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### 1929 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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Otterbein English Department, "1929 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine" (1929). *Quiz and Quill*. 78.  
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QUIZ AND QUIL

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# THE QUIZ AND QUILL

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PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY  
BY  
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB  
OTTERBEIN COLLEGE  
WESTERVILLE, OHIO



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## Foreword

VER since the beginnings of things, long before ever Reason was born, there has been magic. Like a silver thread it weaves through the meshes of our work-a-day world, in sunshine and laughter, stars and dreams. But perhaps the most potent of its forms is the magic of spring and the magic of words. Truly, here breathes the charm of created beauty, divine and mortal.

Always there has been spring, and poets to sing the spring. So we too, sing, each in his own rhythm, each in his own tune. May these our offerings enhance for you the magic of words and the magic of spring.


The Editors.



## RIPPLING WATER

EVELYN EDWARDS, '30

First Prize Barnes Short Story Contest

N the bank of the winding Muskingum River in the Summer of 1764, a young English boy sat dreaming, casting into the water bits of slate that would skip across its surface almost to the opposite shore. Then he would lie and watch the ever-widening circles that he had made and smile to himself as if the pretty wavelets amused him. Chin propped on his hands, he lay very still on the shady bank, gazing across the river toward the western horizon where a lazy sun was slowly sinking beyond the green forest. A tiny gray squirrel scampered down a nearby oak tree and nibbled playfully at his bare toes. A cardinal in the sycamore above him poured forth its joyous notes into the still twilight. Unheeding, the boy lay dreaming, a part of the forest, a fellow creature with the squirrel and the cardinal.

At length he picked up another piece of slate and skipped it over the water. "Kanawha", he said aloud. "I wonder where she is. Kanawha—Rippling-Water." As if in answer to his query, the bushes behind him parted and a lovely young Indian girl came running toward him.

"Oh Laughing-Eyes," she exclaimed in her Indian tongue, "I have been looking for you."

The boy did not turn around, but stooped to pick up another stone. Quickly she ran down to the water's edge and stood in front of him. "Laughing-Eyes, I have news. Eagle-Eye has returned, and he says that the men we saw coming are whites and that there are many of them and they have hatchets like fire."

The boy rose and turned up the path whence the girl had come. "Whites! Then it means more war, Kanawha. They want the land and they take it."

"But you love your people, Laughing-Eyes?"



The boy came back and sat down at her feet. "Do you love your people, Kanawha? Do you love Eagle-Eye, your father, and your mother and do you love your wigwam home out here by the leaping waters of Muskingum?"

"Yes," the girl answered slowly as she sat down beside him. "The leaping waters of Muskingum very beautiful and my father, and the chiefs very brave, so Kanawha love them. And, oh Laughing-Eyes, you going to be Kanawha's brother, and Kanawha love you too."

His boyish heart leaped, but he only turned toward the setting sun and answered, "I love my people, Kanawha. My father was brave, too, but a plague came that winter long ago over in New England and took him away. My mother almost died that winter too but God saved her because I was a tiny baby and I needed her care. How often have I prayed God to let me know where she is, so that I might go and find her. It has been so long, and I have grown, perhaps she would not even know me. Four years, Kanawha, since I was carried away from her by your tribe. It is the price a captive must pay."

"You no captive, you free. Kanawha love you, and Eagle-Eye love you and make you his son. Then you love my people, Laughing-Eyes."

It was only on occasion that Phillip Anderson considered the question of his divided allegiance. A boy of twelve, he had been captured by the Shawnees from Fort Pitt, along with two hundred other white women and children. A favorite with the Indians, he had been treated with all kindness and reared by Eagle-Eye as his own son. Phillip had learned to love this Indian family more than he sometimes realized. He had learned, as an Indian boy would, how the life in the village was carried on. Often he would go out with the Indian boys and men to hunt, bringing in great carcasses for the squaws to prepare for food. He learned their battle cry, and, how to use their

weapons, though he had never been asked to engage in battle against the whites.

Surely Kanawha was right. He loved her people. He loved the Indian life, the life in the open. He loved the leaping waters of the Muskingum and the Indian village on its banks. He loved to lie along its shore and skip slate pieces across the water, and then to have Kanawha run down the path and lie beside him in the shade, listening to the language of the forest, hearing the same voices that he had heard. He had taught Kanawha many things and had learned many from her. Eagerly he would listen while she told him the secrets of the wilderness, how the wild things built their homes, how Manitou the Great Spirit watched over them all and kept them safe. She would tell him the history and legends of the tribe until there arose in him a sort of patriotic zeal that made him forget he was white.

And today he had been wondering. He wondered if he should ever see his mother again, wondered if she were still alive, wondered what he might do if he should find her, what she might think of Kanawha. And then Kanawha had come with her news of the approaching whites and made him stop dreaming. Now he must go and help the warriors prepare for battle against his people. Some of their bows would need re-stringing, and there would be arrows to make if the battle proved a long one. Sometimes when he was searching in the forest for the ash from which he would make arrows, a cold horror would pass over him as he thought what his arrow might do. But they surely would not kill innocent women and children. Surely his mother would be safe. And yet Phillip knew that many times the Indians did massacre the white women and children, burning their homes and leaving only ashes and charred bodies to repeat the tale of death. Sometimes he would resolve to run away from the Indian village, to start on the quest of finding his mother before it should be too late. But somehow before he would find an opportunity to carry



out his resolution a frightened deer or a twittering bird would remind him of Kanawha and her stories, and he would come down here to the sycamore at the water's edge to hear her tell once more the legends of the tribe he loved.

"Laughing-Eyes love Kanawha and Kanawha's people. Laughing-Eyes be Kanawha's brother." Kanawha's voice mingled with the voice of the forest—soothing his boyish heart. What mattered anything when he had Kanawha? Yet, his mother might need him. If only he might have some word from her.

"Why do you call me Laughing-Eyes, little Kanawha?"

Kanawha's black eyes flashed at him as she drew up her knees in the circle of her arms, and he knew that she would tell him a story.

"Long ago into Muskingum valley come brave Indian from the North name Laughing-Eyes. He very handsome and have much wampum, and all Indian maids like Laughing-Eyes. But one maiden who very beautiful love him and want him for her mate. Laughing-Eyes love her a little and give her much wampum and ask chief for her. Chief say, 'Yes', for Laughing-Eyes very brave. So Laughing-Eyes take beautiful Raven-Wing for his squaw and Raven-Wing very happy and bring children to Laughing-Eyes. Then one day Laughing-Eyes tell Raven-Wing he go away, back North where he live and be chief some day. So when Laughing-Eyes go away and leave her, Raven-Wing very sad, and weep all day. At night, she come here and cry for Laughing-Eyes, and then jump in Muskingum-water and die." She paused but as the boy made no sound, went on slowly.

"Some day—you, Laughing-Eyes—go away, and Kanawha cry all day, many days and wish for you come back."

The boy started and jumped to his feet.

"Kanawha"—but she was gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later Phillip lay again in the shade of the



sycamore by the river. As soon as Kanawha learned the result of the council with the white men she would come and tell him. The Indians had been frightened when they had seen the army of fifteen hundred men that Colonel Bouquet had led out to protect the Ohio border. Great stalwart men on horseback, Pennsylvania backwoodsmen with axes to clear the way in the wilderness, foot-soldiers, with menacing shot-guns, they had come unannounced, but the Indians knew their reason for coming. The Chief had hastily gathered together his men in council and sent a delegation to demand peace. Great bands of wampum they presented to Colonel Bouquet and anxiously awaited his answer which he had promised to give the following day. Phillip knew that the chiefs were even now in council waiting the return of Eagle-Eye, their messenger, from Colonel Bouquet's camp.

Kanawha came, slowly making her way between the bushes, eyes on the ground before her. As she looked at him, Phillip saw the great black eyes full of unshed tears, her firm red lip aquiver.

"Kanawha! You would not cry! What is it? More war?"

Quickly the girl rubbed her long slim fingers across her eyes and answered him,

"No! no war! Peace! But you go away. Pale-face Colonel say chief give him all white people he capture and he make peace. He say Laughing-Eyes mother want him to come back. She old and need him."

Phillip looked up at the girl with a new light in his eyes. His mother, alive, and wanting him?

"Laughing-Eyes love his mother more than Kanawha? Laughing-Eyes go away and see Kanawaha no more."

"They will take me back to my people, Kanawha. I love my people just as you love yours. Would you want to be away from your father Eagle-Eye or your mother? Some day, Kanawha, I will come back to you, when my mother needs me no longer."

That was the condition. Peace, but only when all the white prisoners had been returned. To Phillip there was no question as to whether he should return with them. He would be once more among his own people, would hear his mother's sweet voice urging him on to nobler things than he was capable of doing of his own volition. He would be no longer troubled with the thought that the arrow which he was making might be the one that should mean his mother's death. He would be at her side, ready to protect her against anything that might molest her.

Kanawha told him good-bye, simply, easily, saying that she would wait for him to come back to her. As Philip turned to leave her, she put her hand gently on his arm and spoke softly in his ear.

"I will have this to make me remember Laughing-Eyes." Quickly she drew from her bosom a fine gold chain with a tiny folding locket. Slowly opening it, she held it up for him to see. Phillip looked at it and then at the girl.

"Where did you get this?"

"Eagle-Eye gave it to me long ago. I kept it because it looks like you."

Phillip snatched the trinket from her fingers.

"Kanawha! That is my mother. She used to wear it always and when we were parted and I was taken prisoner she bade me wear it, until I should meet her again. See in the other side—that is my father. It is the only picture mother had of him. I thought it was lost." He clasped the bit of jewelry tight in his fingers and looked out over the river—towards the setting sun.

"Mother," he whispered. Too young to know any love except filial love, his heart bounded with joy at the sight of that dear face. All the loneliness and yearning of four years was lost in that moment. Two tears escaped and ran their course down the ruddy young cheeks.

Kanawha came up to his side. He turned to look at her and handed out the locket.



"You want it?" he asked.

Kanawha took it and stowed it quickly away in the folds of her simple brown dress. Then Phillip left her, standing straight and tall and brown, her long black hair in two crude braids hanging over her shoulders.

Hastening up the path, he turned once more to look at her. She had fallen to her knees and knelt with her bare brown arms reaching out in supplication toward the sunset, her head held high. She was calling on the only deity the Indians knew, Manitou. As he looked, an inaudible sob shook her strong young body and he knew that Kanawha was hurt. Phillip turned and walked silently away toward the east, toward the people that he loved because he was one of them. A boy, long away, called back to his home, his mother, and the people that claimed him as their own, leaving the haunts of his youth, with its fancies and dreams and its loves, leaving even boyhood itself in a call that is answered by a new creature, a man. It was the call of a race to a man, and Phillip answered it, eagerly.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wearily Phillip dragged one freezing foot after the other across the stony ground. The territory about Trenton, New Jersey was covered with rain and sleet that had persisted for three days. Far away he could hear the echo of the call of his commander, "Press on, boys, press on!" A piercing wind drove the sleet like tiny needles into his face, stinging him, biting him, cutting his skin as with many knives. On through the storm he labored, his whole body aching with the exertion of forty days' marching, but his young heart urging him on in answer to the challenge of the young leader who was unafraid of the impossible. With a handful of rebel soldier boys he had pressed with irresistible force against the men who represented England in all her power, had forced the mother country to send more men to the aid of those in the colonies, and now she had hired German soldiers from the Duke



of Hesse to help fight her battles. Soon this troublesome business would be over and these colonists would be once more humble subjects of the King.

But General Washington, with the zeal of one pledged to a cause, had no such intention. With him there would be no compromise. No more would American colonists bow in subjection to George the Third's stern rules. To escape the tyranny of old-world kings these freedom-loving people had braved the dangers of storm and sea and savage to live in peace and neighborliness in a new free land. Contentment there had been at first but gradually and surely the oppression of the English Parliament had become so great that peace was no longer possible. And now, with all the vigor of men who toil, the colonists had organized and were fighting their oppressors on every hand, attempting the impossible and succeeding. Fighting for peace and the homes they loved, fighting in silence for the new country that many hoped to establish. Phillip hurried on as he remembered the words of the General. "Of course we can do it boys," he had told his confidential scouts. "On Christmas eve we will cross the Delaware, march to Trenton and surprise those Hessian mercenaries in their beds." Cross the Delaware? Phillip smiled as he thought of objections his officers had raised. Impossible! On the twentieth of December intense cold had set in and the Delaware was swimming thick with frozen cakes which crashed with savage madness against each other.

Washington had not stayed to listen to objections, but had immediately begun laying plans and giving orders to carry out the impossible task. Phillip had thrilled with pure joy as he stood before his commander to receive his orders. The general rose as the boy entered his quarters and then laying a kindly hand on his shoulder had dropped his usually formal manner.

"I'm proud of you, captain. You're a good scout. There are a few men that a general must depend upon

to make his plans succeed and they are very few. You have never failed me. May I depend on you in this emergency?"

Phillip clicked his heels together and drew up to his full six feet as he answered.

"You may, sir."

With a weary smile, Washington gave an outline of his plan and told Phillip the part he was to play in this campaign.

As he knew the territory well, Washington had designated him as a scout, to go ahead to spy out the land and arrange for the boats in which the army might cross.

"You know what it will mean, Anderson, if we win. It will mean one more step towards routing those German mercenaries that are causing so much trouble, one more step towards a final victory over England; one step nearer the time when these colonies shall declare their independence of the English Government and become a new nation."

"A new nation"! The words rang in his ears now as Phillip trudged on through the slush and snow. "A new nation." A country—out of this virgin land, a land full of promise for freedom-loving people. The Indians had loved freedom,—roaming at will about the great wilderness—freedom-loving as the birds that flew about in the massive trees—free as the leaping waters of Muskingum. Oh, how he had longed to go back to the old Muskingum—back to the playground of youth—back to the playmate of his boyhood days. But how impossible it had been. As he had turned his back on the beautiful Ohio Valley something within him had whispered, "Never again." Indeed Kanawha had said, "And then Kanawha weep for you all day, many days."

Over and over, as he had gone about the work of a man, making a home for his mother, fighting to protect that home, giving his all for the country that was to be, the words of the Indian girl had pierced through his consciousness, had cut into his heart like



cot; one long arm was flung over the side, touching the ground. In the other hand the Indian clasped a dangerous-looking hatchet of sharp stone that sent off fiery rays in the candle-light.

Forgetting the sentinel, Phillip flung himself down by the cot and planted a kiss on the swarthy cheek of the savage.

"Eagle-Eye!" he exclaimed.

Eagle-Eye rose, quickly, clasping the boy in his arms.

"Laughing-Eyes come quick or Kanawha die. Kanawha love Laughing-Eyes and come for find. Journey too long. Kanawha sick." The Indian went on—breaking now and then into his own tongue,—speaking from the depths of an overflowing fatherly heart. Finally Phillip succeeded in gathering the scattered fragments together into coherent sentences. Then like a flash it came over him that Kanawha wanted him—was sick and would die if he did not go to her. Oh, joyous thought! Eagle-Eye could see a new light in his eye when the truth dawned upon his consciousness. Only a week and he might go to her—might see her.

"Kanawha—oh Rippling-Water—my sweetheart."

"Kanawha say she die when moon go dark if Laughing-Eyes no come. She ver' sick and no eat when Laughing-Eyes no come."

The candle in his hand burned brightly and then sputtered.

She loved him and had waited and now she wanted him—needed him! Perhaps in a week—but Eagle-Eye was saying, "When moon go dark Kanawha die if Laughing-Eyes no come—"

"When moon go dark"—already the moon was in its last quarter—standing in the doorway of the tent Phillip watched it—a mere fragment—pale, sickly, floating vainly behind dark clouds. It would be three days at the least before this Trenton affair could be over. Washington had said, "There are a few men a general must have to make his plans succeed, and they

a knife, "Someday—you, Laughing-Eyes—go away and Kanawha cry all day many days and wish you come back." Always he had said, "Someday, I'll go to Kanawha—I'll go—back to Kanawha." And today he was saying it over again, "I'll go to Kanawha—I'll go to Kanawha." Soon these battles would be over, Washington would declare the independence of the colonies and then he would bring Kanawha to his land—to his new country. His heart beat in wild exultation at the thought. It filled him with a warmth that comforted him on the cold raw evening. The bare trees stretched out their arms to him, beckoning him forward through the storm, leading him on toward the goal that might mean victory for Washington, victory for a new country and—Kanawha. "Victory or death" the officers had said. It must be victory.

It was early Wednesday morning when he stumbled at last into camp to report to General Washington that his work was completed and all was well.

Halfway to his tent he was accosted by a sentinel who informed him that there was a man to see him at the officers' quarters, on business too important to wait until morning. Deadbeat and foot-sore as he was, Phillip turned once more away from rest and a degree of comfort.

"He did not tell you his name?" He wondered.

"No, but he's a damned Indian," the sentinel growled.

An Indian to see him? Phillip quickened his lagging step and hurried toward the tent that served as officers' head-quarters.

Inside the tent he halted. On the rude cot of thatch his visitor lay, fully clothed, sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. The sentinel said he had been waiting since early afternoon and refused to retire until Captain Anderson should come into camp and see him. Phillip looked, once—twice—on the sleeping man, before recognition came. The body was long, the large flat feet in their moccasins overhanging the end of the



are very few." What a thrill of pride had been his as he realized that he was one of the few—one of the few who could help the commander on that "one step nearer the time when these colonies shall declare their independence of England and become a new nation."

Wrapped in his blanket, Eagle-Eye stood with eyes fixed on the boy.

"You go?" he asked finally.

Phillip turned quickly and looked at the sturdy old Indian—Kanawha's father.

Would he go? "When the moon go dark"—that would mean go now, as soon as the sun rose, go to Kanawha or Kanawha would die. Somehow it was hard to picture Kanawha dying,—Rippling-Water who was young and tall and slim—was youth itself. He saw her run down the path that led to the Muskingum shore—run down to tell him the news of the Indians, of the approach of whites, to tell him the legends of the tribe to which she belonged, her black eyes shining, her soft voice like the sound of smooth-flowing water in his ears. Cool and fresh as the Springtime in the Muskingum valley was his memory of her—but now—

Eagle-Eye was handing him something. Mechanically he took it and then looked closer, a tiny gold locket with a worn-old fastening. It fell open in his hand and a sweet face peered out at him—his mother. Kanawha had kept it—she had remembered. The little trinket fell into the pocket of his shabby coat. Surely nothing—not even his duty to his general and a new nation should keep him from the girl he loved, from all that mattered in life to him. But was Kanawha really all that mattered?

Out over the field a cock crowed and farther away another answered. A pale sun struggled for ascendancy over the horizon and finally in resignation hid its face once more behind a mass of threatening blackness.

The soldiers were astir and preparations were rapidly being made for the advance march to the river. As Phillip stepped outside the tent a sentry came to

him with a message, "Captain Anderson? Washington wishes to see you, sir." Dismissing the soldier, the captain sat down wearily upon a snow-covered log by the tent.

Deep in the recesses of his being, Phillip Anderson could hear the echo of another voice, "Kanawha wishes to see you, sir." There was just time, if he started immediately and went by horse, to get through the forest to Kanawha before the moon "go dark".

"Then she will soon be well and strong and I will care for her because she is mine—mine. If I go to General Washington now it will mean orders—and more fighting.

His hand came in contact with something cold in his pocket and he pulled it out—a tiny oval of gold.

"Kanawha would have loved her and Kanawha—would hate—hate the force that has taken her—away." But, no, he must not think of it in that way. It was not hatred—it was love and a sense of duty that bound him to his task—love for his people and their freedom, love for the general who had made a man's place for him, love for the new nation that was to be. Pacing up and down before the tent he fought it out—love against love. Eagle-Eye was waiting for him inside. He must decide. Surely love was all that really mattered in life. Nothing should keep him from the girl he loved and who was waiting for him. If he went now to Washington Kanawha would die. Impulsively he started into the tent toward the waiting Indian. Just at the entrance he halted and waited the approach of the soldier who was coming toward him hurriedly.

"General Washington is very anxious to see you, sir, and wishes to know if you are ready for his orders concerning the battle. It is to be a great campaign, sir, and everyone to his duty. The general says to remember the slogan—"Victory or death."

"Victory—or death." Victory and a new free nation—or death and—

A moment's hesitation and then Phillip drew up and saluted, "I am coming, sir."



\* \* \* \* \*

Far to the west, as the sun was slowly sinking beyond the green forest, a little company of Indians trudged silently down to the bank of the Muskingum river and slowly lowered a still form into its madly rushing waters.



## A DREAM

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

Philaethea



was so tired, and it was good to lie full length on the porch swing knowing I could be just as lazy as I wanted. A faint breeze stirred the honey suckle at the corner of the porch. Humming birds droned lazily about it and poked their long beaks into the depths of the fragrant white flowers. The humming of the bees and the rustling of leaves were so soothing to my weary mind that I was dropping off to sleep. It was a delicious feeling—as though a cloud were bearing me upward through the air. I did fall asleep and then I dreamed a dream that I shall never forget.

I dreamed I was in a land of beautiful buildings. It was not as a city—there were no market-places, no homes, no vehicles of any kind. Each building was a structure of marble. Some were larger than the rest and more splendid. I was fascinated, though I feared the dream would fade and I would see only commonplace things once more.

One building, more than any other, especially attracted me. It was on a higher level than the rest of the buildings, under a canopy of tall trees. Around its outside walls were stately pillars of marble. One had to climb three long flights of glistening stairs to reach it.

"There is personality to that building," I thought, "I want to stand within its walls and feel the coolness of it."

I was well repaid for the effort of climbing those steps. When I reached the top of them I could only wonder at the simple beauty of the scene before me. The sinking sun had made the trees cast soft shadows between the pillars and they lay on the marble floor as though human hands had fashioned the designs



in building. I was glad to be alone for I could worship beauty silently.

As I stood in quiet wonder I saw a bronze door swing open and a girl garbed in a flowing white garment appeared. She beckoned to me to follow her and without speaking a word, I obeyed. Beyond the bronze doors were several smaller ones, opening into spacious rooms.

"This room," said the girl as we entered the first door, "represents training—training for assuming responsibility—for becoming a leader—but for becoming a follower as well. Here, also, is preparation for a clearer conception of youth's ability, moreover of its importance. This room is the most splendid of them all."

I followed my guide from this room into another. Again she spoke, "This room represents appreciation, appreciation for art and literature.

"And now we shall see the music room—the room that represents one of the greatest arts in the world." As we entered this room, I heard strains of music seemingly coming from nowhere. Now it was the clear, vibrant tones of the violin, now the firm notes of the piano. Once it seemed that the sound of a human voice was coming from the room of music.

"Where is the music coming from?" I questioned.

"The music comes from within the walls," was the answer. "There is always music in this room."

The shadows had grown so long by now that I would have turned back. "Come," urged the girl, "There is only one more room—the room representative of both writing and speaking. Here you find critical writing, creative writing, humorous and imitative writing. Last of all you see extemporaneous speaking. Writing and speaking are closely connected for they both demand originality of thought."

"Now," she continued, "we are back where we started."

"Thank you," I said, "This has been a most memor-

able experience. What is this building you have just shown me?"

"This is the 'Hall of Philalethea.' Each pillar around her outside wall is significant of one year of Philalethea's history. You have been very fortunate in being permitted to see the "Hall of Philalethea." You will never see it again, for you will never come this way again. Nor shall you ever see me again. I am the 'Spirit of Philalethea' and live here——."

The voice became very faint and then I was alone—the girl was gone. The sun had slipped below the horizon leaving only a flame of gorgeous sky where it had been.

When I reached the bottom of the steps I looked back for a last glimpse of the "Hall of Philalethea," but it had vanished.

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## THE CITY FROM AFAR

MARGARET ASIRE, '32

**D**URING the day the city is merely an overgrown town bordering a muddy, sluggish river. Its dirty buildings rear tall awkward towers against a drab smoky sky.

But with night comes a magic spell which changes the city to a thing of great beauty. For then it lies against the horizon like a huge hand, holding in its palm many lights like glittering jewels whose soft radiance makes graceful black silhouettes of the tall buildings which stretch like fingers into the velvety blackness of the night sky. Some of the jewels must have been spilled into the river, for frequently the bright glow of one seems to break through the slow, rolling swell of the current. Perhaps those boats which haunt the river all night long are occupied in vainly trying to fish out the lost jewels so that they can be thrown back into the city's greedy palm.



## SAPPHO THE GREEK POETESS

GLENN DUCKWALL, '31

Philophroneia



HE voyager, coming upon the island of Lesbos in the Aegean Sea, finds a place that fulfills his dream of beauty. The village of Mitylene, which now gives its name to the island, is built on a rocky promontory, with a harbor on either side. Behind it are soft wooded hills swelling to meet the abrupt bases of loftier mountains. These hills are clothed in a dense forest of silvery olive and darker pomgranates, and as you ascend the path, the myrtle, covered with white blossoms and exhaling a sweet perfume, forms an arch above your head. The mountains rise high above vegetation but their ravines are dyed red by fringing oleander. This decaying Turkish village, which was twenty-five centuries ago the center of Greek civilization, is now remembered only as the home of Sappho, for it was here that she taught and sung.

To find her birthplace you must traverse the length of the island till you come to Ereos a smaller village and Greek instead of Turkish. To reach it you must penetrate dense pine forests where deer lurk, and must ascend mountain paths like rocky ladders. But as you approach the village, you find pastoral beauty around you; though the Aeolean lyric music is heard no more, the hillsides echo with the sheep bells and shepherd cries.

The women of this village unlike those of the rest of Greece, eat at the same table as their husbands, and enjoy several other privileges as the learning of poetry, music, and art. It was among these well trained women that the most eminent poetess of the world was born and spent most of her life. The atmosphere of the orange or myrtle groves such as skirted the city of Mitylene, and her marble house which she called the dwelling of the Muses, were most

conducive to the type of learning and achievements that she attained.

The dates of her birth and death are alike uncertain, but she lived somewhere between the years 628 and 572 B. C., thus being three or four centuries after Homer and two or three centuries before Pericles. Her father's name is variously given and we can only hope, in charity, that it was not Scamandronimus. We have no better authority than Ovid who says that he died when his daughter was six years old. Her mother's name was Cleis and Sappho had a daughter of the same name. She married Cercolas who is thought to have been a man of property, but it is supposed that she early became a widow, and won most of her poetic fame after his death. She had at least two brothers, one being Larichus, whom she praised for his graceful demeanor as cupbearer in the public banquets; an office belonging only to youths of noble birth. The other was Charaxus, whom Sappho had occasion to reproach, according to Herodotus, for buying and marrying a slave girl of disreputable antecedents. Of the actual events of her life little is known, except that she had to flee for safety from Lesbos to Sicily, perhaps to escape political persecution which prevailed in the island.

It is hard to ascertain whether she possessed beauty even in her prime. Tradition represents her as little and dark but tradition speaks of Cleopatria in the same way. The Greek Anthology describes her as, "the pride of lovely haired Lesbians."

The most interesting intellectual fact was her relation to her great fellow townsman Alcaeus. These two will always be united in fame as the joint founders of lyric poetry of Greece, and therefore of the world. Indeed the poems of Alcaeus that remain show much of the grace and elegance of Horace, joined with a far more heroic tone.

Sappho's poetry indicates a life of ease and freedom and tells of quiet life with leisure to dream and freedom to wander over the hills. Grammarians lec-



tured on her poems and wrote essays on her meters, and her image appeared on at least six different coins of her native land. It is generally admitted by modern critics that the loss of her poems is the greatest over which we have to mourn in the whole range of the Greek language.

Why is it that, in the case of a woman so famous, some cloud of reproach is always mingled with the incense? In part perhaps because she is a woman, and thus subject to harsher criticisms at this time of the world's career. More, no doubt, because she stood in a transitional period of history, and, in a contest between two social systems, represented an unsuccessful effort to combine the merits of both. In the Homeric period the position of the Greek woman was simple and free, in the *Illiad* and the *Odyssey* she is always treated with respect, but with the advancing culture of the Ionian colonies there eventually arose the question of what to do with woman. Here came a division; Athens under the influence of the Asiatic colonies decided to exclude the women, Sparta and the Dorian colonies on the other hand to exclude the culture. It was the Aeolian colonies, such as Lesbos, that undertook to admit the culture and the women also. Nowhere else in Greece did women enjoy what we would call a modern position. This attempt of the Aeoleans was premature and the reputation of the Lesbians was crushed in the process. The women of the times at Athens addressed the men as "Lord", did not eat at the same table, and in various other ways showed their subjection to the men. Spartan women were free though ignorant, but the Aeoleans added culture to freedom. Thus stories came to be told about Sappho;—scandal at a longer and longer range was inevitable. Therefore the authors of Athens made the most of their game naming as her lovers Archilochus, who died before she was born, and Hipponax, who was born after she died, conjured up a certain Phaon with whom she might be enam-

ored and left her memory covered with stains such as even the Leucadian leap could not purge.

Sappho undertook the instruction of her pupils in the most difficult meters and the profoundest religious rites, and had many pupils from all of Greece. That a high standard prevailed in her academy is shown by the fragments of verse which are left to us of her works.

Sappho was a brilliant woman who lived before her times. Her verse forms have been copied and are used even to this day. Surely we must revere such a woman who raised her sex to a higher and more useful place in the world in spite of criticism and opposition.

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## THE SOUL OF LIFE

THELMA MANSON, '31

I hold Beauty in my hands ..... gently,  
It is frail ..... elusive—  
It only partially satisfies me  
But I am afraid to grasp it more firmly  
For fear I should crush it,—  
It is such a fragile, fluttering thing;  
So I must be content merely to feel  
Its soft trembling within my half open hands.  
Then someday it will slip from my grasp and fly far  
Leaving me to the silence and darkness of death;  
But in the Great White Dawn of Eternity  
I shall grasp it once more—  
It will be strong ..... tangible,  
I shall grasp it firmly and it shall never again escape—  
Only then shall I be wholly satisfied.



## STREAMS

MARY RUTH OLDT, '31

Cleiorhetea



ATER, whether it be a flowing stream, a stagnant marsh, a vast ocean or a depthless mountain pool, has a fascination for unnumbered people.

If we analyze water chemically we find that it contains sixteen parts by weight of oxygen and two parts by weight of hydrogen; and that in every molecule of water two hydrogen atoms are combined with one atom of oxygen. And yet that doesn't in the least explain why one can sit and watch the ocean for hours on end and not get tired at all.

But we do not have to go the hundreds of miles to the nearest ocean to find mystery in  $H_2O$ . Take our own little Alum Creek. How many Otterbeinians when they hike or meander leisurely around the four-mile square cross the bridges over Alum Creek without leaning on the railings and looking out over the water? To be sure, the bridges are ideally situated for resting places; but I think there is more reason for stopping a bit than mere physical weariness. Water is inanimate but it possesses one characteristic that is common to all life. Water is forever changing.

A stream is always going somewhere. Its surface is ruffled by the winds and broken up into little eddies by rocks and fallen trees, but there is an undercurrent that moves on to the sea. Did you ever think that the water you see flowing under Alum Creek bridge today is tomorrow slipping along to the Atlantic by way of the Scioto, the Ohio, and Mississippi.

And so it is with man. On the surface we are swayed this way and that by little things of the moment only, but underneath the aimless activities we are urged along, whether we will or no, by the inexorable laws of growth and decay, of hunger and of love.

A stream must move onward to the sea or else be-

come a stagnant marsh. Man must move onward to eternal life, guided by the little truths that come to him day by day, or else fall back to eternal death.

Edgar Lee Masters has written a poem that expresses something of what I am trying to say.

"Have you ever noticed the mill pond in the dog days?  
How it breeds wriggling life,  
And seethes and crackles with poisonous froth,  
Then lies as still as a snake gone blind?  
And how can the mill pond know itself  
When its water has caked to scum and worms?  
And how can it know the world or the sky  
When it has no mirror with which to see them?  
But the river above the bend is wise,  
Its waters are swift and cold and clear,  
Always changing and always fresh,  
And full of ripples and swirls and waves,  
That image a thousand stars by night,  
And a thousand phases of sun and clouds,  
By a changing Movie of forest and hills!  
And down in its healthful depths the pickerel  
Chase each other like silver shadows;  
And the swift game fish swim up the stream.  
Well, this is the soul of a man, my friend:  
You brood at first, then froth with regret,  
Then cake with hatred and sink to dullness;  
Or else you struggle and keep on the move,  
Forget and solve and learn and emerge,  
Full of sparkle and stars  
And down in your depths there's flashing laughter,  
Swimming against the current!"



## COLLEGE LIFE

PHILIPP CHARLES, '29

Philomatheia



A middle-aged man stood in the shadow of an elm at an intersection of two paths of a small town college campus. The shroud of deep meditation which enveloped him seemed to blend with the shadowy mantle of the old elm. Drifting with the cool evening breeze came the banjo notes of an old college tune. Instead of awakening the man from his reverie, this but added a realistic touch. Then a chorus of voices, booming bass and squeaking tenor, unloosed itself. The blend of voices, melodious and otherwise, created an atmosphere that actually pulsed and throbbed with the vital spirit of youth. Emotions were stirred within the man's very being that he could not stifle. Here was something of the spirit of college, something vague to him, he could not understand it, but could only feel it, for he had never been to college. Although successful as a business man in the workaday world, he realized that he had missed something vital, something he knew meant more than success and standing, mere standards of a materialistic world.

The modern college is an extremely complex institution. Naturally to obtain a fair perspective, the viewpoints must be numerous. There are so many phases to college life. Predominating among these, however, is the spirit of good comradeship. Fond memories are long cherished of the social life in fraternities and sororities, the experiences of the old athletic teams in hard-won victories and desperate defeats, and the colorful ramblings of that jolly old bunch of pals in the Glee Club.

The loafer, cake-eater, lounge lizard, flapper and dizzy skirt add to the composite fabric of college life as well as to the worries and gray hairs of professors, presidents and janitors. This college generation at-

tempts to be distinctive in apparel and language; they have been described as shiftless, worthless and pleasure-mad. Their mentality and cunning, although vexed by old classics, Greek and other curricular work, deserves high commendation, and finds scope for its ingenuity in extra-curricular activity, such as disengaging the rope in the belfry, inducing members of the bovine species to attend Latin classes, practical application of the art of sign-painting without the use of conventional backgrounds, the present well-developed art of hand-shaking, the development of a strong acquisitive instinct, and the forum experience which comes with "bull" sessions.

I am not endeavoring here to render a satirical dissertation on college life; what I have just mentioned is but a very small part of college activity. This popular conception of college life is false because it is based on insufficient evidence. A fair picture may be visualized by taking into consideration a few simple facts. First of all, the immensity and seriousness of the situation is apparent when we realize that the youth in institutions of higher learning in this country outnumbers the aggregate of that in the rest of the world. Moreover, a large percentage of our youth is working its way through school. Seventy percent of the men and fifty-five percent of the women in the University of California, are working their way either wholly or in part. Generally speaking these figures do not differ much throughout the rest of the country.

I believe that the college of today, although deficient in many respects, is doing some invaluable, positive constructive work. Not only is youth being taught to earn a living, but it is also being taught how to live,—something that is vastly more important. Students are thus getting more out of college than a collection of souvenirs, car signs, degrees, salt-shakers and social affabilities. As are all other institutions, colleges and universities today are in the process of evolution. There is a high goal for everything, at which they have by no means arrived. The American



college, centuries hence, may but slightly resemble present institutions, but whatever may be said against our colleges, more can be said in their favor. The college of today is a growing, progressing, developing system, and is making a very definite positive contribution to the advance of American civilization.

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#### FEASTS


I went to the house of my friend  
And he gave me to eat,—  
Fish, lotus, and Formosa tea—  
And I was satisfied . . . .

I went to the house of my friend  
And he showed me his treasurers,—  
Tapestries, Chinese ivories,  
And prints of Hiroshige . . . .

"If I had two loaves," say the Easterns,  
"I would sell one, and buy hyacinths."

## SHIPS OF DREAM

MARTHA JANE SHAWEN, '30

HE cool of lapping waters bathed the bare feet and ankles of the boy and girl who waded out gleefully into the lake, where the fading amber sunshine streamed across the liquid blue. They laughed lightly as they splashed along the shore line, digging their toes into the heavy wet sand.

Presently they left the water and danced over to an old moss-grown log. The dry sand clung to their damp feet like wet wool. They sat down together solemnly. Behind them, in the murmurous leafage of the woods, there lingered a song that made music in them and nourished dreams which grew as a seedling that has sipped the sunlight and dew until the slow tendrils take root.

The boy's eyes trailed out across the lake to where the white masts of a sailing ship moved across the horizon. The dark gold-crowned waves lapped confidently about the dim form of the ship and plumes of spray caught it in a silvered mist. It sailed smoothly, silently—motioning as it vanished away.

The boy picked up a song out of the west.

"I want to sail away off there sometime," he said. "I want to go to where the highest mountains are. I want to find treasure, too,—gold."

The sun gleamed in the girl's hair. She turned her eyes up to his with innocent trust and adoration. Her dreams did not lie in such distant lands, packed as they were in a childish heart, and sweetly folded.

"I will write my name where it shall be remembered forever," he continued, conscious of a superior ambition. And stooping down he wrote his name in the sand, exulting . . . .

But that night when the beach lay deserted in the dark, a swift storm whirled down from the headlands, dashing the water high upon the shore. The waves broke and spilled, thundering bitterly. Then the



winds were gone again, blundering onward, and in the grey-faced dawn the boy found the beach washed clean.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years passed as in the old tales of knights and kings. The boy, grown to manhood, loved the girl and won her as his wife. With her at his side, he had sailed far seas in a swift-winged galleon, as he had dreamed. He saw gold dawns in Sicily, and, in Japan, the cherry-blossomed dusks agleam on waves of lapis lazuli. He had climbed tall mountains. Rare gifts were his, found in strange sea-ways. In the streets of a great city, a bronze statue erected in his honor, shone splendidly in the sun. Yet upon his heart lay the weariness of ships long-journeyed. With the passing of time, the masts and sails of his dreams were gone. Only the hulk was left in the sun. And his wife looked upon him wistfully with deep-pained eyes of love.

"My Dream," he cried to himself, "I have sought the wide-world over—and now I know not what to do. I thought to write my name imperishably, but when my bones lie bleaching in the sun in some far land, my name will vanish away, as it did before the waves on the shore years ago. Ah! Woe! My life is vain! My dream is lost forever!"

Grim, forlorn, despairing, he laid his head against the side of his stark, wan ship, which, rudderless now and without compass, tossed on, adventuring still after life and beauty.

And presently he drifted away—far, far away—oh, very far—to a land where dream voices sang and memories had slept thru the years. A girlish figure bent over him, lovely with youth's defiant grace. Her frock was the color of cool water and violets at dusk and from her slim shoulders floated a white scarf, fragrant of lavender. In her hand she clasped a tiny book with letters carved in gold. She laid it in the man's hand, open, wherein he could trace the gold-writ words:

"Fame dies, honor perishes, but a name sealed in love upon a woman's heart, lives always."

Lyrical, warm winds brushed his face, the flute-like call of a lark echoed in his soul, as the greening fields of truth blossomed for him out of furrowed clods of earth.

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## CHEERLESS

WILBERT ECHARD, '32

**O**VENS vomiting smoke. Smoke casting dark shadows in defiance of the cheerful, radiant sun. Soot settling on clothes and face like snow flakes on a wintry day. Dirt penetrating a chance open window, soiling, dulling, dimming the interior of the houses.

A bleak, bare, yellow hillside crowded with grey, square, homes—homes breeding squalor and dirty children—homes forbidding strangers—homes making them shudder and turn their backs—homes that are the result of crowded, industrial conditions.

Grimy, greasy children in dirty, ill-fitting clothes, playing on the ground, void of all vegetation. Sweaty, dirty laborers with drooping shoulders, sadly in harmony with the depressing, dismal environment. A scrawny, scarred, filthy, flea-bitten object sprawling in the dust and gloomy sunshine—a dog. Flies buzzing merrily, carrying disease and filth, are the only alive and seemingly cheerful things in this hot, sullen, lonely mining community.

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## RAIN

FRED PEERLESS, '32

**R**AIN, rain, rain; the air reeked with rain. Small swirling rivers raging and tearing their way through the streets told of the rain which had already fallen, while the black thunderous-looking clouds promised more rain. Each drop splashed heavily upon the ground. The torrent with its lashing force drove everything hastily to the nearest shelter. Everything was wet, soaking wet, drowning wet, with rain.



## MAMBA'S DAUGHTERS

ELIZABETH LEE, '30

First Prize, Chaucer Club Contest



IFE with a red lining,"—"dreams, the disciples of ideals." These are just two of the unique and fascinating phrases Du Bose Heyward gives us in his presentation of real life in Mamba's Daughters. This novel is truly different. Mr. Heyward has proved himself the creator of a new novel which combines pure realism with the highest type of idealism. Mamba's Daughters is a tale of that romantic old city Charleston, told in vivid, colorful language, with just enough negro dialect to create a real southern atmosphere. Here we have a study of life as it really is,—its struggles and perplexities; we see the different classes of the black race, and we meet the aristocratic whites—the members of Saint Cecelia; we see these classes in their different relationships, and find that the inmost desires, passions and ambitions of the human heart are common to all whether black or white. Mr. Heyward shows himself a psychologist, sociologist and profound philosopher. In Mamba's Daughters he interprets for us a mysterious entanglement of the dreams of souls both white and black.

Mamba, an old, toothless negress is the character around whom the plot centers. Back of every act we feel Mamba's personality; her influence permeates the entire story. In her we find intermingled with pure African blood and the care-free spirit so characteristic of her race, dreams and aspirations which many so-called "superior whites" could well afford to covet. Mamba's unpolished and illiterate ways are overshadowed by her intense struggle to live up to her noblest ideals. We forget her appearance; we enter into the inmost feelings of her soul. Mamba's dominating ambition is to have her children belong to the upper class of negroes who are recognized by the white people.

Mamba's only daughter, Hagar, is undoubtedly a disappointment to her because of the fact that she is contented with the mediocre life in Catfish Row. Hagar, a large-framed Indian-black negress, with a blank expressionless face and large child-like eyes is satisfied with a hand-to-mouth existence gained in whatever way proves easiest. For her, week-end sprees are big occasions to break the monotony of life. However, Mamba's ideal,—her dream, is deep; it cannot be shattered by any such misfortune. She sees the possibility of the realization of her dream in Lissa, her granddaughter. Tactfully Mamba deliberately puts herself (incognito) into a desirable family, the Wentworths of the Saint Cecelia set. At nights she returns to Hagar and Lissa who spent their days together in Catfish Row. In the Wentworth home Mamba proves herself very efficient, and assumes very well the part she is feigning—that of one of the old line servant class.

It seems that Hagar, big and masculine as she may be, is utterly dependent upon Mamba. She has no mind of her own, and after being arrested a number of times she is forced to leave the community. She secures work in a coal mine, and willingly gives her earnings to Mamba for Lissa's education. Mamba does all that is humanly possible to bring Lissa in contact with the better colored folks. Lissa is a sweet, lovable girl with a beautiful voice. She and Mamba together dream their dreams of a time when Lissa will be a great singer. All goes well until Lissa's girl friend insists that she go with her to dances, parties and see "life with a red lining." Despite Lissa's knowledge of better things, she becomes intrigued with the novelty of this gay life. Gradually she begins to do things which she keeps hidden from Mamba. When the inevitable is about to happen, however, Mamba's intuition and foresight are at hand. Hagar too, is not found lacking. Hagar commits murder to save her daughter's honor, and then sacrifices her own life to erase any blot of shame that might



rest upon the girl. We admire Hagar for her courage and self-sacrificing spirit, but back of it all we feel the spirit of Mamba,—her dream for Lissa.

Saint Wentworth who, when a boy was misunderstood by all of his family save the old servant Mamba, is now a successful man of affairs. It is he who helps make Mamba's dream come true. Now is his chance to repay Mamba for the inspiration and encouragement she gave him. He takes care of Lissa when she is sent to New York; he sets her on the road to fame. The dream is realized when we see Lissa in the opera before a New York audience.

Only the main cords of this well-woven plot have been unraveled, and many threads remain in the entanglement. Du Bose Heyward shows unusual ability linking up events—making the story move in such a human way. However, Mr. Heyward's greatest power lies in his deftness of character portrayal. Mamba is like the one outstanding person the artist places in the background of his painting, done with just enough color so that the other persons or objects are not obscured by it, but rather that their beauty is enhanced, and all blend to complete the harmony of the picture.

The descriptions in this novel are just long enough to make the reader eager for more,—they are vivid, picturesque, and fresh. Mamba's Daughters contains many different scenes,—pathetic ones that touch a note of sympathy never sounded before with so much force; then too humorous scenes to relieve the seriousness and intenseness. The story is truly a tale of real life with equal bits of joy and sorrow so skillfully interwoven that a beautiful, substantial and lasting tapestry remains for the reader. One cannot soon forget the different attitudes of the North and South in regard to the negro problem; Du Bose Heyward makes this a vital and personal issue in this novel of hope, idealism, and sacrifice.

## RAIL FENCES

IRENE BENNETT, '29



like rail fences. Rough, worm-eaten, moss-covered rail fences zigzagging between pasture-field and woods, half-hidden by wild rose bushes and tall weeds. Rail fences are beautiful in every season. In the fall, flanked on either side by elderberries and black-eyed susans they hold a particular charm for me. In winter, covered with soft snow, and in spring, surrounded by the misty greenness they are equally attractive. Summer, however, is the time of their prime beauty.

There is a certain rail fence which holds a good share of my affections. It encircles the woods on the farm where I spent my childhood. How clearly I remember it—hugging the woods about the knees, inviting an exploration of the dense undergrowth, yet guarding its secret carefully.

Rail fences are so much more companionable and friendly than the cold, common-place wire ones. Did you ever sit on a rail fence in the moonlight? I shall never forget my first experience. One warm summer evening during a campfire party in the clearing I slipped off from the others to enjoy the beauty of the night alone. Seeking out my favorite spot I climbed to the top rail and leaned against an upright brace. The air was sweet with the aroma of the woods and the delicate scent of the wild roses which climbed profusely over the fence on both sides of me. The woods crowned a hill and from my place I could look down over the valley—misty, moonlit valley—interesting by day, entrancing by night. The whole landscape was bathed in a bewitching radiance. Mingled with the laughter of the young people not far away were the drowsy voices of the night. At a little distance to the left the fence was completely hidden by low trees and undergrowth but to the right the foliage held back and the fence, with its masses of roses, their drooping



stalks nodding gently in the slight breeze, lay open in the moonlight. Wonder at the beauty of it all pervaded my spirit.

Rail fences are rare now. One can drive for miles in almost any section of the country without laying eyes upon one of these picturesque old-timers. They belong to the past.

In the marks of generations of opposition to the elements, and in the memories which have grown up around them as have the wild-roses and elder-berries, lies the charm of rail fences. I like rail fences.

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## MAY-MONTH

MARTHA JANE SHAWEN, '30

**D**RIFTING, shifting, sifting, the wonder of the days goes by. The sap that ran so lustily in every flower and tree has yielded to the sun. The trees flap their green leaves like wings. The grass shines delicate as new-spun silk. The fruit blooms swing censers full of incense, and turn prayerful faces to the sky. Leaning its slender arms downward, the willow droops gracefully and dips in the lake. In the rushes, the red-winged blackbirds call and at dusk the thrushes' melody fills the valley's silver cup.

Songs of Spring, May Songs—Days full of sunshine, blue overhead with white cloudships floating by, and the greening earth wrapped with scent and sight of flowers and the pleasant sound of birds, nights of stars and a silver moon. The world is new in May-Month, and dreams fling out fond arms to you.

## THE CHOSEN

"For thou art a holy people unto Jehovah thy God: Jehovah thy God hath chosen thee to be a people for his own possession, above all peoples that are upon the face of the earth."—Deuteronomy.



VARIOUS of our national figures have had different reactions to the above quotation from Holy Writ. Our great industrial leader, Henry Ford, tells us that indeed this prophetic sentence is coming true—that the wealth of the nation rests in Semitic money bags. On the other hand, Dr. John Roach Straton, the eminent divine, assures all Gentiles that this particular line from the Old Testament may be stricken from the Protestant and Catholic Bible. By his excellent and plausible reasoning it seems that spiritually we have all been created equal.

But my reaction to this passage from Deuteronomy is not nearly so stupendous or significant as is the reaction of either Mr. Ford or Dr. Straton. Whenever I am reminded of the exaltation of the Jews, I am forced to think of their superior cuisine.

It must have been a May evening—or perhaps it was the early part of June—one of those evenings when the air is soft and warm, but not too warm. A tiny breeze caressed my cheek, a breeze that insinuated romance, bright lights, and exotic food. Most of all it insinuated food, and I realized I was very hungry.

Now the hunger of youth and the hunger of Spring admits of little picking and choosing. Since I happened to be in a particularly unsavoury part of the city, I walked into the first restaurant that gave the least promise of cleanliness. As I entered the door I noticed the cryptic inscription, "KOSHER."

A rather pleasant, middle-aged waitress showed me to a table towards the front of the house. I have since learned that strangers are always given the front tables. The menu gave me the choice of a seventy-five cent, one dollar, or one dollar and a quarter meal. I repeat I was very hungry, so I chose the course with the highest price and the most food.



They brought me first, a concoction that to my uninitiated taste, seemed exquisite. It was called Knadle Soup, and it consisted of a ball of bread dough cooked in potato water. How that description slanders that lovely liquid! It must have been stuff like Knadle which filled Hebe's cup.

When the average American chef fries a piece of veal, he first puts grease in the skillet. The meat is gradually brought to a high temperature and the red juice is assimilated by the grease, and a rather dry steak is the result. But the Jew, when he cooks his steak, is very imaginative. He first sears the meat, so a protecting crust is formed which keeps in all those flavoring juices. When the plump waitress brought me my service of veal, generously seasoned, I realized then part of the significance of the Jewish pedestal.

The side dishes were all well cooked. And such rye bread!—I had never liked rye bread before. But this was not the evil smelling stuff that I had always associated with cheese and beer. This bread conjured visions of a great nation's sojourn in the wilderness. Whenever I think of rye bread now, it will be in connection with visions of heaven-sent manna and quail.

After I had done justice to the main part of the meal, and was lingering over the rest of my strawberry shortcake and the first of my after-dinner cigarette, my eyes were attracted to the rear of the restaurant by a beautiful woman. She had a companion, but the companion does not matter because I was looking at a young and lovely Jewess.

Hers was a beauty that hits one in the face. None of your subtleties nor suave half-tones for her. Being young, she was unbelievably slender. Her high cheek bones, glossy hair, violently red lips, white bosom swelling the tight bodice of her black velvet dress, all were sensual, voluptuous, coarse, if you will, but still undeniably alluring.

I can see her yet, with her graceful elbows on the


table, her face cupped in her white hands and I can still remember that glorious Kosher food.

Henry Ford will continue to be concerned about Jewish money, and Dr. Straton will ponder further the possibility of Jewish salvation, but I, with my memories of that May night—or was it June?—shall believe that I have caught a part of that nation's spirit which those great men will never see.

R. B. B.

## I WANT TO BE COLD

ETHEL SHELLEY, '31

HEN the wind whistles around the corner of the house, and the limbs of the trees sway till you think they will touch the ground, when a fine, misty, snow is falling and the whole outside world is still, or when the cider and nut season is here, then, I want to be cold. Just cold enough to make a fire necessary—and perhaps a blanket, too, to wrap around you when you sit by the fire to read.


I don't want cold feet or cold, clammy hands but I want to be pleasantly, comfortably cold. I like the cold air that meets me when I step out of my doorway on a November morning. I like the cold, brisk wind that, in the fall, sweeps me along like a leaf or an old newspaper. I like to feel the chilly floor-drafts that make me draw my feet up under me. I like to feel my cheeks whipped by the wind till they're rosy, and to feel their pleasant tingling when I enter a warm room.

In the fall, winter and spring I want to be cold—I want to be healthily, happily, cold,—cold enough to appreciate a fire.



## OLD HATS MADE NEW

LOUISE STALNAKER, '32

ATURDAY afternoon. Everybody in the dorm was out walking but myself. I had a good reason for staying in—I wanted to go over my bank book and see what was wrong with my money matters. Why was I always broke?

I scratched my head—I looked idly across the paper I was reading and noticed a picture—a flaming red picture—the color caught my eye but in my pre-occupation with money matters the words of the picture didn't impress me. I merely saw a picture. Red.

My expenses were bothering me. Expenses! I began to list them in separate columns.

I glanced across the paper again. The red picture was still there. But my expenses! Along the street outside a big truck boomed and I looked out. Again my eye glanced at the paper I was holding—the red picture—and I had an impression that it said something about an old hat. But my expenses! Just then the sun came out from under the clouds and lighted up my paper. The words on the picture showed strongly on the upper line—"Old Hats."

Hats! It reminded me that I needed a new one. I got up from my chair and paced the floor, but each time I cast my eyes on the paper, the picture, very red like my temper, came squarely before my eyes and I read—

### "OLD HATS MADE NEW"

I sat down. Funny I had never read the printing before. "Old Hats made new." Well, to make a long story short, that red picture gave me a "hunch". Never in my life had I tried to economize, to cut down my college expenses, to be content with such things as I could afford.

I had a "hunch". My temper disappeared. I saved a dollar. An old hat made new.

## STUDIES IN SILVER

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest

THELMA MANSON, '31

### GHOST BLOSSOMS

A sky of honey ..... dripping star-fire and wonder-dew,  
Silhouette of birches slim ..... the wind shimmering  
through,  
Moon-shadows sifting through leaves of glimmering green,  
Paling them to blossoms of lily-silver sheen.

---

### SILVER SYMPHONY

(A Rainy Day)

Dusk-silver dawns the ghost-dim day,  
Moth-silver droops the weeping sky,  
Dew-silver drips from the listless trees,  
Wind-silver ripples the languid breeze.

---

### MY GARDEN OF DREAMS

Come into my garden of dreams, dear heart,  
I fashioned it just for you,  
Of your soft breath is its fragrance made,  
Your tears are its drops of dew.

Moon-roses like the soft flame of your cheek,  
Moon-lilies pure as your love,  
Splashed with silver of moonlight dreams  
And lulled by a drowsy dove.



## JANE

CLARA FRANCES KETNER, '32

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest



T was really Mary Jane, but the Mary was only used because the "M" offered such excellent monogram possibilities. Jane, that's what she was to everyone,—just plain Jane. She was like the girl that authors pick out for their heroine, whether she be the sporting lassie, the society maiden, or just common everyday Jane. "If just 'being herself'—natural at all times, is the rarest of all charms, she ranks first. Last but not least she is a loyal and sincere friend of true blue." That's what Janie said about me in our high school annual. Right back at you, old dear!

On my graduation gift from her, a compact, for I was always borrowing hers because she detested a shiny nose, was one of her "engraved" cards, if you please. On one side "Miss Mary Jane Roderick" was cut in cold black letters. We had the "Miss" put on because one of the teachers said it would come in handy when we grew up. On the opposite side were the following lines, "Sincerest congratulations to the best of all friends and pals." Goodness only knows what she had to congratulate me about. Probably it was because I was able to graduate in the same class with her. That girl was on the Honor Roll every month of her high school life!

Oh, I've had a lot of friends, but you see we were Pals. To me a Pal has an almost sacred meaning. Jane said the best way to explain it was just "old side-kicks."

We weren't perfect, neither one of us, not by any manner of means. Both of us had our faults, both of us were funny. Mom Roderick says we "were funny in the same way." That's why we got along so well together. Each cog of our comradeship seemed to mesh perfectly. We met on common ground almost all the way around. Somehow we seemed to have

been moulded together, for where I had deficiencies, she was shaped out to fill them in smoothly. There isn't such a thing as loving any one person too much, for one can make up your universe. To ourselves we seemed to fill a world of our own. After Jane "went west", my world seemed vacant and hollow. Every move and word echoed and reechoed with an almost maddening memory. I felt sorry for myself. I prayed only to her soul.

That was before I learned, but it's true: it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all. I can now live in both the past and the future. When the present seems dull and grey, the cheery memories of the past brighten it, and "our hopes" of the future enliven it.

There were so many different Janes that I couldn't begin to tell about them all. One of them said, "I would rather be a good sport than most anything I know of." Jane, you were all that and more too. You stayed "between the basket and your forward", and when it came to pulling the ball out of the air you could jump as high as anyone. Coach says you were a "darn good" guard.

She was a clever wielder of the tennis racket. It seemed to me that whenever I did succeed in getting a game or so ahead of her, she would tap that inexhaustible supply of energy and serve a swift ball that I did well even to see. When that serve was "working right", look out! Jane had half of the games cinched.

And could she swim? She had to be able to in order to get out of the water after "hitting flat" in one of the many, many valiant attempts to do a jackknife. I thought she was pretty good, but she termed herself a "total flop."

Art was her diversion. Each Saturday she and that great big portfolio made a trip to the Columbus Art School. The rapid progress she made from one phase of the work to another shows that those superior to her in artistic knowledge recognized her ability.



Someone has said that you can't make music on the uke, but when Janie strummed and carried the melody,—well, if you've never heard it drift across the water on a summer's evening, I can easily see how you could not realize how beautiful it might be. It was for you that she played the piano.

Was it a fault that she was such a heavenly dancer and clever conversationalist? That's why she was always "cut" more than any other girl on the floor, and was at home with any situation. She read age-old literature and movie magazines, sportsmen's tales and the great works of poetry! Because of this she could talk of any subject or skillfully lead conversation onto safer ground where she fell short.

I almost forgot to tell you about our home Jane. That side of her life was so natural and unassumed it seems almost a sacred thing, which is of the rarest and best in life. She hated to "do dishes", and I doubt if all the underneath covers were always pulled up just so, even though the spread did acquire an unwrinkled front. Don't worry, old Pal, we'll forget the time we put the dirty pans in the oven and the dishes in the cupboard still wet. Mom and Daddy can live on the memory of your never forgotten good-bye kisses.

"Be it said that Mary Jane Roderick was not always free from sin . . . and may she rest in peace." No, she wasn't a devout religious fanatic, but each evening before she climbed into bed found her on her knees praying to her God. She was a member of the Roman Catholic Church. She believed in the laws of the Church, and struggled to obey them.

All these different Janes were bound into a trim edition of likeable American girlhood. This volume bore many titles. To the business world it was "Miss Mary Jane", to classmates it was "Just Jane," to a sister and three peachy brothers it was "Sis", to the world it was "A Friend", but to me it was "A Pal." You could always recognize it by any number of

means. The flash of perfect white teeth followed by that challenging "Hi!", was a certain discrimination.

I like to picture her as I've seen her many times when we walked home from school in the afternoon. Her hair was brown, but the sun played tricks on it till you could detect all the shades of auburn. That wasn't all Mr. Sun tampered with either. It seems as though he delighted in bringing out a sprinkling of freckles on the nose that she so cheerfully termed "stuck-up." Her cheeks were usually flushed, and her nose was never shiny, at least not if there was "a compact handy." The boys said she was a "knock-out" in her yellow sweater and skirt.

The "best of all Jane" I haven't told you anything about. That part left at the same time she did, but she didn't take it with her. Honey, you couldn't have taken it had you wanted, 'cause it's safely locked up in the hearts of your "bestest friends." No, I couldn't show it to you now, because the key is lost. It has become a part of me—the very best part of me. It's the memory of a Pal—"a loyal and sincere friend of true blue."

---

## SPRING

CARL STARKEY, '31



SOFT skies, airy clouds, warm breezes, new birds, new songs, awakening life, long twilights, everybody out of doors . . . it's God's Spring. There's all the beauty and wonder of winter—snow, hoar frost, everything white and fresh, crisp air, naked trees against clear sky, snug warm homes, bright cheerful fireplaces; but there's not that happiness, that worship which comes with the spring.


Weeks and weeks of winter—grey skies, slush, chills, red noses, black smoke, soot, dirty snow, cold skies and then, suddenly—warm sunlight, warm breezes, roller skates, marbles, kites, house-cleaning, crocuses, tulips, hyacinths, friendly heavens that lead somewhere forever and ever away. Life is somehow more worth living. Only God could bring Spring.



## ON HANGING PICTURES

HARRY SEBERT, '32

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Contest

 HANGING up pictures, is a serious undertaking, so serious that it often incurs deep contemplation and discussion, even heated discussion compared to which that famous "monkey" trial of Tennessee would seem a Quaker meeting engaged in silent prayer.

We had (my wife and I) just undergone one of those so-called honeymoons, and now had taken possession of our little suburban home which had diminished my bank account by fifteen thousand dollars, and which during our absence had been stuffed and over-stuffed with furniture and bric-a-brac, which had I but estimated, cost me another year's salary. Only one thing remained and that was the hanging of the pictures.

Over the fireplace (the logs are imitation) friend wife desired her mother, which is my mother-in-law, to be hung. I have the utmost respect for that stern old lady and so I said that I didn't care where or when she was hung. Soon we had the whole downstairs papered with portraits of her whole family, from her living relatives to her dead ones, and from ones she never saw to ones she only had heard about; these latter all seemed to be kings or queens, according to sex. When once I timidly advanced the information that I too, had some treasures to hang, she suggested that my den would be just the place for them.

As we mounted the stairs and entered my room, I resolved, here at least, to be master of ceremonies, and straightway produced a photograph of Battling McCoy in his most fearsome pose.

"John," I heard, "You surely don't intend to hang that brutal prize-fighter up on the wall!"

"But dearest," I remonstrated, "he is a personal friend of mine, and the light-heavy champ also."

Due to my superior knowledge of the fistic sport,

I could not take unfair advantage of her in argument and so dejected dropped Battling McCoy in an empty trunk near at hand which was not worth forty dollars but which, before seventeen dresses and other feminine apparel had been taken out and neatly arranged on hangers until wanted, had been worth nearer six hundred.

I was busily engaged in nailing up Clara Bow when I heard—

"John! What are you doing? Remember you are not living at your club now. Surely you do not intend to have that brazen woman on the wall and an actress too, of all people. If you cared more for actresses why did you ever marry me?" Her last sentences were interrupted by convulsive sobs which took exactly fifteen minutes to quiet, and ended up with Clara Bow smiling bewitchingly at Battling McCoy in the bottom of the trunk.

Above my writing desk, I had planned to place a picture taken in my regalia of a first lieutenant. I had nearly succeeded when I heard a soft soprano voice call, "John dear, do you really think that looks well from over here?" I stepped over to where she was standing and admitted modestly that I thought it looked quite well indeed.

"Now John, you know a profile view of you is always unbecoming."

"But," I argued, "that is the only photo I had taken while overseas."

"Please don't be so unreasonable darling, the war is history now anyway." And then she smiled and when she smiles, she conquers; and so after a little more useless parleying the first lieutenant plunged headlong into the trunk to form another "eternal triangle" with Battling McCoy and Clara Bow.

One by one, my gems of photography met rejection and were discarded. My bowling team, college football team, the old pals I once used to know, the lodge banquet, pictures taken by fastidious artists and pictures taken at random—all met the same fate.



At last after I had just placed the prettiest girl, outside of the movies and of course my wife, in with the rest of the unfortunates, because I was reminded that I was no longer a happy-go-lucky bachelor (that five hundred dollar platinum ring with twenty-seven installments reminded me of that also) I decided it was better and perhaps more modern to have a room without pictures.

Then imagine my consternation when returning from tugging and shoving the trunk up into the cutest little attic (my wife has only two adjectives in her vocabulary "cute" and "horrid," and she makes them modify anything she chooses) to see a border of pictures on all four sides of my room, composed of aunts, *her* aunts. Annette (that's my wife) started to give me a digest of all of them from Aunt Agatha and Aunt Miranda to Aunt Lucretia and Aunt Sahara. However I could not bear up under the scrutinizing eyes and forbidding features of her aunts, which stared me into oblivion. I fled the room and rushed downstairs on an excuse I manufactured on the moment.

To this very day Annette can not understand why I prefer the front porch (in summer) or the kitchen (in winter) to my own cozy little den.

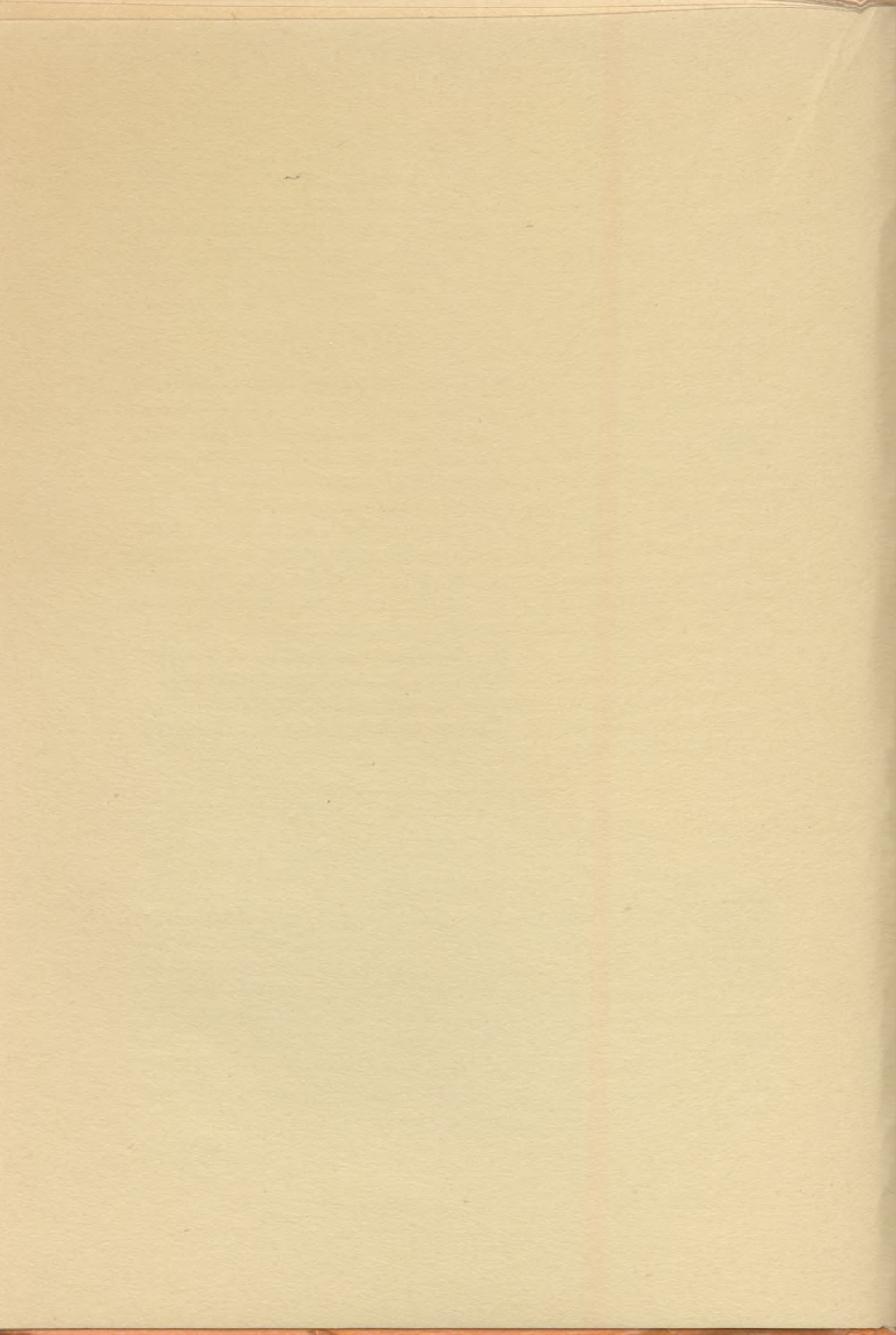
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## "ASHES"

ROBERT COPELAND, '31



ASHES! There they lie so still, so dead—reminders of the past, reminders of what might have been. Nothing left now but memories. Nothing for the present but dreams,—dreams that will never come true. Nothing for the future but hopes—hopes that will never be realized. Yes, ashes! What's the use of it all? But then remember the Resurrection,—dreams come true, hopes realized, ashes arisen.





### HELLO, SUCKER!

You have just finished reading the literary effusions of a group of writers who take themselves seriously. They write about dull, heavy things—things that are most practical and matter-of-fact.


These smart literati are the class that makes the mashed potatoes, roast beef and dark ale of literature. Aren't you the least bit hungry for some caviare, alligator pears, perhaps champagne, sparkling, bubbling, frothing?

If you are tired of being serious and very, very respectable, step into Hobohemia, the Night Club of Life.

# HO-BOHEMIA

Black hair and racy conversation . . . what a combination! Watch the little girl while she puts over a fast one. Come on, boys, give Verda a hand.

## JOSEPHINE COLLEGE

AVE you met her? Je ne sais pas? Well, prepare for your pleasetametcha" for you're about to meet Jenny whether or no. Her name—well, Legion would do, but we'll baptize her instead "Omega College", meaning the last word, fraternally speaking,—you've got to know your Alpha, Beta, Gamma, if you want to rate around her.

Forward, Omega, and meet Brother Trustee, Sister Constituency, and Critical Alumni—best foot forward for they're all probably using you as a basis of a future questionnaire, or a justification of the last one. Something like this . . . Do college girls use brilliantine . . . listerine . . . glycerine . . . and why? Justify, using a word of three syllables ending in ae.

Take a good look at Omega . . . You'll have to come to the conclusion that all the goddesses weren't Greek and aren't dead for Omega can neck in a rumble seat without losing poise or beauty . . . and you should see her on a tennis court. Why, even the varsity men drop their rackets to chase balls for her. We haven't mentioned basketball but we could . . . Why my dear young thing, Omega gives that basketball its golden moment and no mistake. She evidently uses neither sweets nor luckies for she never takes "time out" on a basketball court or a date.

Blonde or brunette? Well, just a minute . . . Omega could be either . . . but she isn't. She's a brunette and a decided one and if you believe this critic of feminine achievement she sure enuf ruins that old bed-time story of gentlemen preferring the blonde.



Yes mam, she's a brunette . . . . and does she have vitality . . . . Why girl friends and boy friends, she makes Greta and Clara look like ads for Tanlac.

Have you heard her voice? No . . . . well then, you haven't heard anything deserving mention to this minute. Yes, you're right—that low, seducing contralto that would make a college professor fail to assign a lesson or a Dean of Women forget to look at her watch. And when she sings, "Lover, Come Back to Me"—well, Ben Hur's chariot race looks like a turtle course in the matter of traffic. Lucy Tantomount, her scent of gardenia to the contrary notwithstanding, may have a fair endowment of Freudian Charm according to **Point Counter Point** but I can assure you that College Humor would give Omega credit for an endowment that would scare our conservative Board of Trustees or even the administration.

And say, did you ever see that girl play bridge? No . . . . well, all I'll say to you is "bye" for that's what she never says in bridge.

And now I'll say "bye" for sure—that's all I can say for Omega herself is the last word and I'd never attempt to improve on the Department of Greek.

So here's to Omega, and all her playmates, the product of the age, the love of the gods, and the worry of the trustees!

---

And here's a little contributor who signs her name, "Chloe."—All we can say, Chloe, is that if you are as beautiful with looks as you are with words, we'll brave all the jungle swamps in the world to get where you are.

### GRAY

Black branches against gray skies  
—Black lace and mauve velvet  
Drab beauty  
That fascinates me.

Well, well, well! Here's that terrible Parker Heck, the bad lad who always draws unflattering pictures of us. Watch him caricature cleverly.



ENTLEMEN prefer blondes—so the saying goes, although any lovesick collegian whose sweltering mama boasts of tresses which are invisible upon his blue serge coat will tell you that the question is still far from being settled. However, if the masculine portion of the latest census does cast its vote in favor of the peroxide sales-boosters, it may not be saying much for the good judgement of the men. For the other day in a scientific experiment it was shown that a brunette was the more emotionally susceptible to kisses.

It seems as though four chorus girls, a couple blondes and as many brunettes, were tested by means of a newly developed hypersensitive multiple electric stethoscope, amplified by a loud speaker. Five young men consented to be martyrs to the cause of science and provided the kisses. First place honors went to a brunette.

Now far be it from the agitator of this typewriter to doubt a newspaper story. However, being of a scientific turn of mind and thus unwilling to accept statements when unproven, he suggests a repetition of the experiment in the Otterbein physics laboratory. Cochran and Saum halls could provide blondes and brunettes aplenty, and it is entirely possible that a few men could be secured from King Hall or some of the fraternity houses to cooperate in the experiment.


Since individual blondes and brunettes differ from others of a similar coloring, the experiment would not need to stop at determining the superiority of the classes, but a college champion could be selected. If sufficient interest could be aroused, inter-collegiate contests could be arranged, and a national or international title holder finally determined.

All men in favor signify by a puckering of the lips and the line forms at the left.



Encore! Parker, Encore!

## ROBOTS

OW that leap year is something to look forward to instead of to enjoy, it is time that we of the masculine gender survey the field of matrimony. And, aside from halitosis, it is apparent that the one thing which is likely to do the most in undermining our position with the more expensive sex is the robot, or mechanical man.

What will we mere human men do when Mr. Electrovox is perfected? Already we can see that our position as future husbands is threatened, when we learn that even today the mechanical man tracks up the kitchen floor, drops ashes on the good carpet, and swears like a husband of long experience. What will become of us as soon as the robot learns to run around the house unshaven and in his shirt sleeves, throw his clothes over the backs of the parlor chairs, and stay out all night at poker sessions? The only attraction we will have left will be our ability to read the daily paper in silence over the breakfast table, and grumble continually when the potatoes are slightly scorched.

Men! Awake! Unless we do something soon we will be as useless to women as petticoats and corsets.

And here is a contribution for Mr. Mencken's "Americana."  
Morality as preached by a disillusioned Freshman.

### A SERMON TO GOLD-DIGGERS

The life that you lead is just one of greed,  
You'll find it's not worthwhile.  
You'll tire of your play  
And be sorry some day.  
You'll find it's hard to smile.  
The night clubs of Broadway have gone to your head  
Keeps you cabareting when you should be in bed.  
You're the plaything of all,  
The sweetheart of none.  
Many have kissed you  
But they've all been in fun.  
By masking your face  
With rouge, powder and paint,  
You've made a mockery of  
Convention and restraint.  
Today you're hell-bent, pleasure mad.  
Tomorrow, repentant and sad.  
Remember, those who've been struck  
By golden glitter, always end up  
With a heart, broken and bitter.  
Even though you've had a taste  
Of luxury and fame,  
Death and oblivion is ever waiting  
Just the same.  
As your pleasures lose their thrill,  
As those pleasures always will,  
The world will be forgetful and cold.  
As your charms fade away,  
Then the price you must pay;  
You'll become one whose souls are sold.  
Right now you can sing  
But after your fling, you'll ask  
"Was it worthwhile?"



Clear the track! Here comes Looney Weinland doing a hundred words in 10 laughs.

### THE SIXTH BUTTON



TART with the first vest button under the chin and count down—six. \* The vest will probably be a normal one and this sixth button will be the last one in the row. If the garment is worn by a young college man the chances are that this sixth button will be unbuttoned.

Now please don't ask me whence cometh this custom. I was totally unaware of it myself until about three or four months ago.. The first time I saw a young man thus neglecting his lower vest button, I gently nudged him and whispered that I thought his vest would soon be coming off. The look of scorn and disgust that he gave me is not in my power to portray in writing. Where had I been all my life that I had never learned the crime of having that button buttoned? A little matter of neglect on my part, I suppose.

Now about the history of this important custom. Back in the latter part of 1927 or the early part of 1928, a great student, or athlete, or social leader, in Harvard, or Princeton, or Yale, got up one morning and discovered that there was only ten minutes to dress and get clear across the campus to an early morning class. In his great haste he neglected the sixth button. His fellow students noticed the oversight. Since he was always a model in the matter of dress, we carefully overlook the last button today.

It's a great fad. It's so useful, and looks so well. You are marked as being a snappy college man if you leave that sixth unbuttoned.

To sum the whole matter up in a brief form, I might say that there is only one thing that is worse in the matter of dress among men. I'll gladly let my socks go unsupported, and in case of necessity I would neglect the sixth button but I do draw the color line on underwear.

Hey, you big margerine and produce men, clear the floor for Ed Shawen, that tall, sober satirist. We like his type of humor, even if he does laugh at us.

## THE LITERARY PRODUCTION

EDWIN SHAWEN, '30



received word the other day that I was to speak in Literary Society.

"And the subject—?" I asked.

"Oh, anything you choose, preferably something with a little less sense to it."

And I congratulated myself that I was going to get off with the easy part of the program for once. So I went home and sat down at my desk. Having placed the encyclopedia close at hand, I began to think over a number of subjects about which I might write, for I realized that whatever I was going to say ought to have some bearing upon the title I chose. I determined to be impressive.

After some meditation I wrote:

### "CHILBLAINS

"Address delivered before the — Literary Society on November 18.

"Ladies and Gentlemen." . . . .

My room-mate rushed into the room. I read what I had written.

### "CHILBLAINS

"Address delivered . . . . . etc.

"Ladies and Gentlemen" . . . .

I paused to see the effect.

"It's rather awkward", he said. Now I should call it "Frostbites" I believe. Somehow I don't like that term "chilblains". And you said, "ladies", and—

"That's so," I interrupted, "there aren't any ladies; I should say, "Mr. President and Gentlemen."

So I started again:



## "FROSTBITES

"Address delivered . . . etc.

"Mr President and Gentlemen:"

I was pleased.

"What about the visitors?" asked the room-mate.

"Surely! Mr. President, Gentlemen, Visitors and all Accessories. Much better!"

And I went on thinking. After a time I said, "No, I'm on the wrong track, but 'Frostbites' does suggest a fine subject."

So I started again.

## "CRYSTAL FORMATION IN ROCKS.

"Address delivered before the — Literary Society on November 18.

"Mr. President, Gentlemen, Visitors, and Accessories:"

Then I began to tell in a few words of my interesting trip a few years ago to Mammoth Cave. After I had written a few paragraphs, I had visions of sending my paper to a publisher, and I even had in mind some of the things I was going to buy with the money.

But the story did not round out as I had expected, and rather than be disappointed with a finished production that was not a masterpiece, I carefully dumped the five or six pages of foolscap (closely written on both sides) into the wastebasket.

By supper time I had gotten as far as:

## "A FEW TRICKS FOR CHRISTMAS"


and by midnight:

## "MY ADVENTURE AS. . . ."

The next day I saw the censor and told him with a hoarse cough that a severe cold had destroyed my voice for a few days, but that in a couple of months I should be glad to speak on, "How to Collect Moss, by One Who Knows."

We hesitate to print this next sketch—it makes us feel so down in the mouth. Don't you realize, Starkey, that this is the Night Club of Life, where joy reigns supreme? We are gilded youth having our fling—these are supposed to be the best years of anybody's life. And then you sum up Otterbein in one hundred casual words. We wanted to drain the cup of life and instead you offer us . . . . cabbage salad.

### ON GOING TO COLLEGE

N alarm, a tiny bit more sleep, a professor standing before his class at 7:35 in the morning, soft music, a hymn, a prayer, volley ball, the battle of Hastings, reference books, problems, Virgil, cold meat and cabbage salad, H Cl, girls walking, leaning out the window, a pair of brown eyes, "Walk down to the bridge with me?", a botany text-book, meat, potatoes and gravy, a fraternity house, smoke, another hand of bridge, "Let's go to the show," a theme, one more cigarette, a pair of sheets, darkness, stars, thoughts, sleep—we call it "Going to college."



## 1929 LITERARY PRIZES

### BARNES SHORT STORY

"Rippling Water," Evelyn Edwards, first prize, \$40.00.

"Faithful Isaac," Nitetis Huntley, second prize, \$20.00

"Wanderers," Lillian Shively, third prize, \$10.00.

### CHAUCEER CLUB

#### Criticism on Modern Novel

"Mamba's Daughters", Elizabeth Lee, first prize, \$10.00.

"Mamba's Daughters," Marian Kiess, second prize, \$5.00.

### QUIZ AND QUILL

"Studies in Silver," poems, Thelma Manson, first prize, \$10.00.

"Jane," sketch, Frances Ketner, second prize, \$5.00.

"On Hanging Pictures," essay, Harry Sebert, third prize, \$3.00.

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