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1931 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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QUIZ^{AND} QUILL



1 SPRING 1
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The QUIZ *and* QUILL



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

The Quiz and Quill Club

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Foreword

SPRING—glorious, capricious,
fickle Spring is here again
to taunt us with her beauty
and fill us with the magic of her
whimsical moods.

In as far as we hear her call and
our own spirits yearn to respond to
her spell, we dedicate this number
to the constantly inconstant Spirit
of Spring.

1931 LITERARY PRIZES

BARNES SHORT STORY

"A Grain of Sand," Mary Mumma, first prize, \$40.00.

"His Place," George Biggs, second prize, \$20.00.

"The Leftover," Olive Shisler, third prize, \$10.00.

CHAUCER CLUB CRITICISM

"Twenty-four Hours," Grace Norris, first prize, \$10.00.

"Twenty-four Hours," Gladys Burget, second prize, \$5.00.

QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

"Treasure," Mabel Blume, first prize, \$10.00.

"He Serveth Best," Lehman Otis, second prize, \$5.00.

"Just You and I," Louise Stalnacker, third prize, \$3.00.

A GRAIN OF SAND

MARY MUMMA, '31

First Prize Barnes Short Story

STEVE Adams stretched his long legs in the warm sunlight and yawned lazily. It was the afternoon siesta hour on the tropical island of Mindanao and Steve was decidedly sleepy. Disconnected thoughts wandered through his mind as he gazed down the sandy road to the native village of Cagayan. Not a moving object could be seen. The heat would have been oppressive if an occasional breeze from the sea had not carried a salty coolness.

Anyone coming here now would think this the most peaceful place on earth, thought Steve. And his spine crinkled unpleasantly as he remembered the sullen smoulder in the eyes of two outlaws he had passed that morning. It had been three months ago this first day of August that the American fleet under Commodore Dewey's brilliant command had completely routed the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montojo. Steve thrilled as he remembered and he gave his left shoulder a friendly thump. Gosh! Only seven Americans wounded and none killed! If that Spanish bullet had been three inches over, he would have spoiled that record. Wouldn't the folks and Anne be full of awe and admiration when they saw his scar! He could see tears glisten in his mother's eyes as she looked at him proudly. And Anne,—faithful kid sister! Her letters were always so rollicking and full of news. His throat tightened a bit as he pulled her last letter out of his pocket and re-read these words: "Sara Lou is being married to Tom Gardner next week. He isn't nearly good enough for her. She often asks about you. Sometimes, I think she's sorry. Do you still care so much, big brother?"

Care? All of a sudden Steve was seeing a cherry orchard in full bloom,—it was spring in Ohio. He and Sara Lou were sitting on a big stump below the

orchard. A soft breeze was blowing fair hair back from a fairer face. Soft grey eyes were smiling into his,—all of her loveliness framed in the glow of cherry blossoms. Could he ever forget! Despair twitched him and hot tears stung his lids. Aw! he suared his jaw and sat up. She couldn't help it that she didn't love him. And this army life was exciting,—it kept him from thinking and remembering too often. It had been over a year since he'd left home and he'd think he didn't care until all of a sudden,—he did. Anne was a little peach to tell him though. Sara Lou—married! This ought to cure him. With a wry smile he rolled over on his stomach and gazed along the sea shore.

Beauty seemed to meet his eye everywhere. The sand stretched miles ahead of him as it encircled the bay. On his left the tiny waves were softly lapping at its smooth hardened surface. By turning his head he could see white breakers farther out rising, dashing forward only to disappear in a smooth gully of blue-grass water. The sky above was a fleckless azure and two white gulls were wheeling and circling in its depths. The calmness of it all smoothed Steve and he laid his head on his arm and listened to the soft lap, lap of the water. The buzz of many insects in the jungle to his right seemed to emphasize the sodden silence. The sergeant said they'd probably be here a year. Steve wondered if he could stand it to live through a rainy season. Three months of steady downpour! Eighteen months and he'd be starting home on leave. Until then,—what was it McKinley said in his speech about the Philippines? "We are here not to exploit, but to educate, to civilize, to—". How was a fellow to educate these heathen, anyway? Whenever you left the canteen, you were so loaded up with guns and ammunition that the women and children hid and the men glared sullenly. Of course, you had to be prepared for outlaws at any moment and—

Steve thought he jumped fully four feet! A gun

had cracked right behind him and he heard the sing of the bullet as it tore through the foliage of the jungle. Turning over he stared into the lean hard face of Jim Thorpe, his buddy.

"What are you trying to do, Jim," he railed, "scare me to death and get a buzzard at the same time?"

Jim glanced at him half-contemptuously, half quizzically. "There aren't any buzzards here. And you'd better take your siesta inside after this. One of our Malay brethren was just ready to take a pot at you when I scared him away."

"Well, thanks, old fellow," jerked Steve as he jumped up and grabbed his rifle. "See any more of them?"

"No, I guess that's all," Jim replied, "Let's stretch our legs awhile and go over to the village."

Down the sandy road sauntered the two American soldiers. Steve was fully six feet tall, with brown eyes and curling brown hair clipped rather short. His face and arms were darkly tanned by exposure to a tropical sun. He was of a heavy muscular build quite in contrast to the slighter form of his comrade. Jim had steel blue eyes and dark hair, prematurely grey at the temples. He came only up to Steve's ear in height but made up for this lack of height in suppleness and ability to handle himself quickly. Jim was the older of the two, though both were still in their twenties. They had been buddies since leaving Honolulu. Their stay in China had been full of excitement, while life on this second largest island of the Philippines was one of constant vigilance. Underneath the hardened crust created by their various bitter experiences, these two were still boys. With a boy's enthusiasm, Jim pulled a baseball out of his pocket.

"What do you say to playing a little 'pass' when we get to the village, Steve? Maybe we can get some of the kids interested."

"O. K. with me, Jim," Steve replied, "I've been wondering how we're ever going to get next to these people. McKinley seems to think they could stand

some civilization. We might as well introduce them to American sports first as last."

Curious brown heads peeked out of thatch-roofed nipa houses as the soldiers passed. Little did they know that Juan, Matias, and Guillermo spent their play hours in the morning strutting back and forth, imitating their erect carriage. And if they noticed the small coterie of brown-skinned boys following them at a distance, they gave no sign beyond a knowing grin. A few minutes more brought Steve and Jim to the plaza, a square of open ground in the center of the village. The house of Datu Mastura, chief of the tribe, faced the plaza on one side and public buildings surrounded it on the other side.

Never off their guard,—for three months had done little to soften the rebellion of these fighting Moros,—Jim and Steve separated, tossing the baseball back and forth. Little did they realize that the small sphere they handled so neatly was to become symbolic of a growing adjustment between the two races. When the little group of native boys reached the plaza, their shyness broke. Shouting, they pushed and tumbled each other, ostensibly "showing off." When this failed to bring about recognition, the boys produced lipays (nuts) and scooping out hollows in the ground, began their favorite game.

"That must be something like marbles," remarked Steve. "Let's watch them and maybe we can show them a trick or two." Grinning in as friendly a manner as they could, the soldiers watched the game which so absorbed the little brown boys. Pretty soon, with a wink at Jim, Steve pulled a piece of Domino sugar out of his coat pocket and began to suck it noisily. A boy or two looked up, and one, Juan, was immediately attracted by a palmful of white "sweetness" in the outstretched hand of Steve.

"Here you are," said Steve, gesticulating from the boy to the sugar. "Have some!" Juan's brown hand shot out with startling swiftness to clutch—at Steve's

other hand which was now covering the white "sweetness." The soldier's grin was reassuring, but now after repeating his first gesture, he pointed to himself and the lipays. Juan was quick to catch the bargain idea and held up two fingers. For two pieces of "sweetness", he would let the American play. Steve seemed to ponder, then nodded his head affirmatively and dropped two Dominos in Juan's hand as he took his place in the game. Jim stood guard, watching his buddy with keen interest. The jabber of the native dialect was being constantly punctuated by Steve's hearty laugh. When a lull came in the game, Steve rocked back on his heels and held up the baseball in his right hand. With his left hand he picked up a nut. Looking at the nut, he said distinctly, "Lipay." Then, thrusting the baseball in front of the boys, he pronounced several times "baseball." Matias took the ball trying to mimic Steve, saying "base ball" with a resounding hiss on the first syllable. Eagerly Juan grasped it, rolled it between his palms, rapidly speaking in his own dialect. Evidently he was explaining to the boys, for several times he uttered "bace ball" with a characteristic hissing accent. Before long, the six little Malays were throwing the ball back and forth with their new white friends. When Steve and Jim set out for camp headquarters, the boys followed them to the edge of the village. There Steve passed more sugar around and the group parted company in high spirits.

A month later progress was noticeable. A regular baseball diamond had been cleared near the canteen and the Malays had picked up the essentials of the games quickly from watching the soldiers play. It was hard to overcome the distrust of the older boys, but Juan and his friends were daily visitors at the canteen. Despite their small size and youthful years, the boys were quick and provided much amusement for the soldiers. Juan's greatest delight was to act as umpire. Steve had taught his little protege the

elements of the position. Full of the importance of his office, Juan would strut across the diamond and call a player "Ou-it!" in a tone of ferocious import. Then, to stand behind the pitcher and shout "Stri-key one!" and Stri-key two!" was a constant honor. To be umpire also meant to little Juan to be boss of both teams. The heated arguments which frequently occurred were nothing but so much jabber to Steve, except for the characteristic hiss as "bace ball" came into the conversation.

One excessively hot day in early September, the boys had thrown themselves down on the ground in the shade around Steve, who was their favorite, to rest from their play. It was an hour before "mess" would be called and Steve had been pondering an idea for several weeks. Deciding that he couldn't do less than try, he picked up a stick near by and began to make a large A in the sandy ground. Using it as a pattern, he marked over it several times, pronouncing it each time. Then, he handed the stick to Juan. Anxious to do anything his hero did, Juan drew a rather straggling outline of the first letter of the alphabet. At Steve's prompting, Juan could soon utter a fairly respectable long vowel sound for A. The other boys were not so keen as Juan, but with offerings of little slabs of sugar, they gradually became interested. Soon all of them were covering the ground with their efforts and "A-ing" in chorus.

"Lesson number one," was Steve's observation. "Might as well go on!"

So, pleased with his first success, he marked out a large B and pronounced it as he retraced it several times. Most of the boys were restless and ran over to the diamond to play more baseball. But Juan, Matias, Guillermo, and Antonio, a quiet little fellow who wasn't very strong, stayed in the shade with Steve and arduously worked on B.

"Sounds like a Chinese schoolroom, Steve," re-

marked Jim as he passed by "Giving them a little education?"

"Going to apply for license as a schoolmarm pretty soon," was Steve's jocose reply as he grinned at his buddy. "The kids are bright and they're catching on in a hurry. What is this, Antonio?" and he marked a large A on the ground.

Poor Antonio had been so engrossed in making nice round curves on his B that he had entirely forgotten his first lesson. But Juan, the ever ready, burst forth in a long drawn-out A-a-a-a which sounded so much like a war cry that Jim jumped.

"All right, Juan, you're getting it," was his cryptic remark. "There's the mess call, Steve,—send your dear pupils home and let's eat."

The next day lessons continued. This time Steve printed the word BASEBALL and reviewed the boys on A and B. Then he held up the baseball and pointed to the word. It was hard to keep from laughing at the boy's efforts to print it. They continually criticised each other's work and tried so hard to imitate Steve's model. There were a few friendly fights, but they were finally restored to order and lessons continued.

Of course, Steve was the butt of many jokes around the canteen as the days passed. He answered them all with a gay wit and before long several of the younger men began to be interested in the progress of the small school. One of them started a class with a group of boys smaller than Juan and his friends. Another fellow, whom the boys had nicknamed "Lady" because of his evident success with the female of the species, began conducting a class of girls and young women. The three of them sometimes considered the possibilities of constructing some kind of building for a schoolhouse. Steve tried to interest Jim in this and suggested that he teach a class in manual training. After learning the fundamentals, they could take up the building of the schoolhouse as a project. But Jim considered it all a bit of foolish

idealism on his buddy's part and refused to help him out. So, for the time, plans were dropped. But Steve didn't forget his dream. Life was beginning to have meaning again. The evident adoration of the boys, the various ways in which they so adeptly mimicked him, their rapid progress in speech and writing, all served to dispel the loneliness in his heart.

As weeks passed into months, the rainy season approached,—and was over. Steve thought he had never seen so much rain in his life. The Cagayan river which emptied into the bay about half a mile on the other side of the village was changed from a peaceful little creek (in Steve's Ohio phraseology) to a raging torrent. Its banks were flooded for weeks at a time.

A year had gone when one morning Steve began to collect stubs of pencils and hoard up slips of paper. The first grade of Cagayan grammar school was preparing to launch forth in writing lessons on paper! Not that the sand was giving out but the pupils requested it. At various times they had seen their loved "ticher" take a piece of paper out of his pocket and look at it. Maybe he would laugh at the black marks on it. Or perhaps, his face would lose its shine and he would look out at the sea. Juan knew then that he was thinking about his father and his family in the other land.

Once when Steve had looked that way, Juan had asked him if his father was a datu or chief. Steve looked down into the eager brown face beside him and did his best to answer the question it asked.

"Over in my country, we have one big chief," he began. "My country is this much bigger than yours." And here Steve held up ten fingers three times. "So this big chief has to have lots of help in making the people be good. My father is one of the men who helps the big chief. He helps him by being chief of a little part of my country. Then my father has men help him. Over there, everybody helps."

"And do they 'tich' A. B. C there, like you?" was the next question.

"They did when I was your size, Juan," laughed Steve. An thereupon, query after query had followed and Steve had illustrated the things he said by snapshots from home. The pictures had set the imagination of the boys on fire. It was a lesson they had talked about for weeks afterward.

Then one day Steve had told his pupils that in a few months he was going back to his own country. The dismay of the boys had been acute. Matias made big boasts that some day he would get in a boat and go over to "Amer-ika", too. The others laughed at him but they envied his assurance. Then Juan had hit upon his splendid idea.

"Ticher, if you show us how to make marks on paper, we will send to you when you go to "Amer-rika'." The enthusiasm of the boys knew no bounds as they begged him to show them how to "make marks in paper."

So when September came again, Steve started the new project. He arranged the boys in a row and gave each one a flat board, a sheet of paper, and a pencil. They were to practice writing a letter to him. He exhibited a letter he had started to his family and showed them where to put the heading and salutation. Then started the wording of sentences! Steve's amusement knew no bounds. It was hard work and the boys were very industrious. The first lesson lasted a week before one short sentence was legible. Some despaired of ever doing it, but a few of them worked on.

Then one day teaching operations were suddenly interrupted. Steve was laboring with Antonio over punctuation when Jim came running up.

"Rebellion, Steve,—real fighting again! A scout just arrived from Cotabato. Better come in and get the news yourself." And he hurried on to the cañteen.

Instantly Steve was on his feet. At last, a little

action to break the monotony! Then he looked at the excited little schoolboys, and ran his hand affectionately through Juan's straight black hair. "Have to go, boys," he explained. "Work on your letters each day till I get back. It may be a long time, so do them right. Run home to the village now." And he pointed over to the native huts, then wheeled and ran to the canteen. There he found that an uprising had occurred fifteen miles inland on the Cagayan river.

Rebellion had been feared for over a month. At times it had seemed that the natives were willing to accept the rule of the United Staes, but some of the fiercest Moros still remained outlaws and had banded themselves together until they presented a formidable aggregation. At last a break had come and the inland sections of the island were in constant warfare.

Steve's company was ordered to start their march inland at dawn the next day. Preparations began at once.

The change was a relief to all the soldiers. Life, except for an occasional outbreak near by which didn't amount to much, had become a routine of reveille, drill, food, and sleep. The men in the village were fairly manageable though some of them still distrusted the efforts of Steve and the others in behalf of their children. Preparations for the next day were hilarious. The men laughed and sang, pulled jokes on each other, and had a general rough house. Taps came early that evening because the march the next day would be long and the Moros were no easy foe.

It was in the cool of an early tropical morning that Steve set out with the rest of the assignment. Eight fellows had to stay at the canteen and Jim was one of them.

"It's downright hellish!" angrily muttered Jim when Steve was ready to leave. "Pull down a couple of the outlaws for me, will you?"

"Do my best," grinned Steve as they clasped hands.

"By the way, why not be substitute schoolmarm and take care of the little fellows for me. They're trying to write letters. Might as well do something to occupy your time."

"Sure," was Jim's response. "Go, and good luck!" He turned away as the soldiers marched silently down the sandy road past the village.

Steve swallowed hard twice during the first hundred yards. It was surely tough luck Jim couldn't go along. Just then his eye was caught by a flash of color as a jungle fowl whirled up and off through the closely set trees. Life is topnotch today, he thought as he drew a deep breath and squared his shoulders. He wondered what the other men were thinking, then decided to keep his mind on the business at hand.

The march continued steadily for three or four hours, when a halt was called. Cotabato must be three or four miles beyond. This country was entirely new to the men. Instead of thick jungle it presented undulating hills covered with tall grass, higher than their heads. Coconut palm trees were abundant. The sun was fairly hot by this time and they missed the protection of the jungle vegetation. An ominous silence filled the air. The soldiers were tired. The ammunition in Steve's belt was heavy and the strap from his gun irked his shoulder. The glory of the day was gone,—this was business. His mouth was set in a straight line and his eyes were somber. An air of determination emanated from the whole group. Each was a mature man now,—the rollicking of yesterday was past. They waited quietly for orders, eyes alert and senses tense.

A scout had just arrived and was reporting rapidly to the sergeant. Steve was near enough to catch the idea that the Moros had taken the canteen stationed in Cotabato and only a few soldiers had escaped. Thank goodness he had been stationed on the coast! He strained his ears to listen. From what the officer was saying, the company of soldiers from Bulawan should be approaching Cotabato at right

angles to them. Bulawana was a station thirty miles up the coast of the Sula Sea.

The sergeant looked at his watch and began to give orders tersely. Evidently they were to circle the village and come in from directly opposite the Bulawan outfit. Silently the soldiers trudged on. After what must have been an hour, they were halted again and this time ordered to rest. Someone tried to break the tension by telling a joke, but the men laughed mirthlessly. Most of them were chewing at food from their packs, others smoking.

Whew, it was getting hot! Steve wondered when they would attack. Probably during siesta,—the natives would be more apt to be off their guard then. Gosh, hot work! Oh, well, till then—. He dozed.

Suddenly it seemed as if all hell had broken loose! Skulking brown faces seemed everywhere,—buried in the tall grass, behind trees, in them. Steve's hand was on his gun at his shoulder. There! he'd stopped that Moro sneaking past that coconut palm. Steve wondered if the fellow would get to ride a white horse. Hadn't Jim told him that these Moros believe that for every Christian they killed, they got to ride a white horse in the next world? Well, he might as well let another ride, and he picked off another of the enemy. Then the fight got too thick to allow for much thinking. A bullet plowed its way through the upper part of his left coat sleeve. Just a scratch,—give him time and he'd cripple that guy! Slowly the enemy was yielding. How they did fight,—tooth and nail! But the resistance of the Americans was too much for them. It seemed hours later of what had become real ambush that a shout heralded the arrival of the soldiers from Bulawan. Before long the Moros were scattering and an hour later the scrimmage was over.

Orders came to march on to Cotabato and occupy what remained of the canteen headquarters for the night. Early the next morning they would start back to Cagayan. Fatalities were few though many of the

men had slight wounds. The leader of the Moros and most of his followers had been killed, while there was no way of estimating their wounded. Too tired to care much about anything, Steve threw himself into a crowded bunk and slept like a log till reveille in the morning.

The march back would probably be uneventful, was his inward comment as they marched along in another gray dawn. They would probably meet an outlaw once in a while. The sky was clouded and the air seemed murky. He wondered why he was so depressed. It seemed ironical that just because those Moros didn't understand, they had to be killed. Perhaps Juan and the boys would understand when they grew up. For the whole island would probably be fairly well civilized by then. Because his class of boys were already passing on to their families bits from the elementary training he was giving them. And other soldiers all over the island were doing the same thing he was.

Steve looked around at the silent faces of the soldiers about him. Each one was busy with his own thoughts, eyes dull, faces expressionless. He shrugged his shoulders, tried to shake off his morose feeling. They must be almost back at the canteen now. Perhaps he was the only one who sensed the depression, as if something was going to happen—soon. Why didn't somebody say something! He—and suddenly Steve's body slumped forward, then crumpled. At the same time a rifle cracked behind him and a brown body came hurtling down from a tree top a few yards off the trail.

"Damn,—I got the sneakin' heathen!" and Bill, the soldier behind Steve, lowered his gun. The company halted instantly and dropped to their knees. Strong arms roughly but tenderly lifted Steve's head and shoulders. A tiny stream of blood trickled down the side of his head.

"Damn it,—I got him, Steve, I got him," repeated Bill, and he shook Steve's shoulder.

"Yes, but you got him too late, Bill," said the sergeant as he rose from a brief examination of Steve's body. There was a long moment of quiet as each soldier's hat came off and each soldier bowed his head. Then the sergeant broke the silence to give orders curtly: We're only two miles from the canteen, so several of you fellows carry Steve. The rest of you wake up and keep your eyes open."

Carefully they lifted Steve's body and moved on, hushed in a silence that tokened a great respect for the young soldier schoolmaster. They were still talking in low tones as they reached the canteen. Several soldiers turned away as Jim Thorpe approached them on the run, with Juan close behind him.

"Sorry, Jim, but Steve got it," mumbled Bill as they made way for him. "He sure did his bit though. Don't take it too hard, fellow."

With a choked cry that was checked as it reached his lips, Jim knelt beside his dead comrade. With clenched hands he fought for control,—and gained it. For somehow, in that brief moment he read the meaning of Steve's life. These little brown boys,—Steve's dream. It must go on! How they worshiped Steve! Jim looked up into the sober brown of Juan, then silently rose and walked away from the group. He was conscious of a warm little hand slipping into his as at the edge of the sea he stopped and gazed out across the breakers. He felt hard inside, unreasonable, and bitter. Why did it have to be Steve with his rollicking laugh, his earnestness, his devotion to the boys? Steve's boys! Slowly the bitterness in Jim's heart melted and he gripped Juan's hand tightly. The boys had been fun these last two days! And it was the one thing Steve would have wished. A slow determination spread over Jim's features and he smiled down at Juan. "I'll do it pal," he murmured, "Don't worry."

* * * * *

It was thirty years later that Juan Madayog, im-

maculately dressed in western clothes, stood with old Mr. Adams, Steve's father, beside a grave in an Ohio cemetery. The Filipino raised his head and looked into the misty dark eyes of the man beside him. His words were rapid and slightly accented and his voice was shaken by emotion as he gave to Steve's father this tribute for his soldier son:

"Your son was my boyhood ideal. In our land we have the proverb, 'Grains of sand can make a mighty mountain.' It was your son who gave to me the little grain of education which was to grow and finally overcome ignorance, superstition, and hatred. This little bit, with the little bits of the other soldier boys, has now created a mountain of educational culture in our island. And we give our gratitude to your great country because they sent us men like your son. I wanted you to know what he meant to me."



SONNET

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

Oft when I dream about a far-off land,
Where gentle pines and soft green willows sway
Along the far-flung beach and golden strand,
Where black-haired, slant-eyed children laugh and play,
Where brightly colored flags adorn each door
And weird reed tunes are heard at even-tide,
Across the plains, the mountains, woods and sea,
Where green tea leaves are scattered on the floor
To welcome to her home the Easter bride;
Then softly through the darkness come to me
Across the boundless waves of ocean blue,
Across the plains, the mountains, woods and sea,
The voices dear of those who gave to me
My life and love which now I offer you,—
For you alone throughout eternity.

TREASURE

MABEL BLUME, '34

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Memories of you
Are gold pieces
Hoarded away in the cask
Of my heart.
Like a miser, I
Count them out
And polish each one
Lovingly,
For memories
Are all of you
That I have left.

"HE SERVETH BEST—"

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

The old doctor sat in his office chair and stared at the scratched surface of the desk. It would be hard to leave the dingy office, with its years of memories recorded indelibly in every mark on the dusky furniture, and in every spot on the dirty wall. Moodily his eyes traveled around the room, taking note in turn of each familiar object, recalling to his mind a procession of events and persons half a century in length. The row of shelves above his desk, its faded curtain hiding the neat line of blue and brown glass bottles placed with meticulous care upon them. Why, every bottle had its history; every scribbled label told its story of suffering relieved and death averted. The skeleton in its glass case in the corner; a relic of his medical school days; the grandfathers of the children who looked at it in awe today had once run in terror from it. The well-known colored picture on the wall, its madly-flying doctor racing with the stork; twenty-five years had passed since he had clipped it from a popular magazine and framed it for his office. All these things—they were a part of him, a part of his heart and soul. Yet tomorrow, tomorrow he was leaving it all. The old doctor buried his face in his arms.

Fifty years had passed since the old doctor had first set foot on the main street of the little western hamlet, and hung his shingle outside the door of his first office. Fifty years had passed since he had turned his back on the brilliant medical career that opened before him and chosen to minister in that pioneer settlement. Fifty years of incessant toil, of boundless joy and cruel disappointment, of the dawning of life and the chill hand of death. Fifty years of pain, and failure, and sacrifice, and the eternal conflict with the skill of man pitted against the will of

God. Fifty years of intense devotion to the mankind that he loved. And now they had turned against him. They called him old-fashioned. They laughed at his antiquated methods and his sugar pills. The day of the general practitioner was past, they said, and rushed to the young specialists who had crept up on the city while he engrossed himself in his duty. Tomorrow, he was to retire. A convulsive sob escaped the old doctor, and he dug his nails into his palms.

Suddenly the telephone jangled at his ear. Mechanically, from force of habit, he picked up the receiver. It was a rural call from a quarter almost inaccessible to an auto. A desperate father had run two miles through the driving western blizzard to the nearest telephone; his boy, he said, was dying. The old doctor hesitated for just an instant. Even good roads would be well-nigh impassible tonight. He was an old man; tomorrow he would retire; it would be simple to recommend another physician. The old doctor set his jaw, and brushed a tear from his eye.

"I'll be right out," he said, and reached for his bag.



JUST YOU AND I

LOUISE STALNACKER, '33

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Let's turn aside from the busy way
Where the world goes rushing by—
Let's find a nook by a tinkling brook
And stop there—you and I,
Let's live again for a little while
In the land of Going To Be.
And I'll paint memories for you,
While you weave dreams for me.

THE PASSING OF A DAY

BYRON HARTER, '34

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

I saw you peeping o'er the billows
As a babe new-born
Peeps from a world of soft white pillows
Upon a soft white morn.

Then, fresh and pure across the bay
You set out at your birth
To master the mysteries of Day
And learn the truths of Earth.

In the noon-tide of your life
You scorched the soul of Lies
And parched the hearts of Grief and Strife
With your burning eyes.

And often in your cooling years,
Become a ripened sage,
You turned the old earth's tale of tears
Into a smiling page.

And when I saw that you were cold,
I read a pretty prayer
In your chair of gleaming gold
And in your silver hair.

FINDING SPRING

BONITA ENGLE, '33

Honorable Mention, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Spring was all around me, but there was no spring in my heart. For miles I had been walking in the country, trying to catch the animation that I saw in other living things. I had passed under fragrant trees wearing new pastel garment; I had heard soft twitterings and mad chirpings among their blossoms. Clusters of coy violets emerged with dropping heads from the dead leaves of last autumn. Jack-in-the-pulpit eagerly preached his sermon of joy to all the other woodfolks, who were too busy to listen. Other flowers, too, were trooping out to share their comrades' fun.

I wanted to be gay, to lose myself in a harmony with this evasive yet tantalizing exhilaration. I wanted to shout "It's spring!"; but my lips could only say, "It's hot, and you're tired."

Back over long roads I trudged, no longer heeding the breeze that blew the hair from my face, the brook that struggled against logs and stones, or the ploughed fields. Reaching home, I stumbled up the steps. A child's voice cried out; as I looked up, a tiny youngster thrust a bouquet of dandelions in my hand. He was out of breath from running, his clothes were stained, but he was eager and expectant. He had worked hard to make me happy, and was triumphant. Now, when I was exhausted, when I had become despairing, spring came to my heart.

AS SPRING RETURNS

SAGER TRYON, '34

Whence came that willingness
That winter knew?
Where has it flown?
The hours I spent o'er pages
Seem as a dream as I leaf
Those pages through.

The book, the need, is still the same,
But I am changed.
The why, 'tis this:
The window's open wide.
The earth awakes, the sun,
The clouds, the breeze,
The great outdoors are calling me.

My heart says, "Live,
Grow, begin anew
As nature's life is doing!"

The trees bud out,
The very clouds seem fresh and live,
The stream once more its song is singing.
And wild creatures seek anew for life.

These without, and I within. . .
And absence brings a need:
I take my book, I yield,
And then.
Beneath a tree I lie, life springing all about,
The presence fills the want,
I, too, find life abounding.

A LADY'S ORNAMENT

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

These are the jewels on my necklace of Time—
Diamonds for the fleet moments of morning
That I snatch to worship sky and tree.

Pearls for sleep;
Crystal for tears;
Baubles of glass for idleness,—
Slip through my fingers.

Clear emerald for a friendship time;
Sapphires for loneliness.

Opals of fire
And reachless depths
For love.



TO A ROBIN

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

Bird in a budding willow
Why do you sit there so still?
You are a young wife
Waiting apart for your mate
In the cool of the evening.
Are you not dreaming
In this bower of green buds
Of happiness to be?



LINES

MARY RUTH OLDT, '31

I met Love today,
So different from my fancies,
No thrills,
No tumult,
No upheaval,
Only peace,
Deep peace,
From the eyes of a friend.

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

GRACE NORRIS, '31

First Prize, Chaucer Club Literary Contest

LOUIS Bromfield has given us a novel dealing with cross-sections and great contrasts. He has taken not only one life through twenty-four hours in our great New York, but a cross-section of lines, locations, loves and emotions. We find ourselves removing from Sutton Place, Fifth Avenue, to the Murray Hill "love nest"; from an aristocratic dinner party to an "open all night" cabaret; from the real diamonds and glistening silks of the four-hundred to the soiled white satin evening dress of the jazz singer; from the love of the old, fat, yet distinguished Savina for the aged scion of wealth, Hector, to the love of the clean, wholehearted, youthful Philip for every modern actress; from the astounding facts of glands and secretions to the false emotions of love and hate.

It would be interesting to know if, for the author, this novel was a slow evolution of years time, accumulating the numerous incidents and characters, storing them in his memory on notebooks, and finally seeing them intermingle and weave themselves into, "Twenty-four Hours", or, whether it was ground out in certain length of time because of a date set by the publisher. The novel suggests the former idea because it does not seem to be a hurried production and it would certainly take a great novelist to write so full and intensive a book on short notice.

It is a revealing and extensive character study, but, as in a true cross-section, there is no one outstanding dominating character. They all blend together forming a smooth and perfect whole. It seems to prove the theory that we are dependent one on the other. Probably too strongly the fact is continually brought to our minds that "we are all of the baser emotions made". Rosa Dugan knew nothing of in-

hibitions—Jim and Fanny Towner knew—but their power over themselves wasn't nearly as strong as their emotions. Of course Bromfield rushes Jim and Fanny, a wealthy couple with high society positions, across the Atlantic in time to save the reputation and pride of their family and themselves, while, the uneducated and low born Rosa was murdered by her "eyetalian lover." We have the young Phillip, nephew of the grand old Hector champion, lowering himself to the standards of the experienced and modern little actress, Janie Fagan, because of his passion for her. The story inside the novel of Ruby Wingstringham and David Melhourne does not seem as closely and as tightly woven into the cross-section as the others mentioned. They constitute the "in-betweens." David has millions, good physique but not position; Ruby has beauty, brains and poise with little wealth or noteworthy descendants, so, of course it is logical for them to decide to marry, even if they do consider themselves so very sensible and unemotional.

Humor is lacking to a great extent, but the "stomach movies" and the great impression the theory of gland secretions made upon the old-maid, Savina, is very cleverly brought into the story. It is quite amusing to have her see Phillip and old Hector in the light of glands and chemical reactions. Other parts of the book might appear humorous in a different setting, but, for the characters and situations in this certain novel, the reader seems to have mixed feelings of sympathy and disgust for everything that happens.

At the "finis" of the novel we usually have the feeling of completed action. The story is told and we either agree or do not agree with the author. At the end of "Twenty-four Hours" we feel there is nothing completed, that things had started long before the story ever began and would continue as long as we have New York. There is no great moral or intellectual strength to come from this novel, in fact, it depresses and gives a morbid feeling about the

futility of things. One cannot say, as of "Laughing Boy," by Oliver La Farge,—“in beauty it is finished”—but we can give honor to a young author who can give us such an absorbing novel of stark realities.



PORTRAIT

MARY HUMMEL, '31

God bless you boy with the Swedish hair,
Slumbering Dutch Boy with flax colored hair,
Boy with eyes closed off from the world,
Eyes of blue with yellow fringed shutters,
Eyelids pearl-tinted with fringes of gold.
What are the thoughts that fill your head?
Yellow head touselled and resting on arms
Extended from each side like skeletal wings?
Ruddy faced boy that's been kissed by the sun—
Sun kissed and wind kissed and rain kissed withal,
Slapped by bleak cutting storms of ice
Laughing them down,—
The storms and fair weather—
Yet bearing their marks on a sun-tanned complexion.
Pink lips parted disclosing white teeth,—
Pearly white teeth in two even rows.
Boy with the shirt the hue of June skies—
Boy with hair wind-blown,
Slumbering Dutch boy—
Boy with eyes curtained.
God bless you boy with the Swedish hair!

A SMILE

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

'Twas the dreariness of life
 Made me blue,
Spent and weary from the strife
 All day through;
Sudden sunshine to beguile
Flashed and spread for many a mile,
'Twas the sunshine of a smile
 Just from you!



SNOW

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

Night came early
And over earth
Lay a ghost blanket,
Petals of snow flowers.



REFLECTIONS

RUSSELL H. BROADHEAD, '31

The dreamy night lies drowsily in peace;
The misty moon with rainbow haze
Finds answer in the vap'rous dew
That rests like down upon the soft swells of the lake;
Like faries at play, bright bits of moonlight
Flit in silent glee
From wave to wave. And in my mind
Flits memories of former joys
And wisps of the Beyond.

THE AMBER CAT

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

LOVE! What a girl she was! Her slim sinuous body was all soft curves sheathed in cloth of gold. In the half light of a mellow lamp she was more than beautiful, she was unreal, almost ethereal—a golden witch.

Ivor's grey eyes kindled to green and he watched the girl hungrily—yes as one bewitched. He was always sensitive to beauty. It stirred him to the very depths of his intense soul. He watched her fingers as they wandered vagrantly over the piano keys—now languorous, now passionate—a gypsy thing. Long, slim, brown fingers bewitching the ivory keys.

When she'd finished her playing she swung around easily and faced Ivor who was watching her. With charming indifference she considered him—she a golden witch—he under her spell. She an amber cat toying with a mouse that was himself—waiting.

But it was this indifference that tantalized him, that he swore he would break. He'd make those almond eyes plead, he'd make them shine with love for him—somehow. It was this same indifference that made him seek her out. Each time he vowed he'd torment her as she tormented him. Yet he was helpless a mouse caught in the claws of an amber cat.

The cat was creeping up to him. She had risen from the piano and was now curling up beside him on the divan—looking at him—watching, waiting, purring contentedly.

She was laughing at him, her cool finger tips traced the veins of his hand that was near to her. "A thoughtful boy, aren't you?" she queried lazily arching her perfectly pencilled eyebrows.

"Damn it, Jan! I'm not a boy. At thirty-five a man's almost old." Ivor's eyes were fixed steadily on Jan's face. He was fascinated by the way her long amber ear pendants dangled against her creamy neck,

when she tilted her head back and laughed. There was magic in her laugh, the most human part of her, warm and mellow. Yet she rarely laughed.

"I missed you last night, Ivor," she informed him possessively.

"The Devil you did!" from Ivor.

"Ah yes I did, I played Wagner until he drove me mad, and I split a perfect nail on a final run—" Jan scrutinized a jagged finger nail.

"Were you with 'her'?" she continued.

"Does it matter to you?" And Ivor consulted his wrist watch frowningly.

"Not especially. I just don't like her. She's so useless, like a bit of fragile china. You really don't suit her, you know."

"Oh, don't I?" Ivor's voice was frigid. Jan grinned. She made him deucedly uncomfortable. Fact was he always felt, disturbed in her presence. She wouldn't give in to him and yet she tormented him—a cat after a mouse.

"At any rate china must be very carefully handled lest it break. And she gives me the sort of feeling I like. She depends on one." Jan almost winced. He was lying maddeningly—he hated soft creatures, they were slow—unpoised—unsophisticated. He wanted a woman whose will was not too easily hurt, who was not too sacrificial. Sacrifices made him feel like a cad. Jan would never make him feel that way—She'd play the game, she'd bruise him, claw him a little, but she'd love him, too, and he was sure as he'd never been in his life before—that she was for him.

Jan had two moods—the one indifferent, calm, poised—the other turbulent when her strange eyes flared. He longed to see her in the latter. It was these moods that lured him—united them. And she knew it, too. Ivor was sure of that, but she wanted to claw him and annoy him until she was ready to be mastered.

She demanded nothing and received everything.

Now, as a nervous child she was chewing the torn

nail—viciously and asking for a pen knife—"To smooth her mangled claw," Ivor thought.

She fumbled with the smallest blade. Ivor did not offer to assist her. It was his turn to grin. She had thought he would not like fragile china! He rose from the divan and picked up his hat.

"I really must go now, Janet.—I've another engagement—you'll pardon me; the knife doesn't matter.—Good bye."

Janet! Ivor had never called her that, not even when they first met—when she had first known that she loved him—known that he must not know.

She, who prided herself on poise and sophistication.

There was no answering farewell from Jan, but when Ivor had reached the door there was a cry of pain and he rushed back to the divan where she was looking helplessly at a cut finger. There were actual tears on Jan's cheeks—crimson blood dropped unheeded on a dress of gold.

There was witchery in Jan's tears, they transformed her face from that of an amber cat into that of a woman's—soft, helpless. There was witchery in the feel of her full lips upon his, her tears on his cheeks, her arms about his neck—but most of all in her unsophisticated surrender.



GIFTS OF THE GODS

CRESSED CARD, EX-'31

Many gifts are piled around,
My gifts all mine;
But in their loveliness I've found
No pleasure.

I'd give them all, without a sigh,
For just one gift;
One gift that money cannot buy,
Your friendship.

DAWN

CRESSED CARD, EX-'31

Dawn is like a bit of china
upon a high shelf; softly
iridescent and painted by
the hand of God.



IMPOTENCE

GERALDINE BOPE, EX '33

It seems there are not any words
To write the things I think,
Nor is there any music
To sing the song I dream.
There is no poem I can write,
No painting to be brushed,
And I can only stand all taut,
All impotent, and hushed.



DUSK

MABEL BLUME, '34

Warmness—
Yet a chill
Is in the air.
Gladness—
Still, sadness
Lingers there.

TRIUMPH

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

THE Norwegian coast was bleak enough on a pleasant day; now, the beaten cliffs loomed ghastly in the misty after-light that precedes dusk; the roar of the surf rumbled out its dread; the black foamy water was treacherous and spiteful, while the heavy sky weighed down upon it, and the wind seemed to sweep terror in its wake.

Windswept and rainbeaten on an abrupt knoll stood three women, close together, but not so close but that the wind might wrap around each one and isolate her from the others. Each one seemed unconscious of another presence, though all were in an agony of tension; and all their being was focused on a small dark object bobbing precariously out where the heavy sky dropped to meet the water. Surely it was a frail fragment of wreckage washed in from heaven knows where, and not three men in a fishing boat. It was right that it should be wreckage torn and beat upon, and not three souls of men. But the women knew it was not wreckage; they knew their husbands were in that boat.

The men were grim; the bearded one who bailed was sully; and the youngest one rowed as if goaded on by an inward terror which he masked under the stubborn determination of his face. Though all their mental powers were concentrated on the pressing physical action, they reached for the shore with their spirits just as intensely as the women reached for them.

After an eternity of waiting, of struggle, and gathering gloom, the miracle was accomplished and the men landed safely, though all their cargo of fish was lost. Then each woman walked back to her cottage with her man, and the scene was much the same in the three separate homes: a bright fire to take the chill out of one's bones; the odor of hot soup mingling with

the smell of drying clothes; a man resting beside the fire; a woman putting a simple meal on the table.

* * * *

The surly man, Manson, was watching his gaunt Julie with a malignant satisfaction in his eyes. These two were middle-aged; old enough to have become barren and stark as the meagre coast which was the symbol of their existence. There was nothing charming about Hanson's wife, Julie. Her back was angular in its faded dress; her face rough and red; her eyes apathetic. Was it the sharp wind which had worn her, as it had the seamed, ugly cliffs?

"Well, Julie, I got back safe."

"Yes, you got back safe."

"You didn't want me to, did you?"

"No," she said, as unmoved as before.

"You stood out there and prayed to the devil I'd be drowned. Well, I prayed stronger than you. I prayed to come back and torment you again. You were against me, I knew. It wasn't the surf I fought—it was you. I won; that's why I'm back, just because my will's stronger than yours."

Her thin lips pressed more tightly together.

"Yes, you won, but I guess it doesn't matter. I hope it pleases you to know you have a few more years to let me hate you. Come on, supper is ready."

* * * *

Catherine's joy and vivacity filled the little house to overflowing. Laird, the youngest man, watched keenly her every graceful movement. Lithe hands set plates on the table; they were hands which could ripple through his hair, or charm away a headache. Presently he caught one of them as she passed near him, and pulled her down on him. She was reluctant, but her eyes were luminous.

"Hurry, Laird, or the potatoes will burn."

"You're glad I'm back safely?"

"Oh, Laird! I prayed to you to come back to me. I was frightened, but I sent my soul out after you."

"I felt it come. I was scared; I would have lost

my head, but for thinking of you. It was not my arms, it was the strength of our love, that rowed me in. It conquered the wind and the water."

"You almost frighten me, talking so. Seems as if you're talking against God."

They had not owned each other long, these two.

"Little pagan," he answered, "Why do you talk about God, when I am your god, and you are mine, and our love has conquered the sea?"

* * * *

Peter, too, sat by the fire, watching his wife who prepared the meal, and his two children, who romped on the floor. Not till supper was over and his children were in bed, did he talk over the day with Sarah. As she sat beside the fire in her low rocking chair and mending children's hose, all the worry of the afternoon fell from her face, and its habitual tranquillity stole back to it. Peter wondered how she could be living here, his Sarah who was all peace and happiness. He compared her to old Julie, who was sister to the cliffs; and to Catharine, restless and beautiful as the sea itself. Sarah, he thought, lived above the coast, and only nested here. She was made for the firelight which glowed on her round cheek and soft hair.

"Read to me while I mend," she said, smiling at him with her eyes. So Peter opened his Bible and read the passage he had always loved, but which to-night had a double significance. Sarah's busy hands folded quietly, and presently she was sitting on the footstool, her shoulders resting against his knees. She repeated dreamily after him,


" 'And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.' "

"That is the verse I prayed this afternoon, Peter. That is the verse which conquered. We were not fighting the storm and the sea, but the fear in our hearts. And faith triumphed."

"And faith triumphed. Amen." said Peter.

THE SPELL OF THE CLOUD

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

UTSIDE the classroom window is the cool grey peace of the morning. Through the latticework of tree branches we see the sky overhead, a clear blue lake with feathery white patches floating slowly in it. But sharply round the east stands a phalanx of dark fog and above all rises the black shape of a great cloud. Unsubstantial and lofty, it towers there, out of place, almost grotesque, in the morning sky, like a fragment of the night left there by mistake.

The sun hidden behind the cloud makes it a perfect mountain of black and gold splendor, and the line of golden light around its edge, quite delicate and narrow at first, now, with the sun almost rising free, turns into tongues of yellow flame flickering along the cloud's top edge. Suddenly the sun lifts over it, its blaze flooding the whole east.

It seems almost that the sun's abrupt heat should startle the world, should wring a cry from it, but the scene is sound as a painted picture. The naked trees are silent as skeletons, the town seems still to dream. The sun continues upward in a quiet sky.

But a bird beats past the window. A truck clatters by on the street. "For our today's work let us note particularly the following points"—it is the professor's voice. Outside, with the sun soaring over it, the cloud, until a moment ago a giant flaunting brilliant banners, is now only a dirty mass of thick grey fog.

We turn our attention again to the blackboard, and the day's work has well begun. But where is now the strange nameless spell of the cloud?

LET US BE REALISTS

EDWIN BURTNER, '33

THIS new-fangled realism of our modern literature! Is it real? As real as truth? I asked myself this question some time ago, and my effort to find an answer has resulted in—

Read some of this realism: the virile realist insinuatingly whispers, "Now reader, whatever is questionable, whatever is not honorable, whatever thrills you whether it is selfish or not, whatever is impure or ugly. anything that is of sensual or vicious report, if there be any indecency, if there be any chance to defame, think on these things; but don't be too enthusiastic about it. The things which you learn and hear and see in me, these things do: and the great god Materialism be with you.

Think on these things?

Do these things?

No! I will not be a realist if I can have only a thrill, but no real joy in living: no! not if I must lose a balanced sense of decency and become a beast in order not to let a sexy little (keen) critic of life ridicule me as a mellifluous prude: no! not if I must defame heroes in order to be modern, broad-mindedly thinking that all men act selfishly or perhaps sensually. Men have spent a long time trying to harness the caveman in themselves, to civilize themselves; but the fussy realists would convince us that mankind has been wasting energy since some prehistoric "monkeypoid" biped first botched together a fig-leaf apron and started to roast his steaks.

Let us examine the main ideas of a realist's philosophy of life as well as his picture of life, judging the value of these two by their consistent agreement with the truth of things as they are. These modern writers tacitly assume that good people are unhappy because they are championing their personalities in dull, monotonous rules of conduct which have become mere

husks of conventionality. They would have men release their personalities, that is, unleash the passions, and slavishly seek to be thrilled. In a very orgy of thrills, deliriously intoxicated in a search for "vital life" the devotee suddenly meets—Reality. A law, functioning without an enforcement commission, comes into play. A most exquisitely poetic justice is administered. The capacity to be thrilled is developed at the expense of an ability to actively appreciate. Energetic dissipation perhaps for a time brings intangible ecstasy, but leads inevitably to disintegration. A disintegrated personality can not be thrilled even by baseness, nor can it appreciate the good. The mad effort to sidestep monotony (reality) ends in failure; complete, abject, pitiful. And as Eugene O'Neil's neurotic, perverted heroine, Nina Leeds, phrases it, "I can rot out in peace." So all life is a failure, a futile attempt to escape monotony. Life is a bore; and not a glorious adventure. Life is to be rotted out, not fulfilled. Decay; not growth or fruitfulness. Our energies are to be wasted in thrills; not to be magnanimously dedicated to unselfish service. Such is not consistent agreement with the truth of things as they are. For a rugged character is more real than a disintegrated one. An ability to exult in monotony, in costly self sacrifice, an ability to appreciate the commonplace and wonder at the sublime is more real than vapid boredom in a world like ours.

These realists may be real, but they are not real enough. They are pale and wan beside that dynamic personality, that realist of realists who wrote, "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things. The things which ye both learned and received, and heard and saw in me, these things do: and the God of peace shall be with you."

DAWN IN THE HILLS

UNA WILLIAMS, '34

I awoke from sleep this morning and found a pearly shimmer of dawn over the hills. Who could lie a-bed when there were pines that forever whispered and beckoned over head? I arose and went to them. Climbed to their heights, up, up until at last I stood alone on the highest spot of this silent, smiling, mountain world.

I was silent, silent, silent. I could hear the young leaves playing with a small breeze lost in the tree tops. From the dewy earth below me floated a rising mist ever growing more dense until at last it was lost in mid air like a great white river that drifted toward the sky.

The sun, following its ancient course, came up out of the east and threaded a flooded ray of sunlight through the pine boughs over the spot where I stood; but its golden shafts merely pierced that billowing mass of fog which surged and dissolved and flowed together again making my hill-top seem no longer a part of the earth but a magic carpet.

In the sky two hawks wheeled and circled.—In the pines birds, some of them red cardinals, chirped and sang like a choir. An odor of wild flowers filled the air with a perfume more penetrating than any incense. Beneath me was the fog. Beneath the fog—a slumbering valley where men and their affairs lay hushed and dim.

Suddenly as swift as magic the full splendor of that lovely picture was gone.—Gone.—God had with one stroke of the master brush wiped it away. Then there came to me a thought—that life, all life was but a whisp of fog betwixt the earth and sun soon to vanish also.

I was lost in the wonder and beauty of it all. Lost until I was aware of a noise below. My magic carpet had turned again into a hill top. The sun shone once more into the valley.

SOLILOQUY

MABEL JOE MOSIER, '33

DELLA looked out the ruffled curtained window at the crocuses and yellow daffodils—spring had come. "I hate crocuses and yellow daffodils," Della said to the robin hopping on the green grass, "yes, and I hate you too. Last year I loved you, but last year Danny was here, my curly headed Danny who would have said, 'Murther, tell me a story about red robins'."

"Now Danny is gone, little robin, and I hate you, hate spring, and life itself because you remind me wherever I go of last year when Danny was just two and we were so happy. John hates you, too, because on the first day of spring this year you took our baby away from us, and are laughing at us with your crocuses and yellow daffodils—smiling because you have our Danny in your cold brown earth. Why must you take him away? We were so happy and so good to him. I stretch out my hands to take him, but he fades away before I can catch him. I want to wash his dirty face, fix his orange juice, and watch John romp with him before bedtime."

"Oh, spring, he was such a dear little boy! God could have taken a bad little boy, but our Danny was, oh, so good. Old Mr. Challis would gladly have gone instead of our little boy. But no, you would rather have our baby, our little curly haired Danny."

"Now it is Springtime. Last year John and I took Danny to the church and there he was baptized. This year John and I will see the church laughing at us, too—telling us to rejoice because Christ has risen—rejoice without Danny!"

"I wonder what Danny will be doing during Springtime in Paradise. Danny was always laughing—I can see him now, his blue eyes so winsome and his curls dangling on his forehead. Danny loved spring, laughter, flowers, and everything bright and

happy. Perhaps—perhaps our Danny will be laying flowers at His feet and laughing. I must tell John that. Laying flowers at His feet—crocuses and yellow daffodils.”

TO MECCA

BONITA ENGLE, '33

HOT sands—stretching far as the eye can see; hot as only the desert sun can make them. Long caravans making their slow march from all the trade centers in the east, gradually merging into one another until they form one vast throng. Many have died from the heat and the plague, but the dying are passed unnoticed as this great host of the sons of Islam makes its burdensome pilgrimage to the home of its faith.

After weeks of marching, as now one—then another—catches sight of the last camping ground before the city will be reached, all is confusion. Men, women, children, and camels, with a profusion of color, become one struggling mass, seeming to roll over itself as those in the rear press on over weaker and unfortunate ones in front. Camel drivers shout furiously as luggage is overthrown. Those who have fallen cry for mercy, but their cries are smothered in the lust. The favorable spots are soon chosen, and tents begin to appear. Banners and tapestries, ornate with curious designs and symbols are hung.

Before one of the thousand camp fires that have been built, sprawls a young man. With seeming indifference he scrutinizes these religious devotees. What if they should know? Little he cares about Mohammed or his black stone. But already he has captured five costly tapestries and a score of golden ornaments set with jewels. Tomorrow they will reach Mecca, and then—

The stir about him reminds him of his duty. With the multitude he kneels and repeats, “There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet.”

MEGA

ETHEL SHELLEY, '31

WE wanted Mega so, her Pop and me, before she was born. In the evenings we used to sit on the back steps, watching the sun sinking flaming red behind the row of old brown houses on the next street; it was then that we'd talk about her. We were both kinda shy about saying what we thought at first and then we'd just sit and think kinda musing—like; but little by little we got used to the idea and we'd talk about Mega. We were sure she'd be a girl, you see, because we wanted her so, and we'd decided on her name so we always thought about her as our little Mega. We were so happy, we might of known it couldn't last.

Sometimes I think I felt that somethin' would happen and spoil the whole world for me,—you can't be so happy, I guess it must be wicked. But Mega's Pop was so kind, so good, and he was always tellin' me not to worry—so we went on just bein' happy. Never—never did I see him be mean to a living thing—always so good. That's why I can't understand him anymore—why it gives me such a tight feeling in my throat when he looks at me—so—as if he thought it was my fault and yet he was tryin' not to blame me. I think sometimes he would like to put his fingers around my throat tight—tight, and squeeze the life out of my miserable body. Sometimes I think his eyes will burn into my very soul.

Poor Joe, he, too, is very wretched; just because Mega—my poor little pet had no eyes to see this ugly world. She was always so white and small with the wise look of an old man on her face. At first her Pop tried to look like it was all right, but I knew on account of that first tearing aching cry, deep in his throat, and then by the still tears in his eyes that Mega, my blinded Mega, had hurt him. That was always it—from the first my Mega had hurt him.

But he tried—just so I wouldn't care, to make out that it didn't matter.

When I got good and strong again I almost forgot that there were any babies that had eyes. Mega was my baby and I didn't ever care that she couldn't see her mom's face. I liked the way she seemed so helpless,—she needed me even more than if her eyelids wouldn't 'a' been so tight shut and sunk down where the eyeballs should have been. Ah yes, my Mega needed me—even when she was so little she lifted her tiny soft fist and kind of pawed around in the air so she could touch me or her Pop. I thought it was so cute—kinda pathetic but so kind of cute. But her Pop didn't like it—he tried to act like he did but I could see him draw back and look away—he hardly ever looked at Mega.

One day I found out why—oh God, if only I wouldn't of—but I couldn't help it, I had to know what hurt him so, what was tearin' at his soul, so that maybe I could change it. I says, "Joe" I says "don't you think it's cute the way Mega makes her fist go—the way she kinda stretches it out to touch you?"

He groaned kind of a deep "Oh-h" and turned his face away. I had to go on; now that I'd began nothin' in heaven or hell could stop me.

"Joe", I says, "Tell me, why it is you don't like Mega—?"

"Oh, my God—my God" he looked like he was gonta go crazy—his face was white and his eyes were kinda shining red. "Don't make me say it—" it was pitiful the way he said that, but right then he busts out yelling at the top of his voice—"She's a cat—that's what—a blind cat!"

He put his hands over his face and sank down in his chair—his breath came in hard deep sobs and he sat there slumped, shaking and kinda softly moaning. It was hard—hard on me havin' to look at him there and listen to him sob while I was holding Mega in my arms and her little hand all the time strokin, sort of pawing my arm.

I thought that maybe when my Mega got older maybe he'd kinda change his mind about her—but when we found out that she was never gonna know how to talk, I began to be afraid that it would never be any different. One time I seen his face turn white and the muscles around his mouth draw tight when Mega kinda purred when I picked her up. She's got a habit doin' that when she's happy.

Then somehow Mega never learned to walk like other people. She kind of figured out a way of her own using her two hands along with her feet and sort of crawled across the floor. I thought it was cute the way she got along so fast but her Pop seemed to hate to watch her. He had got the habit of turning his head away when she came crawling up to him, brushing against his tall legs—

Like she is now at mine—"Come, my Mega, come, your mamma wants you—She likes the way you rub against her and paw her arm."



'T WAS BUT A ROSE

PARKER YOUNG, '34

I plucked the petals from the rose of life,
Fresh kist with dew.
They lay in scattered glory
At my feet.
Beauty, Love, and Laughter;
Every one a jewel,
And in the midst—
The golden heart of Truth.
Each one complete,
And yet its glory spent.
What folly
To have spoilt so sweet a rose.

Ho-Bohemia

The Literary Waste-Basket

"HAIRCUT, PLEASE!"

GERALD STOVER

NOW it happened that one day I was placed in an embarrassing position. The cause of my embarrassment was an empty pocket-book and a rather heavy carpet of hair on my head especially on my neck. I was in my room in the dorm, and in walked a very good friend of mine, Mr. Kotsuya Fujiwara. In the dorm we are all United Brethren, and we feel responsible for each other's clothing and personal appearance. He noticed that I needed a haircut, and the conversation was as follows:

"Howdy, Kots! Come in and make yourself at home; have a piece of pie or a cookie."

"Sure I take pie and cookies," Kots said, in the best English at his command.

Kots began to suffocate a few cookies and seated himself on the bed. Suddenly he looked at me and told me that I needed a haircut. I told him that I had no money, and he said that he would cut my hair.

"I cut hair in Army," said Kots in a very assuring tone of voice.

In my eagerness to improve my personal appearance I accepted his kind offer. He made a hasty exit from my room and re-appeared soon with a pair of scissors, at least twelve inches long. At first I thought he was going to ask me to help him cut Mrs. King's hedge, but it dawned upon me that it was my hair that he was going to cut. He placed me in a chair, and tucked a large towel securely about my neck. With comb in one hand and scissors in the other, he began. The scissors were a trifle dull, and he cut a little off and pulled a lot out. I became so accustomed to his method of cutting hair that he could pull a handful out and I never minded it a bit. I looked down at the towel, and behold, I saw more hair than was on my head at that time. By this time I began to worry a trifle about my personal appear-

ance, but was relieved when he spoke up and said, "All done now and you are shiek." If I was a shiek, I was nearly a hairless one to say the least. I looked in the glass and then I realized that the only place where he would be permitted to cut hair would be in an army of Indians where only a top-knot would be the latest style. I resolved instantly that I must help the barber support his family by giving him my immediate trade. Two weeks later Kots told me that he never cut hair in his life. His hasty retreat from my room was followed by the impact of a heavy shoe on the panel of the door.



THE BROKEN BUBBLE

MARIE HOBENSACK

Love is like a bubble,
A big shining trouble,
That children make in play,
With suds and pipes of clay.

Bother! With a hat-pin
And a leering grin,
Some old worldly wise
Burst my bubble
And all the trouble
And suds flew in my eyes.

JAW GYMNASTICS

WALTER G. CLIPPINGER, JR., '31

HE was a pious preacher, particular about etiquette, form and behavior. His church was always conducted according to the strictest rules of procedure. If a layman fell asleep or an usher got out of step, the preacher politely reminded him of the breach. At the table if someone crudely crunched their celery with an open mouth, licked their knife or did some vigorous shoving with their bread—anyone doing anything perceptibly out of place was severely reprimanded. The clergyman even deprived a cat of its captured mouse fearing it was germ laden.

But if a person chewed gum—well that was different for the preacher did it too. Blackjack was his brand. He always chewed it; bought it by the carton; chewed it everywhere under all conditions; even in the pulpit he tucked a little wad away in a remote corner of his mouth. When by himself, he placidly rolled his jaw like a contented cow. When his grandchildren were crying, he would get down upon his knees and with his fingers, draw the gum out and spin a thread, blow a balloon or make it crack loudly within his mouth.

His church people would often engage in heated discussions concerning the reputed number of sticks of Blackjack gum the preacher usually chewed at one time. A certain Christian woman vowed that when she walked down the street behind him, she picked up exactly six wrappers which he intermittently dropped. It was Blackjack but she didn't have to read the wrappers to discover the aroma. The luscious licorous smell was quite indicative of that.

At home, numberless finger-printed patties were firmly plastered beneath his diningroom chair. Yes, he was pious but giving his jaw exercise with chewing gum was perfectly permissible.

THE LIFE OF A P. D.

DOROTHY GRABILL, '34

A P. D. certainly leads a dog's life; especially this particular one about whom I am writing, as it happens to be myself. I might as well tell you right now what a P. D. is, because you can get nothing out of this theme until you know. It is a Professor's Daughter.

In the first place, everybody expects too much from you. And in the second place, you are picked on all the time.

Of course, there are such things as upholding the family traditions, etc.; but that is no reason why people should push that fact under your nose every minute. You are endowed with brains, and they are for you to use as you see fit. If you are low in one subject, say, for example, sciences, your professors will all say, "Why I'm surprised at you. Disappointed, really. Your father got all A's in this when he was in school." When you are at home it is the same old story. Dad may say, "I am talking to your teacher about you, and he says you aren't getting as good grades as you could be. I want you to get busy and keep our name clear!"

Well, well, and another well! What can a poor P. D. do after a lecture like that?

Being a Music Director's P. D. is no joke, cinch, or what have you. The pater wishes that you practise every spare minute, not even expecting you to have "time out" to catch up with yourself. After about three hours straight, steady practice, you may arise from your position and think, "How heavenly some jazz would be, now! Just the thing to pep me up! I'll see what's on the air!"

About the time you were enjoying the very rhythmic music, in walks the Honorable, his breath coming in short pants, due to excess exercise.

"What's the idea of all the abominable jazz? You can hear that all over this end of town! What

will the neighbors think? What will the students think, if any should pass here, and hear such discords pouring forth from every door and window! It's a disgrace, I tell you, a disgrace! Don't you care anything about me, and what people think?"

Alas! Your heavenly strain vanishes like a bubble—Pop! And practicing continues.

If you are a P. D. you are picked on purposely just to see how much you know, and how much you don't know. It usually is the latter.

You may have known the professor all your life, but when it comes to having him as a Prof. . . . Well, it's a different proposition! You feel you simply must work hard to uphold his original ideals he may have had in you, so he at least will not be disappointed even if you are. But don't let him kid you into thinking he's easy. Because it is a "fairy tale." You learn by experience, though.

Then there are times when a P. D. may want to entertain her male friends. You know all professors must have their sleep, or they will not feel physically able to carry on the next day! They cannot sleep soundly until you are safely tucked in bed. So there you are. What can a poor innocent do? I appeal to you!



TO AN OLD LOVE

GERALDINE OFFENHAUER

I cried because I was alone
The night was dark and you were gone
But then next day the sun came out
My word! What had I cried about?

ON BEING LESS THAN FIVE FEET TALL

BONITA ENGLE

CAN you remember—way back in your childhood days—when you were only four feet, eleven and one-fourth inches tall? Think hard. Don't you recall those automobile rides when you sat on the three inches between the two front seats of the Ford coach? Is there not a vivid memory of the crowded grocery store where you found yourself in the depths of a dark pit, with scores of heads and shoulders towering above you? Or perhaps you recollect the discomfort of sitting on chairs with only your toes touching the floor.

For you those days are gone forever. But for me, these joys of childhood linger on. I suppose my grandchildren will want me to play "hide-and-seek" with them because I can hide in small corners.

Ordinarily three-fourths of an inch seems a trivial matter; but when it is that three-fourths of an inch just under five feet it assumes vast significance, patronizingly looking down on all beneath it.

Recently I had the delightful experience of answering the door for a book agent. After chatting pleasantly for a while, she asked me when I would "be out of the grades." Two summers ago a gentleman turned his head and coughed when I told him I was writing a business letter. And when I go to buy a hat, the clerk invariably remonstrates, "Oh dearie, you want something more youthful—that makes you look like a young lady"—and she hands me one with ribbons hanging down the back.

I am also considered a useful article to have around. When the doors are locked and the key has been forgotten, somehow it seems more convenient for fifty-nine and one-fourth inches to go through the kitchen window than it is for sixty-one inches. Just so, out on the farm in the summer, I am usually elected to scramble after the big red apple that is always hanging on the end of the top limb.

Once, when I became sick, I thought that now I would be free from constant reminders of my insufficient height. While I was on my back my shortness would not count. Besides I could touch the foot of the bed with my toes, with the top of my head still touching the pillow. But then came the doctor—and oh horrors! “Say kiddo, you aren’t any bigger than a half-pint of cider.”



FADED WALLPAPER

LOIS McLEOD

They're tearing an old house down today.
One corner is torn clear out.
The old, faded wallpaper flapping in the wind
Looks sad and lonely, remembering.
It's been empty so long and
It wasn't a particularly beautiful place
But it does look lonely with the windows gone
And the holes gaping wide and the old wall paper
Flapping.

It makes one think of
Dead ghosts of proud people who lived there.
And then you see a
Careless workman's hands
And the wallpaper in the wind
Flapping.

PENNSYLVANIA

GLADYS FREES

Pennsylvania is a twisted pavement through dead wooded mountains bleared with rain—Cities dingy with grime, gaudy movies and damp churches half filled with dispirited people. Through the dust on the window are the distant mines worming their way into the sullen mountains goaded by the greed of the panting engines as they puff their poisonous breath into the grey sky.

Note: A revised list of equally juicy adjectives may be had upon request.



LINES TO A TITIAN-HAIRED BEAUTY

LEHMAN OTIS

I fell for you; you did me wrong,
Red-head.

You took my heart; you sold it for a song,
Red-head.

I didn't know how hard I'd fall,
That you'd become my all in all,
That I'd lose appetite and sleep about a
Red-head.

I fell for you; you broke my heart,
Red-head.

I'm wise to you; you planned it from the start,
Red-head.

You think I sit at home and cry?
And rant and rave, or moan and sigh—?
Like heck I do; you see, dear, there's another
Red-head.

PAGE MR. RIPLEY

MARY MUMMA



N they came. Two girls,—I knew they were my roommates,—talking in hushed tones as they walked down the corridor. I saw them—and I knew that the tones were hushed because they pitied me. They needn't pity,—I'd explain to them!

Then there were those bars between us. Always bars. And somehow the girls were always coming but never arriving. And their tones were always hushed. So I was always explaining. Oh, that's why the bars were there. People didn't understand when I explained so I got angry. I was angry now as I shouted to them. But their tones were still hushed.

Like the time we walked down the corridor and watched a man scratch his head and pick his teeth like an ape. We talked softly then and he growled at us. Only I was in deep grass at the end of the corridor. I tried to tell them about the grass. That Prof. Engle lived in that log shack over there. He raised Sparrow Hawks, the only true falcons in America. And short-eared Owls. Myriads of them nested in the grass around my feet. That gave me two more birds to turn in at class next Tuesday. If I could only break the bars and run down the corridor. My roommates were still talking in hushed tones but were getting farther away. Talking—walking. Their knees came up so funny! They wouldn't listen to my explanation about the grass. They wouldn't help tear down the bars.

They mustn't disappear, they must come back! "Maru, Dee,—I'm not an ape man! The birds are here,—falcons, grass,—the sun is just rising. I was breaking down the bars but somehow they fell on me, stuck through my shoulders into the ground. I struggled. I guess I died.

I opened my eyes and gazed through a streak of early sunlight into my roommates terrified faces. Maru was sitting all over me, her capable hands pinioning my shoulders against the sheet. Dee was gripping my wrists with unnecessary strength. Nurse "Baer" gazed at me brokenly and spoke in a hushed tone as she shook down the thermometer: "Her vitality is low. Keep her on orange juice for a couple of days."




THE WOODS

MABEL JO MOZIER

In a fine woods
Not far from here,
Live a big bear,
A fox and a deer;
A very nice woods
I do not doubt,
But I for one
Am staying out.

EFFECTS OF TEN MONTHS OF SCHOOL

MABEL JO MOZIER

 NE summer day during vacation in January, I took my yard stick and went fishing. The sun was so hot I felt icicles on my brow as the rain beat down upon the seashore. I had quite a time to find any wet water because most of it was very dry but after some time I came upon a quiet little stream that reminded me of the Pacific. I proceeded to break a hole in the ice and floated my flag in the name of my country. It was quiet and peaceful there. I had no bites but I caught ten fish. I pulled them in so fast my head swam. My shoulders sat still and watched my head swim. At that moment the fire engine came to put the fire out. There was no fire but one can't be too careful when even your best friends won't tell you. Just then I caught a whale. I thought of Jonah as I tied a pink ribbon around it's neck. A mermaid came up and tickled my toes but I didn't care because she was a nice girl and my toes amused her.

To my disgust the bell rang and I knew that classes were changing so I picked up my yard stick and flung it to the east winds. I loaded my animals on my bicycle, set my car to a gallop and paddled across the fields in my canoe at a terrific rate of speed. When I got home I descended from the bus, paid the captain, and entered the house to find that I had arrived just two hours before I had started.

LONG SKIRTS

GERALDINE OFFENHAUER

The days of the flapper are gone—snappy little gum-chewing stenographers have become relegated to the crinoline days along with tandem bicycles and mustache cups. What has wrought this change or, as the psychologists would say, what is the cause of this

effect? Long skirts have done it. Can you imagine a stately brunette in a sweeping gown of shimmering white satin suddenly breaking into a Black Bottom step? —decidedly no—for the Black Bottom required legs—and we haven't had more than a glimpse of ankles since back in 1930.

Lovely ladies no longer flit about—they languish—and assume Garboesque poses and inductable Scandinavian gazes that are very disconcerting when confronted across the glove counter. With this regal attitude frivolous chatter is unseemly and of course—Greta never speaks. Perhaps after all these years men will get a chance to talk and there will be an era of strong, silent women. Isn't it strange what a yard or so of goods will do?



SPITE

CARL STARKEY

Sadie's a cheat and a liar,
I'm her man.
They say I'm no good.
She's got it coming to her—
Gettin' a guy like me.

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