that take you
Away to lands afar;
Then quickly bring you back again
To where you really are.

ERMA CARR LOAR

Christmas

I can hardly wait til Christmas,
With a tree and presents gay.
It makes all folks so happy—
In a special sort of way.

I can hardly wait til Christmas,
With pudding and mince meat pie—
With lights and holly and tinkling bells
And carolers passing by.

Yes, Christmas is my favorite time,
Of all the year most bright.
For along with all the fun we have,
It makes our hearts feel right.

SARA LAND

About the Contributors To Parts I and II

Claudia Payne, the illustrator of this bulletin, is Art Supervisor in Fort Thomas Public Schools. She is a graduate of Eastern State College, and is president of the Kentucky Branch of the Association for Childhood Education.

Lillian Lowry is a supervising teacher in the Murray Training School, Murray, Kentucky. Mrs. Lowry has written many poems. It will be recalled that the poems of her daughter, Ann, were in the first volume of **Thoughts Have Wings**. Mrs. Lowry has published.

Erma Carr Loar teaches Third Grade in the McKinley School, Paducah, Kentucky. Since she was a small child she has written verse. Her poems for children have been written in the last five years. She has published some poems.

Sara Land teaches Second Grade in the John G. Carlisle School, Covington, Kentucky.

Laura Virginia Roberts wrote her verse while attending Eastern State College, Richmond, Kentucky.

Alice E. Kennelly is Dean of Girls at Holmes High School, Covington, Kentucky. She has published a volume of verse called *Bluegrass*. Her poem, "As Seen By Boone. . . ." won the Sesquicentennial Award in Kenton County in 1942.

Juanita Wilford is a senior at Murray State College. She lives in Barlow, Kentucky. Her poem was done during her work as a major in Elementary Education.

Mary Dawn Walling is Third Grade teacher in the Johnson School in Fort Thomas, Kentucky.

Margaret Marrs is Sixth Grade teacher in Covington, Kentucky. Her poems were written while she was studying at the University of Cincinnati.

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APPENDICES

Appendix A—Governor's Proclamation

Appendix B—History of Kentucky Poetry Day

Appendix C—A History of Kentucky Literature Since 1913

Appendix D—Two Poems Contributed by Students

To

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PROCLAMATION
By The
GOVERNOR
Of The
Commonwealth of Kentucky



To All To Whom These Presents Shall Come:

WHEREAS, The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, being gathered in august assemblage, in biennial session of one thousand nine hundred forty-two, and being representative of the citizens of this Commonwealth, did, by resolution, recognize and acknowledge its obligation to stimulate and foster literary development through an instructive program emphasizing the lives and works of Kentucky poets; and,

WHEREAS, this resolution did authorize and direct the Governor to designate, by proclamation, the seventh day of April in each succeeding year as Kentucky Poetry Day, which day shall be to honor and preserve the memory of poets of Kentucky; and,

WHEREAS, it further provides that this day shall be observed with suitable activities by the citizens of the Commonwealth and by the study and special observance of poetry in the public schools of the state according to such program as may be determined by the Superintendent of Public Instruction; and,

WHEREAS, it is the will of the Governor and the Superintendent of Public Instruction to preserve and to perpetuate the name and memory of this proud Commonwealth through the literary achievements of its sons and daughters; and,

WHEREAS, the lingual music and the meditative theoretics, expressed in poetry, serve to inspire the minds and souls of youth to thoughts and deeds of lofty acclaim;

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Lawrence W. Wetherby, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do hereby proclaim the seventh day of April, one thousand nine hundred fifty-one, as

KENTUCKY POETRY DAY

and request all citizens of the Commonwealth to join with the schools in observing through an appropriate program the memory of the leaders who have contributed to the literature and poetry of Kentucky, such program to be developed through the leadership and stimulation of the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Done at Frankfort, Kentucky, this the fifth day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred fifty-one, and in the year of the Commonwealth the one hundred and fifty-ninth.

LAWRENCE W. WETHERBY, Governor

GEORGE GLENN HATCHER, Secretary of State.

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APPENDIX B

KENTUCKY POETRY DAY

History of Kentucky Poetry Day

Kentucky Poetry Day has had a definite place on the State Calendar since 1942, when a resolution, prepared by Mr. Marguerite T. Rosebery of Louisville, establishing a date devoted to Kentucky poets and their poetry, was introduced in the Legislature by Representative Ray Stephenson, passed both houses and was duly signed by Governor Keen Johnson. In the resolution April 7 was designated as Kentucky Poetry Day.

Purpose of Kentucky Poetry Day

1. To give honor and recognition to Kentucky poets
2. To develop greater love, appreciation, and knowledge of Kentucky poets and their writings
3. To encourage creative writing through stimulation and inspiration
4. To promote cultural growth and development.

Kentucky's Poet Laureate

J. T. Cotton Noe is poet laureate of Kentucky.

Dr. Noe who was a great teacher at the University of Kentucky is living now at Beverly Hill, California.

"A Brief Anthology of Kentucky Poetry" compiled by J. T. C. Noe has been published by the University of Kentucky Department of Extension, Lexington, Kentucky.

Influence of Kentucky Background

The following paragraph contributed by Dr. Thomas D. Clark of the University of Kentucky points out that there is much in Kentucky that is indigenous to poetry:

"Kentucky has inspired her poets from the beginning of the white man's history. The natural beauty of the state has ever been an attraction, especially in the changing seasons of spring and fall. The variations of the state's topography has destroyed all geographical monotony. To, the historical development of the region has been of such a rugged nature that the epochal poet has found in the frontier and its pioneers, in its gallant soldiers, and in its folk past the material about which substantial Kentucky poetry has been composed. Kentucky's poets have ever been appreciative of this fact. From the earliest publication of books and newspapers in the state down to the present,

the poet has been inspired to write and publish thoughts of his native land. Out of Kentucky's literary history have come many major poets, and many Kentucky poems are among the best regional compositions in the Nation's literature.

"Few states in the Union have enjoyed the undying loyalty of their sons and daughters as has Kentucky. Though they are far removed from their homes, Kentuckians look back with nostalgia to the days when they lived in so pleasant a land, or they look forward to a day when they may be able to return. It is from this spirit of nostalgia that much of Kentucky's poetry has sprung. Then there is the ever-present spirit of humor and good will which has bubbled over into folk poems of enduring value."

Biographical Sketch of Madison Cawein

The following is an excerpt from a History of Kentucky by Clark:¹

"The most finished poet of the whole Kentucky group was Madison Cawein. Cawein, born in Louisville, March 23, 1865, became one of America's best lyric poets. Born of poor parents, he was forced to leave school at an early age to secure a job in a Louisville gambling house. Having a poet's temperament, Cawein soon failed in business. In 1887 he published his first poems in a small booklet entitled "Blooms of the Berry". With the appearance of his first publication the young Louisville poet attracted the attention of William Dean Howells and Thomas Bailey Aldrich through whose interest he began a long and productive career. Cawein's better known works are "Lyrics and Idylls", "Days and Dreams", "Undertones", "The Vale of Temper", "Kentucky Poems", "So Many Ways", "The Poet", "The Fool and the Faeries", and the "Cup of Comas". Born of a father and mother who spent much time in the woods near Louisville in search of medicinal herbs, Cawein came in close contact with nature. Many critics have said of Cawein that he never got away from his genuinely natural sources."

¹Clark, Thomas D., "History of Kentucky"—page 389, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1937.

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APPENDIX C
A HISTORY OF KENTUCKY LITERATURE
SINCE 1913*

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By John Wilson Townsend
Lexington, Kentucky

Window shopping on Fourth Avenue one night not so long ago, trying hard to stay out of trouble, I ran head on into my old obsession which, to me alone, has always been magnificent: literary Kentucky.

Ever since that day in Lexington thirty-five years ago when my sister came home from Hamilton College with the question: "Has Kentucky produced a poet?" I have known no peace, as, on that occasion, two personalities were born within me. The one eternally chanting: "Go ahead, find the answer for that question"; and the other, the amber light, cautioning: "Don't do that, make money." When I have obeyed the first voice, I have been happy but frightfully poor in purse; and when I have hearkened to the yellow signal, I have been miserable but, sometimes, able to meet my creditors. So it has gone and so it will continue to go until I take that last but brief ride out Main Street and settle myself beneath the long shadows of Henry Clay's towering monument, not far from where Mr. Allen's King Solomon of Kentucky sleeps, happily clutching the shoddy white buttons of his blue cotton shirt.

“Has Kentucky produced a poet? eh?” I repeated my sister's question to her. “I tell you what I'll do: I'll ask Colonel Bill Polk; he, being an Old Union soldier, on Grant's staff, and a newspaper man, should know, I think. For the last forty years he has been threatening to write a history of Lexington, too, so that should mean something, I reckon.”

“Has Kentucky produced any poets, eh?” said old Bill Polk, with the gravy stains and tobacco juices on his grease-encrusted vest. “Well, I don't know, bud, but I'll find out.”

“Has Lexington produced a poet, then?” I tried again.

“‘Lexington poet,’ huh?”

“Yes.”

“Well—now, the blockhouse wasn't down on Main Street where George W. Ranck put it—pioneers were too smart to erect a blockhouse in a hollow or at the bottom of a hill, and further, Ranck, or someone,

changed the records in the court house—I can show you where he did it—the blockhouse was at the head of South Broadway hill—I—”; and old Bill Polk was off again on his one and only theme.

Now, as I come to consider it this evening, perhaps I am just as great a bore about our native letters as Bill was about the blockhouse. If so, I can very fervently hope that I shall not live as long as he did. That will be something for my friends to hang a hope on, will it not?

After Polk failed me, I appealed to my professors at old Kentucky University. No, they knew about the New England and Knickerbocker schools; two of them were acquainted with the Hartford wits, and one, believe it or not, had heard of Sidney Lanier. That was encouraging but, as always, when really up against a tough problem, I appealed to Bob Hamilton, assistant at the town's little public library.

“Oh, Bob,” breathless for the moment, “has Kentucky produced any poets?”

“Of course. Why?”

“Why?” I almost shouted. Who are they?”

“What's it to you? You are going to be a Methodist preacher and there never was one of those men that knew a book from a beefsteak.”

“What'd you say?” I asked, in the middle of a delicious dream.

“I said: ‘What's it to you? You are going to be a Methodist preacher.’”

“Oh, yes, of course. Am I?”

“I give up,” Bob snapped, but gently and with profound understanding, as it turned out. He had a beautiful mind and was a charming fellow, although at times he had a wicked slant on men, especially me, and things. “There's Madison Cawein and Robert Burns Wilson, Theodore O'Hara and Henry Stanton, and a few others, perhaps. Go to work on them and, when you have read some of their stuff, come back for more. O.K.?”

“Oh, yes, O.K. And thanks.”

And so since that sweet night standing in front of the old charging desk, long since destroyed, I have followed the gleam of Kentucky letters. And it has nearly always been a very bright gleam, leading beside the still waters and through the green pastures to perfect peace. But so many, many times I have been compelled to cast it aside and do what the world commands, and then the blackness of despair at the inescapable tragedy of life fits itself about my head like a cooper band.

*Excerpts from *Filson Club Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 13, 1939, pages 21-36, John P. Morton and Company, Louisville, Kentucky.

Since 1913 the new school of Kentucky writers has arrived. I can not refer to all of them tonight. I have read all of their books and magazine contributions, and I walk around with them in my head daily. I don't think any of them has written a more perfect piece than Robert Browning Hamilton's little poem "Along the Road", to which Edwin ('Ned') Carty Ranck, one of the best of our living writers, called my attention at the time of its appearance in the *Century Magazine* for February, 1913. "A little masterpiece," Ned declared. "I'd trade all of my books and plays for its authorship." It's author, the same Bob Hamilton whom I mentioned in the beginning and who really answered my question—Has Kentucky produced a poet?—in the best possible manner in "Along the Road":

I walked a mile with Pleasure.
She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow,
And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
When Sorrow walked with me!

The big new name in Kentucky letters is, of course, Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts. She was born near Perryville, but lives at Springfield. When I first wrote to her for the date of her birth and other information concerning herself she replied: "My life is my own property. I put whatever of it I desire into my books and the rest is of no interest to the public." She taught a country school, attended the University of Chicago, and wrote her first book, *Under the Tree*, a sheaf of excellent poems, not repeated, and then her first and finest novel, *The Time of Man*.

* * *

Another pair of mountain poets, James Still and Don West, should be mentioned. Still is not a Kentuckian-born, but the birthplace of a piece of literature is more important than the birthplace of its author; or don't you think so? Still is librarian of the WCTU Settlement School at Hindman. He is the author of an attractive book of mountain verses, and contributor of articles and short stories to *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Esquire*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. His stories should soon be collected and brought out in book form.

The two Bingham—not related—George, the Mayfield humorist, who died recently, and Barry Bingham, publisher of *The Courier-Journal* and *The Louisville Times*, are also well known. Of course everybody knows that Mr. Barry Bingham has fine literary taste, as he has often proven in the pages of his papers, but few are aware that he is also a writer of charming verse. His first poems were printed some years ago, in a limited edition, at the Riverside Press, in Cambridge.

* * *

Virginia Lyle Tunstall, Henderson's most brilliant daughter, became widely known with the publication of her first book of lyrics, *A White Sail Set*. I liked one of the poems, entitled "Brother," a perfect picture of prohibition, so well that, when my friends came to see me, they immediately said: "All right go ahead and read it again, and get it off your chest." She is the wife of a Virginia jurist, now living in Richmond after many years in Norfolk. She should have long ago published another book. I don't know why she hasn't. Ship ahoy, Virginia!

I like Kalfus Kurtz Gusling and her poems, and if I ever publish another book about Kentucky literature I shall include a few of them, particularly "The Biographer," the best thing she has done. This poem was first published in *The Courier-Journal*, Sunday, March 22, 1925, and since The Filson Club and its Secretary are involved, I give the title in full: "The Biographer—On Reading Otto A. Rother's Book, *The Story of a Poet: Madison Cawein*," The Filson Club Publications No. 30 (1921).

Of Willard Rouse Jillson, born forty-eight years ago in middle New York, and author of about fifty books and many pamphlets on Kentucky geology, history and literature, I could talk all night and write all day. But I won't. His latest is *Rare Kentucky Books*.

The same is true of the Lexington writers, William Henry Townsend, author of the nationally known book, *Lincoln and His Wife's Home Town* (the most fascinating little history of Lexington ever written); J. Winston Coleman, Jr.; Charles R. Staples; Thomas D. Clark (who has just published a very excellent *History of Kentucky*, adopted as a text in our schools, I believe); and Judge Samuel M. Wilson, perhaps the most profound student of our State's history. Grant Knight's books should not be forgotten.

* * *

I think only two Kentucky authors have been shown acclaim in their own home towns, Wilson at Frankfort and Cobb at Paducah. Mr. Allen never received any applause from his own people, at least

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he thought so, because he once observed there was always "infinite calm down there when I publish a book"; and Fox was fooled by finding only a few of his fellow Kentuckians interested in his short stories and novels. In plain language we as a people do not care much for our own writers. Bring on a so-called big shot from Boston or New York and we will buy his books and attend his lectures. But as to most of our native bards, biographers, historians, novelists, before or since 1913—may the good God love them, because no one else does.

I finish with a frail and fragrant memory from the sacred purlieus of the first home of The Filson Club, at 202 East Chestnut. The Club's founder, Colonel Reuben Thomas Durrett, is speaking at the end of another Monday night's meeting:

"So you want to be an author, eh?"

"I don't know about being an author, but I do want to be a writer."

"In Kentucky?"

"Yes, if at all, in Kentucky."

"Well"—and he rose from the great depths of his enormous leather chair, shook himself up and out to his full height, sighed from the uttermost part of his being, glanced quickly around him and said:

"May God have mercy on your soul and body because you have picked out the one State in which an author is absolutely certain to starve to death."

Goodnight.

Editor's Note: Ye Editor does not agree with Mr. Townsend, who is of the opinion that Kentucky appreciates its own authors less than other states do theirs. That "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" is as true today as it ever was. At the same time it is also true that in every walk of life there are, seemly at least, many whose work is not recognized nor applauded, and the writers' field is no exception.

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APPENDIX D

“Dilemma”

Two elephants sat in a branch of a tree
Said one elephant to the other,
“Now if you were you, and if I were me
We sure couldn't be any other.

But if you're not you, and if I'm not me
What a terrible fix we will be in
For why won't you listen, and why can't you see
What all of the others are seein'

Two elephants sitting 'way high in a tree
Must certainly look very foolish
And though it seems sane to you, mon ami
I don't think it looks very foolish!

So let us go down, and be like the rest
The common, the plain, everyday ones,
Who walk on the ground, so safe and so blest
For we—like they—must weigh tons.

And if this limb of the tree should break
I fear the fall—so sad,
For holes in the ground we'd certainly make
And that would really be bad.”

But, oh, what a problem, now how to get down
For they couldn't recall how they'd got there,
“Oh, mercy, will never again we see town”?
So there they both sat in despair.

“Oh! I know”—cried one—with a flap of his ear
“Let us call on the elephant wise man,
For he surely will come, and I hope he will hear
Of our plight, and give the advice that he can.”

So the wise man came—and exclaimed with surprise
As he gazed on the ones in the tree,
“Well, how you got there”—with disbelief in his eyes
He said,—“is a wonder to me.

Now elephants weren't made to sit in a tree
So that's what you get for longing,
To do what you shouldn't, and live life with ease
In a place where you just aren't belonging.
So just sit in that tree, until you can get
Yourselves out of the fix that you've got.”
(This tale has a moral, which plainly is:
Don't try to be something you're not!)

By—Janna Bowles
Grade 11
1949-50 School Year

Contributed to
“Yawdim”—School Paper of
Midway High School

Cont
Mrs.
Winc

“Kentucky”

We arise with the misty dawn,
Above the skies of gray,
From o'er the ridge appears the sun,
To guide us on our way.

Far in the distance, mountains raise
Their peaks to touch the western sky.
The song birds perched in the boughs above,
While the enchanted water rushes by.

Far below the valleys stretch
With tender grass and blooming flowers,
As merrily we trod onward
And the minutes drag into hours.

While the brook bubbles merrily
Beneath our feet it passes.
Here in the “Happy Hunting Ground”
Where wild life thrives on tender grasses.

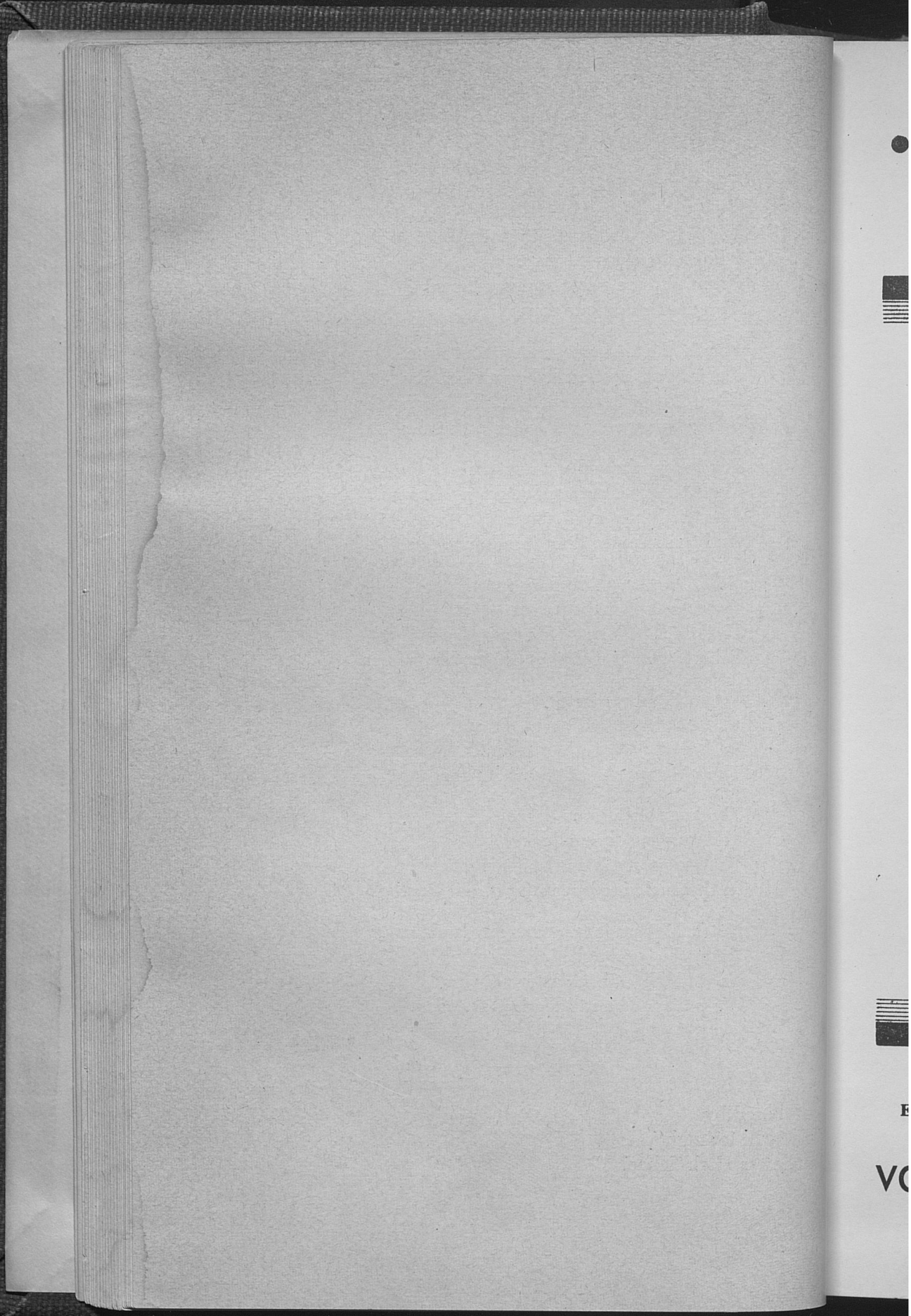
When the day's work is o'er
And nears the setting of the sun,
As happily we gather around
The glowing campfire one by one.

Thinking of but one dream
And trusting to our luck,
That tomorrow's sunset finds us
In the enchanted paradise of old Kentuck.

Not knowing where tomorrow leads us
Upon the long and tireless way,
As we look to the Master above us,
We pray for him to lead us as today.

By—Robert Haggard
Grade 8A
1947-48 School Year

Contributed by
Mrs. Karl McKnight
Winchester High School



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