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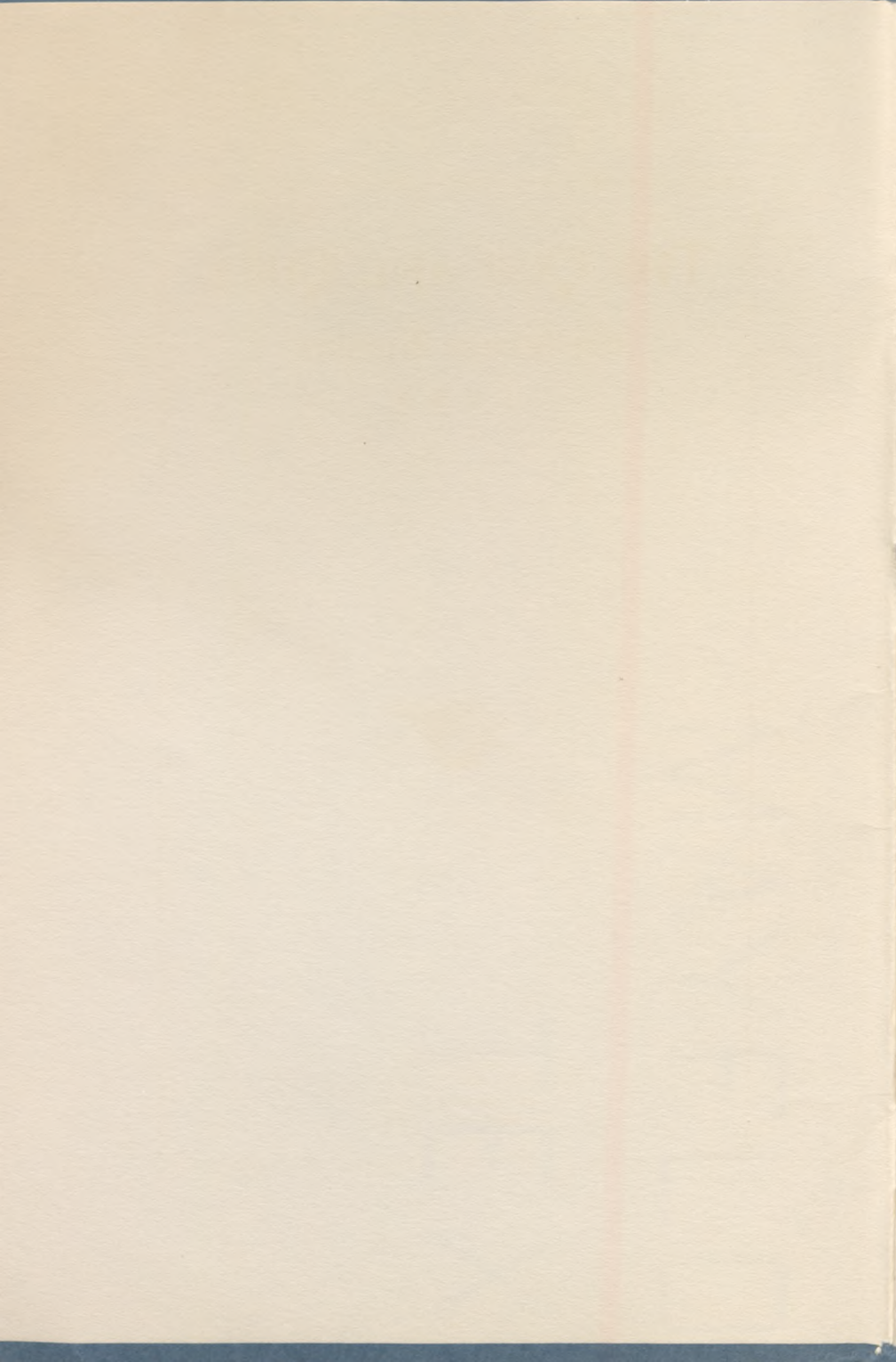
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december-1935





# THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Christmas Number

1935



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

# The Quiz and Quill Club

## of Otterbein College

C. O. ALTMAN .....	SPONSOR
P. E. PENDLETON .....	FACULTY MEMBER
RUTH HUNT .....	PRESIDENT
MARGARET OLDT .....	VICE PRESIDENT
LUCILLE SHOOP .....	SECRETARY-TREASURER
DOROTHY METZGER .....	CAROL BEACHLER
EVELYN NICHOLS .....	CATHERINE PARCHER
DOROTHY RUPP .....	EVELYN BREHM
MARY ALTMAN .....	MARJORIE McENTIRE

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### THE STAFF

MARY ALTMAN .....	EDITOR
DOROTHY METZGER .....	ASSISTANT EDITOR
LUCILLE SHOOP .....	BUSINESS MANAGER
EVELYN NICHOLS .....	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER
COVER DESIGN BY LORA GOOD, '38	

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### LITERARY AWARDS

#### BURKHART SHORT STORY, 1935

Dorothy Rupp, '37, "Not By My Hands Alone," first prize.  
 Ruth Hunt, '36, "Boundaries", second prize.  
 Evelyn Nichols, '36, "Love—Service—Always", third prize.  
 Catherine Parcher, '37, "Gardenias", fourth prize.

### QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

#### POETRY

Sarah Beidleman, '39, "Masquerade", first prize.  
 Emerson Shuck, '38, "Internationale", first prize.  
 Curtis Coate, '39, "Life", honorable mention.  
 Lora Good, '39, "There Are Pipes", honorable mention.  
 Barbara Shaffer, '39, "Her Present", honorable mention.

#### PROSE

Betty Hamilton, '38, "Christmas Is a Ruby", first prize.  
 Anna Louise Medert, '36, "The Perfect Gift", honorable mention.  
 Doris Anne Brinkman, '39, "Christmas Eve", honorable mention.  
 Robert Ryder, '37, "Giving", honorable mention.

TO YOUTHFUL SPIRITS  
WHO LOVE  
TALES—  
AND RHYMES—  
AND CHRISTMAS—  
WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

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Cover Design—Lora Good, '38 .....	4
The Quiz and Quill Club .....	5
Foreword .....	6
Table of Contents .....	7
Christmas is a Ruby—Betty Hamilton .....	7
Knowledge—Catherine Parcher .....	8
Internationale—Emerson Shuck .....	8
Giving—Robert Ryder .....	9
The Tryst—Margaret Oldt .....	9
We Three Kings—Dorothy Rupp .....	10
There Are Pipes—Lora Good .....	10
Life—Curtis Coate .....	11
Futility—Margaret Oldt .....	11
Mathilda—Lucille Shoop .....	13
Masquerade—Sarah Beidleman .....	13
Maturity—Dorothy Rupp .....	14
The Perfect Gift—Anna Louise Medert .....	14
Lines—C. P. ....	15
Bereft—Carol Beachler .....	15
Flame—Lucille Shoop .....	16
Christmas Eve—Doris Anne Brinkman .....	17
Introspection—Catherine Parcher .....	17
Disillusion—Catherine Parcher .....	18
Christ's Tree—Carol Beachler .....	18
Indian Summer—Carol Beachler .....	19
Let Me Arise Undaunted!—Marjorie McEntire .....	19
Love—Dorothy Metzger .....	20
Her Present—Barbara Shaffer .....	20
Introspection—Evelyn Brehm .....	21
The Factory—Mary Altman .....	22
Too Old—Ruth Hunt .....	22
Lines—Ruth Hunt .....	23
Rain—Emerson Shuck .....	23
Snow Scenes—Anne Brehm .....	24
My Love Is Life—Dorothy Metzger .....	24
Transition Inevitable—Evelyn Nichols .....	25
To—Catherine Parcher .....	26
To Mr. Schutz—Mary Altman .....	27
The Circus—Ruth Hunt .....	28
Collegiate—Dorothy Metzger .....	30
Unclassified—Isabell Rushworth .....	30

## CHRISTMAS IS A RUBY

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

First Prize, Prose

**C**HRISTMAS is a ruby—its color in poinsettas, in holly, and in the blood of the Savior of Men, its sparkle in tinsel, in snow, and in the brilliance of the wonderful star . . . . its warmth in candle-flame, in fire-light, and in the hearts of all men everywhere . . . . its beauty in a tree, in carols, and in the face of the Virgin Mother . . . . its value in gifts of gold and frankincense, and in its spirit of good will.

Christmas is a ruby—a ruby means love!

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## KNOWLEDGE

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

I know how it will be—  
There will be a glowing fire, of course,  
And a bowl of apples  
But I won't share your chair  
As now. . . .  
You will sit here  
And I will be opposite you,  
And each of us will be silent;  
Perhaps your thoughts will go back  
To where mine are  
And you will get up  
And stoop over me  
And brush your lips against my hair . . . .  
Then you will turn about  
And poke the logs for want  
Of something else to do  
And I will follow you with my eyes  
And understand. . . . .



## INTERNATIONALE

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

First Prize, Poetry

Patient donkey, shuffling camel;  
Burnoose; harems; water pipe.

Castanets; guitars; gondolas;  
Shrugs and berets; Latin type.

Wooden shoes and cap and bodice;  
Science; goose-step Hitlerite.

Wall Street, Bond Street, Lewis' Main Street;  
Autos; Gable; Plebescite.

Dusky natives, weary white men;  
Gee string; tom tom; eyes at night.

Rising sun and Lotus blossom;  
Queues and slant eyes; chop-sticked rice.



## GIVING

ROBERT RYDER, '37

Honorable Mention, Prose

I began buying your present the day of the first meager snowfall. With the snow came the Spirit of Christmas. Sacrificing became a blessing, for I knew that each sacrifice meant that I might give you that which is commensurate with the beauty of your life and the sincerity of my love.

Someday soon I shall purchase your present, but the clerk will be unaware of the significance of the transaction. She will not know how I have been planning and scheming so that I might have the joy of increasing your happiness; so that my happiness might be made perfect by feeling that as I give my token, I am giving a part of myself.

## THE TRYST

MARGARET OLDT, '36

**I**N the dark stillness of the night the tryst was kept. Patiently the moon broke through the clouds, sending her silvery rays down to disclose the velvety white blossom of the century flower. The clouds drifted over the face of the moon and the human phantoms slipped away. Only the perfume of an open blossom lingered in the night.



## WE THREE KINGS

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

**S**ODDEN and numb, with vodka-stained hands, full sensuous lips and eyes still reflecting the dying embers of revolution, the one comes bringing a bare, starved soul and demolished synagogues to the Son of the Most High.

Hard, relentless, with drawn smirking lips and eyes still pregnant with hidden fires of hate, the second comes bearing vials of warm blood, shells of broken bombs, and coffers of crushed brown flesh as a Yuletide gift for the Prince of Peace.

Coarse and flabby, with scornful lips and eyes dulled with booty of greed and lust, the third comes bringing a seared, scarred soul and gold that he has snatched from the outstretched hands of a starving poverty to the Father of all mankind.

They place their gifts in the gently firm hands of her, who aching but content, with warm caressing lips and eyes soft and glowing with the flame of mother love, offered a full rich soul and an infant child at the altar of the God of Love.



## THERE ARE PIPES

LORA GOOD, '38

Honorable Mention, Poetry

There are pipes  
Tall and black  
Belching smoke  
Against a muddy sky.

There are roofs  
Spreading wide  
Covering shops  
Homes and offices.

There are men  
Scurrying past  
Fighting life  
Against a sure oblivion.

There is Time  
That levels pipes  
And roofs  
And men, to dust.



## LIFE

CURTIS COATE, '39

Honorable Mention, Poetry

Like a shadow,  
Like a flying shuttle,  
Like hurrying messengers.  
Life!

Like a weaver's web,  
Like a vanishing vapor,  
Like spent arrows.  
Life!

Abundant,  
Radiant,  
Everlasting.  
Life!



## FUTILITY

MARGARET OLDT, '36

In the old cathedral  
In the heart of the city  
They watch and pray,  
For the past,  
For the present,  
For the future.



## MATHILDA

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

**J**UST a small dingy yard separated Mathilda's house from mine. She used to visit me frequently bearing tales of gossip or of woe, reciting them to me in her shrill and colorless voice as she sat by the kitchen stove to warm her vapid, colorless body. I used to watch her beady eyes and her thin nervous lips as she talked, and most of all I hated her scrawny throat. But still I was a friend to her in a way, hearing her small distresses and comforting her excessive and oft imagined ills.

It was thus that one dreary January morning she appeared suddenly at my kitchen door, hair blowing wildly, eyes burning. She had forgotten her wrap and was shivering violently. Standing beside the stove she told me in brief and choked words of her experience. Waking in the middle of the night at some unusual noise, she had lain quietly in her bed, afraid for some inexplicable reason to move or turn her head. The clock below struck two, and she could hear the night wind creaking the branches beyond the window. Suddenly a shuffled step caused her to jerk her head quickly towards the door, and there stood a pale shrouded figure, an undetermined shape save for a knife that protruded from the mass of the being.

Sobbing, Mathilda told me of the apparition, its slow and shuffled step as it continued down the hall and out into the night. But knowing Mathilda as I did I merely laughed and tried to calm her fears. She left my house a little quieter but for the next week I noted a strained appearance about her face.

One night, soon after the above incident, there was a severe sleet and before I went to sleep I thought about Mathilda. The next morning she urgently sent for me to come over and see her. I went immediately, of course, and found her in a most distressing condition. She was still in a state of slight paralysis caused by shock, the reason for which I did not at first determine. She could barely speak, but after I had given her something hot to drink and had soothed her she became more coherent and I learned of the events of the previous night.

She had again awakened at about two in the morning, on hearing the approaching shuffle of feet. Hypnotized by horror she could only wait for the horrible figure to appear. But this time it had not stopped at the doorway but had shuffled in towards her bed, standing over her with knife glinting. The shrouded figure had stood there for a brief space, and then turned and slowly moved out of the room. Mathilda could hear the shuffle of feet down the hall and out of the house. Unable to cry out, unable to make any move, she had lain there until morning when she had gained sufficient strength to call for me.

I urged her to leave her home and spend the night with me, but in her fevered state of mind she felt she could do nothing but remain. I saw that she was gradually losing control of herself and I did not insist.

That night I slept well. As the clock was striking two I moved slowly up the hall. My slippers shuffled along the floor and the shawl over my head was stifling. I did not stop at the doorsill this time but went in slowly and stood by the bedside. Then slowly, slowly, I plunged the knife into Mathilda's silly, colorless throat.



## MASQUERADE

SARAH BEIDLEMAN, '38

First Prize, Poetry

"Smile, you fool, smile!  
Don't let them see  
The envy in your heart,  
The hunger in your eyes.  
Be blind to their happiness,  
Look out across the fields,  
Or down the long avenue;  
Laugh, and mock them wisely,  
But silence first the wistful note  
That trembles in your throat.  
Jest lightly with the rest,  
But muffle quite  
The throbbing of your tell-tale heart.  
Forever don the wary mask  
Of chill indifference,  
To hide from prying eyes  
The pain that tears your soul."

So, with a haughty gesture  
I fling across my lifted shoulder  
The thread-bare cloak of Self,  
And gaily walk—alone.



## MATURITY

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

Of Life I sang,  
Full,  
Exuberant—free  
Nothing could take  
The thrill of life  
Away from me.

Of Life I sing,  
Calm,  
Serene—free  
Nothing can take  
The charm of life  
Away from me.



## THE PERFECT GIFT

ANNA LOUISE MEDERT, '36

Honorable Mention, Prose

**I** was only three then, Peg—an eager, expectant, impatient little boy. But gosh! I'll never forget that Christmas. Strange as it seemed—when I awoke that Christmas morning, I was not the first. Others already seemed to be stirring about the house.

Dad said we were going to have Christmas in Mother's room. So, starry-eyed I gazed with rapture at all the gifts. They were grand—all of them. We opened them until only one remained. The most precious, the most rare, and the most exciting had not yet been opened. Mother said this was for all of us. It was rather a tiny bundle, wrapped in white.

Then I saw what it was, Peg. It was a baby. Mother said it was ours, and then from her lips, again I heard the Christmas story, but it really meant something that time to that little three-year old boy.

I looked at that little bundle, so precious, in whose midst was the breadth of life, and ever since that time, Peg, I've known—somehow understood better—

“For God so loved the world  
He gave his only begotten Son.”



## LINES

The black limbs of trees etched on a pink sky like gloved fingers against a rouged cheek.—Catherine Parcher.

## BEREFT

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

It may have been the breeze  
Blowing hard in my face  
Refreshing me,  
Or the warmth of the sun  
Glowing down on my body  
Caressingly,  
Or merely your presence  
Weaving into my life  
Inevitably.

But the cool of the breeze  
Still blows  
Against me,  
And the warmth of the sun  
Glowing down  
Relentlessly,  
Yet something has gone  
And left me  
. . . . Lonely . . . .



## FLAME

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

Flame of white candle  
Dancing!  
Quivering!  
A-tiptoe!  
Reach out to me and warm my hands  
Light my way  
Fill me with delight  
Today.

Flame of your heart  
Dancing!  
Quivering!  
A-tiptoe!  
Reach out to me and warm my soul  
Light my way  
Fill me with joy  
Forever.



## CHRISTMAS EVE

DORIS ANNE BRINKMAN, '39

Honorable Mention, Prose

**S**LIGHTLY Yvonne's childish face pressed longingly against the steamed window pane. Her eyes grew round, her snub nose quivered as she stood enchanted, lost in a wonderful dream world of her own imagining, where sugar plum trees alternating with peppermint telephone poles lined a lemon gum drop boulevard. Toy automobiles with frosted doughnuts for wheels honked noisily; tiny sleighs heaped with tin horns, wax dolls, and candied goodies glided importantly through the busy thoroughfares; from every snow-smothered cottage an iron-tinged spiral thinly wended its way up into the ether. The Sallies and Jimmies wore warm, red mittens and tantalizing whiffs of turkey, and sage, and oriental spices made the children's tongues fairly dribble.

In this dream world there was a sufficiency of Santa Clauses, nine or ten at least, so that all the expectant stockings would be disfigured with mysterious bumps before daybreak and none would hang limp and forlorn with an apologetic air trying to make excuses for dear, busy, well-meaning old Saint Nick.

The impatient bark of Poque sharply recalled Yvonne to the grim world of realities. She patted his shaggy, unkempt head, then picking up his mangy, shivering body thrust it inside her torn flannel coat next to her throat. Yvonne sighed softly, shifted her burden from her right arm to her left and wearily trudged on through the throng of people.

The merchants that evening beamed self-satisfied smiles. The pious priests exalted God for His Great Gift to mankind, and chanted anthems of thanksgiving. In a cold, massive castle the richest man of all



Paris solemnly and grandly consumed roast turkey,  
cranberries, chestnut dressing, and candied yams.  
The clear cathedral bells pealed out the timeless mes-  
sage, "Peace on earth; good will to men!"

Christ, keeping his watchful vigil over His  
Father's handicrafts, smiled . . . . . a little sadly.



### INTROSPECTION

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

I hear at my west window  
twittering sparrows  
and the tapping of branches  
against the pane.

I do not look out of my west window.  
I only hear  
and look instead at the fire  
thinking about the time  
when I no longer will gaze at  
burning logs  
But will go and throw open  
the west window  
and see the nest of happy sparrows  
and get a breath of lilac. . . .



### DISILLUSION

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

Two purple violets I found among  
dry, dead leaves  
Blooming now in October,  
blooming without reason.  
Rare things are priceless . . . . like  
your first smile and kiss  
Yet now I know they too were  
out of season. . . . .

## CHRIST'S TREE

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

**D**OU stood there alone on the hillside, silhouetted against the darkening night. Beneath you the shepherds were gathered. Their flocks cropped the grass at your feet.

A great star in the distance rose eastward. Its light, brilliant and piercing, shone from the dew on your branches, like crystals reflecting its radiance. Your brightness illumined the hillside. The shepherds woke gazing in wonder——

Was it the breeze that stirred in your branches . . .  
or some heavenly voices singing. . . .

“Glory to God in the Highest

On earth peace

Good will to men!”

Yet on Christmas men still call you sacred and  
they lay their gifts at your feet.



## INDIAN SUMMER

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

The days came slowly,  
Half-shrouded, like Persian maidens  
In their dusky veils.  
Jealously they withheld  
From my sight  
Their seductive features, enveloped  
In the folds  
Of their garments.

Yet through the film I could see  
The deep rosy hues  
Of their bodies.  
And as they passed, the veils  
Brushed against me and I  
Recognized the heavy odor  
Of autumn.



## LET ME ARISE UNDAUNTED!

MARJORIE McENTIRE, '37

THE thin blinding rays of winter sunlight glare back from the crusted snow hurting my eyes and burning my face. People hurt so easily, almost without realizing it, perhaps. This is no sharp stinging hurt which brings tears flooding, but only dullness slowly eating away the heart. Even the wind cuts as it bows the trees and whips the snow in mad hurricanes. People say it is a beautiful day—cold, but brisk—the kind that makes you walk with a bit of a lilt. But it's bitterly cold! My rough tweed coat scratches; I should like to shrug it off and leave it lying, a heap of disheveled wool.

The roseate glow of winter sunshine diffuses in a shimmering silver haze on the feather-soft snow, calming my heart and soothing my eyes. People cheer so easily, almost without realizing it, perhaps. This is no sudden exultant joy which brings quick laughter bubbling, but only a peacefulness slowly warming the whole being. Even the wind softens as it whispers in the trees and drifts the snow in misty swirls. People say it is a beautiful winter day—cold and still. But the silence is stifling; I should like to shrug it off and leave it behind,—shrunk, thwarted.

Let me arise undaunted above the storm and the calm like the rugged pine on a mountain top!



## LOVE

Love is a bubble  
That glows in the sun  
With blue and gold and old rose.  
I sigh at its beauty.  
It bursts and is gone.  
From my pipe a clear crystal one blows.—D. M.



## HER PRESENT

BARBARA SHAFFER, '39

Honorable Mention, Poetry

He searched for something  
different,  
Something fine and odd;  
And found an ivory paper  
weight,  
A carved and ugly god.

An expensive, handmade  
ornament  
Like those discovered thrust  
In a corner of the cupboard  
shelf  
Beneath layers of dust.

Smiling, he pictured her  
delight  
And never realized that  
She sighed and wrapped it  
up again  
To exchange it for a hat.



## INTROSPECTION

EVELYN BREHM, '37

I watched the tall dark branches  
Flirting with the snowflakes,  
Caressing,  
Kissing,  
Melting them  
Then—dropping them—

I thought of my tall dark love  
Flirting with me all the while  
Caressing,  
Kissing,  
Melting me,  
Then—dropping me—

I turned away and sighed.

## THE FACTORY

MARY L. ALTMAN, '36

A tall black pipe  
Flinging out a long thick finger  
Into an everlasting,  
Unmoving  
Blue sky.

White bricks  
And burning glass  
Smarting  
Under shimmering heat waves.  
The finger  
Points  
And spins a thread  
Of gray  
Upon the blue.

No clouds,  
No rain,  
Sun.

Tall black pipe  
Pointing defiantly  
At lowering skies.

Black smoke  
Belching sullenly  
Out of a dirty furnace stomach.  
Flickerings of lightning  
Trying to touch  
The smoke.  
White bricks  
And dusty glass  
Washed by cool rain.

Clouds . . . . .  
Rain . . . . .  
No sun.

## TOO OLD

RUTH HUNT, '36

Too old to dream—?

Never to sit in class and look out the window at the trees; the red leaves scurrying across the campus; little brown birds in the shrub; blown wisps of snow; gaunt trees bent to the wind; to hear, in the warmth of the indoors, the kindly, inoffensive voice of the professor—and to dream.

Never to sit in a company of inane words and vacuous looks, seeing them all as through mist; hearing them only as a pleasant, monotonous accompaniment, unobtrusive to beautiful wayward thoughts.

Never to wake in the morning to cold grayness and snow and to lie, snuggled to the nose with wool, watching indifferently soft flakes drifting, drifting.

Never to sit at night by an open fire; to hear the wind screaming about the house; to watch flaming logs; to be drugged by the warmth . . . . .

Too old to dream—? Then let me die.



## LINES

My love for you is withered like the crumpled surface of a dead leaf with mould in its veins. Soon it will be dust and the breath of my new love will blow it away.—R. H.



I'm so low my earrings catch in the carpet tacks.—R. H.



## RAIN

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Creatures huddled under shelters,  
Shiv'ring, hungry, silent, chill,  
While the rain keeps beating, drumming,  
Endless hours, as if it will  
Keep on forever with its pattern. . . .  
Slashing, driving, grinding mill  
Of falling raindrops pressing downward,  
Whispering, shrieking, steady drill  
Of raining, raining, raining, raining,  
Thrumming tatoo, never still.  
Lightning. . . . .  
Thunder. . . . .  
Raindrops. . . . .



## SNOW SCENES

ANNE BREHM, '36

Soft gray clouds shed icy tears and form a  
filmy curtain through which the whole earth  
seems transformed.

Each branch is covered by a blanket of snowy  
white, but some of the littlest twigs can't  
keep their toes under the covers.

## MY LOVE IS LIFE

DOROTHY METZGER, '36

My love was a lad  
With laughing eyes  
And lips to kiss  
And to love me with  
    But my love is gone  
And his lips love somebody new.

So I laid me down  
On the grass and cried  
And the birch tree  
Bending above me  
    Sighed in the breeze,  
And whispered, "Love hasn't died—  
    Life is love".

The fields and the forest,  
The lake and the sky,  
A street in a city  
With crowds passing by.  
Children and laughter,  
A smile and a sigh—  
These are my loves,  
And they're mine till I die.



## TRANSITION INEVITABLE

EVELYN NICHOLS, '36

Images,  
    Ephemeral,  
Ineluctably molding my soul,  
Out of mist  
    Into stone.

TO—

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

**D**OU are my unfailing source of consolation!  
When I am lost in thought, your green  
depths attract my glances without distracting.

When unavoidable griefs come you accept my  
tears without refusing an offering solace.

When words refuse to come to my mind and I sit  
idle with a letter half-written, you tolerate quaint de-  
signs and patterns on your surface.

Your corners hold my most treasured possessions—  
a check from home, a favorite snapshot, a ticket to a  
symphony.

You know my very soul—yet you are to be trusted.  
My diary may sometime be unfolded to another gen-  
eration . . . but my secrets are safe with you.

I adore your green silence . . . . .

You are my desk blotter.



## QUILLS

Night is a bold desperado dressed in a great black coat.  
In his hasty flight he loses the gilt buttons and the buckles  
off his belt.—C. P.

\* \* \* \*

Vesper Sun—A crimson Japanese lantern, hanging low on  
its misty ribbon of graying cloud.—D. R.

\* \* \* \*

You're trying to make a siren out of me and I'm only a  
little belle.—C. P.

\* \* \* \*

Love is a leaf—  
Swaying green in washed Spring air  
Burning crimson, with Fall's brief passionate breath,  
Curling, fading—with a little flutter—gone  
After frost.—M. M.



## TO MR. SCHUTZ—

MARY L. ALTMAN, '36

I can remember riding on a little, white country road early on a spring morning. The moisture at that early hour gave all the wayside a fresh and clean appearance that pressed over me the sweetness of relaxation. On and on the gravel wound, outlined on either side by high hedges. In narrow spaces between long rows of trees used as wind-breaks, cattle were grazing. After the early milking they slowly plodded towards their favorite pasture.

Turning up a narrow, green-edged lane, we came to a quiet, serene brick house, at one side of which was an old-fashioned garden. Never since have I seen so quaint and charming a place. Each vegetable and flower bed was divided into its own strange geometric pattern. The little raised plots of ground were surrounded by dirt paths, by means of which each blossom and vine could be lovingly tended.

But the garden is not the thing I recollect most after these years. There, with the simplicity that only a child can have, I adopted the owner of the garden into my heart. He was old; yet he was young with the spontaneous freedom of youth. Although he was seventy, he was beautiful to me because his heart held loveliness. His eyes were merry and snapping with wide-awake vitality. And how he knew the first step into my heart!

Seating me at a small table under one of the huge oaks near the house, he fed me raspberries, covered with sugar. The dish brimmed over with cream and I with complete satisfaction.

The parting came too soon. Just as we were leaving the old gentleman told us to wait, and slipping hurriedly away, he returned in a few moments with his gnarly, weathered hands filled with sweet peas, upon which the morning mist was still shining. They were my first flowers—and their delicate rain-

bow colors filled me with the complete content no orchid could ever bring.

I never saw him again, but I still kept his flowers with other childish knick-knacks in a box—a dusty remembrance of a grand old man.

Then one day I heard that he was dead. I turned away quickly so that no one could see the unshed tears that filled my eyes. And later in the day I threw away his flowers.



## THE CIRCUS

(Suggested by David Belasco's Peter Grimm and William.)

RUTH HUNT, '36

Heaven's a circus an' God's the Head of the Show.  
He sees ya lookin' through th' crowd  
With longin' eyes—Ain't got no pay.  
He winks n'takes y'r hand n' says,  
"C'mon in, Kid—s, O. K."  
When ya git inside ther's—Gosh, most everything  
A kid could wish for—er a king!  
Ther's elephants and bears that dance,  
And cracker-jack and pop,  
And clowns—they're best of all.  
And in the tent—the "Top"  
There's a million things to see  
That make ya sit n' hold yer breath  
And open up yer eyes—Gee!  
C'mon, let's go—to the best show ever.  
We'll ride on the merry go-round for a thousand years  
And never have to go home—never.



## COLLEGIATE

DOROTHY METZGER, '36

**R**UTH EMMA and Jane had been friends for a long time—in fact, ever since they had worn rompers and pulled each other's hair in the sand pile. And now they were roommates in college and had lived together for five months in practically perfect harmony. During that time they had had only one serious quarrel, and that was because Jane, after much practice and a great deal of listening to Amos 'n Andy over the radio had acquired the ability of talking like Brother Crawford. And after three days of it Ruth Emma had slapped her face and gone off in a huff. Ruth Emma could not talk like Brother Crawford or even his wife and anyway it was very tiresome to listen to. After that they didn't speak for three days and when they finally made up Jane had entirely forgotten Brother Crawford and was going around doing a high-hat impersonation of Garbo.

From then on they got along splendidly until the beginning of the second semester when the new boy came to school. His name was Kermit Le Grange. He was tall and blond and had a dreamy look in his blue eyes—sort of like a Greek God or an exiled Russian prince or something. He immediately became everybody's secret passion and the interesting subject of every dorm discussion. For a week he never looked at a girl and with everybody simply dying to know whom he was going to date, the suspense was terrible. It was even rumored about that he was engaged to a girl back home to whom he remained absolutely faithful—which everyone agreed was perfectly heartless of him.

And then one day in Physics lab he looked at Ruth Emma's pale blonde beauty, and his dreamy blue eyes widened into a look of pleased surprise. Within the next ten minutes he had her dated up for the next two weeks and by the time lab was over he had told her



he was madly in love with her. It appeared that there was not and never had been a girl back home. He had simply never been interested much in girls—until he saw Ruth Emma.

Ruth Emma, of course, was thrilled to pieces. She left Kermit at the door of the dorm after he had spent five minutes gazing fondly into her eyes and ran ecstatically upstairs to tell Jane that she had at last found a perfect man.

For three weeks Jane, who was rating a mere star half-back with a broken nose and two teeth missing, listened patiently to Ruth Emma's raptures. And then in the midst of Ruth Emma's millionth description of Kermit as a Greek god, Jane slapped her face and left in a huff. As she went down the walk she met Kermit coming to keep a date with her once-bosom friend. She swept by him in her best Empress Josephine manner, hissing at him from the side of her mouth as she passed, "Out of my way, my good man."

The dreamy expression about Kermit's deep blue eyes widened into one of pleased surprise.

On his date with Ruth Emma he was rather more silent and dreamy than usual and that evening he met Jane in the library and dated her up for a week.

Kermit and Jane were together constantly. It seemed he had never really loved Ruth Emma. He had only been infatuated by her pale, blonde beauty. Now that he had at last seen Jane's impish, turned-up nose, and black curly locks, there was no other girl in the world for him.

Although Jane, being a young woman of experience, did not believe quite all of it she was immensely flattered. She and Ruth Emma were not on speaking terms but Jane generally managed to find someone to listen to her vivid and dramatic accounts of her hero. She chose to regard Kermit as an exiled Russian prince and, although he told everyone that his father owned a glass factory in Toledo, she felt that it was probably just put on. The prince idea seemed to suit him so much better.

It was when Jane had gone with Kermit for almost three weeks that he failed to appear for a tennis date one afternoon. Jane waited for half an hour and then feeling sure that something dreadful had happened to him she started for a walk by herself. Passing the library Jane saw Ruth Emma sitting on the front steps with her erstwhile boy-friend, the star half-back. Ruth Emma and the boy pointed through the basement windows of the library into the museum. Jane looked—and saw her beloved Kermit gazing adoringly at a red headed sophomore in a green dress, who was examining earnestly some ancient specimens of dried bugs and butterflies.

Jane stood still a moment for the awful truth to sink in. Then she looked at Ruth Emma and Ruth Emma looked at Jane. Suddenly they both laughed, and, being once more good friends forever, the star halfback with the broken nose took them both uptown for ice cream.



### UNCLASSIFIED

ISABELL RUSHWORTH, '38

Curving backs and squeaking chairs,  
Hidden yawns and sleepy stares—  
Colored maps and big black books,  
Simple statements, dreamy looks.  
Out the window gleaming trees  
On your neck a drafty breeze.  
Distant scenes through marred-up glass—  
This, my dear, is Bible Class!



