

Otterbein University

## Digital Commons @ Otterbein

---

Quiz and Quill

Otterbein Journals & Magazines

---

12-1934

### 1934 Christmas Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

*Otterbein University*, [englishdept@otterbein.edu](mailto:englishdept@otterbein.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill>



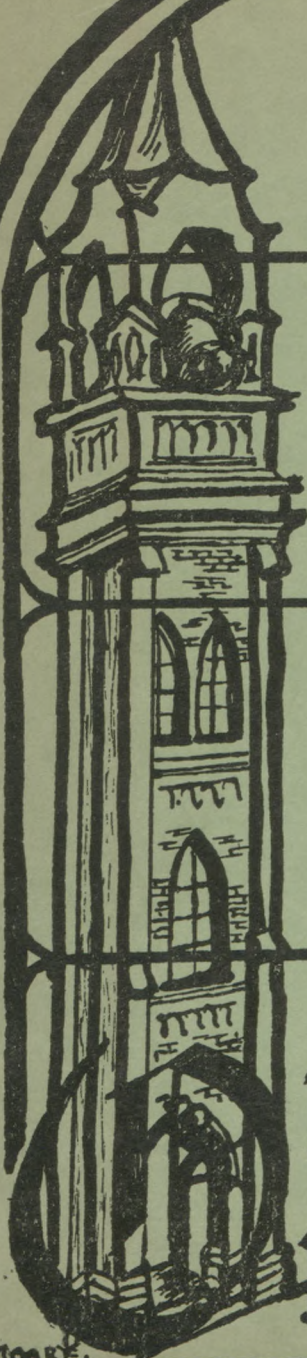
Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

#### Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1934 Christmas Quiz & Quill Magazine" (1934). *Quiz and Quill*. 114.  
<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/114>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Otterbein Journals & Magazines at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quiz and Quill by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact [digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu](mailto:digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu).



**Quiz and  
Will 1934**





# THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Christmas Number

1934



## STAFF

Ruth Hunt .....	Editor
Harold Platz .....	Associate Editor
Robert Airhart .....	Business Manager

Published by  
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB  
of Otterbein College  
Westerville, Ohio

# The Quiz and Quill

C. O. ALTMAN .....	SPONSOR
P. E. PENDLETON .....	FACULTY MEMBER
ELAINE ASHCRAFT .....	PRESIDENT
HAROLD PLATZ .....	VICE PRESIDENT
ELSIE BENNERT .....	SECRETARY-TREASURER

ROBERT AIRHART

RUTH HUNT

KATHERINE KREHBIEL

EVELYN NICHOLS

MARGARET OLDT

MARY OTSUKI

## ALUMNI

Delno L. Adams Mildred Adams Martha Shawen Allaman Richard Allaman Pauline Anderson Brantford Benton *Edith Bingham Roy Bowen Harold Blackburn Dennis Brane Russel Broadhead Robert Bromley Cleo Brown Alice Bunce David Burke Roy Burkhart Edwin Burtner Lois Byers Jean Camp Wendell Camp Cressed Card Edna Carlson Robert Cavins Lloyd Chapman Walter Clippinger, Jr. Marguerite Coon Robert Copeland Josephine Cribbs Elsie Croy Ruth Deem Philip Deever Helen Demorest Kathleen Dimke Mamie Edgington Evelyn Edwards Bonita Engle	Charlotte Erisman Elizabeth Erndorff Verda Evans Alice Foy Gladys Frees Paul Garver Marjorie Gould Edward Hammon Dorothy Hanson Wayne Harsha Margaret Hawley Eleanor Heck Geraldine Heck J. Parker Heck Mildred Hennon Joseph Henry Marcella Henry Marie Hobensack Donald Howard Gordon Howard Marjorie Hollman Merrill Howe J. Ruskin Howe Ellen Jones Perry Laukhuff Bonnibel Leonard Arthur Luther Elma Lybarger Bessie Mallett Joseph Mayne Howard Menke Mary Messmer Homer Miller Harold Mills Lester Mitchell Mabel J. Mosier	Ernestine Nichols Louis Norris Mary Ruth Oldt Lehman Otis Esther Phillippi Margaret Pilkington Harriet Raymond William Richey Ruth Roberts Marjorie Roberts Gerald Rosselot La Velle Rosselot Alice Sanders Alice Schear Helen Schear Marvel Sebert J. W. Seneff Marjorie Shank Edwin Shawen Ethel Shelley Olive Shisler Lillian Shively Freda Showers Virginia Snavelly Thelma Snyder Grace Hill Staacke *Carl Starkey Hilda Stone Mary Thomas Violet Wagoner Laura West Louis Weinland Grace Young Parker Young Claude Zimmerman *Deceased
---	--	---



*WHEN the carols have died away—  
And the candles are burned—  
When the star is set—  
May this little book still bring to you  
The Spirit that is Christmas.*

# LITERARY AWARDS

## BURKHART SHORT STORY

Lucien Adams, '36, "The Voice", first prize.  
Harold Platz, '35, "A Forgotten People", second prize.  
Mary Otsuki, '35, "An Old Stump", third prize.



## QUIZ AND QUILL UNDERCLASS CONTEST

### Poetry

Evelyn Brehm, '37, "Prelude in C-Sharp Minor", first award.  
Emerson Shuck, '38, "Fantasy Noel", second award.  
Dorothy Allsup, '38, "Snowflakes", honorable mention.

### Prose

Wilma Mossholder, '38, "Unto One of the Least", first award.  
Lora Good, '38, "Angels' Song", second award.  
Dorothy Rupp, '37, "If Only", honorable mention.  
Evelyn Brehm, '37, "The Gift", honorable mention.



## UPPERCLASS CONTEST

### Poetry

Lucille Shoop, '36, "Ecstasy", first award.

### Prose

Ann Louise Medert, '36, "That Old Gang of Mine", first award.  
Anne Brehm, '36, "Carols", second award.  
Doris Frease, '35, "Going Home", honorable mention.



## "UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST"

WILMA MOSSHOLDER, '38

First Prize, Underclass Prose

A ragged newsboy stopped at the gaily decorated store windows and looked hungrily at the profusion of toys and Christmas candy. Overcome with the beauty of it all, for a moment he became unconscious of the surging crowd of holiday shoppers. In a vision, he saw his little sister showering affections on a doll and his brother's eyes shining as he watched a train encircle its track. A jolt from a passerby awakened him to the world of reality.

Into the store he walked, dodging through the aisles. He was looking for a gift for his mother. His attention was attracted by some potted flowers on the end of a counter. She would love to have a plant.

A salesgirl approached him and inquired, "What is it for you, Sonny?" The boy asked how much money was needed to buy a poinsettia. When the clerk informed him that they cost fifty cents, all the radiance left his face. He opened his grimy hand which contained ten grimy pennies. "Sorry, Son, but that's the price." He was almost sobbing now. "Mom ain't seen no flowers at all for three years, since she got the rheumatism. I thought she'd like one. That's all the money I got from selling papers today."

Above the confusion of the customers came a clear voice singing "Joy to the world; the Lord has come." The boy had already started toward the door. The clerk called him back. "Here, Bud, take this flower; it will be all right. Keep your money and get something for yourself."



## FANTASY NOEL

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Second Prize, Underclass Poetry

A mellow white  
With hints of misty blue  
Where sculptured snow  
Is moulded into satin sheen.

A shadowed moon  
That floats a silent world  
In lustrous glow,  
And tinsels all the shadow trees.

A wordless prayer  
From some forgotten heart  
That flies to God,  
And takes its place in sacred hope.

A buoyant wish  
....Of child's unbroken faith,  
Which yet believes  
In things of dreams and fairy lore.

A cheerful gift  
With all its token love  
That brings to us  
The joy of friends, and peace.



## WHY?

RUTH OWENS, '35

"OH, I could shake you!" There he stood, this little miniature football player, with great blue eyes looking uncertainly into mine, and a sticky, dimpled fist thoughtfully rubbing two shiny curls above his left ear.

Then from quivering lips, full and fresh as tiny rosebuds, I heard a strange low baby whisper.—"Don't want . . . chur little boy . . . anymore . . . ?"

I gathered him in my arms and kissed him—that little chunk of love.

## CAROLS

ANNE BREHM, '36

Second Prize, Upperclass Prose

CANDLES gleam in every window of the beautiful church. Great ropes of laurel stretch from corner to corner of the main auditorium. In the front of the church stands a giant Christmas tree adorned with strings of many colored lights.

When the great auditorium is nearly full, the soft, mellow strains of a violin break the reverent silence and soon the great organ adds a soft accompaniment.

Tiny, round eyed children of the first and second grades mount the platform. After a moment's silence, their tiny voices are raised in the old lullaby:

"Away in a manger, no crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head."

This group is replaced by merry little boys who joyously, perhaps a little too boisterously, break forth with "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" and "I Saw Three Ships A-Sailing".

The groups continue to come and go quietly, reviving in the hearts of all the age old carols. Sturdy boys of high school age give the call of the centuries, "Watchman, Tell Us Of The Night". Never once is the solemn service broken; everyone is held under its spell.

The service is ended with the high, clear notes of "Oh Holy Night". People leave quietly as if fearing to break the solemnity of the beautiful hour.

\* \* \* \*

A sturdy little lad, who had been one to sing in the first group of carols, clutched his mother's hand and looking up into her face said, "Mommy, I love Christmas and the songs". Those within hearing distance stopped, many of them with tears in their eyes, for the deepest thoughts of their hearts had been uttered by the simple words of a small child.



## IF ONLY

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

Honorable Mention, Underclass Prose

**S**HE caressed it fondly. It had long curly hair like Mother's—so soft and ripply-like. She hushed its realistic cry of "ma-ma" as she crushed its stiffly starched dress against her child body. The eyelashes were like the wings on the butterfly that Daddy had brought to her last summer. The face was hard and cold against the soft warmth of her cheek, but she loved the light brushing of the little tendrils of hair that tickled her nose and made her want to laugh. The feet were tiny and she loved the little pom-poms on the slippers—pom-poms that were as snugly as little pieces of kitty fur. The ribbons on the crisp dress felt as smooth as the cream had tasted that she had eaten on her post-toasties that morning . . . . . Mother said it was a beautiful doll Santa Claus had brought—a doll with brown curly hair and blue eyes in a white organdy dress with pink ribbons and wearing black pom-pom slippers.—If only she could see.



## THE STAR

WILMA MOSSHOLDER, '38

Out of eternity came a Star  
To earth.  
He shone among the sick and oppressed,  
The humble and proud.  
They tried to extinguish His light,  
But now He shines again in heaven.  
Men are His lesser stars on earth.

## LIFE BEGINS AT SIXTEEN

KATHRYN KREHBIEL, '35

**D**ULCINDA felt that tonight was going to be one of those momentous, never-to-be forgotten nights in her life. She didn't know why she felt this—she just “sensed it”, as she would probably say when describing the feeling to her bosom friend, Mattie.

Was it because it was Christmas eve that this evening had this strange glamour? No, that had nothing to do with it, although Dulcinda did think it was rather sweetly symbolic that the event should occur just at that time.

But the real reason for Dulcinda's elation and exalted anticipation was a man. This man (although the term is rather too complimentary, in this case) was Horace Dean, Jr. Young Horace stepped upon a pedestal and became a hero in the feminine eyes of our town, when his Grandfather, Old Man Dean, sent him East (capitalized and exclamation pointed!) to Military School (also capitalized). When the news had gotten out that he was going, there had been a wild scramble to win his favor. Here Dulcinda had gotten a head start over her girl friends, because the old Dean house was directly across the street from her own. Such is the power of proximity!

In the fall, when Horace finally left, among much celebration and well-wishing, it was Dulcinda who triumphantly promised to write every day, and to wait for him faithfully until Christmas holidays rolled around.

Now it was Christmas, and tonight—this very night! he would return. That is, he had arrived at his parent's home that noon, and had called up to say he would be over to see her at eight o'clock. Rumors had been flying around all day about his appearance. Old Mrs. Wilson, who lived next door, said she had



seen him up the street in his uniform, and he certainly had looked grand. Dulcinda palpitated inwardly when ever she thought of the uniform. All fall and winter she had gone to every single movie at the Palace where the hero had promised to be a dashing young man in uniform, a soldier, or a sailor, or perhaps even an adventurous bus driver; and all the while she had imagined herself in the Heroine's place, held in the arms of a tall, uniformed figure.

At eight o'clock Dulcinda was adorned, curled, scented, and tingling with anticipation. As she sat and waited, (for women often do wait on men, popular theory to the contrary notwithstanding) she wondered how he would look, what he would say and what kind of a gift he would give her. For of course he would bring her a Christmas gift. A locket, perhaps. Or a book of poems. Something significant like that.

At last the bell rang. Thump! went Dulcinda's heart. She flew down the stairs and into the hall, prepared for she knew not what.

Just as she had dreamed, a uniformed figure was standing by the door, waiting. Yet something was definitely wrong with the picture. Had Horace really been so skinny, and long-legged, and stoop-shouldered? Maybe it was the bad light here in the hall.

"Hello, Dulcinda." How lame and prosaic it sounded after her dreams of a wildly romantic meeting. His face looked pale, chinless and adolescent; and his ears stood out, huge and flaming in contrast. Even the famous uniform did not help any, for it sagged at the shoulders, hung down in the back, and its trousers were definitely too short.

But there was one last redeeming thread to cling to: Horace clutched in his perspiring fists a square, white-wrapped package. The gift. The beautiful, symbolic gift that he was bringing her.

Dulcinda felt a returning flood of affection, even admiration, sweep over her. Dear Horace! He was her beautiful hero after all. Appearances are so de-

ceiving. It is deeds that really count. Delicately Dulcinda suggested, as she took his coat and hat, "You wanted me to put that somewhere for you?"

Horace's miserably embarrassed face worked. "Oh-er-that's for you, Dulcinda. Just a little, something-er-uh, that is, huh huh-" and a feeble giggle ended his speech.

Dulcinda took the proffered gift and eagerly began unwrapping it.

"Oh, Horace, this is marvelous of you," she cried.

"Oh-er-uh-it isn't much really", protested Horace. "Just some homemade chocolates my sister made."

Dulcinda stopped short in her wrapping. "Homemade chocolates!" she stammered. Her smile stiffened and froze. "Why, how nice of you, Horace." The "nice" echoed, icy and unconvincing.

She hurriedly jumbled the box and its contents into a bundle and thrust it behind the lamp on the table, almost as if her finger would be soiled by the touch of the nasty stuff!

The rest of the evening was painful and interminable. Horace found his tongue and, once started, his talk was like an undammed stream that could not be stemmed. Each adventure was recounted at full length, with all the boring details. Dulcinda sat and loathed him. The silly, boastful bore. Did he think she cared a whit about his precious football team, his precious roommate? At last, after what seemed like hours, he rose to go. Dulcinda accompanied him to the door and again thanked him for his "lovely" gift. She hoped she would never see him again.

As the door shut behind him, Dulcinda sank into a chair. What a disheartening, sickening thing life was. Here she sat on Christmas eve, her dreams broken, her ideal shattered. Yes, that was it, she meditated, her "dreams broken". As she sat thus, her eyes fixed on space, her hand stole out, fumbled for an object, found it and brought the object to her mouth. She munched gravely. Then her hand stole



out a second time, a third, a fourth. And so she sat,  
on Christmas eve, a Broken-hearted Woman, quietly  
devouring a box of chocolates.



### CHRISTMAS CANDLE

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

The slender pointed flame swayed gently  
like a slim girl clad in gold  
and moving to soft music.

The white wax of the candle was a  
celestial pedestal, spotless, upon which  
she danced; her feet unmoving, yet  
her body rhythmical. She swayed or  
leaped and bowed, sensitive to the  
slightest motion around her.

Her radiance made a halo on the frosted window  
while all eyes watched her shining form.

Her warmth penetrated the coldest heart  
and fired the slowest pulse;

She reigned for one brief night, a princess,  
the slender, burning child of Christmas.



### A LETTER TO SANTA

(By a Sophomore)

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

I'll write to Santa Claus and tell  
Just what I hope to find.  
I know he'll fill my stocking  
For he's so good and kind.

I'd like the lead in all the plays  
The Junior Class will act.  
I'd like my three-point average  
To be, indeed, a fact.

I'd like to see the tales I write  
All through the T and C.  
And please do make that handsome blond  
Have just one date with me.

## "THAT OLD GANG OF MINE"

(Seen during Christmas holidays)

ANN LOUISE MEDERT, '36

First Prize, Upperclass Prose

IT is four years since she was graduated from High School. She had been a jolly, plump High School girl, popular and talented. Now she is a secretary to a buyer of a large wholesale company. She is thin—very thin. Her hair is neatly combed and slightly waved. The most modern of eye glasses add to her dignity and business-like manner. It is only when I look deep into her eyes that I can remember she is my own dear Betty.

\* \* \* \*

I saw her only for a moment the other day. She was home from the large university where she goes to school. Always she had been smaller than I. Now, she is such a striking figure,—tall, lithe, with flashing eyes and a quick, contagious smile. She has acquired something of that College-Senior sophistication, and also a Sigma Chi pin, which glistens on her dress. When I asked her about it, she whispered, "A year from Christmas", and squeezed my hand. The old feeling flowed back with that touch, and I knew that four years had left me the real person, Libby.

\* \* \* \*

He is so tall and so handsome. When he wears his new tux, and looks down on me as he talks, it seems impossible! Can this be my first beau? Then he was a little blonde boy, who had to ask for the car when we went to our first formal. Four years have changed him. As the smoke from his cigarette curls upward, and disappears into the denser cloud, I think we have drifted away like that. Then he smiles—and I remember. It is really Jack.



## PRELUDE IN C-SHARP MINOR

EVELYN BREHM, '37

First Prize, Underclass Poetry

Hate! Vengeance! War!  
Wounded men, dying men,  
Cringing, crawling, lying men,  
Guns and gas and blood and blast—  
Civilization's iconoclast!  
Wage! Labor! Strife!  
Machinery roaring; commerce teeming;  
Ceaseless sirens screeching, screaming;  
Whirling, whistling, whizzing wheels—  
Civilization's harvest fields!  
Silver—More—Gold!  
Gleaming eyes and grabbing schemes,  
Greed and graft and sickening scenes,  
All for money—silver money—gold—  
Civilization's corroded mould!  
Fiercely, wildly, it goes round and round;  
It's Civilization that drives me down—down—down—



## THE WIND

HAROLD PLATZ, '35

Blow boisterous wind,  
Hurly-burly fellow  
Roistering through our streets.  
You are but a voice  
That snarls and growls  
And then is gone.

Blow boisterous wind,  
Bragging boastful fellow  
Shrieking through the treetops.  
You are but a cry  
That brings the snow  
And then is gone.

“—AND LIFE GOES ON”

DORIS FREASE, '35

“To play! When my head's whirling with madness  
Not knowing what I'm doing or what I'm saying!  
Yet I must force myself!  
I am not a man,  
I'm but a Pagliaccio.  
The people pay you, and they must have their fun!  
If Harlequin your Columbine takes from you,  
Laugh loud, Pagliaccio!  
And all will shout, 'Well done!' ”

These lines are poignant. They hold you. You cannot escape them. Look out your east window Look out your west window. There lies nature arrayed in glory. There goes man, today in glory, in the depths tomorrow.

\* \* \* \*

He was an interesting little feller—sittin' there, a-whistlin' and a-fishin'. Little dirty toes diggin' in the soft dirt—brown hands holding his fishing pole tightly—bright eyes fixed expectantly on the little bobber floating impudently on the dirty creek water. Rosy but thin cheeks. Little circles under twinkling eyes. Fishin' there—all alone—but he was happy, because back home was “mumsy”, and she'd be waiting for him when he got home. “Mumsy” worked too hard to keep their tummies filled and she hadn't been very well lately. He would catch a fish for “mumsy”, and then everything would be right again.

“Oh—someone quick—look at this fish—I got it—I got it — for my “mumsy'!” No one cared. Only “mumsy” would care: she was his only pal.

The little feller ran—ran—up four flights of stairs—in the door—“mumsy—mumsy. Oh, why ‘mumsy's’ asleep—on the floor.”

They've carried her away. They had taken his precious “mumsy”; so he left too—Where?—Who can say?—Where could he go?

Mothers scrubbed floors the next day—mothers



danced—mothers sewed—mothers dined at the Ritz—  
but the little feller was fishin' all alone—tears—big  
tears were falling. A tragedy—but life went on.

\* \* \* \*

A young, handsome college professor was all the students saw as they listened to his questions and ventured answers. But those who knew him saw more. He was to be married tomorrow. His fiancée was coming on the next train. He was happy. His spirits were high as he drilled his students on the memorable words, "Veni, vidi, vici". His mind was wandering; he brought himself back to the Latin class with a jerk—"I shall repeat the phrase once more—'veni, vidi,—' ". "Telegram Sir." He opened it. He read it. A yellow sheet of paper slipped to the floor. His eyes misted—his color became pallid—feebly, very feebly he said "Vici".

The students were staring at him; the sun was still shining, the music in the chapel was still being played, "Veni, vidi, vici." How ironical. The bell—the students leaving. "She can't be killed," he silently screamed. "Oh God—why doesn't the sun go out, why are not the people struck dumb? My life—my plans—where are they? Life can't go on."

But life did go on—and on—and on.

Look out the north window, look out the south window. Under that white shirt-front passing by, under that silk or gingham dress passing by is a tragedy, no doubt. They are "Pagliaccios" and they must "laugh loud" so that all will shout 'well done' ". And life goes on—in a tireless, never-ending stream, which only God can stop.



## ECSTASY

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

First Prize, Upper Class Poetry

Let me take wing.  
Let me tear myself apart from this dusty cocoon  
And stretch up and up into the tingling blue of the sky.  
Let me take deep gasping breaths,  
Filling the depths of me with the sparkling, winey air.  
Let me reach out from breadth to breadth  
Until the tips of my wings ache with the stretching.  
Let me swoop up against the wind  
Catching my breath against the depth of the vastness.  
Let me float in an acre of undulating rhythm  
On outspread wings with the gusts of the gale.  
Let me plunge into deep white clouds  
And open my eyes to the mist  
Drinking in the dampness, gulping its coolness.  
  
Then plunge down like a plummet,  
Down into the grime and dust of the stifling cocoon.  
Fold the wings—cramp the body—  
Take the short, stifled breaths of the wingless.



## WANDERLUST

PARKER YOUNG, '34

I see a tree in a crown of gold,  
In all this Autumn weather.  
While at its feet, along the fence,  
The ash leaves drift and gather.  
  
The wild geese, high against the sky  
Their southward flight are turning;  
And young hearts thrall to their trumpet call,  
When wanderlust is burning.  
  
So sing me a song as we tramp along  
And set the dead leaves flying;  
Of a joyous heart and a laughing smile!  
Away with care and sighing!  
  
To the wild wind's call we surrender all!  
Away with books and learning—  
We'll quench our thirst in the universe  
When the wanderlust is burning.



## FROM MY WINDOW

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

THERE is something pathetic about the little negro church next door. It is such an orphan. There it is—a lonely little white building unrelated to the buildings on either side, foreign to the street as a whole, and unnoticed by the community.

I have the best view from my window. The lower panes of the church windows have been painted to opacity, which prevents any inspection from our downstairs. But I often stand at my west window—musing and gazing down upon the silent chapel. I can stare at the little church or talk aloud. It has neither eyes nor ears.

But it has power. It resists age and weather. It suffers neglect like a flower that blooms without attention. I do not know how old it is, but it has not changed in appearance since I first saw it. It is the same white-sided building with two windows on each side and a black shingled roof whose top-most row of shingles extends above the vertex like a comb with lost teeth. It boasts of no vestibule, no entry-way. Just one stone step, one door, one light above.

Not everyone in the household enjoys its proximity but I am glad it is close. On Sunday afternoons when I am finding it hard to concentrate on Greek or history, I can give my attention to the afternoon service.

Already this afternoon someone is opening the windows in preparation for today's worship, and I can see three members approaching. I am always reminded of that childhood rhyme: "Here's the church, and here's the steeple; open the door and here's six people." For there are not more than six or eight members.

Their service is not unlike that of a larger church—that is, if one could forget the organ and the choir.

The congregation sings wholeheartedly every verse of many hymns. The deacon offers a prayer that is almost as long as the sermon. Sometimes I return to reading history while he urges repentance.

I seldom follow the sermon but sit and idly stare at the sun streaming in the west window and watch the dust particles floating around vivid hats and dresses and hair ribbons.

Soon the service ends, the windows are closed and out drifts the handful of members. The church is locked and abandoned for another week. The sun still shines in the west windows revealing a light cloud of dust particles. It rests on the dull wood of the pews and makes it mellow.

Mayhap an ancient hunch-back will come this week and inspect the place. Later on I will see him coming falteringly down the street, his arms laden with wood for the fire he will build the following Sabbath.



## TRAINS HOMEWARD

MARJORIE McENTIRE, '37

Curling wisps of dusky smoke  
Blown back from a chugging engine;  
Clinging powder of sooty dust,  
Greyness merged in a whizzing streak;  
A lone, shrill shriek  
Soon silenced, gone.

Flashing flood of whitened light,  
A burst from the tunnel's blackness;  
Eager mob, expectant, swirling,  
Stretching vaulted marble lobbies;  
A breathy choke  
Of joy long-pent—Christmas, home.



## DIDO JOINS THE NAVY

RUTH HUNT, '36

**S**HE was addressing her mirror. Her tiny, lithe form was straight, stiff with passion; the small hands were clenched at her sides; her lovely, olive face was flushed with anger, the beautiful, sensitive lips curled in derision.

"Dido, you fool! He does not love you or he would have been here 'ere this. 'Military preparations'—bah! 'Council meetings'—bah! And this time it is 'Important confab with Sergestus'—bah! bah! bah! Excuses! I hate him! Hate him!" Hot, angry tears came.

Amata, the maid watched her mistress with sorrowing eyes. More and more frequent were these passionate outbursts from the usually so sweet and happy queen. More and more often was she moody, morose, unhappy. The servants and her loyal subjects were worried about her. They feared she must be ill from some strange malady. Some of the more daring of them had whispered even that she was possessed of the seven furies. But Amata knew, Amata who had known and loved her mistress from childhood. None of the other servants had seen her in her chamber and knew what went on in their queen's heart when she addressed her mirror as she was doing now, or looked out the window to the far hills and talked to them, and once, to Amata's horror, the lovely queen had berated even the little brass household god that set above the bed and had stormed and wept and hurled a pillow at it. Amata knew that her mistress was not ill—only of a broken heart—and the furies did not possess her—Amata knew that her Lady was in love, in love with Sichaeus.

Sichaeus and Dido had grown up together. They had worshipped the same gods, teased the same peacocks, learned together under Turnus, the old teacher. It was Sichaeus who had fished five-year-old Dido out

of the palace fountain after he had pushed her in. How the black eyes had flashed when she stood again on the stone court! And the brave Sichaeus had run. Only too well did he know the smart of that little jeweled hand on his face and the strength of her fingers to pull hair. The young princess could kick, too. And so he had run, but this time Dido did not follow in pursuit. She was too cold to run, and too angry. The little figure stood in the court, her garments clinging damply to her shivering body, her black eyes flashing as she called after his retreating back—"May all the gods of Tyre and Carthage put frogs in thy couch, thou Sichaeus!"

And then they were ten, studying under Turnus, the aged philosopher. He loved the two but how they exasperated him—the little princess with her winning, sly ways and the boy with his daring. Dido could never learn her sums—her time was spent in drawing pictures in her books and Sichaeus—the teacher despaired of ever teaching him Greek verbs. More often than not, one or the other, or both of them would disappear in the middle of their recitation to chase a deer or each other. And still more often were the times when they forgot to come at all at lesson time. Neither the parents of Sichaeus nor King Belus had time to foster their child's education and so it was sadly lacking, at least in the fundamentals.

They were at once the friends and the arch-enemies of the servants. Pygmalion, the gardner would straighten up his old, rheumatic back from bending over roses and hurry off to where the peacocks were screaming or the dogs were frantically barking. When he got to the stables there would be only the agitated birds stalking indignantly about, muttering low protests from their ruffled throats; or he would go to the kennels and find nothing but the whimpering dogs. As he returned to his work suppressed giggles would come from behind the wall and Pygmalion would smile and shake his head at the



malicious sparkle in two pairs of eyes seen peering through the hedge.

The gallant young Sichaeus had escorted her to the games when they were sixteen. He was a nobleman's son and, of course, he was not expected to take part in them. But the princess envied those girls whose knights performed great feats of strength for them. It bothered her that he did not enter into the foot-race or the archery contest, where each year Eurytion shot the dove in mid-air. How proud she would have been if he had rowed in the galley race or wielded the gauntlets in Cestus. The equestrian game, Troianus, was the grandest of all and it thrilled the young girl to see the skilfull evolutions of Ascanius. Why couldn't Sicaeus have done that, too?

She taunted him about it and the next year he hadn't taken her to see the games. She was angry and disappointed but she had gone anyhow. Then she was almost sorry she had teased him when she found that he it was who was riding the bay horses in the chariot race, for although she was proud of him, she feared for him, for it was a dangerous sport. But he had won the race and before them all he had ridden up and received the wreath of laurels from Dido! Her hands had trembled so but she was proud of him.

Sichaeus, the warrior! How grand was the shining armor he wore and the horse he rode. And under his breastplace, next to his heart, he wore her token. He it was, they said, who rode first in battle, who was the pride of all the older men and the envy of the younger. He it was who went into the storm of battle and fought fearlessly. She was proud of this young soldier.

Into far countries he went to conquer, too. Each time he returned laden with spoils and tales of conquest. He had brought her gold from southern Africa—shining, heavy gold. Silks and gossamer cloths for gowns; sweet, heavily-spiced perfumes; rubies, diamonds, pearls—all these he had brought from far lands. There were tales about these places

—countries she would like to see herself. How brave he was to go so far away and fight and pillage! Each time he went out to seek his fortune and each time he returned to Dido.

But this time Sichaeus had been home four days and he had not yet seen Dido nor brought her any gifts. Of course, he had sent a messenger to tell her that he had important plans to make and a confab with Sergestus. She was tired of these tales! If he loved her he couldn't wait to see her. That was it—he didn't love her! She hated him! Hated him! Never again would she love a man. She would never see Sichaeus again. She would slay herself and when he did come, if he ever did, she would be dead and he would be sorry. But she would be glad! Glad! It was settled, she would kill herself. She would never again look on the face of a man.

Just at the moment of her great decision, a maid entered—Without turning from the mirror Dido asked—"Well . . . ?"

"A gentleman to see you, your highness."

"Tell him I won't see him." But as the maid turned to leave, Dido stopped her, "Who is it?", cautiously.

"A stranger, your highness; I think it is the famous Trojan seaman, Aeneas."

"Quick Amata, bring my crimson robe, my golden girdle and my golden sandals—quick, Amata, hurry—hurry."

"Tell him to wait," she said.



## SNOWFLAKES

DOROTHY ALLSUP, '38

Honorable Mention, Underclass Poetry

The snowflakes fall softly, softly  
Like the continual shedding of a great, white bird.  
They silently touch the tops of houses  
And great, grey skyscrapers of a sullen city  
Wrapped in the stillness of a snowstorm.



## A VOICE

MAXINE FORWOOD, '37

THE Choir Boys moved down the aisle in exalted, rhythmic procession, each spotless vestment hiding a gladsome heart. Joy mounted high, higher than the man-made roof.

Last in the procession, alone, came a young enervated minister. The joy pervading the congregation quieted, deepened, and became reverence. As he reached the altar and bowed a moment in a Latin prayer, we realized that only his voice and eyes had life. They flickered and at times flared as if beaten by an inward, never-slacking wind. The voice dominated the entire service and as we were greeted at the door by the minister, divested of churchly robes, we again felt the imperative pull of that voice.

Soon after leaving the church we resumed a holiday mood, but not before we had spoken to each other of the marvel that the emaciated minister could perform. His congregation was fifty, his church a white painted clap-board structure, his choir nine, yet we had felt a greater spirit of devotion than we were accustomed to feel in a cathedral.

The spell lay only in a pain of eyes, a voice,—and a mystic soul.



## SUNSET

ELSIE BENNETT, '35

The clouds of evening all drew up  
In grim dark battle line,  
In one great mass they made attack  
Upon the west—as if to wrest from it  
The burnt-orange treasure which the  
Purple dusk-hills sought to steal away  
Behind their snow tipped peaks.

## FIGURES

MARY ALTMAN, '37

**P**RESSING my cold fingers against my burning eyeballs, I gradually push until it seems as though my head must burst from the hot, heavy beating of restrained blood. Then flaming like a star shell into the very center of my brain, diagonals, rectangles, dots, lines and circles sear their patterns across the black field of my vision. First squares of mauve touched with blue, change to streaming, careening rockets of fiery orange, that clear into one red sun, trimmed in purple. I glare into that molten circle which suddenly becomes black midnight.

And my fingers relax their tension, allowing me to squint drearily into the glare of a study lamp at half past one in the morning.



## NOVEMBER TWILIGHT

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

The moon is out, yet shadows have not deepened—  
A distant moon, all pale and silvery white  
With shining ring that's meant to be a background  
To silhouetted black and grey-black twigs  
Of gaunt November's seldom lovely hours.  
The earth is paused and waiting dreamily  
With grayness pale and dim, enthralling all,  
Until with agony of sky and trees  
We hear a fiercer season's new-born call.



## THE STAR

LORA GOOD, '38

I looked up at the sky;  
A star looked down at me.  
I said "Oh star, I pray you  
Grant one thing, now, to me.

One thing I want this evening  
A lover bold and gay,  
A happy hour, a lovely time,  
Grant this to me, I pray.

The star looked at me wisely  
Then winked. I knew its art.  
A lover came and sought me,  
Then left, and took my heart.



## ORGAN MUSIC

MARY OTSUKI, '35

**T**HERE'S something peaceful and dreamy about organ music—Soft, plaintive, clear, round notes from tall golden pipes. It carries me away to a dreamland—sparkling crystals of sunlight, tiny green shoots, downy white billows of cloud, a transparent blue sky.



## CHRISTMAS STAR

ELSIE BENNETT, '35

God hung you in the heavens  
To guide the wise men in their quest  
For Christ, the new born King.  
But when your work was done,  
He dropped you down to earth  
Where all your star form vanished  
And you parted into tiny shafts of light  
To pierce and warm the hearts of men.

## WORSHIP

HAROLD PLATZ, '35

THE worshippers sat with bowed heads as the quiet voice murmured words that calmed their minds and turned their thoughts to God. The voice paused and an awed hush mounted upward, groping toward a divine Presence. The reverent stillness crept into my heart. My whole being was transfused with longing. Then the throbbing melody of an old hymn filled the pregnant silence, and rising with the holy notes my soul reached out and found the Infinite.



## A STAR LEADS ON

MABEL C. STARKEY

TO one, a young man, who from baby-hood shared my life with the most happy, tender, thoughtful devotion any mother could know. The spiritual beauty of his life will never cease to be a wonderful thing to me, taking me beyond myself to God, a divine help in this adventure of real living. Truly, such a spirit does live on and point for us the way!

May I share with you on Christmas day this tribute to Carl Starkey—your friend—and one whom I shall ever be proud to call—my son.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover Design—Mrs. Gene Moore	
Quiz and Quill Club	4
Foreword	5
Literary Awards	6
"Unto One of the Least"—Wilma Mossholder	7
Fantasy Noel—Emerson Shuck	8
Why?—Ruth Owens	8
Carols—Anne Brehm	9
If Only—Dorothy Rupp	10
The Star—Wilma Mossholder	10
Life Begins at Sixteen—Kathryn Krehbeil	11
Christmas Candle—Elaine Ashcraft	14
A Letter to Santa—Evelyn Nichols	14
"That Old Gang of Mine"—Anne Louise Medert	15
Prelude in C-Sharp Minor—Evelyn Brehm	16
The Wind—Harold Platz	16
"—And Life Goes On"—Doris Frease	17
Ecstasy—Lucille Shoop	19
Wanderlust—Parker Young	19
From My Window—Catherine Parcher	20
Trains Homeward—Marjorie McEntire	21
Dido Joins The Navy—Ruth Hunt	22
Snowflakes—Dorothy Allsup	25
A Voice—Maxine Forwood	26
Sunset—Elsie Bennert	26
Figures—Mary Altman	27
November Twilight—Elaine Ashcraft	27
The Star—Lora Good	28
Organ Music—Mary Otsuki	28
Christmas Star—Elsie Bennert	28
Worship—Harold Platz	29
A Star Leads On—Mabel C. Starkey	29

