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### 1936 Christmas Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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Q-U-N-D-Q-U-I



1936



# *The* QUIZ AND QUILL

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## STAFF

Marjorie McEntire ..... Editor  
Dorothy Rupp ..... Associate Editor  
Carol Beachler ..... Business Manager



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



# The Quiz and Quill Club

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WILLIAM STECK  
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ROBERT HANSON

SALLY SHUCK  
EMERSON SHUCK  
LORA GOOD  
BETTY HAMILTON

---

## ALUMNI

Delno L. Adams  
Mildred Adams  
Robert Airhart  
Martha Allaman  
Richard Allaman  
Mary Altman  
Pauline Anderson  
Elaine Ashcraft  
Brantford Benton  
Elsie Bennert  
\*Edith Bingham  
Roy Bowen  
Harold Blackburn  
Dennis Brane  
Russel Broadhead  
Robert Bromley  
Cleo Brown  
Alice Bunce  
David Burke  
Roy Burkhart  
Lois Byers  
Edwin Burtner  
Jean Turner  
Wendell Camp  
Cressed Card  
Robert Cavins  
Edna Carlson  
Lloyd Chapman  
Walter Clippinger, Jr.  
Marguerite Coon  
Robert Copeland  
Josephine Cribbs  
Elsie Croy  
Ruth Deem  
Philip Deever  
Helen Demorest  
Kathleen Dimke  
Mamie Edgington  
Evelyn Bale  
Bonita Engle

Charlotte Erismon  
Elizabeth Erndorff  
Verda Evans  
Alice Foy  
Doris Frease  
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  
Merril Howe  
J. Ruskin Howe  
Ruth Hunt  
Ellen Jones  
Katherine Krehbiel  
Perry Laukhuff  
Bonniebel Leonard  
Arthur Luther  
Elma Lybarger  
Bessie Mallett  
Joseph Mayne  
Howard Menke  
Dorothy Metzger  
Mary Messmer  
Homer Miller  
Harold Mills  
Lester Mitchel  
Mabel J. Mosier

Ernestine Nichols  
Evelyn Nichols  
Louis Norris  
Margaret Oldt  
Mary Ruth Oldt  
Lehman Otis  
Mary Otsuki  
Esther Phillippi  
Margaret Pilkington  
Harold Platz  
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  
Lucille Shoop  
Freda Showers  
Virginia Snavely  
Thelma Snyder  
Grace Hill Staacke  
\*Carl Starkey  
Hilda Stone  
Mary Thomas  
Violet Wagner  
Laura West  
Louis Weinland  
Grace Young  
Parker Young  
Claude Zimmerman

\*Deceased

Like a taper  
Tall and stately  
With its halo  
Warm and glowing  
May this booklet  
Light your Christmas.

# LITERARY AWARDS

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## BARNES SHORT STORY

- Mary Louise Altman, '36, "Leatherlips", first prize.  
Evelyn Brehm, '37, "An Idyl of the South", second prize.

## BURKHART ESSAY CONTEST

- Kathleen Norris, '37, "Is There a Place for Prayer Today?", first prize.  
Evelyn Brehm, '37, "Friendship", second prize.  
William Steck, '37, "A Philosophy for An Economic Order", third prize.  
Robert Ryder, '37, "A Philosophy of Success and Defeat", fourth prize.

## QUIZ AND QUILL AUTUMN CONTEST POETRY

- Wilma Mosholder, '38, "To a Brown Boy", first prize.  
Evelyn Kintner, '40, "Sonnet", second prize.  
Pauline Stegman, '40, "Crystal", honorable mention.

## PROSE

- Harriet Thrush, '40, "Winter Fairies".  
Nancy Light, '39, "The Wind, the Leaves, and I", second prize.  
Virginia Helzter, '37, "My Shrine", honorable mention.  
Doris Brinkman, '39, "New York, Christmas Eve", honorable mention.  
Ruth Ehrlich, '39, "The Eyes of Christmas", honorable mention.



## WINTER FAIRIES

HARRIET THRUSH, '40

First Prize, Prose

THE face of the large yellow house sparkled in the crisp December air. Across her large window-eyes, door-mouth and porch-chin flashed streaks of light. It was a fairy dwelling with a great white fur collar of snow. The rays of the bright, brittle sun were playing tag all over the happy face of the house. They ran and they leaped and they jumped; they caught one another and fled in high glee; they danced and made the house smile; they ran and made her eyes twinkle; they hopped and skipped nimbly from her brow to her chin and back again. Oh! but these fairies were happy, but why? Because they belonged to eight little boys and one little girl who were all lined up on the curb across the street like a small regiment of orderly soldiers. They faced their beloved fairy house, their rubber boots buried deep in her soft white fur coat. Each little soldier gripped a tiny mirror from Ma-Ma's pocket-book firmly between two little mittened hands.



## I WONDER

EMMA SNOW, '40

I wonder who cuts each tiny star  
And hangs them out each night,  
I wonder who puts fire to the sun  
And switches on the light,  
I wonder who carves the raindrops  
Who makes them wet and cold,  
I wonder who ever made that moon  
In such a crooked mold!



## TO A BROWN BOY

WILMA MOSHOLDER, '38

First Prize, Poetry

Little Brown Boy,  
I don't want you to grow up.  
Because you're small,  
The white folks love you;  
But when you're older  
You'll be just another nigger.  
These same folks will pass you scornfully,  
And sneer, perhaps.  
They will not sit beside you  
At the theater, or on a train.  
You may be bitter,  
Your spirits shattered.  
Little Brown Boy,  
I want you always to stay  
Small, and sweet and loved.



## MY SHRINE

VIRGINIA HETZLER, '37

Honorable Mention, Prose.

I am building an altar unto God. It is a temple of beautiful thoughts gathered from the lives of great men, inspired by the poets, portrayed in the famous Rembrandts, and heard in the stillness of the night.

It is being laid with courage, unselfishness, honesty, and fashioned by a helping hand, a friendly smile, a soft answer, a heart filled with love for humanity. Upon this altar I shall burn incense perfumed with wisdom and sincerity.

This shrine is my Unfinished Symphony of Ideals, where I kneel each night to pray that God will forgive me for my imperfections.

## THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

### A Satire

CATHERINE PARCHER, '37

THE church parlor was crowded with women varying in age from two-year-old Elizabeth Foster to old Mrs. Alexander who walked with a cane and carried a magnifying glass in her voluminous black purse. The occasion was the annual Christmas meeting of the combined missionary societies.

It was an elaborate affair. In attendance were all women within a ten-mile radius of Independence—and anyone who might be visiting in one of their homes. Mrs. Beaver, president of the Home Missionary Society had suggested that there be decorations in keeping with the season. Her suggestion was duly sanctioned and carried into execution by Mrs. Hiram Bibler, chairman of the arrangements for the December meeting.

From the brass chandelier to the four corners of the room were stretched twisted pieces of red and green crepe paper. Suspended from the chandelier was a huge red bell, slightly discolored on the side facing me. On the end of each window-shade cord was wired a red felt poinsetta. In the front of the church was a tree upon which was hung an amazing array of shiny balls. Upon the vertex of the tree there was a white-robed angel whose size was entirely out of proportion with the tree. It hadn't been fastened securely with the result that it extended out towards the audience with a sort of breast-stroke pose.

Mrs. Bibler welcomed the members and guests in a speech marked by nervous intermissions during which she coughed slightly and adjusted the lace at the neck of her new brown poplin. She presided during the whole of a two-hour program. There was a long recital of the story, "The Other Wise Man" by Mrs. Beaver. The Foster twins sang "Silent



Night". (It was a fair rendition and could have been better appreciated if they hadn't had their mother's contralto support from the second row). There was a lengthy paper read on "Christmas in Other Lands". At intervals, Christmas songs were sung to the accompaniment of a wheezy organ. The minister's wife gave a detailed account of the charity work done in previous years and listed the food ready for the current year's distribution by enumerating: 6 quarts cherries, 9 quarts spiced pears, 3 pints piccalilli, etc.

It was all strangely familiar. I watched the organist as she rendered "Joy to the World". But she annoyed me. Even in the dusk of late afternoon I could discern hairpins extending in divers directions from her head. When the chairman sat down, her rose-colored slip extended below her dress and matched exactly the roses in the ingrain carpet. The angel bothered me. Verily, I expected to see it dive out on Mrs. Cochran's hat. I sat thinking how the angel would look on Mrs. Cochran's hat. Plenty of room to swim there!

The chairman was going to light the candles on the table. I became attentive for I like glowing candles. She arose, hesitated a moment, then resolutely tilted her chair and scratched the match on the underside of the seat. After considerable effort she succeeded in getting the candles to burn. But they did not gleam softly. I think the pastor was peeking through his study door, at least a draught from somewhere kept the flames flickering and bending in a haphazard fashion.

After the organ had wheezed and the last chords of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", Mrs. Mathews arose to read the Christmas story from Luke. She spoke falteringly. Somehow sight appeal was greater than sound. . . . I looked for the fiftieth time at the poinsettias, the bells, and yes—that gauzy-winged angel.

She finished. Again the parlor was a hubub of feminine voices. It was late; everyone was trying to get the farewells hurried through. In the bustle



someone had knocked the white angel off its perch.  
I smiled and put a dollar in the little white mite box  
at the door.

Outside I discovered the gauzy-winged angel  
clinging to the hem of my coat. . . .



### MOODS NOCTURNAL

SALLY SHUCK, '38

Fathomless night!

Sparkling with a cloak of stars,  
Or smothered in a heap of clouds  
Alike: how similar to my soul;  
So measureless, so strange,  
And so incomprehensible.

Deep gropings of night!

When phantoms of wavering mist  
Advance and recede in the darkness,  
Tentative fingers reaching, curling,  
And withdrawing on the blankness  
Of an unseeing sky.

Silence of night!

Made poignant by the sighs  
Of a dying wind  
Breathing its last in the leaves  
Of a storm-twisted oak,  
Hushed by spirits nocturnal.

Oblivion of night!

Covering all, impersonally,  
Blotting out the glare of day  
And consciousness—  
Let me lose myself in night  
Irrevocably, forever.

## "FOR ME TO LIVE—"

LORA GOOD, '38

To live  
but one brief moment  
is to never die.  
Each living thing  
has ever lived  
and never died  
nor will.  
All who have gone before  
live in me now  
and I in them.  
None ever is forgot  
or lost;  
none ever lives alone,  
but each for all;  
And you have this,  
and I.



## MY DREAM

CAROL BEACHLER, '37

I dreamed of great things . . . spacious mansions  
. . . vast gardens . . . mirrored walls . . . silver  
candelabra . . . marble pools . . . deep carpets  
. . . silent-footed servants.

—This would be life.

But one day I met her . . . sad-eyed and pale . . .  
satin pillows about her . . . silent servants treading  
on thick carpets . . . but no voices . . . no sound.

I dreamed of great things . . . fair worlds . . .  
foreign capitals . . . tall statesmen . . . brilliant balls  
. . . halls where destinies are formed . . . fame.

—This would be life.

But one day I met you . . . wistful eyes . . . tender  
words . . . a small cottage . . . gay curtains . . . soft  
voices . . . a green hillside . . . happiness . . . and  
peace in your arms at twilight.

## NEW YORK, CHRISTMAS EVE

DORIS ANN BRINKMAN, '39

Honorable Mention, Prose.

**W**INTERY blasts boring between tall buildings. People—restless, scurrying, aimless. Idly drifting snow drops.

Gaiety mounting to hysteria. Cold beggars. Tall shafts of light. Squalor. Tantalizing wiffs of brown roast turkey, sage, and carrot pudding.

Excited children with rosy cheeks. Wistful brown eyes. Thin, blue-veined grubby little hands. Mystery. Bulky white bundles done up with red, red ribbon. Tear-stained pillows. Defeated faces of mothers and fathers. Broken red wagons. Mending glue. Amber liquor. Rotten old men.

Everlastingly the resplendent star shining—shining!

Striped cotton stockings tacked on white mantels. The crisp crunch of wheels on packed snow. Long yellow tapers. Laughter.

Tenement house outlines starkly revealed by rays from a radiant star. A guttural cough from utter darkness. Tears and heartbreak. Moulded crusts. Sour milk.

Where is He that is born King of the Jews?



### CRYSTAL

PAULINE STEGMAN, '40

Honorable Mention, Poetry

In the words of the world  
It was lovely.  
It bent on a lacquered stem,  
It swayed in a crystal wind.

In the words of the world?  
It was lovely beyond them;  
Lovely as silver-eyed stars,  
Lovely as chiseled blue sky.

Oh, we dip our fingers in wind,  
WE never can come again.



## SHATTERED

DOROTHY RUPP, '37

A lovely crystal bowl carved delicately by an old craftsman was placed in my eager child-like hands. Fascinated by the myriad lights shimmering from its surface, I turned it over gently although my tender hands were sometimes pricked by the sharp points of the cutglass . . . Suddenly, as I held it very close to see a dim ray deep in the prism, it slipped from my fingers and was shattered on the earth below. I sobbed as I fell to my knees and tried in vain to fit the pieces together.

A kind old man passing by whispered softly in my ear, "My poor child, you were too young to be given anything so fragile" . . . And I knew by the wistful look in his eyes that he, too, had known the pain of a first love that could not last.



## A THOUGHT

GLENNA JORDAN, '38

The black fringe of trees was a feather boa . . . .  
above, was the delicately flushed face of the morning.



## MOODS

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

The sea is silver-smooth today  
And boats are white against the gray.

Sometimes beneath a leaden sky  
Huge sullen looking waves wash high.

Again—both sky and sea are blue  
Somehow, it makes me think of you!

## SONNET

EVELYN KINTNER, '40

Second Prize, Poetry

Go, wearied, and return unto that battle  
From which you shrank for old unconquered pain,  
And had not heart yet once again to struggle  
But fled to seek for soft repose or gain—  
And found it not, but weariness and weakness,  
Long dissatisfaction, hungry soul.  
What avails then flight from bitter duress,  
If by this the thrill of life grow cold?  
Return to press upon the sword and find  
From sad experience wisdom gained at length,  
And joy from where she had low fallen lain  
Arise again exulting in the mind.  
For ever bitter struggle is your strength,  
And joy of old returns, won by old pain.



## THE EYES OF CHRISTMAS

RUTH EHRLICH, '39

Honorable Mention, Prose

**A**T Christmas time, the world looks out from millions of shining eyes which nestle in the deep-piled boughs of Christmas trees, frame great store windows, or stretch across the frosty, black sky. Some of them blink, having just awakened from a year's sleep in musty store-rooms; others blink to ward off the moth-like snowflakes which affectionately cluster to their warmth and then break into tears. Tiny eyes peeping from out a low hedge coyly attract strangers; a single eye in a window wreath glows a ruddy welcome. Graceful dark fir trees adorn their sweeping tunic skirts with sparkling tinted sequins while from beneath their star-shaped diamond tiaras, bright eyes watch Christmas shoppers.

The world is mimicking the many-eyed Greek Argus in the pageant of Christmas.



## THE WIND, THE LEAVES, AND I

NANCY LIGHT, '39

Second Prize, Prose

**T**HE wind, the leaves, and I went strolling yesterday. First the wind flurried, then with kittenish pounces assailed the leaves, only to withdraw a pace to whisk them away with jostling gusts. Undaunted, the leaves flaunted their graceful capers—somersaulting on pointed finger tips—hilariously twirling, always timing their capricious feats with tiny crackles—at last, exhausted, rolling languidly along the walk. I, unskilled, laughed with abandoned joy at such carefree company.

Then, turning a corner and looking back I thought the wind and leaves had fled, until a gentle tug told me that the silly wind was trying to creep into my coat. I felt the returning leaves brush my cheeks. Laughingly the imps began to twit me, and continued until I rounded a second corner. Then again, falling into sportive steps, they resumed their former whimsical frolicking.



## CAMPUS BUILDINGS

ROBERT RYDER, '37

Majestic, awe-inspiring Ad building,  
With its mystical names—  
Philosophy, psychology, president,  
Imparting culture, poise, and dignity.

Miraculous science hall  
With its test tubes, apparatus, centimeters, laws,  
Seeking with powerful eyes  
The essence of being.

College-spirited dormitory  
With its bannered walls  
Princeton, Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth.  
Date at eight, white stiff collar,  
Summons, sign-outs, desk, permissions.



## THE LAND OF THE DEAD DREAMS

EVELYN BREHM, '37

My heart had reached the Dead Dreams land  
In groping and wandering round  
With travail and striving it found the shore  
Where the pale illusions roam.  
There were the thwarted childhood wishes  
Of desires left ungranted  
All splattered with laughter and potted with tears  
And left without regretting.  
There, too, were the glowing dreams of youth,  
Of fame and will and power,  
Of a world of justice and human right  
Where men would brothers be—  
Powerful, strong and mighty—these dreams  
Of manhood noble and young  
But age—with knowledge had crushed their walls  
And broken down their towers  
And there on the shore of broken dreams  
Were manhood's thwarted hopes  
All shriveled and dried and never attained  
But changed into memories now.  
Two bridges there were from this land of dreams—  
Two bridges back to the world of men  
One blazons the hope of new-born thoughts,  
The other—the joy that man had dreamed.



## FATE

LORA GOOD, '38

Today,  
I pick up  
The tangled threads  
of yesterday  
And weave  
tomorrow  
Choosing my patterns  
As I will  
—limited  
by the many colored threads  
which yesterday  
I spun.

## THE SCIENTIST

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

The scientist, in quiet calm—  
The quiet bred of patient hours  
At instrument; the calm of those  
Who see the powers of Infinite—  
Had pushed aside, yet tenderly,  
His micro-seeing, searching-scope  
To comprehend the wonders there  
He had revealed and yet knew not.

Each novel bit he strove to place  
In proper niche, to yet complete  
The rhythmic theme he knew but lay  
Beyond his reach; a cosmos clear.  
And every minute, perfect cell  
He reckoned on and metered there,  
And with its neighbor pondered it  
In artists dream of pantöttry.

But some elusive thing had yet  
Evaded search—a vital point—  
The very link of all the chain  
That must be had to fix it there.  
So back again he put his eye  
To observation keen. A hundred  
Times he'd try, if there be need,  
For he was true a scientist.



## CITY AT NIGHT

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

A necklace of diamonds and rubies and emeralds  
Gleams gorgeously hiding the stars that are there,  
Our lives can be like that—so brilliantly shallow—  
That truth, shining clear, is obscured by the glare!



## OCTOBER SYMPHONY

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

Golden leaves at a Gothic window in yellow tracery  
The murmur of the wind-stirred branches, a gentle melody  
And sapphire sky glimpsed through the pattern—  
October symphony.

## A MANHATTAN TRILOGY

### Part I.

#### MORNING IN MANHATTAN

DONALD HOWARD

We rise to salute the day; to greet the sun and to see such flowers as may be out.

We know the sun is shining for we see its reflection in a window across the street. This view gives us a sense of intimacy with the sun denied to those Manhattanites who see it reflected only from brick and stone.

To look upon the sun itself is not a privilege which the mass of cliff-dwellers in Manhattan ask for themselves. Just as the early Hebrews believed that only God's elect could come face to face with the Almighty, Manhattanites today acknowledge that direct sunlight is a progressive reserved to Gotham's elite.

Though denied all but reflected views of the sun, we can look out upon real flowers in Manhattan. There they are just outside the window,—late purple asters, yellow and bronze chysanthemums, even scarlet leaves of oak,—all neatly arranged in the flowers vendor's tin containers geometrically arrayed on the sidewalk's edge. They waste their pity who think Manhattan life devoid of flowers.

For some morning in Manhattan is the beginning of a new day. For others,—night-workers and night-clubbers, morning is the ending of the night before. For still others like the man in the next block who, night after night, sleeps in an open doorway, the morning is neither a beginning nor an ending, but only a continuing: a continuing of the same nothingness which was yesterday and last night and which will be today; no home to leave for work; no work to leave home for.



## Part II.

### NOONTIME ON THE AVENUE

ALICE SANDERS

Sunlight sparkling on the stainless steel of skyscrapers and on the synthetic straw of hats in shop windows. The shining armor of a million motors. The yellow thrusts of forty thousand cabs among them. The clash of gears and engines speeded forward as the light winks, flashes once, and changes signals. The green bulk of the double-deck busses, hugging the curb, swerving in and out of traffic. The sudden lull, stranger than sound, that follows the policeman's whistle.

The shops that shoulder one another, big and little,—young and smooth-faced, or mature and well-massaged in their fashionable exteriors. The clustered groups about their windows. Rich furs and jewels, smart gowns and wraps that swathe the flat-hipped mannequins. The eager, anxious, or appraising faces gazing in and at them.

The man who walks, bare-headed and oblivious to all around him. The woman old and faded as her garments, stationary upon a corner, with the fragrance of the lavender she is selling, all around her. Three girls, arm-in-arm, freshly made up, moving with rapid grace in their deep-wrapped sports coats. A man and woman, prosperous, ponderous, opening up a path before them. And all about these, hurrying masses of hungry humanity flowing out of the doorways, bubbling from the subways, filling in the gray of the sidewalks with the moving motley of sharp-peaked hats or round-domed derbies. Faces gray, or pink, or lavender beneath them.

It is the lunch hour.

### Part III.

## NIGHT IN MANHATTAN

W. H. CAMP, '25

The salty tang of harbor spume. A towering liner, her decks ablaze with lights and merry with high laughter, heads out to sea and Maricabo, Teneriffe and Pago-Pago. Two men on the silent pier: "Travel's great stuff, ain't it, Mike?" . . . "Sure is, Las' summer I took th' missus an' th' kids over to Staten Island on th' ferry."

\* \* \*

A limousine slips to the curb in front of No. 37. In the rear seat is a man with a close-cropped, white moustache. Something slim in an ermine wrap and rattling diamond bracelets steps in with: "Hyah, Sugar." In a dark doorway nearby: "Naah, yuh louse, it's a dollar. Waddayuh think I am, a scab?"

\* \* \*

High hats and mink coats shaken to dislodge a few snowflakes, and in the jostling throng: "Here are the tickets, m' deah. What if we did miss the first suite?" And down the street, a line of shuffling men—old men with childish wonderment upon their faces and young men who stoop before the futile years—waiting their turn to croak a verse or two from some old Sankey hymn as payment for a sinker and a cup of mud.



### CONFIDENTIAL

ROBERT RYDER, '37

Keep within your moode, dear,  
A saving independence.  
Men hold what they cannot have  
In fondest remembrance.

Live as though you think, dear,  
Life alone suffices.  
Men love those who love life best.  
Contentment entices.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Cover Design—Lora Good, '38	
The Quiz and Quill Club	4
Foreword	5
Literary Awards	6
Winter Fairies—Harriet Thrush	7
I Wonder—Emma Snow	7
To a Brown Boy—Wilma Mosholder	8
My Shrine—Virginia Hetzier	8
The Christmas Spirit—Catherine Parcher	9
Moods Nocturnal—Sally Shuck	11
"For Me to Live—"—Lora Good	12
My Dream—Carol Beachler	12
New York, Christmas Eve—Doris Ann Brinkman	13
Crystal—Pauline Stegman	13
Shattered—Dorothy Rupp	14
Moods—Betty Hamilton	14
A Thought—Glenna Jordon	14
Sonnet—Evelyn Kintner	15
The Eyes of Christmas—Ruth Ehrlich	15
The Wind, The Leaves, and I—Nancy Light	16
Campus Buildings—Robert Ryder	16
The Land of the Dead Dreams—Evelyn Brehm	17
Fate—Lora Good	17
The Scientist—Emerson Shuck	18
City at Night—Betty Hamilton	18
October Symphony—Betty Hamilton	18
A Manhattan Trilogy	19
I. Morning in Manhattan—Donald Howard	19
II. Noontime on the Avenue—Alice Sanders	20
III. Night in Manhattan—W. H. Camp	21
Confidential—Robert Ryder	21



