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### 1939 December Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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A stylized graphic in blue ink on a light beige background. It features three tall, thin candles with pointed flames. Behind the candles is a large circle, and within that circle is a smaller circle. The candles and circles are positioned on the left side of the page.

# QUIZ AND VILL

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DECEMBER  
1939



# the quiz and quill

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



## THE STAFF

Kathleen O'Brien .....	Editor
Louise Gleim .....	Associate Editor
Donald Williams .....	Business Manager
Joseph Ayer .....	Publicity Director



# The Quiz and Quill Club

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COVER DESIGN BY EDGAR DANIELS, '43



## LITERARY AWARDS QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

AUTUMN—1939

### Poetry

Edgar Daniels, '43 ..... First Prize  
Viola Senseman, '42 ..... Second Prize  
Wilma Moler, '43 ..... Third Prize

### Prose

Edgar Daniels, '43 ..... First Prize  
Eleanor Brooks, '41 ..... Second Prize  
Agnes Dailey, '40 ..... Third Prize

# LITERARY AWARDS

1937-1938



## BARNES SHORT STORY

Sarah Aydelotte, '38 .....	First Prize
Sally Shuck, '38 .....	Second Prize
Emerson Shuck, '38 .....	Third Prize



## DR. ROY BURKHART ESSAY CONTEST

Emerson Shuck, '38 .....	First Prize
Meredith Rosensteel, '39 .....	Second Prize
Jane Norris, '38 .....	Third Prize
Sarah Aydelotte, '38 .....	Fourth Prize



## QUIZ AND QUILL CONTESTS

### AUTUMN

Mary Louise Myers, '41 .....	First Prize
Louise Gleim, '41 .....	Second Prize
Dorothy Allsup, '38 .....	Third Prize
Harriett Thrush, '40 .....	Fourth Prize

### SPRING

Betty Ruth Woodworth, '41 .....	First Prize
Pauline Stegman, '40 .....	Second Prize
Kenneth Foltz, '41 .....	Third Prize

# LITERARY AWARDS

1938-1939



## BARNES SHORT STORY

Joseph Ayer, '40 .....	First Prize
Donna Love, '39 .....	Second Prize
Arthur Duhl, '39 .....	Third Prize



## DR. ROY BURKHART ESSAY CONTEST

Charles Messmer, '40 .....	First Prize
Ruth Ehrlich, '39 .....	Second Prize
Kathleen O'Brien, '40 .....	Third Prize
Walter Arnold, '40 .....	Fourth Prize



## QUIZ AND QUILL CONTESTS

### AUTUMN

#### Poetry

Mary Louise Myers, '41 .....	First Prize
Louise Gleim, '41 .....	Second Prize
Viola Senseman, '42 .....	Third Prize

#### Prose

Donald Williams, '41 .....	First Prize
J. Alden Pratt, '41 .....	Second Prize



### SPRING

#### Poetry

Louise Gleim, '41 .....	First Prize
Betty Woodworth, '41 .....	Second Prize
Viola Senseman, '42 .....	Third Prize
Leo Wellbaum, '39 .....	Fourth Prize

#### Prose

Donald Williams, '41 .....	First Prize
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## CHRISTMAS

LOUISE GLEIM, '41

A Christmas Eve in any town  
Is quiet candle glow,  
And breathless starlight looking down,  
And stillness on the snow.



## METAPHOR

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN, '40

A moment, like a snowflake  
Is perfect for an instant  
But left unmingled  
It melts into eternity.



## THE MINUTE WALTZ

RUTH EHRLICH, '39

**T**EEPY was just a little dog but he had a great many charms. He had a lovely brown and white coat which was as silky as any partnership of silkworm and mulberry leaf could have made it, and besides it curled delightfully at the ends. His ears were soft and droopy except when on special occasions he pricked them up sharply. He also had a very handsome tail which was graceful and luxuriant, and which was his chief amusement for the fact is that Teepy was a tail-chaser. For minute after minute he was a fuzzy halo as he merrily went round.

Of course this was a sign of youth and as Teepy lost some of his puppy exuberance he also lost some of his endurance. He could not continue carelessly to frisk around for to Teepy old age soon came. But nevertheless Teepy could reminisce fondly. He had only to listen to his mistress play the "Minute Waltz" which Frederic Chopin had written just for him.



## LIFE'S PATTERN

AGNES DAILEY, '40

Translucent river of water  
Threading your way  
Timidly  
Through grotesque shadows  
Beyond your tiny realm;  
Catching a brief glimpse  
Of a star  
So far above you,  
Holding its reflection  
But a moment  
When you are calm;  
Following your twisted course  
Into a vast unknown:  
You are Life's Pattern.



## A LEGEND OF THE VIOLET

JEAN SOWERS, '40

Long years ago, when earth was new,  
The fairies roamed through field and wood;  
Gay sprites—and happy, all day through.  
The world was bright, the world was good.

A gracious lady was their queen,  
Petite in regal purple gown,  
Her throne a bank of woodland green,  
Her furs of ermine—gold her crown.

The forest-world was fresh and free,  
And life a glorious, dancing thing,  
Until on earth there came to be  
Huge folks, called "men", a-wandering.

And someone chanced to hear them say,  
"There are no fairies." Much upset,  
The queen, head bowed, pined life away,  
But in her place grew Violet.

## IN NOMINE

ELDON SHAUCK, '42

AS the nickelodeon ran on and on in the small alcove to the rear of the restaurant, two or three couples glided back and forth past the curtained doorway, dodging tables and each other as they swayed rhythmically to the music. A group of us sat in a crowded booth eating warm pork barbecues. We ate slowly because we dreaded leaving the cozy inn. Our fingers, feet, and ears were still cold from our short walk through the cold night.

During a lull in the conversation, I caught a few German phrases that seemed to be uttered in desperation. Glancing across the smoke-filled room, I saw a black clothed figure trying frantically to make the painted waitress understand what he wanted to eat. The waitress finally brought him a half-filled bowl of half-warm soup. Fascinated by the tired, sad, but reverent countenance of the man, I watched him intently. Entirely unconscious of the noise and confusion in the room, he moved his right hand slowly from his forehead to this breast, then to his left and right shoulders. I could see his lips form the traditional invocation of the Church—In Nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.

While the others in my group were telling stories or mumbling over the words of some popular song, I studied the man. He looked tired and lonesome, but still kind and fatherly. The cross hanging on his breast seemed to set him off from the laughter and clamor of the inn, just as his life set him off from the rest of the world.

He was without companions. Something suggested to me that he was born across the sea, and that he had come to this country as an immigrant. Perhaps he sought religious freedom. No doubt his family was still over there. That made little difference now. All his love and devotion belonged to the Church and to entire mankind. When he should reach his destination, which was no doubt a monastery in the land of his adoption, he would fast, pray, do penance, say masses, and continue to be lonely—all in Nomine Patris, Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.



## TO THE VILLANELLE

### A Villanelle

JEAN SOWERS, '40

Rimes, refrains, now I rebel,  
Artificial, rigid thing,  
Curses on thee, Villanelle.

Inspirations come pell-mell,  
But I just can't make them sing,  
Rimes, refrains, now I rebel.

Sentiment cannot excel  
When bound by rules that tightly cling.  
Curses on thee, Villanelle.

Rhythm, color, tone—farewell.  
You must bow and homage bring,  
Rimes, refrains, now I rebel.

The French have done thee very well,  
But English lacks the rime and swing.  
Curses on thee, Villanelle.

Thank you, no, all fears dispel.  
I'll write in prose, and from me fling  
Rimes, refrains. Now I rebel;  
Curses on thee, Villanelle.



### A VISITOR

DOROTHEA ABELL, '40

The stars  
Are held in place  
By folds of velvet dark—  
A crystal flash! One visits us  
On earth.



## MY BROTHER

WILMA MOLER, '43

God took a shock of sandy hair  
And put it on askew,  
He made two eyes for him, that were  
Of the queerest shade of blue;  
A long and loose-connected frame  
As thin as it could be  
A crooked grin and an odd-shaped nose,  
Such a funny sight to see.

Then God found me, and to me said,  
"I give to you—a brother."  
I took one look and turned my head  
And said, "I want some other."

God put love in that funny boy  
And faith in those blue eyes,  
He put in a heart as pure as gold,  
A tongue that told no lies;  
A mind that never harbored ill  
Two hands that never stole  
A good clean boy, who till the end  
Will strive to reach his goal.

Then I found God, and bowed my head,  
I thanked him for my brother.  
I humbly raised my eyes and said,  
"Dear Lord, I'd have no other."



## RAINBOW

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN, '40

Sun and rain  
Blended in arched  
Perfection.

## THE CHURCH ON THE HILL

JOSEPH AYER, '40

THE little, white church thrust its stubby steeple defiantly toward the sky as if conscious of its sturdy past. It had stood on this rugged hill-top for two hundred years now. It was rather lonesome on this bleak hill sometimes. The old cemetery on the slope of the hill in front wasn't much company. At one time they had taken care of the grass within its stone walls and it had been comforting to think of the sturdy characters who rested peacefully beneath the green sod. Now the grass grew deep around the old, brown stones. Here and there a flower thrust a struggling blossom above the matted growth that sought to choke it, the last vestige of some son's remembrance to his mother. The diminutive parish house on one side and the almost modern parsonage on the other had come to offer support in the last fifty years; but they weren't much comfort because they couldn't remember back very far. It was then that things had really happened.

On the other side of the parsonage was the Methodist cemetery, long since fallen into disuse, and beyond that stood the remains of the Methodist church building. That church would be some help if only it had life left in it. There had been stirring rivalries in the old days. It didn't seem so long ago that the Methodists built a road up the other side of the hill so they wouldn't have to pass the Congregational meeting-house on their way to worship. Finally the Methodists had either died out or come over to this side of the hill.

There was only a remnant now of the people who had formed the backbone of the village life in the old days. Every year some of the stern, old troupe would pass to their final resting place. One of the lots in the cemetery would be broken open and then



quickly covered and forgotten. Who were these people who were left—this dozen or so that struggled to church each Sunday to carry on the tradition of generations? They were still the leaders of the twenty or thirty that came. But it wasn't like the olden Sundays when the shed had been filled with buggies and the churchyard crowded with saddle horses. One or two buggies, three or four old Fords and perhaps another of slightly better make, but of equally ancient vintage, stood forlornly before it on Sunday mornings now.

That dozen of the old-timers was a comfort. They still remembered the vigorous life that had been enjoyed here. The two Rossiter sisters carried on with all the grace and dignity that comes only with background and breeding. They were nearing eighty but every Sunday morning saw them seated in the Rossiter pew, white hair perfect to the last pin, always just so far apart as if trying to fill the empty places in the row. Old Deacon Dudley and his lame sister Martha were always there if the roads were passable. Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden came when they could. They hadn't married until he was seventy and she sixty-five. He was blind now but in his youth had been one of the surveyors who had laid out the U. P. Trail. His stories of railroad camps and Indians made him the idol of the few young boys in the neighborhood.

The old church shuddered slightly as a gust of wind smote its clapboard walls. It, too, was beginning to feel the weakness of age and neglect. Then once more came to it the thoughts of former service and the glories that had echoed throughout its timbers in the past. It had a tradition to carry on. It represented the spirit that had settled this wild country, that had conquered the wilderness and survived cold and hunger. Freedom and faith in God were its cornerstones. The stubby steeple reflected grim determination.

It would carry on.



## SONG OF THE WIND IN SPRING

LOUISE GLEIM, '41

Going our way, Wind?  
Come tell us of your travels.  
Fragrant gypsy, join our travels!  
Going our way, Wind?

\* \* \* \*

West Wind am I;  
Vagrant of the gentle hills and fields,  
And the mist-hung hollow  
To my light and trailing finger yields  
A clinging scent of deep, wet, grass.

Spring Wind am I;  
Musician of the new and growing things.  
For the boughs and leaves,  
As I laugh and pluck their strings,  
Give the melody that echoes as I pass.

Rover Wind am I,  
Blender of the songs and scents of May,  
For I steal the sprites  
From the woods along my way,  
And drop them, tucked in raindrops, as I pass.

\* \* \* \*

Going my way, mortals?  
My far-flung, flying way?  
There's spring to spread along the way.  
Going my way, mortals?



## SUNSET

BETTY WOODWORTH, '41

A sunset is a lovely sight—  
A prelude rare, preceding night;  
Flaunted colors, high and broad,  
Unfathomable handiwork of God.

## A JANITOR'S PHANTASY

DONALD L. WILLIAMS, '41

Sweep on, Broom,  
While I build castles, fight battles,  
Write books, and make speeches.

Get your dirt as you may, Broom,  
While I sing Opera, sway men,  
Thrill hearts, and build bridges.

Do you ever dream, Broom,  
Of greater feats of sweeping—  
Of cleaner streets and cities,  
Of dirt-free hearts and faces?

Do you ever lift yourself, Broom  
From mere menial sweeping  
To higher tasks, and nobler, in your thinking?

If you don't, then sweep on, Broom,  
In your dull, plodding way,  
While I build castles, sway men,  
Sing Opera, and build bridges.



## BURNT OFFERINGS TO THE FATES

VIOLA SENSEMAN, '42

Give me one star  
To follow,  
One symphony to write,  
And poetry half-phrased  
In glimmering recesses of my mind,  
And lock them deep within my very being  
That I may spend the passions of my life,  
Pounding on the unrelenting walls  
Built round the turrets of my soul—  
That I may never know,  
How very much of happiness  
A mocking god forbade the arrogance of genius;  
For then, vanquished shall I conquer,  
Surrendering shall be free.

## THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES

AGNES DAILEY, '40

“**M**UMMY, look at the fireworks in the sky.”  
What does she mean? — Does the child know what she’s saying? — It’s been so long since the day she held the broken rose in her baby hand and saw it blur, dim, and darken into blackness before her eyes. Frightened, she ran—stumbled into my arms. — Blind! — Doctors told her a day, month, year, three years, ago that it would not be long. The halting steps, the feeble attempts at the keyboard to remember notes she had seen, the wide blank eyes focusing past us as she’d proudly display her flowers and touch our faces to feel our pleasure — all these we’ve tried to ignore, while our very souls were crushed.

But now — tonight —

— Does she know what she’s saying? Does it mean that — Could it be — Dear God, give me strength — don’t let me cry — at first, let her see me smile, — let her see — it’s been so long — Yes, there are fireworks in the sky. God froze them there.

— Oh, my dear! — My dear.



## SCHOOL TEACHER'S BLUE MONDAY

### A Rondeau

LOUISE GLEIM, '41

Who am I, this fev-rish slave,  
Mis-explaining Blake and Chaucer;  
Taking liberty to save  
Languid classes, getting crosser?  
I'm progressive, full of push,  
“Aw, so wut,” is their reply!  
Who am I, For though I gush,  
They still read “Popeye.”



## MAN AND MORNING

EDGAR DANIELS, '43

The sun arose this morning,  
A great feudal lord ascending  
His aerial throne.  
Before him charged  
A thousand orange-crested lancers,  
That pierced the somber  
Realm of night and  
Spread the carnage  
Over the eastern sky.

Color's organ heightened,  
Struck across the misty earth  
In one great chord  
Of morning light.  
In saffron raiment then,  
The monarch moved forward,  
Upward, blessing with his studded scepter  
All—land, earth, and sky.

And down below,  
All earthly creatures,  
Vassals liberated from the dank  
Medieval donjon of the night,  
Bestirred themselves and basked  
In the warmth of their genial master;  
All save one—and that,  
Most exalted of the vassals,  
Arose fitfully  
And passed through the day  
With his eyes downward.



## THE RISING MOON

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN, '40

Gay little siren, lady in silver,  
Flirting so lightly with man,  
Gliding forth smoothly, coy and alluring  
Peeping around your black fan.

## THE KID

DONALD L. WILLIAMS, '41

I discovered, the other day, that that good, old, manly, country practice of gathering around the stove at the crossroad grocery store to chew tobacco and tell stories has not disappeared. Instead it only moved from the grocery store to the filling station and modernized itself, after a fashion.

I happened into one of these filling stations, and having occasion to wait, joined the crowd.

The fellow doing the talking I judged to be about fifty, though he showed signs of a hard life and too much alcohol. Beside him lay an old army knapsack which I surmised to contain his portion of this world's goods.

As I entered the group he half turned, took aim, missed the spittoon, and said:

"Yep boys they was funny people that was buddies over there. Now I remember mine. He was jist a young feller, a kid still in college. He was smart as a whip 'e was. Good lookin' 'n manners like a woman. He weren't never cutout fer a soldier.

"I guess 'e had a gurl back home 'n 'e was alwas tellin' me 'bout how purty she were.

"He were about the homesickest guy I ever seen. He di'n't have no quarrel 'th the Botches, 'n I ain't fraid t' bet that if he had t' do the killin' over there, there wasn't no one got shot. That's th' way 'e was.

"Anyway me 'n him was buddies 'n we talked alot 'bout when we'd go home so's he could git back t' college 'n that gurl. But this time I'm gona tell y' 'bout, we'd been billeted back o' the lines fer 'bout a week—y' see y' was in the trenches two weeks n' out two weeks t' rest. Well 's I was sayin', we was restin' 'hind the lines when orders comes unexpected like t' move up t' the front.

"Well. 'at night after dark we all got double rations 'n crawled on our han's 'n knees fer a quarter mile t' the front lines.

"My buddy di'n't talk but jist kept hangin' on t' his gun 'n lookin' like a wooden man.

"Well sure 'nough, 'bout ten o'clock orders come fer a charge, 'n we all got ready fer t' climb out when



the whistle blowed.

"Now, "No-Man's-Land" by that time weren't nothin' much but mud 'n shell holes, but they was one clump o' bushes out 'bout twenty yards from the Botches' lines which was defyin' all hell t' blow 't up, 'n that was what we, in our squad, was t' go fer.

"Well, the whistle blowed 'n over we went. Now boys I aint gona discribe 't t' y'. 'Cause 't was wersin hell, but jist so you'll know, some poor sucker's leg hit me full 'n the chest 'n knocked me, heels over appetite, into a shell hole. When I come to, there was my buddy 'th his canteen washin' my face 'th water 'n prayin' t' beat the devil.

"He said a machine gun got the rest o' our squad 'n it were lucky fer us 't the shell hole was there. I guessed it was, 'n asked him where the machine gun was at. He said in the clump o' bushes. So we peeked out t' see if we could get a shot at him but we couldn't. We could see th' gun but the gunner was hid betterin' a rabbit in a fence corner, 'n he was taken our guys off like flies.

"I couldn't see nothin' t' do but wait fer a chance t' git a shot at him, but all t' sudden my buddy, he gist yelled, 'Them poor devils 'll all git killed,' 'n jumped up 'n started fer that gun. He di'n't go right strait but sort o' angled 'round so's t' come up on the gunner without him seein' him.

"It were only 'bout fifty yards t' that clump o' bushes from us 'n purty soon I seen my buddy climb out o' a shell hole right b'hind that gun. But jist as he did the gunner seen him 'n whirled his gun around 'n got him full in the stumic, but not b'fore my buddy 'd jumped up in the air. When 'e come down he landed kersmack on that gun 'n upset it all over the place.

"I hid m' eyes cause I couldn't stand it, but I knowd he got him cause the gun was still, but so was every thing else still, even the artil'ry.

"I looked out t' see what was the matter n' seen a guy walkin' close t' my hole. I yelled t' him, 'What's the matter?' 'n he says, 'y' dern fool don't y' know the armistis is jist been signed, 'n the wor's over. We're all goin' home'."



## WORLD-WEARY

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

I do not want to think!  
Let me forget  
That there are problems  
Which the world has yet  
To solve.  
Life is a puzzle?  
Well then let me die,  
And, borne upon the beauteous arms of sleep,  
Enchanted lie.  
For I am tired of puzzling.  
One small flower  
I have heard scientists discussing  
Many an hour.  
I do not care  
What is its cause, or why  
It came to be.  
It is enough for me  
That it is beautiful and good to see.  
Do not disturb my mind  
With questionings.  
Let me have peace!  
And if not thinking means the end of life  
Then let it cease.



## FORGET-ME-NOT

JEAN SOWERS, '40

There blooms a pretty little flower  
In our meadow green,  
Its modest eye is like the heaven—  
So blue and so serene.  
  
There isn't much that it can say,  
It seems to be its lot  
To always speak the same short phrase.  
It's just, "Forget-me-not."

Translated from "Vergissmeinnicht,"  
by Hoffman von Fallersleben.

## AT THE MILL

EDGAR DANIELS, '43

**D**OWN by the sodden wheel of Cotter's mill reclines the sleepy boy. Tousled hair communes with the soft green moss on which he lies, tired brown legs are soothed by the balm of cool water, and a gentle mind is contemplating, not the hopeless cares of the world, but the wonderment that dwells about him.

Above looms the limestone wall, like a medieval parapet, upon whose rugged face lies moisture and from whose crevices crawl marvelous insect creatures. Some ancient Frank might have stood astride this rocky domain and hurled defiance at the enemy below!

At the wall's green base laps the water of the mill-pond, bending a quiet course through nearby trees and disappearing in the deep-green grasses beyond. Across this pool glide slender water-skippers, that scratch sparkling trails behind them.

The shadow from the old mill lengthens, creeps down the weathered stones, crawls across the placid water, strikes the mossy bank, and gently closes the eyes of the sleepy boy.



## BEAUTY

JOHN WALKER, '42

In the still air, music lies unheard,  
In worker's clay, beauty hides unseen.  
To make the music and the beauty needs  
the Master's touch.  
Master, touch us with thy skillful hand,  
Let not the music in us die!  
Great sculptor, mold and polish us; let  
Not thy form hidden within us lie.



## KREISLER CONCERT

ELEANOR BROOKS, '41

**I**T was early, and I hesitated in the doorway, momentarily overcome by the size of the place. It seemed enormous, rather badly lighted, ugly, shabby. The stage was perfectly bare except for a tremendous, shiny black grand piano.

A tuxedoed usher showed me to my seat, and I settled myself and watched the crowd gather. Across the aisle sat a little dowdy woman in grey who looked definitely underfed, and I wondered how many lunches her ticket had cost. Two arrogant elderly women in beautiful furs moved up the aisle. A flock of casually dressed fellows and girls, hatless in the approved collegiate manner, came in together. Near me, two men talked belligerently. I caught "Communism's going to sweep the country!" I peeped, and laughed silently; they were two of the sleek young ushers.

The patter of applause turned my attention back to the stage. I was totally unprepared for the appearance of the master; he seemed so old—so old. He walked with dignified old-world grace, his head lifted, his magnificent hair silver under the light. He faced his audience, straight, tall, rather portly, fine in his full dress. The little spindle-legged accompanist followed him like a faithful old dog and sat down, carefully spreading his coattails over the piano bench. He began to provide the background of sound that was to prove unfailingly correct throughout the concert. With courtly gentleness the great violinist stooped to turn a page of the music on the piano. Then Kreisler lifted his instrument, and I forgot to think.

As well try to describe the wind or the stars or the pyramids as Kreisler's music. All there was in the world was an old man with marvelously graceful hands, the gleam of the light on his violin, and music.

And I was totally unprepared for Kreisler's bow. He bent from the waist, slowly, with utter dignity, as if he were thanking us instead of we him. He



bowed again and again, and then, slowly, he smiled. Almost he seemed shy; at any rate, he showed none of the assured gay happiness of kids taking a bow. He was so brave about it all—exactly, now I think of it, as you'd want Kreisler to be.

As I moved out toward the lobby after the last encore, still hearing, dream-fashion, the "London-derry Air", two women were descending the stairs from the balcony. One wore a striped gypsy gown, scarlet and gold and white; the other, blue lame. As I passed them the woman in the gypsy gown was saying patronizingly, "It was **very** good."



## SPRING SONG

VIOLA SENSEMAN, '42

Sullen spring looked out upon the tired world  
Made miserable by winter's lengthy stay  
And smiling then uncertainly as if in brief apology,  
Held up her trailing skirts and fled.  
And ever with each dawn I sought for her  
With bated-breath expectancy,  
And waited for her change of mood.  
With coaxing and blandishments I pled,  
But she was deaf to all my prayers:  
Lost—lost to all the world, and me.

So, silent with despair  
But hoping yet to feel her hands  
Placed gently on my eyes again  
In mischievous delight,  
I waited, weary of her whims.

And then I turned from her to other loves,  
And found, at last, she had crept pityingly  
Into my heart.

## FOUR FEET SIX INCHES

ROSEMARY McGEE, '41

**W**E were pals, yes, real pals. We strung up the neighbor's cat together, scrimmaged on the old vacant lot, lost every tennis meet, loved the same girl. We were pals.

And now, just a moment ago they pushed him against the wall before the firing squad. We were buddies, fighting side by side all through the war. Bill and I were always placed in the same regiment because his name is McClair and mine is McClain. How could I have gone through with it all without him? He was always so cheerful, so damned cheerful. Now his head has fallen on his shoulder, his arms limp, his knees bent forward—and I'm next. Why couldn't we have entered the new world together?

The last thing he said as he stood on his tip-toes, his head high was, "Four feet six inches, remember?" **He did not hear my answer**, but how could I forget. Long ago we stood against the bedroom wall, on our tip-toes, heads high, and mother would measure us with the broken yard stick and say, "Four feet six inches." Now they are pushing me. Funny how he remembered, "Four feet six—".



## THOUGHT IN AUTUMN

RETA LaVINE, '42

Does God, the  
Master workman,  
Send rain in the fall  
To wash the leaves  
And paste them on the sidewalk  
In a mosaic  
For us to walk upon?

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