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### 1930 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

*Otterbein University*, [englishdept@otterbein.edu](mailto:englishdept@otterbein.edu)

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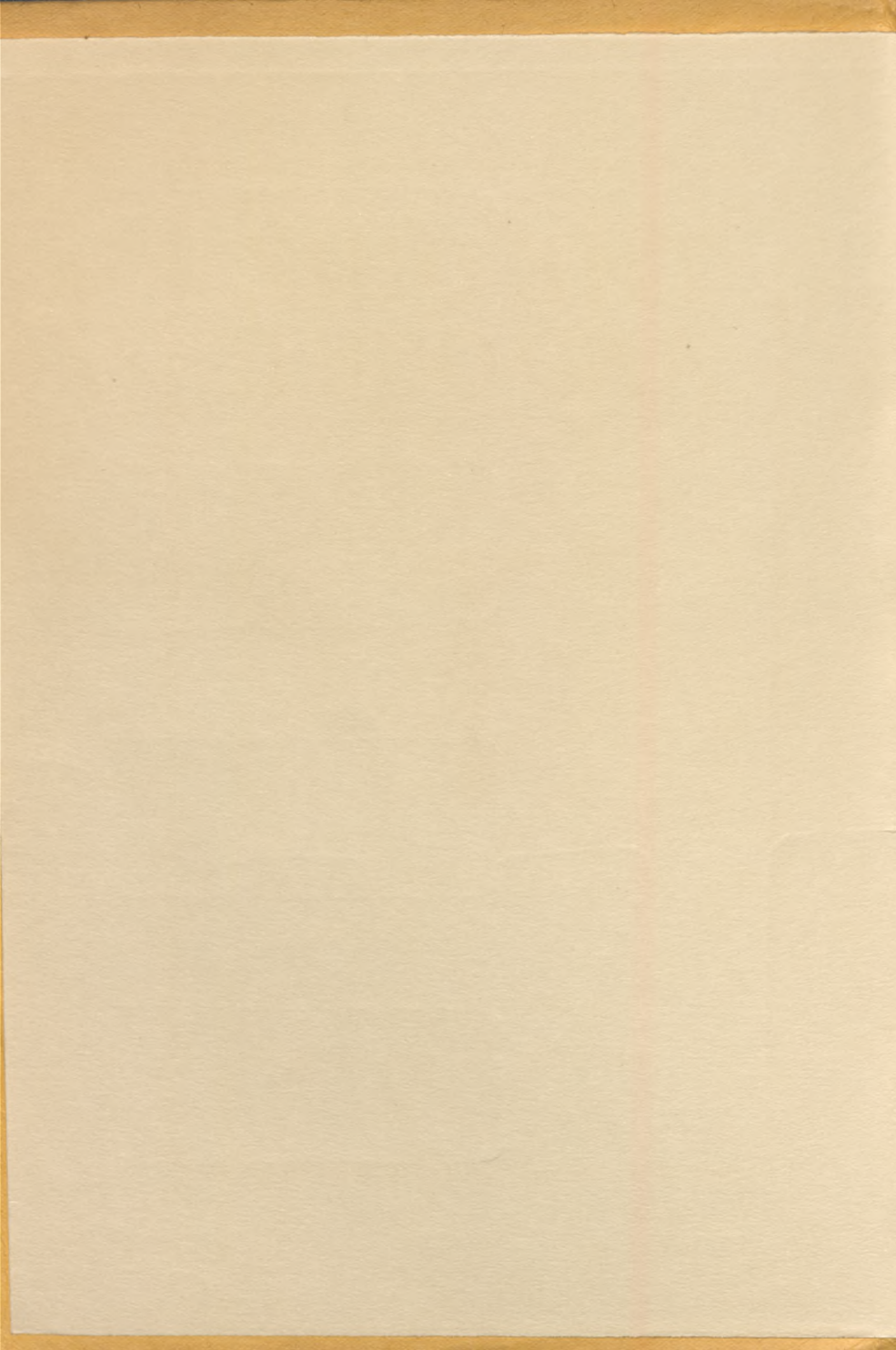


# QUIZ<sup>and</sup> QUILL



Spring

1930





# 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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## Foreward

**T**O the Spirit of Spring  
we dedicate this number.  
Spring with its cadences,  
its lilting calls, its mystic  
hues, its promised depths, its  
boundless faith, its endless life.  
For it is Spring that wakes us  
from our lethargy, that makes us  
sing the songs of strangely new,  
or strangely old forgotten things.  
Even in the drear of winter we  
feel Spring's hidden promise, and  
understanding wards off bitter-  
ness too bleak for songs and mirth  
Who has not uttered hidden cries  
because of the Spirit of Spring?



## SIDE-STEPS

MARTHA SHAWEN, '30

First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest

### I.

"JOHN, have you seen Wendell?" inquired Mrs. Phillips of her husband, as she took a savory pie from the oven. "While I was baking he seems to have disappeared."

Mayor John made a hasty circuit of the house. No Wendell. Then he heard a childish voice far away, above him. . . . In the garret again. . . . That boy!

The father climbed the stairs quietly, and peered above the opening in the floor. In front of him stood his four-year-old son, with a book in his hand, talking and gesticulating to a half dozen chairs that were arranged in a semi-circle before him.

"It does look as if the lad would be a clergyman—or a lawyer," mused Mayor John. . . . Aloud he said, "Mother has been looking for you, Wendell."

The boy turned quickly. He had not even heard his father's step on the stair.

"I'm sorry about Mamma. I'm busy, so busy."

He laid his book aside and ran to his father's arms with affectionate abandon. Mayor John set him on his shoulder to carry him downstairs.

"Wendell, don't you ever get tired of talking to those chairs?"

"Oh, no papa," replied the boy seriously, "I don't ever get tired, but I sometimes think it is hard on the chairs!"—

The Hon. John Phillips was sixth in line from the first American ancestor, Rev. George Phillips, who left England with John Winthrop in 1630. It was Mayor John who built the mansion on Beacon Hill, for his bride, Sarah. A sumptuous house it was fashioned after an old Colonial pattern. It stood on the corner of Beacon and Walnut Streets, in the center of the



Boston aristocracy. A block away to the left was the old Hancock house. Next door to the right lived the Winthrops. Across the forty acre common in front was the "Old South", which Otis and Warren had dedicated to God and to liberty. Bunker Hill could be seen from the front door—and also the church tower that gave Paul Revere his cue.

In the Phillips' home the Puritan ideals of virtue, high thinking and economy were coupled with the liberal benefits of the cultural freedom and beauty that wealth could provide. Mayor John was a warm-hearted, genial man, who possessed remarkable ability as a public speaker. His wife was patrician born—a high-principled woman, of gentleness and poise. When she spoke her voice was low, warm, irresistible—a voice with a hundred shades of color.

It was in such a home and of such parentage that Wendell began life.

## II.

In 1834 we find Wendell a senior in the Harvard Law School, with Judge Story—the peer of Marshall—for his instructor.

Wendell had the bearing of a proud young aristocrat. His face seemed pale in contrast with his black smooth hair, but he possessed a magnificent physique. He was a respectable boxer, marksman and horseman, as well as being a gifted orator and an acknowledged "intellectual."

More than one young person of the opposite sex cherished a secret admiration for him but Wendell was too absorbed in his work to even realize he could have been a hero of amours.

Judge Story gave Wendell individual attention, encouraged him. And Mrs. Sarah, now a widow, believed her son could do anything, and, in the matter of capabilities had a conviction that the boy could obtain whatever he set out to obtain. Such influence from his two idols, spurred Wendell on to his best endeavor.

He cherished secret dreams of his own as he muscled over Coke and Blackstone, during hours when he was not grinding away at technical details. The idea of Coke that "reason is the life of law; common law itself is nothing else but reason" impressed him. He saw himself succeeding Fisher Ames, Harrison Gray Otis, Daniel Webster. He would rise from the bar to the legislature, from the legislature to the Senate.... He had a terrible ambition. But behind it all was the dominating ideal of liberty and of justice, instilled into him from birth by precept and tradition. Through law he would help people obtain justice. His purpose gave him the driving power to grapple with hardship, with apparent defeat. He would surmount all obstacles; he would climb, succeed——

### III.

It was an Indian summer afternoon in Boston; 1835 the year. The air was balmy and tremulous with a breath of tonic in it.

The door of Wendell Phillips' new law office stood open but the young lawyer was quite alone. He sat intent, his long legs crossed, pouring over the details of a will. He was not perturbed that his new chairs were not filled with clients. That would come. A man had to prove himself—even the son of Boston's first mayor, and heir to the best Boston could offer in education and social background.

The hands of the wall clock pointed a quarter past three. Wendell worked on, as unaware of the hour as he was of the vague commotion that was stirring in Court Street. But presently the sound outside became magnified to a subdued roar—a hum increasingly voluminous. It penetrated even the lawyer's absorption. He pushed his fingers through his black hair with an unconscious frown of annoyance, listened, and went to the window. In the street below men were running with insane haste, coatless, hatless, sleeves rolled to the elbow. Beyond in Washington Street he could see a throng of people pushing and



surging in a black, thick mass. The roar increased. It resembled the low growl of a wild beast, menacing, full of hate.

The young lawyer locked up his office. There would be no more clients that day. Out in the street he found the crowd growing. He pushed his way along with his strong, muscular form. Half a block away, on Washington Street, he could see Mr. Lyman, the Mayor, standing on a nail keg, waving his arms for the crowd to disperse. The man was shouting something—of no more avail than a dog howling at the moon. His voice was drowned in the tumult.

Attention was centered around the building where Mr. Garrison's anti-slavery paper, "The Liberator" was printed. The office was always a hot-bed for trouble. Wendell wondered what had caused this latest demonstration.

From somewhere there issued a stern order, "Step aside all of you. Make a passage."

Men and women jostled each other, yelling, swearing, tramping on each other's toes. The voice upheld its command and a narrow alley opened in the midst of the shifting bodies of the onlookers.

Two by two, a group of some thirty women filed down the stairway of the "Liberator" office into the street—all members of the Women's Anti-Slavery Society. Their faces were pale but they walked with a calm dignity.

"Black men's lovers," loudly shrieked a boy's voice. The crowd hissed—and took up the boy's cry. Wendell made it a self-imposed duty to push anyone back out of the way who attempted to block the passage.

One comely young woman from the Anti-Slavery Society gave him a quick appraising glance as she passed by, so close that her full skirts brushed against him. "A gentleman—different from this rabble" was her mental judgement, as she pigeonholed a memory of the stern chiseling of the clean-cut, intelligent face that was almost classic in outline. He had the bearing of a man of high purpose and decision.



The women were soon away, out of sight, swallowed up in the throng. Interest continued to center around the stair-way of the "Liberator" office. The uproar grew louder. Stones were hurled, followed by a crash. There were yells, shrieks and the splintering of glass upon the pavement.

Finally a gathering of men stumbled down the stairway with a prisoner in their midst, his arms fastened at his sides, a heavy rope around his waist. The man's clothing hung in shreds about his bruised body. His face was white and passively set with grim, stubborn defiance.

"Kill him!" shouted voices above the din. "It's Garrison—that damned abolitionist. Kill him! Hang him!"

Hands clutched for the rope. With a jerk the prisoner was thrown headlong to the pavement. Another jerk and he was up again, his face dripping with blood.

Wendell Phillips found the colonel of his own militia regiment staring at the spectacle, without an effort to alter the course of events. He seized him sternly by the arm.

"This is an outrage. Why don't you call out men, put a stop to this riot. Are you going to stand there, gapping, and uphold mob rule?"

The Colonel jeered unpleasantly.

"You fool, Phillips! Half our men have joined the mob. Can't you see that. Orders are one thing; to have them obeyed another. Anyway, if Garrison would let the niggers alone and mind his own business, there wouldn't be all this row."

The crowd lingered on, still shouting protests and cursing, until, at length, the people were able to thin out the number and curb further disorder.

Wendell Phillips left the scene of the riot completely shaken, his mind in a whirling tumult. Law! Justice! Exalted conceptions of Harvard days had evaporated like bubbles since he had closed his office that afternoon. The riot was a debacle. He burned

with indignation, with shame. Law, as instituted in the constitution PROTECTED free speech, regardless of individual ideas. Yet in Boston,—where his own flesh and blood had fought against tyranny—IN BOSTON a mob had risen against the right of free speech.

Wendell was not an Abolitionist. Not that! He had always considered anti-slavery advocates extreme, radical. But Garrison and his followers had a right to their beliefs.

"Before God, they have a right!" he told himself fiercely as he strode along, his fists clenched in a silent resolve.

And with that declaration he reached a mental climacteric; a fresh fagot of fixed determination was kindled in a secret chamber out of sight.

#### IV.

The November day offered a drear prospect, so far as the weather was concerned. The morning was raw and chill with a frost-fanged wind blowing in from the sea. Wendell Phillips was pacing restlessly up and down in front of Bowdoin Tavern in Bowdoin Square, waiting for the stage coach bound for Greenfield—a two day's journey from Boston.

Bowdoin Square vibrated with the rumble of wagons, the sharp clicking of horse's shoes on the cobble stones, the cracking of whips, the shouts of drivers. All around there were people bustling about with luggage, shivering with cold. Everyone was bidding someone farewell. Wendell felt keenly alone at that moment.

"SHE'S THE CLEVEREST, LOVELIEST GIRL YOU EVER MET. BUT I WARN YOU SHE'S A RABID ABOLITIONIST....."

"I am going to Greenfield tomorrow with my fiancée," Alford had further written, "And a cousin of hers is to accompany us. Now you know that in my condition 'two's a company,' and I wish you would go and take care of the other lady."



"I suppose I'm a fool to go gallivanting off on an excursion with a strange woman," Wendell thought as he tramped up and down. "This is a day and half, too! But Alford is a good sport. I couldn't fail him. . . ."

"SHE'S THE CLEVEREST, LOVELIEST GIRL YOU EVER MET."

That recurring phase would have been Wendell's real reason for accommodating Alford if he had carried it down to a last analysis.

"So she's an abolitionist. Hump!"

In another moment, Alford had turned the corner, accompanied by two girls. Wendell bowed to Mary Grew whom he had met and then he was introduced to the cousin, Anne Terry Greene. The fact of her proved more overwhelming than the idea as she stepped out before him, slim and straight as an iris, her cheeks glowing with the cold, a magnificent bit of brown hair curling out from beneath a warm, blue hood. He was delighted with the almost transparent beauty of her mobile face—the vivid alertness of her.

Recognition registered in Anne's blue eyes when she offered her hand to Wendell.

"You were the young man who pushed back the crowd several weeks ago when several friends and myself were placed in a rather awkward position," was her greeting. "Wasn't it all a bit like a cane rush in your college days?"

Her laugh was low and mellow.

"That lovely girl—she **IS** lovely—. What on earth has **SHE** to do with mobs and schemes for freeing black men!"

The stage for Greenfield came whirling up to the curb behind six horses and stopped with a jolt in front of the Tavern. The driver packed the luggage on top of the stage, while the passengers found their places. Then the post-horn blew, people waved farewells,—and the driver's whip whistled through the air, as he headed the leader of his team toward Cambridge.



"It's a relief to have someone to talk to," confided Anne to Wendell as the coach rumbled through Harvard Square. "Mary and Mr. Alford are engaged, you see. They are just lovely to me—but I always feel like I ought to doze off, so they can talk without interruption."

"You would make an excellent chaperon," laughed Wendell.

He forgot that he had even doubted his judgement about taking this trip; it seemed the most satisfactory arrangement he could have imagined. For the first few hours he and Anne bantered back and forth gaily. Both of them gave full and undivided attention to the conversation, each making thereby a secret, interested exploration of the other's personality.

Meanwhile the coach lumbered along through Arlington, on to Lexington and Concord—and on toward Fitchburg. In the distance the slate blue of the snow-peaked mountains could be traced through the haze. They passed snug farmhouses, barnyards full of huddled cattle, woods where the pine and hemlock cast grotesque shadows, high stone cliffs, rushing mountain streams where the water foamed up crystal clear as it hurried over the amber and moss-covered rocks.

By a gradual progression Wendell and Anne verified and pieced together qualities in each other that they had been aware of from the start.

"Such a man as he would never think of me," vagrantly flashed across Anne's mind.

"She's refined, intelligent, sincere—and just exquisite," thought Wendell, watching her as her eyes swept the landscape and rested at last on the mountains.

And all the while a rapid conversation continued, with no outward ripple to suggest the swift-moving uncurrent. Before noon the gaiety of the early morning assumed a more serious turn. Wendell found himself telling Anne how shocked he had been by the riot, how it had punctured his preconceived ideas of

law and of personal freedom. He had not spoken of it to anyone else. He didn't know why he wanted to tell Anne but he was glad he had for she followed his thought with keen perception, sensitively alert and sympathetic, her eyes on his.

"Deny the right of free speech and it seems to me that the future hope of American progress will be smothered. It undermines the principles of freedom and of justice embodied in the Constitution."

Anne's heart was thumping hard as she listened. She knew Wendell was not an Abolitionist but he expressed the same fundamental principles that were as dear to her as light. She began putting out her ideas like sensitive feelers.

"The right to speak freely and the right to BE free walk along, hand in hand, like one mother's children," she said. "Take the matter of slavery. There are any number of people who think **theoretically** in all our politics and social order and religion that it seems a necessity, perfectly justifiable. Here in New England—our people use cotton from the Carolinas for their mills. They can't see the evil of slavery because they don't want to. It's a question of economics with them—not of human values."

Abolition became then and there the subject. A passionate earnestness enveloped Anne. She explained the history of the movement, and the ultimate hopes for the future. All the objections Wendell had ever raised, somehow became superficialities, they lost logic and dwindled away as she talked.

"Humanity comes before all creeds—doesn't it?" Anne was asking, her face illuminated. "What sort of a democracy is it that allows the souls and bodies of men and women to be bought and sold, when law upholds the separation of families and makes women—just because they are black—sacrifice their babies to cringe and crawl under a white man's lash. There is no **justice** in—that!"

"Yes, it's a grim mockery," Wendell acknowledged, yielding an active response to Anne's conviction. "I



rather turned a deaf ear to what I considered the emotional rantings of anti-slavery people until that riot. Beacon Hill where I live—well, you know it's rather like a caste. I was brought up in that atmosphere. I needed a good jolt like that Garrison episode to show me where I really stand."

In the later afternoon the stage came to a steep hill. The horses heaved and strained with the load. Many of the passengers got out to walk, Anne and Wendell among them. The climb was strenuous, enervating.

"It's quite a pull," Anne panted once, "but it's glorious! I'm glad I'm young—and that there are hills to climb."

Both Wendell and Anne glowed with physical exultation. At the top of the hill they turned to look back. The dull clouds, that had scudded over the mountains all day like flocks of sheep, were touched with aureole and rose-ash, edged with a wonder-light of golden radiance. Snow lay shining white on the mountain peaks; the slopes were a smoke blue or purple, as the sun or shadow fell upon them.

It seemed as if the place were invested with spiritual power. It stood for a Shibboleth of glory, of vision, of promise. No word was spoken; only silence was adequate to express the tremendousness of that moment. But for the space of a heart-beat, eyes of a man and a woman exchanged quick shafts of light, of understanding, and doors that had never been ajar, swung wide.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stage stopped at the Fitchburg Tavern at the end of that first day's journey. In the evening, when the company gathered about the huge, crackling fire in groups of twos or threes, laughing, telling stories, drowsing, drinking ale, Anne and Wendell sat together in a world apart. Language was not subtle enough or tender enough to voice the thoughts that crowded up. It was sufficient to have discovered a kinship that



filled their hearts with a sense of completeness, an immensity of joy.

## V.

There came a day in Boston when the news found tongues—scores of them. Wendell Phillips had turned Abolitionist! He was branded the “friend of the niggers” with unspeakable disgust. His family was horrified. Beacon Hill rent its clothes and put ashes on its head. Old acquaintances became near-sighted when they passed him on the street. His clients would have no more of him. Everyone said: “It is suicide—political, professional, social suicide.”

So it was. Wendell was an outcast in his own city—as much of an outcast as if he had contracted leprosy.

But Wendell and Anne had each other. Their love and their purpose made them a majority against the rest of Boston.

“If disgrace means standing for what is right—then to be disgraced is the most desirable thing in my life, when sharing beliefs with another who holds to the same right,” Wendell said.

During the days of their engagement, Wendell and Anne created a world of their own in which they worked and planned and dreamed. Anne fired him to stake the future and his faith in himself against the clutches of oblivion that threatened to smother him.

“You’ll have a chance to strike,” Anne would say. “It’s coming.”

Wendell believed that because SHE believed in it—and in him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Wendell took his bride to a small, unpretentious house on Essex street. From the outside it was a singularly plain house—but there was an atmosphere of coziness and culture within that expressed good taste and a love of beauty. The two latticed windows in the bedroom, looked out into a garden of small dimensions. Wendell and Anne were as delighted as

children with their home. It was theirs—their very own—within its walls they would work out life together.

One night Wendell was awakened by the moonlight shining directly in his face through the lattices. The pale silvery light illumined the room—and the features of Anne, as she lay quietly sleeping beside him. He brushed back a lock of hair that had fallen against her cheek. Anne! . . . . . His wife! . . . . . How at peace, how secure she lay beside him.

"She's left everything and everybody to share life with me," mused Wendell.

An inexpressible tenderness filled him—a sense of the mysterious and tremendous adventure he and Anne had embarked on together. It was so much more than mere addition of two personalities, the one to the other. The fusion of their two lives would mean a dynamic that would surpass the best effort either of them could put forth alone.

## VI.

A short while after Wendell and Anne were married, news of the Lovejoy murder spread through the North on a wild torrent of staccatto waves.

Wendell brought a paper home to Anne. They poured over the details together, their eyes flaming, nerves tense. Down in St. Louis, Elijah Lovejoy, a Presbyterian minister, had been mobbed and his printing press sacked because he had dared write on the matter of Slavery in "The Observer." Lovejoy had moved to Alton, Illinois, on free soil, following this episode. There he attempted to re-establish his paper. Opponents swooped down on vulture wings. His place was gutted with violence, his press smashed to bits and fleeing into the Mississippi, Lovejoy, himself, was shot down like a mad dog.

An electric frenzy convulsed Boston. Slavery did not constitute the main issue; it was free speech.

A meeting was called at Faneuil Hall, "The Cradle of Liberty," to discuss events publically and pass



fitting resolutions. The irony was perfect—Boston, herself the scene of similar demonstration two years before, rose up to discuss what had happened hundreds of miles distant!

On the day of the called meeting, Fanueil Hall was packed almost to suffocation with a crowd made up of Abolitionists, mobocrats, all mischief bent, and the indifferent, attracted by curiosity. Wendell and Anne stood in the rear of the hall, near a door, almost lost in the flood of faces. They were anxious, strained, filled with a sense of an approaching crisis.

The meeting opened tamely enough—brief speeches without color or punch, and the reading of the resolutions.

"Table them," cried the indifferent immediately.

At that point James Austin, the Attorney-General of State, made his way to the lectern and struck the alien chord in the program. He was a popular politician, florid in countenance, a bully in manner. He had reduced methods of capturing a crowd to an art. Cheers greeted his appearance.

Austin began an harangue, meant to break up the meeting in a general fight or defeat the object for which it was called. He made light of the Lovejoy affair. Slaves he referred to as "a menagerie of lions, tigers, and hyenas—a jack ass or two—and a host of monkeys," which the Abolitionists were trying to turn loose "to prowl about the streets." The Lovejoy affair he compared to the Boston Tea Party.

"That man died as a fool dieth," he thundered out—and moved that resolution be tabled.

The indifferent applauded vigorously—an emotional burst of enthusiasm that had no reason behind it. The cause of freedom lay gasping in the hands of devils.

A gold flame burned in Anne's blue eyes, as she watched Austin bowing pompously and beaming with self-satisfaction at the stir he had caused by his unlooked-for appearance. She poked Wendell's arm excitedly with her elbow.

"Answer him, Wendell. Answer him!" she whispered.

Wendell Phillips was ready. Since the day of the Garrison mob his spirit had been in a process of gestation; by throes and throbs he had been born to this moment. He had the encouragement of Anne and the opposition of Austin—an alternating current to send the plummet of his feeling deeper. Every nerve vibrated with intensity.

Before the Attorney-General had bowed his way from the platform, Wendell had sprung to his place, was facing the audience. There was confusion in the room, people talking and shoving about restlessly. Some wanted to vote. Others wanted to continue the meeting.

Wendell waited for the noise to die down. He measured his audience with a penetrating glance. Tall, straight, striking in appearance, with an air of quiet self-control and confidence, he drew people to him like a magnet. There was something about him——

He began to speak with a measured deliberation—his voice clear, as sweet as a song:

"I hope I shall be permitted to express my surprise at the sentiments of the last speaker—surprise not only at such sentiments from such a man, but at the applause they have received within these walls."

The charm of Wendell's manner, the intonations of his voice and his proud, handsome figure claimed attention and piqued curiosity. He was young, too,—only twenty-seven. What had this man to say?

Wendell gathered fire as he proceeded.

"A comparison has been drawn between the events of the Revolution and the tragedy of Alton. We have heard it asserted here in Fanueil Hall that Great Britain had a right to tax the Colonies; and we have heard the mob at Alton, the drunken murders of Lovejoy, compared to those patriot fathers who threw tea overboard! Fellow citizens, is this Famueil Hall doctrine?"

From generalities Wendell passed on to biting, bit-



ter sarcasm. He tore his opponents logic to threads and held his cheap wit up to ridicule.

"For the sentiments he has uttered," he said, gesturing in the direction where Austin had disappeared into the crowd, "on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, **THE EARTH SHOULD HAVE YAWNED AND SWALLOWED HIM UP.**"

A wild delirium of comingled applause and hisses filled the room. The riotous faction struggled to precipitate violence. They pushed and howled.

"Take that back," cried some.

"Phillips or nobody," one voice shouted.

"He shan't go on till he takes that back," yelled another.

Meanwhile Wendell waited with dignified composure until there was enough of a lull that his voice could be clearly heard. He smiled faintly, and again his honeyed cadences enforced attention.

"Fellow citizens, I **cannot** take back my words. Surely the Attorney-General, so long and well known here needs not the aid of your hisses against one so young as I am—my voice never before heard within these halls!"

He again held the crowd entranced. For fifteen more minutes he talked—upholding the principle of freedom, for which Lovejoy had died. Before they realized it, people were being wrapped around by words so convincing, so earnest, so charged with feeling and with thought, that they were taken captive, bound hand and foot.

Wendell was not content merely with silencing the opposition. He claimed that the cause he was upholding was of higher importance than any that preceded it in Faneuil Hall. When the audience murmured against this, Wendell boldly asserted: "Inso-much as **THOUGHT** is better than **MONEY**, is the cause for which Lovejoy died superior to that for which our ancestors contended. James Otis thundered within these halls when the king did but touch his

pockets; imagine his indignant eloquence if they had attempted to put a gag upon his **lips**."

And then Wendell arrived at the climax, the determining point of whether he had lost or won.

"I am glad to see this crowded house," he said.

"When liberty is in danger Fanueil Hall has the right, it is her duty, to strike the key-note for the United States . . . . The passage of these resolutions, in spite of this opposition, led by the Attorney-General of the commonwealth, will show more clearly, more decisively, the deep indignation with which Boston regards this outrage."

There was a pause—then a wild demonstration of approval. It was a defeat side-stepped into a brilliant victory.

Anne's eyes burned like meteors when Wendell returned to her side.

"You've done it! You've won!" she cried with ecstatic eagerness. "This is just the beginning, really, —but the tide is turned. You've stirred Boston up; you've made people **think**."

Then she smiled and slipped her arm through his proudly.

"Someday they'll acknowledge that you're not only right, Wendell—but rather respectable too," she prophesied in her humorous, whimsical way.





## THE POOR IN SPIRIT

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

HERE was a harassed expression on the new professor's face as he strolled through the thick drift of gypsy autumn leaves. He wanted to run pell-mell instead of walking leisurely. Pell-mell, out of this place, back to New York, whose hubbub would be in harmony with his own spirit.

Nine-thirty, Sunday morning. Church bells ringing, leaves drifting through autumn haze, sunshine pouring over everything. Sunshine stood for happiness, and was only mockery to him. The beauty of a sullen pine against a flaming maple was enough to renew his torture, for it stirred his esthetic sensibilities. In the air he was inhaling, there was a holiness, a kind of quiet faith, like cloying incense, which made him resent the necessity of breathing.

"Could there be a worse hell than this—" he said to himself. "I'd give my soul to get back to the city where there is no God."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sitting at the window of her darkened room, the settlement worker who was about to run away from her duties, fought a last battle against her overwhelming discouragement. It seemed almost a physical struggle. She was trying to shut from her ears the voice of New York, the voice of Babel which beat upon her unceasingly. She was trying to vision perfection, beauty, color, where her eyes could see only deformitory, perversion, pitiful drabness. But in reality it was a struggle of the spirit . . . With the eyes of her soul, she saw two wavering pictures which faded into each other, and she could not tell which was real; which a mirage. There was her image of Jesus, whose perfect character embodied for her the truth of all living. Black against this bright vision, almost dominating it, was a contorted personality, he

of the embittered soul, whose character she had tried in vain to sweeten before he had left to teach in a Western college.

And in the hearing of her soul, her own hymns of thanksgiving and strength were drowned out by the hopeless, complaining chant of these wretched people whom she had been trying to help.

"I have touched pitch, and blackened my hands," she said. "I wish I could go to a clear stream on a high lonely mountain and wash them pure again."

\* \* \* \* \*

At another window, not so far away, there sat another slender figure. She was bent low, that she might see the star which had just come out. She was young, but life in the tenements and on the streets had stamped a hard wisdom on her features. Lack of nourishment had pinched her cheeks, and lack of sun had paled them. Hardships stubbornly endured had thinned and straightened her lips.

Yet now they curved upwards, now her eyes were full of dreams. There was in her heart, gratitude; and a prayer. She was thinking of the lovely lady from the settlement house who had revealed to her a new life, given her a new heart, new eyes, when she had given her God.

The star gleamed softly in the twilit sky. Stars had a new beauty for her since she had learned the story of Jesus.

"Just a star," she said. "but to me it is witnessing Christ."





## STRENGTH

ROBERT COPELAND, '32

First Poetry Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Came a day  
When from the heavens above  
There stole into my soul  
The first, warm rays of love.

And from that day  
The light has not grown dim  
For even though I am so weak  
I find my strengeth in Him.

## COMEBACK

DAVID BURKE, '31

THE tension of the closing weeks of the dry season was becoming nerve racking. The water was low in the wells, fever and cholera were stalking through the jungle villages. And the jungle was getting Kramer. He had always been domineering and more or less brutal but lately there seemed no limit to what he would do. Forgetting that the white man in the jungle is always at the mercy of the jungle dwellers, he rode roughshod over their rights and feelings. The villagers were resentful and murmured among themselves at the things he did. And now this snake business.

I loathed it at the time, but was helplessly furious. In fact, I suspected that to show displeasure was one sure way of making Kramer doubly contrary and outrageous, so I let him alone.

It started late one afternoon when we were sitting on the veranda. Out of the wall of the jungle across the clearing, had burst a small wild pig. It was followed by one of the largest pythons I had ever seen. In billowing waves of greenish brown and gold, oblivious of us, intent only on its prey, the great snake swept across the clearing.

It caught the pig almost in front of us.

"Let's shoot the brute," I said.

But Kramer said, "No, let it alone. Let's see the fun." We watched in silence until the great snake left. Then I said that such a thing was dangerous to have around one's dwelling and ought to be shot.

"They don't bother humans," coolly answered Kramer.

"Yes they do occasionally. And then they are bad to have around on account of the children and stock."

He looked me over insolently and said, "Well, we're not in the business of clearing the jungle for the



natives." There was a long silence then, I could think of no way of reopening the conversation after such a scene.

Two days later coming from the village I had to stop and stare for there was Kramer seated on the veranda and before him in the middle of the clearing tied to a planted stake and running around in squealing circles was a small pig.

For a long moment Kramer watched me as I stared at this spectacle. Then he yelled, "Don't stand there that way, you'll scare the old boy away and spoil the show."

I walked on as he explained, "I just wanted to see if his snakeship would remember a good place. They say it is possible to train them to come regularly for their meals."

Whether to annoy me, or to satisfy his lust for cruelty, Kramer had something staked out every other day for the snake to catch. He even insisted on discussing his sport.

And as the weeks went on it did seem that Kramer was right for the snake would come regularly for its meal of young pig. And Kramer would always have it ready for him, each time trying to contrive some means of prolonging the spectacle and making it more expressive.

He often complained of the fact that the young pigs did not have expression enough. Then he thought of buying a native baby for his entertainment, but he dismissed that idea by saying "They have no more expression than pigs."

The attitude of the village was easily seen after the headman finally came pleading that the snake should be killed. And he was right because death stalked these simple people of the jungle in too many guises, without wilfully adding another.

It was useless to plead with Kramer in his obstinacy. So that was the situation as the wet season wore on and the dysentery and malaria became a threat.

No one seemed to feel well in that dismal wetness,

especially when they were almost haunted by the eerie whistling of a giant reptile in the dark dripping caverns of the nearby jungle. Kramer got a touch of malaria and lost interest in current events, including the snake for the time being. And it was then, while I was planning on having the thing killed that little Sat was lost—little round laughing Sat—a child loved by the villagers.

On this same day I was called to report immediately at headquarters down the river. It was a relief to get out of those heated checkered depths and into more open country where one could breathe freely again.

And in the meantime, Kramer was also experiencing a kind of relief—a relief from my restraint. Now he had the natives to himself and at his mercy.

Kramer was a sick man, and even though he didn't know it, he was daily growing sicker, this cramped his style. But he showed the natives a thing or two when he had them to himself. He let go so far as he was able and went as long as he was able. He gave way to orgies of roaring tempers, maliciousness and debauchery, and soon the natives were keeping away from him. And he consoled himself by the thoughts of what he would do to them when he was well again.

After about a week of this Kramer had to keep to his bed. But he noticed that the natives were catering to him more than usual. They even brought a pig, staked it out and carried him out to watch his pet come for its meal. They kept him plentifully supplied with water and he had no way of knowing it was unboiled. And they brought him delectable foods, even though he could not eat much now, and what he did eat he should have let alone.

He would try to roar out his commands but his voice had lost its power and they would not come near enough to be cuffed. The pain and ache in his body, the sticky hot moistness, the fever that burned within him, added to his helpless rage made him so desperately miserable that he called for a pipe and pill to quiet himself. It was brought and thereafter a smok-



ing outfit and plenty of opium was kept constantly near him.

One afternoon he waked up suddenly from a fretful, restless sleep, and his discontented body cried out the agony of lying in that stuffy room. He must get out on the veranda, into the open, into the air. He rolled off the cot, and slowly bit by bit, resting every few feet he dragged himself onto the veranda.

There pride stung him to further effort because he must not allow the despised villagers to see him lying almost helpless. So somehow he pulled himself up into a chair. He opened his eyes and looked across the clearing. It seemed to him it looked glaring, sinister. A panic of helplessness, a misery of mind that was near to terror grew upon him. Something was dreadfully wrong with him, could it be that he was going to die? No! He wanted to live, he would live.

The will to live rising in him warred with his spent body. He sat with closed eyes, and in his mind a world was created—people hiding from him, a merciless sun shining through clouds of stifling vapor, pigs running around in squealing circles, plump brown native babies dabbling in the mud. Oh, if he could only escape this Hell of heat and water.

Some kind of sound in front of him, some sense of a presence made him open his eyes. And then the fever left him, and ice ran through his veins and froze his body. The last extreme of human fear and desolation was upon him. His heart pounded in his throat but his body was already cold and dead. Something swayed before him—a huge head with horrible, ragged, slavering lips, and dreadful, brilliant, unfeeling eyes that looked into his.

He stared into those eyes and lost all count of time. All life faded away and there was nothing but him and that horror before him.

## RETRIBUTION

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

"A penny for your thoughts," you said  
Just waiting to be asked, I spilled  
The tumbling words of gold and red  
And royal purple. They were filled  
With martial music, they were fed  
With crimson courage, and they trilled  
With rainbow hope. They had been led  
Along the mazes of my heart,  
They had been tangled in my love;  
And only half escaped to dart  
Through eager lips and soar above  
High out of reach, to sing alone  
Their gypsy tale. I stopped at last.  
While still was heard their echoed tone,  
I looked for your reply. You cast—  
I cannot tell with what intent—  
To me the promised copper cent.



## REVERIE

E. SHAWEN, '30

I sat there casting pebbles in the pool  
Watching the widening circles as they ran  
To meet the edges. How small each one began!  
Yet how it travelled outward, striking cool  
Mossy stone that lined every bank.  
I saw my image shattered as each stone  
Struck at the mirrored face. I was alone  
Yet felt me strangely two, one in the dark,  
Chill water; one alive, feeling, cause  
Of the other's being. In this little pause  
When I sat there in thought, the ripples ceased.  
And as I gazed, my wonder more increased,  
For there instead of mine, I saw Your face,  
My spirit's image, in its very place.



## SKETCH OF A SINNER

MARGARET LA RUE, '30

First Prize, Chaucer Club Literary Contest

"**S**HE was an original; not a copy", is the characterization of Lydia by Frank Swinnerton in his "Sketch of a Sinner". Lydia, the sinner, is a most fascinating and at the same time, pathetic personality. Her loves and her sins as seen through her own clear, thoughtful and derisive gray eyes, make for Mr. Swinnerton his most dramatic novel. This English novelist's early years which were spent in the drab surroundings of a sprawled-out London suburb gave him invaluable experience of the life about which he writes with such insight and understanding. Mr. Swinnerton shows himself a keen psychologist and philosopher in this story.

As the title suggests, the plot centers about Lydia. When the story opens, she as a young woman of twenty-seven, has been married to Sebastian, aged fifty-four, for over five years. She loves her elderly husband—who owns a musty, antique shop—though she is never quite able to read his thoughts.

The action at the beginning of the story which moves slowly, seems in a way mediocre. Lydia and Sebastian live in rather poor surroundings over the antique shop, with Lydia visiting her parents infrequently to vary the monotony a bit. The advent of Ambrose—the tall, fair, thin, young man who comes in to buy the little china shepherdess—quickens the action. With him it is love at first sight. With Lydia, it is more a kind of pity and maternal affection. She meets Gerard, the tall, dark, mysterious person who seems to shadow her very footsteps. She is faced often with inner rebellion—restless, dissatisfied,—for what is she to do about these three men who love her, and whom she loves. Throughout the entire story, Sebastian remains as impassive as ever, good-natured, good-tempered, and always obedient. Lydia

in her loves seems never strong enough to leave the helpless Sebastian for them. Ambrose dies through his love for her—Gerard is killed in his attempt to come to her—and she comes back to the same Sebastian, who at the end of the story has a stroke, leaving him almost helpless and blind.

Lydia analyzes her own soul and comes to the conclusion that she isn't good. "I'm bad. Well, not **bad**, but inferior . . . I'm a vampire. I feed on men. I play with them, and all the time I'm as cold as a statue. I'm inhuman." Woefully she concludes; "No, I'm not. What an. I then? Only a fool, I expect."

There is very little in the story to suggest idealism. The well-woven and unified plot shows the genius of the author by its extremely delicate and skillful treatment. However, the handling of the character delineation is as remarkable as that of the plot. Lydia stands out as one of the most shrewd, tender, and destructive personalities among women. Mr. Swinerton in his unique description of Lydia says—"There was everything in her carriage except buoyancy. In her face there was everything except beauty . . . Her height, the vigor of her body, and her blanched face were what instantly drew the attention."

This study of life as it really is shows us the thoughts, the desires, and the emotions of real people. Gerard is pretty much of a philosopher when he says, "For those who feel, unhappiness is so constant that a moment's happiness is incredible joy." Swinerton's pictures of London life, though brief, are vivid and true to life. He shows a delightful sense of humor in the scenes he depicts for us between Lydia and Mrs. Way, the little old lady living on the top floor over the antique shop.

One feels after reading this delightful English novel that the author has given us a different story—pathetic, humorous, and at times joyous—which is amazing in its harmony and intense realism.



## BLOSSOM TIME

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

How wonderful is your "good morning"  
Cherry Tree!  
While blossoms nod on each brown limb!

Here last night  
I saw a budded branch  
Against the moon, so white, so still,  
And a star hung trembling—  
All so near I reached to touch  
But stopped in awe.

Now the sun is an orange-red orb;  
And the cherry tree has blossomed.

Father! Yours the miracle  
In the cherry tree last night;  
You broke the buds  
You freed the airy petals,  
And said "good morning" to me!



## SUMMIT TEMPLE

MARTHA J. SHAWEN, '30

Tonight I could touch the stars with my fingers—  
Stars like magnolia blossoms,  
The moon showers white petals through the window  
And drops them gently on my pillow.  
The pale softness floats  
About my hands, my throat  
Like a snow-scarf.  
Moonlight sings in the heart of me.  
It draws beauty into living  
And gives me the shining of moonlight  
For a garment.

What though other nights were dark?  
What though darkness come again?  
There will always be tonight.

Tonight . . . tonight . . .  
To cloak me with glory and with strength.

## A NAME

EVELYN EDWARDS, '30

**F**UNNY long slim thing, muddy white with hectic black lines running hither and thither in no design, but only blind alleys. Sometimes if you follow them long enough they take you around in funny battered-in circles. Only one thing is regular—the straight gold band that goes about the center, around and around in endless monotony—circles—only one circle, but you keep going around and around. You never know quite where you started from, so, you keep on going around. But what is this long slim thing? I hold it in my hand, and if my eyes are not engrossed in following the crazy black lines, I can make crazier blue marks on white paper. My pen is a crazy thing.

I see long lists of names, endless columns, and I know that those names mean work, letters to write, calls to make, people to see, names just to dream about. I start at the top of the line and my eyes go down, idly—these can wait. Then I come to one—the crazy black lines go faster and faster on my pen. I must work fast—letters—letters—business. Then more slowly again—a telephone call while the black lines lie quiet on my desk.

Then—a name—the battered-in circles become more crooked—the straight lines bend in distorted ugliness, while my pen scratches with the sheer force of anger until the name is obliterated—for I hate it. I will not look at me. I will not call, I will not write that letter—I cannot—I hate. At last the funny marks on the paper are all covered with blue ink—the name is gone.

No, I cannot read more names—but one. Down—far down the long list toward the bottom of the page, I glimpse one other—the only name that counts. Oh, now I must write—how I should like to write—or call—ah, I would see—but no. I have a clean white



page before me, and I write one name. Then, my pen poised in mid-air, the ugly black lines begin to straighten and flow in ever-increasing smoothness, until—gathered in all their crazy ugliness, they fall—a hideous blue-black blot beside the only name that can ever count.



### MAKE ME A POET

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

Way off in a black field  
A man plowing  
With black horses,  
Crows calling—  
High overhead  
Trees are reaching silvered fingers  
To You.  
Frogs are screaming—  
The wind full of bird cries  
And the warm promise of violets—  
Sitting here on a small plank bridge  
Over a small gurgling stream  
In a meadow—  
My feet dangling—,  
God, make me a poet  
To tell you of these things.

## AN APOLOGY FOR COLLEGE SUICIDE

MABEL JOE MOZIER, '33

**W**HERE'S my pencil, I've got to have a pencil and mine's gone. How does anyone expect me to write a term paper without a pencil and I've got to write a term paper. Pencil, pencil, whose's got the pencil? Somebody has my pencil, that's all—they've swiped my pencil. Who would want to swipe a common yellow pencil, I ask you that. As if we don't have enough pencils. My goodness, to think people steal pencils. Why some places they give them away. If I had known people stole pencils I would have gone and gotten them some; I know, I will yet, yes I will, I'll buy a carload of pencils and pass them out here to girls in the dormitory, indeed I will. And I'll give Dean Potts one too. Then maybe they will stop taking my pencil, my poor yellow pencil. It wasn't very long either. If they wanted a pencil why didn't they take a good pencil—a silver one. But no, they pick on my pencil because I'm a little freshman. They think I don't want my pencil, but I do want it. I want to write my term paper with my little yellow pencil, but they've gone and taken it away from me. All because I'm a freshman and little and left-handed. The world is cruel when we can't even have our pencils—yellow ones like mine. "Where, oh where has my little pencil gone. Oh where, oh where can it be?" Gone but not forgotten, that's it. Here I am all alone and without a pencil to write my term paper. I bet I will flunk when I don't have my term paper, all because somebody took my little yellow pencil, the only one I had. What will I do? I'll tell my mother I guess. They better bring back my pencil. I have to have my term paper; I'll flunk without it. I know what to write but have nothing to write it with. If I flunk my parents will make me quit school, and if I quit school I'll never get my education so I can earn a



living. Maybe I'll have to live in the slums and eat bread and water. If I do I'll go around on the streets and peddle pencils—yellow ones. I'll have to do all this because of a little yellow pencil that someone stole from me when I was helpless. I'd rather die than live in the slums—I know I would. I will, I bet—yes—I—will—die—now.



## ELYSIUM

CARL STARKEY, '31

Once I dreamed of a fair land,  
Where all the men were handsome and true  
And where all the women were beautiful  
Where everything was good and there was no sorrow  
Where men toiled—but where there was no weariness  
Where cities were built of marble and silver and gold  
Where there were tall majestic mountains and soft green  
meadows and crystal blue lakes and fields of golden grain  
I began to feel myself a part of that happy land  
My heart was stirring with ecstasy.  
And then I awoke to this world—to discover  
I had fallen asleep over a book of poems.

## EYES

ETHEL SHELLEY, '31

**D**OUR eyes, they do not stay shut, eh? You look at me always when I come in the door; but ha! you are dead, you can see me no more. I kill you, but still you look at me. There you can not lift those pennies from your eyes. At last you look like respectable dead; and it is time—the neighbors they come to pay respects and bring to me pies. . . .

You come to see the wife, yes? Ah, it is sad, poor Margot what will I do without her. She was a good wife, my Margot, but gone she is and all of us go sometime. The pennies? yes the eyes they come open always and they look at me when I come in. You are kind, so kind and the pies, they look good. Yes it is sad, poor Margot. . . .

They are gone and they do not know. And they brought some pies—ha, ha—You hear, Margot, pies—But the pennies, where are they? You look at me again! Your eyes they accuse me. They say “You kill me, Jose, you kill me!” Do not look at me so! Shut your eyes, for God’s sake shut them! You are dead, do you not know you are dead? Ah they will make me a mad man, those eyes, they follow me. But no! I dream it; she is dead and the dead do not move. The pennies, they have fallen. Again I will close the lids. Now you do not look at me, eh, Margot? Now your eyes cannot follow me as I move in the room. Now you do not say to me that I have killed you. Again, you see, Jose is master; always Jose is master. . . . .

The sun is up and it is day but all night I did not sleep. Ah no, each time I start; the eyes they come; like balls of fire they shine at me, I cannot get away. Never did they look so when she lived. Always Margot was gentle as a cat but now she has eyes of a tiger and all night they shine at me, I turn and I see



them yet. I shut my eyes, but hers shine more bright—I pinch myself thinking that I dream but I am awake. I sit up straight in bed but the eyes are closer. I cannot stand it longer; they make me afraid! Afraid, Jose? You, who are afraid of no man or beast, you are not afraid of eyes. No, Jose cannot be afraid!—It was the dark of the night, now in the light I am not afraid. Ha, ha, Jose was silly—foolish like a little child but not afraid—They will come soon and take her away. These kind neighbors who brought the pies will bury her, and perhaps this time they will bring beans and maybe cake. How good they are and kind. Ah they are early, the kind ones . . .

You come for Margot, eh? She is yet in there. I have not, this morning, see her, I did not sleep so well. Yes it is sad. Margot was a good wife with always the nice eyes not like a tiger but soft like a cat.—(I talk too much; they will know. I dare not talk of her eyes—those awful fiery eyes that accuse me—My God, I see them still.) Yes—yes she is in there. Yes, hurry, we must bury her quick. You go in and get her—yes, a simple funeral and—What? You say the eyes, they are open? the coins, they are gone? and my Margot looks out of her eyes? She talks out of her eyes. She says, “Jose you kill me, you kill me!” Do you not hear her? She accuses me with her eyes—her eyes like a tiger’s—I killed her! I thought I got rid of her, but her eyes—they will not go and I cannot kill them too! Must I kill her again, nine times maybe? Kill her nine times like a cat! My Margot with her cat eyes. . . ?



## PARK STREET

GLADYS FREES, '32

**H**OMELIGHTS and the kindly dusk transform servicable little Park Street into a shadowy picture gallery. It is a long dark aisle hung on either side with square rosy pictures. Shining through the gloom the lights beckon the passerby to pause and see the beauty they reveal.

The first study is entitled "Rest." It frames a yellow reading lamp and a great low chair. A shiny masculine head rests upon the chair's high padded back. A thin column of smoke drifts lazily around the corner of the paper. At one side are the dim outlines of a radio.

Directly across from this study hangs a picture of a family at supper. A ceiling light illumines the lined face at the head of the table—the smooth serene face at the foot and tumbled hair of the youngsters. The white ruffled curtains which hang at the window give the picture the hazy quality of a dream of memory.

The next picture is a portrait. A white faced woman sits in a wheel chair and sews. Her pale face is drawn and haggard. The revealing light of an unshaded electric bulb makes her eyes dark and unusually large in her stern New England face. Over her spare shoulders is neatly pinned a black shawl which accentuates the whiteness of the stiff curtains.

Scattered through this collection are several prints of typical modern front rooms with the floor lamps at the windows, the comfortable chairs pulled up to the table strewn with magazines, the photograph decked pianos, and the cabinet radios.

At the far end of the gallery hang two studies of college life. In the first a big pennant hangs above the mantle. A victrola stands in the corner. Aside from these details it is an ordinary sitting room. But sprawled over the chairs and lounging on the table is



a group of young men. One is plucking a banjo. Two sit in chairs tipped against the wall with feet high, engaged in a warm discussion. One can almost smell the smoke of the cigarettes and hear the bits of jazz and slang.

On the other side of this aisle hangs a study called "The Scholar." It is the picture of a room in shadows save for a subdued study lamp which is reflected dully from a dark piano and a large heater. A man sits at the table. Only his slumped shoulders and bowed head are visible. There is an atmosphere of quiet order and studious meditation.

The exhibiter of this collection is an artist. He is continually shifting the pictures and changing their settings. Sometimes they gleam through the silver mist of rain. At other times he drapes them with soft, white snow which makes richer still their glowing ensemble symbolic of the pulsing life of this little side street off the highway.



### LINES ON A RAINY DAY

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

My feet plunk heavily upon soggy earth  
Oozy water squishes muddily out.

Gray pink worms  
Squirm slimily across drenched sidewalks  
Only to be squashed under foot.

Sparrows in sooty jackets  
Hump dopily on black dripping branches.

Gray skies pour out water  
On a wet earth.

## NIGHT

MARGARET ASIRE, '32

I AM afraid of night—with its deep brooding silence, broken occasionally by the rumble and shriek of trains, the howling of a dog, or the low moan of the wind around the house. Its gloomy darkness distorts sounds and shadows into a sinister lurking evil which watches and follows me.

Sometimes I think of night as a huge bat which spreads its wings of velvet blackness between me and the crimson, sinking sun, and watches me banefully with its great glittering eye, the moon.

Sometimes I imagine other weird fantasies. But whatever form my fear-driven imagination gives to night, there is always that sense of danger, of stealthy watchfulness. And always I play the coward and close my eyes, and seek oblivion in sleep.

Aren't all men, at heart, afraid of night? Isn't that why there is sleep?





## STEVE

LOUIS WEINLAND, '30

**S**TEVE loved Daucy but then Steve loved them all. The reason Steve married Daucy instead of half a dozen other girls he had gone with was simply because he was going with Daucy at the time he suddenly decided that he was old enough to get married. I happened to know so much about it because Steve and I had gone to Fairland College together from the same high school. We had played together on the same football, basketball, and base ball teams for three years. We went through the same Math course two years together. And not only that, but we were fraternity brothers and roomed together four years. You see we were pretty good friends and I came to know a little bit about how Steve Bronson thought about girls. But all that will come out later.

Daucy was different and yet she was like all women; she was crazy about her Steve. The trouble was all because she was as proud as she was slushy over Steve. Things came to a show-down when Daucy wanted a new fur coat for the Joyous Christmas season. The coat cost just a little less than one grand, and naturally a clerk in a bank can't make such donations to charity unless he sticks some of the business in his pocket. Steve wouldn't do that for any woman. He just couldn't do it at the bank where he worked.

Well, she asked for the above mentioned coat, and cried for it, and then she demanded it. And that was just where she made her mistake. At this point Steve made a speech (not printable) and ended it by giving her fifty dollars with which she was to purchase a one way ticket home to mother. He was a brute and a vulture not to mention the hoofs and horns he wore, but that didn't make a bit of difference—she went home.

I'm not so deeply versed in Psychology and Philosophy and the rest of those things that are hard to spell

and harder to understand, but I know one thing when I heard about the little parting—unless something very drastic happened, these two would never come together again.

Steve immediately got himself the names, addresses and telephone numbers of about a dozen nice little innocent girls from various parts of the big city and settled down to have a glorious time. It was funny—Steve never stepped out while he was married, but once he got free he proceeded to drown his troubles with companionship and lots of it—to say nothing of the gin.

Six months passed and summer had come to the city in all her splendor. Michigan Boulevard was so hot it began to curl. I commenced to worry that some morning we'd wake up and the lake would be dried up. Nevertheless, Steve and I arranged to take our vacations together. We planned a trip and took it ending up in another big city—the biggest in the world in fact. One of our fraternity brothers of the old days was to show us the town.

The second night of our stay we were booked to attend a very wild night club, which we did. I never had a shock like I had that night. Fate, wearing the latest model Tuxedo and a dignified expression, ushered us (six in the party) to a table noted for its peculiar position. At the table across the aisle sat Mrs. Daucy Bronson accompanied by a very handsome man. I saw her first and got white. Steve saw her next and bowed politely. You would have thought that lady was someone he barely knew. The rest of the evening I watched Daucy out of my left eye and Steve out of my right. She glanced our direction at least ten times but Steve never saw her once. The only unusual thing he did was to get very drunk.

The next night Steve changed our plans. He had liked the night-club with its awful strong fire-water. I suspected there was something else back of his insistence on the night-club. I think he looked for Daucy to be there again, and the strangest part of it



is that she was there. This time there were four in the party. Daucy and the same good-looking man were there with another man and woman. As I suspected, Steve indicated a table close to the one occupied by his wife. It was right beside the orchestra. I hadn't looked in the direction of Daucy since we entered and neither had Steve. It was impossible for me to look after we had been seated for my back was to the other table. Steve, however, was seated facing them. I might as well say right here that Steve had had just enough to drink to give him a very bad disposition.

And then it happened. Steve saw who the other man in the party was. He got out of his chair as if something had jerked him. For a moment he stood there staring, and I thought it must be about time for me to discover what all the excitement was about. I turned around and found out. The second man in the little party was Joe Vaun. Steve never had disliked very many people but he took it all out on Joe. Joe and Steve were never rivals at anything, but when they were freshmen they had some trouble and had never liked each other since. Steve had to lick Joe on the average of twice a year at school or he didn't feel right.

Just now I didn't know what would happen. I found out in about ten seconds.

Steve went over to Daucy's chair, took her by the arm and raised her, not any too gently, to her feet. Of course the gentlemen with her rose and demanded an explanation, especially Joe. Steve never said a word but you could probably have heard Joe get hit if you had listened. With one pop Steve broke one jaw belonging to Joe, one chair belonging to the management, one violin belonging to the orchestra, and one drum belonging to the orchestra. Steve had participated in enough affairs like that to know the next best thing to do. He left—and in a hurry. There wasn't a waiter in the place big enough to detain him. And Daucy left with him—by force.

## "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"

Reviewed by MARY MUMMA, '31

"**A**LL Quiet on the Western Front" was published in America last June. Its author is Erich Maria Remarque, a German. In a bare statement, it is a war book written by a war veteran. Yet, it is more than that.

Today Remarque is thirty-one years old. At the age of eighteen, he went from school into the great war and on to the Western Front. There he experienced life—not as heroically pictured to us by imaginative writers,—but as every soldier in the line lived it! With a sense of values moulded by the most immediate and vital contact with death, he comes back to a world still sordidly struggling with blinding pettiness. Filled with an unrest and dissatisfaction, he tries another stab at life as a schoolmaster in a village on the moors. Depressed by the loneliness, he becomes in succession an organist in an asyleum, a music teacher, manager of a small business, motor car dealer, draughtsman and dramatic critic. After winning a rather large sum at roulette, he wandered around abroad, finally coming back to try various other businesses. Then without deliberation he wrote this book out of his own and his friends' war experiences. A story of an almost obliterated generation—his own;—perhaps the most tragic generation our human records tell of.

Before we take up the book itself, shall we not read the comments which many have made about it?

Christopher Morley in *The Saturday Review of Literature* says, "It is, to me, the greatest book about the war that I have yet seen; greatest by virtue of its blasting simplicity . . . . The quiet honesty of its tone, its complete human candor, the fine vulgarity of its plain truth make it supreme."

*The London Sunday Chronicle* is quoted thus: "It is the most wonderful and terrible book that has come



out of the war. He writes of the war as it is suffered by the common soldier. Here is no glamour, no glory. At last the epic of the lowly soldier in the line, the true story of the world's greatest nightmare."

Since "All Quiet on the Western Front" was first published in the German language let us hear what an enthusiastic German critic has to say—Bruno Franklin **Das Tage Buck**: "It is unanswerable, it cannot be evaded. It does not declaim, it never accuses, it only represents and every word flowers in truth. Out of his common grave speaks the Unknown Warrior . . . . Let it make its way over the whole world."

There is no trace of nationalism in the book, nor any animosity toward an old enemy. It could have been the tale of a Frenchman, an Englishman or an American. Ask anyone who has experienced war and as he reads Remarque's book he will say, "It is the truth."

This is a story of friendship, loyalty and courage, a tale of a race of men apart—seized and moulded by the war. Picture the youth of the greatest nations of the world fresh from school, knowing nothing but the environment of hopeful youth, going to a premature maturity in the grinding horribleness of war. They dread the end of the war almost as much as they dread wounds and death—for they don't know how to live in our easy, superficial world. Realize with their generation that war is not a glorious adventure, but a horrible business;—this killing of men!

And now for some bits from the tale itself. Here is an excerpt from his meditations during his early army days: "It is strange to think that at home in the drawer of my writing desk there lies the beginnings of a play called "Saul" and a bundle of poems—Many an evening I have worked over them—we all did something of the kind—but that has become so unreal that I can not comprehend it any more. Our early life is cut off from the moment we came here and that without our lifting a hand. We often try to

look back on it and find an explanation, but never quite succeed . . . . We know only that in some strange and melancholy way we have become a waste land."

Later, he reaches the front and his comments irresistibly sway us: "From the earth, from the air, sustaining forces pour into us—mostly from the earth. When a man presses himself down upon her long and powerfully, when he burries face and his limbs deep in her from fear of death by shellfire, then she is his only friend, his brother, his mother; he stifles his terror and his cries in her silence and her security; she shelters him and gives him a new lease of ten seconds of life, receives him again and often for ever."

We have his tense description of the first gas attack: "I look at Kat desperately, he has his mask ready—I pull mine out, too; my helmet falls to one side, it slips over my face—. . . all four of us lie there in watchful suspense and breathe as lightly as possible. These first minutes in a gas mask decide between life and death: is it tightly woven? I remember the awful sights in the hospital: the gas patients who in day long suffocation cough up their burnt lungs in clots. . . . . The gas creeps over the ground and sinks into the hollows. Like a big soft jellyfish it floats into our shellhole and lolls there obscenely. I nudge Kat, it is better to crawl out and lie on top than to stay here where the gas collects most. But we don't get as far as that, a second bombardment begins. It is no longer as though the shells roared; it is the earth itself raging."

All through the book we are forced to face reality. A man "out there" is wounded. The stretcher-bearers are unable to locate him. For a day the men in the trenches hear him calling for water. His voice gets hoarse. Soon he is delirious,—during the night he talks to his wife, his children,—the name Elsie is often detected. In vain they search for him among the mangled bodies on the field, but the voice is deceptive. Soon only a hoarse moan is heard but this lasts for several hours. During the second night



comes his dying gurgle. That is death. Later for days and nights, cooped up in the trench they wait for an attack. The droning monotony of the situation drives them wild. One man goes insane, has convulsions. Another man deserts, is caught miles away—and shot. That is war.

For the rest—lying for twenty-four hours in the shellhole with a man dying, then dead, from wounds you have given him in a hand to hand battle; scenes in those hospitals back to the front; descriptions of wounded men and horses, etc,—read them for yourself. Then ask yourself: "could I send my lover, could I send my son into such a life?" Let us have "all quiet on the western front." Let us have peace.

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## FRAGMENTS

MARY RUTH OLDT, '31

**P**RIAM—On the Red Sea.

An irregular coast line of rough lava rocks and smooth sand beaches—a few houses, a few trees in tubs, a few fishing boats, a few oil tanks, a telegraph line. That was all.

SUEZ—

A circle of lights around a dusky shore, and two searchlights that beamed out to the open sea.

BELAWAN, SUMATRA—

In the distance a flat line of jungle gradually took shape. Part of the sky acquired an outline and became a jagged edge of blue mountain. As the ship drew nearer the shore, we could distinguish the mouth of a sluggish river. The boat crept steadily up the river and finally docked at Belawan. The logs jutting out in the river looked suspiciously like crocodiles, and on the opposite side of the river, not far from a house perched on poles going down to the water, was a monkey swinging from a tree. The jungle was everywhere in the air, but where was the town Belawan?

# Ho-Bohemia

*Hold Your Hats and  
Don't Stand Up*





## POP BEER

WALTER G. CLIPPINGER, JR., '31

**D**ES, Scroggins made the best beer in town but he wasn't the only one who knew it. Every person at all susceptible to the most palatable beverage obtainable, frequented his "speak-easy" more or less (more of the more than of the less). His beer joint was unusual in many respects. In the first place it was clean. This added substantially to the palatability of his drinks. One hates to gargle the stuff staring first at a dirty oilcloth floor and as your head slowly (sometimes) tilts back to receive the foaming fury, you catch sight of a couple kids with jam besmeared mugs, and on another swallow you see a blind, riddled with holes; as the bottom of the mug seems imminent, smoke like strings of wall paper dangle downward from the ceiling, and when the last bit of sliding foam reaches the mouth, an old gas light with a broken mantle ends the arc with a prominent period. No, Scroggins' place is clean.

Then too, you don't have to bring your pretzels and cheese. He and his wife make them and hand some out with each bottle of beer.

Lastly, Scroggins has many different kinds of beer. He knows more about malts than his wife does about baking powders. You just have to buy a bottle of each brand when you're new, and then tell him which you like best—if you are able.

Now this famous beer maker was a proud old soul and rightly so. What I have just told you would make any bootlegger belch with pride. But above his pride was the ever impending danger of a raid. The prohibition agents had never made Scroggins a call but he was wise enough to know that some time they would. So to forestall this inevitable visitation he was constantly careful.

In the early part of March when the weather is habitually fluctuating from cold to warm and vice versa, the news was broadcast concerning the misfor-

tune of one of his fellow competitors. The officers were cleaning the town of these **guzzling guys**.

So this fearful fellow went about to wall up a large fresh batch of beer behind the furnace in the cellar and told his customers that business would be temporarily suspended. His goods was behind a high tariff wall, so to speak.

It was with a great degree of assurance that he and his wife seated themselves in their living room the evening after the masonry was completed. They presented a picture the like of which had not been seen in years. Scroggins was reading the paper while his wife was mending some socks. There was no click of caps, hiss of beer or tinkling of mugs. Apparently, this couple was living straight.

Several nights later the prohibition enforcement officers made their appearance. Old Scroggins, still cocksure about his slick work, graciously invited the deputies to investigate the premises properly. They went into the cellar. It was warm, for the furnace had been well fired. As they were scrutinizing the cellar, suddenly there was a muffled pop of some sort. No one took notice of the noise. Again a popping sound was heard. Even old Scroggins was not aware of what was taking place. Pop, pop, in quick succession. The sound came through the wall back of the furnace. Then in a tell-tale fashion there came from behind the wall a subdued popping, comparable only with the sound of a machine gun. The men turned in amazement and listened until the last warm beer bottle had belched forth its proud contents. Scroggins understood. He was about to make a suitable explanation of this rare reception when his eyes fell upon the liquid hastily rushing through the bricks at the bottom of the enclosure. His guilt was obvious.

Mrs. Scroggins now sells her cheese and pretzels.



## THE SORRY STUDENT

JACK APPLETON, '33

In days of old  
When nights were cold  
And co-eds were the same,  
There was a youth  
Who sought, forsooth,  
Development of brain.

At Otterbein,  
A school so fine,  
He sought his arts degree;  
From first he worked  
And never shirked,  
A fine student was he.

He met, alas,  
In English class,  
A maid who was quite fair,  
He though by test  
She'd be the best  
Of all who studied there.

From year to year  
His school career  
Was from his mind ensnared  
As day by day  
He had to say,  
"Prof. I am not prepared."

Near that last day,  
Commencement day,  
A loud laugh laughed he  
As he thought how,  
In short time now,  
His fair bride she would be.

But cap and gown  
Bore him not down,  
For grades he failed to make,  
And his bride-to-be  
He wept to see,  
Another's love to take.

## A FIT OR A PINCH?

EDWIN BURTNER, '33

**S**TRANGE as it may seem only intelligent readers will agree with the salient ideas of this erudite literary ebullition. The subject is an absorbing one, considering especially the time involved. It offers a chance for profound dissertation; even more profound than that found in the comic strips on the front pages of American newspapers, or on the society pages of the same publications. I am going to describe a real dyed-in-the-wool, red-blooded American—a one hundred per cent American! Will this shoe fit or pinch.

In the first place a real American loves beautiful odeurs—subtle, entrancing, delicately suggestive of oriental mystery of moonlit Parisian boudoirs—not sticky body odors. Therefore he will use Lifebuoy soap. Palmolive is effective for only ten minutes after use, while Lifebuoy is effective for fifteen or twenty. Ivory soap, although it floats, is only ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths per cent pure; course it must be disqualified. Good Americans, even though very busy, try to keep fit. They will walk a mile for a Camel, or five miles after parking, or when in doubt smoke a Lucky instead. Possibly the most imperative duty of a one hundred per cent American is to guard the danger line. It is also true that you can see very few of them running loose with acid mouth. As you have probably guessed, the being I am describing is rather queer in many other ways. Usually a genuine American uses the most unheard-of household articles. For instance he fits his home with a Majestic radio, Crane bathroom fixtures (the kind Clara Bow uses), Corbin hardware, and a pup for furnace man.

Interesting as the above description of a red-blooded American's religion has been, many will find a description of his home life and personal habits a much



more intimate affair. Speaking from vast experience and without the slightest compunction I can say that a real American allows everybody else to do his worrying. As that great American philosopher, Harold Lloyd, says, "Why Worry?" Ovaltine induces restful sleep anyhow. In this leisurely age most of our native anomalies are inclined to support spiritual betters. This virtue being so common one ceases to wonder why the theaters, dance halls and boxing rings, those great centers of spiritual uplift, receive so much time and money.

In conclusion I wish to say that I am not done. Heredity, environment, "fetchins-up" all trend to make an optimist out of a real American, even though Al Smith was defeated in the presidential free-for-all, and in spite of the fact that Prohibition is still in force. Since this peculiar type of person is optimistic it is natural that he should see only the humorous side of the Chicago crime situation. He can not take lobbies, Hoover, or even Will Rogers seriously. Is this not a land of freedom, and can not anyone do or say as he pleases?

A real American has, to say the very least, decidedly unique artistic tastes. Having so much in common with Plato, Socrates, Virgil and other prehistoric inventors, he obviously finds it difficult to appreciate Irving Berlin and those poignant songs without words, "Barney Google", "Yes, we have no bananas", or even the ultra modern artistic attempts of the Cubans.

Another amusing trait of Americans is that utter disregard for fashion. Good Americans and their wives in an age of self-expression find it comforting to be dressed as differently from everybody else as possible. This is illustrative of their peculiar mental traits as further evidenced by their general knowledge of the Einstein theory, kinematics and Aesop's Fables.

Opposed to high taxes, with an auto for nearly every family in the country, with well organized gang-

lands, lobbies, and oil companies, plus a large number of palatial hot-dog stands, watch this rather backward people continue to lead the world in chewing gum consumption.



## THE FALL OF HILDEBRANDT HETHER

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

A Romeo never knew such love  
As that of Hildebrandt Hether;  
His passion mounted to a flame  
In balmy April weather

Said "Sweetheart, I can wait no more,  
Be your father cruel or kind;  
If he will not give his consent  
Escape we must needs find."

He got a ladder wide and long  
And, armed with bold desire,  
At night he set the ladder up,  
Despite her father's ire.

That gentleman, aroused from sleep,  
Rushed forth upon the lawn;  
Saw Hildebrandt and daughter fair,  
Already half-way down.

Now Hildebrandt, with maid in arms,  
Could not move, much less flee,  
Till up to them her father came,  
An angry man was he.

But ladder built for weight of one  
Could not hold up all three;  
With snap and crackling loud it split;  
"The ladder's broke", screamed she.

So down fell Hildebrandt and girl  
And father all together,  
Oh where has there been such a fall,  
As the fall of Hildebrandt Hether?



## THE FATE OF A DORMITORY MOUSE

EVELYN MILLER, '30



VERALLS have their disadvantage; so I found out after the Otterbein—Capital game.

I was dozing comfortably on the chaise lounge in my room and dreaming of the good times which, I hope, are coming, when there fell upon my ear a most startling scream. It was the voice of Lib in agony. The voice came from the alcove and to the alcove I rushed. The idolized form of Lib was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing a bottle in all directions, and shouting "shoo", in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter she screamed, "O! Evelyn, a mouse, shoo-wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and it ran out of the closet—shoo—oh—kill it."

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some girls are afraid of mice. Lib is. I got the broom and went after that mouse, and Lib jumped down and ran from the alcove. I found the mouse in the corner by the trunk. The first time I hit, it wasn't very hard on account of getting the broom tangled up with a lot of pop bottles; and I did not hit it any more, because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my overalls, I yelled to Lib only because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my borrowed garment.

There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's overalls, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. It's toes are cold; and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, or begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every

motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Lib, and as the case seemed urgent to me, I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the girl who said that I did, I shall inflict punishment on her person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I was jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that other mice would not hear its squeak and come to its assistance. A girl can't handle many mice at one time to advantage.

Lib was white as a sheet when she came into the alcove, and asked, what she should do—as though I could hold a mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she could throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried both waffle irons and the pop-corn popper. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "O, Evelyn," she cried, "I wish we had that cat I saw in front of the Dorm." How on earth she supposed a cat could get where that mouse was, I don't know. Rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Lib of the fact that she was crazy.

Then she ran down stairs, got a tea-kettle, and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some crackers to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping.

Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I



tripped over a waffle iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easily.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath, Dean Potts, Mrs. Ferguson and a whole troop of girls came flocking in and wanted to know where the fire was.

I am still looking for the girl who said I yelled "fire."



### ROBERT McCORMICK

BONITA ENGLE, '33

Oh Robert McCormick, a jolly young lad,  
With a heart so brave and free,  
Heard one day of a beautiful maid  
Whom he had ne'er chanced to see.

Her eyes were blue as the sea, they said,  
Her hands were lilywhite;  
Her cheeks were round, her lips were red,  
And her step it was so light.

The thought came upon him, and would not depart,  
That 'twas the thing to do  
To call upon this beautiful maid  
With eyes so blue and true.

So on a beautiful summer's eve,  
When the sun it had gone down,  
His steed took him quickly o'er valley and hill  
To the door of young Peggy McCown.

Her mother, however, was also fair  
And looked so very young;  
Her cheeks were round and her step was light  
As if years had from her been flung.

Sweet Peg had gone, as he afterwards learned,  
To help her cousin spin;  
It was the mother who came to the door  
To let the young man in.

Woe to young Robert, woe to him then,  
This lad so brave and free,  
For he thought this was the beautiful maid  
Whom he had ne'er chanced to see.

By his actions and words she knew at once  
The error he had made.  
Alas for our Robert, this woman was sly  
And never a word she said.

Peg's father, however, was also gone—  
He was down at the Comby Inn;  
So he was not there when his wife so fair  
Let the young man in.

When Roger McCown came back from the town  
He did not expect to find  
A man so bold, or a man so gay,  
Or a man of any kind.

When he opened the door, when he crossed the floor,  
And saw them sitting there,  
He gave forth a growl, he gave forth a howl,  
And fierce did tear his hair.

He grabbed young McCormick, nor him did he spare  
But threw him out the door;  
He was so rude to the poor young lad  
That it vexed him full sore.

In the hasty departure that Robert did have,  
He quite forgot his hat.  
It made him right dismal and sorry to think  
Of his hat lying there on the mat.

He was right loath to return to the spot  
From whence he had just come;  
But without his hat, he was right loath  
To wend his way toward home.

He thought of McCown, he thought of his hat;  
His mind was near torn in two  
For trying to decide what was  
The wisest thing to do.

He called back the courage which from him had fled—  
Back he turned his steed.  
But oh! they went o'er valley and hill  
At a very cautious speed.



And when he timidly stood outside  
Awaiting the father dread,  
Whom should he see when they opened the door  
But Peg smiling there instead.

Now when he calls on the beautiful maid,  
As he has oft done before,  
He always knows if its mother or Peg  
Who answers him at the door.



## MAN WITHOUT WOMAN

MABLE JOE MOZIER, '33

THE scene of this story is laid in the Garden of Eden; the time is just after the creation of man and just before the making of his mate. The main character is Adam, the first man.

Adam awoke on his bed of leaves after spending his first night on earth. The sun was shining brightly and the grass sparkled with dew-drops. Adam yawned, stretched himself lazily, and finally arose to his feet. His first sensation was that of hunger and his first desire was to replenish his food supply.

He looked about in search of something to eat, but he saw nothing tempting because he had been used to the royal foods of Heaven. However, after searching about for some time, he came across a long, yellow thing hanging on a tree, and feeling that he could not endure the pangs of hunger much longer, he partook of the fruit which we now call a banana. One tasted so good that he ate another. Even that was not enough; Adam seated himself by the tree and ate and ate until he could find no longer any more of the delicious fruit.

After a time he had a very peculiar sensation in his stomach—it ached. He lay down by the side of a wandering stream, but the pain grew worse instead of better. If only he had some sarsaparilla tea and a piece of buttered toast! But there was none to be

found, although Adam looked behind several trees. Finally the pain eased up a trifle, but Adam was tired and cross. Besides he needed a new leaf dress and he hadn't the faintest idea how to make one.

But nightfall hunger came upon him again and this time he caught a little fish in the stream, and after he had killed it he attempted eating a portion of its tail. The thing tasted horrible; he had wanted baked trout with tartar sauce, but most men know little concerning the art of cooking and Adam was no exception.

At nine o'clock Adam pulled out his Elgin and decided it was time to go to sleep on his maple leaves. He wound the cat and put the clock out and soon sleep overtook him.

In the morning the bright sun awoke him, but he wished some one would turn on the shower for him. His stomach felt better, but he needed a cup of coffee for a stimulus. He couldn't find his cuff buttons, and he had chewed his last package of tobacco. Worse than ever, the morning paper had not come.

And the Great Being in heaven looked down on him sadly and sighed, "Well, well, Adam, before nightfall ye shall have Eve."



## BLUE MONDAY

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

The old washerwoman,  
Love,  
Scrubbed my soul on her washing board,  
Twisted and wrung it in her hands.  
Now it flaps in the wind.



## 1930 LITERARY PRIZES

### BARNES SHORT STORY

- "Side Steps," Martha Shawen, first prize, \$40.00.  
"A Modern Druid," David Burke, second prize, \$20.00.  
"War Mother," Ethel Shelley, third prize, \$10.00.

### CHAUCER CLUB

#### Criticism on Modern Writing

- "Sketch of a Sinner," Margaret La Rue, \$10.00.  
"The Criminal Code," Lucy Seall, \$5.00.

### QUIZ AND QUILL

- "Poor In Spirit," Marie Hobensack, first prize, \$10.00.  
"Strength," poem, first prize, Robert Copeland, \$5.00.

