

PARNASSUS

of MSU

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Premier
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This
Premier Issue of Parnassus
is dedicated to
Dr. and Mrs. Adron Doran
President and First Lady
of Morehead State University
1944 — 1976

PARNASSUS of MSU

Vol. 1 No. 1

Morehead, Kentucky

Fall 1976

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CONTENTS

Foreword	Dr. Adron Doran	2
Greetings	W. David Brown	3
The Doran years	Paul Wright	4
"That was my life!" (memoirs of a Ziegfeld Follies girl)	Thomas Carter and Mona Schanding	6
"Since I'm here, maybe I can peddle some rain" (a Keeneland Race Track tale)	Roy Horner	10
Ever live in a haunted house?	Greg Schaber	12
October nights	Carole Nantz	16
Students "trek" to reruns (of defunct TV series, "Star Trek.")	Michel Marriott	18
The Layne home: windows on a leafy world	Karl Schmitt	20
Tops in their cat-egory (how the Drs. Barnes raise champions)	Kathy Partin	26
Kentucky scenes	28
Long distance runner	Tom Adams	30
Ceramics: earn as you learn hobby	John Bowman	32
Kentucky brook in autumn	W. David Brown	40
Little girl finds happiness	Vickie Wills	42
Photo album (The Doran years, continued)	44
You've gotta LOVE a guitar	Carole Nantz	50
They like mountain music	Tawny Acker	53
Photos: shapes and textures	David Byrd	56
Comics are alive and well	Floyd Jernigan	58
Pupil, politician, president	Paul Wright	60
Bicentennial walker	Chuck Cooper	62
Kentucky rural scene	Karen Horsley	64

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FOREWORD

I am delighted to add my endorsement of the first issue of the student publication, *Parnassus*. This is a noble venture in an effort to provide laboratory experience for university students and staff in interpreting campus life and regional activities in their true light.

In most instances, during my twenty-two years as President, the publications have been representative and fair in presenting the real image of the University. I hope that the years to come will provide opportunity for greater maturity and competency upon the part of those who assume the responsibility of reporting and interpreting the total University to those who read this magazine. I have endeavored to lend my full support to such efforts which will assign rights, duties, and responsibilities to those who seek preparation for full citizenship in a democratic society.

My very best good wishes to Mr. David Brown and the magazine staff for success in the future.



Adron Doran
President

GREETINGS

Here is our first effort, Morehead State University's newest journalism laboratory publication, Parnassus of MSU.

The magazine will feature primarily non-fiction feature articles, photographs and artwork produced by journalism students enrolled in writing or editing classes, or as interns. Some contributions from other areas of the campus will also be considered.

A little background —

The magazine was first proposed in the summer of 1975 by a Division of Communications graduate thesis that explored the possibilities and surveyed campus magazines elsewhere. By fall it was apparent that rising costs and a limited budget had spelled the end for our traditional yearbook. A magazine was considered not only as a suitable substitute but was seen as providing a more practical professional experience for journalism students than the yearbook.

Thus in December the Committee on Student Communications Media recommended retiring the yearbook, *The Raconteur*, and publishing instead a magazine three to four times a year. Detailed plans were assigned to a student committee and a student contest was held to name the new publication. The winner was Mary Emmons, with *Parnassus*, whom she identified as a poet and story teller. The name is also associated with a mountain in Greece which the Muses considered sacred.

While plans for our magazine include "telling stories" in print, these will be more factual than fiction and we will leave most poetry to *Inscape*, the literary publication of the Division of Lan-

guages and Literature. We do not intend to confine our subject matter to the campus, though there will be a natural emphasis here, but expect our student writers to view the community and the region, and even broader horizons, as long as what they have to report is interesting and appropriate to the purposes of the magazine.

And, as a publication that inherits at least some tasks of the yearbook, we plan to record, for our spring issue next May, major events and individual achievements of the school year, featuring those milestones and personalities that graduating seniors will want to remember.

In this first issue are articles gleaned from magazine-writing and technical-writing classes, and from assignments accomplished during the summer, when most of our photographs were taken.

The biggest event of the year has been the announcement of the retirement of Dr. Adron Doran, whose 22 years of devoted service as University president changed a small community college into a large regional university of national prominence, and under whose guidance this magazine was made possible, and the retirement also of Mrs. Doran, who brought her own special talents and personal warmth to the campus, and established the Personal Development Institute, among many memorable contributions.

Thus we dedicate this, our first issue, to Dr. and Mrs. Doran.



W. David Brown
Coordinator for Journalism



THE DORAN YEARS

Dr. and Mrs. Adron Doran at MSU

Their footsteps
have crossed
the campus,
the Commonwealth,
and the nation.

By Paul Wright

"There's a bus going east and a bus going west" and if Dr. Adron Doran, who coined the phrase, gets his way, January 1, he will be headed west.

For over 22 years, Dr. Doran and his wife ("roommate") Mignon have served as president and first lady of what is now

Continued on page 45



***“That
Was
My
Life!”***



Georgia Preston today . . .

By Thomas Carter
and
Mona Schanding

Sixty-seven year old Georgia Preston has never seen the movies "Funny Girl" or "Funny Lady" (film chronicles of the life of Fanny Brice and the Ziegfeld Follies). This may not seem too unusual — unless you realize that she was an active partici-

pant in the Follies and knew the people portrayed in these movies.

"The Follies were my life," Georgia fondly remembers. In defining her role as one of Ziegfeld's showgirls, she recalled, "We were all pretty tall and just paraded

around the stage with all this fancy head-dress and almost no clothes."

The original Follies were usually head-lined by one or two feature acts such as comedian Eddie Cantor or singer Jeanette McDonald. The showgirls served as anchors giving continuity to the program with a wide variety of dancing or revue acts.

"The showgirls were the ones who did the hard work," remembers Georgia, still with a certain fondness. "We did ballet, toe dance, tap dance and musical comedy — all between the other acts."

Born in Georgia, she studied dancing at a very young age under Albertina Rash and Bill Robinson, who is best remembered as "Mr. Bojangles," the man who sang and danced in Shirley Temple movies.

"I've always been on the stage," Georgia explains. "It started when I was about twelve."

She later moved to Ashland, her home today, where she pursued her dance interests.

"I began dancing for different civic clubs such as the Shriners," says Georgia. These civic groups were partly responsible for her success. "They kept telling me, 'You're good, you're good . . . you should pursue it.' My mother let me go, she didn't push. She just wanted me to dance if I wanted to."

At age seventeen, she became a Ziegfeld showgirl. The shows were spectacular and, according to Georgia, "nothing has paralleled them since." Ziegfeld had a reputation for hiring only the most beautiful girls.

"The girls came from all over the world and every state in the Union," she says. "The girls were beautiful and the shows just can't be competed with. We had as many as 75 people on the stage. The Follies were the most lavish shows I've seen in this country . . . there's no comparison."

Based in New York, Ziegfeld's shows toured the major cities in the country on rare occasions.

"We played one show every night, about 2½ hours long. "We'd usually have one matinee a week, too," she said.

Georgia stayed with the Follies for two years, 1926 and 1927.

"Our contracts ran from year to year,"



. . . and yesterday.

she explained. "At the end of a season you either rest or go into the Atlantic City Bathing Beauties during '27 and '28."

Due to the stock market crash, the Follies were forced to close. Ziegfeld financed three smaller productions and Georgia

danced one. At the end of 1928 she entered a Ziegfeld's production, "Rio Rita," where she remained until 1929.

"I was pretty lucky to stay in the show during the crash," she recalls. "One program, "Vagabond King," was a sort of serious show and the costumes were very elaborate and long . . . unlike the Follies where you wore very little clothing. The Follies were adult entertainment, but they weren't risqué."

These smaller shows continued after Ziegfeld's death in 1931 and were taken over by George Wintz.

Returning to Ashland, Georgia quit performing after the death of her mother in 1941. She remained there, becoming locally known for teaching ballroom dancing. Occasionally, she would appear in local civic programs.

**Fanny Brice "was very thin and ugly
— dark . . ."**

"They were different from what I had been used to," she said. "I did different dances for these people — Oriental, Hawaiian, ballet, toe, and tap."

Through her exciting career, Georgia came in contact with many prominent show people. She recalls her old boss Flo Ziegfeld as being "sort of tall," and having "a big nose."

"He was very polite and amiable," she said, "but he did what he wanted to do. He always let you know who the boss was. Ziegfeld was very concerned about the welfare and wholesome image of the people in his shows."

Georgia also remembers the celebrated Ziegfeld star Fanny Brice. "She was very thin and ugly — dark," she remembers. "She did slapstick routines and was a very talented dancer. Ziegfeld made Fanny a star."

Miss Brice's second husband — showman, songwriter, producer Billy Rose — is included in Georgia's recollections.

Billy Rose was an ambitious person. He tried to rival Ziegfeld with his Aquacades (a spectacular water ballet presentation) in the Texas Centennial Exposition. They said he did wonders with the water ballet. He was also hateful and dominating."

Georgia also knew Mae West, (whom people once said she resembled), Ginger Rodgers, Guy Lombardo, Tommy Dorsey, and Fred Astaire.

Regretfully, Georgia says, "I didn't get to dance with Fred Astaire because they already had the acts organized. I wish I could have."

She was taken on a short flight by W.W. I ace Eddie Rickenbacker and, ("Ah, yes my little chickadee"), was acquainted with W. C. Fields.

Georgia now shares a small red stucco house tucked behind trees and bushes with a feisty dog and many memories, photographs and clippings from the past.

"It was physically hard," Georgia admits. "We'd rehearse every day — sometimes all night. But if you love it, the hard work doesn't mean anything. It's what you like to do."

Georgia proudly and with no apologies states, "That was my life!"



Billboards for George Wintz's productions of "Vagabond King" and "Rio Rita" (above and at right).

George
Wintz
presents

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Since I'm Here, Maybe I Can Peddle Some Rain

By Roy Horner

Keeneland Race Track — to many it brings memories of white fences marching across the beautiful bluegrass, big brown thoroughbred horses gracefully striding neck and neck, pleasant surroundings of scenic paddock areas and the fancily dressed horsemen and socialites who patronize the track, tossing money around like lettuce in a salad.

For me, however, it brings memories of a dismal rainy Saturday afternoon and financial failure. A friend had offered me a job selling programs at Keeneland. One of his regular 13-year-old newsboys was sick and he needed a substitute. I asked myself, "Why not?"

My friend kept telling me how I could make an easy ten bucks hawking the "Keeneland Special" from a lot of "happy and big-spending bunch of people."

"After all," he said, "people go to the race track to spend money. A 15-cent program goes like wildfire." To make it even more enticing, he added, "There's all kinds of girls that go out there, too."

With all these incentives, I was ready to start a wildfire in the horseracing business.

Well, the wildfire never started. For one thing, the day was cold and wet.



It must have kept those big spenders from being happy or spending big. The rain must also have discouraged those Southern belles my fast-talking friend said frequented Keeneland. The few girls I did see were covered in shapeless raincoats that did nothing much for my morale.

And while my morale was disappearing, so was my voice. Stationed on the outer perimeter of the grandstand near the betting windows, I had to battle for customers against old timers who were selling the 50-cent Daily Racing Form. There were three of them and they had about 75 years combined experience at the game compared to my 27 minutes.

To make matters worse, I had to stand in the rain, since Keeneland management would not allow program peddling in, or even under, the grandstand. Such a privilege was reserved for the Daily Racing Form guys, who got there 40 years ahead of us.

Trying to sound competitive, I screamed louder, "Today's entries and selections — Keeneland Special — only 15 cents!" This did nothing to attract customers, but it did help to wear down my voice. After about 60 minutes I managed to sell one program — to myself. Well, I had to do business with somebody. I found myself a pleasant customer — I smiled and thanked myself, then went on screaming.

Obviously my sales spiel was ineffective — people raced past me as if I were a leper — so I decided on a new line. In frustration, I yelled, "Truman defeats Dewey!"

One nearsighted little old lady stopped to buy a program, commenting, "I've been wondering who won that election. About time the returns got in."

Excited at selling another paper, I got ready to get the cash rolling in. "Japs bomb Pearl Harbor!" I shouted, and "Chicago destroyed by fire — thousands homeless!" and finally, "Buy a program — help me get through school. Please buy a paper!"



I finally concluded I had seen my last customer.

As I stood there in the rain, wet and chilled, I spotted my friend coming toward me. Taking a bite of his corned beef sandwich and another drink of beer, he nonchalantly announced, "I have some good and some bad news. First, the good news. Remember that tip we got on the second race?"

My heart was sinking — I began to antic-

ipate the bad news.

"That stablehand who tipped us was sure reliable. You should have listened to him. I won \$48.95. And while I was sitting up there in the stands a guy who owed me ten bucks finally paid up."

I braced myself for the bad news.

"The management is running us out — The Daily Racing Form is really hot about us cutting in on their turf. They got their way because of seniority. You got seven cents for each paper you sold — so count your papers and figure out how much I owe you."

As I counted to two, and walked away with a hard-earned 14 cents, the trio at the crowded Daily Racing Form booth grinned and waved goodbye.

Artwork
By
Bob Newman



—GARRY REDMAN-76—

*Ever live
in a haunted house?*

By
Greg Schaber

Of all the tales and legends told, none is more intriguing than a well-told ghost story — especially around Halloween.

People of all ages thrill and tingle to accounts of weird events. Think of all the times when, as a child, a grisly thriller kept your head under the covers all night.

In the end, those were all fun and games — or were they? What is it like when a dilapidated haunted house on a fictional hill becomes in reality your own home?

Following are the accounts of two University students, Carole Nantz and Steve Slone, who lived in houses which, from all the traditional signs, were certainly haunted.

Carole was nine years old when her parents moved into an old grey stucco house in Cincinnati. They were unaware of anything

strange about the house and did not expect the sort of activities they eventually experienced there.

The doorbell of the old "mausoleum," as Carole calls it today, was broken. Still, every night at 9 o'clock, it would click as if someone was trying to ring it — and there was never anyone at the door. And out on the porch, the old swing could be heard creaking back and forth on perfectly windless days, and nobody would be in it.

The worst experiences were at night. Sometimes after everyone was in bed, all hell would break loose. "I could hear 'them' walking all over downstairs. Then there were sounds like books crashing on the floor. And there was a feeling like — I kept my bedroom door locked. Whatever was out there I didn't want in."



There were strange "cold spots" about the house and yard. "Sometimes you'd just be standing in the driveway, and you'd just freeze." The spirit, or whatever it was, made its presence felt most strongly around the front door, on the stairway, and in the master bedroom.

"People visited who had never been in our house before, who would not sit in my parents' bedroom. They couldn't stand the oppressiveness." Strangely the elder Nantzes seemed little affected by this phe-

the presence. He was finally sent to Carole's grandparents after he "went wild" from standing like a statue, staring attentively at an empty staircase for long periods of time.

Friends were also aware of the spirit. One of Carole's friends, Diane, who claimed she had extra sensory perception (ESP), said she had seen a ghostly face in an ancient mirror stored in the garage, and "she knew; she could feel something in the house," Carole says.

Whose was the presence felt in the house?

nomenon.

"Daddy never paid any attention if he noticed anything. Mother only said that it sometimes made her uneasy to read in the room alone — she always read downstairs, especially after an incident one evening when both windowshades suddenly rolled to the top with no apparent cause."

Besides cavorting noisily at night, the "thing" also made itself known in daytime, usually in early evening. It wasn't always noises — it would steal objects. Carole says that sometimes she could stand in the middle of her room, stamp her feet, and yell, "Give it back," when something had inexplicably disappeared. She would go downstairs and find the article in the middle of a room. On other occasions, coffee cups would fall off the shelves and heavy bedroom closet doors would open and close of their own volition.

The family dog was especially affected by

Finally they tried to communicate with the spirit through a seance. "The first time we started it, everybody backed out at the same time, feeling there was something outside the door we didn't want to see," Carole recalls.

A later seance was held that brought more definite results. Diane went into a trance-like state for 20 minutes, during which she wrote something on a scrap of paper. Later she could not remember having done this. On the paper was scrawled "Westenford 1894," not in her handwriting. What it meant was a puzzle. Research finally turned up the fact that an Ohio town named Wexford had burned in the 1890's.

Who was the presence felt in the house? Did it have a name? Carole and a schoolmate were playing with a Ouija board when the indicator spelled "Beware of Faye." This meant nothing to either of them. Research later turned up the fact that the

previous owner's mother had been named Faye.

The most elaborate stunt the spirit pulled, Carole says, happened one afternoon when her mother was in the basement. She heard the heavy oaken front door slam, footsteps cross the wooden floor, go up the stairs, and into Carole's room, slamming the door. Mrs. Nantz assumed Carole was home from school and was startled 20 minutes later when Carole actually did arrive.

The Nantzes finally moved out of the house and the next tenants were a happily married young couple. Within six months they were fighting violently and moved out. The house has stood empty since.

The other tale comes from Steve Slone, whose family has lived for more than 10 years in a house his father built near Pikeville. Confederate deserters were reportedly hanged and buried on the site during the Civil War. Where the house now stands, there once stood the "hanging tree." After the tree was cut and the frame of the new house erected, the frame was burned twice without any apparent cause.

The house has been the scene of various strange activities, including apparitions, sounds, and moving objects. Several years before "The Exorcist" appeared to shock the nation, Steve's sister, Angile, then four, ran into her parent's room crying that her bed was rocking. It wasn't violently rocking, but rather gently, as if someone were trying to rock a child to sleep.

Recently, while home from school for the weekend Steve heard a pounding on his wall and footsteps in the hall, but nobody was there. Apparitions have appeared to

several members of the family. As Steve was carrying his little sister, she would ask him who the man following behind him was. When he would turn around, nobody was there.

An even more eerie experience involved Steve's brother, Keith, and a grandfather whom Keith had never seen. When Keith was born, his maternal grandfather was dying in the same hospital. His last words were, "Let me see Keith." Mrs. Slone hurried down to the nursery to get the baby, but was stopped in the hall and told her father had died.

Some years later Steve and his brother were sharing a room when Keith woke Steve, saying, "Steve, who is that man — is that pa-daddy?" ("Pa-daddy" was a name the older children had called their grandfather but had never used, that they could recall, since Keith's birth.) Steve could see nothing. Then Keith asked, "What's that feel like?" "What?" asked Steve. The answer sent Steve racing for his parent's room. "He's touching you," Keith explained.

Upon hearing the story, Mrs. Sloan burst into tears. She later told Steve that on that same night she had dreamed that her father was alive and had come for a visit. Was it a coincidence, or had the old man really returned from the dead to look at the grandchild he had missed seeing by such a few moments?

These and other experiences led Steve, his cousin Cheryl, and some other friends to hold a seance in the house. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan had gone to bed. The teenagers turned out the lights and joined hands around the candle-lit dining room table.



Steve asked the spirit, if there was one, to give them a sign.

The phone rang.

Answering it, Steve found nobody on the other end. Returning to the dining room table, Steve explained and asked if they wanted to continue. Though trembling, they agreed and the seance went on — Steve again asked for a sign.

Again the tense silence was broken by the ringing phone. By this time all participants were thoroughly frightened, but Steve asked for a third sign. Cheryl looked up and gasped. The bulbs in the chandelier had begun to glow slightly, casting a yellow light on the room.

Cheryl suddenly jumped up and ran to a sliding door between the kitchen and dining

room and tore it open. A cold blast of air shot into the room. The door from the kitchen to the utility room — and the door from the utility room to the out-of-doors — stood wide open, although Mr. Sloan had locked them all before going to bed.

Needless to say, nobody has called on the presence since then.

Artwork By
Garry Redmon

October Nights

*It's a marvelous night for a moon-dance,
You can see every star in the sky.
What a marvelous night for a moon-dance,
Underneath October skies.*

— Van Morrison

Shivery nights, sweater-cold and shadowless,
And the air is pungent with leaf smoke,
Crispy, crackly, dying leaves.
And the moon is dripping gold cream
That wispy, haunted clouds obscure in their passing.
And your flesh tingles and chills in the eerie night wind.

First you walk slowly,
Listening for slight footfalls behind you.
Then faster —
Anxious for the lights and colors.

Dazzling, brilliant neon reds and blues and yellows, greens,
and whites.
Surprise the clear black dark.
The fairy-world carnival,
The sheltered kingdom of nervous giggles.

Spinning you in breathless laughter,
Plunging fiercely down,
Again the mad octopus
Flings its arms with dizzy occupants.
Faster and higher —
You are loose and weightless and fearful and —
It is wonderful, wonderful!
Again and again and again!
Higher and higher and faster still!
Thrusting you towards the virgin stars —
The tiny craft a hypo in the arm of the night.

While outside the kingdom . . .

Masked and painted, grotesque yellow wraith eyes
Peer from naked trees.
And wood-elves dance the autumn ritual
Deep in ageless forests.
Strange lights . . . unearthly music . . .
Vanishing spectral things,
Appear from nowhere to sneak behind you.
And shrouded firs and hemlocks awaken again,
And an evil older than time is abroad in the dark —
All Hallows Eve approaches.

— Carole J. Nantz

(Photo by W. David Brown)





Students “trek” to reruns

By Michel Marriott

Artwork by
Garry Redmon

Remember when you were a little tot and the squeaky high voice of Mickey Mouse sent you running to the old black-and-white set?

Later, with the sophistication of years, we all had our favorites on the boob tube, but we no longer ran to the set, until . . . “Space — the Final Frontier. (Da — da-da.) These are the voyages of the starship Enterprise, her five-year mission to explore

strange new worlds, to seek out new life and civilizations, to boldly go where no man has gone before!”

What was it? Perhaps a harkening to age-old challenge that brought men from Europe to a New World in flimsy little ships. It captured our imaginations, and Star Trek became an American phenomenon.

Still, regardless of the massive audience

following, the pompous might of Starfleet Command, the fat little executives at NBC, shortened the five-year mission to a brief three seasons. The blazing action-adventure series was canned, and its public gasped.

That was eight years ago, but the fans didn't let up. Syndicated reruns became some of the most popular fare audiences could watch on either side of network prime time. By last spring, Captain Kirk and First Officer Spock, along with their crew of the USS Enterprise were streaking into view in the Morehead area ten times a week — daily except Sunday on Cincinnati's WXIX (6:30-7:30 p.m.), three times a week over WLEX of Lexington (4:30 p.m.) and Sundays over WSAZ of Huntington (11:30 p.m.).

Particularly striking is that on MSU's campus, a place of learning, Star Trek overwhelms the national network news over the board. When that 6:30 hour rolls around, all color screens are tuned to the heroic quest of right over wrong in the universe 200 years from now. Not only are all the dormitory sets turned to Star Trek, but except for major athletic events, Star Trek brings the largest TV audience of the day.

Math major Jennie Davis explained, "I don't think it's just escapism — it's a real mind expander. I like the show a lot."

"Yea, I dig Star Trek; I always did. I still can't figure why they took it off. You can tell the show has a lot of quality," mused radio-TV major Robert Frazier. "Everytime I see it I find something new I never noticed before."

There does seem to be a common denominator in the success of Star Trek and its steam-roller reruns. During a public relations interview with William Todd, General Manager of WXIX, one viewer wrote in:

"Why don't you take Star Trek off and put back Daniel Boone in the 6:30 time slot?" Todd replied, "If we took Star Trek off the air, I wouldn't be able to walk the streets at night."

Philosophy professor Dr. Betty Gurley analyzed the appeal. "Star Trek has depth and real content. Very often the episodes deal with good philosophic concepts. I remember one that explored the makeup of the human consciousness. In that one, Kirk was divided into halves — a good and an evil side. The implications were interesting and well developed."

Not all viewers are real "trekkies" (fans). Some are close critics of the series. They watch Star Trek for the many little mistakes that are bound to appear on occasion.



"They do make mistakes, said history student Lucian Yates. "The format is all wrong. Kirk always falls in love and gives a big speech at the end that saves the day. Star Trek is really just a big dressed up cowboy picture where the Indians are alien spacemen."

He continued, "They forget stuff that is really important in making the show look

real. When the ship shakes and everybody falls out of their seats — why don't they have seat belts?"

David Gerrold, author of "The World of Star Trek" elaborated, "despite the fact that almost everything we know about the workings of the universe suggest that it is impossible to achieve the speed of light or velocities faster than that . . . We are violating Einstein's theory of relativity."

In defense, the executive producer and creator of Star Trek, Gene Roddenberry, said, "A time did come during one of the years when I felt some criticism of the major performances was in order, which is the producer's job, of course. But I decided to keep it soft . . ."

Placing the far-out in a realistic context, Gerrold translates the spirit of Star Trek into the dramatic backdrop of a television series. First the series must (1) have a broad-based format, which is about (2) an interesting person or persons whose duties force them into (3) unusual situations and confrontations that require (4) quick and weighty action on the part of the protagonist and his cohorts.

The transition was extremely successful. The evidence is in the general opinion of the series.

"For myself, Star Trek at a glance is a play reflecting real life," said music major Carton Adkins. "It gives me an idea of how the future may be."

Star Trek's future? Maybe a new series of programs, according to Roddenberry. For the present, however, its reruns and rere-runs and a brand new audience of Trekkies, equipped with Star Trek communicators and scaled models of the famous ship and crew.





THE LAYNE HOME: Windows on a leafy world

Bill Layne and his St. Bernard, Brandy Alexander, relax outside the Layne home near Farmers. Below is a side view of the structure, showing one of its four limestone foundation columns.

By Karl Schmitt

Photos by Greg Sheehan



Conversation pit dominates the living room, right in front of a massive fireplace. The opening beyond the fireplace leads to the dining room, while above runs a third-floor balcony.



Rising amidst tall trees near the crest of a hillside just outside Farmers is an unusual structure of native stone, wood, and great sheaths of glass, combining natural habitat and materials with modern styling.

It is the home of Bill and Sylvia Layne and their two children, and the scene of frequent parties and outings by University drama students and visiting artists.

There it stands, on broad mortared rock stilts, holding its family and furnishings up among the leafy limbs of the surrounding forest in quiet serenity, radiating beauty, warmth, and simplicity.

Dr. William Layne, who heads the University drama program at Morehead, describes himself as a "semi-professional" architect whose home reflects his tastes and fulfills his shelter needs, though it was actually designed by a North Carolina architect, James Fox, whom Layne commissioned.

The house is a rustic blend of limestone, mostly from nearby Olive Hill, pine paneling, and glass. It evokes a close-to-nature feeling both Dr. Layne and his wife considered essential when planning their home.

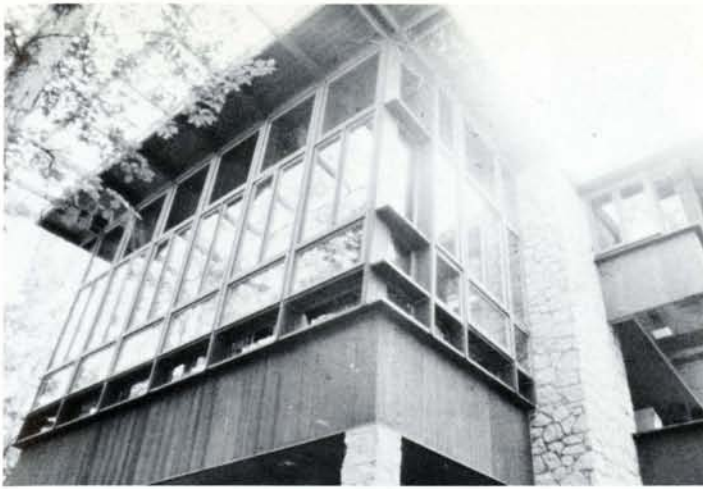
The choice of style, then, is no coincidence. The Laynes from the beginning wanted a feeling of bringing the outside inside. Windows stretch across almost three sides of the two-story living room, neat panels of glass set in pine frames, and meeting at two corners, a concept that only Dr. Layne believed possible at first. Most builders like

one side of a corner to be a solid supporting wall. In designing the house, architect Fox, whose work is greatly influenced by the late Frank Lloyd Wright, made maximum use of space. The foundation of the house, four 6x6 foot limestone columns set 30 feet apart, serves as storage space on the first three levels. The first level is below the initial living area, which begins at the second story. There are storage rooms, an open garage, and an open patio in the back.

On the second level, rooms open into one another without hallways or doors. The living room is the largest room, and is built around a "conversation pit" facing a huge fireplace. The stone in the



A built-in bar with stools form a focal point inside the family room.



pit and in the fireplace is of an unusual fossiliferous limestone brought from a creek behind Sylvia Layne's parents' home at Loveland, Ohio.

Steps go up a half-level from the living room into the windowed dining room, which also provides passage to a side porch and kitchen, and finally back to a large family room. The kitchen and family room form the "life center" of the house. Included is an open bar, lined with cabinets on one side and kitchen appliances on the other. A swinging couch nearby adds to the futuristic feeling of the room, which is decorated with several paintings and sculptures, some done by local artists.

A central stairway leads to the third level and the only hallway in the house, which connects the two children's bedrooms on one side, and the master bedroom and children's bathroom on the other. An unusual feature of the children's bath is a circular Japanese bathtub 3 feet across and 4 feet deep (in which 9-year-old J. W. Layne sometimes wears his snorkel outfit).

At one end of the hallway is a balcony overlooking the living room as well as providing a view through those huge windows of the cliffs and waterfalls in front of the house.

At the other end of the hall is the guest bedroom and a sewing room. Only the bedrooms and baths have doors.

Finally the stairway leads to a small fourth level "penthouse," a glass enclosed multi-purpose sun room where Mrs. Layne keeps various plants in the winter and Dr. Layne sometimes uses as a studio when he paints.

With every aspect of comfort, the Laynes' house is not only beau-



Another exterior view of the house, upper left, indicates the feeling of its loftiness among the leaves. Above is the guest bedroom, while below, with double-bunks, is J. W. Layne's room.



tiful, but the ultimate in comfort. Its rural location gives emphasis to the blending of modern architecture with nature, and helps to provide a unique experience in living.

The Laynes' family room, at right, is filled with sunlight and the out-of-doors. Below is the living room as seen from a balcony over the fireplace, showing the tall windows that meet at the corners of the room, and the sunken conversation pit in front of the fireplace (see page 22).





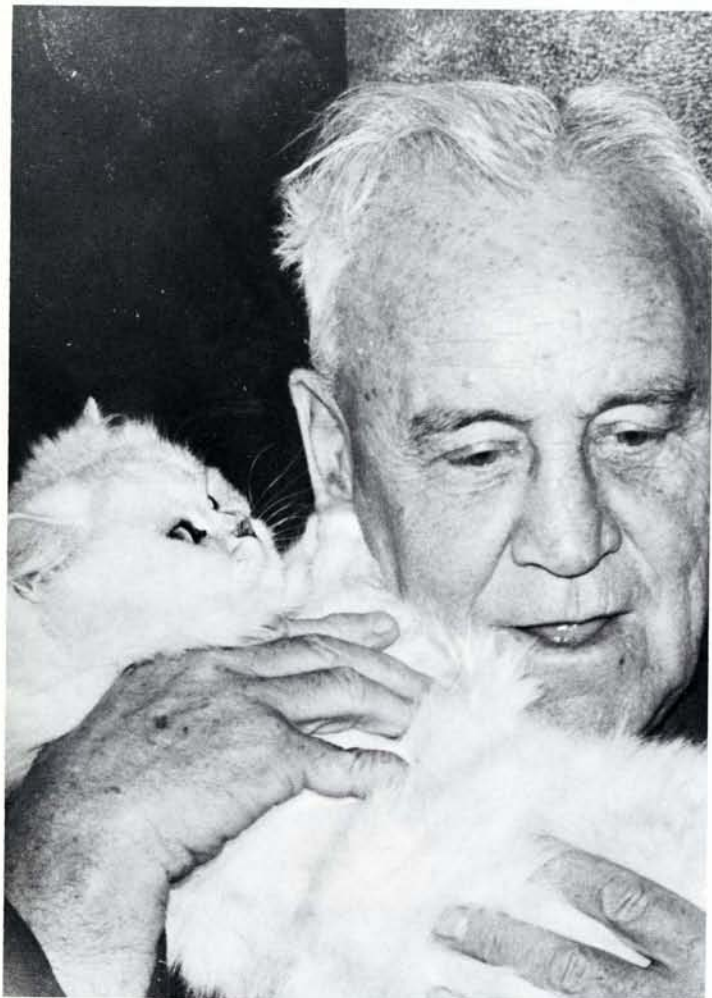
The dining room is seen at top, and, above, is the stairwell with its oaken steps.

Above is the room of the Laynes' daughter, Se, while at left is the bathroom with the circular tub in which son J. W. likes to use his snorkel. At right is the master bedroom, its many windows looking out over the forest.



329973

Tops In Their Cat-egory



By Kathy Partin

Photos by Paul Wright

It may not be unusual for a person from Morehead to gain national acclaim — but a cat?

Well, if Dr. Ruth and Lewis Barnes' dreams come true, they will eventually have 23 national award-winning cats they have raised in an addition to their home especially built for their feline prima donnas.

Already these two professors of English have one grand-champion cat, Mona Lisa. Worth about \$15,000, this Persian has defeated 150 other champions, which Dr. Lewis Barnes compares to playing in the Super Bowl.

Climbing the ladder of national acclaim with their cats began quite inconspicuously when they purchased a black Persian, "Matt the Cat," in a pet shop about two and a half years ago. Matt looked like a champion to them, so they entered him into a pet show. He lost. But the knowledge and experience they gained was worth the loss. For example, they had been unaware of the 20 points used in judging a champion cat — points concerning short body and tail, wide head, break in nose, pink pads and nose.

Instead of nursing disappointment, the Barneses were inspired. With what they had learned of the finer points of cat showing — which included the discovery that you don't buy champions in pet stores — they started searching for fine felines, buying them all across the country. One even came from England, Mrs. Barnes' native land. Today they have an array of Persians in several colors, one Siamese, and a non-pedigreed cat (but a champion, nevertheless, in her own category.)

"We sort of talked each other into it," explains Dr. Lewis Barnes.

After attending cat shows every weekend in such scattered cities as Chicago, Akron, and Memphis, they picked up valuable tips from experienced exhibitors and will now admit that they originally jumped naively into the whole thing.

"What surprised me was the world of cat showing that one is not aware of — the thousands of people that come together for these shows," says Dr. Ruth Barnes. "Usually two to three thousand cats are judged in a two-day show by four judges."

When showtime rolls around, picking which cat to show of the almost two dozen they own becomes the Barneses' first consideration. They must not only pick the cat that is in the best condition, but must also consider small things such as who the judges will be and which type cat they are known to favor. The cats to be shown are carefully groomed and placed in cages in the camper. One of the Barneses is ready to go claim the awards while the other stays at home and minds the litter. The long trips sometimes tire the Barneses, but the cats aren't usually bothered.

Not everything is as easy as it looks. Dr. Ruth Barnes learned the hard way that taking too many cats creates problems. Anticipating a good showing in Louisville last year, she had taken eight more cats than usual, and soon realized that too many cats spoil the show. They all were to be presented at about the same time in different places. If it hadn't been for the help of one of her former students she wouldn't have gotten any of the cats on display. Kathy Lutz and her family, who live in Louisville, happened to be at the cat show and came to her rescue.

When not showing the cats, the Barneses are usually washing, combing, grooming, feeding, and tenderly caring for the cats. They combine a daily routine of grooming, feeding, and loving which takes about 2½ hours a day. They are very careful about giving each cat special attention. They speak of each as a member of the family,



IT TAKES A LOT OF LOVING — Dr. Ruth Barnes (above) whispers compliments into the ear of one of the long-haired Persians in the cattery while Dr. Lewis Barnes cuddles another feline friend (opposite page).

addressing each by name. Their sadness over the illness of one kitty shows their family ties. As in all families, there are rewarding moments — such as the recent birth of kittens to "Betsy Trotwood" that did not occur in hiding, as is instinctive with cats, but in the open with Betsy reaching for Dr. Ruth Barnes with her paw.

Keeping 23 cats required an extra addition to their house last year. It includes all of the essentials such as cages, feeding bowls, and resting poles. The cats are also pampered with their own refrigerator, bathtub, stove, and radio, which serenades them daily with easy-listening music. Upon entering the "cattery," one is greeted by 46 iri-

descent eyes which stare in a haughty, bored manner that only a cat can assume.

Winning trophies is nice, but the real reward comes in the form of pride — pride of having raised a prize-winning quality cat. The many compliments received on the excellent condition of their cats makes their efforts worthwhile.

If you're interested in going into cat showing, the Barneses advise going to a show, talking to the knowledgeable people present, and learning the basics before buying a cat. When you are ready to buy one, buy the best available — but not one from a pet shop.







Long distance runner . . . go, go, go!

By
Tom Adams

A steady rainfall leaves a hazy mist in the distance. The water, mixing with your salty sweat, drips slowly into your already burning eyes. It's early morning. Birds are singing in anticipation of dawn, and you, you're pounding your aching legs in rhythmic stride down U.S. 41, Highway 5, Main Street, or anywhere. You're a long distance runner.

It's cold. A slight hint of snow speckles the ground in front of you. Your breath spurts clouds of air with each step. Sometimes you think of nature, sometimes you daydream in illusions of grandeur, sometimes you think of the night before. Mostly, you think of your warm bed, and how you'd love to be in it. . .

The long distance runner has been called a lonely breed. In fact, the long distance runner is very much a part of everything around him. He observes life as it is, if only in passing moments of his daily routine.

The distance runner, some argue, needs no outstanding ability. Just putting one foot in front of the other is all it takes. Wrong! A few qualities needed are perseverance, determination, self-discipline, natural ability, and the capability of cracking that seemingly non-existent, but very real, *pain barrier*. And those are just a few.

Not everyone can be a long distance runner. Especially not a quitter. A golfer who stops on the 4th hole because of an unexpected double bogey will be likely to quit when he feels a little pain in a race. So will the man who gives up when down 5-0 in a tennis match.

Distance runners are sensitive and superstitious people. The day of a race is a humorous sight to the onlooker, but to the participant it is as real as his 365-day-a-year training program. The wind, the temperature, and the humidity must be just right. He must eat exactly the right foods at the right time.

He must not overexert himself. He should rest, stay in the shade, eat honey and sweets for energy, and wear his lucky shirt with the hole in the sleeve. I could go on forever.

At the completion of this ritual, the distance man must put all that mileage training, aerobic training, lydiard training, or whatever training he had had behind him and step into a race. He has no teammates to carry the mail (cover up his wrongdoings). He had no surefire strategy that will assure him victory. All he has is faith in himself.

Your competitors jog confidently up to the starting line, clad in colorful outfits that boast of their wearers. Familiar aromas of olive oil, atomic balm, and sweet liniment fill your nostrils. The butterflies — suddenly a dozen butterflies flutter about your stomach and come to rest at the bottom of your throat.

As the starter gives instructions, you run the race in your mind one last time. Now it is time to race for real and for a moment you feel unsure that you can do it (although you have a hundred times before).

Bang! The gun goes off. It seemed like forever standing there waiting.

You're too fast. Relax. Settle down to your own pace. You have six miles to go. Catch that guy. Don't breathe so hard. Relax. Get the rhythm. These things bounce around your head for a mile or so.

"4:57 . . . 4:58 . . . 4:59." The timer calls at the mile.

Your lungs and legs cry out, "too fast, slow down." Your mind replies, "go, go, go!"

At the two mile mark you are tired. "I'm not going to make it," you mutter. Four more miles to go.

At the three-mile mark your energy returns. Your breathing slows. Your legs are loosening.

Your thoughts change as quickly as your alternating legs, and, for two miles, you actually feel good.

That leaves one last mile. And what a mile it is. It seems longer than the last five together. Your stomach begins to hurt. Your slow breaths turn to sputtering gasps. Your arms are heavy

Artwork by Garry Redmon

and your legs tight. Your ankles crack, your feet blister, and you get shin splints.

But your mind says, "one leg in front of the other." While the rest of your body questions this.

Still a half mile to go. Two guys just flew by. Strides change to baby steps. Oh, God, help me finish. You try to spit but your mouth is filled with cotton. It feels like your stomach is coming up.

You can see the finish line. Banners are flying, people yelling, "Go! Go! Go!"

I can't! It hurts too bad!

Twenty yards . . . I made it. Everything is a blur. People helping you through the chute. You grab your stick and look.

Three hundred and twenty-ninth.

For what?





CERAMICS:

An earn-as-you-learn hobby

By John Bowman

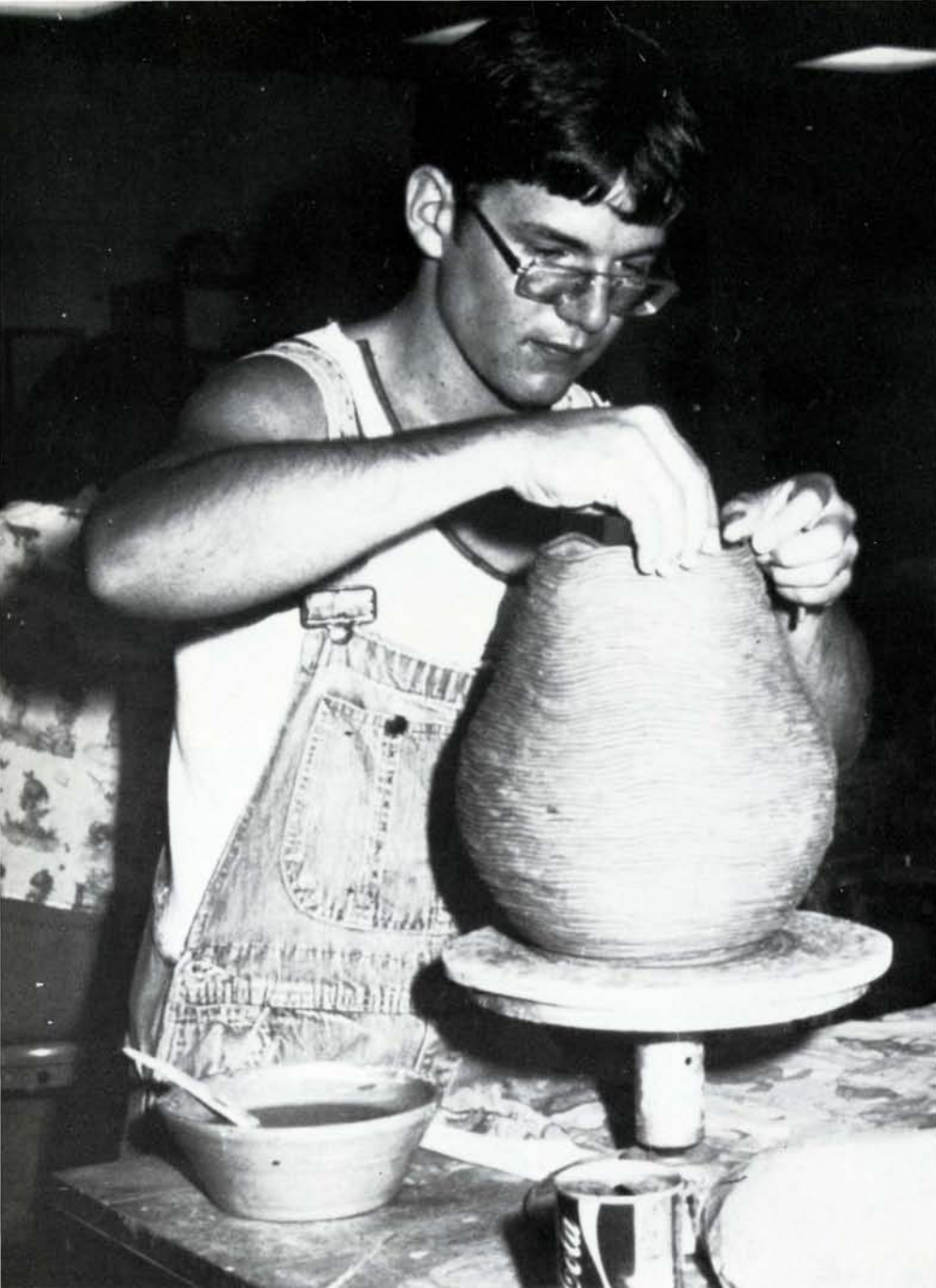
Photos by
Greg Sheehan

If you have a lot of leisure time — as many college students seem to — and have been wondering what to do with it, chances are you'll narrow your decision to two choices: (A) take up a hobby, or (B) get a part-time job.

Each idea has an advantage that serves to the other's disadvantage.

Eagle (left), a gift to Dr. Earl Bentley was made by a beginner. Vickie Wills (right) makes a coil pot vase in a ceramics art class.





Alvin Grider demonstrates the art of "coiling" a pot in an MSU ceramic class.

The thought of an extra job may be depressing, but the extra money would be nice. In most cases, a hobby would be a more exciting way to spend time but wouldn't bring in a penny — it might actually cost you money.

It is possible to have your cake, decorate it, and eat it too, if you wish — although selling it is what I had in mind. I am talking

about hobbies that will pay you rather than cost you.

Ceramics is such a hobby. It supplies many hours of enjoyment and satisfaction, and can bring in extra spending money, if you wish to sell your product. If your first reaction is to laugh and say, "Me, make money in art? I can't even draw a crooked line!" — well, don't sell yourself short.

Producing an impressive ceramic piece doesn't require a wealth of talent. Patience is the more important quality.

Not only is ceramics one of the fastest-growing national hobbies, there is a demand for good products with the profit margin on a given piece as high as 500 percent!

One advantage to ceramics is that it doesn't take a large initial investment to get started. The tools you'll need are simple, durable, and can be used on practically any piece you make.

Let's begin with a basic definition of ceramics, since the odds are if you've read this far, you're probably a beginner. Ceramics is the art of fashioning products from non-metallic materials dug from the earth, and changing them with heat. In most cases, this material is clay.

There are four basic steps in the ceramic process:

1. Slip casting
2. Cleaning
3. Underglazing (painting and decorating)
4. Finishing (glazing or staining)

Step 1 — Slip Casting

If you are a beginner, don't worry about the first step, which involves the molding of soft clay into whatever shape the piece will take; you can buy an already molded piece from a ceramics shop, at a small cost. As you progress, you may wish to buy your

own molds and learn the molding process, but most beginners buy the pre-molded pieces.

Cleaning

Step 2 — Cleaning

Cleaning the clay piece, called greenware before firing, involves smoothing away the rough edges and mold marks. The only things needed are a precision knife, which can be bought at most dime stores for about \$1, sandpaper, a small sponge, and water. The knife is used to scrape off the rough edges (careful, it's fragile before it is fired). The sandpaper further smooths the surface. Wetting the cleaned area with the sponge is the final touch in the smoothing process. The cleaning step will probably take from 45 to 90 minutes.

Underglazing

Step 3 — Underglazing

Underglazing is the most time-consuming but enjoyable step in the ceramic process. It involves decorating the piece by painting, incising, piercing, or slip decorating. Incising is cutting into the surface of the clayware to decorate it. Slip decorating is applying different colors of liquid clay to the surface. Piercing is cutting out sections of the surface for design (like preparing a pumpkin for Halloween). These are difficult and should not be tried by the beginner.

Firing, or baking the clay in an oven, or kiln, is another procedure which can be



“Throwing” a pot, as Ernest Shouse demonstrates, requires an electric potter’s wheel.

taken care of by a ceramics shop. The firing might take from two to four hours and the bisque-ware (greenware after firing) will need to cool for 12 hours before being decorated. A kiln is available on campus in the arts and crafts room, 202 Laughlin, for MSU students involved in ceramics classes.

After cooling, the piece is ready for painting. Materials needed are two or three

soft camel’s hair brushes of different sizes, underglazing paint, a sponge, water, and stirring stick. The painting can either be done in detail, or by the wipe-off, or rub, process. In the wipe-off process, apply one color and rub the paint to a lighter finish on the raised surfaces, leaving pleasing shadows in depressions and cracks.



On detailed pieces use a wet sponge to wipe away mistakes. Painting is easy because details are raised from the surface.

Depending on the method used, the amount of detail, and your pace, the underglazing may take from three to 30 hours or more. This step most affects the marketability of the product and gives you more chances to use your creative flair.

Finishing

Step 4 — Finishing

Finishing involves one of two procedures — staining or glazing. Staining, which leaves the piece with a woodlike appearance, begins with the selection of a preferred shade of stain. Place a small amount on a soft, white cloth and rub evenly over the surface. After drying the piece, spray it with a clear, acrylic paint for shine.

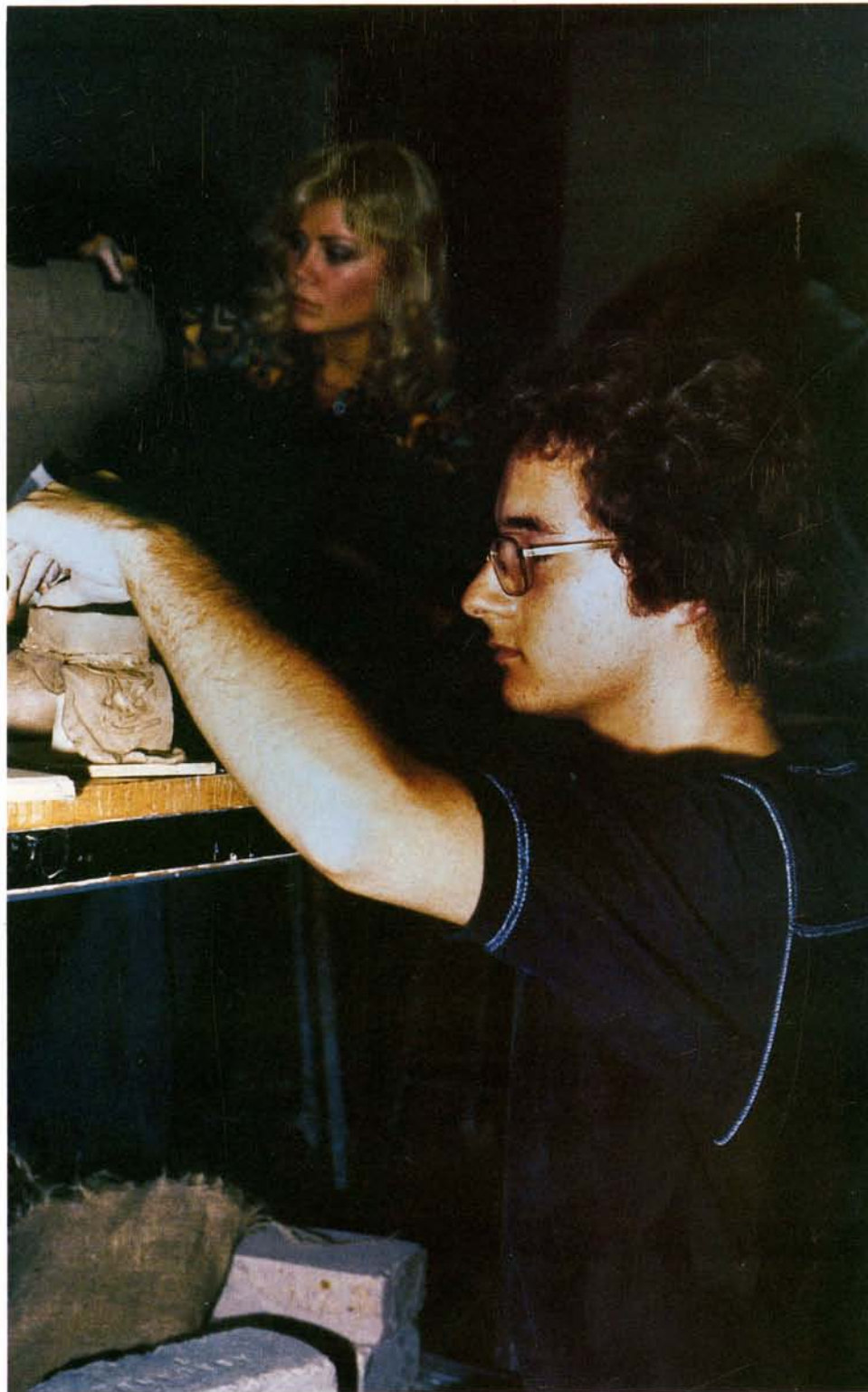
Glazing, which leaves the piece with a glasslike shine, requires a soft-bristled brush saturated with the glaze which is applied vertically in short, even strokes with as little pressure as possible. After the first coat is dry — in 10 to 15 minutes — apply a second coat in horizontal strokes. If another coat is needed, apply it with diagonal strokes. Do not wipe excess glaze from your brush; it should be applied liberally to ensure a smooth finish. Allow the piece to dry overnight, then fire again. It is now finished and ready to market.

Coiling a pot (left) is Diana Hopp while Jim Prindle (right) builds a piece of slab art work.

Marketing

Gift shops and ceramic dealers are generally the best outlets for selling your ceramics. If a shop is unwilling to buy your work, it may be possible to get them to sell it on a

trial basis with a commission. Denise Huddleston, an MSU senior, was able to do just that. She had "very little" experience in ceramics until she took the MSU course in Special Problems in Recreation (576).



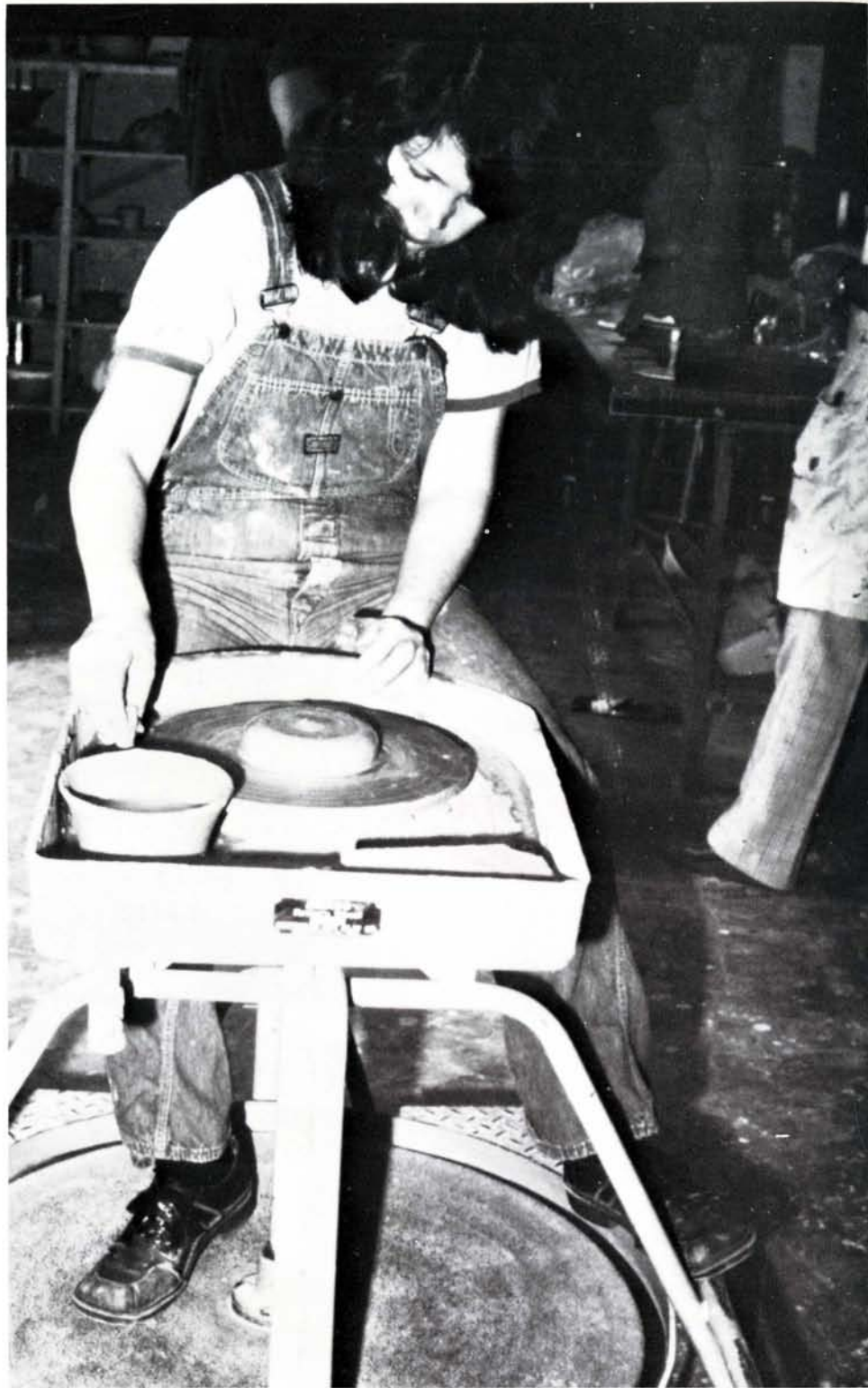
(There are also several art courses in ceramics.) After finishing the course — of which only one section deals with ceramics — she found a gift shop near her home in Frankfort that agreed to sell her pieces on a trial basis. The store agreed later to buy her pieces at regular prices, if they sell well.

If you have no luck in finding a store to sell your ceramic pieces, then it is still possible to sell them yourself. You can start by selling them to friends who are looking for unique gifts.

How much can you expect to make? A ceramic model of an eagle perched on a log in the office of Dr. Earl Bentley was a gift to him from a member of his family. Although its maker "spent more than 30 hours on it," according to Dr. Bentley, the total cost was less than \$15. It was beautifully done — by a beginner. A similar piece seen at a department store was "marked down" to \$139. In most cases, it would sell for at least \$50.

Ceramics is not a job, but an enjoyable hobby. Any money made during the process is a definite plus. Even if you merely use your pieces for gifts, the money saved would be enough to pay for your hobby. And most people would appreciate a gift you made more than a gift bought.

Any way you look at it, you can't lose with a ceramics hobby.



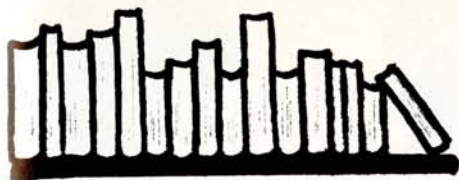
Linda Kuhlman (above) masters the art of wheel throwing as Terri Ball (right) pieces together slabs of clay to form a slab pot.











Chapter Two:

“Little Girl” Finds Happiness

By Vickie Wills

Photo by Paul Wright

“There’s no way, no way I can get this term paper done by tomorrow. I don’t have a typewriter. The bookstore is all rented out. Just no way.”

Some people called it end-of-semester blues, pulling all-nighters, but all I could say was “Help!” In a means of escape, I took a walk down the 3 o’clock streets of Morehead.

Muggy weather contributed to my irritability. I gazed at the old buildings and cracked paint that I suddenly found myself surrounded by. Diapers hung limply from sagging metal clotheslines and seemed to cry for a soft summer breeze.

An old rusted sign said, “Shoe Repair”, and inside, three aging men leaned over in their chairs, listening intently to some old story.

My eyes met a crudely lettered sign. “Conn’s Trading Post.” Intrigued I walked inside.

No bright euphoria met my eyes. The interior was dark and the furnishings, haphazard.

“How are you today little girl?” spoke the old man sitting obscurely behind an ancient desk.

I smiled politely and said my usual, “Just fine.”

Little girl. In a week I would be 20. Yet somehow, the greeting seemed appropriate and I wondered why.

I wandered back through the rows of faded clothing. The old dresses and shirts hung like monarchs a full two feet above my head.

Little girl?

“I’m sure I saw Sandra Dee in this thing! Or was it Annette Funicello in a beach party movie? June Allyson, pure June Allyson! Hey, here’s an old one, Ethel Barrymore! Got to be! Ah, Grandma! Grandma would have worn this dress!”

Little girl?

I browsed through a stack of faded books. “Health Through Science,” “This is the Path to Eternity.” I picked up a humble-looking book and slowly turned the first yellowed page. “Chapter One: Bessie meets with an adventure.” Enchanted, I closed the book and carried it with me.

I began to feel a subtle change in mood. My term paper seemed miles away. As I made my way over to the table laden with old bottles and thin, dust covered saucers, I felt childish fantasies begin to take over my mind.

I said to myself, “You are ‘Alice in Wonderland,’ you are Beth in ‘Little Women’, you are pale and feminine and part of another century.”

From somewhere outside, a car radio blared, “Boogie Fever!” and brought me regretfully back to the present. I suddenly remembered that I was not Alice in Wonderland, but a 20 year old woman with a term paper to write.

I took my book to the old man behind the desk and gave him the single quarter that he established as the price.

As I walked out the door, the old man said, “Come back again, little girl.”

I clutched my book and smiled.



Continued from page 5.

Morehead State University. The dean of Kentucky's public university chief executives, he has probably, at his age, served longer at the same institution than any public university executive in the nation.

Dr. Doran brought Morehead State College, of which he assumed the presidency on April 6, 1954, to university status and the focus of state and national attention.

When he first came to the small Eastern

1954 — MOREHEAD STATE COLLEGE — 700 students; 350 acre campus; \$845,000 operating budget; \$473,000 state appropriation.

Kentucky college, no new facilities had been erected on the 350 acre campus for 20 years. Its progress was mired in politics. It had an enrollment of fewer than 700 students and a total operating budget of \$845,000 with a state appropriation of \$473,000.

Through dedication and hard work, including many 25-hour days, Dr. Doran helped this small school grow into a nationally-recognized institution of higher learning. The enrollment has grown to ten times that of 1954 to over 7,000. The operating budget is 27 times greater, at \$23.4 million. In 22 years, 50 new buildings have been erected, increasing the physical value of the University to \$80 million with \$9.6 million in construction underway. The buildings are contained on more than 700 acres owned by the university. The state of Ken-

tucky now appropriates more than \$13.4 million, 15 times greater than the 1954 appropriation.

Among the innovative programs Dr. Doran has taken a personal hand in prompting or encouraging have been the two-year associate degree which has helped hundreds of students who could not afford or did not want a four-year program, to get a concentrated college degree in a single

line of endeavor; an off-campus teaching program that has sent university professors into regional centers to teach night classes to people who could not afford or did not have the time to enroll on campus; and internship programs whereby students may apply skills they learn at the University in on-campus jobs, or in off-campus cooperative programs co-sponsored by regional businesses and industry.

Nine types of training were available to

1976 — MOREHEAD STATE UNIVERSITY — 7,000 students; 700 acre campus; \$23,000,000 operating budget; \$13,400,000 state appropriation.

students at Morehead College in 1954. These included a 4-year program with or without teacher certification, one- or two-year programs for secretaries and stenographers, a three-year preparation of registered nurses program, and graduate study in education.

The General Assembly granted Morehead State university status in 1966. In 1967, the eight divisions of study were merged into five academic schools: Education, Science and Mathematics, Applied Sciences and Technology, Humanities, and Social Sciences. These schools include 24 divisions and departments. The school of Business and Economics was added in 1972.





Mrs. Doran, left, accepts an award from Kathleen McGraw and Pat Davis of the Wilderness Road Girl Scout Council in 1972. Below, Dr. Doran, after being named to the National Advisory Council on Education Professions Development, meets in the White House with Rep. Carl Perkins and President Lyndon Johnson in 1967.

Today the university offers five bachelor degrees in 60 areas, 8 masters degrees in 16 areas, specialist degrees in three areas, and associate degrees in 21 areas. In 1974, the university offered nearly 1,400 classes taught by 350 faculty members.

The Courier Journal Magazine on October 17, 1954, had noted that "since coming to the school (Morehead) on July 1, Dr. Doran has encouraged a kind of atmosphere that is sadly lacking at many colleges. Even the casual visitor on the beautiful Morehead campus can detect this in the friendly, mutual-interest relationship that seems to exist between teachers and students. Students are urged to discuss their problems — scholastic or personal — with the president, the deans, the professors, the janitors. No doors are closed."

Though ten times as many students stroll the campus today as when he came, Dr. Doran cares as much about each student personally as he did 22 years ago. It is not unusual to see, on a warm spring day, Dr. Doran sitting in a rap session with a circle of students on the grass in the middle of campus. His open door policy has always remained in effect. One observer claims that a "student can get into the president's office easier than anyone else. Just let him know there is a student with a personal problem, and everyone else will



have to wait while he helps solve the student's problem."

And no problem is beyond Dr. Doran's efforts. Little is known of the financial help which he personally has given to countless numbers of students. Never has a needy student been turned away from his office.

Always by his side has been his wife and first lady of MSU, Mignon McClain Doran. The October 27, 1954, issue of the Trail Blazer called her a "beautiful woman . . . a gracious lady . . . and a wonderful personality." And Dr. Doran was once quoted as saying "What measure of success I might have attained can be attributed to Mignon."

Unwilling to stay behind the scenes Mrs. Doran became immediately active in campus life upon her arrival in 1954. She adopted as her first goal the development of student organizations and became the founder of CWENS and the Cosmopolitan Club.

A regular radio program, "Tea Time at Home With Mignon" began broadcasting live over the local commercial station WMOR from the president's home in 1955. It evolved into the "At Home With Mignon" recently heard over the University's own station, WMKY.

Mrs. Doran's most outstanding contribution to MSU has been the Personal Development Institute. Begun in 1969, it instructs both male and female students on how to function well as a total social human being. This one-hour credit course helps develop individual qualities ranging from manners to vocabulary. PDI was the first institute of this nature in the south and is now one of only ten in the nation. Recently PDI sessions were recorded by the University's color videotape cameras for broadcast over the Kentucky Educational Television Network under the title, "Dimensions of Personality."

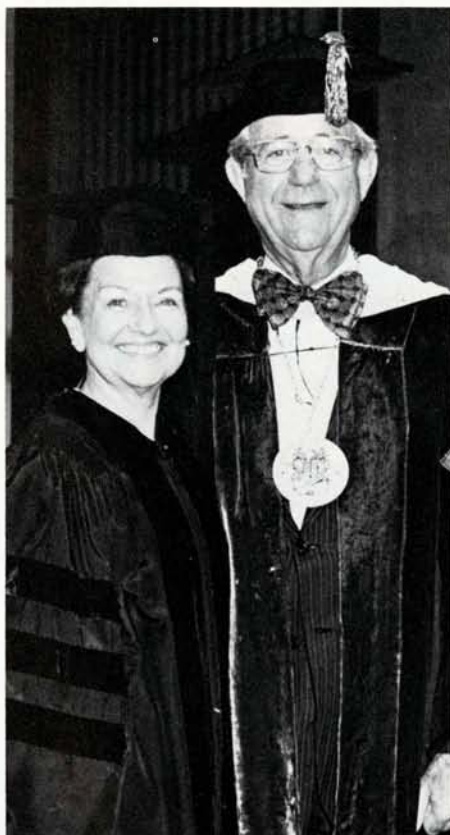
Mrs. Doran's influence has extended in many different directions off as well as on campus. Her work with the Newgate Project, at the Ashland Federal Youth Center, and with the Frenchburg Correctional Facility, to help provide rehabilitation programs, has been praised by many. One of

the young men involved said, "If there were more Mignon Dorans in the world, there'd be less crime and no war."

The onetime Rowan County News called Mrs. Doran "unquestionably the most popular woman in all of Kentucky."

Perhaps one of her best known talents is in music. She has performed on the organ for fashion shows, state basketball tournaments, NCAA regional games, radio and TV programs, and at most of the University's home basketball games.

Earle Clements, in 1971, said of Mrs.



TWO HIGHEST DEGREES — Dr. and Mrs. Doran both received honorary doctoral degrees at MSU's recent summer commencement exercises. Their new home will be in Lexington, where they have purchased a condominium.

Doran, "She was a strong-willed girl with some influence upon a man whom I thought . . . was going places. He has."

Of the many honors bestowed upon Dr. Doran, he regards the Horatio Alger Award his most significant. Chosen for this honor in 1971, Dr. Doran was one of only four Kentuckians and 200 Americans to receive this honor. The Horatio Alger Award was started for the purpose of honoring business and professional leaders who attain unquestioned success by overcoming humble backgrounds. Past recipients include: Dwight D. Eisenhower, Billy Graham, Bob Hope, J. C. Penney, Lowell Thomas, and Col. Harlan Sanders.

Back in 1954, after Dr. Doran's selection for president had been announced, Board of Regents Chairman Wendell Butler, who cast the deciding vote for Dr. Doran's appointment, remarked, "For the welfare of Morehead, I want to urge everyone to get behind Dr. Doran. If he does the job, the criticism will be short lived. If he doesn't, then I will have made the wrong recommendation."

Dr. Doran once wrote of a personal friend, and founder of Freed-Hardemann College, N.B. Hardemann, that, "living with him in eternity will be one of the rewards of those of us who sat at his feet."

Certainly the same sentiments today could be expressed by the hundreds touched by the wisdom and helpfulness of Dr. Doran and his lovely wife, Mignon.



Doran Era construction includes: (clockwise) Ginger Hall, Reed Hall, Cartmell Hall, Adron Doran University Center, and the Mignon Dormitory Complex.

Color photos by Greg Sheehan and W. David Brown.



Construction completed during the Doran years

- | | | | |
|------|---|--|---|
| 1956 | Gymnasium (Wetherby) | WMKY began at 10 watts
(now 50,000 watts) | |
| 1957 | Doran Student House (now ADUC) | | |
| 1960 | Lakewood Terrace
Waterfield Hall | 1967 | Mignon Tower
Alumni Tower
Normal Hall
Laughlin Health Building |
| 1961 | Butler Hall
Combs Classroom Building
Button Auditorium addition | 1968 | Claypool-Young Art Building
Education Building (Ginger)
Purchased 212-acre farm |
| 1962 | Industrial Arts/Home Economics Building (Cassidy)
Wilson Hall | 1969 | Cartmell Hall
Nunn Hall
Student Center enlarged |
| 1963 | Mignon Hall
Administration Building
(Howell-McDowell) | 1970 | Reed Hall |
| 1964 | Breathitt Sports Center
West Mignon Hall | 1971 | Radar Hall enlarged |
| 1965 | East Mignon Hall
Cooper Hall
W. H. Rice Maintenance
Service Building | 1973 | John "Sonny" Allen Stadium |
| | | 1974 | Richardson Livestock Arena |
| | | 1976 | Allie Young renovation |
| | | Authorized | Weatherby Athletic-Academic Complex
Carroll Library Tower |



TRANSITION — Typical construction scene during the Doran years is this aerial view of the renovation of Rader Hall, once the administration building. At right is old

Thompson Hall; behind is the new education building (Ginger Hall); in foreground are new administration and art buildings.



You've gotta . . .



It's nothing but a fat piece of wood with a hole in its head. It has six silver wires, wrapped in nylon, stretched on a long arm. It's the first thing I'd save in case of fire, and my best friend. It's a guitar.

The guitar has a long, if not so noble, ancestry. It first appeared in the art of the Tigris and Euphrates civilizations in Western Asia, those wonderful folks who also gave us the 24-hour day, the 60-minute hour, and the 360-degree circle. In those days the guitar was a type of lute known as a pandoura. The name, however, comes

from a much later instrument, a kind of lyre called a cithara.

Fritz Jahnel, leading German authority on stringed instruments, says the instrument began as tortoise shell covered with hide. A V-frame of wood was also used, connected at the top by a crossbar called a

yoke, to which the strings were fastened.

In past Western history the guitar has been the symbol of rather loose young men. If you played the guitar in 1550, you would have been known as a Spanish "gracioso" — somewhat akin to Don Juan. In Italy in 1600 only charlatans strummed, as an

accompaniment to foolish ditties. In the 1800s the guitar was a symbol of the romantic man — like Shelley and Keats. In the '20s Russia prohibited the guitar as it was a middle-class instrument rather than a proletarian one. Today, even Prince Charles strums the guitar. And, at last count, Americans owned 15 to 20 million guitars.

Because of its popularity among rock musicians, the guitar has made its way into orchestras. You might say it's finally becoming legitimate.

However else it has changed, the guitar has never lost its sensuality. Its softly rounded curves are reminiscent of a woman's body, and the blatantly sexual rock musician has absorbed some of its connotations.

Much of the guitar's popularity is due to its simplicity. With a few simple chords the amateur can usually play a song his first lesson.

The guitar is played by strumming or plucking the strings. The notes are formed by holding each string at specified points on the neck. Certain notes may be played together, forming harmonic tones called chords. Different chords are usually played in specified successions called "runs."

There are many types of guitars, but the six most popular ones are the Western, the F-Hole Arch-top, the Combination, the Acoustical Electric, the Solid-Body, and the Classical (which I own). The Solid-Body and the Acoustical Electric are generally used for amplified music, the F-Hole Arch-Top for a steel guitar twang without amplification. The other three are used for folk guitar picking. The Classical is also used for the Spanish flamenco style because its

neck is likely to bow, and you might as well pitch it out the window. It will never sound the same again, not to mention that it will probably never be in tune again.

My first guitar cost approximately \$30, but that was 12 years ago, so you will probably have to spend about \$40. Mine was so cheap I don't believe it had a brand name. It didn't have a steel-reinforced neck, so one summer the neck just pulled away from the strings. I eventually traded it for a Ray Charles album to a travelling blues guitarist with a bedroll and \$300 worth of scratched 78 rpm records. He was thrilled and so was I. Several guitars later I acquired the one I have now. It is a Spanish classical made in Madrid with ivory pegs and the most beautiful resonance this side of the Atlantic. I've had it four years, and it has never been waxed, repaired, or injured. But by now I know how to care for the instrument.

By Carole Nantz

nylon strings have a mellow, romantic tone.

Choosing a guitar should be by personal preference, according to the type music one wishes to play. However, I don't advise purchasing an expensive guitar the first time around. The most important reason for not doing so is *care*. The guitar must be treated with respect and love akin to what one feels for his mother. You do not put your mother in the hot trunk of a car; you do not let her freeze outside; you do not get her soaking wet. Neither do you treat a guitar like that. A guitar is made principally of wood — and wood warps. If exposed to heat, cold, or dampness, the wood will probably warp, the



While warping is the greatest injury to the guitar, the second most common injury is the neck pulling away from the strings. When this happens it's almost impossible to chord the guitar. America's solution has been to develop the reinforced neck. This is a steel bar which extends down the neck, holding it in place, a feature that is almost priceless.

But why should the neck pull away from the strings in the first place? The reason is that the same tension that produces the sounds also strains the guitar. Without steel-reinforcement the neck can bow under the tension.

For the guitar to sound sweetly, it must be tuned properly. A guitar is tuned to the piano's low E on the sixth bass string. The fifth

string is A, three keys from E. Then three keys to D, and so on, to G, B, and E. If you are unfamiliar with the piano, find middle C, then count down to E from there. It is five keys to the left.

Playing the guitar is not difficult, but it certainly requires practice. This seems to be the "bad apple" to most beginners. Practice, especially when you are not very proficient, can be very frustrating. Guitar teachers often encourage the beginner by telling him that only by practice will he play well. But perhaps this doesn't go far enough. No one can learn to play the guitar if he doesn't love the guitar. That's like an equestrienne who rides because he looks good on a horse. If you love the guitar no one can keep you away.





DULCET DULCIMER — Dr. Bill Bryant plays one of the dulcimers he built, a favorite among lovers of mountain music.

They like mountain music . . .

By Tawny Acker
Photos by
Greg Sheehan

Along the Appalachian Mountains lie the states of North Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky, and the oldest mountain range in America. Its inhabitants are predominantly of British descent — English, Scottish, and Irish. Some families have lived in these same mountains so long that scholars say they have preserved a purity of heritage as no other region in America.

More important than material goods their forefathers brought from their native lands, they have maintained the spirit of their heritage, kept it, not written in verse and bound in book, but passed on from generation to generation in song. Some call it folk music; most call it mountain music.



THAT'S A FIDDLE — At music school in Boston, it was a violin, says Leo Blair, but back home in Appalachia where he enjoys mountain music, it's a fiddle he plays.

Mountain music is "the music of the people," says H. Leo Blair, associate professor of music at Morehead, an avid fan and advocate of such music. "It is free, simple, melodious, and often used for dancing."

The instrumentation for mountain music

included the melodeon, a small hand keyboard organ similar to an accordian that is rarely played anymore. Other mountain music instruments are the five-string banjo, fiddle, dulcimer, auto-harp, harmonica, guitar, jews harp, and a great number of home-

made instruments, such as the washboard bass.

One of the more popular instruments associated with mountain music is the dulcimer, which is still lovingly handcrafted.



(So popular it has become possible to purchase dulcimer kits to make your own.)

There was no single inventor of the dulcimer — just a culmination of cultures that led to instruments found today in many sizes and shapes but all known as the dulcimer. To distinguish the new mountain instrument from the English Hammered Dulcimer, it became known as the "plucked Southern Appalachian Mountain Dulcimer."

An accredited class on dulcimer construction has been conducted here at MSU, for several years, by Dr. Bill Bryant, professor of art.

"The dulcimer is one of the simplest instruments to learn to play," Dr. Bryant says. "You can play anything from Bach to the Beatles on it although it is traditionally associated with mountain music."

The dulcimer is a creative instrument — one has to play it himself, pick out his own harmonics without the aid of push-buttons or ready-made chords. The melody is produced on one string (the other strings are drones) by pressing the notes onto this string, beginning at the left end and playing to the right to make the scale, producing distinctive and charming tones.

Though Dr. Bryant says making dulcimers and playing mountain music are only a "hobby," he devotes a great deal of time to them. Construction of a dulcimer can take from as little as two hours to as many as three hundred hours. Since he just became acquainted with dulcimers in 1972, Dr. Bryant has made only 33 of them and was working on another at the time I talked to him. He also makes fiddles and mandolins, two other instruments included in mountain music.

"At the music school in Boston, they call it a violin, but back here on the farm, I'm playin' the fiddle again." This is a dual dilemma of another mountain instrument. Which is it? "The fiddle, always in mountain music," says Blair, whose interest in mountain music was first stirred at age five by his father and uncle. They played simple mountain melodies on fiddle and guitar. Now Blair himself teaches University music classes in classic violin, guitar and viola, but his favorite music is still mountain music.

There are many more tunings for the fiddle in mountain music than for classical violin music.

This fall Blair is teaching an accredited class in "traditional music," which provides music for the folk and country dance classes on campus. Blair also teaches a class in traditional five-string banjo.

The five-string banjo, played claw-hammer style, is the hobby of another professor on campus — Dr. Ronald G. Dobler, professor of English, who has long been interested in music, and mountain music in particular.

"Music is the cheapest form of psychiatry available," says Dr. Dobler who, besides the banjo, plays the mandolin, a bit of guitar, and a dulcimer made by Dr. Bryant.

It is not unusual on campus, either, to hear students playing mountain songs they may have become acquainted with during the

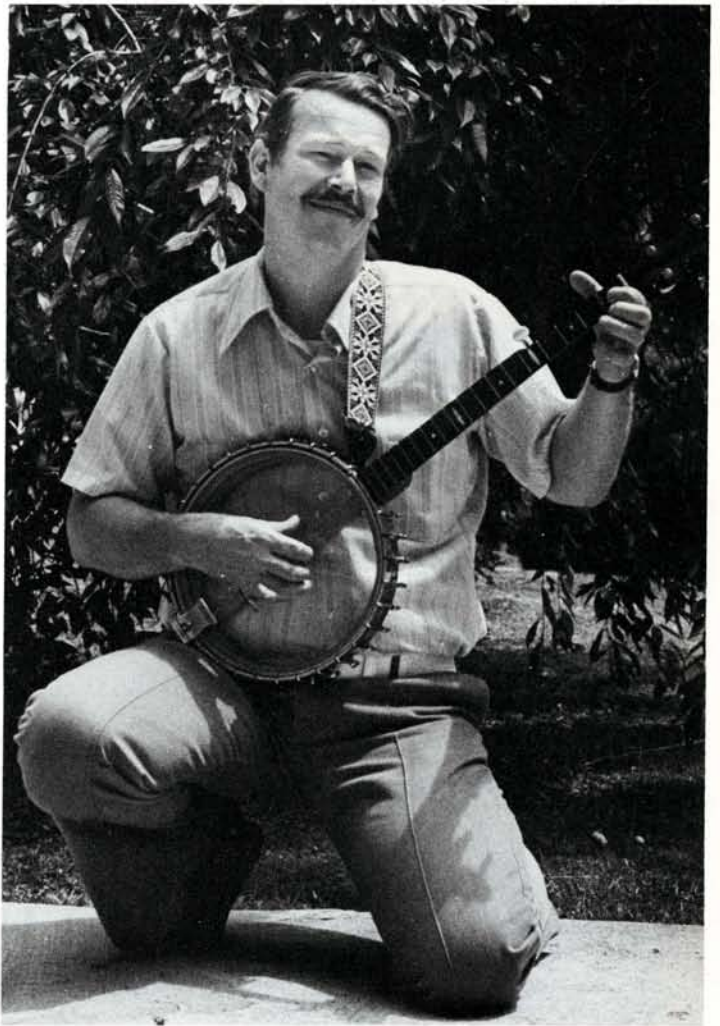
folk revival of the 60's.

Johnson-Camden Library has a fine collection of books about folk and mountain music for specialized areas to the South in general. Most books contain words and music.

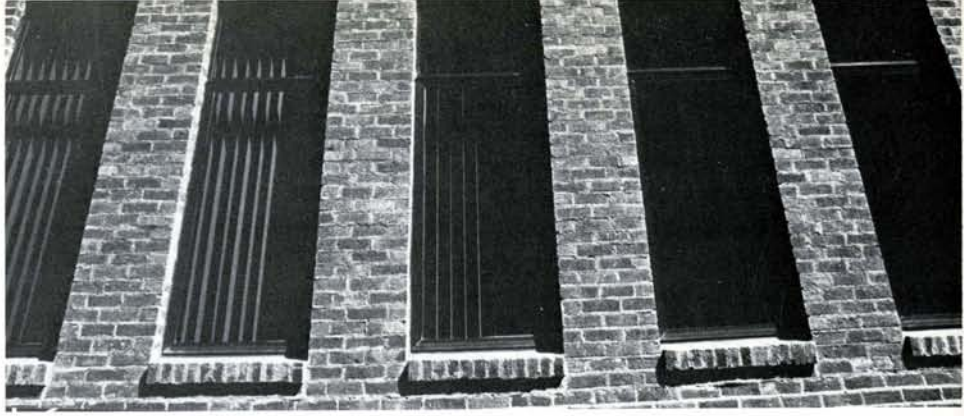
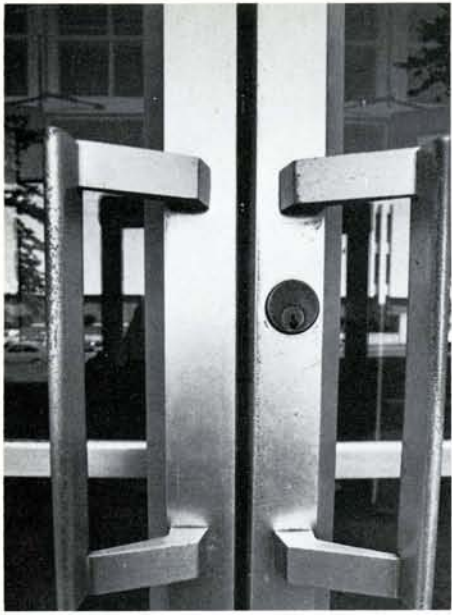
How can you tell if it's mountain music?

"It's mountain music," explains Dr. Dobler, "when you can feel it in your feet."

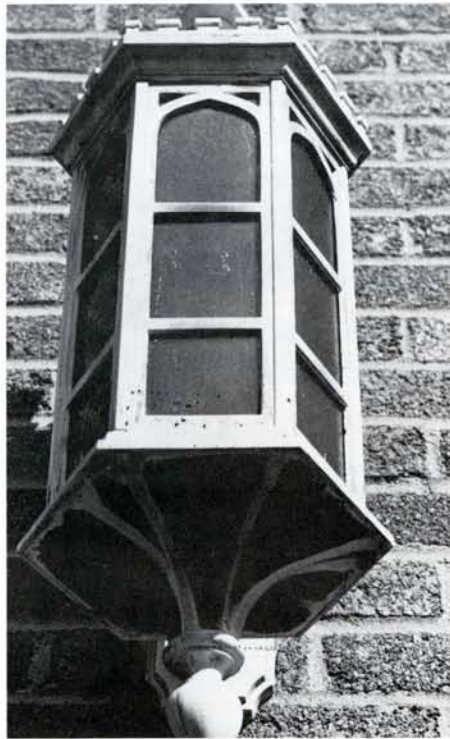
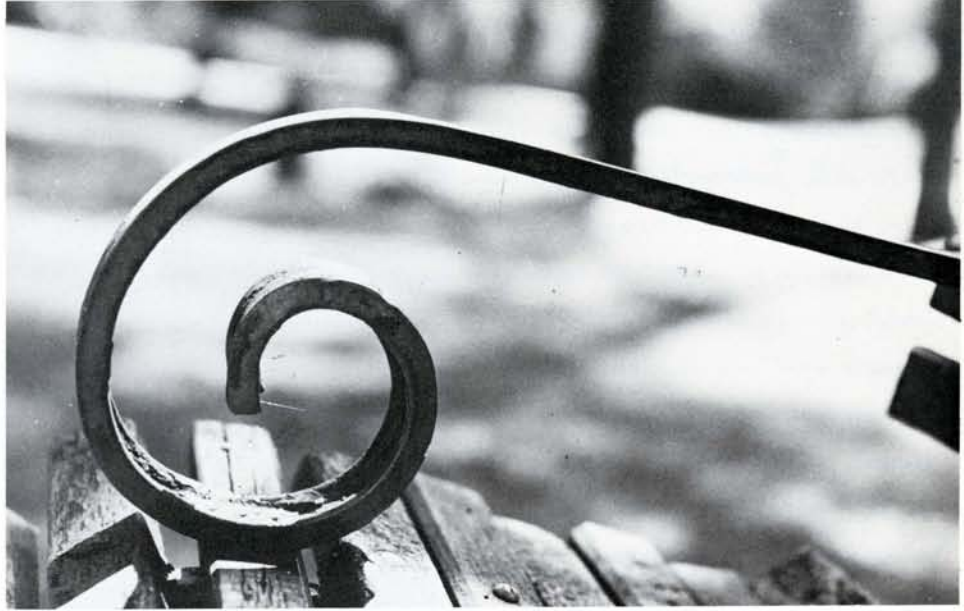
Mountain music is alive and well in the mountains. It is not unusual when driving around Morehead to see mountain musicians sitting on their porches playing the clear, simple tunes of their heritage.

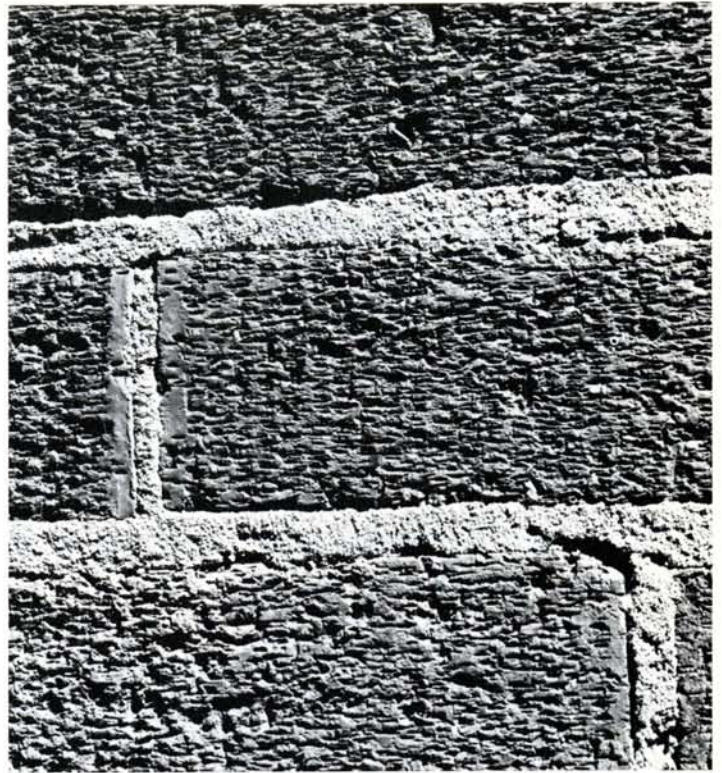


CHEAP PSYCHIATRY — That's what Dr. Ron Dobler calls music. Here he is playing one of his favorite instruments used in making mountain music, the banjo.



Photos by
David Byrd
"Shapes and Textures"





"Look, up in the sky; it's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman!"

"It's Spiderman!"

"What? Conan the Cimmerian — here!?"

Superman, Spiderman, Conan; who are these people? Each is from the annals of comic book history. They are stars of their own comic books, members of the super hero society who grace the covers of Marvel and DC comics.

In recent decades, an increasing number of people have been reading comics, which have enjoyed their greatest popularity since they began, thus having gone full cycle. After sales dipped in the 50s, comics began to take on a new look in the early-mid 60s. Pure escapism was no longer enough. Realism and relevant issues, missing in most early comics, were introduced to spur sales. At the time it was regarded sceptically, and even with some apprehension on the part of Stan Lee, chief of Marvel Comics, who began the innovation.

"We tried to be realistic when we were starting with this idea 12 years ago. We thought of our stories as fairy tales for grownups. They would all have one unrealistic thing about them, of course — like a hero who had the strength of a hundred men or could fly, but we thought everything else should be realistic. Heroes would be like normal people who happen to have a superpower or two. Maybe they're super, but they might still be greedy, they might still have halitosis," Lee said recently in an interview with "Seventeen."

COMICS ARE ALIVE AND WELL *and Living in the Homes of Americans* By Floyd Jernigan

The new look in comics is evident in the art, the captions, and the story lines. The heroes have changed, too. Now there is the sword and sorcery line featuring Conan the Barbarian, Beowulf, and others. Comics have touched on virtually all bases, the Greek Gods of Olympus, devils, and even a flaming skull (with a body) who rides a motorcycle and does stunts while fighting evildoers.

Comics have begun to reflect an increasing awareness of the times. They are beginning to touch topics that would normally be left alone. Comics, in short, are becoming

hip. The ever present Wonder Woman has been joined by Red Sonja, a somewhat fiery, sword wielding redhead. Luke Cage-Power Man and Tyroc are two of the new black stars of the comics.

Ecology has found its way into comic annals. Green Lantern, who gains his power from his ring, shows a futuristic earth and the way events would happen. Popeye got into the act by devoting panels to pollution. Mighty Samson is a super strong man who gained his strength when the world was destroyed by a nuclear holocaust.

Problems such as corruption, slums, and drugs are now being depicted. The Comics Code Authority will not approve anything relating to drugs unless it is depicted very unfavorably. Use of drugs is presented as being bad for your health.

Realism is only part of the popularity of the comic book. "We need a hero to look up to, the way things are. The super heroes are good to read," states Dr. Jerry Howell, director of the Center for Environmental Studies and teacher of a summer course in comics, and the proud owner of some six thousand comics.

Comics are being aimed at the high school and college student. As a result, they are being worked into the college curriculum.

"Since man first began drawing on cave dwellings, the comics have influenced our culture and our perceptions of ourselves. They deserve study as a serious art form," contends Dr. Karen M. Walowit, University

of Michigan English professor in an interview in "Intellect." She feels comics can be an effective teaching tool for any subject.

"Good comics stimulate the imagination and encourage people to read."

"Comic books are American folklore — Superman is more popular than Paul Bunyan," says Michael Uslan in "Newsweek." As a senior, he taught a course at the University of Indiana in 1972 called "The Comic Book in Society" and is the owner of close to 10,000 comics.

"Some people still chuckle at the idea of a course on comics, but comic books are a very powerful medium. They reach a large segment of society," states Steve Belzarini, an English teacher at Holmdel High School in New Jersey. "Like any other medium they reflect that part of society's thinking and its ideals. Today's comics have art work that's very defined and some of the best writing done today . . ."

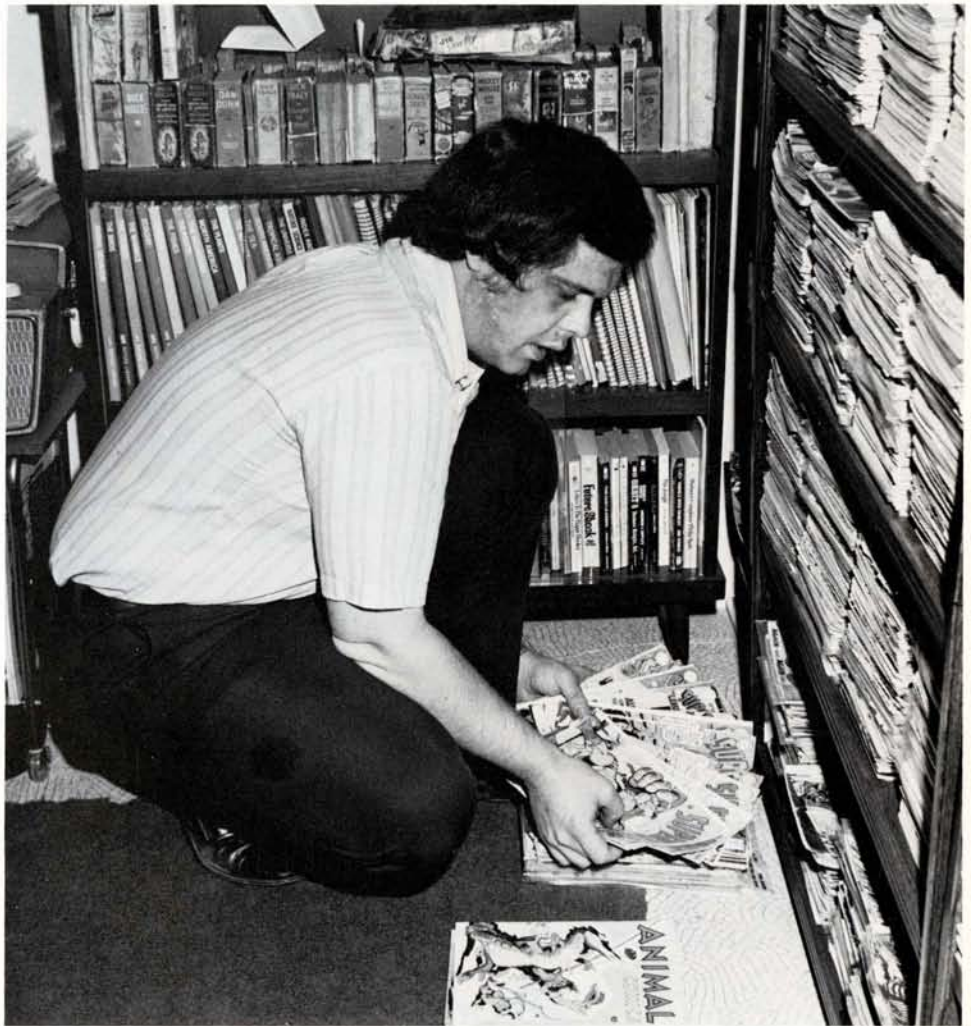
Comics of the past, while appearing crudely drawn are worth a lot of money to those who are lucky to have a handful of them in mint condition. According to Dr. Howell, Action #1 is worth "whatever you're willing to pay for it." Action #1 contained the first appearance of a character named Superman, who later became and still is the leading superhero.

Comics are a big business. They have grown. Now there are newspapers and magazines published that list back issues of comics that dyed-in-the-wool collectors may have missed.

As ever, comics are entertainment and escape. They are as much a part of the American culture as mom, the flag, and apple pie. From Captain America yelling the old Battlecry, "Avengers assemble," to the Thing screaming, "It's clobberin' time," comics present a world outside our own, where the reader, upon opening those action-packed pages, becomes one with each and every situation his or her hero or heroine becomes involved in. Comics have

been and will be with us a long time. So, on that fateful day when you rush down to the local newsstand, scoop up the latest copy of the caped crusader, pluck down your hard-earned shekels, flip the cover, to see and read; "If it isn't one thing it's another," says Superman as he flies off with a bound, "There's always some new crackpot with an invention to destroy the world."

'Nuff said.



COMIC COLLECTOR — Dr. Jerry Howell examines his collection of comic books. His prize holding is the first issue of "Pogo."

PUPIL, POLITICIAN, PRESIDENT

The Life of the Dorans

By Paul Wright

Cartoon by
Garry Redmon

Photo by
George Burgess



ANNOUNCING RETIREMENT — Dr. and Mrs. Doran, May 3, 1976.



Born September 1, 1909, Adron Doran was one of six sons born to Edward Conway and Mary Elizabeth (Clemons) Doran. He often asserts that "they ran out of names before they got to me" and arrived at his first name by scrambling the letters of his last. Actually his mother got the name from a story she had read where the hero was named Adron.

Raised near Boydsville, Kentucky, in

Graves County, he walked or rode five miles to Cuba High School, where he graduated in 1928. In high school he played on the basketball team made up of "Hoss", "Runt", "Doc", and "Bear" — "Stiff" Doran was the team's center.

Baptized into the Church of Christ in 1927, he decided to enroll in church-related Freed-Hardemann College in Henderson, Tennessee, in 1928. Two years later he graduated.

Enrolling at Murray State Teacher's College, "with no money but plenty of faith," in the fall of 1930, Dr. Doran sang with his brothers Curtis and Basil to help pay college expenses.

At a basketball game at Sedalia High School on February 28, 1931, Doran met a beautiful girl from Sedalia named Mignon McClain. They fell in love, although at the time she was engaged, and were married on August 23, 1931.

Doran received his bachelor's degree from Murray in 1932 and became teacher, basketball coach, and principal at Boaz High School in Western Kentucky. Mrs. Doran taught speech and music at the school without pay.

In the mid-30s, the couple moved to Sylvan Shade High School in Fulton County where Doran became principal.

Returning to Graves County in 1938, he became principal of Wingo High School, where he remained for ten years.

While serving there, Doran decided to fight for more public school allocations by running for the state legislature. In the fall



ARRIVAL AT MSU — At the president's home, June 15, 1954.

of 1943, he received permission from the local school board to run for the office under the stipulation that Mrs. Doran serve as principal in his absence. Sweeping Graves County, he was elected a representative. He pleased his constituency so well that he was reelected three times. In a specially-called session of the General Assembly in 1949, Doran was elected Speaker of the House and served in that position through the remainder of his term.

Adron Doran earned his EdD from the University of Kentucky in 1950. He also holds four honorary doctorates.

Two years before coming to Morehead, Dr. Doran served as secretary of the Kentucky Council on Public Higher Education and as a visiting professor of education at the University of Georgia.

Losing his first bid for the presidency in 1951 to Dr. Charles Spain, he succeeded in

being selected president of Morehead State College after Dr. Spain's resignation in 1954.

Dr. Doran and his wife, Mignon, have served what is now Morehead State University and the Commonwealth of Kentucky as President and First Lady respectively for over 22 years.

His resignation, effective January 1, 1977, will allow Dr. and Mrs. Doran to live "the next 22 years" of their lives "free of labor, toil, strife, and stress."

Dr. Doran divides his career into three periods of 22 years each: the first 22 years spent in elementary, high school, and college training, the next 22 as high school principal, coach, teacher, legislator, graduate student, and minister, and the past 22 in advancing Morehead State College and University to a position of region-wide usefulness and nation-wide reputation.

Bicentennial Walker

Mark Johnson's "Walk for Freedom" Crosses 50 States.

By Chuck Cooper

Somewhere across the country — or maybe in Alaska or Hawaii — a hiker should be nearing the end of his long walk.

It started the first day of January, Mark Johnson's Bicentennial hike. He set out to walk across all 50 states.

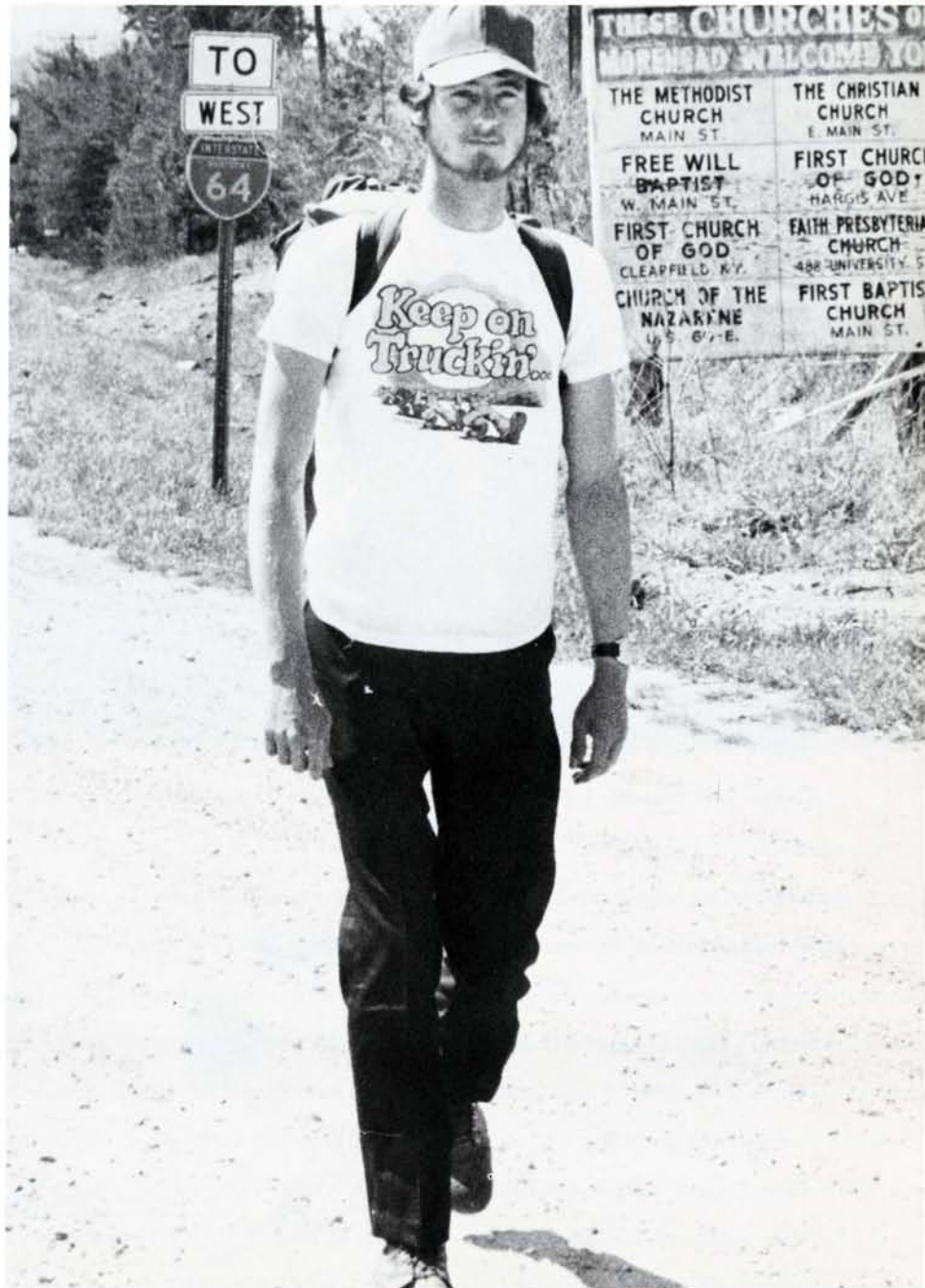
No kidding.

When he passed through Morehead last spring he had 21 states and almost 2,800 miles behind him, and 29 states and 6,000 miles to go.

Johnson, 22, hopes to be the first person ever to walk through at least the 48 continental states, and hopefully through all 50, within less than a year. "I had originally planned to finish by the Fourth of July, but I couldn't make that," he said.

He was hitchhiking in early December last year when he got his idea.

"I had walked through three towns without catching a ride. I decided I could walk all the way across the U.S."



Such a venture was no first for him, however. Two years ago he hitchhiked through the 48 continental states in less than 15 days. He figures he has "thumbed" about half a million miles in the last six years.



And he's never gotten into serious trouble, or even been arrested.

Johnson has three rules as he walks down highways facing traffic: "I don't take rides; I don't take money; and I never go into any state more than once."

Kentucky had been his longest state crossing when he came here — 16 days walking eastward.

A native of Asholie, N.C., Johnson calls his venture a "Walk for Freedom" and generally wears red, white, and blue. He also has an American flag glued to the back of his 50 pound pack.

In Morehead he had a different experience with freedom than just walking for free. Seeing lights in a church off Interstate 64, he stopped in to find a revival in progress. At the close of the service he came forward to receive Jesus Christ and was baptized.

Inside the Mt. Zion United Methodist Church he said, "I was baptized when I was nine, but I got away from the Lord. It's good to be back."

Following his trip he would like to work with young people either in a camp or his church in Asholie.

Several other unique things had happened during his long walk. While in Philadelphia at Temple University a student fell six stories to his death after diving for a basketball.

In Humbolt, Tenn., a building fell down as he walked by. Even while in Morehead he was not immune. While in one of the



dorms, a water sprinkler came on and flooded the hall.

Johnson said he averages 28 miles a day with his longest being 44 and his shortest covering only eight miles. He usually works nine actual hours walking regardless of the weather.

He has slept in 11 jails, five firehouses, five motels, at three colleges, three airports (one in an airplane), two cars, a pickup truck, a schoolbus, in the top of a country store, five times underneath the stars out-

side, and the remainder in homes and apartments.

He carries no money and gives any he finds as a tip in the restaurants that donate food to him. He ate at McDonald's in Morehead. Although all of his food is donated, he has gained five pounds on his venture.

In three full months he has lost one duffle bag with all his clothes in it, A U.S. flag, a hat, and is now on his fourth pair of shoes.

Johnson tries to help people along his way, even if it means losing some time. "I've fixed a couple of flats and even given blood. Just outside of Morehead I helped a lady fix her muffler."

Basically people have been friendly, but he did have one problem.

"It was late and I was sitting by the road resting. A man stopped and offered a ride which I refused. He pulled a knife and said, 'If you want to walk, start walking.' I started."

The 200th Anniversary Of The American Revolution

A man at Mt. Zion asked him how he planned to get across the water to Alaska and Hawaii. After his experience at the church his answer could have been only one thing:

"Faith, brother."



A
Morehead
State University
Division of Communications
Production



- GARRY REDMAN -

