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QUIZ + QUI

december 1931



Christmas Number 1931

The QUIZ
and QUILL



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The Quiz and Quill Club

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Greetings

AS certain wise men of long ago paused to offer gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh, so, in our hurried search for wisdom, we would pause this Christmas tide to offer gifts,—gifts of song and story.



DUST FROM GOD

First Prize, Upperclass Contest

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

In rays of sunlight filtering down,
On velvet wings of butterflies,
The pollen in a violet—
God's gold dust.

From clouds of heavy darkening grey
There gently falls in silent grace,
As manna in the wilderness—
God's snow dust.

WHO KILLED SANTA CLAUS?

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

IT was the janitor who killed Santa Claus. Cy, the janitor, with his fat tummy and his rosy cheeks. Who chewed our ears and threatened to lock us in the unused stairway that was full of dust and cobwebs and darkness. At least it was Cy who killed Santa Claus for the country school children who carried their lunches.

I saw Santa Claus die. It was a pitiful death for the grand old fellow. And we children tried hard to keep him with us. But Cy, the janitor, thought it was very funny, he chuckled all over. "Naw, there ain't no Santa Claus," he told us, "That's just some one in a red suit so you kids'll think there's one. Santy Claus is your Dad!" There were loud protests from the children—trying so hard to keep Santa Claus alive. The littlest first grader was sobbing, unashamed. Cy laughed 'till his fat tummy shook like we always thought Santa Claus' did.

"There is, too, a Santa Claus!" one indignant child exclaimed. "I saw him myself down in Garver's store." Now there was proof. Hadn't all our parents taken us to see the jolly Santa Claus in Garver's big store?"

Santa Claus was resting easier now. Maybe he wouldn't die after all.

But the argument wasn't done with. Or rather, Cy wasn't done with us. This was worse than having our ears chewed for throwing the erasers around.

We wanted to know—Didn't Santa come down our chimneys when we were fast asleep and fill our stockings?

Nobody could climb down a chimney and out through a fire place, Cy scoffed. Dad and mother put us to bed and then brought in the tree and fixed the stockings.

Well, didn't Santa Claus ride through the air in a big sleigh drawn by reindeers?

Of course not! That's just what the story books say.

But Santa Claus comes to Sunday School and gives us candy and he comes to school and gives us candy and a book!

Cy's tummy shook more and he tried to tell us that every time we saw a Santa Claus it was someone else just dressed up. Nothing funny to us about that.

Gee! How did Santa Claus get to so many places? Always we thought it was his magic power. Santa's head was sinking lower and lower. Santa Claus! the most worshipped god of childhood was actually dying and all our coaxing and protesting wouldn't bring back the sparkle to his merry eyes.

Dead. Santa Claus was dead. Nothing left but a red suit and cap—long white whiskers and tall boots. But no Santa Claus inside any more. Cy, the janitor, had killed him with his unkind jokes and laughter.

Now that I'm older and believe in Santa Claus again, though now, as the Christmas Spirit of Giving Gifts, I wonder, about Cy. Who was it killed Santa Claus for him? I wonder.

LOSS

DOROTHY METZGER, '35

First Prize, Lower Class Contest

I reasoned, "It is well,
'Tis better so in the end."
But my heart cried out in pain and grief
"But look! You have lost a friend."

My conscience said, "Be still.
To thy best self be true."
But my heart remembered a friendly smile
And half-mocking eyes of blue.

My conscience won in the end
But my heart was bowed and still.
For the empty place my friend had left,
None but my friend could fill.

NEW YORK

MAMIE EDGINGTON, '25

From a High Window

1. After an evening shower
You are a magical city,
Misty dreams flung in the sky,
Unfolding themselves into poems
For mortals to read you by.

2. In the sun
You are a wilful boy's city
Whose toys, blue, yellow, and red,
Were scattered in fearful disorder
When his mother sent him to bed.

3. At night
You are a haunted city,
Home of the restless dead.
A whirr, a scream, and a flash,
And another phantom has fled.

FROM OUT OF TOWN

RUTH ROBERTS, '25

When I can hear a hurdy-gurdy man
Unwind his measured, platitudinous air,
And say with sated shrug, "Good Lord, again!"—

When I can stroll about beneath park trees
And languidly discuss the "styles this year",
And never once look up for chickadees—

When I can blow three rings of smoke about,
And contemplate a Greek Original
With one assured remark, "But darling, stout!"—

Why then, I think, I'll come back here to stay
Until old age, contented with my skill
In being quite sufficiently blase.

SNOW

ALICE SCHEAR, '32

When stars were made,
The crucible
Was emptied through a seive.
The grosser metal
Placed to fade the gloom of night.
The dust that sifted down
Became the million glitter points
That hid the scarred earth.



THE WINTER SKY

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

—A stained-glass window
Patterned in panes
By traceries of twigs
And tinted a fragile blue.



WHIMSY

GLADY FREES, '32

The earth is like a child tonight
Who weary with his play,
Is bathed in suds of white moonlight
And prays his, 'Now I lay——'
Then cuddles down beneath the sheet
With little drowsy sighs,
And looks up with content replete
And stardust in his eyes.

HER GIFT TO "THE KING"

BONITA ENGLE, '33

WERY carefully Nala drew the threads in and out. She must not make even the tiniest mistake; her work must be perfect. For had not the servant said his master used only the best? Day after day she had sat at her work behind the curtain that separated this corner from the rest of the small room. She arose at dawn, just as the Bethlehem hills across the plain were outlined with crimson and as the grey forms of the stirring sheep became distinct from the landscape. Before her other toil was done and she could begin her weaving, the cool freshness of the morning was gone and the shepherds had led their flocks away out of sight.

Nearly a month ago the richly-clothed stranger had been attracted to a cloth of her weaving on display in Jotham's shop, and had commanded that another be waiting for him on his return to the Judean village. Unlike the indolent men with dirty beards who came every day to bargain with her master, he was both comely and impressive, wearing with dignity a majestic garb. Only a few times had any man with such grandeur passed through the little village. To think that she would weave for him who must surely be a nobleman in the Empire! She tried to picture the dazzling palace that must be his, the rich food, fantastic tapestries, and servants dressed better than anyone she knew.

Now she was tired. The ache in her back was no longer dull, but sent sharp pains throughout her body to her very fingertips. Her feet would soon be numb from their cramped position. Her eyelids felt rough and hot. But she must finish before sundown. Often her master had become angry with her because the fabric was incompleated.

"Are your fingers so soon becoming clumsy?" he

had asked. "For only two years I have had you; now, already, you are becoming worthless to me."

With peering eyes she fastened the last thread as the twilight turned to dusk.

Two days later the Roman servant came for the covering. Even Jotham, who, to his friends, spoke of Romans with imprecations, greeted this messenger with elaborate courtesy. But his offer of figs and coffee was refused.

"I may not tarry," the servant said. "My master hastens to Bethlehem before the taxing; and with a "Peace be with you" he was gone.

That night, as Nala watched the glowing fires of the shepherds with their flocks on the hills opposite her tiny window, she thought of palaces—and kings.

* * * * *

Beyond the hills, in the small town of Bethlehem, a young mother was resting with her babe. The air was calm with that chill of early morning. From the open door the child's father came in to the woman. In his hand was a large cloth, carefully woven, but with a torn spot in one corner.

"Here, Mary," he offered. "Wrap the child in this. The Roman left it in the courtyard."



THE VOICE OF THE RAIN

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

The voice of the soft-falling rain
Brings calm to my restless mind,
Brings joy to my saddened heart,
And peace.

The voice of the soft-falling rain
Brings rest to my weary limbs,
Brings coolness to my fevered brow,
And sleep.

LINES

(Written after watching the mist above Alum Creek in the
light of the February full moon.

MARY MUMMA, '31

Life, you entrance me tonight,—
You are unknowable.
A golden moon drawing a misty dew
Up from a cooling earth.

For cold is this planet of safety,
Barren is permanence.
Take me,—a tiny atom
Of rising moisture.



A SONNET

(Written on the fourteen blades of a Japanese fan)

LILLIAN H. SHIVELY, '29

Where, faint at midnight, comes the reedy cry
Of wandering flutes in hilly distances,
Repeating tirelessly and endlessly
Uncertain notes, uncertain cadences,—
I know they speak the sad and faltering tread
Of pilgrims struggling toward some hidden light,
Of penitential strivings, blindly led
By these fantastic voices of the night.
The flutes are calling; though my heart essays
To stifle the insistence of unrest,
It cannot flee night's importunities
But, like a pilgrim of the hilly ways,
Must wander forth upon some unknown quest,
Still following uncertain melodies.

CHRISTMAS GIRL

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

SHE was a pretty little thing, and she had the only pair of violet eyes that I've ever seen. I met her the second night of Christmas vacation at a dance that the high school gave for the alumni who were home from college. She was new in town, and she stood by herself in a corner, frail and lonely; I guess that's what got me—that, and her eyes.

We were together constantly during that holiday fortnight. We walked together, we skated together, we danced to the music of the radio at her house, with only the lamp on the table at the far end of the room to dimly reveal the surrounding objects. And often we merely sat and talked, or fell silent and said more with our eyes and lips than I dared to put into actual words. We were very much in love.

The night before I had to go back, I told her that I loved her. You smile—but I'm the cautious sort; women can't pin you down to what you've said in kisses like they can to the things that you've put into words. We swore eternal passion, and I left her with her vows still in my ears and the image of tears in violet eyes seared in my memory.

She wrote to me the day after I got back to school, but her letter must have been thrown out with the trash when I cleaned my desk a couple of weeks later.

I'll never forget her eyes, but for the life of me, I can't remember her name.

THE HIDDEN WHISPER

ROY BOWEN, '33

NOISE . . . confusion . . . last-minute Christmas shopping . . . presents must be bought for those from whom presents are expected in return . . . stores decorated with tinsel, evergreens, bright lights . . . the snow on the streets soiled and sooty—trampled underfoot by the throngs of shoppers . . . streetcar bells clanging, automobile klaxons, brakes screeching . . . here and there Santa Claus with cotton whiskers (not many of the modern sophisticated children are fooled) . . . mailmen trudging along under great bag of Christmas cards and packages . . . insides—weary shopgirls.

Snatches of overheard conversation . . . "Did the Bishops send us a Christmas card last year? Well, then, I suppose I'll have to go in and get another one for them" . . . "Now be good and Santa will come" . . . "Oh, what will we get old Aunt Sally? She has everything already" . . . "Mamma, can I have a dolly like that one?" . . . "Haven't you any more money? We haven't nearly enough presents"

Amidst the hurry and bustle some one whispers, "Long ago a child was born in Bethlehem" . . . not many hear . . . there is too much noise and confusion . . . gifts must be bought, entertainments planned, dinners gotten ready . . . no one has time to listen to whispers.



MUSIC

MARTHA JANE SHAWEN, '29

Music—the high, thin notes of a flute. It gives expression to the beauty and love in the soul of me, all the sorrow and sweetness of crushed flowers, all the longings, dreams and visions that point a reaching finger to where a lifted wing stirs the silence.

THE END OF INDIAN SUMMER

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

Far away the buzzing of an alarm clock. Near, louder, noisily insistent. Dazzling light, blinded sleepy eyes. Bare feet on cold boards. Icy blast from an open window. Chill clothes against a warm body. Raw wind sweeping a deserted street. Patches of ice on an uneven pavement. Trees bare against a leaden sky. Snowflakes in a background of gray. White blanket enshrouding a black earth.



ATMOSPHERE——?

ROBERT COPELAND, '32

The hickory fire danced in the fire-place made of beautifully matched stones. The flames cast their light across the perfectly appointed room and mingled its red and yellow glow with the mellow light of the two candles that rested in handwrought silver candlesticks on the dark-oak mantle-piece.

The fragrance of pine and spruce branches mingling with the faint perfume of holly and mistletoe permeated the air. In one corner near the fireplace stood a well-decorated Christmas tree. Gifts were piled high around its base.

It was Christmas eve. Across the street a group of carolers were singing "Silent Night". From a distant tower came the sound of chimes pealing the glad notes of "Joy to the World."

Seated in front of the fire were two people—a well-dressed handsome young man and a girl of unrivalled beauty. As the distant chimes changed to the sweet music of "The First Noel" the man looked at the girl and said, "What shall we do, Babe, get a quart of gin and go out to some night club or sit here and die of ennui?"

GEORGE

First Prize Upperclass Contest

ALICE SCHEAR, '32

SEA birds wheeled lazily in the cloudless air. The heavy fragrance of the semi-tropical flowers in the soldiers' cemetery came sultrily to his nostrils. A few more steps now and he could rest. He shifted the long, tapered basket higher on his back and wearily dragged his bare feet up the steep road over the hot paving stones.

At last George reached his mother's doorway. He slipped the chafing straps from his aching shoulders and dropped to the door sill after carefully standing the fish basket against the wall. A swarm of flies settled down again on his burden. Three lean cats stole hungrily to his side. Listlessly his black head dropped and the surprisingly blue eyes closed.

George was ten. Three years ago his father's regiment had been transferred from Gibraltar. Either his father had forgotten them or India was too far for any money to come, thought the boy. Ever since his seventh birthday, he had been selling fish to obtain a few shillings with which to buy food for himself and his mother. His tender back was now humped from the weight of the heavy basket.

His mother had named him George. How he hated it. He didn't want an English name and his Spanish cousins on the mainland taunted him about it. But his dark-eyed, black haired mother would often look at him strangely and with tears in her somber eyes would whisper, "George! Mi amor, George!"

Only this morning the child had found his mother crying when he took her a little fish for her breakfast. For seven months now she had been ill. Tonight he would walk over to his grandfather's house again and ask for help. But too often his uncles had

driven him away because his father was a soldier of hated King George.

The sound of a bugle split the close air. The scorching sun seemed to burn hotter on his bare head. A slight scratching sound caused the tired boy to look up. More cats had come, attracted by the smell, and were trying to reach the fish. Impatiently he drove them away.

About to go into the bare rooms, George stopped, for noisy laughter filled the air. Around the corner came a crowd of foreigners,—Americans. A small boy spied him and pointed a mocking finger at his bent, distorted body, the impish child cried in a queer language. Leaning over and dropping his hands until they were as low as his knees, he paraded before the amused grown-ups. One woman was fussing with a little black box. George knew what that meant,—she was taking his picture. Suddenly he ran up crookedly and pushed it out of her hands.

Calling to his mother, he rushed blindly into her room. She did not answer. Clamoring awkwardly onto her bed, he touched her cheek. It was cold. In agony he beat the rigid form with futile fists. "O Madre, Madre!" Santa Maria, what had happened to his mother?

In dreadful terror the boy fled to the street. The cats were running wildly with the last of the fish from the upturned basket.

With a despairing cry the bent, little man threw himself on the paving and clutched the stones with his stubby fingers. All! All was gone! Dry sobs tore from his throat. A great blackness settled upon his childish soul.

LET THE SONG BE STILLED

W. H. CAMP, '25

Let the song be stilled,
Let the ember die,
The moon shall wane
And the last bird cry,—
For there be little more
Than the twitter of birds
In the moon's slant ray,
A bit of warmth
And lonesome laughter.



THE NIGHT WIND

MARGARET PILKINGTON, '32

The Night Wind is cruel, ruthless. In the steel-gray light of an early winter morning, he rushes along, his heavy, coarse robes sweeping out behind, his long, fleshless fingers clutching at the neck of his of his garment.

He is alone, solitary; only the heavy, unlighted grayness knows him as he goes by. He travels half the earth in a night; a rushing sound presages his coming; you know he is near, and you cower in your beds.

He has gone. The rushing, shrieking roar is passed. Again only the lifeless emptiness he leaves behind.

* * * * *

The Night Wind in May is a soft, jeweled woman. An aura of perfume envelopes her as she walks. Her white hand with its long, slender fingers caressingly touches that which is beautiful. She moves lightly and quickly, and, as she moves, her soft, silvery-gray dress falls in long, smooth folds. She is soothing, calm, this woman; her sweet, pregnant breath calls forth the hidden potency in all the earth. She is lovely, the Night Wind in May.

HER SCIENTIFIC MIND

ELEANOR WALTERS, '32

WEARILY she trudged on. Mud oozed up around her boots. Water, entering through a hole worn in the heel of one boot, squashed beneath her toes. A black tam was plastered against her dripping hair and rivulets of water trickled beneath the collar of her coat. Her back ached miserably. It was so hard to keep her balance on the slippery bank.

With all the discomfort she was happy inside. She liked the rain in her face. She liked the silver drops that it made when it splashed into the water at her feet. This course in nature appreciation was something real!

Gracious! She must keep her mind on botany. Phyllotaxy. Where were her notes? Leaf arrangement—cyclic—spiral. An unexpected moment of sunshine. The reflection in that ripple! Science passed with the rain. She sat down on the sodden limb of an old willow tree and watched the play of color in the water.

The leaves of the trees were almost as colorful. Anthocyan, carotin, and chlorophyll. Why spoil the beauty with those horrid words? She ought to put something in her notes though. This was the last day to observe.

A splash of water landed on the tip of her nose. Rain again. But the sun was still shining. A rainbow—how perfect!

* * * * *

Botany . . . Fall Observation for November the First. Beneath the low hanging branches of an old willow tree I sit and watch the rain drops form tiny silver cups in the widening stream. In a burst of sunlight muddy ripples now hold jewels in their depths. Through the lighted mist a rainbow spans the high vault of heaven. Beautifully symmetrical. Colors

blended into one perfect whole. It gently dips to greet the earth below.



RETRIBUTION

W. H. CAMP, '25

You that lived in the gilded house
And he that lived in the cot
Still live apart,
As you lived apart
In the days that are forgot.

Your home is now in a copper box;
He lives where the birch roots grow.
He laughs now
As you once laughed—
And this be all I know,—

You are dry dust in your copper box,
He is black mold in the sod,
For the birches grow
And the gentians blow
And smile back up at God.



DOMINANT TONE

PARKER YOUNG, '33

First Prize, Lower Class Contest

"Get your feet off the table and go and split me some wood, you lazy, good-for-nothing trash! I sure wasn't in me right mind when I married you!"

At her words, a puny little man slipped out of the room, throwing a scared glance over his shoulder. The geraniums in the window seemed to droop lower behind their leaves, while the very sun outside hid its face behind a cloud for shame.

The two children playing on the floor ceased their playing and looked at each other in fearful silence. Now an outside door slammed, and presently—the angry sound of an axe, chopping its way through hard wood.

DESTINY

ALICE SCHEAR, '32

If I could touch the farthest star,
Could trace the path of light,
If I could probe the mysteries
Of sound and sense, and sight,
If I could reach the lowest depths,
And know beneath the sea
The way the tiny coral live,
I think my soul would be
So vast I could not hold it here;
So great that it would go
Back to the Mind whose master plan
Arranged to have it so.



CHILDREN OF GOD

ELEANOR WALTERS, '32

"There is no room in the inn to-night."
The girl in the saddle swayed,
Then the innkeeper's voice grew softer
As a light from heaven played
O'er Mary—Blessed of God.

Through the long dark hours of dawn
Men followed a light above,
To sacrifice to a promised child
Their gifts of wealth and love.
To Him—the Son of God.

Follow the light in this Holy time
Which guides the hearts of men,
To the feet of babes who cry for bread,
And sacrifice gifts to them.
To them—those children of God.

IN MEMORIAM—DEAN CORNETET

He left so suddenly we grope in our memories for pictures of him as he went about the community and the college. We recall him resting on the porch of his home or working in his yard in fair weather; we see him in the hall outside of chapel talking with a group of students about next week's game; we recall such little mannerisms as the way in which his head would tip to one side and his eyes would crinkle when he indulged in 'pleasantries,' as he called them. We remember him as he made all human contacts with perfect grace. He was always the gentleman above reproach. The criticism usually directed against faculty members by students missed Dr. Cornetet entirely. The campus attitude toward him was altogether one of liking and respect. He seemed the embodiment of the spirit of his Greek. His life, his speech and his actions had the exactness, the fineness and the beauty of the language he taught.

We wonder with what inward feelings of laughter or despair he stood in his classroom, year after year, and greeted successive student generations as they filed in. We know that, unworthy of his greatness as we no doubt were, he yet taught us with the endless kindness, the warm interest, and the infinite patience which have made for him so large a place in the heart of the campus.

He was the kind of master who inspires effort in his disciples, and he, the enthusiastic scholar in his field, could encourage the same kind of zeal in us hopeless amateurs in the language. Not all of us can follow him in the realm of Greek language and literature which he loved, but we cannot forget his ardor as he stood in front of the class, explaining, repeating, skillfully teaching and drawing in fringes of comment on every field his subject touched. His students may forget their Greek, but their faces will light up with affection and remembrance when his name is men-

tioned. He was always the teacher, yet always the comrade.

Anyone who knew our friend will realize with what a feeling of helpless inadequacy we close a tribute to him. He was so much a part of the college that we feel his long vacation is only a dream. In his room in the Administration building, with his pictures in front, of Socrates, St. Paul and Homer, there is still something of his presence, and we feel we must meet him when we go there. But he has passed into the quiet and endearing tradition of this campus, and we bear the burden of his memory. Let the teacher be justified by his pupils.

—Richard Allaman, '33.



AT MY STUDY TABLE

EDWIN BURTNER, '33

Dad's picture! I sat and looked at it.
He smiled, I laughed,
. And I was glad.
That unkind deed . . . Dad's picture!
. I was sad.

Dad's picture! I sat and studied it.
He nodded, I said "Yes."
And went and did it well.
That small success . . . Dad's picture!
His smile to mine a parallel.

AUTUMN LEAVES

MARGARET PILKINGTON, '32

It's the leaves that make autumn such a gorgeous time of the year.

Such beautiful leaves! Big, flat, sprawling maple leaves; in summer a smooth, cool green; then, over night, yellow—clear, sunshiny yellow; little queer shaped suns, cut out and hung on a black tree. The whole tree a gold candle lighted all day to God, with little beads of wax dropping off and covering the ground.

Leaves of soft maples; sharp red, the points slightly curled under, that cover the sidewalk with a broken red mosaic accented by yellow lines.

A street lined with trees—hanging over the sidewalk like canopies for the wedding of a royal princess. Now and then a tree in soft, secret green, between a red and a yellow tree, like a child holding the hands of her parents.

Surely the trees must enjoy this last fling of theirs before they become pale, slender nuns in devout black.



IN AUTUMN DAYS

A RONDEAU

In autumn days the hillsides glow
A richly varied color-show,
Sumac and maple and evergreen
With gray grass plots set in between.
Far down a river winding slow
Through fields of cornshocks, row on row
Through pastures broad, with air serene,
In autumn days.
On grassy slope, on river's flow
A misty haze floats downward, low,
And on far hills—gray, russet, green
The fading tints of summer's sheen,
In autumn days.

—C. O. A.

A POEM SHOULD COME—

RUTH ROBERTS, '25

A poem should come like a soft refrain
Down from the moon on a moody night,
Bringing the rhythm of stars in its wake:
Mystical stars with a melody
Echoing faint in the cadenced stream,
Fainter flowing along the leaves
To rest in song.

Who dares snatch words
That, haggard and grim from the subway pits,
Worm their way through the noisome air
With a slurring of scorn in their syllables?
Who dares to crush them, word on word,
And hurl them up to the sky?



WISHING ON THE STARS

HAZEL FORWOOD, '34

"Star-light, star-bright,
First star I see tonight,
Wish I may, wish I might,
Get the wish I wish tonight."

A clear, frosty night. Every sound that breaks the stillness is metallic. Twigs crack. Footsteps fall sharply. And up above everything, stars twinkle brilliantly.

Often I have paused in an otherwise busy evening to gaze wonderingly at those little lights hung high in the sky. Always I make a wish. The little verse, "Star-light, star-bright,—" holds all the witchery of the night, and to me it is a never-ending source of delight to wish on a star. Sometimes the wish comes true, more often it does not, but always there is the possibility——.

There is magic in the stars.

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPLIFTING EARLY

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

THIS is an article about the Depression. Before the Depression there were great mobs of Christmas shoppers pushing hither and yon in the business districts; in fact you could not drop a brick out of a window without hitting at least three Christmas shoppers on the head. But now what ruin has been wrought by Hard Times! In 1928 B C (Before the Crash) there were throngs of shoppers; now, in 1931 A. C. there are mere handfuls of people in the stores. But the difference is even greater than that. These people are not shoppers—they are shoplifters.

Of course, there have always been shoplifters. There were shoplifters in the years B C as well as shoppers, but now that the shoppers have no money the shoplifters are the only people left to carry on their activities.

The gentle art of the shoplifters has only a few requirements: a large conscience, a large coat to wear, and large crowds to work in, these three, and the greatest of these is large crowds. No matter how bright-eyed the floor-walkers of a store may be, they cannot keep watch on a couple hundred people at one time or even two times. Even if they do spot a shoplifter they usually cannot catch him without breaking several good customers' legs in the chase. But with the Period of Depression, and the stores lamentably devoid of crowds, the shoplifters are having a hard time of it this Christmas season. Heaven help the poor shoplifters in a year like this!

But whether they have crowds or not the shoplifters always have large coats to work in. You can never tell what a person is carrying when he has on a big coat, and all that is necessary is to sidle up to a counter and get the desired article under the coat

without being seen by anyone. The rest is easy. Now it is possible that this use of large coats may be the means of starting business on the up-grade again. All we need is a greater number of shoplifters. These shoplifters will buy coats, which will put the garment manufacturers back to work. The coats being large and thus requiring an unusual amount of cloth will increase the demand for woolen textiles. This increased demand will be a Godsend to sheep raisers and will help out the farm situation. Or if the shoplifters demand camel's-hair coats this will create a need for more hair from camels which will rescue the camel-raising industry from bankruptcy. The pick-up of the camel trade in Asia would relieve our tariff troubles no end, not to mention booming the circus business.

If every true American citizen will take up the art of shoplifting the well-known Depression will soon be a thing of the past no doubt. So get your big coat and start out. If a suspicious floor-walker detains you on the grounds that you look like a shoplifter in your coat, tell him "I wear this size coat because it fills me out so." Only one more direction is necessary: do not try to lift the whole shop—it is hard on the back and anyway what would you do with the building after you had it?

Just one more word—there will be a lot of shoplifters this Christmas. Everybody is doing it this season. In order to avoid the rush—do your Christmas shoplifting early.



DAWN

ROBERT COPELAND, '32

Mists rolling across the fields,
Tiny wisps wafting upwards;
Purple-shadowed clouds floating high—
Eastern sky soft and gray,
Shafts of light under the horizon;
A golden glow—the sun.

DIARY

MABEL JO MOSIER, EX-'33

JUST thoughts tonight, Diary, thoughts that pass through my weary, heart-sick head on another Christmas eve.

Thoughts first of that Christmas long passed that meant so much to the world., A mental picture of that babe in the manger, and then along beside it, a picture of the one here beside me, a hurried study of their similarities. Both possessing all the wealth in the world of mother love, but so worldly poor. Tomorrow my babe will find no beautifully dressed dolly like those in store windows—only a tiny stocking sparsely filled, and Teeny with a new dress—a cotton dress. Can my baby be happy and radiate happiness as the Christmas Child? Ah, I find that my Christmas present is the happiness my baby has given to me.

Thoughts, then, of snow and winds. Of that soft white snow blanketing my small garden. Of that cold wind which sweeps around my house corners and makes me clutch my little one to me. Thoughts of many less protected than I.

Thoughts of material things like our Christmas dinner—baby's and mine. Of the pennies saved for the church collection tomorrow. Of the cold winter days ahead of us and a little prayer of thanks for baby's warm coat.

"Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden and I will give you rest," He has said, and we have gone.—Thoughts, thoughts, thoughts, and no signs of sleep, Diary, yet not daring to think the one thought which has crowded and displayed itself before me all day. The thought which threatens to spoil our Christmas—baby's, mine hardly counts now. Oh Diary, they come, those thoughts of him who has left baby and me—who has gone, gone.

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