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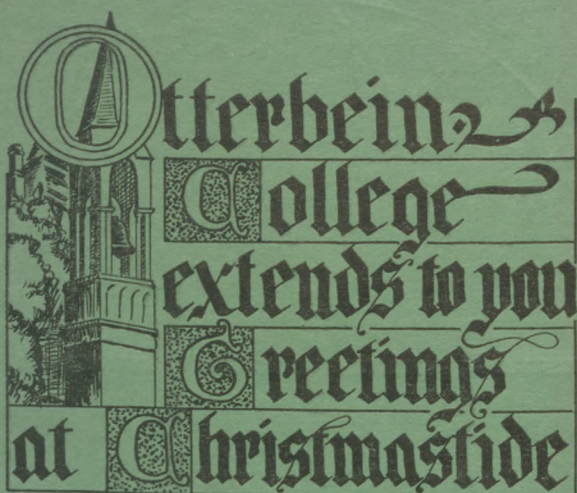
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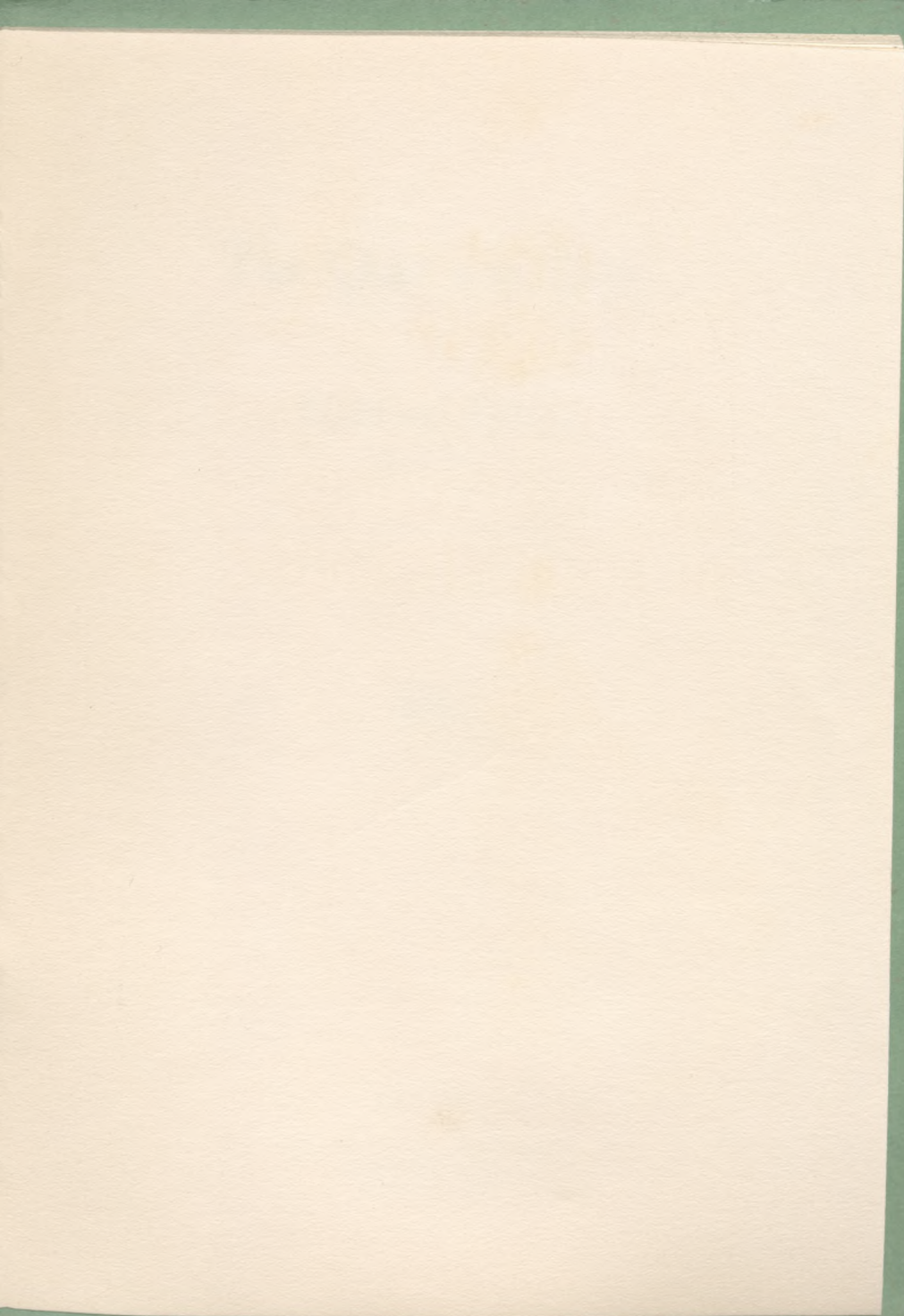
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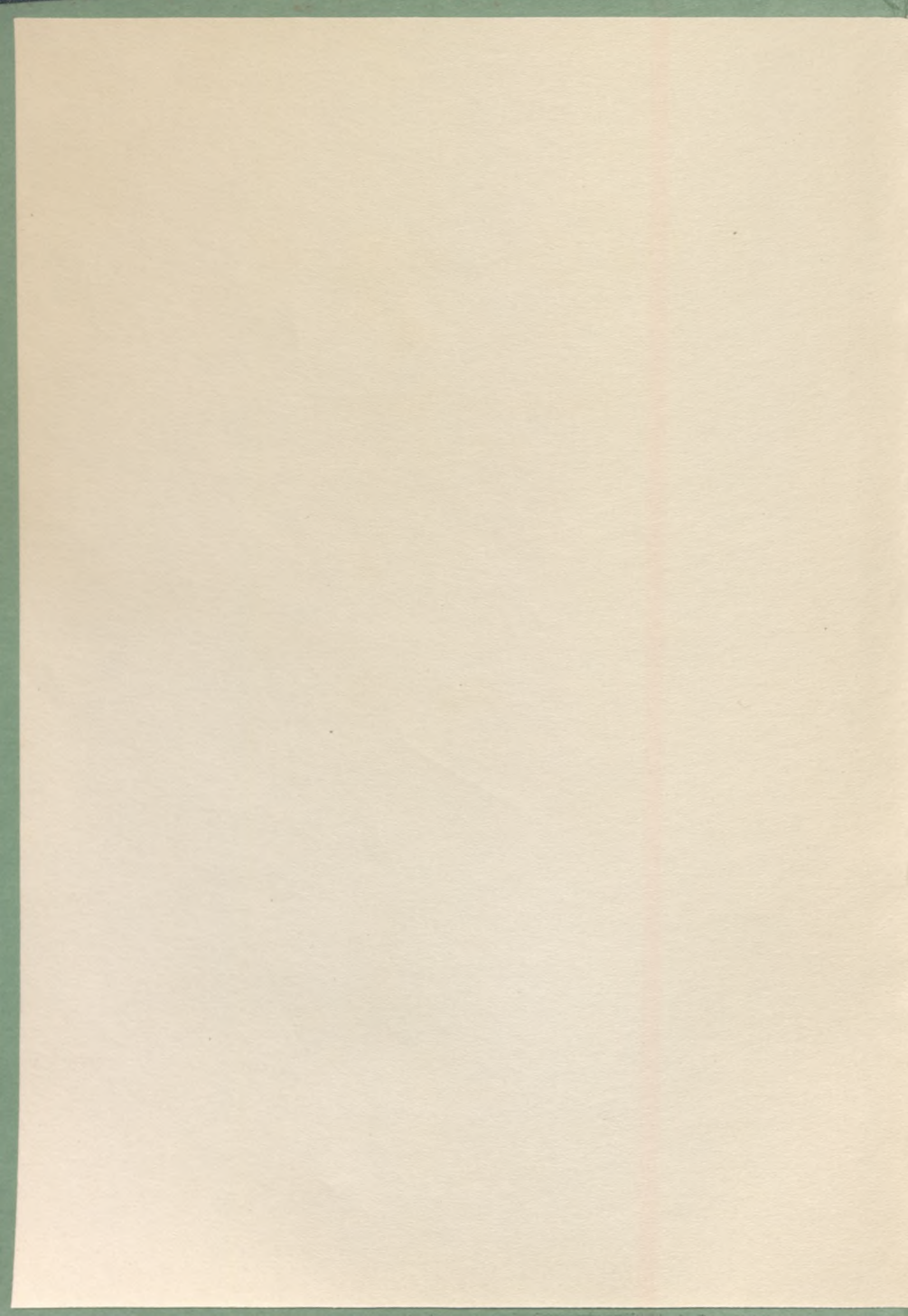


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W. G. CLIPPINGER, President
Otterbein College,
Westerville, Ohio.





The Quiz and Quill

Christmas Number

1932



Published by

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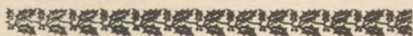
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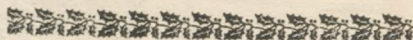
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Foreword

WE wish you peace and joy this Christmas season.


The literary aspirations within these pages are offered to you in this spirit in the hope that they may bind us more closely in the bond of fellowship.



COLLEGIATE?

PHILIP DEEVER, '34

First Prize, Prose, Upperclass Contest

 NCE in a great while I have a momentary attack of world-mindedness. On those few occasions I run to the library, snatch up a magazine, and try in half an hour to get caught up on the current events of the world for the past six weeks. The rest of the time I am appallingly self-centered. Nothing outside the limits of my very small environment interests me in the least. I hate to visit a city. I hate to be reminded of the world of fact. The din of traffic, the whirl of a busy world, and the troubles of a problem-facing humanity annoy me, and I long to get back to the calmness of my little college town and to the peace and quiet of my own secluded room, there to rest in absolute intellectual security.

Of course I know that there is an outside world. For occasionally I wrap myself up in a protecting blanket of indifference and step out into it. And while there I discover that there is going on a great deal of discussion and agitation about world peace and international good will; that within the limits of our own country there are several problems of political importance that are concerning a few minds; that a few idealistic intellectuals are concerning themselves over problems of social justice and economic stability; and even that there are a few unconventional souls who believe that advancements are needed in the religious thinking of the day and who are trying to lead the way toward a deeper spiritual interpretation of life in a world of things. Even I cannot help noticing such movements.

But for the most part it little matters to me that there is a world of actual fact into which I must some day plunge. Why should I care about these abstractions? Why should I worry about a cramped, suffer-

ing humanity, when within my little world there is room for me to turn around in freedom? They tell me college students ought to be world-minded. Perhaps they should. But until some kind friend gives me a shove off the pier of complacency, I suppose I shall continue to yield to the irresistible temptation to bask in the sun-light of self-satisfaction and let the surging waters of the world roll by underneath, unheeded and unexplored.



AN OCTOBER DAY ON THE CAMPUS

ROY BOWEN, '33

Orange, saffron, rose
And flame with sombre green;
Maples with cedars
Against a blue, blue sky.
To soften and give peace
To this startling loveliness,
Are drifting wafted leaves
Drifting, rustling, fluttering
In the drifting autumn wind,
Drifting autumn leaves.

SILHOUETTE

RUTH HUNT, '36

First Prize, Prose, Underclass Contest

A SLEEP? Perhaps. Half-asleep and half-awake,
I see three objects between me and the light.
Three—or are they one?

Like three steps—Ah yes! Three soft, black steps
to an ancient shrine—a shrine with luminous front.
Pagan worship.

But no! An urn is there, unlovely in dark, angular
sculpture. Ugly.

I close one eye and this time—a man's profile!
Sharp, wicked features, eyes deep-set in slumber.
Death.

* * * * *

Dawn and warm light. I awaken and stretch in
its reality. I open both eyes and on the desk before
me are three objects—a Bible, a book of poems, and a
clock.

SNOWSTORM

DOROTHY METZGER, '35

First Prize, Poetry, Underclass Contest

Grey clouds rolling heavily upward
Shut out the sun
Soft flakes floating lazily downward
Merge into one
Drifts, deep, white, and dazzling
When the snowstorm is done.



ROMANCE

DOROTHY METZGER, '35

A deep, dark sky
And dusty stars
And half a moon of palest gold—
How many nights,
How many loves
Have felt their spell through years untold?

FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW

MARGARET BURTNER, '35

“THE primitive source is anthropomorphic and is sometimes called prophetic document because” . . . The words on the page became only a blur of crazy black lines that resembled the pulse rate of a drunkard. I did not want to learn and so my books could teach me nothing. My eyes wandered to the faces of those around the library table at which I was sitting. Some were intent on their work while others rested their heads on the table, lost in the comfortable oblivion of an afternoon nap. My attention drifted to the window next to me—a window which opened into a world far removed from books.

An old building stood there, stately and grand, and seeming to speak much in its silent way. It whispered to me stories of youth of by-gone days who had assembled amid its walls to study, to worship and to frolic—youth filled with the same hopes and the same glorious dreams as those of today—youth who had loved those red brick walls and the softly lighted chapel with the sun shining through its tall amber windows.

Its towers are not elegantly adorned but they speak a lasting lesson of quiet strength and serenity. The trees that stand before that building seem to have gained the same lesson as I, for they reach high into the sky in their stately loveliness.

On that day as I looked from the library window gorgeous leaves of red, yellow, orange and green bathed themselves in the mellow late-afternoon sun and thrilled my soul with their perfect beauty. Yellow leaves fluttered and danced in the breeze giving a brave and gay farewell.

Today that building is the same, only lovelier and far more impressive.

The college bell sounded and a few groups of students crowded the sidewalks.

Oh, Otterbein we love thee
Our hearts are only thine
We pledge anew, we will be true,
Dear Otterbein.



A LESSON

PARKER YOUNG, '34

First Prize, Poetry, Upperclass Contest

I passed a thirsty flower as evening fell, and said,
"Tomorrow I shall water and refresh."
Tomorrow came. The flower was drooped and dead!
Another lesson wove in life's thin mesh.

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH


ROBERT COPELAND, '32

I SAT in a room high up over the city. From below arose the interminable din of the marts—the clang of cars, the hum of machinery. I looked out a window and saw activity—an endless rush that seemed to be without purpose and meaning. My soul was restless.

I knelt in a great cathedral. It was early morning and I was alone except for the organist who was playing a low voiced melody on the flutes and woodwinds. I tried to pray. My soul was restless.

I stood on the forward deck of a great ocean liner and felt the sting of salt water on my face as the great waves reached up their hungry fingers, clutchingly, for the ship. The gale whipped my clothing about me and lashed the exposed parts of my body. Around and under me I could hear and feel the laborings of the boat. My soul was restless.

I walked to the ends of the earth—over hills, through valleys, and across measureless plains. I searched out the hidden nooks and quiet places of the world. I lost myself among vast multitudes . . . and still . . . my soul was restless.



AN ETCHING

MAMIE EDGINGTON, '25

A cardinal flashed across the sky of cold gray-blue,
When someone breathed to me the name of you.

FADED ARE THE OLD BRAVE DAYS

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

Faded are the old brave days;
The red man's dawn and noon, the fears
And loves and bitter hates, the desperate frays,
The hunts, the councils, these are gone. Green years
Of summer die. The relics from the dead
Are only trinkets colorful and gay:
Bright feathers, beads, and blankets red—
The beating, strengthening life has drained away.

Today the trees in broken ranks of gold
And flame take up with gaudy show the tale
Of Indian Summer. Gay leaves pretend
To freshen life; but faded are the old
Brave days. Leaves loosen, drift, and fail,
Sad remnants from a season at its end.



DESERT

W. H. CAMP, '25

Thin yellow dawns
And days so full of brittle suns
They seem an endless lane of swaying dust mirage—
Nights with their hurrying stars—but oh—
The stillness and the solitude—
So much of you is here you cannot be forgot
And so much gone that I am lonely.

THE SEA

LAVELLE ROSSELOT, '33

I build my castles in the sand
With steeples tall and white,
And fashion court yards where at eve'
My ardent lovers stroll;
And then the Ocean's jealous God
Sends up a mighty wave,
And lo my fancies are but heaps
Of gently sifting sand.

But I thank God he gives me faith
To build my dreams anew.



ON AUTUMN

MARY OTSUKI, '35

EINS, *zwei, drei* . . . the German class was both dull and monotonous. Occasionally my eyes would stray out of the open window.

Zwanzig, einundzwanzig, zweiundzwanzig—20, 21, 22. I could not resist the temptation to look out on the campus. How pretty the trees were. Yellow, green, red, orange, pink, gold against a sky of blue. One leaf fell. Two. Three. A passing breeze shook the branches; down tumbled a whole armful of crisp, dry leaves. Wouldn't it be fun to sit below and let the rustling, crackling leaves come floating down from above? To be all covered with leaves?

"Fraulein Otsuki." I was suddenly pulled back into the uninteresting German lesson. But for a moment my mind had been set free.

SINGIN' CHRISTMAS CAROLS

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

The snow was hard and sort of crunchy underneath our feet,
The night was cold, but stars were shinin' up above;
And under every street lamp we stood arm in arm,
Her and me—

Singin' Christmas carols.

And walkin' on from one street corner to the next one,
I held her hand, and even through her little glove
We felt the thrill, and knew we loved each other,
Her and me—

Singin' Christmas carols.

So when we reached a vacant lot along a dark side-street,
We lagged behind the crowd, and then I kissed her;
And while the others sang, we stood and whispered love words
Her and me—

Singin' Christmas carols.

* * *

That was a year ago; since then HE'S come along.
This Christmas Eve he'll hold her hand and kiss her,
And me, I'll lie in bed awake and listen to them,
Her and him—

Singin' Christmas carols.



WORD-PAINTING

ELLEN LEONARD '36

TWIRLING white flakes . . . hustling, tired feet
pounding the gray pavement . . . bundle-laden
snow men and women rushing to and fro . . .
grim, bare sentinels with boughs from church steeples
. . . . carols breaking and frosty stillness of the clear air
. . . . mellow candlelight glowing from palace and
shack alike . . . joyful voices speaking from happy
hearts . . . and above all, a shining, symbolic star.

OMNIA

ROBERTA BROMELEY, '36

CAELUM

An ebony plate
A golden goblet
Silver drops of wine.

TERRA

Sandstone
Jade
Diamonds.

VITA

Dust
A match
A candle
A breeze
Dust.



RAIN

MARTHA SHAWEN ALLAMAN, '30

Rain,
Thrumming on the window pane.
I want you—your smile and singing—
At candle-lighting time
Where the table's set for two.
I want you past remembering
That the frost has killed the roses,
And birds have flown
To seek a springtime they have lost.
I want you
Rain.



TIRED

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

Tired of you?
Do dusty robins tire of summer rains?
Or flowers of reviving beads of dew?
Do travelers tire of love their home contains?
You are my life—how can I tire of you?

GIFT OF CHRISTMAS

LOIS ADAMS BYERS, '19

ALAN LORIMER had lost everything. By tomorrow it would be in all the papers. A. LORIMER BANKRUPT. LOCAL MAGNATE WIPED OUT BY INSULL SMASH. The whole town would be aghast. His friends and creditors would suffer, would condemn him. And just at Christmas time. He would have to tell Ann, his wife. His children would know him for a failure. What news for Christmas eve!

Alan was a tall, gray man, past forty. Prosperity had given him sleek assurance and a few pounds too much flesh,—but it had not removed a certain hunger from his deep gray eyes. During college days he had discovered in himself a keen appreciation of fine things of art and literature. He had studiedly hidden his find under the more “manly” activities of athletics and fraternity politics. He was popular, he had brains. He had used his brains and popularity for business ends. Now, walking slowly homeward to announce his financial failure, he was conscious of a great, more than physical tiredness within him.

Christmas eve. Lights upon snow. Orange splashes for windows. Holly wreaths and red ribbons. A child's silhouette in a doorway. A man with arms full of bundles. Squeals, banter, delighted laughter. Christmas had meaning still—for children.

Draggingly, like an old man, Lorimer entered his own street. The big home which he and Ann had built three years ago was brightly lighted. A Christmas tree on the terrace. Music and dancing behind the French windows of the conservatory. That would be his daughter Janet, and the high school crowd. A light and a noise in the basement. By the sound of it, John had the whole Junior High gang down in the shop.

Very quietly Lorimer let himself in by a side door.

He heard his wife's voice in the living room. She had a caller. He could not tell Ann yet. With a sigh of relief for the brief respite, he slipped into his private study and closed the door. He was so tired. Six weeks now of anxiety and little sleep. He had thought he could weather it through. Almost he had done so. Now he was beaten. Nothing left—less than nothing. He was broken, bankrupt—a poor man. And so tired!

With a groan he sank down into the armchair. He had not made any light. The firelight suited him. As soon as the caller left, he must call Ann in. The poor girl! To lose her beautiful home just when she had become attached to it. How he dreaded to tell her!

The quiet darkness was grateful to his eyes. The fire flickered. Music and laughter trickled in, as from far away. He was not sure just when he became aware that someone else was in the room.

A woman in a black dress sat in the other deep chair across from him. She looked much as his mother had looked, but as she bent toward the firelight he saw that it was not his mother. Her face, framed in white hair under a quaint lace cap with wide ties, was very old, very tranquil, and very sweet. Her fingers were knitting some soft, many-colored fabric. As his eyes became accustomed to the dimness, he saw her more clearly. And he knew that she was at once the strongest, the wisest, and the most unusual woman he had ever seen. Then she saw that he had observed her, and smiled. Lorimer sat up, eagerly.

"What are you knitting?" he asked.

"A life." Her voice was calm and beautifully clear. She shook out the fabric in her lap and held it up.

"Of course," assented Lorimer, interestedly. "I should have known that, I suppose. Whose is it?"

"Why, it is your own!" she exclaimed in surprise. "See, do you not recognize the pattern? See here—and here."

"Yes—why yes! So it is. I have never seen it like this before." Lorimer hitched his chair forward.

"What soft, frail yarn you use—but your fingers fly so fast that I cannot see the colors clearly."

"The thread of Time seems frail, indeed," agreed the visitor, "but even the most enduring lives are made of it."

Alan thought about that for a moment. Finally he nodded. "Why is it that the colors are less bright in spots?" he asked. "I like warm colors. Why don't you use more of that gorgeous blue and gold,—that rose and silvery green?"

"Show me," she directed.

Alan did so, touching with caressing fingers the only really beautiful parts of the whole creation.

"I knew you liked those parts best," agreed the woman. "This motif of blue and gold I made the first year you were out of college. You and Ann were married that year—and nearly your whole life was love and faith. Those same shades are here still in the yarn, you see, but the pattern has become so intricate, of late, that they are almost hidden."

Lorimer studied the fabric again. It was as she said. The most recent part of the pattern was heavy of design, and all the earlier lovely colors were fused and half hidden by top stitches of drab and mauve.

"Those colors should be the background for the others," he burst out impatiently. "Anyone with a grain of artistic taste would know that!"

"Mauve and drab are the conventional thing, tho," interrupted the woman serenely. "They mean wealth and power, for they do not show the dirt. I might almost say they are standard colors. After all, Alan, most people are not so much concerned with beauty in their lives, if it means a sacrifice of wealth and power."

Alan met her searching glance. "They don't know values," he said earnestly. "They don't know what they are doing—why, I didn't myself—and I see the same thread will not furnish both color and background."

"Not often—or for long. When he chooses the

motif for his life, a man should remember that he cannot use Time twice. He should not sacrifice the rosy glow of health, the red of courage, the living green of service, the blue of love, the gold of faith,—sometimes even the white of honor—”

“For a weighty gray smother of dirty background!” ejaculated Lorimer.

Spontaneously, they laughed together. Lorimer felt mirth start deep within him and bubble forth as when he was a boy. The old, old lady’s merry, crinkled face was like a tonic.

“I knew you’d take it like that,” she said, a little breathlessly. “You see, I am the one who gave you the chance to change the pattern. You were so worried—and it is really all so simple. Why, with any two of these vital colors in their rightful places, the effect is good. A life with all of them is rich indeed.”

“I would like my life to be very beautiful,” said Alan, then. “But I am no artist. All I know is what I like, myself—”

She stopped him with a gesture. “A little silver humility never marred any design,” she said. “But there is one masterpiece that I have made—one truly sublime life. You must study that—you must love it—the pattern will adapt itself to your own—”

“Whose life was that?” asked Alan curiously.

She gave him a grave, rebuking smile. Again he had that sure knowledge that here was the strongest, the wisest, the most profound woman he would ever know.

“You ask me that?” she said. “You ask me Whose life can most inspire your own—on Christmas eve!”

A blaze of light brought Alan stumbling to his feet. By the study door, with her finger on the electric button, stood his wife—slim, gallant, redheaded Ann, in a blue frock.

“Why—Alan!” Her face was transfigured. “Oh, I’m so glad you’re here! I was so worried! The news came over the radio that the firm had collapsed. I phoned, and they said you had gone home two hours

ago . . . and all this time you were here, asleep! You dear old rogue—" her voice broke—"Oh Alan—while we have each other—nothing else matters—does it?"

They clung together. Over his wife's head Lorimer's misty glance fell on the chair across from his. It was, as he had known it must be, empty.

Far away, then near at hand, the bells began to ring—Christmas day. And Alan Lorimer, a poor man, lifted his face.

"Let's thank God, dear," he said, fervently, "for our real wealth."



A STUDY IN STARS

GERALDINE B. HECK, Ex-'33

Casualy I snapped the light and drew the curtains from my window And then my breath caught short, and I stood helpless in the web of Wonder

* * *

For just beyond—on the stage of the night-sky
Was set the drama of the evening stars
Moving in and gliding out
With the majesty and pomp
Of Grecian dance
Moving to the measures of immortal music
Too perfect for my mortal ears to hear.

WORSHIP

ANNE BREHM, '36

I WAS awakened from a sound sleep as the age old Christmas carol, "Silent Night, Holy Night," floated in the open window. A quiet peace stole over me as the scenes of a Christmas long ago came to my mind—the hills of Bethlehem, and the shepherds watching the sleeping flocks. Again the song came to my ears, "All is calm, all is bright". Would the story ever grow too old to continue to bring peace and contentment to a world torn by contention and strife?

I arose and looked out the window. It was a beautiful night! The dark blue sky was studded with stars; underneath my window a group of young people were singing. The song had changed now to the joyous "Hark, The Herald Angels Sing." A street light shone on their faces, and it seemed that the spirit of the song was reflected there. Here in the early dawn they were singing, "Glory to the newborn king." The glory of that first Christmas had come down through the ages and was again being told by spirits just as joyous as those that first proclaimed it.

A new strain now filled the air, "O come, all ye faithful, joyous and triumphant." There in my room I felt as if I might have been one who was summoned to adore the new King. Humbly I knelt, in vision, before the infant, saying in my heart, "O come, let us adore Him."

As the carolers moved away, I still felt the spell upon me. It was Christmas morning, but not an ordinary one, for the spirit of the first Christmas had filled my heart!

UN SONNET DE GUERRE

JOHN COOK, '36

I oft' recall how I would beg my mother
To tell me tales of fairies and of elves,
But most of all of beasts that eat themselves,
And live by feeding one upon the other.
I used to laugh at such a silly sight
As I could see it in my childish dreams;
But now that I have older grown it seems
I see it in an allegoric light.
I see two armed throngs standing face to face,
Fighting upon some bloody, torn-up plain,
And all in harmony with Satan's plan
They try to kill the brothers of their race.
And warring blindly for some selfish gain,
Each struggles to devour his fellow-man.

REJECTION

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

We were alone that night, we two,
The moon was shining high above.
You sighed, and then I knew you, too,
Were underneath the spell of love.

Your little hand lay on my arm,
Your lips were puckered just a bit.
I don't deny I felt your charm
Or say I wasn't moved by it.

I knew you wanted to be kissed;
You wondered, dear, why I forbore it—
I realize just what I've missed—
But you were too darn' anxious for it.

DUSK AND RAIN

MARY SHIVELY, '33

DUSK on a rainy September evening—dusk and rain, wet roofs, dripping trees, a splashy pavement glistening under dim lamp-light. There was a fascination about it all that drew me outside—out into the cool dampness, out into the woodsy places where the water oozed out of the dead leaves at the weight of my foot. It was a gentle, steady rain; not a heavy downpour that sweeps every traveler to a shelter and fireside, but a rain soothing away every care and filling my heart with a sense of joy.

I walked with face uplifted, letting the caressing fingers of the rain cool the fever of worry and speed which had obsessed me all day. It brought me a calm and peace which only a love of rain can bring. I spent an hour there, wandering in the grove at the edge of a beautiful lake, watching the rain slanting down across the water. I knew, then, why poets love rain so, and why I had always loved it.

There was a silence everywhere except for the sound of the rain washing the trees, and the swish of the waves against the rocks at my feet. Soon, the lake, too, was calmed, as though by the soft touch of the rain on its surface. A soft, white mist slowly descended enveloping in its folds the black shapes looming high above the water on the opposite shore. It advanced cautiously across the lake until even the familiar objects near me were blotted out and I was seemingly lost in its vastness. I was conscious of a feeling of awe and wonder, knowing that if I could penetrate that whiteness, there would appear, beyond, the smoky chimneys and black trees. It was as though I had been suddenly placed apart from the world where the rain and the sound of my own voice were all I could hear.

A rift in the mist appeared, then another, and more, until soon a white canopy was formed overhead, un-

der which the water lapped gently. Standing on the shore, scarcely realizing the passage of time, I was enchanted by the grey beauty of a scene that had always seemed drab and unattractive to me. Now, it was transformed into a dream of rare delight—not one of rapture, but rather of an aching beauty. Since that hour, rain has held a new fascination for me.




TOUSLE-TOP

GERALDINE B. HECK, Ex-'33

Say, you old Tousle-Top!
You tousle-top fellow
With the rumpy hair,
How do you dare?
How do you dare
To make me love you so,
You old Rumpy-Hair!
Your old blue shirt
And your raggedy pants
And your eyes a-dance!
You think I love you, huh?
Old Eyes-a-Dance!
You think I care?
Well, what if I do?
So there!

GESTO CABALLEROSO

B. BENTON, '33

 LD shoes shuffled along, unnoticed among the constant scramble of new shoes. Old shoes slowly turned and paused before the bright open window of Jacques's Boheme, and Ben peered in at the gambreled roast rotating before the glowing grate.

Ben was hungry. Ben had seven cents. Cynically he recalled, "Last year this time I could have bought out the place." Through the window, a small figured card on the cashier's desk focused his attention. Ben's eyes widened and a sudden pang of sadness gripped his nondescript frame. It was the 25th! The last time Ben had noticed dates it had been the 19th—just a date without any particular meaning. But the 25th—the 25th held the key to memory, Ben's only remaining treasure.

Times had been better when Anne was living, and he had never missed a single 25th. Of course, it had been only a sentimental gesture! but then, Ben was made that way, and Anne had grown to expect her roses every month on the date they had been married. Ten years wasn't very long, but it had established a tradition sacred to Anne and Ben. After Anne had passed on, his life had remained attuned to the monthly cycle—roses for Anne on the 25th.

A vendor on the corner was selling roses—small, puny little things for a dime apiece. Ben had seven cents. Ben was hungry.

Jacques's beckoning glass doors opened, and the revelling, noisy theatre crowd poured into the restaurant. There was a slight shoving and crowding as merry night life stormed the doors. A beautiful corsage of American Beauties dropped from a perfumed bodice to the pavement, was trampled upon and forsaken.

As though by providence, the rarest beauty Ben

had seen in months lay at his feet. Simultaneously, Ben's heart leaped with joy and ached with sadness. Surely, roses begged from the street were not for Anne—somehow she would know. People realized things even more after they have become memories than when they were living.

The rose was beautiful, and so fragrant; but no beggar's roses for Anne. Ben acted without emotion. One doesn't need emotion for the established gestures of life. The rose was lifted caressingly from the curb. Seven cents rang out upon the hard stone pavement. Old shoes turned and shuffled away.



NIGHT

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

The night
Is a soft dark blanket
Spread across the sky
Above a limpid lake
Bordered by whispering trees
And sprinkled with tiny stars,
While flooding the scene in silver,
Majestic—climbs the moon.

SKETCH

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

A shimmering crescent slipping through black
arms a curtain of deep blue velvet a few
rare diamonds set in the curtain of evening.

LITERARY ACTIVITIES AT OTTERBEIN

To students interested in writing, literature, and journalism Otterbein College offers several opportunities for activity.

Those who have unusual ability in creative writing are eligible to membership in the Quiz and Quill Club, which carries on active creative writing throughout the year, sponsors contests in writing, and publishes Christmas and Spring numbers of its magazine.

Cleiorhetea and Philalethea, open to girls, are active in literary and dramatic work.

The Chaucer Club is composed of those interested in the study of literature and criticism. It annually awards prizes for essays in literary criticism by members of the club.

Approximately twenty-five students are included in the staff of the Tan and Cardinal, the student newspaper, which two years ago was recognized by the Ohio College Newspaper Association as the best bi-weekly college publication in the state.

* * * * *

Several prizes are offered annually for literary productions:

The Barnes Short Story Prizes of \$40, \$20, and \$10, offered for stories dealing with American historical or patriotic themes.

The Roy A. Burkhart Contest; one with a prize of \$25 for a story presenting a wholesome solution of some problem of youth, the other offering a prize of \$10 for a fifty-word code of Christian conduct.

The Chaucer Club Prizes of \$10 and \$5 awarded for the best criticism of a current novel chosen by the club.

The Quiz and Quill Club Contests in poetry and prose, in which prizes of \$10 and \$5 are awarded for productions in each contest.

DRAMATICS AND FORENSICS

Those whose interest turns to the speech arts will find Otterbein well equipped. Cap and Dagger and Theta Alpha Phi are the two dramatic clubs on the campus. The latter is a national honorary fraternity of which Otterbein has the Ohio Zeta Chapter. Initiation into Theta Alpha Phi is the highest dramatic honor to be achieved. Both dramatic organizations sponsor several plays during the year. Annual contests in interpretative reading and dramatic interpretation offer another field of expression.

Otterbein also maintains an active program of forensics. Of interest to new students will be the annual Freshman-Sophomore debate with a substantial prize foundation. The varsity debate squad has a program of intercollegiate debates. Annual Russell Declamation and Oratorical Contests have total cash prizes of fifty dollars each. As a reward for merit in oratory or debate Otterbein has a chapter of Pi Kappa Delta, national honorary forensic fraternity.

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The Quiz and Quill Club

of Otterbein College

offers

FIFTY DOLLARS (\$50) IN PRIZES

for the best **original creative writing** submitted
by High School Seniors of the Middle West.

First Prize \$25.00

Second Prize \$10.00

Third, Fourth and Fifth Prizes \$5 each

The contest will be governed by the following rules:

A prose production should not exceed one thousand words; a production in verse should not exceed fifty lines.

Three typewritten copies of each manuscript (two may be carbon) must be sent to Professor C. O. Altman, Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio, before March 1, 1933.

The name of the writer should not be placed on the manuscript, but on a separate sheet.

Each manuscript must be accompanied by a statement of the principal or a teacher of English of the high school, vouching for the originality of the manuscript and the classification of the student.

The judges for the contest will be Hugh Fullerton, Columbus Dispatch writer, and Walter Jones and Roy A. Burkhart, magazine writers.

The winning productions will be published either in the Spring number of the Quiz and Quill magazine, or in the 1933 Christmas number.

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio.