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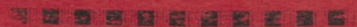
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**CHRISTMAS
QUIZ &
QUILL**

'33





THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Christmas Number

1933



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TO ALL THOSE WHO REJOICE IN THE
SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS;
TO THOSE WHO FEEL WARMER, KINDLIER,
AND MORE REVERENT AT THE
YULETIDE SEASON
WE DEDICATE THIS NUMBER

GLORY TO GOD

EVELYN BREHM, '37

First Prize, Lower Class Contest

MEN were tramping the dirty, snow-covered streets—hungry men, desperate men. They slunk against the doorways of decrepit houses; they slid into dark alleys where some unthinking housewife might have dropped an unnoticed piece of garbage.

One of the great army of tramping men pulled the collar of his thin, threadbare coat higher over his emaciated neck. The cap with its torn places pinned together was pulled far down over the sunken eyes.

Shuffling along to keep the flapping sole between his foot and the cold ground Martinello slunk into a doorway. It was the doorway of a church. He would have gone farther had he been able. He was extremely weary; he would stay there until someone came to push him on.

When at last the starving man was conscious of the moving world, he was startled by a deep, rich voice coming from within the building.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host praising God and saying; 'Glory to God in the Highest; peace on earth; good will to men!'"

"Damn them!" he cursed. "Damn them, I say! Peace on earth; good will to men; what do they know about peace!"

"They who sit by warm fires in fine homes; they who have no need for food or clothing. I'm as good as they are! I who have sung for Italy's greatest—I who now walk the streets of so-called golden America, with all that I own on my back, my money spent, my voice gone! Damn them forever!"

His face was distorted; his eyes, raging. Suddenly with a raving vengeance he tore open the doors of the church. He stopped—

The great robed choir was singing joyously, exaltingly, "Glory to God! Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on Earth; good will to men."

The vibrant strains of the voices filled Martinello's being. His stooped shoulders straightened; his body became tense.

Suddenly the choir was silent, for over the voices had risen one far sweeter, deeper and more rich. Every eye turned to the figure in the doorway only to see Martinello singing—singing as he had never sung before, "Glory to God in the Highest! Peace on earth; good will to men."



A CAMPFIRE

HAROLD PLATZ, '35

(Honorable Mention)

THE dying embers of my fire glowed dimly in the deep shadow beneath the old pine. Night had fallen, and on the lake, the moon made a silver path through a field of reflected stars. Behind me in the woods, wild, mysterious things moved and made stealthy sounds. Somewhere a whip-poor-will called to his mate. And over the distant miles my soul called out for you.

* * * * *

A breeze stirred the embers. A single flame arose. And I knew that you had heard.

FIRST AND SECOND LOVES

DOROTHEA ROHRER, '34

First Prize, Upper Class Contest

“FATHER, are you sure that you will be all right?”
“Yes, son.”

“Grandfather, I’ll stay with you if you want me to.”

“No,—no, please go. I’ll be very happy and comfortable here alone. I’ll think about you and see myself and Anna when we were younger taking you all to church on Christmas Eve. It was always such a jolly time and made us love our Jesus more. No, run along, I’ll follow you with my thoughts. My eye has gotten keener with the years. I can see everything, anywhere.”

“Father, are you sure you are no worse tonight? Are you sure?”

“Yes, child, go. But—please would you mind bringing the black case on the piano?”

One of the younger children ran to the piano, picked up the worn leather case, dusted it on the carpet and gently laid it on the table beside the great chair of the grey-haired gentleman. He kissed her for it. She curtsied as she had been taught.

Mother wrapped collars and scarfs around their shoulders, and father closed the storm door after them.

Grandfather watched them through his “mind’s-eye” (for that’s what they used to call it). He saw them drive to the grey stone church, find places in the center isle—farther back than his own pew. He saw the minister in his robes, framed with rows of candles and springs of greenest holly. They sang carols and the minister told the Christmas story, so beautifully that tears came into the old man’s eyes.

This picture faded for a second, and another one

grew, less faint. "Will you, Dear, will you please?", whispered a voice.

"Yes, if you want me too, of course," and his voice was equally inaudible.

His hands with their long, thin fingers reached voluntarily for the worn black case. He opened it and removed the three shining pieces of flute. He fitted them together unsteadily but with the accuracy of experience, and put the instrument to his lips.

The tones were uncertain. Years of neglect necessarily made them so and he was ashamed of them. He laid his old playmate tenderly in his lap and shook his head sadly.

"I cannot play, Love, I am old," he whispered.

"You are not old, you are just tired," answered the calm voice.

"Yes, I am weary—maybe I should come with you,—you seem so young and rested—Yes,—I'll come."

The wearied fingers relaxed their grip as he closed his eyes on his second love and looked into the smiling face of his first love.



TO MY LOVE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

Honorable Mention, Lower Class Contest

Love

Dear one,

Do you think of me tonight?

Neither the stars shooting darts of fire to you,
Nor the moon flooding you in its silver light,
Not even the angels breathing into your soul,
Can reveal the love I send with your gift.

It is greater than they know,

Yet far too small

To offer Thee!

My Love!

EXPECTATION

ELSIE BENNERT, '35

I stood and waited. Something told me they would come. The sharp, biting wind swept past me. It whistled through the naked tree arms stretched above me as if in supplication to a heaven in which the grayness seethed and rolled. Along the deserted street the first evening lamps glowed behind steamed glass. Chill icy fingers clutched me, making me shiver, though I loved it. Enthralled by a cold and desolate majesty, my face raised to the elements, I stood and could not move.. I waited and they came—the first fluttering snow-flakes.



A REAL CHRISTMAS

FREDA KIRTS SHOWERS

He's just a little toddler,—not quite two.
His eyes are wondrous big and sort of blue;
His chuckles and his laughter make the whole place ring with
cheer,
And Christmas will be Christmas at our house this year.

A PAUSE

ANNE BREHM, '36

Honorable Mention, Lower Class Contest

IT is Christmas time in the great John Wanner Store in Philadelphia! The grand court is decorated to represent the interior of a cathedral of the Old World; a host of tiny twinkling stars serve as a canopy. The massive organ pipes are covered by beautiful stain glass windows; and great candelabras hold many gleaming candles. Statues of the saints of the church surround the court.

It is a quarter of five in the afternoon. Six trumpeters, standing on the first balcony, sound a clarion call and immediately the great organ peals out the heart stirring strains of "Joy To The World". The busy shoppers stop. Salesgirls quietly give out carol books. A huge card, bearing the number of the carol is held above the crowd, and when the signal is given, thousands of people lift their voices and sing the age-old Christmas songs.

There is no confusion, no pushing or shoving—a spirit of reverence pervades the vast crowd. For fifteen minutes the people of Philadelphia, regardless of race, position, or wealth stand and together mingle their voices in worship.

At the stroke of five, a trumpet call closes the brief period, and the people turn toward their homes, thankful for fifteen minutes pause in the midst of a busy city and a busy world!

NIGHTMARE

PHILIP DEEVER, '34

I had a dream. In a moment, almost in the twinkling of an eye, (which is the maximum duration permitted by psychologists for our most elaborate midnight fancies) I was transported into a strange, new island of grossly distorted customs where (strangeness incomparable! distortion unspeakable!) men and women held not the same relationships of wooer and wooed to which years of experience in the accepted conventionalities of polite society had accustomed me. It was strange and new because, at least as far as I know, it was entirely unprecedented. And it was distorted, as it seemed to me, because it subjected my sex to an ignominious indignity.

Imagine! No longer did the time-proven social custom hold sway whereby men were the pursuers and women the pursued. The subtle but none the less accredited arts and devices so aptly characterized by the epitomization "Getting married is a man running after a women until she catches him" seemed entirely to have been eliminated. No longer were the men of this queer land permitted the privileges and prerogatives their sex and position in society demand. Instead, they had been reduced to the igominy of staining their virtue and marring their character by resorting to all kinds of indecencies in an attempt to attract the attention and win the affections of the demure females!

For example: They had to learn the art of rolling their eyes—indeed, had learned it to such a degree that in many cases where the practice had been going on for several generations the men had developed such large, effeminate visual lobes as to be highly repulsive to look at. They had to learn how to sigh with all the wistfulness and heaving of chest (Imagine! In my country everyone knows that the proper

way for men, at least, to breathe is with the diaphragm and not with the chest!) that elsewhere universally characterizes women. They had to master, by trial and error, the difficult art of appearing disinterested—not too disinterested, of course, but just enough so as to draw out the desired anxious and solicitous attention. They had to watch their eating, (Imagine!) had to diet carefully in order to “keep that school boy complexion” and to maintain the perfect form to which the least indication of German goiter would be anathema. And they had to acquire and develop numerous other distasteful and decidedly unworthy practices in order to accomplish the humiliating but none the less necessary end of attracting and winning a mate. They had to manicure their nails, wave their hair, gargle mouth washes, apply deodorants, powder their noses, and use kiss-proof lipstick. Imagine!

Fortunately for the men of this island they had become so accustomed to this way of doing things that they looked astounded whenever I suggested that such goings on most certainly were below their dignity. Indeed, they had so resigned themselves to the inexorable fate of their sadly distorted conventions that they seemed actually to be quite satisfied. And I had become hopelessly distressed to discover what a terrible state of affairs was upon me.

Why, in my fair country “A man’s a man, and the women know it.” But here— . . . Well, anything else existed but the immortal custom whereby my sex retains the inalienable right to proceed with surety and precision toward an illusive, difficult prize, to win that prize with glory, or honorably to lose it, but never to be deluded by affected antics and plumed finery! In my country nothing like the problem which now confronted me, namely, how to win a worthy mate in an honorable and dignified manner, had ever arisen. And how I should here have resolved the difficulty is not easy to guess. But, as always happens, a jangling alarm clock called me back to the world of reality where manly pursuit is the

accepted conventionality. Thus, to solve my problem became unnecessary. But, thank goodness, Freud's theory that dreams are the nocturnal projections upon semi-consciousness of the thwarted desires of our waking hours has been decidedly and eternally disproved, or at least is not universally accepted!



BOOKS

MARY ALTMAN, '37

Honorable Mention, Lower Class Contest

A new book
With its fresh smell,
Its crisp leaves,
Its uncut pages.

A book that is old
And brown, with
A thin coating of dust,
And thumbmarks.

Stores of knowledge,
Invitingly open,
Waiting to be read,
And I throw them aside.

I go out every evening;
Yet back in my mind,
Is the uncomfortable thought
That those books are waiting.

AND ONE LONE STAR

PARKER YOUNG, '34

Oh silent night, and one bright gleaming star
Which broods in silence o'er the sleeping town,
Oh ye three wisemen following afar
As told to us in stories of renown—
What means this singing o'er Judean hills
Where shepherds watch their flocks throughout the night?
What heavenly vision seems the night to fill
With music, and to crown the hills with light?
To yonder Bethlehem the wisemen ride
To give their gifts of homage which they bring
The heavenly chorus swells into a tide
Of praise to Christ—to Christ the new-born King.
Still following the star we too would pay
Our homage, on another Christmas Day.



REVELATION

ELEANOR HECK, '34

Silently moonlight streams over housetops and roads.
The silver softly reflects from the clouds,
Lighting the heavens
The arching is vaster tonight—
Deeper, farther.
It seems to recede as I look upward,
Making me smaller, impotent.
Trees are etched darkly against the blue
Where a few stars twinkle.
I am conscious of a strange motion—
Silent, eternal, infinite—
The motion of the universe.

CHRISTMAS FANTASY

MARY OTSUKI, '35

COME, pull your chair up closer to the fire! It's cold tonight, brittle cold—look at the moon glittering on the snow—hear the jingle of the sleigh bells. The sweet melody of the carols comes floating back to us. Christmas again!

It's a festive time isn't it? Shop windows full of bright lights, shimmering tinsel, holly and mistletoe; toys hanging out of Santa's bag, reindeer, bells—And we've just finished putting the last crystal ball, the last silver tinsel on the tree in the room across the hall. We've put the nicest white linen cloth on the table, we've cleaned our best silver, and the tall silver candle stick holders keep company with the shiny salt and pepper shaker. The turkey has been stuffed and the potatoes are ready for the oven. Yes, we're all ready for the feast tomorrow. And Bobby has hung up his longest stocking in expectation of the gifts.

It's getting late, but the fire is so warm and inviting. Draw closer, let's dream awhile. Soon the tinsel will be laid away, the sparkling baubles wrapped up, the Christmas tree thrown in the alley—Christmas will be gone. Then, the last page will be torn off, the old calendar will be removed from the nail and a new one put in its place. We'll start off on a new year looking forward to a new pine tree, another big dinner, and presents.

But have we no gifts but these?

Long, long ago gold, frankincense, myrrh were laid at the foot of a little babe. Shepherds kneeled in adoration, a bright star stood over head—outside could be heard the soft "baa" of sheep, sheep who later came to call Him Shepherd.

Today, a few copper pieces are laid in the bottom of the offering plate, a few carols are sung, a few moments are spent in the Church. Outside crowd

around the hungry children, helpless aged folk, hopeless and worried, discouraged and weary youths; we fling them a coin or two, a bit of advice—it is Christmas—and pass on not hearing the hollow clink of the falling metal.

But have we no gifts but these?

More than 1900 years ago, He walked down the long dusty road alone. Bent and weary beneath the cross He slowly trudged along, "lonely and forsaken, rejected and despised".

That long dusty road still winds among hills and dales, pines and ferns, perhaps it goes by your dusty street. "And I wonder if sometimes Christ, as he goes on his quiet way doesn't turn grave and questioning eyes back along the old roads, as we keep holiday."

But it is late, the fire has dwindled to only a few red embers. Christmas morning!

The frost-painted leaves and twigs gleam and glisten. The cold brown earth is covered with a thousand sparkling diamonds. And far above the tallest pine—a star!



A KISS

RAY SHOAF, '37

Oh sacred bliss, what is a kiss?
A potent power to set afire
The call of love.

MANHATTAN SKETCHES

ANNA LOUISE MEDERT, '36

THE water foams and dashes around the front of the ferry. The wind blows against the faces of the passengers. Ahead looms the New York sky-line—a mass of stone and rock, piled up against the sky. Over a ribbon of water, stretches that magnificent piece of work—the Brooklyn Bridge. Above it all, majestically moves a silver ship. A dirigible is passing the Empire State Building. Is all this man's handiwork?

* * * * *

A thousand lights—no, millions of lights, sparkle and glimmer in their commercial settings. Throngs of theater-goers pour from the theaters into the brilliant square. The way is as light as though the sun were at its height. From the top of a building, electric signs flash the news of the minute, the last word. Here is a news stand. Papers from all over the United States—from all over the world—are passed across in exchange for a few coppers. Apparently the world has gathered here in this fairyland of lights. Times Square.

* * * * *

Narrow, crooked streets, funny little shops, queer signs, and strange yellow people make the setting. Men are padding about the street in flat, slapping shoes. Beautifully embroidered kimonos are tantalizingly displayed in the shop windows. On entering, an aroma of spicy incense greets one. Truly, China has been transported to this great American metropolis!

* * * * *

A dash from the door into the street. Rain! It comes in torrents through a misty fog. Umbrellas are dripping and the crowd jostles, but finally shelter is reached. Then comes a whir and a mad rush for a seat. The "L" is crowded tonight, but soon home will be near. Another day!

BEAUTY TOUCHED ME

RUTH GIBSON, '34

WITH my hands deep in my pockets and my coat drawn warmly around me, I threw back my head and waited for beauty to touch me. I could feel it coming in the whisper and crackle of whirling leaves, in the clear cold thrill of wind in my face, and the deep glow of red and gold lights where the camper lamps shone on autumn trees.

Each beautiful thing was distinct to me for a moment, and then it came—the realization of something pure and real that filled me and hurt until I wanted to express it. When I was a very little girl it came that way. I ran home and tried to write it down, but I couldn't, and I felt a keen disappointment that I must keep within myself what had become a part of me.

Since that day I have discovered a truth. Whenever I have created a thing or a thought or an experience with the quality of beauty, I see in my own creation a part of what I felt that autumn evening when beauty touched me, and in those moments I have known a real and satisfying happiness.



LINES

Say not when life is lost by fire or pestilence,
" 'Tis but an act of God, a stroke of providence divine."
But rather say "Man did not know the law,
Or knowing, did but disobey."

Prof. F. A. Hanawalt.

LAMENT OF A LYRICIST

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

I've often raved of eyes of blue—
They rhyme so well with you, and true.
And underneath the moon above
When Art demanded, I've made love.

A score of maidens I've named "dear"
When poet's fancy brought them near.
And hearts I've broken in my time—
But only for the sake of rhyme.

But now you've come
My every song
A symphony of praise will be.
At least I'll try—
But, darling, why
Must you be named Penelope?



PINES

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

Tall, slowly swaying lords of daintier trees,
With rugged gracefulness they reach the sky.
Straight, strong in writhing winds or fragrant breeze—
I wonder—are they nearer heaven than I?

THE NEWEST MEMBER

JESSIE CLYMER, '36

BELLS were clanging madly; redcaps were dangerously scuttling about under foot; train-callers were making a vain attempt to be heard above the din; greetings and farewells rent the smoke-laden air; tears flowed in tiny rivulets but the bright smiles near them mopped them up; the crowd milled everywhere.

In the midst of the uproar stood the Boy and Girl. They might have been on a deserted island, so oblivious to the crowd did they seem. Even the man who was evidently traveling with the Boy was as far away as the land where the tobacco for his vile-looking cigar grew.

The Girl was small—small and undernourished. Her face was powdered white—too white. Powder even obscured the tiny golden freckles that danced like stray sunbeams across her slightly tilted nose. Her mouth was red—much too red. But lipstick hid the betraying quiver. Her deep blue eyes looked bravely at the Boy but there were knots of unshed tears behind the blue.

The Boy was large—every ounce brawn and sinew. His healthily tanned face was rather pale. His eyes were soft and brown and pleasing like those of a lost collie pup. He had no lipstick so the fine straight lips were firmly compressed.

The Boy was saying, "Gee, kid, it's only for a year! Then I'll catch the first train out o' that dump and come back. Then—gee, kid—we'll get married? You'll wait, huh?"

The Girl nodded and answered, "Sure honey, I'll be right here camped in the station. Don't you worry. I'll wait. Now ya better hurry. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, kid!"

The Boy boarded the train with the man of the vile cigar. The man was in a very bad humor. The

look on his face told plainly that a perfectly good sense of humor had been slammed in the door at a very early age. But he did stop on the observation platform with the Boy.

The Boy turned. The Girl waved her scrap of handkerchief. As the train pulled out of the station the Boy laborously lifted his clasped hands in a farewell salute.

It's hard to wave goodbye with handcuffs on.



"CARMENCITA"

RUTH OWENS, '35.

Ah . . . Senorita . . .
Thick blue-black hair
With its bright red rose,
Deep lustrous eyes
And little straight nose,
Smooth tempting lips
Which so luringly smile
When those quick dark glances
So beguile.
Senorita—you thrill me so.
I have a chateau. Will you go?
A yacht for two, and money, see—
And a safe little cabin
Far off by the sea.
What . . . no . . .?
Oh . . . Senorita . . .

GRAVEN WORSHIP

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

THE heavily tapestried room was dimly lit by tapers burning on an altar near the front. A crowd of silk-brocaded worshipers listened, like carved figures, to the aged priest's slow chant. High up on a carved stone platform sat a huge, golden Buddha watching in fat complacency the thin gray queue of the richly clad priest. The golden body caught the gleam of candles and shone fitfully through the grayness of the room. Blue-gray incense smoke curled slowly up before him and finally melted into the oppressive sweetness. The only sound that broke the heavy silence was the hopeless, monotonous chant of the priest.

Then distinctly, but far away, sounded a song of the foreigners, a melodious song unlike the chant.

"Joy to the world! The Lord is come!
Let earth receive her king!
Let every heart prepare him room
And heaven and nature sing!

The hymn swelled triumphantly, joyously, then faded as the carolers passed and disappeared. Not a worshiper moved, while Buddha stared with unseeing golden eyes at the gray queue of the priest.

REST

LUCIEN ADAMS, '36

I am alone tonight. The bustle of life seems far,
far away.

I stand in the silvery silence of moonlight as
it sifts in tiny motes through the crystal air.

Tonight I am weary of struggle. I long to embrace
this peace of the moonbeams—to wrap myself
in the silence of the night—and rest.



JOYS OF LIVING

ERMA JORDAN, '34

Among the things that make me happy are these:

A long ramble through field and wood with a sympathetic,
silent friend.

Clouds of amber and pink above green tree tops.

Golden pumpkins and cornstalk wigwams.

Sparkling sun-stars twinkling in the ripples of a creek.

The smell of spicy hot coffee.

The breath of white clothes washed in soapy suds and drying
in the sun.

Pine trees trimmed with soft snow.

Letters in familiar writing.

The yellow glow of street lamps at dusk.

Rows of red, green, and yellow books.

An open fire, music and laughter.

"THE DEMISE OF THE FOUR MILLION"

FRED NORRIS, '34

THE decisions reached by the contemporary debaters of that ubiquitous question: New vs. Old, have called for the scrapping of many standard customs. The disappearance of the husking bee, shell-rimmed glasses, leather boots, and the corn-cob pipe, are indicative of the impoverished lot that the oncoming generation shall inherit.

One of the saddest cases, is that of the loss of a very real exponent of American civilization—the Model T. Ford. Its kerosene tail-light is even now blinking, just above the horizon, preparatory to the undertaking of a last crossover, the inevitable success of which will write finis to another epoch in our history.

Let us consider for a moment what the records of automotive engineering show: The Ford car was vitally instrumental in the conquering of the arid western plains by the United States mail-man; it was the first to successfully complete a trip through "Death Valley" on its own power; the mighty exhausts of the four-in-line model T. touring deluxe, (demountable rims) were the first to shatter the silence surrounding the one way thoroughfare, atop Pike's Peak. Admittedly, these are exceptional cases, but close examination of each chassis found in the back yard of at least every fourth residence in our Eastern cities, will acclaim the peoples' choice—the First Lady of the Lanes, mud and all, the old Model T Ford.

The disappearance of the rutted mud roads of yesterday created a need for a lower center of gravity, for there was nothing on the new roads to keep a car from swinging to the outside, on rounding curves. Height was sacrificed in construction, but lightness was maintained; a motor driven horn was installed (pure frimpery), and a stoplight warned the following motorist when to slow down. The old two speed

transmission—slow and stop, was discarded and “lizzy” traded her birthright for a new grip on life—four-wheel brakes.

So with the advent of the Ford Model A the history of the real champion ends. No longer can you buy everything but the license plate at a good mail order house. The nude running gears in halves, go prancing up and down the street with a box under their arms, the indispensable “Excelsior Brand Trailor.” But these are only remains. Lord Plushbottom has arrived and Old Ironsides has gone in search of solitude, to reminisce of the times that are no more.



HOUSES AT DUSK

ELEANOR HECK, '34

I love the dusk—gray deepening into blue
I love the gaunt black branches of the trees;
I love the air, cold, with a touch of dampness
But best of all, the houses
With lamplight glowing through the dark.

Love, herself, abides there in the warmth.
Grim faced Tragedy and laughing Mirth
Now here, now there take up their habitations
And having made their presence felt
Move on to other homes.

I love the dusk—gray deepening into blue
I love the gaunt black branches of the trees
I love the air cold with a touch of dampness
But best of all, the houses
With lamplight glowing through the dark.

THE TALE

PARKER YOUNG, '34

The happy brook ran tumbling o'er the rocks
And down the winding gorge, too soon to spill
Its waters in the placid river bay.
While I — I lay beneath the spreading trees
And lost my deepest self in phantasy.
I watched my fire grow dim — its embers fade—
My rod and reel lay idle on the bank.
And so — I dreamed a thousand wandering dreams
Of ships that sail; romance, and wars, and kings.
When suddenly I heard another sound,
The sound of someone coming up the path,
And saw in turn a bent and wrinkled man,
Who stopped beneath the quiet of the trees
And talked to me at length about the place.
He was an aged soul who had it seems
Lived many years apart from other men.
His simple wants he garnered from the earth,
Nor seemed to ask a thing, content to live
His years in solitude, but e'er to claim
The silent wood, the babbling brook—as friends.
He sat some time just gazing in the coals
Of my dead fire, and then he spoke again.
And as he spoke he raised his trembling hand
And pointed toward a rugged old pine tree
Which braved the towering gorge, and overlooked
The town below — a landmark bleak and old
Whose grasping roots withstood the strongest gale.
"Beneath that tree," the old man's voice went on,
"There is a spot worn smooth and bare by feet
Which now have ceased to tread their lonely way
To yon old pine" — the old man's voice grew dim,
"For she who gazed has found a resting place
Where waiting ends and weary hearts are freed
To find their rest within another sphere."

"Tell me the tale", I begged, "My aged friend.
For I've a part in every human joy
Or pain which stirs my friend or fellowman;
As much as friend to friend, or man to man."

The old man sat, his mind on other days;
But when he spoke his face was lit with joy
As he remembered scenes of former years.
"She was a comely lass," the old man said.
"As fair a child as e'er I chanced to meet;
With pleasant voice and movements like a bird,
Wild and free and quick to impulse given.

For all she knew was gathered from the woods;
The silent woods her teachers, and her friends.
She gathered herbs and sent them to the town,
And thus sustained herself and mother old;
Coming and going—free of grace and limb,
A sight to make a person glad of life."

The old man paused, I feared to interrupt
His reverie, but well I knew that he
Had more to tell, and soon he did go on.

"She met a youth one day while at her tasks.
She told me since, else knew I not the tale.
And both were young, and both were of that age
Where love is kindled at a single glance."

The old man stirred, as swiftly changing scenes
Were brought again to life within his mind.
He sighed, and tugging at his ragged beard
He set again to finish up the tale.

"But, Ah," he said, "The story is soon told.
It is not different from so many more.
They met in tryst beneath that aged pine
So many times, and there their vows were given;
For her — a newer life beyond the sweep of trees
Which she could see far down, within the vale—
For him — an idle passing of the days,
A brief romance, as later was revealed.
The lass went singing to her daily tasks,
Her thoughts with him who claimed her as his own;
Content to serve her aged mother there,
Until her last, long sleep should come
A benediction to a life well spent.
She labored long and late, and loved, the more
Her waking thoughts on him she loved were stayed;
Until it seemed her very soul would break
Its bonds, and soar with the singing birds."

The old man paused with vacant, pensive air,
And I cared not to rouse him from his mood,
Which seemed akin to shadows on the grass
That fading day brought, creeping, toward my feet.
"One day," the old man's voice went on,
"Her lover failed to keep the sacred tryst
Beneath the pine — the maiden's heart was sad
As turning toward her humble home, her tears
Came softly, bringing her a brief relief;
For still she hoped — and drove her fears away,
And went again next day to meet him there.
The tale is short, her loved one never came,"

The old man said, "But she, still true to him,
To keep the tryst she every day did climb
To that bare spot beneath the aged pine.
Days turned to months, and months, in turn, to years,
Leaving their imprint written on her face,
Deep lined with grief too deep to be expressed
By any human medium of tears.
Her form grew thin, her youth had long since fled,
For work, and loss of hope, had killed that spark
Which is the very heart of human life.
Until at last, her mother gone, her faith
Too fled; she tired of keeping up the earthly frame—
Vain mockery of life which once she had,
She ceased to care to live, and thus she passed.
You know the end, she lies within the vale
Behind her humble hut, but nearer rest
Perhaps, than he who took her deepest love
And soon forgot, nor ever came again."

The tale was done, the old man's voice had ceased.
The hour was late, and soon he went his way;
While I, too, later followed down the gorge.
But after I had picked my torturous way
To leveler ground, I paused, and looking up
Beheld again the old pine on the bluff;
And lived again the tale the old man told.



"THE HEAVENS DECLARE"

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

I had meant to pray.
But when I looked out into the night,
I could only stare
In wonder.

"DREAM PATTERNS"

RUTH OWENS, '35

Honorable Mention, Upper Class Contest

Blue skies
Bird cries—
Spring

Soft breeze
Rustling trees . . .
Night

Dreamy eyes
Whispered sighs—
Love.



THE ANSWER

ELSIE CROY, '34

He came, and in my heart
I knew that He was right
For what He cried in triumph now
Had whispered in my soul.
That this is Life, interpreted
And lived by God in human form,
A Man, a God, the loyalty of
My heart may search and serve;
A Life which I can follow, sure,
And fall not by the way;
A Life which, given human
Lives, will transform human kind
And make them like Itself—
Pure, loving, kind,
Like God.

WHAT IS CHRISTMAS?

KATHRYN KREHBIEL, '35

CHRISTMAS is an old man smiling benignly on a foolish world.

Christmas is a young girl, awed and thrilled at a precious gift.

Christmas is a little child, innocent and trusting, a promise of peace.

Christmas is a spirit, deep in our hearts, drawing us closer.

Christmas is a belief, lovely and undying, come down through the ages.



CANDLE LIGHT CHARM

ELSIE BENNERT, '35

A sudden flicker of the electric lamps—then darkness. Outside, the wind whistling at the corner windows—Soft, silent snow sifting over a white cloaked earth.—Dark clouds which break in rifts to show a pale, cold moon and then again reveal it.—The chime of distant bells.—White candles, old and some half-burned, with sides thick draped with waxen threads.—Rude candlesticks.—A small, strange sense of fellowship with all humanity and for those near by, close kinship.

Another flicker of electric lamps—then brightness and the breaking of a charm.

A POEM BY A GIRL

KATHRYN PFENING, Columbus, Ohio

Honorable Mention, High School Literary Contest

I've never had the need to pray;
There has always been
The rain-drenched wood
And the cricket's cry at night,
The sunset on the hill
And stars along the way;
But God, I find it's not enough,
There's something more I need so much
And that is why I pray.

I've never had the need to pray;
There has always been
The worn leather of my books
And the music that I hear,
The laughter and the play
And my little brother's voice;
But God, I find it's not enough,
There is a fawn I want so much
And that is why I pray.



FIRELIGHT IN WINTER

BERT CRAFT, Warsaw Indiana

Honorable Mention, High School Literary Contest

I see you, dear,
As you sat in your chair,
Winter nights before the fire.

Newspaper fallen,
You sit and doze,
Weary, at the work day's close.

We do not speak;
There is no sound,
Spirit to spirit, serenely bound.

Though now I neither see nor hear,
You, resting, keep communion there,
Winter nights before the fire.

AND NOW I'M DEAD

VIRGINIA DRAKE, Bay Village, Ohio

Fifth Prize, High School Literary Contest

And now I'm dead, who lived a game
When love and life were both the same.
I cried, but no one heard me weep.
Great music surged from out the deep,
Nor could I see from whence it came.

I was a part on one small frame
Of clay, that hadn't any name;
But I was broken in a heap,
And now I'm dead!

In agony I tried to tame
My longing, but I was too lame.
I could not join the music, deep,
Or find the part I wished to keep:
The things that go in Beauty's name.
And now I'm dead!

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