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1934 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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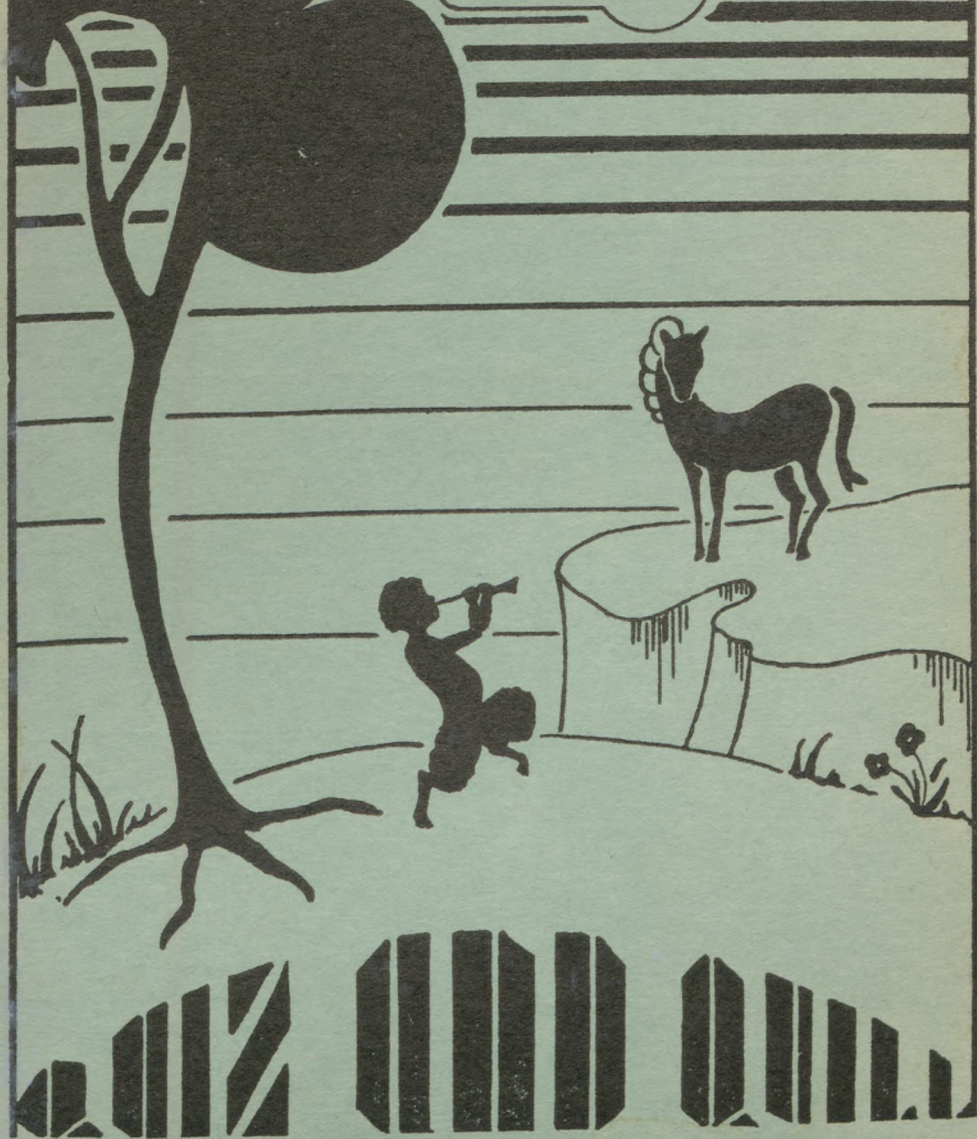
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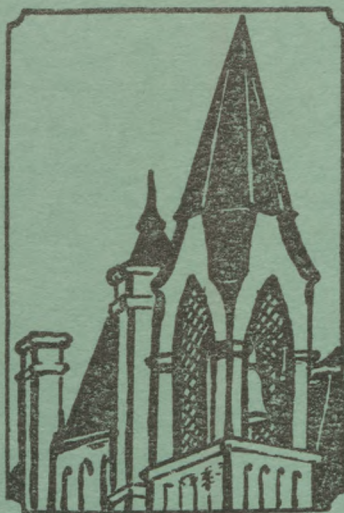
SPRING

1934



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FOR THE
"NEW DEAL"

EDUCATION
FOR THE
NEW DAY



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The QUIZ AND QUILL

SPRING NUMBER

1934



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Parker Young	Editor of Ho-Bohemia
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Published by
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
Otterbein College
Westerville, Ohio

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LITERARY AWARDS

BARNES SHORT STORY, 1934

Parker Young, "New Deal", first prize, \$32.00.

Mary Otsuki, "The Memories of George and Hulda Streeter",
second prize, \$16.00.

BURKHART SHORT STORY, 1933

Bonita Engle, "Miguel", first prize, \$20.00.

Parker Young, "Joe Comes Through", second prize, \$10.00.

Dorothy Metzger, "The Law of Brotherly Love", third prize,
\$5.00.

QUIZ AND QUILL, 1934

Winter Contest

Dorothea Rohrer, "First and Second Loves", Upper Class,
prize, \$5.00.

Evelyn Brehm, "Glory to God", Lower Class, prize, \$5.00.

Spring Contest

POETRY

Marjorie Phillips, "Words", first award.

Evelyn Nichols, "Star Dreams", second award.

Virginia Hetzler, "A Lazy Fisherman's Code", third award.

PROSE

Ruth Hunt, "The Answer", first award.

Evelyn Brehm, "Dreams", second award.

CHAUCER CLUB CRITICISM, 1934

Erma Jordan, Review of "Hand of Bronze", first prize, \$5.00.

I SHALL NOT CRINGE

WILLIAM FREY

First Prize, Poetry, High School Literary Contest

I shall not cringe and cry to death, "Begone!"
When he shall one day take my meager light,
And bid me walk the night of no sure dawn.
I'll gladly go; let other men take fright.
And when I go with him, you'll walk this lane,
And every step to you will still be dear.
You'll drink this water though to drink be pain,
And every drop will murmur, "He is here."
Beneath this tree the leaves and wind will say
"He stood beneath us here; he loved us too."
You'll sit upon this grass and night and day
You'll dream of gayer days 'neath skies of blue.
No! though they say that I am dead, you'll smile
And shed no tears my memory to defile.



A LAZY FISHERMAN'S CODE

VIRGINIA HETZLER, '37

Third Prize, Poetry, Underclass

I've a yen to go a fishin',
For a sittin' all the day
On the banks of an idle river,
Where the fishes leap and play.

Don't specially want the fishes
To be a nibblin' at my line.
Just want to sit there dreamin'
And a thinkin' all the time.

Just want to sit a thinkin'
Of what I might have been.
For just a sittin' thinkin'
Surely ain't no sin.

And if I go to heaven
When my earthly days are o'er,
Maybe good old St. Peter
'Ill let me go fishin' some more.

THE ANSWER

RUTH HUNT, '26

First Prize, Prose, Underclass

THE High Priest had spoken and was waiting an answer. There was no sound save the scratching of quills from those who wrote at long tables and the restless murmur of The Wisest as they sat in splendid mockery, watching Him. The morning sun caught in the gold of tapestry and throne and dazzled the eyes of the Curious. But He saw none of them—nor heard. He was alone.

The white-robed, weary One looked past the splendor of the Court and saw, across the Bethany hills, a sun-lit, happy home—a brother, quick with life; the anxious, busy sister; and Mary. He touched again a little child and gave him sight and saw the joyous tears of a thankful mother. He blessed the bread and fed the hungry thousands. Once more, in haze of memory, He walked by a lake and talked and laughed with those most dear to Him.

Again the question came, "Art thou the Christ?" And then a shadow seemed to fall—a shadow of a cross.

The saddened eyes of One now left the casement and turned to face the ruler, "Thou sayest".



ONE NIGHT

MARY ALTMAN, '37

A dog howls,
It cuts through the night like a knife.
Cats squall,
They make shivers up and down my back.
An owl hoots,
Such a noise—like dead women calling.
A bat, or was it?
Darts its crooked flight around my lowered head.
Ugh! Get me home.
I'm afraid of the night!

IS WAR CIVILIZED?

JEANETTE SWARTZ, Herminie, Pa.

First Prize, Essay, High School Literary Contest

WAR, a dirty, loathsome, servile, murder job. Men lousy, sleepy, ulcerous, afraid. Men stunned to brainlessness and gibberings. Men maimed and blind, men against machines. Flesh versus iron, concrete, flame, and wire. Men choking out their souls in poison gas. Men squelched in the slime by trampling dead bodies used to build a trench again. Men disemboweled by guns five miles away cursing with their last breath the living God, because he made them in His image.

This is war, war in the raw-authentic, uncensored, startling, telling of the ghastly horror of organized war-fare,—the appalling suffering,—the gnawing famine, all caught in one mighty sweep of war. This is war—not seen through the lenses of anybody's prejudice but caught in the act by countless soldiers. Back of the camouflage of uniform and music, oratory and popular cheering, this is the gist and essence of war at the point where it specifically operates. Mentally can you vision these uniformed hordes drilling—marching—charging into a living hell—the lustful shelling of beatiful cathedrals, the insidious attack of submarines—the dreadful carnage of peaceful villages—the dead gone to their final reward—and for what?

Surely war is like infantile paralysis in that, though it starts with a flash of hectic fever, its more dreadful aspect is its long drawn out aftermath.

A review of history from the earliest times proves that war is not a biological necessity but the result of economic evils arising from a system of legal privilege, the worst form of which is land-monopoly. When we fight each other we destroy ourselves. While the terrific battles of war sweep on, those dead, who helped to launch it are left sprawled in the trenches

where they fall. They are merely human discards, temporarily forgotten in a game that does not require the services of the dead. But still those dead may have found a respite from hell—to die; or to live and thus perhaps to fight again. If the World War was not the last, then the next will leave the world in ashes. We must destroy war, or war will destroy us.

If a war started tomorrow—would you, of 1914 be as enthusiastic in going again? I know you wouldn't. You couldn't be. It isn't the danger, it isn't that war is lacking in adventure, but because you know that it isn't glorious. You were told in school that it was. You know that for every Victoria Cross won there must be 10,000 wooden crosses won—you were not told so much about the wooden crosses at school. We know that men excel themselves in war, but do we know that to excel is to kill? In 1914, you saw and knew statues of heroes of your glorious tradition, but now as fathers of your boys, you super-patriots of 1914, pray to your government of England, and America, and to humanity that your sons be told and taught the truth of war, taught a little more about the wooden cross and a little less of the glory cross.

Teach them, young, so to enshrine peace in their hearts that as youth matures they may not have their eyes pierced open to the truth, to learn that war is too filthy a way for civilized men to settle their differences, then, we call ourselves civilized? We brag of our rapid progress in elevating ourselves morally, intellectually and socially in comparison with that crude barbarism that our ancestors knew. But we spend billions to destroy life and refuse to spend millions to educate our youth to preserve life. We are proud, proud that we are living in an era of advanced civilization. But—are we so advanced over our barbaric ancestors? Is war civilized? Have we attained a higher morale when we teach our men to hate? Are we so intellectually superior when we stoop to settle a brawl, as the barbarians were customary in doing, by fighting? And have we bene-

fitted society when we deliberately kill society? Is that civilization?

What makes a country great is not its material riches, physical power, or military power, but rather its contribution to science, art, and culture. What makes a country beloved is not its victories, but its service. Patriotism—our own as well as other nations, needs to be converted—civilized. It needs to be purged of its base, vulgar, and archaic perversions. Instead of the childish and primitive desire to "lick the world", it should aim at making its country worthy of honor by its contributions to mankind. True patriotism will be chiefly concerned about a nation's soul, not its body, realizing that even nations cannot live in strife.

Just at present, the world is spending \$3,500,000,000 a year on armaments, which is equal to \$2.00 a head or \$10.00 a family for the whole human race, and we call that national defense. It is of course a national and international ruination. Here in the United States—82% of all our taxes are due to war. Surely there would be intelligence enough today, not to speak of morality, to find some way of relieving mankind of this terrific burden and turning into constructive and productive channels a large part of this huge sum.

It needs little imagination to realize what could be done to better this old world, if this vast treasure and energy expended in warfare could be used among the nations against the foes of the human race, instead of by the nations against one another. If we would prepare for peace, then we all must cut down our armaments. If we would hopefully prepare for peace, we must realize that mere wishing or signing of pacts or treaties will not suffice, nor will disarmament alone. We must go deeper, and endeavor to prepare peaceful means for dealing with what have been the causes of war—and what will continue to be causes of future war.

If you want peace, prepare for peace, believe in Peace, Sacrifice for peace, Enshrine it among the

noblest ideals of life. Give it a place along side honor, integrity, truth. Cultivate a passion for it. Dwell on its beauties, worship at its shrine, Sacrifice on its altar and it will come and abide with you. Here, may I offer a silent but heartfelt prayer, that courts, roundtables, conventions, and conferences consider the possibilities of peace when visited by the Dove of Peace sent forth by the hand of God himself. May these especially become the substitute for battlefields since no longer can a nation that thinks itself civilized maintain the policy of war.

Mankind was created to serve God and not man. Youth of America—may you find glory and adventure—in fulfilling the plan of Him who created you.



I SAW A DAY BEGIN

ELSIE BENNERT, '35

I saw a day begin—
And it was beautiful.
Its birth set all the east aflame;
The darkness fled before it.
And in between the darkness and the flame
Was lighted blue on which
A few late-lingering clouds
Caught fire and burned.

I saw the day end—
And, as it came,
Just so it went—in beauty.
Again—this time in death—
It fired the sky.
And as its symbol slipped behind the hills,
It left above a picture painted there
To beautify the world.

WORDS

MARJORIE PHILLIPS, '37

First Prize, Poetry, Underclass

Words! they creep and sprawl across the page—
An empty whiteness that is swallowed up
By paths of blue ink which make or lose
A living thought.

Words! a voice of grief, a note of joy to one.
The hopes, the views, the person—all
In one brief curve of pen and thought
A moment.

Words! The love of God, the man and woman each
Their joys and sorrows; aims are reached
By little curves of ink and pen
Upon a page.



MORNING

HAROLD PLATZ, '35

Morning!
The rising sun;
The rosy sky;
The sparkling dew;
The song of birds;
Rebirth of life!



A JUNK AT SUNSET

MARGARET OLDT, '36

In the distance a huge junk with patched sails drifts into the golden sun. Slowly as the sun sinks below the waters, the blood-red sea reflects the crimson sky. In the dimming light the galleon turns to dusky black and we see for just a minute a picture forever painted on the canvas of our memories. The sun is gone and our ghostly ship has faded leaving only an empty, darkening sea.

HEADED FOR THE LAST ROUND UP

(In Memory of the Best Pal I Ever Had.)

ISABEL SEITZ

Second Prize, Narrative, High School Literary Contest

"IT'S too bad, old Shep," said Jack as he gently laid his hand upon the old dog's shaggy head. "You can't go tonight, old pal, it's too rough out there for you! Danny will take your place tonight!"

"Come, stay with me, Shep," I said, trying hard to smile, for how well I understood the pain that Jack's words had inflicted upon the heart of the old sheep dog.

We had raised Shep from a pup; and out there on the lonely prairies, he had grown very dear to us. Jack had spent much time training him, and there wasn't a better sheep dog in all Montana!

Many were the times, as the cold north winds blew furiously around our lonely little cabin, that Shep had led Jack to the herd, where it had, as so often happens, wandered a bit too far.

Tonight was only a repetition of those many by-gone times. But Shep was old, now, and far too feeble to face the furious storm. Danny, the younger dog, would have to take his place!

How my heart ached for the old sheep dog, as his brown eyes, filled with a despair too deep for words, looked pleadingly into mine.

"Keep him here, Sue," Jack said, as, turning, he raised the door latch. "We'll have to hurry, those sheep will freeze if we don't get them into the fold! Come on, Danny—"

With a low whine, Shep lay upon the floor and crept to Jack's side. Then, covering his face with his paws, he lay still. (This was a trick that Jack had taught him, and it never failed to get him what he wanted.)

"No, no, old boy!" Jack exclaimed, as leaning for-

ward, he took the dog's two paws in his hands, "that won't work this time, Shep. I can't take you with me tonight!"

Shep answered his words with a low whine, and again covered his face with his paws. Too hurt to even face me, Jack quickly opened the door, and, with a word to Danny, both disappeared into the lonely night.

I hurried to Shep, and, kneeling at his side, wound my arms around his neck, pulling his tawny head into my lap. We sat there for several minutes, listening to the angry howl of the storm outside.

Suddenly, Shep pulled away from me and made his way to the door; then taking the latch into his mouth, he tried desperately to open the door. For several minutes he gnawed at the latch, but at last, turning away in despair, he came and stood at my side, looking into my face with the most wistful expression that I have ever seen! As I looked into his pleading eyes, I could almost imagine that he was speaking to me!

"I have always been faithful to you," he seemed to be saying, "I have always obeyed you, and have tried, oh, so hard, to make you happy! All that I have ever asked in return, was enough food to keep me alive. I'm old now, and I know that I can never again herd the sheep in the warm winds of summer; for when summer comes again, I shall be dead! Please let me go tonight, and I will bring your sheep home safe!"

With a cry I sprang to the door, and jerking it open, stood waiting. With a yelp of joy, Shep dashed through the door and was immediately lost in the darkness of the wild night! I slowly closed the door, and turning, made my way, as in a dream, to an armchair in front of the fireplace. Sitting upon the floor, and laying my head in the chair, I soon fell asleep.

The next thing that I knew, Jack was bending over me, calling my name again and again.

"Shep's gone!" I sobbed, without even raising my head. "I—had—to let him go!"

"Sue, for heaven's sake, open your eyes!" Jack exclaimed in a frightened voice, "and tell me what happened!"

Scarcely realizing that I was doing so, I told him everything.

"I'm glad that you let him go, Sue," Jack said, softly. "After all, it was best!—Shep would not have lived long, anyway, and it is best that he should die when he was living the kind of life that he loved!"

"Are—the sheep—all right?" I asked, trying desperately to take our thoughts from Shep.

"Sue," Jack said in a strained voice, "Sue—I didn't find the sheep."

"Jack!" I cried in dismay, "Why Jack, you've got to find them! They—they're all we've got!"

"Yes, I know," Jack returned, as he slowly bowed his head. "But Danny, he—he's not the dog that old Shep was! He couldn't trail them!"

Suddenly, from somewhere out in the dark and stormy night, we heard a faint yelp.

"Shep!" Jack cried, springing to his feet.

Our hearts beating with joy, we rushed out of doors! Suddenly, Jack gave a cry of amazement, and stopping, pointed toward the sheep fold. I gave a cry of delight as I saw the sheep crawling into the fold! But the joy which I felt as I saw old Shep standing at the gate, could not be expressed!

We hurried toward him, but just as we reached his side, he fell into a crumpled heap upon the ground. I took him into my arms, crying softly, as I did so. He gave a low whine of contentment, and I felt the wetness of his tongue as it softly touched my hand; then, with a slight struggle, he became suddenly limp, and I realized that I had said goodbye to the best friend that I ever had.

"I guess," said Jack, as the tears fell slowly upon the lifeless body of Shep, "I guess that he was 'headed for the last round up'."

A CO-ED LOOKS AT LOVE

ANONYMOUS

I like you tremendously, but love you! I don't know. I don't know what love is.

No one has ever told me what the love I must bear my mate is like. Maybe they don't know. Maybe each lover must make his own definition, and judge for himself whether his passion for the loved one engages the deepest and richest part of him and is therefore infinite and best.

* * * *

I like you near your hand in mine, the sureness of its pressure. I like your vitality, your life wholly and enthusiastically given to an ideal. I like the way you like me

But,—do I love you? . . . I . . . guess . . . I . . . do.



MARCH BONDAGE

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

Yesterday Spring was here
With her pale green dress gently swirling in the wind
And the cool fragrance of her slender fingers stroked my
brow.

She laughed at the robin rocking on a thin brown branch
And he laughed back with joyous heart-twisting notes.
Spring danced along before me with coaxing lips
And her white arms fascinated me.
I followed her over damp soft fields
And across newly swollen brooklets
Until I was drunk with her beauty
I longed to catch her in my arms
And crush her earthly fragrance against my throbbing body.
Spring was mistress of my reeling senses—
I, her exuberant slave.

JUST A "NIGGER" BOY

ELSIE BENNETT, '35

He was a little, dark-eyed, brown-skinned, woolly-headed
boy—

A pickinenny—we'd call him,
And he had the nerve to smile at me!
When his eyes met my own, I seemed to see in them
Such dancing fires of cheerfulness and joy
That suddenly I realized the sparks from his were kindling
in my own.

His mother, standing next to me at the busy shop counter,
Was, like myself, another late Christmas shopper,
And her face bore the same strained, harrassed expression
That my own had borne until her little son had smiled at me.

He stood—unmindful of the meaning of the rush—
Content to watch the crowds.
He seemed to like the folks who hurried by. He smiled at
them,

And then—he turned and smiled at me!
His white teeth shone against their dusky frame
Inset on either side with two deep, dimple-dents;
And with his eyes he seemed to say,
"Hello! I think it's fun to be alive, don't you?"

Some day, perhaps, I'll meet you, little colored boy—
When you are grown into a man—
Then, will you smile at me?
Or will those friendly sparkles now seen in your eyes
Be hidden by thick films of hurts
Inflicted on your once so trusting soul by men—by me!
Who, as you go your simple way, fools that we are and rushing
here and there
In our vain efforts to arrive, what seems, somewhere,
Have not the time to look into your eyes and know your
smile—
So pass you by and say, "He's just a nigger boy".

BUT FOR A DAY

ELSIE CROY, '34

Happiness, you say, is found in life abundant, full of joy and pleasure; in physical comfort—a warm home, fireside; in human fellowship and love; in a life devoid of worry and sorrow, of strife and conflict. Yes, void of strife even if I must sacrifice ideals and dreams in order to live at peace with my contemporaries. For I have a dream. People have been martyrs to a dream.

You say my dreams are crazy; that I'll be a lonesome person; that I'll be ostracized and maybe killed; that herein is no happiness.

But—what is my brief span of years in twelve hundred million years? What matter my weak tears; what matters my short day of suffering if by it human kind is lifted nearer the Life intended by its Maker? My personal happiness and comfort are naught. I must work.

CREEPING SHADOWS

ROBERT REIHELD

Honorable Mention, High School Literary Contest

Out across the marsh a bittern cries,
Shadows steal among the bending reeds.
A muskrat's tell-tale splash is heard.
The tiny marsh wren looks for seeds.

A song sparrow tossing back his head,
Sends a warble to the darkening world.
The bull frog's deep and throaty croak,
In challenge to the night is hurled.

A tardy crane flies o'er the pond,
The sun goes down behind the hill.
The redwing sings one last long note,
And all the marsh is dark and still.

HIS GREATER LOVE

EVELYN BREHM, '37

GLENN ran his long, slender fingers over the keyboard. Nervously he buried them in his dark hair.

"I can't do it" he murmured. "It won't come!"

Dropping his black head upon his hands, he sat motionless. It was late afternoon; the summer sun streamed obliquely radiant across the soft carpeted floor. A disheveled heap of music paper lay scattered about the piano. Some of the sheets were partially filled with bits of composition; these were discarded. A new, clean pile lay before him—not touched.

The dark, delicate eyes lifted slowly. "Why can't I do it? Why?" Then the sensitive face fell. "My God!" he muttered, "must I always remember—must it always hurt?"

The man rose and walked to the great French window. He turned away from the sight of the luxuriant garden before him.

"She is even there!"

Yes, she was there; for there he had known her best. It had been among the hedges that they had played ever since they had been boy and girl. Glenn was the great musician, the writer of great opera which he played on his hedge piano. And she—Mona, with her lovely, dark eyes and warm mouth, was the grand lady—the prima donna—who sang his great songs and bowed to the millions of people there in the garden.

Together they had grown from boy and girl into man and woman. Mona's voice and Glenn's piano seemed to blend exquisitely. They spent long hours together with their music. It had been at the piano that he had told her. Glenn's very soul had been awakened by the plaintive melody in Mona's voice. As she finished, he had drawn her down beside him and taken her hands in his.

"Perfect as only music can be perfect!" Then the sensitive eyes grew flaming.

"Mona, I'll tell you something, but you must promise that it will be our secret alone. You mustn't laugh—you mustn't misunderstand—"

He arose and paced the floor eagerly continuing, "For months some wild, estatic melody has haunted me. I hear it at night when I sleep; I see it before me on every score; I sing it continuously in my thoughts."

The boy seemed no longer conscious of the attentive girl; he was in a world uplifted and far-removed.

"It has four movements. The first is light and gay like childhood. There will be fairies, elves, pixies, and dances. All the sunlight and joy that music can sing of shall be harmonized with my melody.

"The second movement will sustain the same haunting harmony, but it will be filled with vigor and life, for my theme is youth. The third will tell of love. Its tones will be soft and arresting. The joy of a kiss, the beauty of a perfect love will modulate its rhythm.

"But the fourth shall be the greatest movement of all. I can not write it yet; I feel how I want it to sound, yet somehow I can't hear it. I'm going to write the others, then perhaps it will come."

And he had written them. For four years he had labored, perfecting every detail of the first three movements. Always Mona was there beside him suggesting changes, singing parts, and most of all giving him courage and hope to go on.

Then they both were graduated from school. Mona planned to go to New York for two years to study. Her last days before leaving they spent together. Oh, that day! Could he ever forget it? He had opened his heart to her.

"Mona, you are everything to me. Two years you will be away—two endless centuries. But, my Darling, I shall be waiting for your return. The time has

come when I am able to finish the movements; I shall work with the heart of our love urging me on.

"Most compositions like this have a sad note in them, but there shall be none in mine, for our love is victorious—all conquering. Ours shall be known as the perfect love. When you return, Dear-Heart, I shall be waiting to show you our love in music."

He had waited; she had returned. Oh, that was the hurt! Why had she returned? Why had not she let him keep on dreaming of her fine beautiful self. But she had returned—hard, cynical, scoffing at the world. True she had learned the Italian tremolo, but she had also learned to curl her carmine lips. True she had learned to relax her hands perfectly, but she had also learned to hold a cocktail glass in those limp fingers.

He had shown her the finished work hoping that it would awaken her old beautiful nature, but she had laughed a hard little worldly laugh.

"Why, Glenn, are you still working on that crazy old production? One might suppose it were a masterpiece! Let's not listen to it tonight; I'm dead tired. Could I borrow a cigarette?"

He had given her the cigarette, but with a growing cynicism.

Never before had the young genius been so deeply shocked and hurt. All that had been worthwhile seemed gone; his ideal, crushed; love was lost; beauty, broken. Defiantly he tossed the closely written pages of his greatest movement into the smoldering fire watching with cold hardness as the flames leaped up destroying it. He hated his piano; he hated the world, hated life.

Days, weeks, months went by as he vainly tried to forget. Why must life be so cruel? Glenn had vowed that his love would be victorious, that he would have no sorrow. No sorrow? that was ironic!

Suddenly the crushed figure at the window straightened—turned. There it was again—that haunting melody. It came like a long absent friend,

but there was something new; it was like pain mixed with pleasure; tears, with laughter blending, blending, mellowing into rich perfect tones. It rose and fell in tears—splashed joy.

Then like a light it came—all the sad beauty of his work. Quickly he went to his instrument. Trembling, the long slender fingers of the artist trilled little scales and arpeggios up and down the keyboard. Their soul was seeking—seeking. Suddenly low melodic harmonies like lapping waters broke forth. Low, poignant, pulsating melodies awoke. For a time the figure seemed content to pour forth sad, plaintive tones, but again his soul grew restless. Wilder grew the music; higher, the surf. The heart of the ocean seemed to cry out for expression. On came the surging tumult, sweeping all before its waves. Higher, louder, more passionate pulsed its cry. The soul of the artist seemed to reach out to touch the Infinite. Faster and faster his fingers flew; louder and louder grew the storm.

A crash—the waves were still; the long slender fingers had spent their emotion.

Again the room pulsated with low soothing melodies quieting the tingling fingers. Serene contentment filled Glenn's soul. He had found it at last—his greater love.



STUDIOUS

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

Stars on tiptoe
Sneaking by.
Moonbeams dancing
Through the sky.
Angels
Bursting into Song.
And I
I study Physics!
BAH!

OLD WOOD

MERLIN SMELKER, '34

I love it. Maple, walnut, cherry, mellowed by years in chest, bed, table, chair, and desk. And it is truly mine. For did I not devote arduous weeks releasing it from decades of slavery under thick, ugly paint! How could people conceal this naked loveliness! All these pieces have their individual charm, but in a large chest of drawers lies my deepest pride and satisfaction. It was my first love, and though there have since been others, it increasingly symbolizes my reverent feeling toward the beauty of old wood.

Just as it stands now my great-grandfather made it; but it has not always been so. Probably lured by some insistent fashion a daughter had it refinished, dark red, artificially grained. She replaced the round wood knobs with fancy iron drawer-pulls. It was thus, though dingy from long years of use, that I had known it since it stood in my room from the time I was a little boy. The thought of that shabby grandness repels me. But now for some years its native beauty has been to me an increasing joy.

The quietly bending grain of mellow red cherry in its top and frame contrasts pleasingly with the boisterously racing amber and burnt-orange streaks of its curly maple drawers and ends. It embodies the rugged strength and fine sense of proportion and color of our pioneering forefathers. As I see it now, lighted by a shimmering lamp flame, I feel less the pride of possession. Rather, I am grateful for the work of an old cabinet-maker and for the inherent glory of old wood.

MEDITATION

PARKER YOUNG, '34

Lord, keep me silent as the stream
Which slips along past rock and fern—
So may my waiting soul dare learn
The vastness of Thy love, unseen.

Lord, keep me calm as forest pool
Which offers up the distant stars—
Oh, take out everything which mars
Thy love, reflected from my soul.

Lord, draw me up to Thee, and so
As clouds reflect the sinking sun—
So may I, 'till my task is done
Give back, undimmed, the afterglow.

Thus quietness as strength shall fall
A benediction on my heart—
And I shall find myself a part
Of Thy great plan for one and all.



"TWI-LIGHTS"

RUTH OWENS, '35

Beach fires,
Dancing fingers of light
Impatiently reaching into the deepening twi-light,
Warm the soft sand
And its motionless, silent figures.

A cooling breeze
Tosses fragments of lacy silver turf
Over the wet rocks
Which border the broad expanse of water—
Black and shiny as
Patent leather.

Brilliant reflections
Of colored lights,
Strayed from their dreary realm
Of artificial brightness,
Shimmer mystically
In a night of
Lovely unreality.

EPITAPH

DAVID LLOYD

Second Prize, Essays, High School Literary Contest

SKYSCRAPER

SKYSCRAPER, towering, passive skyscraper, lifting your head above men, you are infested with humans. You're a harbor of hatred and love. Men strive and fight within your walls. They gamble and struggle for wealth. Money and wealth is their madness, happiness and peace their goal, anxiety and fear their reward, sorrow and suffering the result.

BRIDGE

Your name is Brooklyn. You too are a product of men. Standing silent, ever living and watching, you let autos and trolleys crawl over you like flies, they in turn infested with men. Trains like huge caterpillars clatter over your span. Under you, whistling and tooting, float mighty liners, rusty tramps, dirty tugs and garbage barges. Everyone is hurrying. Time is worth money and no one stops to note your squalid beauty.

LINER

Steaming along through the water you leave a trail of foam. Down in your cabins you have men, big men, little men, smart men, crooked men and just men. Upon your bridge you have brains that are taking you, you mighty liner, you who would be lost without brains, through the ocean wastes. Down in your hold you have steel in the form of men who keep your furnaces roaring. You with brains and steel, sail and laugh at the elements and live to laugh again.

GOLDEN HOURS

PARKER YOUNG, '34

How fair a spot to lull the hours away,
Here on the bank in drowsy afternoon—
To idly sit and watch the waters play
Against the stones, and hum a careless tune.
See how the waters rush into the pool
O'er hung by beech whose leafy shadow lays
A mazy pattern on its gliding breast—
As if reluctant that it pass so soon.

But now the foam ships set a faster pace,
As carried on an over-narrowing sweep
They lose their drowsiness, and seem to race—
Until among the shallow rocks they leap,
And then speed on as bubbles on the tide
Of rushing, boisterous water—'neath the bank
Where cushioned moss a velvet carpet lays.
And where the blushing partridge berries creep.

Then on—still on within the shadowed wood,
Where waving ferns and tangled thickets reign;
Where graceful pulpit jack beneath his hood
Keeps watchful, silent guard, but does not deign
To note the rippling splash of leaping bass,
Or hear the hidden cricket's plaintive song.
So, laughingly, the happy stream flows on,
To where it meets the sunlight's glance again.

And now the cascade's silver song is past,
As is the whirlpool's wandering, restless pace.
And though I knew the magic could not last—
Still, like a flashing gem within its case
Of purest gold, I keep its image clear;
And know that though the course of time and things
May lead me far, yet will my memory turn,
And wander with the streamlet's joyous haste.

Ho, Bohemia!

THE LAST ROUND-UP



*“Get Along Little Doggie,
Get Along!”*

TO SENIORS

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

(In Memory of William Wordsworth)

A maiden fair of countenance
With comely form so full of grace
Sat dreaming in her book-decked room
"How nice 'twould be to wield a broom
In some small cot of mine," thought she,
"With gallant knight to live with me."

The chapel bell began to toll
And towards yon tower she did stroll,
And with rapt ear did listen well
To every word the king did tell
'Til twelve long times the clock did strike
"Methinks," she said, my meal I'd like.

Her knight was waiting by the door,
So gallantly her books he bore,
While she with looks of modesty
Demurely smiled, while merrily
He said that soon they would, God wot,
Forget dry books and buy a cot.



I FEEL SPRING

LUCIEN ADAMS, '36

I feel spring today.
Deep in my veins gladness
Like elixir flows. I am gay.
But underneath a sadness
Of regret for other days
Lost to this beautiful madness.
I feel spring today.

I feel spring today—
I will sing, and laugh, and live
Life in its fullness in these hours,
And if I wager more than I can give—
Another spring will bring me added powers.
Life is not safe, but it is beautiful—
I feel spring.

SPRING

HELEN DICK, North Robinson, O.

Soft as the breezes,
Sweet as the flowers,
I could stay here
For hours and hours.

Listening to the birds sing,
Hearing crickets peep,
Knowing that at last it's spring,
It's too good to keep.

Wondering if the springtime,
Isn't the best of all,
With the murmuring rivers,
And the wild bird's call.



SLUM HARMONY

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

Slim dark maids in a dime-a-dance hall
Swayin' to the jazz tunes of the tin-pan symphony.
There's the shuf-shuf-shufflin' on the silppery floor
And the knock-knock-knockin' on the speakeasy door,
There's the jingle, jingle, jangle of the cashier clerk,
And the mum-mum-mumblin' of the fortune-telling Turk.
There's the big bland blare of the big bass drum,
And the darky mammy singin' that the Judgement's come.



QUESTION

BILL STARN, Orrville, O.

Some how it isn't clear to me
It leaves my mind in a muddle,
Why anything as lovely as rain,
Should end in a grimy puddle.

LITERATURE FOR THE LITERATI

PHILIP O. DEEVER, '34

THE man who produced "Homer and Humbug" is not a literatus. Nor is that infamous essay true literature in any acceptable sense of the word. For from beginning to end it violates the two fundamental criteria upon which any fair judgment of literature must rest. It is so easy to understand that almost any college student can grasp its meaning. And although this, in itself, might not be utterly condemning were it in an ancient language, the fact that neither of these conditions holds has closed before it all possible doors into the rich-tapestried, elegantly-furnished rooms where literati in long purple robes move around on ecstatic tip toe among rows of heavily laden book shelves, dipping now here, now there into the priceless heritages of by gone ages.

Literature for the literati must not be understandable—that is the first and prime requisite. If it were understandable it would in no wise suit the standards of these learned men—and for this reason: everyone would know what the author was trying to say. There would be no corner on the market, so to speak. As it is, no one gets even a faint glimmer of what was in the mind of the author. (It is presumed that nothing was there at all.) Consequently, any erudite gentleman of imposing mien can give the appearance of understanding, and thus gain the wistful plaudits of a deluded proletariat who are forced to conceive that this man has been vouch-safed a supernatural ability to understand the lofty ideas of immortal geniuses moving hypnotically through the thin, ethereal vagaries of Plato's absolute idealism.

If the literature is understandable, then, according to the literati, it must be in a foreign, preferably an ancient, language. Here again they gain the upper hand. No one knows what the Greek or Latin hieroglyphics represent. (One wonders if anyone ever did

or could know!) But while the man in the street knows that he knows not and has no compunctions about admitting the fact, the protruding foreheads of the bald literati and their affected attitudes of intelligent comprehension, along with a certain innate ability to mumble gibberish, combine to create the general, though false, impression of superior intelligence. And while the common run do not mourn their loss because they cannot know its extent, they feel a certain wistfulness concerning the advantages of the intelligentsia.

Fortunately for common persons, there remain the "Leaking Steam-cocks" with their derisive polemics against what they know they cannot achieve. These provide a sort of opiate for the people. Indeed, more than that, their "sour-grape" psychology serves to assuage the disappointed anguish of poor souls whose strains after the beauty of "Kubla Khan" have been unrewarded. But if they would lay claim to any of the just deserts of true literary attainment, there is the testimony of any of the literati to the contrary. They simply do not meet the requirements.



A SPRING DAY

ELEANOR KAPP, Orrville, O.

All are out walking
But me,
I'm slaving over
Poetry.

MOO

LUCIAN ADAMS, '36

THEY say a penny may obscure the sun. I am here to tell you that a cow, being larger than a penny, is equally efficacious.

It must be fine to have real freedom of the spirit to revel in the beauty of the leaves, fluttering down into upturned faces or forming rustling drifts for our delight without the hampering of small annoyances. It must be wonderful. But alas, I am not permitted so to revel. For beauty, when I seek her, hides behind our angular Jersey cow.

In the glowing dawn, when frost and sunrise make a picture past excelling and I would fain pause to drink it in, I hear a low, (or lowing) command of Beauty from the barn—moo-oo and I must hasten on to milk and feed her.

Then in the sunset, when I am tired and pensive and my soul longs to drink deep of the orange, gold, and purple of the west, I stand and gaze and gaze and gaze as the scene changes, growing from beautiful to gorgeous, to sublime; and then—a silhouette along the pasture ridge—an angular, ugly shape as of a ghoul—that cow walks calmly through my shrine of beauty and summons me to take the milking stool.



CONFESSION

JOY ROHRER, Orrville, O.

Well, dear, you thought you broke my heart
You thought you tore it all apart
Well, dear, if it would interest you
I'LL TELL YOU WHY I'M FEELING BLUE—
YOU DID.

REALITIES

RUTH HUNT, '36

All I can see from where I sit is a still, green pool,
a tangled bank, and above, a silver line of poplars
bending wise green heads to an East wind. Above
them, a blue sky and lazy white clouds.

That is all I can see from where I sit, but I know
without looking that on the other side of the bank
there is a dusty house with a tired porch; two rusted
wash-tubs hung by a sagging door; and inside, dirty
dishes and a squalling baby.



JUST A "LIMERICK"

I chased a capricious whim,
I ran till I made myself thin,
I made a sharp turn,
And fell on a worm,
And lay there and made a wry grin



'TIS SPRING

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

Spring is here,
Don't tell me nay.
For I saw a robin just today. . .
And I feel it in my bones.

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Announcement of High School Awards Back Cover

Announcement of Awards

CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST FOR HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS

One hundred and twenty-seven manuscripts were submitted in the Second Quiz and Quill Creative Writing contest among High School Seniors—74 poems, 26 narratives, and 27 essays. Two prizes have been awarded in each group, and honorable mention given to ten other productions. These prizes are made possible largely through the generosity of Dr. E. V. Wilcox, Washington, D. C. The judges of the contests were Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. Roy Burkhart, and Dr. Wendell Camp.

AWARDS IN POETRY

FIRST PRIZE—\$10.00.

"I Shall Not Cringe"—William Frey, Mentor, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—\$5.00.

"Monody"—Billy James, Clarksburg, W. Va.

HONORABLE MENTION:

"Winter Down"—Billy James, Clarksburg, W. Va.

"Creeping Shadows"—Robert Reiheld, Loudonville, Ohio.

"The Fairy Castle"—Rachel Toops, Lilly Chapel, Ohio.

AWARDS IN NARRATIVE

FIRST PRIZE—\$10.00.

"The Jinx Buster"—Francis K. Houser, Clearfield, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE—\$5.00.

"Headed for the Last Roundup"—Isabel Seitz, Chesterville, O.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Myra's Hands"—Dorothy Henderson, Dayton, Ohio.

"Crazy John"—Jewel Mason, Pueblo, Colo.

"Blind Flying"—Vincent P. McClintock, Pandora, Ohio.

AWARDS IN THE ESSAY

FIRST PRIZE—\$10.00.

"Is War Civilized?"—Jeanette Swartz, Herminie, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE

"Epitaph"—David Lloyd, Warsaw, Indiana.

HONORABLE MENTION

"In His Name"—Louise Cooper, Dayton, Ohio.

"Movie-Tones"—Frances Ward, New Madison, Ohio.

"Reading"—Hilda M. Kans, Herminie, Pa.

"On Spring"—Marian Crawford, Brandon, Fla.

By reason of the continued interest shown and the high quality of the writing submitted this contest will, in all probability, be sponsored again next year. Details of the contest, if held, will be made in the fall of 1934.

The Quiz and Quill Club,
Otterbein College