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1950 Spring Quiz and Quill Magazine

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ROITZ & ROITZ



**SPRING
1950**

1950

MID-CENTURY

1950

Issue of

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

The Quiz and Quill Club

Of Otterbein College

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief CARL V. VORPE

Assistant Editors RUTH MUGRIDGE
ERLINE PADILLA

Art Editor JOAN PLATT

Business Manager LESLIE EARLY

Spring, 1950

Founded, 1919

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB — 1949-1950

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	Donald Walter	

LITERARY AWARDS — 1950

Freshman Poetry Contest

First Prize	Arthur Burd '53
Second Prize	Jack Schwartz '53
Honorable Mention	Robert J. Goss '53

Freshman Prose Contest

First Prize	John Anderson '53
Second Prize	Marilyn Day '53

Quiz and Quill Poetry Contest

First Prize	Ruth Mugridge '51
Second Prize	Carl V. Vorpe '51

Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

First Prize	Bill Brill '50
Second Prize	Francis Pottenger '51
Third Prize	Donald Walter '51

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize	Carl V. Vorpe '51
Second Prize	Ann Vigor '51
Third Prize	Ruth Orr '52

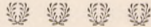
Cover by Joan Platt

THE WILD HORSES

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

Who among us has not, with restless feet and trembling heart,
Searched the far fields of our minds
To catch sight of the wild horses
That linger, grazing on the edge of our consciousness?
Who having seen the sweeping manes, the straining bodies,
Can forsake the search?
Or having heard the pounding hooves
Can forget the pattern of their flight?
Then hunt the wild horses! They are Beauty and Truth, near yet
elusive.
They are the things for which we eternally long.
Haunt the long night and never seeing more than vague
outlines,
And never hearing more than a disturbing throbbing of feet . . .
Search on, knowing this:
That though the wild horses are ever beyond us, near yet elusive,
They alone are worth searching for.



THE MEADOW BROOK

ARTHUR BURD '53

First Prize, Freshman Poetry

Life is like a little meadow brook which in childhood
Flows merrily onward
Singing happily
Flashing in the sunlight
Over the rapids playfully rolling.

Aging —
Tumbling
Roaring
Seething angrily
Crashing downward from its heights into
The land of forgotten people
Turbulent
Thundering
Swallowed into eternity leaving behind memories
Soon lost and forgotten forever.

METAPHOR

BILL BRILL '50

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

How often in a street do you try to pierce the mystery of another's life, to visualize the loves, the hates, the joys, the sorrows that have painted lines on some unknown passing face?

I saw them on High Street.

They stood out from the tense, jostling crowd because they seemed to have no object in life, nowhere to go, nothing to do; they were aimless, lost. They looked so poor. They were such obvious failures at this game of getting and keeping success. If they had suddenly shouted in pain about the noises of the street, they could hardly have been more spectacular in their misery, this man, this woman, this child.

The man slouched along a few yards in advance of the woman. He looked as though life had been knocking him down for a long time, then waiting for him to get up so that it might knock him down again. His bent body was clothed in greenish rags and his feet were exposed in worn shoes. He was not entirely pathetic. He was the kind of man to whom you would gladly give a quarter to salve your conscience, but whom you would never allow out of sight with your suit-case.

The woman carried her baby against her breast in a ragged old brown cloth knotted around her shoulder. Perhaps she was twenty-five, but she looked fifty because no one had ever taken care of her, or had given her that pride in herself which is necessary to a woman's existence. Perhaps she had not even the happiness of being wanted or necessary—a condition in which the altruistic soul of woman thrives.

The shame of it. To parade her woman's body draped in rags through streets full of other women in their neat clothes, to meet the pitying eyes of other wives and mothers, and to drag on, tied like a slave, behind this shambling, shifty man. Is there a crucifixion for a woman worse than that?

He walked ahead, but now and then he would turn and jerk his head, trying to make her quicken her pace. She took no notice, just plodded on in who knows what merciful dullness?

Then the sleeping child in her old brown shawl awakened and moved with the curious boneless writhing of a

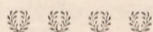
young baby. The mother's arms tightened on it and held its body closer to hers. She stopped, went over to a shop window, and leaned her knee on the sill. She looked down and placed one finger gently into the fold of cloth with an almost reverent air.

Her hard, tired face smoothed and softened into a smile. Over that tired face came the only spiritual thing left in those two lives, the beauty of a Madonna.

At this very moment other mothers were looking at their babies with the same reverence. Whether in the slums or on Park Avenue, a mother's love is constant, and they bestow upon their children the same tender smile—the smile that is the same the world over. This unchanging smile has melted men's hearts for generations. The first time a man sees a woman look at his child in that way, something trembles inside him. Men have seen it from piled pillows in rooms smelling faintly of perfume, in night nurseries, in many a comfortable home which he has fought to build to shield his own.

Did I say they were poor? Poverty is a relative thing; but no man is really poor until life becomes a desert island that gives neither food nor shelter nor hope.

As I watched, the man stopped and turned. He gently took the child from its mother's arms and, side by side, they vanished into the crowd.



RESOLUTION

DONNA BOYER '51

Something I know, in the back of my head,
Up from the crack-dry brain cells sped —
Sprung from the dingy, self-bred caves
And rolled around in waves, in waves —

Something I know and say I know
And then (abandon — let it go) —
Came to surface and spread its light
To the far-flung corners of self-taught night;

And I caught it big in two fat hands
And vowed I'd keep it in all my plans.
Then something lulled my mind to sleep,
And the thing collapsed in a fearful heap.

WINGS OVER THE CARIBBEAN

JOHN ANDERSON '53

First Prize, Freshman Prose Contest

Smoothly, almost imperceptibly, the sea-plane begins to move. The shore-line fringed with waving palms gently glides by. A few drops appear on the window, and as we gather speed the greenish white water slowly climbs until the entire window becomes obscured. Then suddenly the tail lifts; all is clear, and we see the beautiful towers of Miami Beach colored a rosy hue by the rapidly rising sun. We keep climbing until we reach an altitude of eight thousand feet above the bright blue waters of the Caribbean.

There, below, the lighter Gulf Stream is outlined by the darker surrounding waters. A little to the left, a small island wears a necklace of waves like a string of pearls set in green velvet. Notice the filmy network a little beyond, like a giant spiderweb. It is a coral reef just under the surface. The dark brown spots blend in with the lighter, more shallow areas. You never tire of looking at nature's handiwork in these tropical seas because it is never the same, always changing.

Far off, to the right, a large ship appears. We are advised by the attractive stewardess to watch carefully, because it is one of Uncle Sam's aircraft carriers. Sure enough, there it is, a queen of the seas, with planes buzzing around her like bees outside a hive in summertime. Look, there beside us is a "Hellcat." Our pilot dips a wing in salute, and the other plane "waggles" his in return. Still we drone on.

Just ahead a rather large island swims into our vision. It is our destination, Jamaica, the "land of wood and water." We see all around it the beautiful coral network that the island is built upon. The sugar plantations are like patchwork below. Already we are above the foot-hills which are surprisingly steep and well covered with tropical vegetation.

The ship drops sickeningly and stops just before it seems that we must strike the ground. Up and down the plane rides like a leaf in a capricious autumn wind. Some of us are a decidedly green hue, but we get safely through the "bumpy" area.

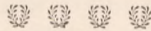
We pass over a shoulder of the mountain, and there below is a small native farm. We smile to ourselves as the little children wave.

"Fasten your safety belts, please."

Noticeably we lose both altitude and speed. There ahead lies a beautiful blue harbor. We sweep majestically over the large tourist ships. The plane drops lower and lower, and we touch. At once we felt the water dragging us back. The greenish white foam covers the window instantly and slowly sinks again. A Chris-craft motor boat with a British flag flying from the stern pulls alongside and tows us to the dock.

We have safely made our long but eventful journey of six hundred miles. The pilot shakes our hands and wishes us good luck, and in return, we smile and say, "Bon Voyage," for he and his crew must go on to South America and return again on what to him is only a routine flight.

We are now looking upon the waters where the fabulously wealthy Spanish galleons plowed their clumsy way. New scenes of tropical splendor and new experiences await us. We are in a new world.



ETERNAL HOPE

HELEN FAGLEY '52

When love has gone
Oh, Moon above,
What shall I do
Without my love?

— Dissipation

How can I live?
How can I see
Another's arms
Encircling thee?

— Periscope

No more to feel
Your soft caress,
No more to know
Your gentleness.

— Barbasol

How can I live?
What will I do?
I know — I'll look
For someone new!

— Otterbein

MODES D'ESPRIT

LA VELLE ROSSELOT '33

Spring Has Such Lonely Nights

Spring has such lonely nights
Soft winds
Dripping stars
Moonlight, luring and empty;
Swift changes
Compelling,
Depressing,
Erratic as a woman's proud heart.
Spring has such lonely nights
In which I keep hunting, hunting —.

Compensation for Reality

If there were no tomorrow
And I were lost to live with yesterday,
Then I could dare to enter your today,
And clothe it as I wish.

I'd not call forth in tender memories
The long ago we shared,
But rather, pray,
In spite of distance, time and quarrelings,
That you might find the faith
To trust again in those two young selves
Who shared the struggle of a young ideal
And watched it forged to tempered steel
Within maturer cynicism's flame.

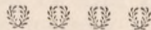
I'd seek to give you vision clear
To see the good that lies
Beneath your disciplined and sterner self
And show that still the world has need
Of Beauty's perfume to mask out
The stench of human greed and selfishness.

I'd wish to rouse again that eager, youthful faith
Matured into compassion, grown in strength
That dares to look for beauty
With, and in your fellow man;
And thus to build
For those who lie in yesterday
A bridge into tomorrow of Eternity.

TENEMENTS

JOAN PLATT '51

Tenements,
A long, dark row of rotting buildings
Crouched, alone, amidst the towering glory
Of the big city.
Tenements,
O'ercast by shadows — that must fall somewhere;
No room for shadows in that world out there,
That living world.
Tenements,
A procession of identical faces,
Blank faces — faces of buildings — and people.
There is a river running past the doors,
A narrow winding stream
That forms its stagnant pool —
At the clogged-up sewer;
A heaven — for slum kids.
Children?
There are no children here.
Children need a place to play —
No time for play.
A newborn babe lies in his mother's arms
Enjoying his innocence.
Tomorrow he must be a man,
Take on the burdens of the world,
A world his drunken father left to him.
There are no children here!
A section of the big city they call it.
No, not a section,
A world in itself
Left apart from the outside.
Outside?
We don't know of the outside.
This is my world;
This is my street!



NEW WAR

ANN VIGOR '52

Don't bother with saving any grease drippings next time
We've got a wonderful, big insurance guarantee —
Policy clauses: "A," "H," and even "X."
(There is an unknown quantity of death?)
Maybe next time we'll be trying to save up little Adams,
Instead of tin foil!

THE HANDS

DON WALTER '51

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

It was one of those cold, rainy nights that often hit Detroit in April. I was sitting at the bar of Joe's Place talking to Joe. About twelve the door opened and a typical Skids Row character walked in.

"No bums allowed," thundered Joe.

"I only want a drink," pleaded the man in a rasping voice that had seen too many double shots.

"No credit here," said Joe.

"I'll buy him his drink," I said.

Joe looked at me with a hint of disgust, but didn't say anything as I motioned the man to the seat near me.

He came hesitantly toward me with a twisted smile—the kind of smile perpetual drunkards have that leaves you a little weak in the knees.

"What are you drinking?" I said knowingly. They all drink the same.

"Whiskey—straight," was the reply.

While Joe got the man's drink, I took the time to study him. People are a kind of hobby with me. The man was of medium height, weighed about 150, and looked thirty-five. Age on an habitual drunk is hard to tell. He was a dirty, disheveled wreck. His gray suit reeked and cracked with the smell and dirt of the city. He was soaked to the skin with rain, and under it with alcohol.

One thing astonishing about the man was his hands. They were badly scarred from wrists to fingertips.

Joe brought the drinks and said pointedly, "What do you bother with these kind of fellows for? They're just stumble bums."

"Joe, I look at it this way. These fellows were as good or better than you or I will ever be, at one time. Most of them hit a streak of bad luck or get in the wrong crowd, or get a low blow from a woman and here they are. Just look at it that way. If we hadn't been lucky we might be in the same boat."

Joe half-smiled, shook his head and retired to the other end of the bar. Joe knew when I was on the trail of a story for my newspaper column I didn't like to have a third party.

"Thanks," said the man. "That was real nice of you sticking up for me. There's not many that will anymore."

"Forget it. I meant every word I said about the breaks."

"I figured you did. You were right about bad luck and a woman."

He paused to finish the drink. I felt, mercenary rat that I am, that here was another column just waiting to be written. I signalled Joe to keep the liquid fire coming. It might help to loosen him up. Joe brought the drink.

"Yes, bad luck and a woman. Mister, I had them both. They were wrapped in one and the same."

"You want to talk?"

"I think so."

I waited for him to start. I could see it was going to be hard, but I knew he would open up eventually. He started off faltering once or twice.

"It was—about—three years ago. I was happily married, working hard, and living well. You can't tell it now, but I was making fifty grand a year."

I noticed that he kept looking over his shoulder at the piano against the far wall.

"You know where Outer Drive is? I used to have a swell home out there. Lots of friends. Good times. Maybe I had too many friends—too many good times. The wife was nice—not a raving beauty—but a swell figure."

I signalled for a refill. He suddenly got up, went over to the piano, and picked out a few chords.

"You know, Mister, I made my living punching one of these things. I was what the critics call a "modern genius." Yep, I was good."

He sat down and played for two or three minutes. It sounded pretty good to me, but I was no critic. Suddenly he slammed the keys and walked unsteadily back to the bar.

The new drink he took in one gulp. It loosened his tongue some and he continued with his story.

"My wife was a sweet kid. She was faithful, I thought. It was one night while I was away on a concert. Those things got on the nerves. I didn't like being away from home too long."

"I wasn't expected back home until the next day. Don't know what made me come home early. Liked to be at home, I guess. Sort'a missed the place. Found my wife with another man."

Joe refilled. My companion began talking faster and faster.

"Yeh, Mister. I found her with another guy. She never

knew about it, though. I had left her the car this time. I guess they heard the cab out front. Went around to get in the back—lost my front door key. They didn't even pull the venetian blinds tight."

"I was struck dumb. I walked and walked and walked that night. I carried that suitcase and didn't even feel it. There was a gnawing emptiness in my whole body. When the first shock wore off, I began to plot my revenge. A thousand ideas filled my brain—kill her, kill him, kill myself—nothing suited. I spent the rest of the night in a hotel."

I could see the pain memories were bringing back. The agonizing look of love and hate mixed in equal doses.

"Next day, I began a scientific destruction of my wife's spirit. I wasn't man enough to tell her what I knew. There were little ways of torturing her. Like all people she had her weakness. She was afraid of insanity. Her aunt and grandmother had been committed, and she was secretly afraid. I preyed on this fear. I heard sounds and nagged her about not hearing them. I accused her of trying to poison my food. I kept hammering, never relenting—always driving at her!"

He shot another fast drink into his system.

"I kept it up. She became absent-minded. Started having nightmares. Felt sick all the time. All her ills were imaginary, but I could see the strain beginning to tell. I knew she had to break."

He looked at the slender shells that were once his hands. I could see they must have been delicate and full of life—at one time.

"I finally drove her to the breaking point. It's murder—pure and simple—to destroy something you love, but that was my plan and I couldn't forget that night I came home. The day the doctor came to commit her, I left for a while. I must have been pretty drunk when I got home.

"My wife was in her room crying softly. I staggered to the door and yelled at her to shut up. She did. I laid down on the sofa. Remorse started to flood me. I almost got up and told her the story. I must have been pretty drunk, because I fell asleep in spite of wanting to tell her."

He paused a long time.

"I woke up screaming. My wife was standing over me, an empty bottle in her hands. The pain in my hands was terrific!"

"You coward," she screamed. "You thought I was

dumb. I knew what you were doing. You love your hands, your music—not me.”

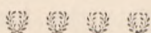
She dropped the bottle in her hands on the floor.

“I’m not violent. The doctor said I’m not violent. I just need a little rest. I’m committed. It’s all your doing. No jury can touch me. You drove me. You hounded me. Ha, Ha, Ha!”

“Through all the pain I heard her. Some nights I still hear that laugh. Finally she fell to the floor like a maniac. See these hands?”

He thrust the shell under my nose. I nodded.

“That was why I was screaming. My wife had her revenge for what I had done. She poured acid on my hands—piano hands!”



THE SLEEPING RIVER

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

I was a child whose world no boundaries knew,
Whose limits defied reality . . .
Infinity . . . what is its other name? lay sleeping in my warm,
cupped hands.

I watched it sleep.

* * * * *

The silent river curved around the town,
Peaceful and sleeping . . .
Unmindful of the might potential in the stream,
We watched it sleep.

One coldly frightened spring, the sleeping river woke,
And crept at first upon the fields,
Then threw itself with fierce deliberation upon the wide-eyed town.

Some tried to flee: These soon were caught and swept aside.
Some tried to fight the stream, and died defeated.
Some — I was one — stood at respectful distance,
Realizing the futility of both flight and battle.
Eventually the river, satisfied, crept slowly to its bed,
Leaving its mark indelibly on the town.

* * * * *

When was it that the thing in my hands turned
And slowly woke?
I only remember the awful fascination that trembled within me
As awareness — as realization — swept over and through me.
Our eyes met the other's no longer sleeping,
And mine no longer a child's.

THE SAGA OF THE TOE

MARILYN DAY '53

Second Prize, Freshman Prose Contest

'Twas Milton who began the entire disturbance when he wrote the beautiful and well-remembered "L'Allegro." The mere phrasing. "Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe," was to bring undreamed-of thoughts and problems later in time. The consideration of the fantastic toe. Let us pause today to give a few thoughts toward the human toe, a simple yet complex necessity in the human being. This seemingly unimportant attachment is truly vital to life and behavior problems of society.

According to biologists the toe is but a digit of the foot of man. Ah, they fail to see the true personality of the toe!

From the earliest times a young child has been "toe conscious." How could he help it when loving relatives drool and fuss over him while gently tickling his dainty toes? As life progresses, the immortal story of "This Little Pig Went to Market" is dramatized and made real to him by the pull of the toe as big brother recites the tale. The infant learns to count on the toes as well as the fingers. (Recent surveys conclude that this method of counting is still popular in many sections of our country today.) Youth learns the needy art of tip-toeing past grandpa, who is snoozing in the chair, to obtain that much-desired candy across the room.

Later, the appearance of the toe is foremost in his mind. Toes may range from the large economy size to the very tiny and petite size. Some are long, skinny affairs while others tend to be rather hefty or even quite fantastic, as Mr. Milton put it. A young lady desiring beautiful toes often attempts to camouflage any defects by the use of a brilliant nail polish. It is these same toes, however, which are most disturbing to a young gentleman. That fantastic toe of the young lady somehow always manages to sneak under his foot while the two may be pursuing the "art" (used freely) of dancing. Often this large toe, becoming bored with his surroundings, seeks a larger life and creeps out into the world through the sock, unconscious of the great social embarrassment to his owner. Such is the life of the toe.

'Tis this delicate appendage which has opened a wider field of pasttimes to man. Dancing, which may include

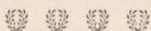
ballroom, ballet, toe dancing, and the modern dance employ the correct use of the toe. A capable diver is aware of the importance of the toes in a well-executed dive. Children and adults the world over have thrilled, laughed, and applauded to the feats of the circus tight-rope walker. Again we see the universality of the toe.

May we pause to see that this creature also has feelings. For who among us has never tested the temperature of his bath water with his toe? How many have never tested the water temperature at the swimming pool before diving in? Ah yes, and the pain expressed when one meets a sharp stone or splinter! And never forget the frostbite cold of winter. Only the toe can express these feelings.

The poet and the advertiser will long sing the praise of the toe. The popular slogan "from head to toe" seems incomparable. Head to knee? to ankle? Even head to foot is not as inclusive and persuasive as "head to toe service." The workers in shoe factories, the shoe repair man, and the stocking manufacturers daily give thanks for the toe.

It is the use of these simple appendages that allow us to stand on tip-toe, reaching for the better things of life, on the tip-toe of expectancy. But alas, 'tis the owner who is responsible for the care of these toes and decides whether they be worn from honest toil or smooth from laziness or shirking duties.

One wonders if Mr. Milton would have written so if he had known before hand what his phrasing of the "fantastic toe" might lead to: the life, the glory, and the grandeur of the "fantastic toe."



STEPS

ANN CARLSON '52

flowers
dances
perfume
walks
formal feel as high heels

love
glances
hugs
talks
are freedom sweet as bare feet

COROLLARY

FRANCIS POTTENGER '51

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Prose Contest

A million tiny living dots pass rhythmically through the narrow confines of an earthen tunnel. Ranks and files, as closely ordered as a Prussian regiment, march, flank, and countermarch with awesome precision. Individuals are lost in the whole, but the whole moves relentlessly onward. These are the legions of the ants.

A thousand generations have watched and listened as teachers and philosophers have extolled the virtues of this social insect. What contrast! Here crawls a humble speck, with but a fraction of the wit of man, selflessly laboring to satisfy the needs of brother and community, while overhead mammalian giants, possessed of incomparably greater mentality live in fratricide. Is it not written that the meek shall inherit the earth? What group then could lay more legitimate claim to this inheritance than the lowly ant? Thus runs the thought of a few speculative souls, visioning earth's twilight as the moment of Hymenopteran dominance.

With due reverence to the venerable minds who have found inspiration in the culture of the ant, allow me to propound a corollary.

Digging into the earth's sedimentary calendar, archaeologists find that insects took mastery over this cooling crust twenty-seven million years ago. Fossil remains indicate that the dwarfed insects of today were precursed by veritable titans whose nomadic feet etched deep highways across prehistoric plains. Vertebrata were yet but blueprints on eternity's drawing board.

Picture then the first Hymenoptera. Unfettered by social tradition, enjoying superior mental capacity, but precariously few in numbers, they must have cowered timorously in rocky caverns and sought the camouflage of carboniferous foliage, hunting by night, watching by day, as a winged world whirled menacingly about them. Eons passed. Those stealthy of soul, swiftest of foot and strongest in battle, begat and were begotten of. Emboldened by swelling ranks, hunting parties began to walk in the sun, subduing great spiders, trapping tarantulas. The mightiest Bedouin was master and his tribe was called Dorylinae.

Again the centuries slipped by. One night while the tribe feasted, an observing ant, left to tend a herd of cap-

tured aphids, found that under the caress of his elbowed antennae his charges exuded an exotic nectar, both delicious and nutrient. Hurriedly he gathered his family and slipped into the shroud of night driving the aphids before him. Then followed fearful days and sleepless nocturnal vigils as frantically on some distant plain, he supervised the building of a citadel to resist the retribution of angered kin. Soon a mighty rampart of mud and reed rose commandingly above the flat lands. Coming upon the sight, his pursuing brothers attacked only to be cast from the walls. For days they ranted before the work waiting for starvation's ultimate triumph, but unknown to them, in vaulted subterranean stables the aphids fed on a store of previously-cut silage and nurtured the defenders. What pestilence or dissension scattered the Dorylinaean camp, hard rock fails to tell. Conjecture as you will, the reign of the Pastoral kings had begun.

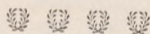
In the course of the ensuing decades it came to the notice of certain individuals that not only could the animal world be domesticated but with care certain molds would flourish in the darkened crannies of their catacombs. The dawn of Hymenopteran civilization had come. Having passed through the three stages of social evolution, nomadic, pastoral, and agricultural, the ant could now lean back on his hindmost appendages and philosophically survey his conquered domain.

Ah! But cynics were abroad, sitting at the very portals of the hill, they decried the efforts of the ambitious, and beguiled the populace with sophistry. Politicians and monarchs quarreled and spilled the sap of ancient youth on foreign fields. Chaos spread her enveloping cloak over the land. Slavery dissolved the moral fiber of the conqueror and conquered alike. Doom seemed inevitable.

Suddenly the pall was lifted. Out of the depths of a primeval wilderness a new colony appeared offering to the insect world a novel social philosophy founded on the basic integrity of the individual. Revolution became freedom's tool. Ants now walked the byways without fear. In his exuberance the male of the species freed his mate from her age-old subservience and with all the pent-up energy of eons of obsequiousness she set out to satiate her own passions. Almost immediately the emancipated female learned that her spouse was not the essential entity he pretended. She became master of his art while covetously she retained her own. Under her influence "welfare" became paramount.

But ants still aspired to mastery; where emperors had once been the vogue, mercantilists and manufacturing tycoons now filled the void. Ancient ills continued to plague the land. Voices whispered, "Social Equality without Economic Equality is empty." Misfits amplified the slogan and from out their ranks came unscrupulous leaders. Governments fell, a few remained unsullied, but conflict was everywhere. Unlike his forerunner, Hymenoptera had now harnessed new forces of nature and did battle on the backs of mighty dinosaurs, pommelling his enemies with sickening abandon. Never had earth seen such devastation. Every mound and hill was in jeopardy. The cry of the elders went out, "Hymenoptera must unite or suffer ultimate destruction!" "Individualism must be sacrificed to the community good for the sake of posterity!" echoed the female. Long and embittered became the orations in the legislature. Masculine egotism with all the artifacts of logic wrestled with calm immutable maternalism. In the end the last word was female's. Where male had failed she determined to triumph. Absolute obeisance became her means; preservation her end.

To trace the vicissitudes and travails which tormented the new regime would fill volumes. Therefore, leaving details to the pedant, it will suffice for the purpose of theory to survey the outcome. Today several thousand milleniums later the ant stands a model success to its goal. Blind, speechless, and unhearing, it is a creature self-trained to communal gregariousness. Nor is its social life disrupted by sexual drives. Ah, no, ants are all but sexless. Only one individual per colony has reproductive capacity. Even more propitious, maleness is virtually non-existent. The tenure of the occasional male is so short that he can never reinstitute the chaos of his antecedents. A tribute then to the ant who has gleaned nature's innermost secret—STAGNATION IS ETERNITY. The kingdom of Hymenoptera is now.



KEEN APPETITE

DONNA BOYER '51

There was a sword swall'wer named Kate
Whose timing turned out a bit late;
Let it further be known
That she swallowed a stone
To sharpen the sword which she ate.

A MOONLIGHT WALK—CLASSICISM?

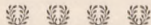
ANONYMOUS

A Moonlight Walk with a special friend is reasonable, for it embodies the principles of classicism in several ways which will be enumerated.

Completeness is one of its characteristics. A young couple considers itself complete in that nothing else is noticed, except perhaps the moon. A moonlight walk usually has a definite form, either a "two-mile" or a "four-mile." Simplicity is engendered by the simple elements of moonlight, the boy and girl, and the "four-mile."

It certainly has a universality of ideals that appeals to a large number of people, no matter what the nationality, race, or creed. Another quality of a moonlight walk is poise. It is obtained by complete unselfconsciousness; and who has seen a selfconscious couple on a moonlight walk? The moonlight magnificently reveals, without words, the thoughts of one person to his companion. The walk is governed by rules and decorum derived from previous experiences of persons involved.

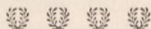
If a boy is feeling tenderly romantic, it is mere common sense for him to take his girl for a moonlight walk. At that moment he is truly at the center of the universe, exactly where he is placed by the dignity of man.



DRAMMER IN GRAMMAR

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

I once wrote a play 'bout a comma
Who was lost from his poppa and momma;
They found him because
He was waiving his pause —
So they took him straight home — what a drama!



PREFERENCE

ANN CARLSON '52

Some like them rich
Some like them tall.
Some like them funny
Some like them all.

Some like them sharp
Some like them free
But the one I choose
Must . . . like . . . me!

CARL SANDBURG AND WILLIAM BRADFORD

KENNETH ZIMMERMAN '49

"I stuck close to Bradford's **History of the Plymouth Settlement** — very close," said Carl Sandburg to me recently in a conversation about his novel, **Remembrance Rock**.

The remark has led me to check upon the facts behind his statement, and the effort has proved somewhat like feeling along Sandburg's veins and boring into the marrow of his bones to see just why he used this episode and why he left out that incident, why he quoted in one place and used his own words in another, in composing Book I of his novel.

This first book entitled "The First Comers" consists of three hundred pages, very nearly equal in size and quantity to Bradford's history. Perhaps Sandburg wanted to make a certain parallelism in this way. No doubt he considers Bradford's history of the Plymouth settlement America's most important literary work from the period of the earliest settlers.

Sandburg's use of names interested me very much. The leading characters, the Spongs, whom Sandburg brought over on the Mayflower, are nowhere to be found in Bradford. Sandburg listed the passengers supposedly as Bradford gave them, but carefully yet inconspicuously enclosed the Spong family in brackets, thus giving them the distinguishing mark of his own invention. The Spongs are woven into the historical saga perfectly.

From such interesting first names in Bradford's history as Desire (Minter), Bartholomew and Remember (Allerton), Love and Wrestling (Brewster), Resolved (White), and Humility (Cooper), Sandburg chose **Remember** for his leading young woman and **Resolved** for her husband-to-be, who goes to join Roger Williams at Providence. To me the symbolism in these two names has a strong significance. First of all, Sandburg used them as typical names for these early American founders, and second, the very meaning of the words could be used as the central theme throughout the novel: America, the nation founded on a combination of romantic reflection (Remember) with strong-faced determination and unfaltering fortitude (Resolve). To Sandburg America is poetry, and after all, what is poetry but the "synthesis of white hyacinths and biscuits." I believe there is also a symbolical parallelism between these two names and his beautiful title, "Remem-

brance Rock," the word "Rock" symbolizing America's firm foundation.

Sandburg quotes Bradford directly, or nearly so, for two of his chapter headings. "One Small Candle May Light a Thousand" came from an inconspicuous closing paragraph of Bradford which read in part:

"and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light enkindled here has shone to many, yea in a sense to our whole nation; let the glorious name of Jehovah have all praise."

A second, "Store We Up Therefore Patience", he took from the fourth paragraph of Rev. John Robinson's farewell letter to the Pilgrims departing from Southhampton for America. Mr. Sandburg told me that he reveres the contents of this letter as a most solemn prayer. In pointing out this letter and three other prayers in his novel, he remarked, with that familiar faraway look in his eyes, "There is a certain sense in which Remembrance Rock is a sacred book."

Sandburg quotes more directly and in greater quantities at the beginning of Book I than later. In Chapter II, a letter supposedly written by one of the Scrooby congregation, explaining the order of worship and government in their church, seems to be a compilation from two brief declarations of church government written by William Brewster and John Robinson recorded by Bradford. Again a letter supposedly written by Bradford, which Oliver Windrow is reading, is apparently drawn from the first and second chapters of Bradford's story of the Pilgrims' persecutions and flight to Holland. Thus the borrowings continue, sometimes in long quotations, sometimes in sentence snatches, or in Sandburg's own words that sound well enough like Bradford's.

At times Sandburg's direct use of Bradford seems to slow down and hinder the plot, thus emphasizing the question about **Remembrance Rock** as to whether it is a poor novel or is to be the genuine historical romance of America.

Mr. Sandburg himself said, "It will take me a good five years to evaluate **Remembrance Rock** myself. I am now first beginning to shake loose from the weight of the five years' research it took me to write it."

MAGICIANS

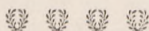
CARL V. VORPE '51

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Poetry

An anthropomorphic moon
 Raised his shining forehead soon
After Sun had sliced the world
 Just short of West;
Slowly, low, unshaven lands
 Roll beneath the ruling hands
Of this god who guards the world
 In time of rest.

As pin-point stars come into view
 The Sun shuts back-doors in the blue
And gravy-clouds
 Bespeckle heaven's vest!

In silent play, all nature's gods
 Have taken day from subject sods
And played deceptive arts
 For all their worth;
For while we sat and thrilled with rapture
 They stole the stage and made a capture
And stars are laughing now
 At night-caught earth!



WEEP FOR THE SUN

RUTH MUGRIDGE '51

Weep for the sun,
Who must with daily fire
Reveal the full extent of his desire.

Sigh for the moon,
Who nightly in the sky
Must hold for all to see her passion high.

What of the one
Unlike the rest,
Who bears the Spartan's fox within his breast,

Who late and soon
Must deign his love to show,
And with a breaking heart must come and go?

INTRAMUROS

ERLINE PADILLA '50

As dawn breaks slowly over Manila Bay it reveals the dim outline of picturesque Intramuros. Within these walls the original city of Manila was confined. Its many turrets stand out as a symbol of Spain's past glory and might.

For almost four centuries its moss covered walls and grilled gates have stood as an important landmark. If you are observing, you will notice a slight depression around the fort. This was once the moat.

At the entrance to this medieval fort the crest of Espanol dominates the arched gateway into this unique and interesting atmosphere. As you cross the threshold time turns back a few centuries and you recall the almost forgotten romances and grandeur of old Manilla. Yes, now it is called Manila as our American conquerors could not pronounce the Spanish "Il". The narrow streets wind in and out among the old stone houses, and as you look up you almost feel as if neighbors could reach from their verandas and shake hands with a friend across the way. The overhanging balconies and grilled windows may have been scenes of many a love affair of some fair senorita and dashing caballero. Yes, for within these walls the grandees of Spain's representatives were housed. The shady patios with their flagstone walks are reminders of the original inhabitants of these homes.

Continuing along you chance upon the plaza. A fountain plays here and the invitingly cool shade of an acacia tree lures you on. You relax on the nearest bench and as you look around, you notice the old Manila Cathedral. Nunneries, monasteries and parochial schools are all a part of the Walled City. Within the monastery archives many romantic chapters of Philippine history have been found, tales and legends of days gone by.

The chiming of the Cathedral bell tells you that it is noontime. The bright sun dazzles your eyes as you stretch, get up and leisurely move toward the gates and the outside world.

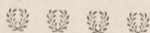
Passing under Spain's coat of arms you leave the past behind and you face modern Manila, the metropolis of a new age.

WATERFALL

RUTH ORR '52

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Cool
And deep green;
With flood and flow,
A rushing stream comes on
Up-tossed and roaring as a storm.
It breaks, and crashes with a spray of light;
Rolls on, still tossed, but placid now.
Its mission through, a bit
Of beauty now made whole.
A waterfall,
Expressing
God.



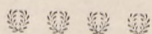
TREES AND RAIN IN FEBRUARY

ANN VIGOR '52

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Walk down into the night-cave —
A dripping catacomb,
Where black-boned skeletons
Embrace, (arched)
In the darkness.

Silently swayed puppets
pulled
By an unseen
Mephistophelean
Hand.



THE WHISTLE

JACK SCHWARTZ '53

Second Prize, Freshman Poetry

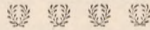
Look.
A whistle, crushed.
A plastic whistle, crushed
By a car.

With the whistle,
A life
Crushed.
A child gone.
Look.

FEELINGS

JOHN W. BOTT '50

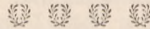
Feelings, crowding, surging, pulsing feelings —
The eye cannot see, the ear picks up no sound;
Feelings crowd and surge and pulse within me,
The roar of soundless emotion overwhelms me:
No one stands near.
The feelings grow and visible signs witness their mounting fury,
The heart beat races as if to catch my silent horror,
The place on which my hand had rested glistens in the reflected
light;
The pain in my soul rises up to capture my body,
The light has gone and darkness welcomes its absence.
The heart, once so powerful, subsides in bitter defeat —
Feelings with no swift track on which to race, seek out another,
An uninvited quiet reigns.



LONELY

HOWARD SELLERS '50

Naked trees —
Standing ankle deep in snow —
Trying vainly to lift their bristling heads
Above the hazy grayness which loiters around them
Like a faithful dog.



EDUCATION AT THE ZOO

LOUIS W. NORRIS '28

And so Daddy took the children to the zoo! It was one of those innocent ideas people have, especially Mommies, when they're well and rested and feeling adequate. I had been gormandizing on the luscious fruits of metaphysics for past weeks and we thought this might be a nice vacation for Daddy — rest the eyes you know. Then too, Mommie had a date for lunch with old college friends. Furthermore, it seemed that the education of the children demanded this excursion to the zoological gardens. Being a professor puts certain obligations upon one to have at least occasional care for the education of one's own young. The home can make but vain all that is striven for in the classroom.

So after careening through the tornadic traffic of downtown New York, we played hide-and-go-seek with the Zoo in the Bronx until we finally caught it well after

lunch time. Not much dismayed by this preliminary map drill and geography lesson, we girded ourselves for the animal hunt and set off for education in real earnest.

The monkey house provided problems all of its own. To the surprise of the children and chagrin of their father, they reported that the first monkey looked like a man. But on second thought this encouraged me, for, I reasoned, did not this indicate that they would go for Darwin in their school work? This might mean at least a day, perhaps two, when they would enter into their school work with spontaneous zest. As I gloated over the certain gleam of satisfaction that would grace the face of their teacher on that eventful day when Darwin had his inning in biology class, I was suddenly elevated from the subliminal regions of the subconscious to the raucous clatter of the conscious gleeful shouts. We could see the lions from here!

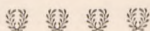
Now the lion is a handsome beast duly garnished with legend and art. But what do we find here? A lion and a tiger in the same cage! Now here was a problem. I did my best, which was in this case rather enfeebled by the thought that this situation was indeed a bit irregular. But past experience is always enriched by meditation and recapitulation, and all the way back home we dwelt upon this problem with deserving seriousness. And, I may add, it has had its innings on several occasions since.

By this time my pedagogical tools were growing a bit dull. It occurred to me that I might now allow the request for a pony ride, which had been jaggging into my attention for more than an hour, to become the prepotent stimulus. For, I reasoned, this would give me time not only to resharpen, but to consolidate my gains and give my lengthening arches a chance to buck themselves up. After the children departed with mingled cries of glee and fear (emotions **are** ambivalent, I noted, happy that Daddy had learned a little something extra for himself too), I washed my hands in the watering trough for the ponies. My hands, it seems, had gathered a strange film, and I felt a strange revulsion for being so intimately a part of all that I had met. But it was dust that had settled comfortably in the perspiration I had generated as I warmed to my task of helping the children to their educational experience. I dashed a bit of water, as I recall, across by face, and was just turning to the tasks which I had planned for accomplishment during the absence of the children when a triumphant shout between the ears of an approaching pony announced that the ride was over! It seemed wholly

unjust, but of course the pony man had no way of knowing about my plans, so I smiled too and we set off again.

The camel gave us some trouble for it was discovered that his hind leg has three joints instead of two. Between what is normally considered the hock and the hip, there is another joint. It is no doubt the reason that the **Camelus dromedarius**, as well as the **Camelus bactrianus**, are said to generate a kind of seasickness in those who ride them. But since I was able to manage the Atlantic twice, my zest for a camel ride has not been in the least abated by this discovery.

By this time it seemed appropriate to relax my program of directed study and allow the natural attractions of the Park to have their way. This was, I believe, on the whole a good arrangement. In fact, I would recommend that parents plan to reduce their educational vigilance at about the end of the first third of their stay at the zoo. It is well to encourage unimpeded attention on the part of children, and you will find that this allows some time for Daddy's own educational growth, which is also a legitimate concern.



I THINK IF TREES COULD TALK

CARL V. VORPE '51

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

I think if trees could talk
They'd say a lot of things.
In silent stand along my walk
They never jeer, they never mock,
They only echo pretty things,
A locust, lost,
A bird that sings

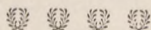
I like to see that wintertime
Strips them clean but lets them live;
And while the wind leans on their limbs
And moans its mournful tones
They have their shoulders there to give . . .

They see so much of death
In every year . . .
Yet never cry a breath
Nor shed a tear . . .
Unless, of course, the clouds and winds
Confess with rain their subtle sins

I think that trees do talk
And say a lot of things.
This silence can't be dumb;
What trees would say is just
Too great to use
Such little things as words,
When pinking blossoms, singing birds
And sparkling, silent summer dews
Are mute with simple ecstasy!
This a tree would say to me:

The greatest things are never said —
Not because the life is dead,
But just because one cannot say
The things a tree says every day . . .

I think these trees that talk
That stand and watch beside my walk
Are never heard by some;
Yet shout their silence beautifully,
Of winter death that cleans a tree,
And make each Spring a prophecy
Of all the Springs to come



A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

ROBERT C. LITELL '50

Lord, let the bells ring out
And let America lie
Open to our weary feet
As lightning opens up the sky.

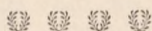
Our country which we long ago —
Let her be ruled by honest men,
By workers. Let the people stand
Triumphant in the clear blue dawn.

Let not money multiply
For men who will not share it;
Cast the mighty from their place
And let the humble ones inherit.

Whether the land be great or small
Let her children's heart be great.
She lies between the world's weak
And the many-peopled Soviet.

Give her a barrier to the west.
And to the east give her a friend!
Lord, your bleeding hands and breast
May again be bared to fangs of war.

Finally I ask of you, oh Lord,
Give us understanding . . .
Patience and forbearance.
From men of ambition's destiny
Guard us.
And Lord, just one more thing!
Give us peace . . .
Lord . . . give . . . us . . . peace . . .



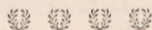
HERE A COVERLET MOUND

JAMES W. MONTGOMERY '48

Here a coverlet mound of earth
and withered grass
remembers . . .

How many angels dance
on metal points? —
How many pendulum arcs
between parentheses?

Here a mound of earth
remembers,
and withered grasses
know.



SLEEP

RUTH ORR '52

A grayness, blurring vision.
Sinking depths and rising soul
Coordinated by lack of thought.
A tapering off of World.

A downward, spinning movement
Drifting off from grey to black.
Cooperation of life and death.
Oblivion bought for time.

MONOLOGUE

LARMA MCGUIRE '50

Would you please close the door. Did I say that you opened it? It's open now, isn't it? Those signs are falling off the door. Really, don't you think they were more appropriate up at Isaly's? What will people think? Dill pickles, 3 for 10c! Longhorn cheese! Buttermilk! Ye gods, is this a grocery store? Yes, of course I think the man was nice to give you the signs.

Don't you have to study? They tell me classes are much more interesting if one attends them occasionally. Well, I have to study, so shut up.

Yes, you may wear the blue skirt tomorrow. We must take our things to the cleaner's. I'll wear the green skirt tomorrow because I wore the blue one today. Don't put down the ironing board; I may have to use it.

No, I do not have your lipstick. I rue the day we bought the same shade in the same brand. It's most confusing.

Dear people, will you please be quiet.

I shall try to make my bed before three tomorrow. Just because you happened to make yours five minutes before I did, you feel superior.

We are going to have to give up "our" gold necklace. It made my neck green again the other day. I told you we should have painted it with clear nail polish. Oh, well, what can you expect for a quarter these days?

When I told you that you could have a bar of my scented soap, I didn't think it would take you a year to make up your mind. I'll give you another one when you use that one. How do I know whether he would like Apple Blossom better than Lavender? Why don't you take the Buttermilk Complexion Soap? It sounds charming. Why worry? I thought you didn't like him anymore. Never mind, you're just weak. We're all weak. You have to admit, though, that men do take up a lot of time.

I thought you had a test tomorrow. It must be nice to be so bright. Of course you realize that we aren't going to make a 4.0 this semester. It might be nice to make a 2.0 and stay in school.

Will you stop moaning about your toenails? If you forgot to cut them before you went to bed, get up and do it. All right, all right, hobble around again tomorrow. Everyone thinks you have broken a toe.

I give up! How soon will you be finished with the light?

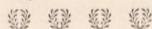
Now girls, it is imperative that we get up in the morning. Other people go to 7:30 classes at 7:30.

Oh, my soul! I knew we should have taken those coke bottles down before we fell over them. Did you hurt yourself? You didn't. Too bad!

How uncomfortable can one bed be? The Inquisition should have heard about this one.

If that is your idea of soothing music, you are batty, Never mind, it's too late for Moon River.

Good night. Good night! GOOD NIGHT!!



THE SEARCH

THEODORE HELLWIG '52

All is lost
If not sought:
Spake the sage beneath the shadow
Of the temple —
White mosque of man,
Built and rebuilt in the life
Of this age beginning where
The light of Reason came to
Odds with Instinct.
Muses proclaimed,
Idols pedestaled,
Truth envisioned, yet
Too deep for comprehension.



HEIMAT (IM VOLKSTON)

EGON SCHWARZ, German Department

Vieles hab ich schon vergessen,
Vieles was mich einst beglueckt;
Leben hat mich unterdessen
Weit in seinew Kreis gerueckt.

Vieles ist vorbeigezogen,
Staedte, Laender, Maedchen, Fraun;
Leben hat sie fortgesogen,
Liess mich kaum nur sie beschaun.

Eines ist mir doch geblieben,
Meine Kindheit voll und reich;
Leben hat sie eingeschrieben
Meinem Herzen: Oesterreich.

NGEKIA'S DAUGHTER

MAX A. BAILOR '53

This story could have happened nowhere but in the tropics — the tropics where leopards are as common as monkeys. In Rotifunk, a typical small town, lived Ngekia, a shoemaker with an only child, Mary, and a pet dog, Neptune.

This year was particularly hot, frequented by great storms and many disasters. One cool afternoon, Ngekia as his custom was, decided to go hunting. He left his house at 3:00 p. m. Before he departed, however, he fed Mary whom he loved very much, and rocked her to sleep in her comfortable cradle. As she lay there in her cradle with all her simplicity and innocence, Ngekia bent over her and kissed her on the cheek. Finally he picked up his rifle and left, leaving Neptune to protect his dear young child.

He had been gone only two hours when something terrible happened. His house was situated near the thick forest which surrounded the town, and was frequently visited by ferocious animals. On this day, a wild leopard had left the forest and made its way into Ngekia's house seeking shelter. No sooner had the leopard stalked into the room where Mary lay asleep, than Neptune rushed at it. A desperate do or die struggle ensued. Both animals fought skillfully, valiantly trying to overcome the other; in their struggle, Mary was accidentally tossed from her cradle into a dark nook where she lay unconcerned and contented. The fight continued, and blood gushing out from the leopard's wound was scattered throughout the house and on Neptune. Finally, the leopard, exhausted, fell victim to Neptune. Victoriously, Neptune dragged the leopard into a corner where it lay helpless; but Neptune's body, like the whole room, was covered with blood.

As the day faded away, the sun gradually set in the west, with its brilliance and splendor. Ngekia slowly walked back home, whistling one of his favorite tunes. It was around 6:30 p. m., a time when the hustle and bustle of the town died out with the setting of the sun.

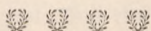
Walking up the green path that led to his house, Neptune rushed out, wagging his tail in delight, welcoming his master.

Seeing the blood-stained dog, Ngekia became apprehensive of some danger and cried out. Confused, bewildered, and fearing the worst, he rushed into Mary's room, only to see an empty cradle and blood everywhere. Think-

ing Neptune had killed his daughter, Ngekia whipped his rifle to his shoulder and shot the innocent dog. Neptune died.

Confused, he searched the house leaving nothing untouched. "Where's my daughter?" he cried. But Mary was still not to be found. "My daughter," he cried, "My poor daughter." With continued vigor and renewed perseverance, he carried on the search. Almost ready to give his daughter up for dead, he came to a small corner—the corner where Mary lay. Rushing madly toward her, he lifted her up, filled with joy. Looking across the floor he saw the body of the dead leopard. Immediately, he realized his error. He had acted upon the spur of the moment and had killed Neptune who tried to defend Mary. Ngekia mourned Neptune's loss long after.

Today in Rotifunk, there is a monument built for Neptune, and as people pass by it, they always are curious to know why a monument for a dog should be built. But those of us who know the story of Ngekia's daughter, know why.



D' APRES WALT WHITMAN

CAROLINE BRENTLINGER '51

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first friend she looked upon
Became her companion for the day —
To share and live with her the joys and fears which would mold
them both.

The dandelions became a part of this child,
And grass and the violets, the song of the sparrow,
And the dogs from every neighbor's house: large, small, chow,
spaniels, and the nondescript multitude which was the friend-
liest kind,
The noisy suburban chickens from the nearby yard,
The kindergarten trips to the duck pond and the fascination to
behold the sight.

The trellis on the side of the porch, covered with pink ramblers
every June,
The arch which was to be beautified with roses too — roses which
ne'er appeared,

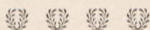
The weekly duties in the garden whereby she earned her weekly
spending money;
But she rarely spent her money on tin whistles or wares of the ice
cream man for fear of being wasteful.
The apple tree covered with blossoms for years until the hurricane;
she truly missed it for it was the best from which to view the
neighborhood;
The schoolmistress caused her to run to the other side of the street,
for she knew not just what to say to her,
The friendly boys playing hide and seek, and the quarrelsome
boys with their lassos;
There were no barefoot Negro boys and girls, for the town clung
to its gentlemen's agreement,
And there one saw a town of homes, of city size and yet not a city;
Her mother and father were there, ready to help and advise, and
to make lemonade for a makeshift stand,
All these people and things became part of this girl, and have made
her what she is today.
The mother at home quietly placing the dishes on the supper table,
The mother at church meetings with her children proud of her
accomplishments,
The father, strong in will, self-sufficient, who always overworked,
The kindly lawyer-father, who came home sad after a foreclosure,
The family usages, the prayer at meal-time, the mother's insistence
on correct language, the company,
The affection, never quite appreciated, the searching for the sense
of what is right and real,
The doubts of day-time and the wonderings of night-time,
The imaginary shadows on the wall,
The night during the storm, when she laid her head 'neath the
pillow and scarcely dared to breathe,
The serene sense of goodness at seeing the lighted church from the
sunporch window,
The streets themselves, the rows of houses viewed from the street-
car,
The walk to the center village or to the neighborhood pool,
The walks and concerts on the esplanade, the Charles, gray and
choppy before a storm,
The sunset in the west, never to be rivalled,
The horizon of the city from the nearby hill,
All these became part of that child who went forth every day, and
who now goes, and will always go forth every day.

WHILE LISTENING TO FINLANDIA

ETHEL L. MUTCHLER '50

It seemed as though the music was pointing out a great nation somewhere, but it was not great because of its size. It was a beautiful land in which majestic mountains lifted their snow capped peaks to blue, cloud strewn skies. Tall and straight pines grew half way up the mountain sides lifting their branches to the radiant sun. Below the snow large slabs of rock shone golden in the sunlight. At the bottom of the mountains were deep, glassy lakes lying like gems on green velvet. Rivers with many rapids flowed into the lakes from rocky canyons. Farther away were soft, green hillsides and pleasant valleys where calm streams were fringed with graceful trees. The land was abundant with every kind of wildlife, and certain regions were bordered by wide oceans.

There were farmers whose cultivated fields lent colorful patches to the hills and beautiful cities whose tall, granite towers sheltered men engaged in every occupation of social service. In many of these cities were grey, smoky industries developing the minerals deposited within the earth. But all over the country were people working, laughing, playing and singing. Many were lawyers, doctors, ministers, business men, statesmen, artists, scientists, musicians, writers and scholars. Among them were many great men and women whose work was a lasting inspiration. But the most magnificent part was the fact that all the people, regardless of how common or great, were working for the betterment of themselves, their fellowmen and the glorification of God.



A SCIENCE STUDENT'S PLIGHT

MARTHA LOU LAWSON '53

Peering through the darkness, I searched and strained my vision for even the slightest glimpse of my quarry.

"He's got to be there! I can't lose him again!" I cried in anguish.

I struggled and fought with the apparatus, but to no avail. He had utterly disappeared. Then, silently, with new determination, I proceeded to re-set my equipment for this the tenth time this afternoon.

Grimly, I focused a piercing beam of stunning light directly through the iris, to illuminate with blinding ferocity the spot where I hoped my culprit might be hiding. I

adjusted my eyepiece, squinted through the barrel of my instrument, and fussed with the objectives to obtain perfect precision. This final attempt must prove successful. I brushed my stage so that any minute particle of stray evidence would not betray the vaguest hint of my presence. I couldn't afford to frighten him away. Dexterously, I rubbed and shined the glass slide. It must be free of all bacteria and particles. Nothing must interfere with my specimen.

Tenderly, I picked up my pipette, filled it from the small innocent-looking bottle and dropped a gob of the solution on my slide. I gazed anxiously around me. Everything ready? Bibulous paper? Forceps? Iodine? Alcohol? Note paper? Eosin? Water? Ah! Nothing must go wrong! Well, it's now or never.

Grasping my slide, I deftly moved the cover slip over the puddle of watery solution, thrust it under the barrel on the stage, clamped it into position, clasped the arm and sighed a fervid prayer. Then I stared through my microscope.

Nothing! Only bright light!! Again a failure!!

Why must that sinister amoeba always elude my straining eyes? I groaned in utter despair.

In lecture and class tests, I rate an "A", and even on finals I can usually make a "B". I work, and strive, and study to make the Dean's List. Science is enlightening, it's enveloping — yes, and it's wrecking my college career.

My text tells me that an amoeba is "a jelly-like unicellular animal found in stagnant water." The author forgot to mention the state of stagnant progress and stirred-up emotions that the student must be in to gain an audience with one of the wary creatures. "Lily ponds usually yield them with abundance," relates my book. Under what conditions will they consent to appear before my prying eyes in this portion of lily pond water?

Countless times, I have prepared my microscope, only to be disappointed again and again to detect nothing in the field of vision but an occasional flutter from my own eyelashes. My objective invariably escapes my scrutiny for some reason as yet unknown to me.

The prof approaches.

"Having trouble, Miss Lawson?"

I can only glare at him morosely.

SQUIRRELS, SHADOWS, AND SOLITAIRE

DAVID S. YOHN '51

It has been a typical spring Sunday afternoon: squirrels, birds, symphonies, and couples strolling up and down the street, arm in arm, happily singing to the cooling breezes and suppressing the prevalent shadows with captivating smiles. I, as a covetous human, have eagerly witnessed all and have become desirous of some invigorating diversion.

Possibly a game of solitaire may help. Its stimulating power lies in a successful victory. But my victories are few indeed. Oh, yes, I can win at solitaire; but usually I am too honest. Even last evening, nearly two hours elapsed before I placed the four aces up.

Is there then a problem present?— a perplexing and strange problem. Why don't I win my game of solitaire? Why do some people nearly always win their game of solitaire? Do they possess a secret that has been unlocked only by their seeking hand? And then why does this key seem to become a determiner of success for any transaction they attempt? Oh yes, I can win at solitaire—perhaps my method is the opponent of their key—but I am too honest.

The sun has watched the earth pass the brightness of the day now, and the shadows have become nearly full-grown. There are light flippant shadows, heavy dark shadows, motionless shadows, and flexing ominous shadows, all these are the Sunday afternoon shadows. They are our future, our past, our present, our name, and our personal self. We worry, fret, think, expostulate, theorize, and write essays, poems and books about life, its shadows, and its enjoyment. And by this method, or key, some overcome life's shadows, yet some do not and others cannot.

I can look out over Long Island Bay from my window. I can see Staten Island and the Statue of Liberty. The sun is shining low and red in the west now. The sky mirrors the reflection of scarlet from the glassy bay. One spot upon the bay seems to stand out significantly. This is a long, dull, grey shadow cast by the Statue of Liberty. I am almost tempted to watch only the shadow of the statue, and not see the Statue of Liberty at all. Perhaps the significance of the statue lies in its shadow and not in itself. Yet, how can we know a shadow's significance without knowing its producer? The producer of this hypnotic shadow signifies freedom; freedom to watch the

squirrels play, to hear the birds sing, to listen to great symphony orchestras, to enjoy a good baseball game, and to gossip about the couple who just kissed on the corner, and freedom to cheat at solitaire.

Yet is freedom the key and the panacea for the Sunday afternoon shadows? Just as the symbol of freedom casts an overbearing shadow upon the splendor of nature's own creation, freedom blots out the problems of the other people of America. They never do win their game of solitaire, nor do they ever overcome life's shadow. Is the rest of America to be complacent and secure, win all their games of solitaire, forget the shadows of life, and merely watch the squirrels play? Or can the ideal of Freedom be an all-inclusive reality?

The squirrels are happy little creatures. They live and eat, chatter and call, and never tire. They have played all afternoon, and now one of their band lies dead in the center of the street. His playmates pay no heed to his prostrate body. They do not worry nor fret about his welfare. He is done. They care only for themselves. Egotistically they dart among the shadows; they bother themselves not at all with the intensity or vividness of the shadows.

What philosophy of life is practiced by the squirrels that will allow them to have no care for anyone other than themselves? They even have no concern for the welfare of their playmates. Logically then, a principle of self-import is championed by the squirrels. Is this the same principle that permits the complacency of too many modern self-worshipping peoples to exist?

Lincoln said, "All men are created equal." Yes, all men are created equal, yet do not live as equals. Why?—because the men of power are like the squirrels, because the men of power win every game of solitaire, because they hide the worrisome Sunday afternoon shadows in the shadows of the Statue of Liberty, because they fail to realize that a significant force, which can overcome all shadows and make all men equal, is inclosed in their being. They suppress this force with their self-loving desires.

America, awake! Rid ourselves of our racial prejudices, our inequalities, hypocritical traits, and become masters of shadows, victors over the common instinct of the egotistical squirrels, and losers of our honest share of solitaire games.

1950

MID-NONSENSE-RY

1950

JUST LIKE A MAN

PAT JONES '51

There once was a woman named Kate
Who searched the whole world for a mate;
Then after she died
Her lover arrived —
Some three score and ten years too late!

BOOMERANG

JOAN PLATT '51

There once was a burglar named Hook
Who became an incurable crook;
Fancy then his surprise,
When he first realized
That he robbed his own house by mistook!

PROBLEM

LARMA McGUIRE '50

There once was a jerk named McMurchey
Whose speech was quite flighty and lurchy;
He loved all the girls
But they gave him no whirls,
So there'll ne'er be a little McMurchey!

THAT SINKING FEELING

DONNA BOYER '51

There was an old lady named Kettle
Who was cross and as sharp as a nettle;
She was thrown in the river,
Some concrete blocks wiv'er
(I guess that'll "settle" Miss Kettle!)

WILLIE

JOAN PLATT '51

Willie saw a manhole
He stuck his head inside;
Along came a trolley car . . .
They called it sewericide.

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