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The
Quiz
and
Quill

-- PUBLISHED BY --
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
-- OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE --
Westerville - Ohio



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Louise Gleim	-	-	-	-	-	Editor
Jean Sowers	-	-	-			Associate Editor
Donald L. Williams	-	-				Business Manager
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Cover design by Louise Gleim

LITERARY AWARDS

SPRING — 1940

QUIZ AND QUILL PROSE CONTEST

First Prize - - - Edgar Daniels '43

Second Prize - - - Bette Greene '42

Third Prize - - - Eleanor Brooks '41

SUNRISE

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Great, golden sun!
Rising, like morning magic
With loveliness to make a joyous day.

Glad am I to be alive!
But better still,
To be awake to such majestic beauty.

DENIAL

VIOLA SENSEMAN

Men counted him a fool—
He was an object
For their unrestrained amusement.
And everything
A man might do
To prove himself a fool—
He did, with terrifying thoroughness.

And yet, I say,
He was no fool—
No wasted rantings against fate,
No pounding of a weary head
Against a Mourning Wall—
He turned from such experiment
To new ones, never boring others
And himself with repetition.

Thus if he failed in all—
Why, then, he failed magnificently,
Knowing he had tried all things.
And who can say
He failed completely,
If there yet be one, even I,
To say he is no fool?

A RENAISSANCE

CHARLES KELLY

When dark thoughts settle down 'mid throngs
Of men where only joy belongs,
Once open hearts then close their gates,
Each dreamer stops and contemplates
The frightful face of fate.
Those thunderous thoughts of self reproach
On self respect of men encroach,
And cause each head, before held high,
To bow and usher forth a sigh
Of fear, self pity, hate:
This the waste of endless war
Within the souls of men. Rapport,
Eluding, lingers near and stirs in men
The coals of faith and hope again.

RAIN

BETTY BERCAW

Canto I

Cold, cruel rain,
You washed my soul away---
How dare you tap my window pane
In such a friendly way?
O stupid soul!
Could you but see things as a whole,
Unbiased open-minded, you would say,
"Kind rain---
You cleansed my soul today."

Canto II

I love nights
Like tonight,
Dark . . . damp . . .
Fragrant with dew . . .
And the sky all thickness---
No light
Save one thin spot
Where the moon shines through!
Yes, I love it, dear;
It reminds me
Of you.

LIGHT

ELEANOR BROOKS

**The end of the road was there, and we were alone with
the night---**

Remember? -- and the damp wind tossed my hair.

The night enfolded us, but far across the horizon
The glow of bright lights flooded the sky;
And over a hill close at hand were the lights of the
town we loved.

In the south, toward the city, two single reddish lights
stood out from the flow,

One blinking, the other steady and sure.

Lights in a radio tower, you wondered?

Electric Christmas candles in windows of homes, I'd
guess.

**Your hands on my shoulders, possessive, steady--your
hands . . .**

Not strange, my dear, that men use the symbol of light..

Metropolitan lights carry for miles through the dark-
ness.

Small-town lights are the lights of home . . .

**Above, the wind drew a blanket of clouds over the
twinkling stars . . .**

Stars, millions of miles away.

Far enough away to be serene, poised, quiet;

Individual parts in the symphony of light.

Light is a symbol, a synonym ---

Light is the expression your face wears.

Light is religion, light is progress, light is insight . . .

Light is hope, and love, and God.

HIGHWAYS

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Patterns of black and white and silver
In the great mosaic
Called the United States.

MY PRAYER

DONALD L. WILLIAMS

O God, when cannons roar
And men's crushed souls depart
In the ruin and hellish horror
If that curst disaster—War,
May I, though my mind be sore,
Cast hate from out my heart
When cannons roar
And men's crushed souls depart.

HYMN TO A NATION

VIOLA SENSEMAN

I—Past.

Vision—

And the will to hope,
Pioneering spirits
Of independent courage:
America.

"Faith of our fathers":—

Men of brave dreams and gallant hearts,
Who have dared defy a tyrant's vengeance—
He will yet remember
How the virgin soil was drenched
With blood, and sweat—and even tears.

This is a nation.

You, who willed to live in exile
That a freer, prouder race
Might follow in the path you blazed—
It is well.

II—Present

Hope—
Determination
To endure, and live—
Harmony of peoples:
America.

Across the many waters
Bearing rich gifts of varied heritage
And new vitalities of heart and mind,
Came new compatriots—
Those who fuse our past and future
Into this America, today's reality.

This was our common task:
To build a great democracy,
One people, indivisible,
That liberty and justice,
And freedom for all
Might be accompanied here.

III—Future

Stars,
And a blue sky;
Blood-red stripes

Against white purity:
America.

Alien, with your eyes upraised
To scan the skyline of a great metropolis,
Look long upon that symbol of democracy—
Liberty's lifted torch.
Dreams have gone into the molding
Of this western world—and tears, and blood.

This is our country.
Serve it well; believe in all it is.
Swear by our gods
To keep the vision clear.
Then enter, friend—
And welcome.

PHILOSOPHY

DONALD L. WILLIAMS

There are times in my life
 when I sit in the
Warm and paper-strewn untidiness
 of my room
And consider the
Rise and fall of the nations;
 when I sit,
Head buried in
The folds of my evening newspaper,
 or lost in a
Book of poetry, logic, or my Bible,
 or when, with a
Company of my fellow students,
 I cry out at the
Injustices of men,
 and think of the
Joy we miss by our ungodliness.
Then I turn to the God
 of Creation,
Who, for the convenience
 of my finite mind,
Sits in majesty
 on the great throne of Heaven.

DISCOVERY

LOUISE GLEIM


Bright and flashing comets had I seen
Strike their glittering crescents on the sk,
And watching breathlessly from far below
Had seen their temporal fire and glory die.

Then, in patience, waiting for a light
Whose brilliant, sweeping course might never cease,
I saw, by chance, one still, serene blue star,
Magnetic to my soul, and shedding peace.

And though the sky still rained vain-glorious sparks
Across the quiet star-scape, high and far,
Beyond those feverish flames my eyes were fixed,
Forever, clear, on one serene, bright star.

RADIANT SCARS

ROSEMARY MCGEE

 MARY WAS a pretty girl. All that marred her beautiful figure was a deep red scar which covered part of her shoulder and all of her right arm. Her mother told us that one day Mary had been burned as a child. You soon forgot she was marked when you learned to know that sweet, sad smile. Boys admired her, but soon forget the ugly radiant wound. Oddly enough the scar did not make Mary self-conscious. She wore short-sleeved dresses, backless formals; the wound seemed definitely a part of her. Not until we were in high school did I notice that instead of being deathly afraid of fires, as most burned people are, she was strangely attracted to them. At wiener roasts and camp fires she seemed almost entranced as we sat before them. One time we asked her why she liked fire so much and she answered: "It is so bright, so warm, it dances so." And then last night. The papers say she was buried today. It must have been a dream, it must have been. I remember now, all of us girls were having a party, a bridge party, and we played between the rounds of talking. Mary was so excited, she loved parties. But then as we were eating, some one knocked over the candle; soon the tablecloth was aglow. Everyone screamed, ran for the door; things fell over; everything was ablaze. It seemed the fire truck would never come. Suddenly I remembered. Mary was not with the gang. We ran back to the house; scorching flames everywhere. Inside the dining room stood Mary beside the table looking into the red crimson flames, while around her everything burned. We called and I remember she turned and smiled. Then crash! Everything crumbled in heaps, and turned black. I heard voices and then warm red blankets seemed to cover me. I had never been so warm. It was so beautiful, so warm.

This morning I woke up in my little bed, my arm and shoulder bandaged. It seemed so warm; it danced so, and then—I remembered Mary.

LONGING

BETTY BERCAW

And all the great dark night
Is calling me, is calling me
In the rapturous tones
That only deep silence can sing---
While here I sit bound,
Fettered by social obligations
Which cause me to smile, laugh,
Reply with brittle reparte
The thoughtless witicisms
Of my neighbors
Who doubtless, like me,
Are longing deep inside
To be away
From all this blazing glitter,
Blinding as it does,
The recognition of a soul beneath
Which sighs in quiet agony
For dim, cool silence
 And dark trees---
 Solitude
 And stars!

DIE WELT

MILDRED FISHER


Ich wusste nicht warum
Die ganze Welt war schoen.
Aber wenn ich schaute mich herum,
Ich sah eine Blume, wie wunderschoen!

Der Himmel war blau mit weissen Wolken,
Die ueber die grosse Welt langsam ging.
Die Sperlinge tummelten sich und fliegen,
Sie machten viele Freude mit sing'.

Leben ist wunderbar in einer solchen Welt.
Wenn auch man hat aber wenig Geld.

BEAUTY TO OLD JOE

EDGAR DANIELS

 OLD JOE hobbled by on Main Street yesterday, a broken hulk of a man in a threadbare coat. Under his arm he carried a dirty little cardboard box of flyswatters and shoe-strings.

It was one of those cold, whiny days at the close of winter, when simpering spring just can't make up its mind to come in. Old Joe didn't wear a hat—he never did—and his gray hair was clipped close in German style. It bristled over a milky-white scalp and showed oil flashingly his ruddy face. Pale blue eyes weren't much good for seeing, anymore; that's why Joe seemed to stare at the pavement as he bobbed and jerked along.

Those passersby who didn't know him—certainly strangers to downtown Louisville—turned and looked in some surprise at the shabby old man who ventured to ply his inelegant business in the shadow of the great Union Trust tower. One of them said, "Poor old man . . . just a human derelict."

I wonder if Joe heard that. If he did, he certainly must have laughed within himself. For, that was his main joke on the rest of humanity. They pitied him—but he pitied them.

I first knew Joe—the real Joe behind that weatherbeaten front—down in the tin-can village skirting one of Louisville's big refrigerator plants. That ugly group of huts had always seemed to me a symbol of the last resort of mankind to survive, before sliding into nothing.

Nevertheless, I found Joe there, squatting on a tar bucket in more complacency than anyone I have ever seen since. His shack was square, made for the most part of porcelain-plated metal sheets discarded by the factory. The porcelain was chipped off in places, and big splotches of rust peeked through.

There was good evidence that Joe had faced the problem of winter's cold. Little tufts of excelsior poked out from the cracks between metal sides, from

underneath the shanty, all around its base, and even from the triangular array of rivet holes at each corner of the slabs. A dinky smoke stack was braced by wires that stretched in all directions over the roof. Piled high against the house was a mass of graying driftwood, tossed ashore by the Ohio river, lugged by Joe half-way across town.

"Fella can keep warm if he's a mind to," he reminded me once, looking with some fondness on his little mansion.

There was no feeble attempt on Joe's part to beautify the squalor with maybe a little whitewash or a pot of flowers. Flowers weren't beautiful to Joe. Dump heaps were beautiful. Dump heaps—"shinin' in the sun like an army's helmets." Here and there a bottle gleamed with extra brilliance. That was significant to Joe, who would gaze at each bottle for long periods at a time.

"Them's emeralds, them green ones," he told me. "See that squarish one? . . . had prune juice in it once. Folks probably never even noticed how purty it was in the sunlight."

He would get up early in the morning before the sun, settle down on the tar bucket outside his door, and light his pipe. There he'd sit, evidently dozing. But, when the sun began to throw light among the cans and old refrigerator sides on Joe's eastern ridge, he'd be wide awake. He'd jump up and salute the new day in soldierly fashion.

When the growing light shot over the prune juice bottle and made it a living green flame, he would remove his pipe and bow.

"Why! I'd rather bow to that than say howdy to a lot of folks I know."

The dump was indeed to him culture and refinement. If he were suddenly made a poet by the loving Father, you can bet he'd write about the dump. And he'd immortalize it.

Not that he hasn't traveled. Marvelous are the stories townsfolks tell about Joe's adventures as a

younger man. Some say, and I've no reason to doubt them, that once he even stowed away on a steamer and was in Africa for a year.

But now he just sits—sometimes stirring to sell his flyswatters and shoestrings in Louisville. Mainly though, he sits, and perhaps notices with mild interest the automobiles speeding by his dump, filled with cultured people “getting away from it all.”

Yes, Joe has a joke on humanity. He's satisfied with his lot, happy where he is. That's why I wondered if he heard that passerby yesterday.

If he did, he probably chuckled to himself: “That fella never seen a prune juice bottle shinin' in the sunlight.”

THE COWARD

VIOLA SENSEMAN

To be afraid,
To know not
What the day will bring;
To cry aloud in anguish
At the shadows
Moving on the walls,
And lie with frozen muscles,
Awake and staring in the night---

Oh God -- it is enough
To walk the day
And bear its myriad hurts;
To keep the shoulders proud,
Lips firmly closed on pain,
And eyes well-guarded
From all curious ones
Who seek to read their secrets.

The night ---
I ask but for the night
And deep forgetfulness
Until the hell of day
Begins again.
But darkness closes in and down ---
Oh God -- oh God!
It is enough to bear the day.

A MODERN MAIDEN'S PRAYER

HELEN QUACKENBUSCH

Give me the beauty of Hedy La Marr,
The voice of the famed Alice Faye,
Give me ten fingers, possessing the strength
Rachmanioff's prelude to play.

Give me the wealth of the Vanderbilt clan,
The power of Father Divine,
Give me intelligence, wisdom and brains,
Make me a female Einstein.

Give me the dancing career of Miss Rand,
(Don't bother to give me the fan,)
Give me that "something" of Edward Sixth's wife,
So I, too, can capture my man.

Give me the talent of Eleanor R.,
A column as good as "My Day",
And for taking the trouble to scribble these lines,
Professor, please give me an "A".

DISTRACTION

A Rondeau

JEAN SOWERS

An Ivy branch has waved to me
Through three whole years of history.
Outside the window, saucy chit,
It dances, while I sit . . . and . . . sit,
And minutes creep by endlessly.

A voice drones on; it calls on me—
I think and think, but all I see
Is that distracting little bit
Of ivy branch.

When some class planted carefully
That vine, for sake of memory,
How could they know that twig of it
Would wave and wave, till bit by bit,
It made me flunk in history,
My ivy branch.

PANCAKED

BETTE GREENE



JIM GRINNED anticipatingly. This was going to be all right. The ship sat there in front of him—sleek and glistening in the afternoon sun. It was a new speed model with low wings, pants, and a bullet-shaped fuselage. It sure was a neat craft—easy to handle, quick to obey. With the right girl in the front cockpit—well life would be one sweet dream. The right girl would soon be there. In fact this very afternoon. Ellen was as right as a girl could be. Tall, slender, graceful as a willow, peppy, lively blueish eyes and gobs of thick dark hair.

All this passed through Jim's mind as he looked at the ship. Suddenly he arose from his chair in front of the hangar—"Why in the devil isn't she here?" he thought. "She's about ten minutes late already."

Then as if in answer to his thoughts around the corner sped a car—a nondescript model—and a cheery voice yelled, "Hi, Jim."

He looked up. Yep, there she blew. The right girl all right. He sauntered over to her. "Hi cuteness," he said, "All ready?"

"Sure nuff, guy. My pants are pressed and everything. Even brought along a bottle of shampoo to christen her with. Or has that honor been done already?"

"Fraid so," he said opening the door for her. "How do you like her?"

The girl whistled in surprise. "Gee, Jim?—she's—she's—gorgeous!"

"Well, come kid, let's get going. I've got business this aft." He strapped her in a chute, gave her a boost into the front cockpit, then quickly jumped into his. The mechanic came from the hanger.

"Okay, Jim."

"Okay, Charlie."

"Switch off? Contact."

With a roar the ship caught, sped across the ground, and slowly climbed into the sky. For about fifteen minutes they flew in silence. Then Jim said, "How about some tricks, kid?"

The answer came floating through the tube. "I'd love it toots."

Then he snapped the ship into a roll that began a series of hops, skips, and jumps that made a crazy pattern across the fleecy clouds above them. After a while Jim straightened the ship out and with a yawn spoke through the tube. "Take her, kid."

Leisurely he leaned back in the cockpit and glanced over the side. They were climbing and when they finally broke through the fleecy clouds a sea of filmy whiteness lay beneath them. Jim watched the shadow of their ship as it raced below them, bursting with pride that he owned such a sleek, trim little ship. Suddenly he sat up. He blinked his eyes and looked again. No mistake about it, something was missing. He leaned over the side of the cockpit and looked beneath him. The left wheel of the landing gear was dangling helplessly beneath them. Even as he watched, it broke loose and fell from the ship.

He sat back into the cockpit, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead as he realized just what it would mean, landing a crate like this one with a landing speed of eighty miles an hour, without a gear. There was not much chance of getting out alive in a mess like that. The frown deepened on his forehead as he remembered Ellen. Did she see it? He hoped not.

"Didn't you say that you had something to tell me, Jim?"

He started. Then he breathed again. She must not have seen it or she wouldn't ask a question such as that. "Wh--Why, yes," he answered.

His mind raced with a thousand impractical answers to the question. Then it suddenly clicked upon an idea. "Do you know Virginia Lear?"

"Yeah, I know her. What about her?"

"Well I don't know why I want to tell you first but I guess it is because we have been such good friends. Anyway we are going to be married next month."

A faint voice came back. "Y--You and Virginia Lear?"

"Yep. Pretty nice girl don't you think?"

"Wh--Why, yes Jim. I-- think it's swell."

"You'll come to the wedding won't you."

"Sure."

They flew in silence.

"Mind if I take over?"

"Why, no."

The afternoon was beautiful. The sun slanted its rays across the clouds making them almost clint in its light. The sky in the west was one mass of brilliant colors, mixing together to make a sunset.

"Hey, Jim---? Let's go down."

"What the heck? It suits me plenty up here."

"But, well, I have an engagement and I have to be there."

"What's the matter? Afraid you'll keep one of your men waiting?"

"No. But I just have to get down."

"Well if your in such a doggone big hurry to get down why don't you jump? You're always bragging about your nerve."

"Oh."

"What's the matter? You aren't afraid are you?"

"No," defiantly. "But it seems so foolish to do something like that when there isn't ample reason for it."

"If that isn't just like you damn women. Always bragging about how brave you are but when it comes right down to it, you're the biggest bunch of

scarey cats there ever was. Thank God Virginia isn't like that."

"Well if that is the way you feel about it, it's okay with me. But I'll have you know that I am not afraid either. I'll make that jump and I hope I never see you again," she snapped.

"Wait a minute and I will take you beneath these clouds."

"You needn't bother."

"But I insist." They descended in silence.
"Okay."

He watched her as she slowly climbed to the edge of the cockpit and looked hesitantly down below. His hand tightened on the stick. "Jump!" He wished he could scream. God! if she saw that gear---! Then she jumped and the chute opened like a big white mushroom carrying her to the ground. He offered a little prayer that she would be safe and that she would forgive him. Then he turned his mind to the business on hand.

* * * * *

Slowly he climbed out of the darkness around him. His hand went to his head. It felt like a ping pong ball with a back spin on it. He opened his eyes, squinting as the light hit them, and became conscious of a room, a white room. "What the ----? Oh yes, he tried to land a crate without a gear. He attempted to focus his eyes. Four visions standing at the end of the bed. "Angels? Huh, more likely devils." Gradually his vision cleared. Why it was only two. One was Ellen. The other was a funny looking gent. Must be a doctor.

One of them spoke. "Hi, Jim. Gee I'm glad. You'll be all right now." There were tears in her eyes.

"The ship?"

"It's kinda pancaked. But it was you Jim that I--that is--we were worried about. And Jim I know about Virginia. She told me it wasn't---

Jim looked at the Doctor. "Say Doc, don't you know three is a crowd. Especially when a guy has a very important question to ask."

VESPERS

LOUISE GLEIM

With folded hands, the Great Lord reclined
Against a tree, serene in the blue of evening,
Meditating, And through the quiet air,
From Earth below, He heard the light-winged prayers
Sent upward from the souls of men, grown calm;
The wistful questionings that come again
Each twilight hour to haunt the quiet hearts
And rise like chimney smoke at dusk, in wisps,
Hov'ring and floating toward the heavenly canopy.
These the Lord God heard and answered patiently;
Not as the mighty Monarch, Lord and Ruler,
But with the tender voice of one who tells
A wistful son of wonders that he'll never
Fully understand.

And in the dimness there, His mind turned back
Through all the ages, endless year on year
And day on day when He had hushed all space
At vesper time to have communion with
The sons of Earth; How, ages past and dim.
When Earth's wet, new-born beauty first unfolded,
Drying in the sun; alone He roved
The glowing hills and deep, mysterious woods,
With all things that could fly, or run, or glide
Following after Him delightedly,
In excited little eddies, and nuzzling
Close for shelter and companionship.

But when evening came, and the Lord
Sank wearily upon the grass, to meditate,
Glowing, warm with pride for this new world,
And dizzy with the vision of its splendor,
He looked about, but all the animals
Were deep in slumber, gathered 'round His feet;
No company for one whose very soul
Burst to share the greatest vision ever seen.
All night He tossed, alone, and planned, and dreamed
Of His triumphant world of noble beauty;
And with the timid mist of morning light,
He stole off to a moistened, earthy place.

And created Man. Out of clay He made him:
But, like Himself, with soul and eyes to see
The distant, glorious vision, and to be
Co-worker and companion to the Lord.

Thinking back on all these things, God
In the fragrant stillness of the evening,
Felt His heart grow warm with Father-love
For the ever-forward-creeping ages
And Man, whose hesitating step went forth
Urged onward by His guiding hand, and lifted
On the wings of His inspired soul.
And now the last, fine wisps of evening prayer
Trembled yearningly about the Father's head,
And he looked up to find the starry darkness
Seeking entrance at the portals of
The night. With infinite compassion for
The toil-weary, yearning world, and love
Soul-deep for all mankind, co-worker and companion
To the Lord, for this one evening,
The Father God, maker of Heaven and Earth,
Himself leaned over the edge of Heaven and tenderly,
With His own hands, drew the spangled lengths
Of night over the sleeping world.

DESCRIPTIONS:
KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Farmhouses

A place apart from over-busy cities
Clean, unsmoked.
A white oasis in a desert of green.

A Creek.

Silver thread—
Weaving patterns in
cloth of green.

RIVER TOWN

ELEANOR BROOKS



MY FIRST impression was one of idyllic loveliness. The village rests on the bank of the Beautiful Ohio, with the crest of the West Virginia hills rising high and tree-covered on the other side. The place is constantly green—the nearness of the river does that; and it is a little town of winding, tree-shaded graveled streets, and shrubs and flowers. Occasionally the whistle of a river steamer sounds eerily, and there is a trail of smoke after it; and in the morning, when the fog rises from the river, it is a fairy town.

But the second time I walked the length of one of the little streets, I began to see more than greenness and flowers and steamers. That house, so old and flood-damaged it leaned to one side, so close to the street—ominous sounds of quarrelling proceeded from it. A cripple limped along, placing his cane with the utmost care; and his eyes were unobservant and completely hopeless. The freshness imparted by the previous day's rain was gone; and in two or three places the odors bespoke the primitiveness of the village's sanitation. Three young men, needing shaves and tubs, sat on a low stone curb at nine o'clock in the morning. They did not move or speak when I passed, and one of them went on rolling his cigaret, but something about them made me straighten my shoulders. A fat woman in a torn dress and dirty apron, bare-legged and with horrible shoes, pumped water and carried it to a house across the road. In front of another house sat a very old man with a battered hat on his head. I said good morning, but he either did not hear me or did not want to; he only started.

Everyone was related, I found; I never knew which children were brothers and sisters and which cousins. I suppose that explains a lot of things. And nobody worked, for there is nothing to do in a little river town. And that explains a lot of things, too. It explains the stark terror a little girl's face wore when she spilled ink down the best of her two dresses.

There is nothing to do for play, except what is offered by the river and one badminton court—the kindest thing that ever struck that town. And that perhaps explains why the tools were stolen from the minister's car while he was at church one night.

In the house from which came the sounds of quarrelling live at least three families. Seven children belong to the families, and three women, and several men of various ages.

All children are sometimes dirty. These children deserve the name "river rats." They spend most of their time on the banks of the river, or in it, looking after themselves; nobody is much worried about another kid more or less. Afternoons I played baseball with them, because when I was there they did not fight as long as I was watching them. The only solution I found to the problem of being clung to by as many grimy hands as could possibly find a finger, or a corner of my skirt, was wearing white clothes. Cleanliness is so unusual that the obvious cleanliness of a white dress was something the little girls set themselves to preserve.

My river town frightens me thoroughly; yet I'm fascinated with it. Its graveled streets are beautiful, and the crest of the hills on the West Virginia side. And they still need somebody to wear white and play baseball. Only clean dresses and baseball sans fights will make it less sordid—clean dresses and baseball and jobs.


SUNSET

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

When life became a dreary, lonely monotone
Fretful, aimless, useless, weary
And my heart was filled with grim despair,
I saw a sunset. Saw it not as I had seen it
Many times before, but with my heart alive and
burning
Never will life be futile when hearts catch fire
from sunsets.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

MARGARET HANGER

 I NEVER KNEW that one could grow so attached to a place in a few short weeks. Until last September 9, Otterbein College was just a name to me—our church school. Now, eighteen weeks later, it is a dear, familiar place and I love every inch of its beautiful little campus, every brick that makes up its buildings—the very air that is Otterbein.

I am thankful for these few months I have been privileged to spend at Otterbein—thankful for the memories I shall always have with me. Memories of the campus in the fall made gay and colorful by the many brilliant trees. Now I say good-bye to a campus much changed in appearance from the first time that I saw it. The great trees, stripped of their foliage, seem less stately. However, there is a quiet, somber beauty about the snow-covered campus. I can picture the arrival of Spring on the campus and I grieve because I will not be here to see it.

There are so many things to remember. The quiet half-hours spent in chapel each day will leave a lasting impression upon me. The stimulating inspiration I received from these chapel programs as well as from the Y. W. C. A. meetings, the Freshman Girls' Sunday School Class, and the Christian Endeavor, will help me, I am sure, to live a better, fuller life.

Most important of all are the friendships I have formed at Otterbein. Nothing can ever make up to me for these good, kind friends. Memories—good times at the dorm, mid-night spreads, confidences exchanged—those vitally important conversations.

I am grateful, too, for the associations with my professors. Here at Otterbein the professors seem genuinely interested in their students and think of them, not as merely numbers, but as individuals and are really desirous of knowing the students and helping them with their problems. It is a privilege to go to these men for help and advice.

There are so many things that Otterbein offers—things that I always accepted as a matter of course and never really appreciated until I realized that I am doing them or enjoying them for the last time. I look back over this last semester and think regretfully of the time I have wasted, the outside work and reading that I might have done that would have made my courses mean more to me, the many worthwhile things of which I failed to take advantage.

It is difficult to say just what all this friendly, little college does mean to me. From her I have received many new ideas about life and living—a new mental awakening and I will never cease to be grateful. Thank you, Otterbein. Good-bye.

LATE SNOW

SALLY SHUCK

The wind changed overnight,
And when day dawned,
Cold and dark,
I saw the chilling gleam
Of snow and ice
Where yesterday green grass
Had stretched beneath the sun.
But what hurt most,
The daffodils lay crushed,
Their slender buds
And golden petals
Bruised and numbed
So brief their splendor.
So short their blossom-time.
Sweeter things than flowers
Perish, when the wind changes,
Overnight.

YELLOW BUTTERFLIES

EMMAJANE HILLARD



THE CROWD was subdued, ye in the air hung exaltation. Hearts beat high and patriotic fervor was at its peak. In a solemn hush, respect was paid to the newly-made "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier." In that crowd many lips trembled and eyes grew dim with cherished memories.

Alone, on the outskirts stood a little old lady. She was a Gold Star mother—who had done her share for America. Head erect, lips parted, she watched them lay the wreath. One by one pictures passed through her mind.

Once more—so near she could almost touch him. Life had been good to him but even when things were hard he had smiled like that. Laughter and life were one to him. He'd loved beauty in a fierce way—demanding it in everything. Yet the one thing that everyone remembered him for was his butterflies.

Butterflies were his pride and joy. Not just any and all but one certain kind—yellow butterflies. From his birth they were a symbol of Johnny. He was born on a spring day and a yellow butterfly came in through the window. Softly, as a benediction, it settled on his tiny head then floated away.

As a child they were his playmates. He grew to be like them in spirit—gentle, searching for the beauty in his life.

Then it was his graduation day. There he stood—she saw it as if it were yesterday. Again a yellow butterfly floated up, touched his diploma as if in approval and fluttered away.

Sadness touched her sweet face as she remembered the day he left for France. The butterfly that was hovering about hung uncertainly in the air. Then as the train pulled out it floated back to her shoulder. As if he were leaving her a piece of his soul.

Remembering the letter from Washington, she wiped a tear away. How clearly the words came to mind. "—died somewhere in France, serving the country he loved so well." Once more, in memory, she knelt by his bed to pray for the son who wouldn't be back. Again she saw on his pillow a butterfly, wings folded peacefully, waiting, too, for his return.

Suddenly her breath caught. A soft cry tore through the parted lips and was stilled in the moment. Hovering over the tomb were two butterflies—two yellow ones. Unsteadily she stepped forward. Before her wondering eyes one soared heavenward. Straight up, brilliantly, triumphantly, until it was lost from sight in the blueness of the sky.

Silently the little figure slipped away from the crowd. In her eyes was peace and on her shoulder was the other yellow butterfly.—a symbol of everlasting life!

DESCRIPTIONS:
KATHLEEN O'BRIEN

Summer Rain

Diamond surprises—
Sudden cool drops upon
parched ground.
Silver trinkets in a setting
of golden day.


o o o

Fields

Rain-washed and freshly plowed
Shining like black marble
In settings of jade.

CLAY IS CLAY

AGNES DAILEY

YES, the funeral was lovely. So many flowers, you know. I felt sorry for Kate, she looked so sad and lonely. It will be some time before she'll accustom herself to the change."

Ah, the torture a bereaved person goes through to bow to custom! After a death, one must rebuild his life excluding the departed one. This in itself warrants serious thought. I do not mean by this—one should forget, rather, one should have time to himself to think sanely. But,—do we have a chance? No, social pressure takes care of that for us! We must not only bear the blow of death, we are expected to notify the undertaker, preacher, friends; select musicians and songs; choose the wearing apparel, casket, burying avult, cemetery lot, and flowers—for the funeral. Then, we must get ready ourselves for the ordeal of watching the performance and being watched by outsiders as the corpse is viewed, prayed over, eulogized, and finally lowered into the ground.

It's sheer barbarianism to subject a person to such a parade of events. Is there any wonder some go through the whole procedure in a daze from which they never fully recover? The human emotions can stand just so much. Beyond a certain point, a person is no longer sane—he can not reason, can not help himself. He is a child coloring his outlook and imagination by his emotions. He sees things out of proportion.

A body without life is a corpse, nothing more. The one whom we loved is not there. We all know that, and yet why do we let society dictate that we make a ceremony of carrying the body around before finally depositing it in the ground? All of which only emphasizes the emptiness, the sharp realization that life is gone.

Wouldn't it make death a little easier, to forget the body immediately and remember not a corpse in silken pillows lowered into the ground, but a loving, hating, laughing, talking, breathing, living person?

FIGURES ON A NINTH CENTURY TABLE TOP

EDGAR DANIELS

Ingrained, those visages of Gothic
Warrior, bard, and sage—
With hand at lute, in thought—
Started then as now at
Blood and joy and somber meditation.

One strides the tangled wilderness,
Forgets the humble home below,
Sees not his paltry crops and animals,
But looks abroad;
And then, struck dumb in wood,
Beholds great Charlemagne, upheaval, dark;
Sees rising sun, electric spurts of man
O'erhung by cloud of marching song.
Grace, religious furor, simple piety
Assail that wooden eye in close ascent:
Yet on the foot-hills, does he scan the heights
And see through gathering dusk
The highlands of today—as yore;
He strives beyond the woods and hill,
And peers into a gloomy cloud,
Peers and wonders, Will it be the same forever?

The bard with frozen lute,
Ashamed to strike his primal tune,
Bends low and listens;
Hears the still familiar praise of
Hero, love, and battle;
Feels the joyous vibrance that he knows.
Again he hears it, softened;
Again, and note exotic tone;
Again, and now beholds it harnessed,
Massed in operatic chord.
His straining ears and widening eyes
Achieve the height, the ever-present cloud,
And stumble back in wonderment.

Our sage is old and withered,
Humbled . . . humbled not!
That fading brow is victor still!
Through inquisition, persecution,

Ever at the side of warrior,
 Ever calling out a suicidal man,
 Now sinking back, his image on the wood
 Lies calmly through the centuries;
 And he, with hand and voice unlified,
 Sees his adversaries fall;
 The doughty warrior struggles toward the ridge
 in vain;
 The bard in gaiety and folly fails;
 The sage has gone beyond the hills
 And stands in deep humility—with God.

SIBELIUS' "FINLANDIA"

RUTH EHRLICH



AN ERECT figure stood on a ledge which projected over the steep, rock-walled fiord. If he had a purpose in being there it was that of being enthralled by the strong, angular beauty around him. A mighty nature had made deep layers of stone to protect the narrow sea-going stream. The same great nature had left rocky ledges where the birds could build nests and where stalwart Finns could stand and rejoice in the imposing beauty. Farther along the fiord, a cascade tumbled its waters into the narrow stream. In the bright sunlight, this cascade was millions of glistening bubbles effervescing into the cool shade of the cleft, and dashing into a silvery spray against the firm rocks. In winter, it was the tears of the rocky ledge as it faced the bitter wind which raced from the high plateau.

The figure continued to stand and to watch. His arms were folded as he followed the splashing waterfall to its end, and with his eyes climbed the richly colored brown, red, and gray rock ledges to the top. Then, with outstretched arms he thanked God for such wonder and such beauty. He thanked God that he was a Finn among the Finns to whom this wealth belonged. Freedom, honor, love of his country and of his countrymen, beauty, and splendor—the emotions surged within him. There could be only one expression—"Finlandia".

CERTAINTY

MARJORIE MILLER

Fate is weaving a web from shadowy strands.
She is throwing the shuttle with expert hands.
The pattern she weaves is yet dark to me.
There's a veil o'er my eyes, and I cannot see.
But soon the jumble of senseless things
She is joining together like tinted strings.
Will out of chaos to order grow,
And when she is done, I shall already know
The pattern that she has been spinning,
For today is tomorrow's beginning.

MY POEM

JEAN SOWERS

There's poetry in my heart
When Spring comes 'round
And lightly touches buds,
Unlocks the song birds' throats
'Till woods and fields with melody resound.

There's something inside me
That brings quick tears
When I hear music played,
Or read a lovely verse—
A childish joy whose thrill outlives
the years.

There's poetry in my heart
When beauty calls
Me from my hunderum life;
But still my lips are mute,
And poems find release in tears that
fall—unnoticed.

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