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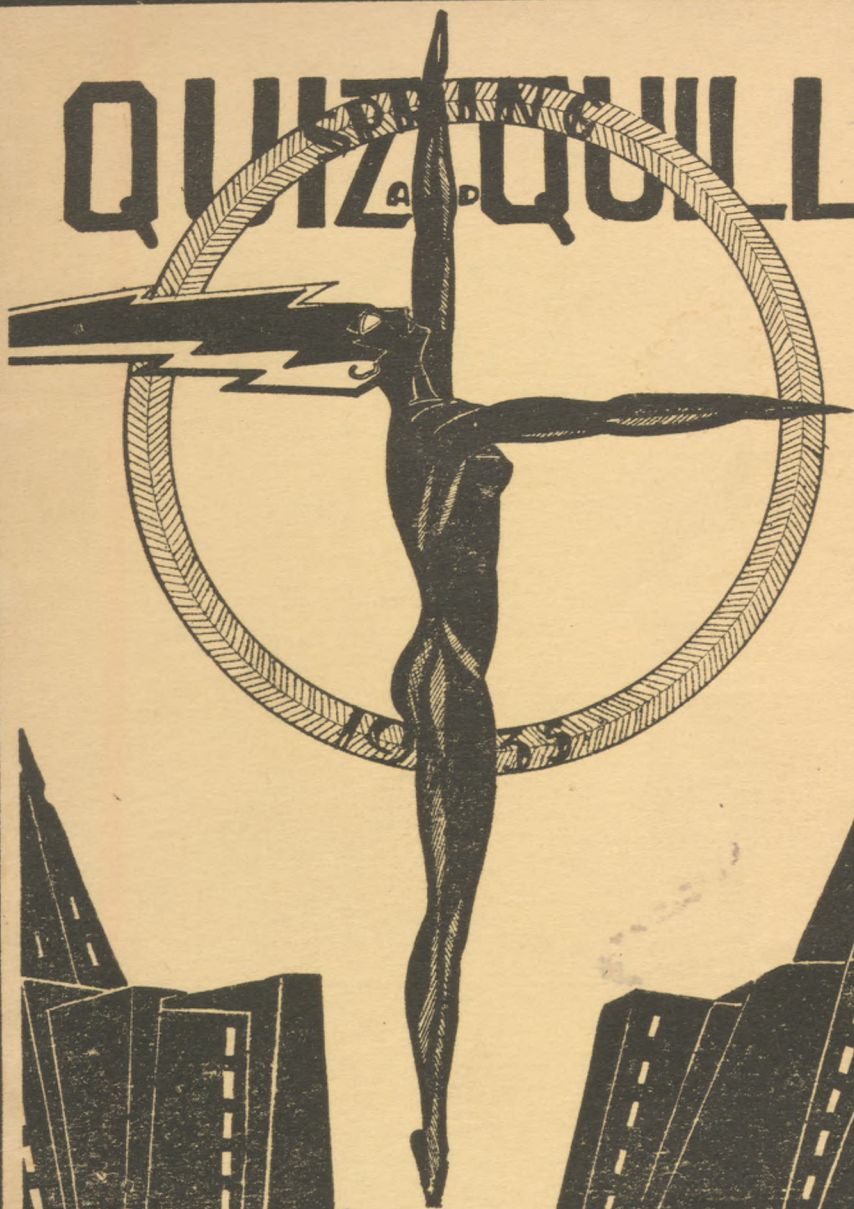
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QUIZ & QUILL



-H. BELL

The QUIZ and QUILL

(1935)

STAFF

Elaine Ashcraft Editor
Mary Otsuki Associate Editor
Lucille Shoop Editor of Ho-Bohemia
Ruth Hunt Business Manager



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C. O. ALTMAN SPONSOR
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RUTH HUNT
KATHRYN KREHBIEL

EVELYN NICHOLS
MARGARET OLDT
MARY OTSUKI
LUCILLE SHOOP

GORDON SHAW

LITERARY AWARDS

QUIZ AND QUILL

UNDERCLASS CONTEST

POETRY

Mary Louise Altman, '37, "Night", first award.

Lora Good, '38, "Moods", second award.

Emerson Shuck, '38, "Metropolis", honorable mention.

PROSE

Carol Beachler, '37, "One More", first award.

Frances Ward, '38, "Grandpa", second award.

CHAUCER CLUB CRITICISM, 1935

Anne Brehm, '36, Review of "Panic", prize \$3.00.

Edward Nagel, '36, honorable mention.

GARDENIAS

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

LARRY McDONALD surveyed himself in the mirrored post in the lobby of the Harzfeld Company. He adjusted his tie a trifle and regarded the reflection of his blue eyes and dark curly hair—not altogether unaware of their attractiveness.

Assuming a nonchalant air he strolled leisurely into the department store. The Harzfeld Company was an old concern; its structure was old; its policy was old. But it had gained prestige with age; it was known as one of the most reliable and conservative firms in the East. Larry's eyes moved from the tiled floor to the clocks above the elevators. London time, New York time, San Francisco time. . . . On the mezzanine shoppers were reading and writing at little desks lighted by soft-shaded lamps. Larry surveyed the store with satisfaction. It certainly was attractive and convenient.

He chose the first aisle and walked its length examining as he did so the counter displays and the girls who were busy with prospective buyers. Coming back he paused at a counter where a girl was showing an array of costume flowers to a society matron. The clerk was small in stature and wore an attractive dress, simple in style as store regulations demanded. Larry looked at her face. He liked its expression. It was sort of enthusiastic, as if she were interested in her customer's problem . . . or perhaps it was a reflection of her zeal for living. No matter which, Larry decided she looked like she'd be "on the level." He appeared to be absorbed in examining a display of flowers in a case, but he heard every word of their conversation.

The client was hard to please. After a time she narrowed her selection to two flowers: a bunch of vivid red buds resembling peonies and a group of three ivory velvet gardenias. In desperation she

asked the clerk which one she should take. The reply was prompt.

"If they're to be worn on a black velvet dinner dress, I would choose the ivory gardenias, especially if you wear pearls with the dress." The reference to the pearls made the sale for her. She made out the charge slip and sent the package to the delivery desk. Almost before Larry realized it he was gazing into two very brown eyes. He realized she had asked him if he were interested in a flower.

"Yes," he answered, "something to be worn on a brown tweed suit." Out from drawers and boxes came an array of boutonnieres—all colors and textures. Larry seemed bewildered. The girl was patient—making suggestions and showing the effect of a particular flower by holding it against a brown scarf. Finally he chose a bunch of gay nasturtiums.

As he reached for his purchase he said, "How about seeing the premier showing at the Globe tonight?" His sudden invitation surprised her. She wouldn't have thought him the type to—well, she'd have to show him she wasn't that type.

"O, no, thank you." It was a brief, firm reply. Larry took his package, smiled a little lopsided grin at her and strolled off.

The following afternoon she was busy tagging a new shipment of flowers. At a "Good afternoon" in a masculine voice, she raised her head and looked straight into the eyes of Larry McDonald. She concealed her surprise and asked:

"May I wait on you?" It was a blue flower this time. She showed her usual concern in pleasing a customer by explaining the fabric of a flower as adaptable to certain materials. She held a cluster of pale blue flowers under a lamp.

"Under artificial light they look transparent and silvery," she explained. She looked up . . . he wasn't looking at the flowers . . . he had been looking at her. Both of them quickly looked down at the flower. A silent moment, then Larry managed to say:

"I like that one; I'll take it."

She was glad for the interval required to wrap the purchase. When she proffered the package, he asked,

"Won't you go to the Globe to-night—or to the Carlton, if you'd rather?" She refused without hesitation, whereupon he inquired:

"Would you mind telling me just why you decline?" "What a ridiculous question," she thought, but to him she said:

"Obviously, we are strangers and in addition the store's policy does not sanction such a practice among employees." It was a severe reply—as severe as she had meant it to be.

"Thank you for your answer." He smiled and was gone. She caught only a glimpse of him before he passed through the revolving doors. But it was a satisfactory glimpse—his build and his clothes were admirable.

She wished wildly that she had accepted his invitation . . . just for a lark . . . just once. She was tired of such a routine life. It was dull, monotonous. Why should she keep her old record? It was foolish to be so restrained, so conservative . . . conservative—what for? Wasn't everyone entitled to a fling at life?

In the next instant she was angry at herself for thinking that. She knew she would not "break over." She had resolved long ago that she would never turn "gold digger", as popular speech termed it. Because of the influence of this and other resolutions on her character, she had been recommended to the Harzfeld Company. Now as an employee she was duty-bound to keep from any "associations with clients of the opposite sex."

Not all the employees obeyed this rule. Only yesterday, Evelyn, across the aisle, had shown her a silver fox fur Phil had given her—their acquaintance having occurred but a week before. No, she could not surrender to that—ever!

Even after this decision she could not forget him. She wondered if he would return again.

"It would help my sales report," she mused, "to have such a customer—one who would make a purchase amounting to over one dollar every day." She enjoyed her humorous thought.

That night she began a new novel the girls had been discussing at the store. To her annoyance she found the hero to take on the appearance of her faithful male patron. She closed the book and went to bed only to awake in the morning with thoughts of him. She wondered if she were losing the "common sense" she prided herself in possessing.

It was a melancholy day—dark and rainy. The store was practically without patrons. In the early afternoon, the little flower-vendor stood gazing down the vacant aisle. Suddenly she straightened—he was coming towards her. Her feelings were mingled joy and disgust.

He smiled down at her. "Have you something," he asked, "for a little old white-haired lady who still has a passion for lace and flowers?"

She was prepared this time and promptly replied: "I have some pink moss roses that are delicate and—" she looked up. He was laughing at her and offering her a card.

She took it and read: "Lawrence W. McDonald." The address did not matter. "You are our new manager?" she ventured. "But I don't understand," she ended helplessly.

"There is an explanation," he replied. "I wanted to see how this accessory department functioned. I couldn't wait until next Monday when you expected me for you would all stage an act for me. So I did a little spying—and decided to put you to the test. You endured my "freshness" splendidly. You have learned the exact moment to become reserved instead of patronizing. The result is that in my reorganization plan, you shall be floor manager. And now will you forgive me for my actions and, Miss Jane Downing,

will you accept an invitation to dinner to-morrow?"

"Yes," she answered.

"And another question," he continued, "one you have been asking me—what kind of flowers do you like? Real ones, I mean, we're through pretending."

"Gardenias," she answered.

"Gardenias are lovely with pearls," he said. And they both laughed.



DEFEAT

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

A pale grey dawn and no bird sings.
Mute trees etched on a sultry sky;
From distant fields a broken cry.
God, was life meant for happy things?

God, was life meant for happy things?
A man plods by on weary feet
And there beneath the chilling sleet
I hear a blind man—Lo, he sings.

I hear a blind man—Though he sings
None have heard but one small lad.
The rest rush by—a world gone mad.
God was life meant for happy things?

VICTORY

Yes, life is meant for happy things.
Tall trees washed in the cooling rain,
A meadow lark heard from the lane,
From distant fields a breath of spring.

Yes, life is meant for happy things.
Along the city streets I hear
Through weary sorrow, restless fear,
The sound of laughter bearing wings.

And that same laughter bearing wings
Has brushed aside the cloak of night,
And there stands love, in shining white.
Yes, life is meant for happy things.

METROPOLIS

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Honorable Mention, Underclass Poetry

Towering crags of buildings,
Planted, pushing upward;
Somber, rooted, silent.

Scurrying ants of traffic,
Nosing every cranny;
Raucous, rumbling, pressing.

Sullen swarm of people,
Nerves distraught and jangling;
Laden, lonely, weary.

Bleary smear of night-light,
Subtle tone of neons;
Winking, grinning, glaring.

Shrouded power of cities,
Grinding stream of progress;
Pulsing, throbbing, vibrant.



TONIGHT AND TONIGHT

LORA GOOD, '38

The ghosts are roaming the land tonight.
And who are the ghosts, pray tell?
They are the loves that died today,
Of lovers who loved so well.

A ghost is roaming the house tonight.
And who is the ghost, pray tell?
It is the love that we two held,
That flew too high, and fell.

A ghost is roaming my heart tonight.
And who is the ghost, pray tell?
It is the love that I bore to you,
And it laughs at its own death knell.

The ghosts are roaming the land tonight.
And who are the ghosts, pray tell?
They are the loves that died today,
And they're mocking us from hell.

SUNSHINE AND RAIN

DORIS FREASE, '35

DESTERDAY my friend said, "Look at the sun. Does it not warm your soul with its ruddy brightness?" I looked, and saw nothing but a ball of fire. I answered in a listless voice, "The sun is not shining; that which you see is a torturous flame and all around it is smoke—clouds of smoke. All is dreary. The world is not good." My heart was heavy, my life seemed worthless, all in which I had faith was shaken. I called on God — all day I called but He did not come. My friend thought me foolish but she did not know that a sharp knife was cutting into my heart. This she could not guess. I could not explain; words were futile. And all night I lay on my bed while hot tears made the drabness of this world more realistic.

Today my friend said, "What a dreary day, do not venture out—stay in where it is cozy and warm." But I looked at her and laughed. Today the sun is shining and my heart is being warmed. I run out into the rain. God has come, He has heard me call. Now all is right. Those in whom I placed my faith have been restored to me. All has been explained and my foolish tears have been kissed away. My heart is once more whole; and the world is good. My friend still says, "'Tis a grey day—." But she cannot understand that it is the heart which makes the day drear or fair.



AFTER RAIN

RUTH HUNT, '36

Under the stars after rain
Thrusting my arms up into
the cooled freshness of bathed night
Touching the rain-washed stars
with aching fingers—
Gulping the liquor of God.

ONE MORE

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

First Prize, Underclass Prose

IN the grass at my feet lay a violet, crumpled and wilting. Its stem was bruised where it had been severed by the blades of the mower. I stooped and picked it up. In the house was a lovely bouquet—only one more flower was needed. I knew that the next day the dying violet, too, would be lovely.

* * * * *

On the bed in the hospital room lay the small figure of a child, pale and lifeless. The doctors and nurses grouped about the tiny body were shaking their heads. On the other side of the closed door someone was sobbing. There was no hope. The little girl was dying. Perhaps she, too, was needed?



I SAW A DAY BEGIN

ELSIE BENNETT, '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.

NIGHT

MARY LOUISE ALTMAN, '37
First Prize, Underclass Poetry

The day slipped from my fingers
And left me
Watching
The first purple streak
Of night.

I stood silent
And felt the shadows
Wrap about me.
Then night tantalized me
With one lonely star.



TO————

GORDON SHAW, '35

When gods of Fate seem certain to o'ercome
My trembling heart's sincere desire to live
Aright, and bring no ill to anyone—
When hov'ring clouds such deep forebodings give
That weary, I can see no sun above,
Nor any ray of hope to cheer my way
Along the rocky path to perfect love
Where I seek solace from the threat'ning day,
Oh, then I fondly turn to thoughts of thee,
Who art, and always shall be, my ideal;
How quickly thy soft words bring joy to me,
And make past sorrows seem but dreams, unreal—
Mistake not, I do not claim thou'rt mine;
But take my heart, and some day give me thine!



SEA

LORA GOOD, '38

Boats,
Gulls,
White wings flashing,
White sails dipping,
Wind,
Spray,
Wild gulls screaming,
Wild waves dashing.
Sea!

PANIC

By ARCHIBALD MAC LEISH

Reviewed by

ANNE BREHM, '36

First Award in Chaucer Club Contest

Machinery roaring; commerce teeming;
Ceaseless siren, 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—
Civilizations corroded mould!
Fiercely, wildly, it goes round and round;
It's civilization that is driving me
Down—Down—Down—”

Such is the mood of this fascinating and totally different drama of American life, **Panic**, by Archibald Mac Leish.

The play, which is written entirely in verse, has its setting in 1933 at the height of the financial banking crisis. The scene shifts from the luxurious office of McGafferty, owner of the country's principal industries and greatest bank to the street where people stand before an electric news bulletin in Times Square and read of financial ruin.

Throughout the whole play, there is the gripping undercurrent of disaster which looms as a horrible menace. The forthcoming doom is brought to the surface by the prophecy of the old blind man who seems to personify fate itself, standing with icy fingers ready to grip the controllers of the country's wealth.

A slight suggestion of the love element is introduced in the character of Ione, McGafferty's mistress, but it, like the rest of the story, is tainted by the impending gloom, and is not strong enough to stem the tide of fate, which leads McGafferty to fulfill the blind man's prophecy:

"You yourselves in your own minds will make the
Fate that murders you."

Yards and yards of ticker tape, light and darkness, cursing men and praying women caught in the meshes of economic society make the atmosphere for this unusual and gripping drama. The play is marked by beauty of language and rhythm, great emotional intensity which is sustained throughout the play, and the manner in which the author has moulded contemporary material into "timeless beauty."



PERHAPS

MARJORIE McENTIRE, '37

It may be the flight of a swallow
Winging on high
It may be the peak of a mountain
Touching the sky.

It may be the drifting of snow
Flake-feathered, soft,
Or the swell of a deep-thoated organ
Surging aloft.

It may be the touch of the moon
A phantom-like dart,
It may be your smile as I passed
Thrilling my heart.



LINES

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

Into the land of love, floating so softly,
Dreamily drifting with star-spun delight
Magically lifted on wisp-like illusions
We two were one lovely spirit that night.

Enfolded in love we stood watching the night sky
Feeling the delicate power—'twas ours
Swiftly our souls grew too great for this planet
Surely and quietly they touched the stars.

RECOGNITION DAY

KATHRYN KREHBIEL, '35

SUNLIGHT is filtering through the colored glass of the chapel windows. The organist takes his place. The buzzing ceases, chapel is quiet, hushed . . . Outside in the hall, in laughter and confusion, a long black and white line is forming. Trying to wear nonchalantly the new and unfamiliar dignity of cap and gown, is the class of 1935. The first, slow martial notes of the organ resound through the hall. In the black and white line laughter and smiles stop, abruptly. The music has lifted a swift, silencing hand. Step by step, beating in time to the music which is now swelling loud, the line begins to move. Slowly the door opens and we enter the chapel. It is the beginning of the end.



MOODS

LORA GOOD, '38

Second Prize, Underclass Poetry

My soul stands high on the mountain top
And reaches up to the sky,
And knows its greatness, standing there,
While the wind goes shouting by.

My soul walks low in the valley, deep,
And bows its head from the sky,
And knows its smallness, standing there,
While the wind goes sighing by.



FRIENDSHIP

HAROLD PLATZ, '35

As a tree is warmed by the sun,
As a tree is wet by the rain,
As a tree is held by roots deep-clasped,
In the soil of a fertile plain;
So a friendship grows from our smiles,
And the tender comfort of tears,
So a friendship clings by ties fast-wrought,
In the kindness of passing years.

THE TEEMING MILLIONS

EVELYN BREHM, '37

Sunken eyes and painted lips,
Hardened lines and swaying hips,
Heels run-over, nails bright red,
Faces haggard, city bred.
New York's teeming millions—
New York's millions tramping, tramping,
Starving, thieving, sinning, vamping,
Living life in smutty dirt,
Begging, stealing for shoes and shirt.
O God, give them just one chance
To prove Life's not a dime-a-dance!
Those teeming millions



LET ME BE EAGER

WILMA MOSHOLDER, '38

Let me be eager—
Eager to greet my tasks as the rising sun heralds the dawn
of a new day.
Eager to see the first snowflake; to behold the first maple
blossoms announcing spring and a rebirth of nature.
Eager to greet people with laughter on my lips and under-
standing in my heart.
Eager to stand upon the mountain peak of inspiration, but to
return again to the valley of toil.
Eager to win the respect of men and the approval of God.
Though I receive the frowns of fortune, let me never become
bored with life.



REVELATION

MARY OTSUKI, '35

Dancing, sparkling
Fringe of white on blue;
Massive, twisted, blackened trees
God's beauty found anew.

Mad, thronging, pushing mobs,
Clanging, rattling cars;
A sad, half-plaintive, wistful smile,
And I saw God.

AMBER BUDDHA

MARGARET OLDT, '36

AMBER BUDDHA in a dusty shop, you have completely won my heart. I can see in your rounded figure fat, elderly Chinese gentlemen smoking bamboo water pipes in darkened doorways, resting after a torpid day. They are in a golden glow of peace, their yellow bodies reflecting back the rays of the evening sun.

The wisdom of Chinese centuries seems to shine behind your squinted eyes. What many scenes have they looked upon and quietly stored away?



DEATH CAME STALKING

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

Death came stalking in my door
Wearing a hat and pompadour
His greedy fingers pawed at me
His tapering fingers clawed at me
He proudly doffed my chain and vest
And tore my heart from out my chest
His hollow eyes—how they stared at me
His bloodshot eyes—how they glared at me
He grabbed me sharply round my throat
And stuffed the pocket of his coat
Then took me out in a little roll
And nibbled away my crunched soul!
Death went stalking through my door
Wearing a hat and pompadour.

OTTERBEIN VIGNETTES

STEPS—worn smooth with the tread of many feet . . . Past the executive offices . . . Past the inner chapel with its tall flaming windows, its breath of dignity and quiet . . . Someone is playing the organ.

Steps—hollowed thin with the boots of crinoline days and ruffles and now by the clicking of modern heels . . . Past classrooms where students sit under a wise professor, learning . . . Through halls once filled with laughing hoop-skirted girls and gay-vested youths.

Steps—up . . . up . . . stairs with unexpected turns . . . to the charm and austerity of the society halls . . . rich carpets, faded tapestries, crystal candelabrum . . .

We stand in the presence of dignity and age, yet below us on the campus are happy students hurrying about under the friendly trees . . . Then, far above our heads, among the tall grey spires rings the bell . . . the bell that spins memories and weaves romance. We bow our heads in reverence to the spirit of other days and today . . . the spirit that is Otterbein.

—RUTH HUNT, '36.

* * * * *

IT is commencement morning. A long line of young men and women, wearing caps and gowns, and carrying their precious diplomas tied with bits of tan and cardinal ribbon march out of the college church and across the campus walks, every bend of which has become familiar in four busy years of hurrying from class to class and in more leisurely moonlight strolls—past the little white brick library recalling hours of study and fun—past the music hall—up to the old vine covered Ad building. The very spirit of Otterbein seems to be expressed in its quiet strength and in the dignity of its aspiring towers—down the walk which leads past the new gym-

nasium, where often as a body the students have risen in cheers of "Yea, Otterbein, let's fight!"—up to the Y. M. C. A., sacred to many for the decisions made there.

On the steps of this building the Seniors stand surrounded by their friends, parents, and faculty who are gathered together under the friendly old trees to participate in the last ceremonies of graduation.

Never have the students felt so deeply the beauty of the campus, the friendships formed here, and the spirit which has made them belong and which will always hold them dear to Otterbein. With a new and deeper understanding of its meaning "The Love Song" fills their hearts:

"Old Otterbein, we love thee
Our hearts are ever thine
We pledge anew,
We will be true—
Dear Otterbein."

For a moment after the song there is silence; then a trumpet sounds taps. The tall young man clasps the hand of the girl beside him and, as the notes come back softer and clearer from the distance, they lift their heads and feel their spirits rise to answer that call to the life which lies ahead.

As the notes die away, the President, in his kindly, solemn voice pronounces the final benediction; then, "I now declare the year of 1935 at an end."

RUTH GIBSON, '34.



PICTURE

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

I stand on the back walk that
leads to an old well
and to a bed of lilies
The air is cool and damp
from the recent shower—so recent
that the centers of the flagstones
are still wet and the water
drips from the eaves with an even rhythm.

Ho-Bohemia



*“Tomorrow I shall write poetry
But
Today I will sit on a log
And squoosh mud
Between my
Toes.”*

PINK ELEPHANTS

LORA GOOD, '38

I went to sea in a man's top hat,
And I sailed far and wide,
And I slept in a tree like a green-eyed bat,
With my feet on the topmost side.

I came to a great big pink rainbow,
And climbed up to the sky,
And slid down into a pile of snow,
And got soap in my eye.

I ate my lunch from the big Rose Bowl,
And cooled it with the fans,
I had baked tea and fried jelly roll,
And didn't wash any pans.

I wrote this verse on a bottle cap
With a corkscrew dipped in ale,
And the next time I get feeling "hap"
I'll write you another tale.



TRAVEL

DOROTHY FALES, '38

Who wants to travel far abroad
And see the Isle of Wight;
Or stop to see the streets of Nice,
Or sail the sea at night?

The world holds a lot of sights
But my world is immense;
It reaches from my new front gate
Back to my garden fence.

It holds a house, a garden plot,
A cookie jar, and sink.
With traveling 'round this world of mine
I'll be content—I think!

POPULARITY PLUS

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

JOHNNY hated women. They were always bothering him. But here he was, at another one of those insipid parties where they fed you about enough to whet the appetite of a canary. Johnny looked disgustedly at his cigarette. He carefully deposited it in a nearby ash-tray. Well! He supposed he'd better go and be sociable before all these charming young ladies started flocking around. Hm! That Poston girl was coming over. She would! But who was that girl with her? Not bad looking. The Poston girl introduced them. Long black eyelashes, silky hair, three or four freckles. Johnny began saying the usual insignificant things. Then he asked her to go out on the terrace. They all liked that. But suddenly he blinked. He heard her say, "I'm sorry, but I'd really rather stay in here with the rest of the crowd."

Johnny walked away and began saying insignificant things to some one else. But he thought about the girl. Of all the nerve! Actually—she had actually squelched him. Disgusting! Before long he walked over to her again. She had been talking too much to that Gilmore fellow.

"How about a little squint at the moon now?" he said. "The crowd appears to be seeking the great open spaces."

"No, I'd rather not."

Johnny was astounded. A girl—to refuse him twice! Well! He'd just find out—.

"Do you mind telling me why? The night is warm, the stars are twinkling, the—."

"I prefer people who discuss philosophy," sweetly.

Johnny rubbed his chin. What did she mean? Philosophy? He couldn't understand. The girl baffled him—.

She still baffles him. He married her.

SQUIBS

MARY LOUISE ALTMAN, '37

The moon was high,
It cast a gentle, mysterious glow—
I stood by his side
Watching the play of the fountain.
He stretched out his arms
Yawned
And asked for a match.

A canoe ride—
The slender vessel slid through murky water
Brushing the reeds on the overhanging bank.
It leaked.
I took off my shoes
And waded to shore.

I grasped his hand
As I sat tensely waiting, waiting.
The tragic moment would soon come,
My hands perspired
And cold shivers ran down my back.
The hero saved her,
And the lights in the theater brightened.



NIGHTMARE

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

Green-gold snakes and sharp-tongued lizards,
Jet black demons with fiery eyes,
Screamed and hooted and scared me by their cries,
Scared me by their cries.
Rolled their eyes at me like wrinkled wizards
Rapacious reptiles of giant size.
Scrinch, scrinch, scrinch.
With toe nails scratching like wrinkled wizards
Scrinchney, Scrinchney, Scrinchney, Scrinch.
Then I had a vision; then I saw the light—
You shouldn't eat a chocolate bar on going to
bed at night!

RUDE AWAKENING

ROBERT AIRHART, '35

I sit at my desk and look out of the window across the campus. I am not thinking nor am I unduly concerned. I am merely dreaming.

Just now an old, retired professor passes along the street, calling up in me memories of other days. . . Several girls hurry from the gym to the conservatory. . . . An old janitor moves slowly toward the "Ad" building, stopping briefly to speak with a student, probably about the weather. . . . One of the men from the heating plant strides importantly across the campus with a few tools in his hand.

For nearly four years I have been looking out of windows across the campus—musing. I have watched my friends and acquaintances going their various ways. I am a part of this coming and going—I am a part of Otterbein and it is very real to me.

But still I sit and look out of the windows, not thinking deeply, not unduly concerned—merely dreaming. Wondering what it all means, whether I have caught the spirit that is Otterbein—but I never reach a conclusion for invariably someone slams a door or turns on the radio.



BEYOND

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

They think
I'm washing dishes,
But no,
I'm burning bridges.
They think
I see a pan to scour.
They're wrong,
I see a distant star.

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