

The Interesting Mr. K--

Lowell R. Gano

Incessant nail biting—stalking walk—stubborn black hair. The jumbled details passed through my mind. White teeth, sun-brown skin, all details were stacking up haystack fashion until 'snap'—there stands my friend, my character, the interesting Mr. K--.

There are many who see his bad points. They say he is stubborn, must have his own way. My friend is stubborn, but an ambitious person must be so, I'll grant, because he is wholeheartedly sold on his ideas.

He is a moody sort. Often when talking he will suddenly become silent. He loves to act and entertain. Many times I will hear a hearty laughing chuckle interspersed with witty remarks, and I know that my friend is adding his bit to the chatter of the crowd.

He isn't a tall boy; however his stocky build pictures the athlete. I know that he is fond of swimming, football, and basketball, but other sports must claim his attention as they do any other normal boy or young man. He is always the aggressor even in sports. His suggestions are not to be taken lightly but are to be considered.

I said before that he was ambitious. His main aim in life is to become a teacher. The field he has chosen is history and the other social sciences. His interest in this field is evident by his many suggestions, new and untried, with which he is always coming forward.

My friend isn't an outstanding character to the casual observer. He is, however, an interesting character after you are better acquainted with him. His bad points are noticeable

and at first glance seem the more numerous, but when studied his bad points may be excused to allow his good points to come forward and speak for themselves.

Kentucky Hospitality

Bill Mitchell

An old log fence surrounding a field of blue-grass, blue-blooded race horses and a farmhouse in the background, and in the foreground a tall Kentucky Colonel surveying the scene with pride of ownership in his eye, and a glass of whiskey held conspicuously in his hand. This was the advertisement which most interested me.

It was not the "Glenmore's Whiskey" which interested me, but the realistic replica of the old-fashioned Kentucky Colonel.

These men were noted for two things; their mint juleps and their hospitality. The general impression today is that the 'good old days' of Kentucky hospitality are things of the past. This is not so. True, it is no longer in vogue within the larger cities of Kentucky, because they are crowded with people from other states, who along with the native Kentuckians, have suffered in recent economic depressions. However, there is still one type of Kentuckian who still upholds the traditions of his state. He is the illiterate, backward, mountaineer of eastern and southern Kentucky.

These men, whose only possessions are a squirrel-rifle, a log cabin, a few acres of forest covered land, and a horse, are perhaps the most hospitable people to be found anywhere. The weary traveler who knocks at a