

Academic Forum 32 (2014–15)

Most SO with No More Than 100 PA

T1	Dave Nicholson	1965	40	94	White Sox
T1	Ron Karkovice	1987	40	95	White Sox
T1	Jose Bautista	2004	40	96	Orioles/Rays/Royals/Pirates

Most PA with SO in More Than Half PA

Brian Bixler	2009	26	46	Pirates
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Conclusion

To truly answer the question of who is the worst hitter in history, we would need to do some adjustment for the era in which a player competed. That analysis is beyond the scope of this paper. Based on what we have seen, I think it is fairly reasonable to conclude that, in the modern era, Hal Lanier was the worst. But for complete futility at bat, no one comes close to Bill Bergen. In spite of his poor hitting, he had a 10-year major league career. His overall fielding, and record knack for turning double plays, explains the length of his career. He also played with a great hitting Giant team with Willie Mayes and Willie McCovey, and that helped prolong his career as well.

Biography

Fred Worth received his B.S. in Mathematics from Evangel College in Springfield, Missouri in 1982. He received his M.S. in Applied Mathematics in 1987 and his Ph.D. in Mathematics in 1991 from the University of Missouri-Rolla where his son is currently attending school. He has been teaching at Henderson State University since August 1991. He is a member of the Society for American Baseball Research and the Mathematical Association of America. And he hates the Yankees.

The Legend of Belle

Linda G. (Brown) English, Ph.D.
Professor of Counselor Education

Belle was Daddy's beloved liver-spotted pointer, probably named after Daddy's mistress, of twenty-five years, Thelma Belle, much to Mother's dismay. Daddy had numerous bird dogs, setters and pointers, but Belle was Daddy's favorite. Belle died on a point while flushing a covey in front of Freeman Cagle, her trainer and Daddy's hunting buddy. Mr. Cagle carried Belle in his arms into the store to show Daddy, Mother and me. Mr. Cagle was in his sixties at the time, Daddy and Mother in their fifties, and I was thirteen years old.

Old and fresh tears made rivers down his dirt-smudged face as he approached Daddy and placed Belle into Daddy's waiting arms. That was the first time, I ever saw a grown man and my daddy cry. Daddy escorted Mr. Cagle out the side door of the store as they lovingly and gently placed Belle into the bed of Daddy's 1962 red-over-white F100 Ford pickup. After Daddy closed the tailgate of the pickup, he opened the driver's side door of the truck and took out a flask of Jack Daniels sipping whisky. After both men had taken long draws from the flask, Mr. Cagle shared Belle's final hunting trip and death. The ancient and sacred requiem ritual had begun.

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Belle was a gift from Horace and Paul Jones for Daddy's birthday, which was a community event. Salesmen and jobbers provided the buns, bread, soft drinks, chips and condiments with Daddy providing the then regionally famous Luther Brown's Hickory-smoked BBQ. Daddy's birthday was August 15, and each year celebrated another successful year in business, their relationships, and lifelong friendships within the store and community for a total of thirteen years from 1960-1973.

The day of Belle's arrival was an occasion in itself. Mr. Horace and his brother, Paul, delivered Belle to Daddy at the store, Brown's Grocery and Station. Daddy and I met Mr. Horace and Mr. Paul in the backyard in front of the huge dog pen. Daddy's dog pen was ten feet high, which Daddy had hired done, made of heavy rectangular, top of the line formed wire and creosote posts. At the corner posts and every five feet, there was a creosote railroad tie placed vertically to prevent the dogs' jumping and escaping.

The one-half acre dog pen was bordered on the right by the pink Jim Walter rent house occupied by Granny, Mother's mother and my maternal grandmother. The dog pen was bordered on the left by the gate and entrance into the two-acre patch which housed my playhouse—actually an old feeding shed—and several head of cattle, old or sick cows, newborn calves, and nursing mama cows that needed to be tended to or cared for in some special way. To the front of the dog pen was our backyard of about another half an acre fenced with the same heavy formed wire only five feet tall with creosoted fence posts every five feet and at the corners. The older rent house was in front of the pink Jim Walter rent house and to the left of our backyard. This house paralleled the feed house which housed actual feed for cattle, horses, pigs, and chickens which Mother and Daddy sold through the store; cat and dog food was stored and sold in and through the store proper. The attached open garage housed the kerosene container and dispenser, my bicycle, and the front of that infamous red-over-white 1962 Ford pickup. Daddy would have to back the truck up so that I could shoot baskets in the driveway. The side (family and friend) entrance to the store and the pickup were just as you stepped out of the side door.

The wake for Belle was now in full swing as Daddy and Mr. Freeman spent the rest of the afternoon reminiscing about Belle's hunting exploits, her shenanigans when she was just a pup, and how smart and clever she was. And now the story was complete as Belle had died on a point.

Daddy's dog pen and hunting life would never be the same without Belle though Hobo and Chief, the German shepherds, still occupied the dog pen. Their large feeding bowl was a worn out round dishpan; their huge water bowl was an old blackened wash pot probably used by my maternal grandmother, Mabel Dickerson Arnold, as an actual wash pot in days gone by. That's another story for another day. She lived in the pink Jim Walter house to the right of the dog pen behind the front rent house and catty-cornered from our house with Brown's Grocery and Station added on the front when I was three years old. Mother and Daddy put the store in to "make a living" and "raise the baby."

The day of Belle's arrival as just a pup was the week prior to Daddy's birthday. Mr. Horace, Mr. Paul, and Belle arrived in a torrential rain, signaling the beginning of the yearly monsoon just prior to the fall season change. The silver-leafed maples in the backyard were just beginning to show the muted silver undersides of their leaves. At sunset and early in the morning, there was a slight nip in the air.

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I was not allowed to love on or pet Belle much since she was a hunting dog, not a pet. The interaction between Daddy and Belle was tender and endearing to watch and witness. Each morning and every afternoon when Daddy went out to feed the big dogs in the pen, Belle would escape into the backyard, and Daddy would sit in one of those green metal lawn chairs and they would visit for a while. She would place her chin on his knees as he talked quietly to her. In a while, she would sit quietly beside his chair until their visiting time was over. Then Daddy would open the wooden door of the dog pen, and Belle would resume her place as leader of the pack in the Brown family dog pen. Hobo was my wolf-colored German shepherd and Chief was the traditional black-and-tan colored German shepherd; Daddy called them police dogs.

Daddy loved Mother, me, the store and quail hunting. He was an excellent shot, bought and sold guns and firearms, and was the storyteller of the family though Mother ran him a close second. I get mine honest; I come from a long line of storytellers. I still have my 410-gauge shotgun which was purchased for me when I was eight years old. I once killed two birds with one shot and thereby won my place in Daddy's quail hunting stories told late into the evening at the store. Mr. Brozie Haynie, Daddy's mentor in business and family friend, cut the stock off and customized the 410 for me. I still use the 410 of my childhood on marauding vermin around the farmhouse, mostly opossums, raccoons, and the occasional snake.

I grew up practicing with a BB gun and learning to hit empty heavy paper oil cans, graduating to coke cans and finally to nickel snuff boxes. In our heyday and performing days for friends and customers in the store, I could hit nickel snuff boxes as Daddy tossed them in the air for me. Daddy was teaching and training me to "choose one; site it in; open both your eyes and fire. You want both eyes open so you can see where the singles go." In his simple southwest Arkansas way, Daddy was quite remarkable.

I grew up trekking across fields and fording streams in Daddy's footprints, taking two steps for each of his single steps. It took four hurried steps in my black, round-toed Wellington boots to match his stride. Belle was always in the lead or at Daddy's side. I can still see Belle lift her head high as she first smells the quarry, her movements becoming quick yet controlled. Her body would stiffen and her breathing measured. Daddy and I would slow our gait when Belle's body and tail straightened as she assumed the pointer's stance. Beauty, absolute beauty.

With Belle in position, Daddy would assume his shooting stance—left foot forward, right foot back, one continuous movement of raising the gun to his shoulder. Daddy would whisper, "Get 'em, Belle," as Belle lept into the edge of the covey. I can still hear the sound of the covey on the rise.

Daddy shot an antique Belgium-made 16-gauge, double-barreled with a deer hunting scene engraved on the body. When the metal lever under the wooden forearm was turned to breach the gun to load, unload, or clean, the barrels moved forward. Dr. Michael C. Young is the proud owner of Daddy's pride and joy currently. Daddy gave the gun to the son of his dear friend, W. R. (Bub) Durham near the end of Daddy's life. David Durham, Bub's adopted son, sold the gun to Dr. Young after Daddy's death. Through my friendship with Mike, I learned the whereabouts of Daddy's gun. In preparation for the completion of this story, I contacted Mike to check the description of Daddy's prized shotgun. I stand amazed at how Daddy's gun and its symbolic meaning serves to connect people and events from way back then to now.

After the ritual of the flask was completed and the wake begun, I knew I could approach Daddy and Mr. Cagle and listen to the beginning of Belle's story that was being told for the first time,

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now a celebration of Belle's life. Mr. Cagle was worried that Daddy would blame him for Belle's death. Daddy said, "Belle died as she lived, in absolute love and infinite devotion," a line from my favorite and often read Christmas story, *The Littlest Angel*. As Daddy removed Belle's collar and completed the telling of Belle's story, he whispered, "Belle died on a point." The second part of the requiem ritual, "The Telling of the Story," was now complete. Now the last and most painful part of the requiem, the digging of the grave and burial, would take place.

Later that afternoon, I watched Daddy load a shovel into the bed of the pickup near Belle to make the trip to the farm, just a mile from the store, where they lived after they closed the store and retired and I live now. He buried her in the first knoll past the barn. He asked me to go fetch the flask, and Daddy spent a few private moments with his beloved Belle. He took a long, slow draw from the flask and poured the remaining contents of Jack Daniels Black Label onto Belle's fresh grave. We searched and found a large rock near the pond and placed it as a marker and headstone. Daddy and I cried silent, wordless tears.

Back in the truck for the ride back home to the store, Daddy stopped in front of the open garage and placed Belle's collar on the front bracing post, a 2x4, on the inside of the garage. It still hangs there today; other collars have joined Belle's as the years have passed.

Today, each morning and every afternoon when I go out to feed Babe, my black Labrador retriever; the two outdoor cats, Gertie Mae and Emma Clare; and place bird feed on the bench under the plum tree in the backyard of the farmhouse, my mind drifts back in time. I can still hear Daddy say, "Did I ever tell you about my favorite bird dog, Belle? She was a liver-spotted pointer, best in the county, trained by Freeman Cagle since she was a pup. Belle died on a point. I was shooting a 16-gauge in those days, Belgium made, with deer engraved into the body. When you breached it with the metal lever underneath the wooden forearm, both barrels moved forward. She was a beauty." I never knew if Daddy was talking about Belle, the shotgun, or life.

Daddy never owned another bird dog after Belle. I do not believe he ever went bird hunting again after Belle died. Freeman Cagle died in 1973, is buried in Liberty Cemetery in Redland Community, and never trained another dog after Belle. Daddy took up still hunting for squirrel and fishing at the pond in sight of Belle's knoll. Daddy told Belle's story until his death in 1988 at the age of 74, twenty-five years ago.

In Scotch/Irish custom and lore, for a story and storyteller to become a legend, a full twenty-five years have to have passed and the story told once again by someone who witnessed the original story. Daddy asked me to be sure and write Belle's story and legend at the appropriate time as his bequeath to me and to honor Belle. I write the story today in memory of Belle and to honor my father, Luther Brown. With the writing of this story, and your reading of it, Luther Brown and his beloved liver-spotted pointer, Belle, receive and attain the status of legend they so richly deserve.

Thank you, Daddy, for all that you taught me, for all the things you left behind to remember you by, and most of all for the gift of story.

As always,
Linda~

Biographical Sketch

Linda G. (Brown) English is a native of Prescott, Arkansas. She taught for twelve years in the public schools of southwest Arkansas prior to returning to her alma mater, Henderson State University in 2001 to teach. Currently, Linda is Professor of Counselor Education in the Teachers College of her beloved Henderson.

Linda has been published in numerous regional, state and national publications, both professional journals and socio-cultural venues, such as *The Old Time Chronicle*, *The Southern Standard*, *The Journal of Poetry Therapy* and *Tales from the South*.

Linda lives in the farmhouse which is the setting for many of her stories with Buford and Babe, her silver-point tabby and black Labrador retriever, respectively.

Factors that Impede the Progress, Success, and Persistence to Pursue STEM education for Henderson State University Students Who Are Enrolled in Honors College and in the McNair Scholars Program

Pamela Bax, Ed.D., Director of TRIO Programs
Martin Campbell, Ph.D., Professor of Organic Chemistry
Tanesha Eabron, HSU McNair Alum
David Thomson, Ph.D., Director of the Honors College

Abstract

The McNair Scholars Program is one of eight TRIO Programs funded by the United States Department of Education. The McNair Scholars Program at Henderson State University (HSU) is designed to prepare low-income, first-generation, and underrepresented undergraduate students for doctoral studies through involvement in research and other scholarly activities; summer internships; seminars and other educational activities; tutoring; academic counseling; and activities designed to assist students in securing admission to and financial assistance for enrollment in graduate programs. The principal investigator is Dr. Pamela Bax, the Director of HSU's TRIO Programs. The co-investigators are Dr. David Thomson, Director of the Honors College, and Dr. Martin Campbell, Professor of Chemistry. The purpose of the study is to understand the factors that impede and help the progress, success, and persistence of underrepresented students of color to pursue STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Math) education. Participants were selected from HSU's Honors College who were enrolled in STEM courses and students who were enrolled in the McNair Scholars Program and were majors STEM-related fields. The study revealed that a lack of participation in McNair activities and an absence of STEM role models were factors that impeded students' progress and success in STEM education. The study also revealed that encouragement from HSU faculty/staff, participating in STEM precollege programs, and having a high interest in STEM education were high motivating factors for the students to persist through STEM education.

A February 2012 report titled *Engage to Excel: Producing One Million Additional College Graduates with Degrees in Science, Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics* shows that the United States faces a shortage of STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Mathematics) professionals (PCAST 2012). This report suggests that this country needs to increase the number of students who enter and complete STEM education by at least 34%. The report states that the United States graduates approximately 400,000 associate and bachelor