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Q U I Z AND Q U I L L



DECEMBER ~ 1937

The Quiz and Quill Club

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Lucille Shoop
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Virginia Snavely
Thelma Snyder
Grace Hill Staacke
*Carl Starkey
William Steek
Hilda Stone
Mary Thomas
Jean Turner
Violet Wagner
Laura West
Louis Weinland
Grace Young
Parker Young
Claude Zimmerman

*Deceased

“and the thoughts of youth . . . ”

LITERARY AWARDS

BARNES SHORT STORY

Catherine Parcher, '37, "The Lady Editor", first prize.

Betty Hamilton, '38, "Then As Now", second prize.

Evelyn Brehm '37, "American Emperor", third prize.

DR. ROY BURKHART ESSAY CONTEST

Robert Ryder, '37, "A College Student's Philosophy of Life", first prize.

Arthur L. Duhl, '39, "A College Student's Philosophy of Life", second prize.

Kathleen Norris, '37, "One Moment", third prize.

Pauline Stegman, '40, "A College Student's Philosophy", third prize.

QUIZ AND QUILL AUTUMN CONTEST

"Tin Soldier", Mary Louise Myers, '41, first prize.

"Success", Louise Gleim, '41, second prize.

"Farewell", Dorothy Allsup, '38, third prize.

"A Restless Memory-Thought", Harriet Thrush, '40, fourth prize.

Honorable mention is awarded to Ruth Ehrlich, Sarah Aydelotte, and Pauline Stegman, for the high quality of prose and verse submitted.

CHIMES

SARAH AYDELOTTE, '38

Honorable Mention, Autumn Quiz and Quill Contest

I stood on a street corner, beaten and trammelled and pushed by the pulsating mass of milling Christmas shoppers. Hard, tired faces; grasping, avid hands; self-absorption—all this I saw—and I wondered, "Christmas?—Why?" With a shrug I settled my bundles more firmly and prepared to breast my way through the crowd. Suddenly out over that seething mass of humanity, came the wafted mellowness of cathedral Christmas chimes. I stood transfixed, unconscious of the world about me, as the golden tones carried the old, old story to a hard, new world. When they ceased, I looked about me and saw the rush and bustle and brittleness covered with a new cloak—bright and warm and glowing. Faces carried a smile; eyes, an added gleam. A man picked up a package for an old lady. Santa received a large donation. I smiled and thought, "Christmas?—Why?"

I knew; the clear sweet chimes had told me.

"Silent Night, Holy Night. . .
Jesus our Savior is born!"



PHILOSOPHER'S EPITAPH

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Because he loved them
Did he teach,
But the mirror
He held before them
Made them hate,
Made them spit,
—And kill him.

SYNTHETIC SEEDLING

SALLY SHUCK, '38

Little silver tree
Wrapped in cellophane,
How can you portray
The ancient mystery of Christmas?

You have never lived,
Have never drunk the rain
Or breathed the forest air
Or watched the morning stars.
You have not felt the days
Change from bright to dark,
And stood branch-deep in snow
Or bathed in the spring freshets.
You have not grown straight
And tall, shedding brown nap
On the woodland carpet,
Giving shelter to the birds.

Little silver tree
Shining in the midst
Of gifts that shine like you,
You are irreligious.

You are blase, man-made.
You are chic, and will be sold
To some blonde, fur-wrapped modern
Who never will know Christmas.



A DAB OF HOPE

GEORGE CURTS, '38

I fear,
My dear,
That you forget
There is one who
Awaits you
Yet.

SUCCESS?

LOUISE GLEIM, '41

Second Prize, Autumn Quiz and Quill Contest

MR. J. GORDAN WOOD, prominent New York attorney, was speeding toward Chicago to meet, for the first time in twenty-four years, two of his college pals. He smoked placidly and smiled with self-satisfaction. He was a success! Among the men of his profession he was highly esteemed, and also he had put away a tidy sum in the bank. For what more could he wish? He thought complacently that David and John would envy him. He had always been the most brilliant of the three in college and had promised the brightest future. His faith in their chances for success was practically non-existent. The nearer he drew to Chicago, the higher his excitement grew until he was like a small child taking home a good report card.

On a day-coach, speeding from Des Moines, sat a slight, dark, middle-aged man with black eyes. He smiled to himself, for within him was peace. "A home paid for, a contented family and a moderate income," he mused, "what more could one ask for?" He sincerely hoped that Gordan and John were as happy as he, but he doubted it. They were worldly-minded men who craved material things too strongly to be simply contented with home life.

Giving last minute instructions to Kate, the house-keeper, John Tarver prepared nervously for the arrival of his two guests. Would they have changed, or were their happiness goals still the same? "At least", he thought with a wave of relief, "they can be no happier than I." Already retired in middle-age, he relied solely upon the millions from his investments, and spent his time collecting rare jade pieces

which he and his wife loved for their beauty alone. His house was lavishly but tastefully furnished, and his wife apparently loved it.

* * * * *

Two days of reminiscing fled, and the reunion all of them had anticipated so long was behind them.

John Tarver nervously fumbled with a delicate jade figurine and frowned. Was this what he was living for? . . . this the sole ambition of his life? . . . to have beautiful things around him? Was his wife merely a decorative element in his existence? He ran his fingers through his thinning hair, and thought.

On two trains, flying in opposite directions, two tired looking men sat pondering.

David Johnson's honest eyes were dull and worried. He thought of his wife at home wearing her four-year-old winter coat, and of his children, carrying cold lunches to school every day. With panic it occurred to him that he might have been providing a coat each year, and money for hot lunches. Were they really contented, or were they being heroic to save his feelings? He dropped his head into his hands and his eyes widened into a stare, half unconscious, half attentive.

As the sky-line of New York became faintly discernable, Gordon Wood remembered his comfortable apartment on Fifth Avenue where he lived his private life free from intrusion. Now he wondered . . . was it free, or was it lonely? How glowing and appealing David's stories of his home and his family had been, and how happy John and his wife seemed to be. Yet, David had little money, and John no particular vocation. He stared at the growing line of cold, gray skyscrapers and mused, "Which one of us is successful? I thought I alone had been, but are all of us—or are any of us?"

TIN SOLDIERS

MARY LOUISE MYERS, '41

First Prize, Autumn Quiz and Quill Contest

The little tin soldiers are gone.
They march endlessly on and on.
To war. To war.
Their uniforms are new and bright.
Their bayonets gleam in the light.
To war. To war.
Their steps are measured; their faces grim.
A struggle without; a struggle within.
To war. To war.
Just last night they were so gay,
And now, they are marching away.
To war. To war.
They are forced by a power too great,
Forced to face death and a mocking fate.
To war. To war.
Their destiny is in tiny hands.
They must obey the child's commands.
To war. To war.
Why should **we** smile at the game of boys?
Why should **we** scoff at little tin toys?
To war! To war!



A STAR

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN, '40

You never see the world in the sun's white glare
When reality shoves its stark face before your ravished eyes.
You are a star, and see only the shadows of night
Melting harsh sights into loveliness.

LA LUNE

RUTH EHRLICH, '39

Honorable Mention, Autumn Quiz and Quill Contest

La lune brille blanche et fiere au dehors de ma fenetre.
La vient un nuage a toute vitesse, il avale cette fine etre—
Les cieux sont noirs au dehors de ma fenetre.



CHRISTMAS NIGHT

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Dingy Chinese lanterns
Cling desperately
To rafters furry with dust,
Feebly shadowing the mob below.
Slack-mouthed youths
And bleary-eyed oldsters
Eye each flick of passing skirt,
And nudge each other slyly.
Unformed girls in clinging,
Gala attire, clutch themselves
To unsteady partners
As they scrape about the floor
Jerkily, shoving other dancing couples.
Florid-faced marionettes
In soiled white coats
Batter protesting instruments;
But only the hammer of a drum
And occasional brassy shrieks carry
A few feet away.
Dank cigarettes smolder between lax lips
As the smoke settles in a discouraged fog
About ash strewn puddles of beer.
Occasional throaty guffaws
Are the only indications of enjoyment.
—Christmas night in a roadhouse.

AUTUMN THOUGHT

GLENNA JORDAN, '38

TODAY, the air is like a blue steel blade. Stiff brown leaves blow in spirals through the air. Just yesterday the trees were wearing warm, bright robes which they flaunted brazenly in the sun. Now that the air is like a blue steel blade I wonder why they throw their warm, bright robes in a dirty brown heap at their feet? . . . foolish trees.



LINES

ANNA DELL VOORHEES, '39

I called across the street to you;
You heard and paused to answer.
We talked, but somehow our thoughts
Could not penetrate the wall of falling flakes
Dancing in the illuminated whiteness
Under the street lamp.



SPRING FEVER

BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '41

Cluttered attics. Musty closets.
Streaked windows. Dust deposits.
Housecleaning.
Shining windows. Polished floors.
Starchy curtains. Painted doors.

A RESTLESS MEMORY-THOUGHT

HARRIET THRUSH, '40

Fourth Prize, Autumn Quiz and Quill Contest

TINGLING cold feet bore me relentlessly onward over the sidewalk against a hard wind which pasted snowflakes on my coat in wet lumps. My eyelashes damp with the snow, I turned the corner around the great grim bank to wait for my street car and with a quick side-step avoided a collision with a grinning little brown face surprisingly close to my right elbow. I joined the huddle waiting for the street car, and my attention snapped back to the little brown boy as he threaded his way systematically among the passers-by. He held a tin mug high up in an outstretched hand with the plaintive whine of "Gotanymoneypleez, mistah?" Scrubby black oxfords flapped mournfully on bare brown feet in syncopated rythm with "Gotanymoneypleez, mistah?"

Leaning against the cold stone of the bank, a tall white-haired negro strummed aimlessly on a guitar which drooped from one shoulder. His lips moved slowly in a tuneless song that was scarcely audible a few feet away. Deeply lined, yet strangely handsome, his face formed a terrible setting for the flabby skin over his eye sockets where eyes were meant to be!

The boy swung listlessly 'round and 'round a no-parking sign with one hand, and stopped just long enough for a hopeful "Gotanymoneypleez, mister?" to a grimy over-alled workman carrying a dinner pail.

Cars slowed up at the corner for the red light, and

questioning children and soft-faced women peered at the odd duet through thick, protecting windows.

"Gotanymoneypleez, mistah?" faintly behind me as I was elbowed into the warmth of the street car. I made my uncertain way to a seat. The red light changed, the wheels ground, the little brown boy was holding up his cup and the car crunched around the corner.

"Gotanymoneypleez, mistah?" . . . "Peace on earth. Good Will towards men." . . . "Gotanymoneypleez, mistah? . . . a snowflake wet against my eyelashes . . . "Gotanymoneypleez, mistah?" . . . wet on my eyelashes . . . my eyes . . . God, I'm so glad I've got eyes . . . "Got anymoneypleez, mistah?" . . . Thanks, God . . . "Got anymoneypleez, mistah?" . . . "Gotanymoneypleez, mistah?"



THE ARTIST

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

Clear, clean chords
Cutting through the stillness;
Then rapturous little trilling notes
Following each other closely
Up the keyboard.

How wonderful
The skill of human hands,
Holding the magic to evoke
With quick, sure touch
Such perfect sound!

ENSHRINE ME NOT

LORA GOOD, '38

You looked,
As all men,
For a goddess.
You found me,
Led me to your shrine,
And when I would not take the place
You wept,
Were hurt,
Forgetting I am mortal.
I shall not be a goddess;
I would be only woman
Lost in the moving tide of time
As is a shell,
Falling with myriad others
Building slowly
A limestone cliff.
When you are willing
To know yourself a man
And me a woman,
Mortal only,
Therefore immortal,
Then shall we walk
Arm in arm
Together,
Down the years.
Ne'er shall I be your goddess
While you kneel adoring.



THE CAMPFIRE

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN, '40

When crackling flames leap upward
My spirit rises.
Lost in ecstasy, I forget the past
And feel the wild passion of the present.
Swiftly the mood changes—the fire
Flickers, flames,
No longer leaps—its glowing embers
Bring memories of lost youth.

STONEHENGE COMPLEX

SALLY SHUCK, '38

The ancients called it "Wyrd"—
Those dim and shadowy ancients
Who built great altars to unknown gods
Before the Cross rose on any hill;
They called Fate "Wyrd"—and did not question.

The ancients worshipped trees
In those dim and shadowy nights
When dark red altars reeked beneath the oaks
Where the sacred mistletoe hung.
They bowed to "Wyrd"—and did not question.

"Wyrd goes where he must," they murmured;
And so I, with something of the pagan in my heart,
Bow before the inexplicable, and carry
As a fetich a burning sprig of bittersweet;
Wyrd goes where he must—and I do not question.



MORNING SONG

PAULINE STEGMAN, '40

Enchanted and aglow,
Crystal morning
Stands tiptoe.
A thrush flings up
From the grasses below.
And a butterfly follows
The clover row.
Sing cheerily,
Heigh ho, heigh ho.
Sing cheerily where
The grasses blow.

FAREWELL

DOROTHY ALLSUP, '38

Third Prize, Autumn Quiz and Quill Contest

We've tramped the roads together under starlit skies.
We've sat on tops of hills and found our houses far below.
We've talkéd of life, and love,
And, oh, I hate to let you go.
We've heard the music in the trees.
We've felt the rhythm of the breeze.
We've seen the moon rise, and when morning came, have
watched it go.
Oh, God, it hurts to love you so.



THEODICY

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Benignly smiled they
On their gathered flocks
And bade them all
Forget themselves
In the lofty mysteries of God;
Benignly smile they
As they twist another's life
That they might become
Benignly smiling Bishops.

TWILIGHT

DONNA LOVE, '39

TWILIGHT settles slowly over the mountains and plateaus. The slopes of purple sage stretch upward toward the deeper shadows of the bold peaks. The ancient homes of the cliff-dwellers lie hidden in amethyst shadows. Across the desert the tall yucca fades into the deepening dusk. Tall-walled pueblos stand etched against the darkening horizon. Taos, mellow with the years, gathers her red-skinned children within her friendly shelter. Tiny hoofs strike flame from the rocks as sure-footed little burros hasten homeward. . . . The clear tones of ancient bells ring out from weathered Spanish chapels. The dying light reveals an Indian woman in her soft boots of white doeskin bending over her loom with an immobile face . . . a dark robed friar murmuring over his beads . . . a lonely Hopi bidding adieu to the sun . . . dark-eyed, passionate lovers impatiently awaiting the sheltering night.

Buff-walled houses cluster in little towns where soft voices murmur in musical Spanish. Numberless sheep rest content in the gloom of low corrals. A languid people awaits the eternal manana.

High on the mountains; the sun's last bright rays fall through the branches of tall trees upon the smooth carpet of pine needles. Prowling creatures of the night roam in the faint light of the early Western stars. The smell of cedar and juniper hangs in the air. Far below the flickering fires flare against the purple mantle of night. Santa Cruz and Ildefonso, Santa Clara, Santa Fe . . . all fading fast from sight.

"I AM THE SINGER OF LOST SONGS"

HUGH KANE, '38

I am the singer of lost songs
Of all forgotten Springs;
I am the dreamer of olden dreams
Of unremembered things.
In me no hope to lead you on,
But memory, instead,
Of love that never comes again
Because the heart is dead.
I care not for tomorrow's sun,
But, casting backward glances,
See other nights and other moons,
And silent, ghostly dances.



ANALOGY

GLENN JORDAN, '38

I found a crocus—perfect,
wax-like;
Held it in happy, trembling
hands:
All at once it lay there—broken,
bruised—
My clumsy fingers had crushed it.

* * * *

My words, too, are clumsy;
I wonder if that is why
I'm always
hurting you?

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

BETTY HAMILTON, '38

The look of love in happy welcoming eyes,
Warm like the room we enter from the cold;
The tree we trim each year on Christmas night,
A holly wreath . . . and firelight gleaming gold.
Calm glory of the moonlight on the snow,
Familiar carols that we join to sing,
The radiance of a single shining star—
The age-old story of a baby King.
These things we treasure more than any gift
Of all our memories they are most dear,
If we can be at home on Christmas Eve
What matter all the trials of a year?



THE HONEY LOCUST TREE

KENNETH FOLTZ, '41

The campus seems so bare and cold,
Its dampness grips my bones.
The scarlet leaves which glided down
Have turned to darker tones;
The only tree which kept its fruit
Is the locust by our hall,
And as the wind plays 'mid the pods
I hear the flat seeds fall.



FAME'S VISIT

DOROTHY ALLSUP, '38

Fame is so sweet,
But lasts not long.
'Tis but the touch of feathery bird wing against the cheek,
And then—'tis gone.

WHY MUST YOU LOOK AT ME

EMERSON SHUCK, '38

Why must you look at me with eyes
Like a wisp of smoke in the night,
Lighted by the smouldering glow
Of a fire whose coals
But wait for breath of wind
To fan them to an all-consuming flame
Of love and passion.



MINE

SARAH AYDELOTTE, '38

Whatever comes or goes, I still have this:
A world of sun-drenched life, a day
That I may use to climb, higher and higher
A circle of dusky mystery, when I may
Slowly look down on the steps I have trod
A blue-black universe, carrying in her star-studded bag
My dreams—hopes, plans, memories
Life may not see fit to give what I ask—but
Whatever comes or goes, I still have this.

SOULFUL SQUIBS

SALLY SHUCK, '38

A soul to which love has come
Is like a forest in the spring,
When empty branches bud and bloom
And singing, winged creatures come to live therein.

* * * *

The sweeping grace and grandeur
Of tall trees in the wind
Lifts my heart in ecstasy
That almost seems like pain.

* * * *

A vivid dash of color in the room,
A vagrant breath of springtime in the gloom,
A modest bowl of flowers in full bloom.



LINES FROM "FACES"

ELIZABETH ANN BERCAW, '40

Strange how faces drop their masks
When they're caught out in the rain.

SOLITUDE

ROBERT TINNERMAN, '38

COOL eventide, soft glimmering starlight, and
a lone pine swaying high on the cliff above.
The great silver moon as lonesome in its lofty
solitude as I in my meditation below. Soft, glisten-
ing beams filter through bending fir branches to
illumine purple hills beyond. Blue shadows in the
dark forest with nothing to interrupt the quiet of an
endless night; only the weird form of a preying owl—
a lazy, floating, gray phantom. My soul lies wrapped
in the friendly night, drifting on in dreams—on and
on into sleep. Into sleep and sweet repose, lying on
a thick, billowing blanket of deep wet moss.



THE CENSUS TAKER

PAULINE STEGMAN, '40

Every ten years
There is a man
Who comes around
Taking the census.
He misses very few;
But the greatest
Census taker of them all
Never misses one;
He is called Death.

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