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THE QUIZ
AND QUILL

Christmas Number
1926

THE QUIZ AND QUILL



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THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
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THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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PREFATORY

OURS is not only youth but the spirit of youth, so we believe in ourselves, conscious of the egoism that is our just right.—Thus we laughingly wish you a Merry Christmas, and in bidding, too, a farewell to the censure of the old year, greet our severest critics and our friends alike,—knowing that without us the world would be sans singer and sans song.

THE EDITORS.

CHRISTMAS PICTURES

BESSIE LINCOLN, '27



SNOWFLAKES fell from a leaden, gray-plated sky. A sharp wind scurried through the streets, tugging at skirts, swirling papers, daubing cheeks and noses indiscriminately with red. But, unheeding, the gay throngs hurried along, pushing and crowding through the swinging doors of the holly-decked shops.

Within were laughter, the mechanical clangor of player-pianos and phonographs, colored lights, ever-greens, and tinsel. Along the loaded counters passed all humanity—the tiny waif clutching in reddened fingers a precious cent as he gazed wistfully at a singing top; the young lady of fashion sweeping along in luxurious furs; the aged grandmother tottering down the aisle, peering over gold-rimmed spectacles. Perhaps it was only the magic of the tinted electric bulbs, or the keen sting of the wind, but all eyes seemed bright, all voices cheerful, all faces fancy-lit. Christmas was coming to the city.

Great fluffy snowflakes drifted slowly, lazily, to the fields below. The sun, pale yellow, glanced from the shelter of its gray cloud shield, then disappeared. A soft wind brushed the white carpet below.

Along the winding country lane came the merry jingle of sleigh bells. Suddenly at the crest of the hill a long sled appeared, paused for a moment, and glided downward. Peals of laughter echoed through the wintry air; coats, scarfs and toboggan caps fluttered.

Within the white farmhouse evergreen boughs and red bells decked the walls and ceilings. Before the huge fireplace with its crackling logs five stockings

were hanging. From the kitchen sounded the brisk whirl of the egg-beater, the merry rattle of pans; from the pantry floated the sweet odor of spice cakes and mince pies. Christmas, too, in the country.

Within an old church, with high vaulted arches and airy colonnades, white tapers gleamed; a great organ swelled mighty chords and chimed quaint melodies; white-robed choir boys chanted "Adeste Fidelis." Below were kneeling figures—human hearts that saw through the candle light other scenes.

Beneath the starlit skies of old Judea weary shepherds guarded their flocks. Suddenly before their startled eyes gleamed a great light, and heavenly voices spoke strange words to their wondering ears. Across the lonely desert swung three camels bearing Wise Men of the East. In a lowly manger lay a tiny Babe beside the sweet-faced mother.

Christmas—for all the world!

SADAWGA

WENDELL CAMP, '25



Shouting up the mountain-side,
Sweeping past the moon—
A thousand winds, a million spruce,
A mad and lonesome loon;

A jagged line of storm-torn peaks,
A wolf cry in the night,
The whimpering sob of shuddering birch,
A moon all ghostly white.

BOND AND FREE

ALICE G. SANDERS, '26



I am the mist
Thou art the sea—
It shall be so
Eternally.

Thy strength is ten,
My strength is three,
Yet strange it is
Thou art not free.

Thy soul doth chafe
The shore's decree,
But thy calm deeps
Are loved by me.

It is thy breath
That maketh me,
But it is I
Who sets thee free.

I am the mist,
Thou art the sea—
And we are one
Inseparably.

FROM THE LOOKOUT OF THE MOUND BUILDERS AT FORT ANCIENT

E. JOSEPHINE FOOR CRIBBS, '20

Dusk and shadows, soft, feathery banks of clouds and slowly creeping evening mists, repose and quiet. Faint crimson in the west, slowly fading into even fainter tints, the shy gleam of an early evening star, a dim and peaceful valley far below skirted by wooded hills—Fancy carries back to ages gone, and the spot on which we stand becomes the lookout of the ancient Mound Builders.

Shades of the past and spectres of the long ago glide in and out among the mounds, the handiwork of a mighty people, long since erased from the pages of living history. A lone figure steals up to the knoll, where it is silhouetted against the darkening sky. The sentinel peers intently into the distance, scanning all avenues of approach for hostile bands, and then lifts his bronzed countenance toward the summits of the far away hills for the fiery signal of his own people across the valley.

For long, long ages, the sands of Time have slowly trickled through the hour glass of history until today this primitive race is known only by the few relics of its existence. What changes have marked the passing years! What startling sensations and emotions would stir the heart of the lonely sentinel if he could once again stand upon that knoll and gaze down into the peaceful valley so dear to his memory. How terrifying would be the thundering "Iron Horse," how mystifying the purr of the powerful motors as they roll through the paths of his old domain! How awesome the brilliant gleam of lights, which, like scintillating shafts plucked from the sun, pierce the dusky shadows. A nearby house, made of wood, cut from his beloved forest; a boat similarly made, floating on the tiny river—everywhere evidences of a new and strange people. His world is no more.

THE LAND OF THE LAVENDAR SWAN

MARY THOMAS, '28



Afar in the south, where the zu trees grow
Is the land of the lavender swan
Who swims all night on a pink lagoon
And goes to sleep at the dawn.

The lavender swan has feet of gold,
And his eyes are like diamonds bright
That reflect the glow of a million stars
As he floats in their light each night.

When the white moon shines thru the old zu trees
And the spiders spin webs of its beams,
The lily-flowers open their odorous buds
And send forth the perfume of dreams.

Then the lavender swan comes out of his cave
And swims on the pink lagoons,
And the zu trees sigh and shed silver tears
As they list to the tune he croons.

The white moths whisper among the trees
That the swan is a prince in disguise,
Who lost his right to a place of might
When he wooed with a love unwise.

So every night when the moon gleams white
On the twinkling pink lagoon,
The lavender swan swims all alone
And croons his moon-mad tune.

TRIAD TO A FAR-OFF FLAME

JOSEPH Q. MAYNE, '25

My heart is full of honeyed phrases
I've been treasuring for you;
My voice attuned to sing your praises,
Ever tender, ever true.

I have coined a thousand verses
Which your loveliness inspires;
Hope, my smouldering heart still tortures;
You have lighted timeless fires.

Yes, an epic or a cycle
Could my eager quill indite,
By the great Archangel Michael,
If, my dear, you'd only write.

AFTER THE HAIL

(Written in April, 1925, at Lincoln, Nebraska, about sunset, on a day of wild, breathless weather, the anniversary of the frightful tornado at Omaha, April, 1913.)

A robin sweetly sang that day
As fell a calm on earth and sky.
Answering him my heart leaped high
In thrill of rapture, dream of May.

Melodiously carolling, trilling near,
Chorusing softly in reply
Numberless singers poured their cry,
Hopefully, cheerily, thankfully clear.

Thank they the Father of bird and of man?
Send they their paeon for deliverance rare,
Safety from hail, from wind, from the snare,
The fury and lash of tornado's fell span?

Gladly then throbbled my soul in release
As faded their symphony in deepening night,
"O God of all, to me give light,
Increase my faith, and bring me peace."

—P. E. P.

FAREWELL

WENDELL CAMP, '25



And so you passed me—
Nodding for politeness' sake,
Yielding no more a smile
Than comes from narrowed eyes
As cold and pointed as gray steel;
And, faith, they cut,
Seeking to tell me you despised.
So for punishment
You shall not know—
Even to the end of all tomorrow's morrows—
That once, when all the world
Was gay with apple bloom,
I wandered through a straggled orchard on a hill,
And, coming to an old wood gate,
I softly dropped the bars for the ghostly dreams
Of all the yesterdays.

Far in the distant swamp
A bittern droned a throaty dirge,
And the night wind,
Breathing a soft farewell to the sacred place,
Covered the lonesome hill
With the velvet tears of the apple bloom.

MODERN FICTION

LESTER M. MITCHELL, '24

THE drift of later day fiction is largely shown by the department store. The selling of books by the ton proves a return to the extremes of romanticism. People do not jostle one another in their eagerness to secure even a semblance of the truth. The taste of today is a strong appetite for fadism, and a novel to be successful must bear the stamp of society rather than the approval of the critic. The reader has gone slumming and must be shocked in order to be amused. Reviewers tell us of a revolt against realism; that we no longer fawn upon a dull truth; that we crave gauze rather than substance. In fact, realism was never a fad; truth has never been fashionable. No society takes up philosophy as an amusement.

But, after all, popular taste does not make a literature. Strength does not meet with immediate recognition; originality is often too readily condemned. The intense book often dies at one reading. It's story is a wild pigeon of the mind and sails away to be soon forgotten; but the novel in which there is even one real character, one man of the soil, remains with us as a friend.

In the minds of thinking people, realism cannot be supplanted except by realism. However, by realism, I do not mean the common-place details of any interesting household, nor the hired man with mud on his cow-hide boots, nor the whining farmer who sits with his feet on the kitchen stove; but the glory that we find in man, his self-sacrifice and his virtue, and the grandeur that we see in nature. Realism does not mean the unattractive. A rose is as real as a toad. A realistic novel of the days of Caesar would be worth more than Plutarch's Lives.

Every age sees a literary revolution, but out of that revolution there may come no great work of art. The best fiction is the unconscious grace of a

cultivated mind, a catching of the quaint humor of men, a soft look of mercy and a sympathetic tear.

This sort of book may be neglected for years; no busy critic may speak a word in its behalf. But there comes a time when by the merest accident a great mind finds it and flashes its genius back upon the cloud that has hidden it. Yes, there is a return to romanticism, if indeed there was ever a turn in it. The well-told story has ever found admirers. To the world all the stories have not been told. The stars show no age, and the sun was as bright yesterday as it was the morning after creation. But a simple story without character is not the highest form of fiction. It is a story that may become a fad, if it be shocking enough, if it has in it the thrill of delicious wickedness; but it cannot live. The literary lion of today may be the literary ass of tomorrow, but the ass has his bin full of oats and cannot complain. The novel, whether it be of classic form or of faddish type, makes a mark upon the mind of the public.

Fiction is a necessary element of modern education. A man may be a successful physician or a noted lawyer without having read a novel; but he could not be regarded as a man of refined culture. A novel is an intellectual luxury, and in the luxuries of a country we find the refinements of a nation. It was not invention but fancy that made Greece great. A novel-reading nation is a progressive nation. At one time the most successful publication in this country was a weekly paper filled with graceless sensationalism. But it was not the pulpit nor the lecture-platform that took hold of the public taste and lifted it above this trash. It was the publication, in cheap form, of English classics. And when the mind of masses had been thus improved the magazine became a success.

One slow but unmistakeable drift of fiction is toward the short story, and a carefully edited newspaper may hold the fiction of the future.

I GIVE YOU TONIGHT

TURNER CAMP, '27



What does it matter I no longer care?
Think that I care, if that will serve your pride.
I go at dawn, content you do not know—
What love I ever felt, that love has died.

Some day when life with dragging feet
Tarries too long, and you, weary, worn and old,
Sit by the fire and think when time was fleet,
And ponder youthful loves ere they grew cold

I give you for that time one sweet, far-off dream,
This perfect night, this night for lovers made,
The orchard's scented snow, the moon's soft shine,
A tryst that's kept, a kiss within the glade.

But a cynic jest, a low mocking laugh
So little and your pride is humbled, quite.
No For your dreaming hours, an unspoiled
memory,
I leave you—tonight.

RAMBLER ROSE

(The American Beauty Climber)

When April sun and soft June rain
Have wakened all to life again;
When foliaged trees their arms outspread,
And greensward softens to the tread—
Then blooms the noble rambler rose,
Richest of summer's flower shows.

It grants no special perfume to the evening air,
Yet spreads a wealth of beauty everywhere.
Its deepest red in rich luxuriance glows,
Breathing the fullest passion flower knows.

Oh, radiant, lovely, trailing rose,
How came that deep rich coloring there?
Is it morning light or evening glow
Has wrought for us this fairest show?

—C. O. A.

MY OLD GUITAR

Now mute are the throbbing strings,
Forgotten the old refrain;
Yet in the lush warm twilight,
It seems that I hear again
The voice of my wondrous Marcheta
Chanting an old lover's tune
To me and the first star of evening
And the rim of a gold lover's moon.

But, oh, you are gone, my Marcheta;
And all I have left is the star,
A song you have long since forgotten,
A dusty and tuneless guitar.

—W. C.

I WOULD BE AUTUMN TODAY!

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

Oh! smoke-blue air
And saffron leaves,
This autumn day a-moving,
Wisp and whirl
Among the trees
Like fairy elfins roving.

Catch me, hold me,
Spirit wild,
Ruler of this autumn day—
Let more leaves and air
go whirling.

As I pass on my way,
Lift me, touch me,
Send me swirling;
Breathe of me the smoke-blue haze;
Grant me freedom, give me sway.

I would be Autumn today!

A DREAM MELODY

MARTHA SHAWAN, '28

Deep in the heart of me
Is a spring
Which bubbles up,
Crystal clear;
And up through a sea
Of dream
Where unearthly torches glow,
Steals a melody—
Distant, illusive—which pauses
In an evening song.

STRANGE!

THELMA V. SNYDER, '27

I cannot at times recall your face.
When, in answer to another's laughter
Or whispered word,
It comes, like blue-gray phantoms
Of a dream it flits away
Dim . . . softly blurred.

I can scarcely recall your voice,
Your voice that sang its love song
Tender, gay.
I hear it, passing quickly in
The night, only an echo
Faint . . . far away.

Strange then that last night
The wind, as I hurried along
In the rain,
Tossing the familiar fragrance
Of wood violets in my face, brought
You . . . and pain!

THE COLLEGE YOUTH EXPRESSES SIGNS OF MODERNITY

WAYNE V. HARSHA, '27

CERTAINLY one of the most hopeful signs in America today is the growing disposition of our college youth to throw off the control of stodgy professors, and to take life more and more into their own hands. There is a large body of youth in our centers of learning today that could shame the most pretentiously learned of its elders into being backward concerning the very latest and least whippers of thought and progress; and aside from the minority of the best—and they are the real thinkers

among our college youth—there is a general taste for freedom, a taste that is pretty openly manifested, and in no light manner, by the thousands of young people who are not worrying much over the state of the universe.

A good deal of what is wrong with our universe, if you please, is, or has been, its unwillingness or inability to face life with a smile, a zest, a dare, and to enjoy frankly the good things of it. A lot of our problems will disappear when we throw off the troubles we needlessly impose upon ourselves by restrictions in the enjoyment of life.

By the side of these college fellows who are unconventional, even though not thinking very deeply, is a smaller but very important group that is boldly formulating new thoughts; that is turning a liberal and resolute eye on the life-philosophy of its predecessors; that is putting a hand, without fear, to some of the biggest social and cultural questions of the day; and, above all, that is demanding freedom. College youth of today is apparently determined to have freedom.

Freedom is enough. Once freedom is attained, other things will follow. It is only in an atmosphere of freedom that a gainful search for the truth can be carried on, or that any problem can be helped toward a solution.

As an example of the desire for freedom, college youth the country over is protesting against compulsory chapel attendance. Chapel has never been of any great influence in college life. Of late, it has been challenged as a form of intellectual tyranny.

Similar to this attack on compulsory religion has been the students' opposition to compulsory military training. They object to being problematically saved by Christ's blood or even by prospective shedders of human blood against their will.

Again we see the students demanding something to say—and saying it forcibly, too—about the government of our colleges, and even the very nature of

their studies. Students object to the ruling elders of our colleges changing the curriculum without so much as by-your-leave. They rightly insist that they shall have some choice in what they shall learn, seeing that this learning is more important to them than to anyone else.

Still more significant is the spirit to be observed in college publications of the country. Here one sees students, not merely expressing new ideas, not demanding this or that right or privilege, not simply pointing out certain evils of academic tyranny, but holding a kind of a skepticism of the old-fashioned copy-book morality of days that are gone.

Generally, the American college youth is trying to make the university safe for culture and the enjoyment of life. He is taking a good clear-eyed look at the values of thought and association that enter into his immediate life, and often he is in touch with the larger movements of modernity outside his own campus. He is demanding that education be made free and intelligent, and that it not be kept apart from life.

YOUR SONG

MARY THOMAS, '28

Last night, a fat woman,
In a red dress,
Sang your song.

It broke my heart
To hear her sing
That tender little song
Of yours and mine.

It's always been our song;
And now, she sings it too.

DAYS

MARTHA SHAWAN, '28

Those were grey days
Full of great grey caravans,
All laden down with heavy things;
And when they came crowding
 upon me
In the dark hours,
I did not know
That they were only pushing
Toward the light
Of a moon-vestured town.

A CALENDAR OF LOVE

JOSEPH Q. MAYNE, '25



Oh, it's easy to love in the spring of the year,
When the robins so merrily sing;
Perfume in the air from flowers so fair—
It's easy to love in the spring.

Oh, it's easy to love in the summertime,
Beneath the light of the moon;
With the wind in her hair, there are moments so rare,
That summer glides by all too soon.

Oh, it's easy to love in the golden days,
When autumn's rich colorings call;
Twigs snap beneath feet as you seek a retreat—
It is easy to love in the fall.

But he who can love in the winter, br-r-r,
When yuletide presents draw nigh—
Please take it from me, tall maidens, or wee—
Is a sure-enough regular guy.

TREASURES

BESSIE LINCOLN, '27



Flowered hoop-skirts gently swaying,
Powdered tresses pinned up high,
Bending o'er a chest of treasures—
Quilts and comforts, linens rare—
Stood the lady.

Wrapped in thoughts with misty edges,
Fancy's fabric shot with rose,
So I bend above my treasures,
Dreams and memories, friendship's trove—
Gathered there.

Hers were sweet with lavender blossoms,
Mine are redolent with myrrh.

WINTER NIGHT

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

The wind is weeping out among the trees in deep, drawn-out gasps. It cuts, it streaks the air. It rises, now fades away—like the howling wolves who slink into the darkness of night. Through the windows there is only blackness. A clock ticks. The pen scratches. The shaded orange light casts soft dim shadows. The Christmas bells on the window blinds move in and out with the wind—slowly move, slowly beat—like the throbbing of Christmas hearts. The night is cold and clear without, soft within. And through the window—the light of one lone star.

PERHAPS

WENDELL CAMP, '25

Perhaps—
Out of the silence of the great Void
My heart shall call,
And its voice shall be as a palsied hand
Shaking at the close-drawn curtain
Of a long-forgotten memory.
And you shall, listening, wonder—
Wonder at the hurt of little things
That you had never understood,
And long since ceased remembering.

THE LIGHTS OF NOEL

CHARLOTTE M. OWEN, '27

MARK paused at the door of the little gray monastery and looked back down the slope he had just climbed. The diminutive French village of Chillon nestled cosily in the valley below. The snow-covered roofs of the houses shone brightly in the moonlight, and here and there lamps from the unshaded windows made yellow patches on the snow. It was cold, bitter cold! And it was Christmas Eve.

Mark shivered and blew upon his numbed fingers to warm them, then turned again to the door and lifted the heavy iron knocker upon it. Its hollow sound filled the hall within. A moment later the door opened slowly on creaking hinges, and a withered monk, holding a flickering candle in his hand, stood in the doorway. He shielded the flame with his hand, and, without looking to see who stood on the doorstep, said kindly, "Come in. Come in. 'Tis a cold night for one to be abroad."

Mark slipped gratefully inside and closed the door.

"It's just me, Father," he said. "A merry Christmas to you!"

"God bless thee, child, and a merry Christmas to thee also. Father Conaniah is expecting thee, and

is in the chancel. It is time for evening prayers. Haste!"

Mark turned without another word and hurried through the narrow door at the end of the hallway. It was with perfect familiarity that he threaded his way through the dim-lighted corridors, for nearly all the years of his boyhood had been spent within the little monastery. He had given his life to the Church, and it was here that he was being educated.

He paused a moment as he entered the door of the chapel. The great nave was lighted by candles placed here and there on the walls. At regular intervals there were niches containing shrines, and before some of these monks knelt in prayer. Other silent, black-robed figures moved quietly about, their shaven heads bent reverently. Mark bowed his curly one, too, for a moment, and then, cap in hand, made his way to the chancel beyond. Here, too, tall candles burned, and though monks moved about in their mellow glow, Mark did not pause. He saw the stooped form of the one he sought in an adjoining room.

It was Father Conaniah's own vestry that he entered thus unannounced—a long, narrow room with slender Gothic windows that looked down upon the little town in the valley. Father Conaniah was standing before one of these and gazing out into the night. As Mark approached he stretched out a hand and drew him to the window.

"See, lad, how the village twinkles tonight! The 'lights of Noel' are lit."

"You mean the Christmas candles in the windows, Father? Why do folks call them the 'lights of Noel'?"

"You have never heard, my son?" the old man questioned, kindly. "They are a symbol of gratitude. They show appreciation to God for the gift of His Son. There is an old legend about them," he continued, "for they get their name from a hermit who lived in the mountains of Switzerland hundreds of

years ago. He was an old, old monk, and people knew nothing about him except that his name was Noel, and that he lived bound by a vow to silence in self-punishment for some misdeed.

"One Christmas Eve, three carolers noticed the lighted windows in his hut high on the mountainside, and decided to climb the slope and sing for him. The mountain was snow-covered and steep, and it was nearly an hour before they finally stood in front of the little cabin, but with hearts lifted to the stars they sang.

"All was quiet within the tiny hovel; the light that had shone through the window when they arrived was gone. Half-frightened, the boys waited in the outer darkness. There was a movement at the window! Startled and ready for flight, they looked toward it,—and saw a withered and shaking hand place a lighted candle there! Relieved, they turned back. That little flame, nodding with friendliness, told them more plainly than words could have, of the appreciation of the silent hermit.

"Then they sang—sang as they had not sung before, their voices filled with the very spirit of Christmas. And as they went down the mountainside again their songs floated back to the lonely Noel, and his candle threw its soft light out on the snow.

"And they went back the next year, and the next, and it was always the same—the little candle in the window expressing the pent-up gratitude of a heart pledged to silence.

"And after a time the songs that the carolers sang were called Noels in memory of the lonely hermit, and the people took up his custom and placed candles in their windows on Christmas Eve, and called them the 'lights of Noel.' And they still burn, Mark," the old monk concluded, softly, with his eyes on the distant flickerings, "those ancient candles; and they show a world's appreciation to the angels who sang the first Christmas carols, and a heartfelt gratitude to the God who gave His Son to men."

YOU HAVE BEEN KIND



I know I should take you back,
You of the pale green fronds.
There is a ferny glen
High in the hills where you belong.

You of the prickly sides,
There is a burned-up spot
Among the red Mojave hills
Where you might be
Among your cactus brothers.

Ho! I shake you, palm—
Are you dreaming of a green oasis
In a far Sahara land?

You of the broad green leaves,
Are you hungry for the smell of jungles
And the fetid heat of taro fields?

I should be lonesome, O beloved!
You have been kind to be content.

—w. c.

FLOWERS

RUTH ROBERTS, '25

My eyes, you say, are deep forget-me-nots,
My hair a shadowy coolness in the wood,
And on my lips a flower-fragrance lives.

Ah, dear—
Dost thou not know
That God has made all flower souls to dream,
And when the dream is ended
They must die—

THEN AND NOW

ELLEN JONES, '24



In the quiet lazy afternoon I used to lie under the old apple tree and gaze up through the leaves at the sky beyond. So very far away it seemed, with here and there white puffs of clouds. I used to wonder what there could be in all that infinite blue especially for me. With eyes half shut I could imagine at the head of those floating clouds, myself, the captain of a mighty ship, the master of a castle with tall white towers.

That was long ago. Since then gray clouds have often covered that blue sky. They have closed in about me until my spirit has felt almost the touch of their cold reality. My eyes could not pierce their thick grayness and all the world seemed shut in, with no escape. Now I know that white clouds can change to gray, that ships and castles may be long stretches of hard years with perhaps some small success. But how I wish that I could gaze once more through apple leaves at the blue sky so far away and wonder what was there.

DORM CLATTER

VERDA EVANS, '28



“BEE, use discretion. Shut off that Vic and come sit on my bag while I get the thing strapped.”

“Just a minute. Wait till I hear ‘Who Says There Ain’t no Santy Claus.’ Don’t interrupt me when I am about to learn the identity of such a rogue.”

“Of all the heartless wretches. My family treat me better than that. Speaking of the privileges of a roommate . . .”

“Well, since I won’t see you until next year . . . I guess I won’t pipe down. I’ll not get to talk to you for three long weeks so I’ll make use of the opportunity I have left.”

“Three weeks is a pretty long time, isn’t it, Bee? Do you think you’ll miss me? In the midst of family and friends you’ll never give a thought for your poor roommate . . . Oh, that’s not the way. Get on with your hands and knees. Now sort of jump.”

“I can’t jump any harder, if you never get your old bag packed. Patty, what in the world do you have in the thing? I’m going down and tell the Dean to start counting the dressers and chairs. You’d think you were going to Thibet or Calcutta instead of Columbus Grove.”

“There, keep pushing, hold that position!”

“Who do you think you are, staff photographer?”

“Push harder and talk less, Bee, and I’ll get the thing strapped. There! shut and locked! But think if that lid should happen to pop open on the train. Would I be bored? Oh no!”

“There are always a lot of State men on the train, too, aren’t there? I hope it pops! Now, we’re even!”

“Even—you’re way ahead. But say, did I tell you

about the last time I went home? You know I've told you about Jim, one of the fellows in my high school class who is a Junior at State and he's a Sig"

"Twice told tales from Lamb. If you play that record again our family bonds are severed."

"More college humor slightly diluted. Oh, I forgot to put that horn for the neighbor's kid in the bag. Please feature me making a grand entree into a crowded train with two bags, a hat box, one air gun, one Mamma Doll, and now that horn. I'll probably stumble over some one's bag and deposit my belongings into the air and myself into the arms of a portly traveling salesman. He will assure me it's quite all right and ask my name and address so he can send me roses for graduation."

"Another plot for a True Story. But, Patty, it is funny you didn't think about taking a Christmas tree along."

"Does courtesy demand that I laugh at that paralyzed pun?"

"Calm down. You know you'd gladly carry several Christmas trees with lights ablaze to get to that family of yours. By the way, did you get the red lumberjack for kid brother?"

"I surely did, Pat, old dear. He abominates red and I got the thing two sizes small. You know I have always have wanted a bright red one. I'll get my revenge for the football he gave me last year. But, you know, I relented at the last moment and got him a punching bag, too. But how will I get the muscle developer home. I think I'll tie a string to it and carry it like a balloon."

"That reminds me of a story no, can't tell you. But, Dear Heart, have you ever taken an Intelligence Test?"

"No, why?"

"Well, don't! You'd be leaving school with the Faculty's consent when the results came out. Pat,

benighted 'eathen that you are, did it never occur to you that you might let the air out?"

"Beatrice, I don't think you need to give all that publicity to what you think about my I. Q. I'm quite sure that all third floor has heard."

"Forgive me, Patty, but that was about the By the way, I wonder what I'll rate from the family this year. They shekeled out quite handsomely last year."

"You know, I'm sort of expecting something pretty piffy. I rated some rather acceptable grades at semester and I haven't had a conference with the Dean once this year. I reminded the family of it in my last letter."

"Did you remind them, too, that you have been holding individual prayer meetings with selections from the Little Gray Book as your text on various occasions?"

"I'm not divulging all the contents of my letters to the family."

"Nor are all your activities divulged in said letters?"

"Let she who has broken no rule, preach the first sermonette!"

"Back to the subject of family and family appreciation. I admit my grades are not to be spoken of above a whisper but the family love me anyway."

"Poor Bee, bad Bee, our wayward daughter. It's a good thing you have a large family."

"Did it ever occur to you that you have a morbid sense of humor?"

"Now listen, Beatrice, snap out of it. I'm sorry. You know I think you're the peachiest old roommate ever"

"Kamerad! Let's talk about prospects of vacation dates. I've been wondering whether Bob will be back from Washington-Jefferson. He's a darling. Patty, he's tall, well-built, blonde, the most wonderful eyes, and he has average intelligence."

"Are you describing Apollo or Milton Sills?"

“Oh Pat, the strap’s broken! Pandemonium reigns! Heroine tears hair! Say, what are you getting so athletic about? I don’t expect to walk off with any of the contents. I haven’t turned Kleptomaniac in the last three seconds. Ah, whose picture is that? Now the light begins to dawn and I see the reason for the sudden haste. Are congratulations in order? A lot of chance I’ll have to expect a letter from you under the circumstances. Now, Patricia, in the name of the Order of Suffering Roommates, where is your PIN? It’s gone! It’s gone! It’s gone! Wait ’till I tell the gang.

“Hey, Rhea”

A PEDDLER OF DREAMS

MARVEL E. SEBERT, '21



If I could be but a peddler of dreams
When the twilight hour comes nigh,
I'd shoulder my pack with its fairy ware
And hither and yon I'd fly.
Across the world at each door I'd leave
A dream, or two, come true;
But all the time at the tip of the pack
Would be my dream of you.

If I could be but a peddler of dreams
When the curfew hour has chimed,
I'd flit like a star in its firmament
Till you at last I'd find.
Then out from hopes of a sunburst ray
I'd draw that golden hue;
For all the time at the tip of the pack
I'd saved my dream for you.

LINES

'Twas good—forgetting—
Determined blotting out
Of misted nights that blurred your face,
That veiled the footpath to the stars,
That erased edges of dreams
And merged all into one.

'Twas good—forgetting.
For now, after vacant years,
Return brings ready gladness
I could never know
Had Remembering's pain haunted my heart
And forced me back into yours.

—T. C.

YOU ASKED ME TO FORGET



There has been no remorse;
Yet who would dare forget
The jasmine that you offered me,
The spices and the sweetmeats that were mine!
Fair nights beneath the moon at Lebanon,
Sweet waters by the spring on Hermon,
And the pool within thy garden where the
lotus grew—
These all were mine.

—I sometimes think the half-forgotten fragrance
Of a moist red rose
Will tear my heart away.

There has been no remorse,
Yet—you asked me to forget.

—W. C.

A-ROAMIN'

THELMA V. SNYDER, '27



I must go a-roamin' . . . I must go today!
 You would dwell forever
 In old Dundey!
I must have me silken gowns
 Splashed with colors bold . . .
You're fond of softer tints . . .
 Mauve and gray and gold.
I'll seek me transient loves . . .
 Loves that come and go . . .
You're content for one man
 To bake and sweep and sew!
I must find my happiness
 In gypsy trails that lure,
Yours is by his fireside
 In quietude secure.
I must go a-roamin' . . .
 Strange as it may seem,
I can't live forever
 On a dusky dream!

MUST YOU ALWAYS PLAY?

TURNER CAMP, '27

Sylvan dances just for two,
Changing partners when you're through,
Reckless of the harm you do—
You piped to me today.

To wishful hearts you give no heed,
Mourning is another's meed.
Must you pipe a lonely reed?
Must you always play?

THE STAR OF CHARON'S HILLS

MARCELLA HENRY, '28



Moonlight dropped on Charon's hills—dropped like blossoms of Japan—like the lilies—earthy sweet, growing in the gardens of Jan. White was sifting, white was blowing—white of moon and fall of snow. It was winter's silver night, filled with whiteness, crystal shining,—silent starlight glow.

Far on high in the sky porphyry the dark was liquid cool—cool like the grapes in purple bloom that hung near Hebron's pool. And afar, above, alone on high, a single fire light glowed! A tremulous star—in quivering white, that made all worship for its boon, and blanched the earth to shivering light in the silent beauty of the snow and the moon.

MODERN VERSE

ALICE G. SANDERS, '26



I sit alone at night's high noon—

The candle stutters thick and drips
With fever sores upon its lips;
The club-foot shadows creep and crawl
And claw insanely at the wall.

A siren stabs the pulseless moon!

The night awakes with the ague
As a palsied man from his sleep,
And cries like a battered bucket
In springing a rusty leak.

A siren stabs the pulseless moon!

And I sit like a piece of rock candy,
All congealed to a thread of fear;
I'm square, and I'm smooth, and I'm icy,
With a feeling transparent and clear.

A siren stabs the pulseless moon!

And it wails in its shrill weird solo,
Like a paring peeled round and round,
Which slowly tapers to nothing
And drops neatly curled to the ground.

Again I sit at night's high noon—

The candle stutters thick and drips
With fever sores upon its lips;
The club-foot shadows creep and crawl
And claw insanely at the wall.

SINCE YOU CAME

MARTHA SHAWAN, '28

Time hemmed me in
With boundaries
Of dim, despairing darkness
Before you came.
Then within me chanted a voice
With the mighty overtones of thunder
And the quiet song of stars;
A music beat in my heart,
Eclipsing me,
And in listening to its rhythm
I lost Time.

I MUST NOT STIR



I must not stir, they say.
Yet, to my window in a listless way
A tiny snowflake came
And dallied on the outside of the pane.
—God, the snow is drifting on Wantastiquet,
And the deer are huddled warm
Among the spruce and tamaracks below Old Bald.

There would be bacon in the pan,
Some flapjacks, golden-brown,
And hot, black coffee—
Damn this soup and tea!

God, why do You make me restless with Your snow?
—w. c.

THE GIFT OF LIFE

MARVEL E. SEBERT, '21



“O Ra, the Royal, we lift up hands of truth to thee, and ask thy Gift, the Gift of Life.”

Slowly the oft-repeated words droned their way toward the blazing sun. With hands outspread in humble supplication, with turbaned head flung back in hopeless entreaty, stood the white robed figure on the rocky shelf near the Land of the Desert. Below, the sullen waters of the Nile gurgled languidly as they derisively muttered, “Ra, the royal—.”

Not far afield the sand-caked Sphinx gazed out in knowing certainty. Behind sealed doors within the sun-baked pyramids looked forth the mummied royalties with faces set in lines of grim indifference.

Out on the burning shores slept the motionless scarabaeus.

Centuries later a khaki-clad figure stood upon the selfsame ledge. Below, the tumbling waters blended with the joyous songs of the soldier boys who roamed its shores in the distance.

Not far afield the selfsame Sphinx stared with a knowing smile of superior wisdom at the late celebration of the armistice. Undaunted in their time-worn tombs gazed the few remaining royalties of ages past.

While the sweet-toned words of “The Long, Long Trail” drifted from afar, the commanding figure stood with heels together. A graying head bent low above the worn khaki hat that nestled now against a noted badge of honor. Pent up emotion dimmed the eyes but not the vibrant words of the General—
“O God, the Savior, we lift up hearts in praise to Thee, for this Thy Gift, the Gift of Life.”

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