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quiz



spring 1936

The QUIZ AND QUILL

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The Quiz and Quill Club

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DOROTHY RUPP	EVELYN BREHM
MARY ALTMAN	MARJORIE McENTIRE

COVER DESIGN BY LAURA GOOD, '38

LITERARY AWARDS

SPRING QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

POETRY

Sarah Beidleman, '38, "Resolutions", first award.
Emerson Shuck, '38, "The Giant", second award.
Betty Hamilton, '38, "Yet Ever New", honorable mention.
Laura Good, '38, "Enshrine Me Not", honorable mention.

PROSE

Nancy Light, '39, "The Tulip Tree", first award.
Barbara Shaefer, '39, "The Watch", second award.
Francis Ward, '38, "Mrs. Butz", honorable mention.
Wilma Mosholder, '38, "Dawn 'Till Dark", honorable mention.

CHAUCER CLUB CRITICISM

Evelyn Tussey, '38, Review of "The Rolling Years", first prize.
Anne Medert, '36, honorable mention.

THE IRIS BLOOM ON

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

THERE was a strange familiarity about the place. It looked just like it looked when he brought her there—even the dwarf iris were blooming at the base of the chimney.

She had come back to see him after eighteen years. But he had died of a lingering illness only a week before. As far as she knew, he had forgotten her. She accepted this silently. Now, as she looked at the iris, she wondered.

The front door was locked, but a turn of the knob and a gentle push sent the side door opening wide.

There was an atmosphere of recent occupancy—it was almost as if he were still there. His study and living room was unchanged. There was a vacant space along one wall where she supposed his wheel-chair had been. There were still rows of books and stacks of neglected manuscript. The walls were spotted with pictures and maps, most of them familiar to her; a few newer and brighter than the rest.

On one map, above the vacant space, there was a fine line drawn between Hanover and Essex. She started Hanover and Essex—her residence and his.

Her pulses throbbed. He had remembered. He was coming to her when he recovered.

Outside the window the iris bloomed. There were no tears in her eyes. Eighteen years of monotonous living had taught her their futility. From her purse, she drew a small revolver.

The next day the townsfolk shook their heads wonderingly. They knew nothing of the fine line on the map they only knew he had agreed to finance a proposed canal between Hanover and Essex

REQUEST

SALLY BEIDLEMAN, '38

You ask what I would like
To wear in my corsage—
Rosebuds, white gardenias—?
I want no bouquet
Culled from a steamy
Florist's shop.
Bring me only purple violets
Gathered fresh this afternoon—
Embodying all the sweet
And haunting wonder of this spring.



FRUSTRATION

JESSIE GANTZ, '37

"Fool," said the Muse, "Look into thy heart and write."

I looked
Deep down into my soul,
And found
A priceless gem
Whose wondrous beauty,
Filled me
With the sweet desire of possession.
But when
I brought it up to light,
Alas!
I had not the setting
Worthy
Of such a jewel.
So, carefully,
I laid it back
Until
The day when I might find
The words
In which to set it.

MRS. BUTZ

FRANCES WARD, '38

Honorable Mention, Underclass Prose

MRS. BUTZ, her round red face complacent beneath its dew of perspiration, calmly finished spanking me and returned to her bread-baking.

Mother had been ill for three weeks, and this gnarled German Amazon had taken over the administration of the household and our punishment, but deep beneath her immense bosom was a heart as warm as her great freckled hands.

No one would have thought of calling her our "hired-woman", for to us she was a definite personality. She lived in a neat box of a house across the city from our home. There was also a wizened Mr. Butz who would disappear mysteriously every week or so, and would return with blood-shot eyes and twitching lips and a new pin prick on his deeply pitted forearm. Then Mrs. Butz would take a day off from our house to nurse her husband back to his own little lazy life.

She was a marvelous cook, and her hash was the epitome of good food. Delicately browned and with a generous sprinkling of onions it seemed atrocious that she should make mother eat poached eggs and drink thin soup.

I've no idea where she may be now, but I'll always remember her huge gingham-clad body bending over the oven as she drew forth sheets of sugar cookies when we raced in after school.

JOE

ROBERT HANSON, '38

SOON after we moved to town little Joe would come over and watch me mow the lawn. On hot days he would perch on the stoop and talk very gravely about horses, fish, or the milk-man, an irresistible, tousled smile lighting up his face when something tickled him.

We grew to be pretty good pals. Sometimes when I got off the bus at the corner, coming from work, he would be standing there with his hands in his pockets, whistling carelessly as he waited to walk home with me. He might be all dirty from playing football in the lot next to Culver's, but he would prance along beside me until he left me with a grown-up "G' bye, Bill."

After several years he started to high school. I didn't get to see so much of him. Once in a while we would meet up town, and I would kid him about his sudden growth. That old easy "Hello, Bill", was gone; in its place a self-conscious "hello". He was growing up. With a smile I remembered how awkward I had felt when I was about his age.

I think he was a Junior when he first made the football team. In the first game he was sent in when Collins got his shoulder broken. The score was tied and the team looked a little white-faced as he trotted out, but they gave him the ball on the next play. He surprised everyone with a long run and some clever hip-swinging for a touchdown. After the next game the coach gave him the quarter back job permanently, for the kid was a swell field marshall and could swing his hips.

As might be expected, he became something of a hero. As only a high school athlete can, he aroused the admiration of his classmates. He was cheered and back slapped all over the town but I didn't expect Joe to let it go to his head. He had something about him that seemed a little different.

But it got him. His last year in high found him refusing to crack a book, breaking out with wise cracks in History class and sleeping through Civics

the way the rest of the football men did. Joe wore a dark green hat cocked at the back of his head and sat on a stool in Delaney's in the evenings, swapping gags with the gang. He didn't swing his hair back out of his eyes any more, for it was brushed back in a glistening black arch. If I passed him up town now, he looked down on me a bit coolly and said, "Hi Bill" impersonally with a man-of-the-world glint in his eye and a grim line where his boyish smile had been.

And then Culver's went under, the bank smashed, and Joe's dad was left bankrupt. They moved to somewhere in the other end of town, and Joe's handsomely tailored overcoats quit coming. And Joe didn't go to college. That came as a shock to all of us, for Joe had a collegiate air that put to shame most of the students that came to town in the fall.

He took it pretty hard but of course didn't show it. His smile only became a little more grim. His clothes lost their quality, but nothing seemed to look shabby on his shoulders.

That keen look faded from behind his eyes as the years went by without any real job for him. There was nothing I could do for him. I had enough trouble holding my own job. And anyhow, he hardly seemed to know me now. Instead of loafing outside Delaney's, he hovered around the pool hall across the street. Sometimes I saw him back in the foggy depths of the long room, leaning vacantly against a wall, drinking in the last puff of a cigarette butt.

He walked with a shiftless step now. A black stubble spread over his chin and neck, and he met all comers with an insolent, vacuous stare.

And then a few weeks ago he dropped from sight. I was perhaps the only one who noticed it, for his shabby figure had remained in my memory.

Last night they called me down to Columbus to identify a body at the morgue; white, transient, dead of exposure, according to the tag. Before I pulled back the sheet I somehow had a presentiment that I would see what was left of the little fellow that used to help me mow the lawn.

THE TULIP TREE

NANCY LIGHT, '39

First Award Underclass Prose

WHEN she began to flaunt her russet and gold colored leaves I became aware of the tulip tree's beauty. Since then that beauty has never failed me. Soon her leaves were gone, but all winter, while the other trees stood naked and nondescript, she held up-turned, fairy, seed cups on each twig.

She was deliciously happy after the first heavy snow fall. As her friends shivered in the cold she threw a party and had ice cream cones for refreshment! Each clustering cup held a white cone of snow. At intervals throughout the winter when I was tired or out of humor, I would steal a look into the tulip's branches at the white gaiety of her party.

Now spring is here, and the maple boasts cunning little, baby buds dressed in red. But the tulip is no laggard. It is true the maple is more quick to greet the spring, but then, she didn't have a party after which to clean up.

About a week ago the tulip began her spring housecleaning by displacing the old brown seed cups with the new spring pastel that is such a favorite among the trees—a pale, delicate green.

How splendid she will look when she has fully donned her spring array! In her proud loveliness she will set the pace for her neighbors.



March Wind—The cry of earth in travail, heavy with unborn spring.

—RUTH HUNT, '36.

DEFINITION

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

Home is that place where you may find,
The understanding peace of friendly hearts
Who know, and forgive, and believe,
The treasures dear to those alone
Who long have valued them.
Home is more than a word,
It, like life or death or love,
Defies explanation.
Home is . . . home!



RESOLUTIONS

SALLY BEIDLEMAN, '38

First Award, Underclass Poetry

- I will not think of tender things,
Like gentle touch of human hands,
Or bright-eyed smiles at twilight;
- I will not look at touching scenes,
Like small, brave children crying;
Or lovers at their parting;
- I will not hear disturbing things,
Like sweet, sad music in the night,
Or brown birds singing in the spring.
(For all these hurt too much.)
- I shall think of comic things
And make my mind laugh ever,
And flash bright barbs of wit;
- I shall seek the gay and gaudy—
Stores with many-colored wares,
Landscapes green on foreign shores;
- I shall hear but soul-less tunes
Droned by organs in the street,
Or moaned by crooners on the air.
(For these may help forgetfulness.)

THE GIANT

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Second Award, Underclass Poetry

The Giant grinned—
A mirthless smile,
And stretched his hairy paw.
His stained fingers
Twitched the while
He slaved his filthy maw.

The Giant grasped
Within his nieve
These stupor laden men,
And belched his breath
With horrid heave
To strip them of their ken.

The Giant cramped,
And drooled in joy,
Then flung them with a roar,
And left them maimed,
Both man and boy—
This Giant men call War.



ANTIPHONY

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

TWILIGHT had lightly dusted the belfry of St. Augustine's church and the last strain of the evening chimes had drifted away on the air. The long clear tones seemed to linger longingly over the city, and reecho in antiphonal harmonies. After Jacques, the old caretaker, had played the chimes he watched the last soft rays of light play on the windows of the tower. Tears glistened in his eyes and his weary arms hung listlessly from his stooped shoulders. Tonight would be the last night the chimes would echo across the city. The beautiful Gothic Cathedral was destroyed except for the part in which the belfry was located. . . . Tomorrow, it too would go. Around the churchyard was a high board fence with a sign printed in gaudy colors: "Another Miller's Filling Station Will Be Built Here Soon."

SECRET FACES

MARY LOUISE ALTMAN, '36

These secret faces
Hide thought, desire,
Wild hope, despair—
The secret places of the soul.
Just masks,
For thwarted visionings
Of dreams.

I walk across the campus and wonder about these secret faces and their hidden wishes. People smile and jauntily nod "Hello," perhaps with their lips—alone—their eyes are veiled with imaginings and worries, dislikes and indifference. Wretched feelings, hurts, and slights are curtained by hardened nonchalance and bright laughter.

These gay deceivers—modern Pagliacci's—covering grief and disappointments with light jests and trivial merriment. I should like to know if they conceal themselves from others as I should like to do. Are they as I really see them or as they see themselves? Do I deceive myself and others—or just myself? Each person is so many people—as others see him, as he is, and as he should like to be, and yet—he hides his many selves in one which is nothing but a mask to hide him from a world of critics.

I suppose that I must judge these others by their expressionless masks and forget that those same masks must sometimes feel as I feel. Yet, while I judge, they judge me, too, for they see me as the others see me and not the portrait of "I" as painted by myself.

I should like to know my friends as they know themselves and not as I know them, and to allow them a glimpse of "me" that would be a life portrait and not a charcoal sketch or clay personality mask.

So, if by chance you meet me, walking from a class, or studying at the library, think of me kindly,

as you think of yourself. I am I to me as you are you. You will never know me—but we shall meet many times. Perhaps, I shall see in your face a wistful vision of myself, for—

I am the open hand of Friendship,
I bring to you yourself in others,
I lift a tiny corner of my mask,
And let you know the I
That others never see in me.



KNOWLEDGE

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

Yesterday
I sang.
I sang to the trees,
To the sky,
To the great big thrill of life.

Today
I laugh.
I laugh because
I am wise,
But a laugh may mean—anything.



REBIRTH

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

But this is real—
Warm earth beneath the feet
And straining backs against the plow—
Sweat flung from stinging eyes,
Hot sun, soft rain,
Until the earth, much burdened,
Gives aching birth to loveliness.

"THE ROLLING YEARS"

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

EVELYN TUSSEY, '38

First Award in Chaucer Club Contest

"**T**HE ROLLING YEARS" is truly an idyll of the American family, as portrayed in the life of the McDowells from 1852 until 1910. Mrs. Turnbull has presented faithfully and convincingly a cross section from life in a Presbyterian Scottish farming district of Western Pennsylvania, drawing from the richness of her own experience.

The story is realistically subjective, depicting the struggle taking place within the hearts and minds of the chief characters, under the influence of their traditional religion, which exacted a share in their joys, sorrows, desires, and prejudices. Daniel McDowell taught his children the catechism from the New England primer as a never-to-be-neglected duty. Religious duty came first, even before friendship. It was Daniel who reported to the session of the church that "Big" Bob Forsythe had harvested his wheat on Sunday, which fact caused "Big" Bob to be suspended from church membership until due confession had been made.

However, a severe rain storm that Sunday evening completely destroyed the remaining wheat. The dependence of the human soul upon its God was intimately disclosed by the reading of the psalm in which the McDowells found peace—

"Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God."

Some other phases of the life of these Scotch Presbyterians, depicted in a more humorous detail,

are the Friday night Singing Class, the General Store, the country square dance, and the conduct of the district school.

Mrs. Turnbull has the power of making her characters really live; they change and develop before our eyes as we read—Sarah, Jeannie, and Connie, representing three generations, all vital, worthwhile, and lovable. One revels in the noble steadfastness of Sarah, the spirited cheerfulness of Jeannie, and the winsome earnestness of Connie.

One feels the anguish of the undying love between David, Jeannie's beloved brother, and Terese, against which there were unsurmountable barriers.

The philosophy which Connie evolves after having made the final decision between her love for Ian Donaldson, the modern-thinking Scottish student, and her religious creed expresses a very beautiful thought, that all the light in life does not come in through one window—

“And not by the eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slowly, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!”



CHANGE

MARGARET OLDT, '36

A pearl glistened on the petal of a rose half opened by the early morning sun. Fragrance filled my heart with joy. There was so much loveliness.

The evening found the rose full blown, half eaten and burned by the heat of day. Hate filled my soul where only love had been.



Filthy, ragged, eaten by disease, a beggar sat outside my garden gate. The crowd passed by. They dared not look upon the dregs of human flesh.

—MARGARET OLDT, '36.

YET EVER NEW

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

Honorable Mention, Underclass Poetry

Do you know the freshness of the earth after rain
The newness of first love,
Or the pain
Of music beautiful past bearing?
You know, then,
What Spring is.



NIGHT SCENES

LUCILLE SHOOP, '36

On the River:

When night falls, China drops her western garments and slips into the dimness of her past. The broad river flows slowly out on the receding tide and the moon crusts the water with mother-of-pearl. An old fishing junk slips past and far out to sea. On a distant bank a lute is calling the stars to sleep.

* * * *

On the Street:

When night falls, China drops her western garments and slips into the dimness of her past. The great red lanterns hang in the doorways and incense smokes upon the hearths. Along the quiet street a rickshaw passes, and the foot-steps of the coolies are muffled. The night watchman prowls, and clicks his bamboo sticks in an Oriental rhythm.

* * * *

In the Garden:

When night falls, China drops her western garments and slips into the dimness of her past. Heavy scented crysanthemums drowse within garden walls. The moonlight casts shadows of the gnarled li-chee trees across flagged walks bordered with moss. Nothing stirs. The fragrance of flowers is like incense offered to the Goddess of Mercy.

REFLECTIONS

EVELYN BREHM, '37

I watch the moon upon the water
Reflecting its mystic beams,
And the shimmering image pictured there
Is more alluring than the real one seems.

Even the rocks and papers and stones
And bits of scrap along the sand
Are beautiful castles on the moving lake,
But only rubbish close at hand.

I dreamed of a friendship—oh so grand,
And a love that was fine and true;
But the friend forgot that I even lived,
And the lover proved loveless, too.

Just as the moon, studding the sky
Is lovelier in the ripples carressing the shore,
So dreams outshine realities,
But then—that's what dreams are for.



NIGHT

MARJORIE McENTIRE, '39

Night, black spectacle,
Ghostly shadow,
Creeping up to hide the sun,
Night, black spectre,
Ghostly shadow,
Out of darkness dreams are spun.

Night star-studded,
Silver phantom,
Fleeting in a soft enchantment,
Night, star-studded,
Silver phantom,
Into moonlight, love was sent.

Night, audacious
Desperado,
Swaggering bold across the sky,
Night, audacious
Desperado,
After dark romance rides high.

AH SWEET MYSTERY

DOROTHY METZGER, '36

Life is a riddle.
The wise men say,
Its answer no one knows.
But the wise men never kissed your lips,
As sweet as a full blown rose;
The wise men never saw you smile
Nor held you warm and close.

The wise men puzzle a mystery
Much simpler than they suppose.



REVELATIONS

SALLY BEIDLEMAN, '38

I sought for inspiration, and I found it,
Not on a lofty hilltop swept by stars,
Nor in the sacred stillness of a church,
But in a time-worn classroom bare of beauty
Save for the wise and patient heart
Of the man who taught therein.

I looked for courage, and I found it,
Not in an athlete of great skill,
Nor in a young, impassioned radical,
But in a small and valiant woman,
Who, having lost the dear ones of her life,
Still faced the world with dauntless smile.

I searched for romance, and I found it,
Not in a garden fragrant with the dew,
Nor in a castle as of old,
But walking calmly on the campus,
Shadowed by the red brick walls,
And smiled on by the faculty.

Ho-Bohemia



LAMENT

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

There were two
And a full moon—
Tonight I sit alone
And half that moon is gone.



DICTIONARY ROMANCE

EVELYN BREHM, '37

Relaxation

Fixation

Coloration

Pulsation

Flirtation

Association

Conversation

Infatuation

Determination

Devastation

Adoration

Consumation

Celebration

Congratulation

"Birth of a Nation"

(This footnote by Steck)

COMPARISONS

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

The first one's kiss was oh so sweet,
The second's thrilled me through,
The third one didn't kiss me,
His eyes—they were so blue.

The first was gay and dashing,
The second tall and dark,
The third—I can't remember—
He only took my heart.



LINES

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

The skies are clean
The grass is green
And I am mad with Spring;
There's no escape
On roller-skates.
Organdy frills
And robin trills
Are minor thrills.
I need all the earth and sky
And wind and love to satisfy.
The skies are clean
The grass is green
And I am mad with Spring!



I'M MAD

MARY LOUISE ALTMAN, '36

I'm mad and I want to kick things,
He's glad because I want to kick things,
Wouldn't he be sad
If I kicked him!

SIX-THIRTY BLUES

ISABELLE RUSHWORTH, '38

Now isn't it annoying
To haul yourself from bed
At six-thirty in the morning
When you'd rather sleep instead?

One long dash to close the window
After pawing at your clock
And your slippers cold as ice cubes
And your senses seem to rock.

And you grab your towel and wash cloth
And go traipsing down the hall
In high hopes of good hot water
When you know there's none at all!

There some hopeful soul says clearly—
Just to start the day out right—
"Well, a cheery morning to you.
Did you spend a pleasant night?"

Then, to make you more disgusted,
As you're just about to dress
You find holes in every stocking
And your hair is one grand mess.

Then one mad rush for breakfast
But while tearing down the stairs
The last bell rings with gusto.
You walk slowly back—who cares?

In the first place, why alarm clocks?
And why the cheerful souls?
Why six-thirty in the morning?
And why the socks with the holes?

And why the darkened window?
And why the icy air?
And why—oh why—for heaven's sake
Won't someone seem to care?

But some A. M. I'll fool 'em
And I'll turn off my alarm
At six-thirty in the morning,
Then re-cover up my arm.

I'll open one eye slowly,
Look time squarely in the face,
Then carelessly I'll turn my back—
Today, I'll set the pace!

Then let darkness wear itself away,
I won't regret to say that
"I'm sorry, but I'm busy,"
And I'll sleep the whole darn day!



A ROSE

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

I held its fragile beauty,
Cupped in reverent hand.
I saw its lovely petals,
And I tried to understand
The secret of the forming
Of this dewy flowered band.

I touched the velvet smoothness
Of this pastel-vivid rose,
And breathed the wafted fragrance,
Which only nature knows.
And then with this aroma—
Sniffed a bug into my nose.



FISHING WORMS

BARBARA SHEAFFER, '39

A path of silver moonlight,
The night was made for two;
The water rippled softly
Against a trim canoe.

The stars winked down upon them
Teasingly and coy;
The girl flirted with the heavens,
Smiled shyly at the boy.

But she was sharply silenced
When she raised her voice in song;
The moon was disillusioned,
A universe gone wrong.

The night's romance was wasted;
There was no use in wishing—
The girl was paddling the canoe,
The boy was busy fishing.

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