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1949 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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Quiz and Quill



SPRING 1949

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

The Quiz and Quill Club

Of Otterbein College

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief PHYLLIS DAVIS

Assistant Editors LARMA McGUIRE
CARL VORPE

Art Editor KAY RYAN

Business Manager JOHN PRENTICE

Spring, 1949

Founded, 1919

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1948-1949

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LITERARY AWARDS — 1949

Freshman Poetry Contest

First Prize	Ruth Orr '52
Second Prize	Ann Carlson '52
Third Prize	Jo Ann Flattery '52

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize	Ruth Mugridge '51
Second Prize	Carl Vorpe '51
Third Prize	Kenneth Zimmerman '49

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Bill Brill '50
Second Prize	Robert H. Nelson '50
Third Prize (tie)	Erline Padilla '51 and Fred D. Bruce '52

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Carl Vorpe '51
Second Prize	Ruth Mugridge '51
Third Prize	Howard T. Sellers '50

Weinland Writing and Selling Contest — 1948

First Prize	Nevin J. Rodes '48
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MEDITATION: A SONNET

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

My window opens on a wondrous sight
Of street and field, of gentle hill and sky.
In self-contented rows of cool delight
Across the town, small houses snugly lie.
A silent graveyard sprawls along the hill;
It dreams in pensive shadows, half asleep.
The forest near the edge of town lies still
With secret happiness, too hush'd and deep
For common foot. The thoughtful, ponderous shade
Of solemn trees along a drowsy street,
The idle river by the sunny glade —
These are my quiet joys, my treasures sweet!
Dear God, this loveliness is but thy sign;
I needs must touch thee — place my hand in thine.



TO THE HUMANITIES

KENNETH ZIMMERMAN '49

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Through corridors and halls of every age
Thou hast led us like a king of noblest name
To view thy kingdom's treasured heritage
That since the dawn of thought has built its fame.
Thine abbeys of immeasurable span,
Supported by long rows of columns tall,
Display in full the finest arts of man,
Present and past; time-honored are they all
What thou hast taught us we could ne'er unfold,
But like to one who from a vision wakes
And does in new and brighter lands behold
New colors, forms — new music hears and makes,
So with impelling power from thy throne sent
We hail thee "Spirit of Enlightenment."



AS ONE IDEALIST TO ANOTHER

CARL VORPE '51

My most perpetual dream, sonny,
—From which I may never recover —
Is when I marry a girl for her money —
And then discover I love 'er.

BOYS ON A BRIDGE

BILL BRILL '50

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

An elderly Englishman once told me that boys are always leaning over the railing of London Bridge, as right-minded boys have leaned for five hundred years or more. Beneath them the Thames, that loved river of all Englishmen, swirls and eddies round the piers, sucking at the weathered stone as it runs seaward.

When I joined a group of boys one sunny day some three years ago, I noticed with an authentic thrill, that against the grim wharves men were doing interesting things in ships. No matter how trivial the act — the hauling of a rope, the turning of a winch, the painting of a hull — it becomes somehow vital and significant to anyone of dry land. To a London office boy who has been told not to linger by the wayside it's irresistible.

Sometimes little important jets of steam rose from a cargo boat, marvelously suggesting departure and the imminence of great adventure; enviable free men whose boots had never trod an office stair, popped their heads out of hatchways and lumbered up on deck; a string of linked barges, dingy, low in the water, went by behind an impertinent tug, which nosed the tide sideways, pulling and puffing. On the last barge a man was frying meat in a jet-black pan. O, exquisite! O, irresistible! Was this not life? Was this not romance?

Thames, you muddy strip of magic, how many London heads have you turned; how many sirens come in from sea on every tide to sing those wicked songs against which we poor earth-bound creatures sometimes wax our ears in vain?

I looked at the faces of those spellbound boys. They gazed like gargoyles from the parapet. Most of them were dull and stolid; but you never can tell. Their eyes regarded the river with the same intent vacancy that they would have given to a spectacular office building construction.

Only one face seemed to me to hold the hunger that burns. It belonged to a thin, pale lad who possessed no physical strength, the type who would rather have been Hercules than Homer; the frail type who dreams of sword and ambushes and blood. He looked over the water towards Tower Bridge with eyes that were wide—whether with imagination, I cannot say! I can only tell you that he was the kind of pale, sickly lad who through history has

met the turning point of existence in an idle hour, when imagination, blazing suddenly like a fired torch in the night, illuminates a dream on which to build a life.

What was he thinking? I wondered if he was seeing in the Thames water those things that thousands of London boys have seen—argosies and ventures and foreign places. The drive of water past a vessel's bows, leaning sails, and small white towns whose palm trees stand with their feet in calm lagoons.

Who knows? This is the dream of London Bridge. This is the challenge that the Thames flings down to London every day and every night, crying it aloud to the huddled streets and to the crowded places, calling it softly in the market-place. This is the old magic. It has given to London merchants, adventures, sailors, poets, and millions of poor, discontented men who must need take their burning hearts to Westminster Abbey and shut their ears.

Slowly consciousness dawned in the minds of the boys. One by one they went away, their places immediately filled by others.

More barges came slowly downstream. High and shrill sounded the hoarse protest of a siren, imperative and wild, and I seemed to feel right in the heart of all England, where all things are so ordered and inevitable, the ancient call to the open places that comes with the smell of tar and the sight of masts rising to the sky.



UPON FIRST DISCOVERING THE LIBRARY IN ROOM 28

JOAN PLATT '51

Books, muted books
Gray with dust,
Life's undisturbed sands.

Who knows how long
These books have lain
Untouched by human hands.

Who but the ghosts
Of years long past
Have swept across the pages,

And lingered there
In musty dreams
In leaves unopened for ages?

ADVERTISING

EDWIN L. ENDICOTT '49

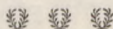
Advertising irks me.
Don't tell me what to buy!
Producers waste their money
Appealing to the eye.

Radio announcers
Cut in with booming zest
To tell you reasons why
Their products are the best.

Riding down the highway,
Morning, noon, or night,
The scenery that I want to see
The billboards hide from sight.

Magazines have suffered,
The evening news has too,
Advertising some old thing
To be brand-spankin' new.

Advertising? Foolish!
Until I catch a cold,
And then my wife gets out some pills
An advertiser sold.



FINAL

ARLENE GAUSE '49

The first time I saw you I hated you.
You sat beside me ignoring me completely
As if I were a statue of marble.
I gazed at you with hope-filled eyes—
And you stared into space,
Dreaming of I know not what.

Later I saw you walking across the campus,
Chatting earnestly with a girl.
I turned my eyes away—I could not watch.
The pangs of hurt and anger were too great,
As if my heart were breaking into molecules of dust—
I realized the futility of my love.

TO AN INDIVIDUALIST

CARL VORPE '51

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest — 1949

He's dead. I knew him too well
And he is dead.
So you're a bored realist and you say
Bury him. (Your advice, at least, is free).
I, too, am a realist,
I see the funeral expenses.

The family was stupid and large
But hidden within one boy
Was the desire to learn.
He lived to learn
More about life. And died
Before he learned too much!

Only money buys books
And tuition. He worked long young years;
Soon wanted to lift the world with his thoughts.
But an avalanche of ditch-dirt
Was too heavy for his shoulders.
And the heart of a girl who dreamed too, is empty.

The knowledge he worked to win
(College half-finished) —
Is it worth the learning?
Is it wrong to want to lift
Another's load with one's own willingness?
Why is he dead? Who killed him?

If someone could find the courage to pay
For his burial —
Yet not be fool enough to try to buy
His mother's tears . . . I'll hope
That he wasn't wrong.
That his search continues, that somewhere
He finds a gentle, kind hand, an easier place to dig . . .

Can we hope that somewhere there's a smile
Filled with enough new meaning
For her who is still so young?
Can we be foolish enough to believe
That truth does not always hurt
Or is not always so costly . . . ? ?

GOOD FOLKS

ROBERT H. NELSON '50

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

It was a typical blistering day on the edge of the Florida city. This was the section of town where whites and blacks mingled in a common poverty. They had been living together here for years in squalor and filth and both were caught up in the never-ending struggle against starvation.

At the end of a short, dusty street, on which all the slate-colored shacks looked alike, a young colored woman shambled to the door. Her clothes were worn almost to rags, her misshapen shoes flapped clumsily as she walked and her forlorn expression indicated that the day held no hope or promise. She looked up and down the street and then called in a throaty, not unpleasant voice, "Seth, you good-fer-nuthin chile, com' heah."

A small urchin came around the corner whining, "I's hungry, Mammy, I's hungry."

Some new fire of determination came to her face as she said, "You all git dat pole an' dem wums from de back stoop an' we jes amble ovah to de bridge on ole Indian rivah an' cotch us a fish er two."

Soon Julie, with a crooked cane pole on her shoulder, and Seth swinging the can of bait, reached the long steel bridge which spanned the snake-like Indian River where it divided the town.

"I shore would like to try the bank fust," said Julie, "but ef we don' cotch eny theah, we kin git ou'selves up on the bridge." Seth searched through the dirt in the rusty can found a bit of squirming bait which Julie threaded on the hook. The sun grew hotter; flies droned about them; time passed but the line from Julie's pole never tightened.

"O Lawd, why not?", she muttered to herself. "Don' yu see little black boy hungry? Don' yu cahr' bout youah chillun, Lawd?"

"Who you all talkin' to?" queried Seth.

"Nobudy, jes nobudy that heahs, Seth. Le's git ou'selves up on the bridge."

Cars were speeding over the bridge. They were shining, streamlined cars; the cars of wealthy northerners coming for a spot in the sun or going home with a tan gained by several months' beach life.

* * *

A hundred miles further south that morning, John and Peg and the children were leaving the apartment for home. "Here are all these things in the cupboard," said Peg. "There's bread, butter, sugar, fruit, some bacon and those boxes of cereal and crackers. Take these things out to the car, John. I'll give them to some of those colored folks we see always walking along the highway."

But the car had rolled along all morning. Whenever Peg saw someone ahead she thought might use the packages of food, John was driving so fast, he couldn't or wouldn't stop until they were well by. Peg had grown disgusted and now they entered a town where they had vacationed several winters before. The children delightedly pointed out familiar sights and they came to a steel bridge where the river wound slowly through the town.

"Slow down," said Peg. "See that colored woman and little boy fishing? I'll give them that food you seem to want to take all the way back to Iowa." John stopped the car and Peg gathered up the bundles and hurried to the other side of the bridge. "Catching anything?" she asked the black woman.

"Nuthin', ma'm, nuthin an' the sun do beat down hot."

"Here," said Peg, "are these odds and ends of food from our apartment. We are going home now and we can't use them."

"Oh no, it can't be —" began Julie.

"And here," said Peg, as she thrust a bill into Julie's hands, "go buy some fish, if you don't catch any."

Oh no, it can't be," Julie started again, "there jes ain't eny good folks lik' you."

Peg hurried back to the car. "What did she say? What happened?" asked the children.

"You wouldn't understand," said Peg, "but the food reached the right place."

At the bridge, Julie threw her head down on her arms and tears streaked her black face. "I didn't mean it Lawd, I didn' mean it. You does heah, you does heah black Julie and little Seth."

Swish! Swish! Swish! went the cars—some north, some south.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

PAM SCHUTZ '49

Little four-leaf clover
Growing on a hill —
Answer just one question
Does he love me still?

Is he true forever?
Does he pine and sigh?
If that's so, my clover —
It's time I broke the tie!

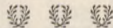


ACCEPTANCE

GENE REYNOLD '49

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest — 1948

When tired and through with toil
I climb the rock-strewn hill
To my reward,
And find no golden welcome there,
No record of service
To my Lord;
No cry of sorrow will escape my lips,
No heavy heart will burden down
My weary head;
I will not stand in awesome fear
Of that dread justice handed the
Discarded dead.
Down the descent disaster has prepared
I'll stride with soul defiant
To my doom.
And in the Devil's torrid underworld,
No standard high or doctrine to uphold,
I'll find a room.



LIGHT SLEEPER

ANN CARLSON '52

Second Prize, Freshman Poetry Contest

I lie so still, almost asleep,
A balmy breeze blows o'er my cheek.
A perfume sweet drifts all around
Yet a cricket's chirp is all the sound.

The golden moon begins to peep —
Oops, now I know why I can't sleep!
That isn't any moon at all —
Who left the light on in the hall?

A TROPIC LAGOON

FRED D. BRUCE '52

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

We were moored in a small, clear lagoon whose mirror-like surface was broken only by an occasional passing boat. The jagged reef of coral which surrounded us acted as a giant beater, whipping the waves into a froth before they could disturb the quiet waters of the lagoon. Beneath this placid scene lay the true splendor and magnificence of the sea. To behold the surrealistic designs painted and sculptured by the tiny artists of the deep, it was necessary to descend armed with an apparatus to sustain life and pierce the murkiness which seeks to conceal its treasures from the outside world.

Drifting toward this nether world, one feels like Alice stepping into the magic mirror in Wonderland. Peering upward from the bottom, the silvery surface of the sea appears to be at one's fingertips. Depthless black craters begin at one's feet and drop into nothingness. On the other side towering mountains of multi-colored coral burst from the sandy plains. Shapeless dark blotches turn into murky caverns, from which one expects grisly gargoyles to issue forth. Narrow winding paths of firm white sand lead over coral mountains to swaying fields of faded green seaweed. The strange inhabitants of this paradise float through its beauties like blind spectres, and rival its splendor in their harmonies and contrasts of color. Some are weird; some are beautiful; some are grotesque; but all of them in one way or another make the bottom of a tropical sea a wonderland for poet or for artist.



MUSIC

DORIS PEDEN '49

It is as a record, endlessly playing—
Notes, as people moving in and out,
Some high and sweet, some low and melancholy,
Each in its place.

All are necessary for the final score,
Each insignificant in itself—
One note out of tune
Creates discord.

The handle is the Great Being over us,
His wonders expressed through the needle,
A guiding hand to help the playing
Of the record of Life.

REFLECTIONS ON FIRST CORINTHIANS FOR YOUR EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY

ANN CARLSON '52

When you were a child
You spoke as a child;
And I said foolish things too.

When you were a child
You felt as a child;
And I had the same point of view.

When you were a child
You thought as a child;
Oh, the things that I thought about you!

Now that you've become a man
And put away those childish things,
Please don't put away me—I've grown up too.



MY PERFECT SENSE

WILLIE GARRISON '49

Some people thrill to sights and sounds
And some to taste and touch;
For me it is the smell of life
That seems to mean so much.

The scent of lilacs after rain;
The tangy smell of burning pine;
The odor nightfall brings the woods;
And blue grapes smiling like red wine;

The outdoor smell of sun-dried sheets;
The salty breath of ocean breeze;
The wholesome smell of baking bread;
The sharpness of a Cheddar cheese.

The robust smell that leather has;
The fragrance of a cup of tea;
The sweetness of a baby's bath;
The spicy scent of a Christmas tree.

The smell of grass that's newly cut;
The fragrance of full-bloom rose;
It's smells like these that thrill my soul;
And I rejoice to have a nose.

GOOD MORNING: A MONOLOGUE

LARMA MCGUIRE 50

What's that? Ummm, just the alarm clock. Six-fifteen already. I'll just play possum until six-thirty. They'll never know. Roommate! It's six-thirty. Rise and shine. She's unconscious, as usual. Come on now, get up. Don't you dare grunt at me again. Get up before I go back to bed and let you face the world alone. All right, get up. I wear myself out before the day starts just getting you up.

Open your eyes! You'll run into the door. I told you not to leave your shoes there. Heaven help you if I'd fallen over them instead of you. Is everybody ready now? We'll wait a minute if you hurry. It is absolutely silly to curl your eyelashes for breakfast. Those stupid fellows aren't even awake yet. Anyway, only fools and morons would go down to breakfast at this hour.

I am not in a bad mood. You know I'm always sweet and kind. I don't like your attitude either. Nobody could possibly be cheerful this early in the morning. You just act like that to irritate me.

Phew! They've scorched the cocoa again. Stop batting your eyes at that boy. That is your only incentive for coming to breakfast. Take that last bite, dear, and stop staring at the wall. You'll survive, I'm afraid.

Has everyone finished eating? Now for the long journey upward. Third floor. I have to rest a minute. Don't sit on the steps, girls, they're dirty.

Here we are at last. Ahem, would someone please wake me up for chapel? Are you mad? Of course I should study. I'm so sleepy, though. What? You're going back to sleep, too? We have to set the alarm again. I suppose we never shall be able to face the day all at once. We have to sneak up on it, don't we?



OHI I'VE HAD A BEAUTIFUL DAY

LA VELLE ROSSELOT 33

My books could not hold me today;
I shook the cobwebs from my feet
And strode out through my mind —
To a world I knew and loved,
A world that took me in,
And one that I could own.

I wandered down to the sea,
A raging stormy sea
That crashed and pounded on the rocks,
And foamed in eddies at my feet.
I felt the throbbing of her pulse,
The aged rhythmic seven,
The struggle of a bonded soul
So like my own, enslaved in work
That bars the doors to spirit's flight,
And chains within its routine night
The very core of my creative self.

I strode through time, today,
And spanned the great Atlantic space;
I stepped from these to log familiar shores,
And walked in peasant garb of black
And coiffe of crisp starched white,
With wooden shoes that clopped and clacked
Thru stony Breton countryside;
I knelt beside an old stone cross,
Symbolic in an open field;
I walked with other fisherwives,
And pushed my cart and called my wares;
I wandered thru the Marche stalls
And bargained for my needs;
I took me to a cloistered seat,
A spot of holy ground,
And let the calm of cool stone walls,
Moss-green and centuries old,
Wash clean my pent-up worldly self,
And in the peace that beauty gives,
I wandered down from lofty place
To street beside the waterfront;
Thru groups of sweating fishermen,
Bright'hues of native garb,
And there, beyond, with sails outflung,
Tall masts and proud,
I saw a ship put out to sea —
A smooth and glassy sea,
A sea so self-contained and sure,
Yet restless in its flow —
The calm and strength of eons gone,
Secure and strong and free!
Oh! I've had a beautiful day!

ROUND TRIP TO RED OAK

GENE REYNOLDS '49

Sometimes a town gets too big for a person and sometimes a person gets too big for a town. Mostly depends on the person. Marge Collins suffered from the latter situation. She wanted to get away. She wanted to see the country. It didn't matter where; just so it was a good distance from Red Oak.

Red Oak was a small place; a sort of wide place in the road. Nothing much ever happened in Red Oak. With a population of 500, people often tired of seeing the same faces. Marge Collins was one of these people. She was tired of the church socials, the school plays, the gossip — and the gossip — and the gossip. She was running away.

Running away isn't an easy thing to do. You have to figure a lot of angles. And you usually end up doing a rather obvious thing. At least you do if you're a girl with little money and big ambitions. So Marge Collins with luggage in hand walked along the dusty road six miles away from Red Oak.

She was new at hitch-hiking, and she felt discouragement when the first two cars passed her by without stopping. It was nearly dusk when she got her ride. She was tired and thought nothing of personal safety as she climbed into the grey Ford coupe. All she considered was the pleasant sensation of leaning back on the seat and relaxing. Her benefactor eyed her carefully.

"Where you going?", he asked.

"Away", she answered. "Away from Red Oak."

"No destination? Just away?"

"Away is the important thing. Where is secondary."

"You're running away.", he said.

His mouth almost managed a grin. She could see the look of tolerance which is often used so condescendingly by those of wide experience. She felt a little annoyance, wishing that the driver would limit the conversation to general comments.

"You know, running away is an odd disease. You nearly always end up at some place which someone else has run away from. Vicious circle, isn't it?" The driver paused and then his voice became harsh.

"You aren't in trouble, are you? You didn't pull a job back there, did you?"

"Pull a job?" Marge queried. "I'm afraid I don't follow you."

"Sorry," he softened, "One of the phrases of the profession."

"You want to hear a story, Miss? I ran away once. Must have been fifteen at the time. Got tired of my little town. Call it Red Oak, if you like. Anyway, I was too big for the place. I had ideas, and the town didn't fit in. I had fame and fortune ahead somewhere, and I was out to get it. So I ran away."

"If you're trying to get me to change my mind, you may as well shut up. I've been thinking of doing this for years."

"And I've been wishing I hadn't for years. You see, miss, running away becomes an obsession. The first time you don't have to. The second time you don't. But later it's more than merely wanting to, it's a case of having to."

"Oh — you're making it sound so dreadful. What is there to running away but the running. You get to some place and you stop and start living a new life."

The man chewed the inside of his cheek thoughtfully. He lapsed into silence, and the miles passed that way. Marge, no longer needled by the philosophizing of the driver, began dreaming of the new life she would build for herself. She saw herself pacing the canyons among the giant skyscrapers of the great cities. She saw the lights of theatre marquees and the cushioned ceilings of the night spots. She was drifting into that dream world which had shriveled Red Oak into boredom. She was not prepared for the sudden jolt which signalled the hurried stop of the automobile. Shaken, she looked uncertainly at the driver. It was then she saw the road block and the half-dozen officers of the law. The driver of the car was smiling and watching her. He continued to smile as the lieutenant, gun in hand, said,

"It's the last stop, Miller. The last runaway. You're wanted by the state of California. The charge this time is murder."

The smile faded on the man's face, but he turned to the girl who had occupied his car and said,

"You see what I mean, miss? You see what I mean?"

OLD PAPA MOON

CARL VORPE '51

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Old Papa Moon set his
Star-kids in the sky,
Lit his
Pipe with a shooting-star lighter;
Blew a great bowl-full
Of white clouds by,
Winked behind them, and smiled all the brighter.

He blew a big ring around himself,
And drifted along,

Contented.

Shamed the loud day's noise

With his silent smile-song

'Til a dawn-filled world

Repented.



ALEURRER

ROBERT C. LITELL '50

1

Love not I the flesh-imprisoned men
Whose dreams of a bitter-bought caress,
Or even of a woman's tenderness
that they love only so that she may love again.

For it is only yourself you love the best,
Or what you thought was glory to possess;
For you love nothing that you love the less.
Love is for the formless and eternal whole.

2

Blessed be the angels who see but good
Lords of the future, goddesses of the past.
Wretched is the mortal, pondering his moods,
Doomed to know his aches alone,
As time goes by and wisdom fades . . .
And breaks the chain that binds him fast . . .
What in a body's tomb but an empty wound?

3

Some are born to be glorified,
And some to be the age's pride,
To be praised by men beneath the sun . . .
And some are but to stand aside
Perplexed and so am I one.

NIGHT FALLS ON SADDLEBACK TRAIL

JOHN PRENTICE '50

The camp fire in the shelter of the big rock cast light shadows which danced upon the rock's surface. Far to the west just above the Saddleback Range the last streaks of pink and blue, reflected from the sun, lingered in the sky. The horses were hobbled in the clearing near the camp, and the calm air was mingled with the aroma of cooking and smoke. The first stars and the quarter moon were already becoming visible as we stretched out under the trembling aspen. I watched darkness settle down upon us, casting deeper hues and contrasting shadows on the boulders and on my companions' faces. In the distance an owl screeched, and a slight chill ran down my spine from the shock caused by the sudden distortion of the silence which pressed in from all sides.

The owl's screech seemed to be the signal for the night-prowling creatures to begin their nocturnal serenade. The horses stirred in the clearing, and the call of the bull elk echoed in the distance, followed by the far-away cry of the coyote.

I made my bed of soft pine boughs, and wrapping myself in a blanket to guard against the cooling air, settled back against my saddle. I watched the stars flirting with the earth with daring winks and tried to pick out the more important constellations until my eyes began to dim and a silent cover of sleep lulled me into the unconscious.



SONNET I

RUTH ORR '52

First Prize, Freshman Poetry Contest

The stars that glow by night hold not their light
From weary travelers as they homeward go;
The moon that lifts its face to God in woe
Still to the lonely, careworn soul looks bright;
The lowly brook, though fall'n from awful height,
Still cheers the thirsty more than wine's rich glow;
As surely love from God will ever flow
Though man be lost, as lost he seems tonight.
As God's great realm sheds light on all the land
So he to you has given tokens rare;
Your mind, your talents, all are gifts from there.
The stars, the moon, the brooks, all God has planned,
Proves man and nature should walk hand in hand,
And, as he meant from first, their pow'rs should share.

THE GREAT CLASS

WILLIE GARRISON '49

It was a great class, and he was a great teacher.

It wasn't so much the specific things he taught, though they were admirable, as it was the illumination the whole class gave. Illumination: that was it. Some days, when clouds lump the sky, the world is transformed by the emergence or disappearance of the sun. When the light is gone, it seems that birds swallow their songs; leaves droop and the greens dull to a shade of the desk-blotter. Shadows, that gave contour and intensity to the picture, merge with their objects; colors fade and the scene takes on an inconsequent flatness. There is nothing to look at and nothing to see. But when the sun shines, it is as if some elixer were pouring out of the sky. The mountains wear shawls of green and iris lace. Emeralds glint in the grass blades and new petals gem the globed bushes. Flowers, hitherto unseen, powder the lawn. The once listless leaves vibrate like gossiping aunts. Swept with sunlight, the earth shows new variety and unexpected deepness. I have seen the same change in the classroom. Before I took this course, poetry was simply big ideas couched in pretentious language, but our illuminating medium pointed his finger at re-readable lines and asked "Why?" frequently. He prodded and pinched us to open our eyes and dangled colored "thingamabobs" to keep them open. In time, we began to see unsuspected jewels and to seek them for ourselves. The whole business was simply a matter of light.

We slumped in our seats, warm and drowsy with the springtime, and heard the sterling voice read in:

. . . Therefore, go with me.

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on pressed flowers dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go,

Peaseblossom! Cobwebs! Moth! and Mustardseed! . . .

Be kind and courteous to this gentlemen; . . .

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.

To sleep on pressed flowers with someone to bring us jewels from the deep would be good. That was the sort of life we wanted. We wanted to escape our mortal grossness and go like an airy spirit. But not too airy: we

would be sensible sprites and have serious thought about life. We could live in cloistered corners because cloisters are essential to quiet minds and have a pleasant sound. With books and a six-inch magnifying glass, we would learn new words in strange and lovely combinations: willows, acrobats, sunshine, children, clouds, dragons, churches, harpies, horse-races, mountains, rugs, centaurs, girls, and sequins. We would find games and festivals and Dionysian ceremonies; mysteries and oracles and riddles that would shame the Sphinx; sweet liquors, indigo silks, and music to twist and wring the air, to beat the sun for a big bass drum, to set the clouds to dancing.

A truck grumbling up University Drive shook the windows. When that noise had died away, new noises came; the boom of the mills, street cars, klaxons, and squealing brakes. A traffic whistle blasted and a newsboy hawked the headlines for the day. Smoke crawled over the buildings; dirtying the air, and granules of soot stirred on the sill. Mortal grossness weighed heavy. In our enchanted wood, we had quiet leisure, sprites to bring us lore and laughter on brocaded pillows, orioles and tanagers, sweet odors and gentle winds. We would be spirits of no common rate.

When the bell ripped off the end of the hour, we jammed into the aisle unconscious of the struggle and its discourtesy. We had five minutes to eat lunch and we were wondering what we could buy for thirty cents . . . apricots and dewberries????



MOONRISE

CARL VORPE '51

Trees gang together on the horizon,
Trying to hide the widening halo.
This magic, radiant disc somehow
Places silver borders on the clouds.
Slowly, a dark cloud-hand
Grasps the moon-face, sending
Scared reflections awry in the sky.
The world frowns in dark despair . . .
And then begins to smile again
As steeple-tops, then house windows,
Then the winding street reflects
The prodigal light. In the east,
Old Man moon wipes his face clean
From forehead to chin, and steps
Victoriously into an undisputed sky!

THE ISLAND OF FIVE GENTLEMEN

LESLIE EARLY '51

On a brisk day in November, I set off with Mr. Phosnick, the owner of the rowboat (if you could call it such), for the Island of Five Gentlemen. I do not know which was harder to find, the island or the gentlemen.

Anyway, it was a pleasant trip with the slapping of the water against the sides of the boat interrupted by a louder slapping. That noise was Mr. Phosnick hitting me over the head with an oar to get me to row faster. You see, I had interrupted his poker game.

I diligently pushed the icebergs out of my way and rowed on. Presently, we sighted the Island of Five Gentlemen. I knew they were gentlemen by the way they shot holes in the boat.

I paid Mr. Phosnick for the rental of his boat: wanting to prove to my friends that I too was a gentleman, I shot the gun, but I hit Mr. Phosnick.

I was led up to the house by the gentlemen. The other guests came eagerly out to meet me; I knew they were my friends because they threw rocks at me. There was one enemy among them though, for I found a dime's worth of old atoms.

I finally convinced the dog that I was a friend as I extracted my leg from his buccal cavity. I made a mental note (it is possible) to get a dog just like this one when I return to the city. They are so playful!

I could tell this was going to be a wonderful weekend. Two of the guests were playing catch with an old atom; this was not the only thing that was charged.

Mrs. Vandergrift had invited me to spend the weekend at her palatial estate. An estate, according to the boys in the back room, is something given in return for something not mentioned. Don't you think we should set the boys in the back room free? They are still going wild over Betty Boop records. The estate was like an outcast from a harem. I use that phrase because I can not describe an outcast from a harem nor the estate. The estate was so well laid out; they should have buried it. During the winter the wind would blow so hard the only thing they could keep on the house was free drinks.

Mrs. Vandergrift had lost the Miss America contest in 1847 by the drop of a bustle—now they win them by a drop of a hint. Mrs. V. had become so embittered by this unfortunate accident that now she wears suspenders. It

was a common sight to see her in a long flowing evening gown with her dorsal aspect crossed by bright red suspenders.

Some of the other guests with whom I came into contact over the week-end were Mr. Rivers and his wife, Rapid. She was almost as rapid as a government reorganization. Mr. Rivers told me about the times when as young lovers they would ride around the block in an open wheelbarrow, and Rapid's hair would blow freely; it was the only piece of her apparel that she owned.

We had dinner at seven o'clock that evening. I did not realize the people were so hungry until seven people stepped on my face going to the dining room. It was a very lively dinner, and I received just seven wounds; it was only natural that I was reluctant to leave the next day.

As I swam back to shore, I could not help thinking that I had gained some true friends. Why, they even came down to the beach and with tear-filled eyes threw rocks at me.

Would you like to go to the Island of Five Gentlemen with me sometime?



V-E DAY — CHINA

GENE REYNOLDS '49

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest — 1947

This is the feeling of jubilation,
This is the time of joy.

There is no grief in the air —
The dead are oppressive,
To be forgotten.

The blood which ran in gory pools
Is stagnant now.
The snuffing out of life is like
A candle, blown out, darkened.

Death holds no glory,
The living hold the hopes, the dreams,
The grounds for future peace;
Here is the thing to remember.

There are no cries, no lamentings —
The dead are oppressive —
To be forgotten.

OLD PEOPLE

JAMES RECOB '50

Old People,

They are a growing volume of experience, of history, of wisdom.
They have seen the rise and fall of great men and women we can
only read about.

They have witnessed wars, periods of peaceful prosperity, and
depressions unknown to us.

By the sweat of their brows homes have been built where we were
reared.

They are master craftsmen; they have shaped our today.

And we? We have rejected them. Ours is the spirit of youth; we
have no room for old men; our homes are too crowded for old
women; let them shift for themselves.

We'll give them an old age pension; that's enough.

Enough for what? Certainly not to live on, certainly not to repay
them for their gift to us.

For what then, and why?

Why? Because we are too busy; we can't be bothered by old folks;
they've had their day — now we're going to have ours!

Some day we'll get ours, and Heaven help us when that reward
of ours becomes a reality!

We glibly shout, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto
you."

And while we respect this precious maxim, we say in the same
breath,

"Ours is the spirit of youth; we have no room for old men; our
homes are too crowded for old women; let them shift for
themselves."



TOWN CLOCK

JAMES MONTGOMERY '48

Six dull clangs
float through morning fog
a village stirs
and sends its pairs of feet
listlessly to work

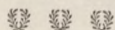
Six articulate clangs
leapfrog pointed rooftops
a village stirs
and sees longspaced footsteps
hurrying home

INADEQUATE

JO ANN FLATTERY '52

Third Prize, Freshman Poetry Contest

Words are so inadequate,
They can't begin to tell
All you want them to.
The minor things come easily
The deep emotions are hard to show,
And when I try, it's then I know
And feel myself
Inadequate.



SONNET TO A FICKLE LOVER

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

First Prize, Quill and Quill Poetry

What can I praise in thee, O lover fine?
Thy dear, sweet eyes? (which you must now confess
Flirt less with me than with the brazen Bess!)
Thy loving, laughing lips? That smile divine?
(Young Kate finds none so gay as that of thine.)
Thy tender hands? Thy gentle, strong caress?
(Which, I suspect, is also known by Tess.)
Thy dear voice, lauding beauty? (never mine!)
Nay, lover! None of these shall win my praise,
For thou hast still one greater quality
Which supersedes thine other charming ways,
And can be praised by me quite truthfully.
And that, belov'd, is this: Through all thy days
Thou shalt be constant in inconstancy.



ESSE EST PERCIPI

PHYLLIS DAVIS '49

These things we know:
We are
Because we see and hear and feel
That we are . . .
The world is
Because we are touched by others
In the same plane . . .
There is more than we and our world
Because we know there must be —
Because we see and hear and feel
Sun — rain — a birdsong —
Things we did not create . . .
Things our world did not create.

BERNHARD

HEIDY SCHNEIDER '50

At the close of a bright summer day, when the shadows of the evening had swallowed the last color of the sunset on the mountain peaks, when from far down in the valley the solemn voice of a prayer bell called people to rest and adoration of their maker, when the birds flew homeward and the evening star made his first appearance, a tiny baby was born in our camp for refugees.

Certainly the dying day with all its significant changes in nature had nothing to do with the birth of that child. Not even human beings cared. One particle of life more or less in this universe of suffering, what did it matter? Nobody in the camp rejoiced, nobody marvelled, nobody even said a word. What should they say? They were refugees, men and women beyond the state of tenderness of heart. The hostile world out there had made them what they were, apathetic, unconcerned, selfish. Their past was erased and there was no future. They were victims of that demonic madness which was begotten in utter darkness by the mind of man and turned the world into shambles and the nations into bloody butchers of each other. Compassion could not add to the boundless grief of these refugees, whose wretched bodies fate had designed to escape the carnage of total war after the rest of their personality had been massacred by it. They were blind to the tragedy that happened that evening, the tragedy of an individual being born into a universe with no room for him.

It was the smallest creature of human kind I had ever seen. The ill will of our century had impressed the signs of starvation on the little body before it had an existence of its own. The sin of this generation had taken his father from among the living a long time before and his mother only few hours after his birth. He was ugly and weak. None of the doctors in the camp believed that he would live. They made his heart beat by means of chemical stimulants. They nourished him through injections. It was a scientific experiment for them. They proved their skill successfully. The baby won the struggle for life.

For several weeks the child was in my care. His body turned from a skeleton to an almost normal form, his eyes from grey to blue. We called him Bernhard on account of the beautiful Swiss mountain, San Bernardino, at the

foot of which the camp was located. But it was only for a short time the little boy could grow in the sunshine and peace of a mountain world. The war was finished, the refugees had to return. The great leaders of the victorious nations tried to shape a better future a task that proved too big even for their united strength. Nevertheless the child had to leave. Helpless as he was, nobody claimed him, nobody called him his own. What a future would await him in the chaos out there?

It was evening when he departed and the sun was going down. It was an evening like that other one, when he arrived. The red glow of the setting star lingered on the western sky and darkness crept slowly out of the valley, wrapping nature in her soft gown. I was waiting at the entrance of the camp for the Red Cross nurse to take him away. There was such a great silence around us. The little boy was asleep. The evening breeze had painted his cheeks rosy. He smiled faintly. He must have been with his mother in the land of dreams.

Where would he go? What would happen to him? I saw him being reared in one of the many camps for orphans. They would give him some food and clothing. At the age of six he would hear somebody talk about a mother and he would inquire from one of the nurses what "a mother" is. Later he would go to school and find out that he once had a father also, and he would learn about the battlefields in Russia where his father fell. His teacher would tell him then, that there is nothing more honorable in a man's life than to die for his country. But his little heart would not understand. And still later he would become a man himself. All the sweetness and tenderness of his gentle face would be gone and the bitterness of his destiny would have carved deep, remaining prints on his personality. Perhaps he would work in the coal mines of the Ruhr or as an hireling on a farm. Perhaps he would perish in the iron arms of big industry or he would be, more certain than all the other possibilities, what his father was, one of the many millions of men who pay in a future decade for their leaders' sin of power politics.

Now he was still in my arms, wrapped in a warm woolen cloth, and he was still smiling in his dream. He did not know what he had to hope for in a world that had no room.

Could I not help him? This thought struck like an electric current my brain. Could I not take him along with me and give him a home, give him what his tender

heart needed so desperately, understanding and love? But no, there was the law. And the law would not permit that. On his birth certificate his nationality was given as German; he did not belong to my country and could not stay. The law demanded obedience. Before its majesty the life of a strange child did count little.

I handed Bernhard to the Red Cross nurse. The next day a special train would take him and many other homeless people to Germany. I wanted to tell the nurse to care for him properly on the long trip. But no word was exchanged. A strange pain and emptiness overcame me, as if a vital opportunity was being lost for ever.

And as I walked back toward the camp, while the night had already put asleep the wild nature and its numberless creatures, my heart prayed to the Father of all that there might come a time when men would weight human life against Imperialism and when all the causes of war would prove insignificant in comparison to the ruin of the innocent life of a single child.



A TRANSLATION OF RIMAS II

—Gustavo Adolfo Becquer

RAFAEL SANCHEZ, JR. '50, Juana Díaz, Puerto Rico

Giant waves that
On yonder seashores
With a roar break,
In a foam blanket rolled,
Take me with thee.

Drafts of the hurricane, the withered
Leaves of tall forests carrying off
Dragged in a blind whirlwind,
Take me with thee.

Tempestuous clouds, that by lightning broken
Adorn with fire the unfastened waves,
Between the dark mist carried off,
Take me with thee.

Mercy! Take me where dizziness
With reason may my mind break off.
Mercy! Afraid I am, with my sorrows
To be left alone.

MI MUETER

HEIDY SCHNEIDER '50, Basel, Switzerland

I ha huet znacht im Traum mi Mueter gseh.
Du liebs, guets Gsicht und Du vertrauti Gschtalt!
Die fliss'ge Haend sin mueder worde — alt,
Und d' Hoor so wyss wie Schnee.

Si het mi gfrogt wie's goht, und oepp i nit
Vergaessi z' baette vor em Schlofego,
Und oepp i vorha wieder heime z'cho,
Si heig halt Langizyt.

De bin i ufgwacht. S'Bild isch waeg wie Dunscht,
Alls isch so chalt und i bi so ellei —
Jo, Mueterhaerz, i chumme wieder hei,
Du wartisch nit umsunscht.



GARDEN OF THE TROPICS

ERLINE PADILLA '51, Manila, The Philippines

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose

Unfolded before our eyes we see the scenic beauties and grandeur which God has graciously endowed to our country. As the morning sun rises from behind the mountains it illuminates the seven thousand and eighty-three gardens which compose the Philippines.

The palms sway gracefully in the breeze; cascades of waterfalls flow from dizzy heights and the potent aroma of flowers fills the air. This panorama of beauty that dots the Pacific like a rosary is the haven of a contented people.

This is the same sight that lay before Magellan and his fellow conquistadores as they stood on our shores, for the first time, five centuries ago. Before them lay the scenic wonders and beauties that can be found only in the tropics—a land where spring stays forever and winter has no place.

Conquerors have come and gone. They have added to our Malayan culture in many ways. The Spaniards brought with them Christianity, missionaries, parochial schools and architecture. The name Philippines was derived from Philip II, then monarch of Spain.

To this rich mixture of Malayan and Spanish culture the Americans brought their offerings from the West. Their contribution was the open Bible, the public school system, a democratic form of government and a better way of life.

As you look around you there are distinct evidences that East and West have met. This indeed is a land of contrast—where the medieval turrets and domes of the ancient cathedrals rise together with modern skyscrapers in the tropics.

True — war left our country ravaged and scarred. A thief has come in the night as it were, destroying and plundering our land. But no one can take away our culture, our heritage, nor the grandeur and natural beauty which is rightfully ours.

Many nations point their fingers and shake their heads as they criticise the workings of our government. They pessimistically doubt the strength of our independence. All we ask of them is patience and a backward glance into their history to the time when their nation was three years old, as ours is today.

To me the bamboo is symbolic of the Philippines. Though outside forces may sway and bend the nation, yet she stands always straight, stalwart and strong forever, "the pearl of the orient seas."



GOOD NATURE

HOWARD T. SELLERS '50

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

When I reflect on how the Winter deigns
To keep itself enveloped from man's sight;
How Fall, disdaining slumber, yet remains
With us, as balm for souls expecting blight;

How lovers, grateful to the God on high,
Make haste to take advantage of the night
'Ere Nature rights the error, which is sly,
Capricious mood, she grants to Youth this night;

I think of how she might have been more staid—
Steadfast—dispensing freezing blasts of cold
In manner meant to cause the glow to fade
From spirits who would rather have been bold.

And some day I'll be glad, when I recall
That we had Indian Summer after Fall.

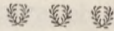
ASIDE, PLEASE!

VIRGINIA GREENOW '49

The big city has five o'clock caterpillars;
They are long and complex—

There are two caterpillars going west, side by side.
Opposite are two going east, side by side,
Mockingly exchanging positions for the night!

Caterpillars crawl faster in the city than in the country—
They are in such a hurry, their eyes pop out in huge white circles.
Their small red tails show the rest of the world they want no
interference;
They know the way—so just slow down behind them.



FRUSTRATION

MARY ICKES '49

This is indeed a crucial moment. I have known for weeks that the crisis was inevitable. I hoped to avert it, but was ultimately too weak. I could not face reality. Yet, somehow, I've been aware that I could not go on indefinitely deceiving him, and that some night — in some unforeseen manner — I would betray myself.

Tonight it happened just as I had feared. What does he think of me now? I'm haunted by the look of hurt and incredulity in his eyes. Oh, I didn't mean to do it — he must be made to understand!

My first act after the dreaded incident was to rush home to bed seeking peace in blissful oblivion. But sleep refused to blot out the horrible memory. I tossed and turned in anguish. In a state of drowsy semi-consciousness a cascade of numbers, accusing voices, splotches of red and black color, human eyes, and other seemingly incoherent objects danced crazily in my brain — but I could not escape the fact that they all had some connection with the one thing that I was trying to forget. Grasping my head with both hands I screamed hysterically, "Why did I do it? Why?? Why??" Suddenly startled and fully awake I sat upright in bed, resolving to accept the only path open to me in the future. What ever had possessed me to trump his ace? I simply must stop playing bridge at the Student Union so often!!

AN ARM'S LENGTH AWAY

NORMAN KLEIN II '51

I didn't mind getting my ankles wet. Soaking knees weren't too bad either, but I really hated to get wet on the chest. You see, I had stepped out too far. The newly laid sand hadn't drained enough to settle firmly, so I just plunged down and slowly stopped a few inches below my shoulders.

There I was, all alone on the growing beach. The sand and water kept pouring out of a pipe, building up the beach all the time. Most of the water washed down to the tide level, but the sand was left behind. It, particle by particle, built up around me.

And I could stop this — if I could just pull myself up a bit. A few inches more and I would be able to grab the throbbing, wet pipe and maybe wiggle myself out of the quickened straight-jacket.

Except for a few ship-lights out in the harbor, I had no light to see by. In one hour the hydraulic dredge would shut down for the night. But right now it was whining and grumbling away two hundred yards out in the harbor. Tons of harbor bottom sand were being sucked up by the minute and I was at the other end, the shooting end — where the sand poured out at the rate of 68 tons an hour. And I had an hour.

I didn't like it. Besides, wet, sharp sand is the most irritating substance on the earth. To think! Just a few happy seconds ago I had walked out to check up on the building up of the beach and the direction of the wash. Then, with a sudden vacuum-like pull, I dropped. Had I found the hole to China? Into the molten sand I had plunged, through the thin deceiving newly laid crust. No, I didn't review my life history. I just wanted another chance to get back on hard land. I was sure there was room.

The leaky, rusty pipe was practically next to me on the soupy sand. Maybe I should correctly say, just a l-i-t-t-l-e more than an arm's length way. One lunge and I might make the only avenue of escape on that building beach. One miss, and my body's recoil would sink me further down—and nearer my Social Security benefits.

That battered old pipe looked like a life-line out there on that sand heap. Or it might prove to be a stairway to heaven for me.

Then it happened. The crater of boiling sand and

water broke. With a rush it joined the tide level, and a new sand bar was being formed. It seemed to me that my area of sand near the end of the pipe dried out almost immediately. One heave and I was on top of the pipe. In the warm night air as I lay on top of the cold pipe exhausted, I knew it was good to be free once more.



LI'L EVERGREEN

CARL VORPE '51

In winter he stood proudly,
His miniature greenness was king
Over hulking oak trunks standing black
Roundabout. Snow up to his ears,
But still showin' green
When the big ones couldn't take it.
Li'l evergreen was campus-master.

But now it's summer,
And I see my deflated little friend
Quietly sulking in his private
Little patch
Of summer sunlight.



A FALLEN GODT

ROBERT C. LITELL '50

Out of the night stalked death
And I fell. Felled by a stroke.
Even as darkness veils my eyes
The blood will cease to trickle;
The final gasp, the clenching fist,
The final pain . . . then, stillness.

Perhaps there'll be a dog
To guard me. I'll know not.
Perhaps I'll be found and buried
Before the rigor yields . . .
Perhaps I'll be snow-bound!
Then they'll find me in the spring,
Gone, all my godliness.

For this

Is how I like my death. This is how it is.
What of the visions known in life?
Where are they? I know not.
I lie moldering in the ground,
A fallen Godt.

BEAUTY MAGAZINES

LARMA McQUIRE '50

Do you have trouble attracting the opposite sex? Do you sit home nights when the rest of the gang is out dancing? Are you shy or too aggressive? Are you overweight or thin and nervous? You can find the solution to your problem in a magazine. For a few paltry cents you can learn all about your faults and those of everyone else.

Magazines can be a great help in analyzing and improving the personality. You can find out from them anything from how and where to buy a girdle to how to hold and intellectual conversation with a mortician.

When I was in the seventh grade I came to the realization that there was something repulsive about me. This revelation came about through some rather pointed remarks made by two nasty little boys. In those days we thought it unnecessary for a girl to put up her hair more than once a week. Our coiffures revealed our neglect by assuming the appearance of a mass of barbed wire. At any rate it was about this time that I began to resent being repulsive and sought to alleviate my sufferings by glean- ing helpful little hints wherever I could.

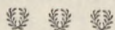
Miss America was my first source of beauty information. This magazine is very unusual because its value is not limited to one field. If one tires of the fashion news she can read the very elementary short story that is provided. If this still does not satisfy the craving for culture there are still the comics to be read.

Because of advancing age I was forced to give up **Miss America**. Now I have graduated to the more impressive and more expensive magazines such as **Glamour**, **Mademoiselle**, and **Charm**. The only thing that I don't like about these magazines is that their models are thin and slinky rather than the chubbily healthy models of the teen-age magazines.

In addition to the charm magazines there are those which shout at the reader, "YOU TOO CAN HAVE PERSONALITY. DON'T BE AN OLD SACK ALL YOUR LIFE." Magazines of this type can tell you your "marriageability," your dating IQ, your taste in clothes or friends, your emotional stability, or your attitude toward sex. All this can be revealed by simply taking convenient little tests found in the magazines.

If you have two heads or three feet I sincerely doubt

that fashion or beauty magazines can do much to help you. Perhaps, though, if you have two heads they can help you be doubly attractive.



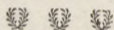
THE MOMENT

ROBERT BARTHOLOMEW '50

The love and hate, the grace and awkwardness
Of yesterday are severed from us by time's schism.
Tomorrow's heat of shame, of pride, and blame, and innocence;
They too are kept from us by this divide.

Regrets! What pressing load they throw
Upon the many burdens of the day;
Nor has anxiety reduced the present's pain and woe.

Of perfect stones are great cathedrals formed. Each different,
Each fitting perfectly upon the one below.
Abundant lives, as these cathedrals,
Are built of moments like the stones.



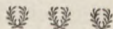
INTERIM

CONNIE BAILEY '51

A tiny note escaped from her song into the air and hung suspended—
As though a golden thread held it there.

The silence of the room closed in to frame that silvery tone—
For all to see, and marvel at the wonder of its fame.

Suddenly a roar of applauding filled the air shattering the silent beauty—
The note fell triumphantly—into the realm of nowhere.



DREARINESS

DOROTHY ORR '49

A drizzling dampness,
Wet, soggy leaves accepting their brown deadness,
Dull, grey skies giving promise of nothing,
The hopeless battle of nature
Is mimicked in my heart.
The comfort would be overwhelming
Were I as certain of an ensuing spring.

LOOKING OUT A LIBRARY WINDOW

CARL VORPE '51

Looking out the library window,
I see quiet trees, holding very still
In their gold-red autumn raincoats;
As though to move would be to let
The wet atmosphere down beneath the collar.
The drizzle is almost fog.
The dark, soggy evening
Has subdued even the frolicsome wind,
So that nothing moves: a patient world
Waits for night.

Then a bewildered little squirrel
Lifts his quick, quizzical head
Above leaves that do not rustle,
And wonders why it is not morning,
And where the Indian summer sun has gone.
With an undaunted flourish, he jumps
To tree and bed, knowing morning will come.

But he who works inside these walls,
Under blazing lights, having paused
A moment to look into this complex,
Now silent universe,
Rustles dry leaves
In perpetual attempt
To understand.



THE BIG FIGHT

CHARLES VANSCHOICK '52

"Murderin' Mike" Mahoney lowered his huge hulk onto the hotel bed. The springs of the too small bed groaned under his weight. But "Murderin' Mike" did not relax comfortably, as he had done so often before. He was nervous now, not the self-confident young upstart who had taken the crown off the head of the heavy champ only five years ago. Now he was in the same place as the ex-champ had been.

They had been five short years in which Mike had reigned supreme in the heavyweight division. It had taken five years for fast living to catch up with Mike, but when it happened it happened fast and, ironically enough, at the hands of a young upstart such as Mike had been. Well, he certainly could give the new champ some sound advice. "But," Mike thought, "he probably wouldn't take it anyway."

Mike had a return bout with the new champ on the docket for that night. He knew he didn't stand a chance. Mahoney, the fighter who had taken on all comers on his way up, was visibly nervous at the prospect of having to climb into the ring with that young gorilla who had so thoroughly thrashed him in his last fight. Mike was frankly scared. He'd rather do anything than face him again. The downhill grade seemed so steep in comparison to the long climb to the top. Mike was on the downhill side now. There was no denying that.

The unwelcomed destiny of taking a beating was not the main cause of his nervousness. What worried him most was that the easy days were over and he had nothing to show for it, not even a wartime white cent stored in the bank. The faster it had come in the faster it went out. Mike had been the big sport, the victim of many parasites who had clung close around him. They were gone now. "Probably," Mike ventured, "over in the new fellow's corner."

This was Mike's last fight and he knew it. He was all washed up. There would be no easy coin after this. He would get the short end of tonight's purse and it would practically all go into his bad debts. Mike didn't like the dim future at all. It would be too hard going back into the pits of hell, the coal pits out of which he had fought himself as a youth.

Somehow there must be a way out. The thought came hard and slow. There seemed nothing else to do but fight. At length he decided to do just that.

A passerby edged his way into the quickly formed crowd, exclaiming, "Why, it's 'Murderin' Mike' Mahoney!"

Death had finished the count when Mike's body hit the pavement ten stories below his hotel room window.



DOODLE

STAN SCHUTZ '49

I doodle and think
With my pen and my ink,
Just a tryin' to think of a rhyme.
Then fed up and mad,
And woefully sad,
I give up.

NUMBER UP

DON WALTER '51

The snow was falling outside on a beautiful night about Christmas time. The deserted streets looked like a smooth piece of white silk. The corner lamppost was the only thing visible. It was two o'clock in the morning with only one other customer left in Joe's Bar.

"Hey," Joe said, "Ain't you ever goin' home, bud? Look, I want to close this joint."

The jukebox was playing an old tune. Something that Irving Berlin wrote, "White Christmas." The guy at the bar looked like he had lost his last friend. Maybe that was why I invited him into my booth.

"Say, son," I said. "You look like you've seen a ghost."

There was no reply for a minute.

"Mac," he said, "Have you ever seen the snow fall in the Ardennes Forest?"

"No, the closest I ever got to the Ardennes was Iwo."

"Well, Mac," he continued, "I guess you was as hot as I was cold. But, you know, every year at this time I can feel that cold worse than I ever did in that old foxhole. There's something about that snow . . ."

His voice trailed off into nothing. I ordered another drink and got one for my companion. He thanked me and continued his story.

"Mac, did you ever meet a coward? You ever see a guy crack under fire? You know, it's hell to see them go to pieces. They all cry like they was babes in arms."

He continued in this vein for about five minutes arriving at no particular point. There was something strange about my friend that I couldn't make out. I bought another round of drinks, lit a cigarette, and turned my attention to his story again.

"I knew a guy in that forest who was yellow. Right through to the core. What an ass! He was so afraid to die that the word made him shiver."

Remember I said that my friend seemed strange? I noticed that in the next few minutes he shivered quite freely. I couldn't figure it out at first.

"Well, Mac, this guy I was talking about was yellow. He was lying in a foxhole shivering to beat hell one night. The Germans opened up with the big stuff. 88's. Have you ever heard an 88, Mac?"

I told him that the Japs had some big stuff, but that over in the Pacific we had heard only tales of the 88.

"Yeh, you heard tales. That's nothing to seeing them

shells fall. Them damned things make a man's legs turn to water before he can duck."

My friend went into a complete description of the 88 including sound effects. I noticed that Joe was listening over the bar now. I signalled him for another round of drinks and again turned to my friend.

"Thanks for the drink, Mac. There we was in that foxhole. Must have been there two hours with that stuff coming over. This kid was crouching in the corner. Hell, he was so scared that he couldn't keep his hands still. He even tried sitting on them."

He downed the drink and continued the story.

"The kid shook like his whole frame was coming apart. Then the damnedest thing happened. An 88 landed in that hole. We should-a all been goners, but the thing didn't explode."

At that point I wondered if the happening hadn't made him sort'a screwy, but he continued.

"You think I'm off my rocker, don't you, Mac?"

I said, "No, but what is the end?"

"Funny thing. That kid who was so scared. He crawled over to that shell and began turning it over. Suddenly, he stopped. That shell had been meant for him. It had his number on it."

I asked him what he meant, so he went on:

"Yeh, Mac, that shell had his number on it. Believe it or not, that damned thing had the same number as his dog tags. Well, thanks for the drinks. Be seeing you."

"Hey," I shouted. "Be careful outside. That street is slippery."

Ah, don't worry, Mac. My number has already been up."



LIFE

CHARLES VANSCHOICK '52

God is the Master Playwright

Who creates Life.

The Divine Director who designs the drama,

Taking an active part,

Directly and discreetly.

And I, "a poor player,

Who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,"

Ad-libbing a mere phrase or gesture.

"And then is heard no more."

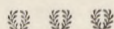
A poor puppet

In the great tragedy of Life.

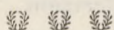
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COVER BY JUDY EDWORTHY



AFTER-THOUGHT ON MATRIMONY

EDWIN L. ENDICOTT '49

Would?

Could?

Should?

Would he

If she

Would be?

Could they blend?

Quarrels mend?

Together wend?

Should get

In debt

He bet!

So,

No

Go.

