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1941 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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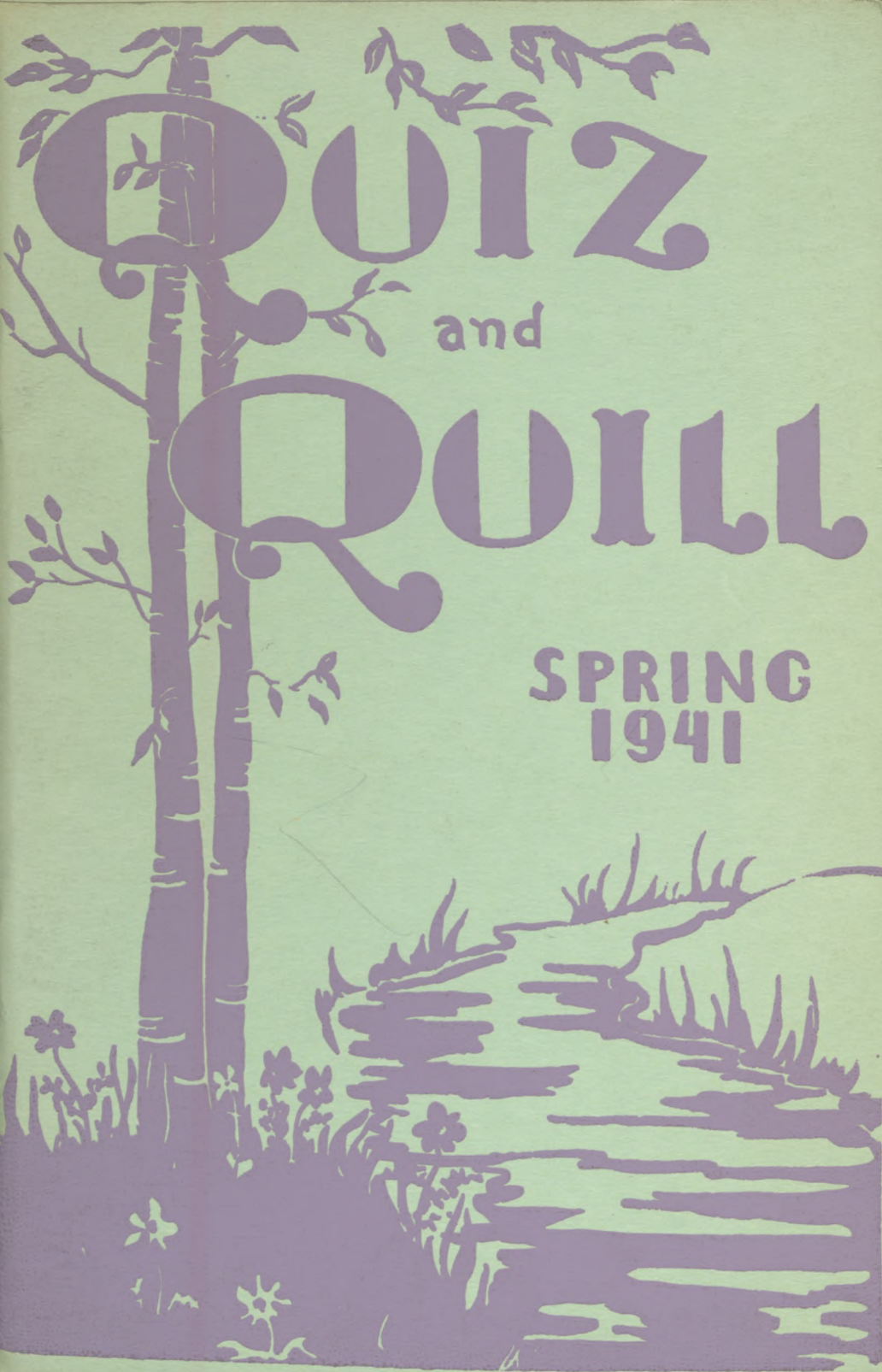


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Quill

and

Quill

SPRING
1941

The Quiz and Quill

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

Westerville, - Ohio

Spring, 1941 Founded 1919



THE STAFF

Eleanor R. Brooks	-	-	-	-	-	Editor
Betty Woodworth	-	-	-			Associate Editor
Bette Greene	-	-	-	-		Business Manager
Georgia Turner	-	-				Assistant Business Manager



FOREWORD—SPRING, 1941

It is spring again on the campus—spring in all its beauty—spring on the campus; and we take it avidly, not sure, since the War, if spring will really ever come again . . . Forsythia is golden on the summer-green lawns, and new leaves the winds play with are pale greens and pinks, and the first wild flowers are blooming down by the creek. The sunny air is warm, but the water is cold on wading feet. And a hand to cling to is good.

The stuff we write is very youthful, but the wistful lusty spring of our lives is in it. And Spring may come again

—Eleanor R. Brooks, Editor

The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	-	-	-	-	-	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	-	-	-	-	-	Alumni Secretary
Louise Gleim	-	-	-	-	-	President
Donald L. Williams	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President
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Lewis Carlock						Eldon Shauck
Bette Greene						Georgia Turner
Fred Long						Betty Woodworth



COVER DESIGN by BETTY WOODWORTH
COVER by OTTERBEIN CRAFTS GUILD



THE QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

Spring, 1941

PROSE

First Prize	-	-	-	-	Darrell Drucker, '43
Second Prize	-	-	-	-	Harold Crandall, '44 and Edgar Daniels, '43
Third Prize	-	-	-	-	Irving M. Brown, '44

POETRY

First Prize	-	-	-	-	Marjorie Miller, '43
Second Prize	-	-	-	-	Richard Creamer, '43
Third Prize	-	-	-	-	Jacqueline Pfeifer, '44

HAD I BEEN THERE

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

I could have stood by Calvary's Cross
And borne His suffering and pain,
As a slim tree stands in the storm and rain,
Bowed but not breaking, to rise again.

I could have stood by the open tomb,
And my bursting heart would have found release
In song, as do birds, when the storm winds cease
And they glory in springtime's green and peace.

Yes, I could have held that morning's joy
And suffered the crucifixion scene,
But I would have gone quite mad, I ween.
On that desolate Saturday between.



DAWNING

Standing on a lonely hill
I saw
 the dawn-god,
 driving his shafts
 of burnished gold
 like outstretched fingers
 into the misty gray
 of the morning.

Below me
 lay a city,
 slumbering.
 Its domes,
 towers
 and smokestacks
 pierce the murky gray
 like tombstones.

Within these sepulchers
 of steel and stone
 the restless living
 heavy-eyed and weary
 lie entombed.

MAY NIGHT

LOUISE GLEIM, '41

Amid the blaze of morning
I walk in silver night,
Enchanted;

The mystery spray of moon-ray,
A waterfall of light,
Enchanted;

Caught and charmed with magic
Of a moon bewitching—bright,
Enchanted.

No sun can break the spell;
I walk in silver night,
Enchanted.



DAY OF LIFE

HAROLD CRANDALL, '44

The morn of life, dew sprinkled, rosy garbed,
Beholds the glowing sun beyond the peaks of time.
Bird-teeming hills and valleys wait upon
The early morning visitor—a flower
Nestled in the fern,
A child that lives to blossom, wilt, and die.

The sun ascends and noon of life draws near;
The infant, grown to manhood's height, uncorks
His tiny phial of knowledge, looks abroad,
And mocks his God: "I am! I rule the world!"
And o'er the rusty scabbard of his faith
Is gilt: "The god of man is Man."

The eve of life, when sun is spent,
And shadows touch man's rotten gown—
Then, with light and life begrimed,
And every graven image burst,
The creature born in morning's glistening promise
Stumbles into night embracing God.

TOWER ROOM

ELEANOR BROOKS, '41.

The old red brick Association Building looks like a mediaeval English fortress, but the absurdity of its architecture as a building on a Middle-Western college campus is justified because it provides the Tower Room.

A good name, that, "The Tower Room." . . . It isn't really very high, but to one sitting in the room, and seeing only trees and sky from the windows, it seems lofty and aloof; and no matter how much the stairs creak under the feet of basketball players going down to the gym, or how much laughter and racket come from the ping pong games below, or how much off key the orchestra rehearsal is, the Tower Room preserves, somehow, an illusion of quiet.

The Tower Room is a little eight-sided room, with light walls and curtains and white furniture and much light from the five windows. There are a little gas fireplace and exceedingly uncomfortable chairs. The room is apt to be a bit untidy, and the pictures and the faded world map on the walls are not much of an addition.

There is nothing tangible at all to the effect of the Tower Room, nothing that you can put your finger on. It isn't the appearance of the Room that makes it important; it's what happens there. Its stillness and aloofness and light are a background for drama.

It may be a cabinet meeting that is held in the Tower Room; but there may be drama there. It may be a meeting of C. O.'s, naively seeking a "spectacular" peace move. It may be a Saturday night session with vic and radio, but there can be drama there—sudden awareness in the eyes of a girl and a fellow; a first date; boys and girls sitting on the floor or on the uncomfortable chairs, only the glow of the fireplace for illumination, the wonder of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony reaching up to the moon that looks down through the windows . . .

Leaders of American college thinking hold rendezvous, on our campus, in the Tower Room, and it is

there that one student after another brings his problems for counsel. What do they think of us, I wonder, as we come to them, these wise and kindly leaders of thought? As we bring to them such silly things? . . . But never their gentleness fails, and they sort out the strands of our thinking and put them together again, straight, with reproof or encouragement, as may be. And sometimes there comes to them a student with a grown-up problem, and then indeed there is drama in the little room. And who knows what issues of the future have been settled by the decisions of the Tower Room?

There are windows along the hall outside the Tower Room, too, and forever on the minds of students there will be the memory of the views from those windows—sky and clouds and trees and sun, and the walks and grounds below; the things they see only half-consciously as they await their appointments and attempt to grip their poise, that they may present intimate affairs without too apparent embarrassment.

An ultra-conservative young theologian discusses with great seriousness some facet of his belief. A very young artist brings an idea for a mural to the speaker from whose chapel talk she caught the idea. A pacifist, wondering what to do about the draft; a very young would-be journalist; a girl who asks a meaningless and absurd question about sex, a question achingly important to her youthful position as a rebel against convention; a boy whose family responsibilities are as the weight of the world on his shoulders; a girl with a radical interpretation of the principle of brotherhood—all these have come, at one time or another, to the Tower Room, seeking a leader whom they trust.

The air of the Tower Room is redolent of the dramas of many years: of light gay laughter, of music, of light and quietness, of tension relaxed, of a decision made, of a boy's prayer, of an old man's blessing. And the creaky stairs must echo, in the nighttime, with the happy tap of generations of feet running down, easily, eagerly, surely, now, from an experience with greatness.

YOU

RICHARD CREAMER, '43

Over my being
Wash the tides of your affection,
Cleansing and cohering
The sands of my personality
In a oneness of purpose—
To live at my best
For you.



AUNT LUCY

BETTY WOODWORTH, '42

She is a little lady—old but not aged. She holds the cares of seventy-eight years as though they were no heavier than the white woolen shawl that she wears across her slender shoulders. Her figure is tiny and fragile, yet the delicacy seems not a mark of declining life, but to have always been a part of her. Rustling in crisp folds around her shoe-tops is her lavender tafetta gown, which whispers of days past, as she trips sedately across the floor. At her throat, securing the white shawl, is a cameo, rose and cream, and finely chiseled. Smiling above it is a living cameo, wrinkled but lovely, expressive of a life beautifully lived. Her eyes have only a hint of the blueness of former years, but they have lost none of the sparkle and zest of youth. They dance gaily as she tosses her head and laughs. Her hair is white, lying in ripples away from her forehead, and is fastened in a small knot in back. Aunt Lucy from top to toe is the typical "lavender and old lace" lady.

CONTRAST

JEAN UNGER, '43

Crosses—one after the other
Marked on letters written late at night,
Signify the love of one who's far away—
I know; I used to write.

Crosses—one after the other
Strewn across God's page of green,
Signify the love of hate and war—
I know; I have seen.



IMPATIENCE

RUTHANNA SHUCK, '42

Be patient, they say,
Life has much to give you.
But I want its gifts today
Waiting bores me.

Temper your feelings, child,
Think clearly, go slow,
Your pattern will unfold.
Inspid thought, say I
My heart turns chill
To wait until some miracle
Fulfills my dreams.

Wild, fearful thoughts race by—
War, perhaps, or death,
A chance for happiness destroyed,
Or worse than these—
A love turned cold with waiting.

Be patient—an easy thing to say,
But what of youth's wild dreams?
Snatch happiness—and away,
Or wait for worthwhile things?

EVENTIDE

WILMA MOLER, '43

Even as a mother goes at night
And draws the curtains of the room,
Then lights the lamp
To rid it of the gloom;
So does Mother Nature
Pull the curtains of the day,
Then lights a myriad of stars;
Sends darkness on its way.



MOLLY'D LIKE THAT

HAROLD CRANDALL, '44.

For nine rounds now the challenger, Joe Sororiak, had been mauled into a state of bewildered, rubbery-legged, semi-helplessness. Joe didn't mind the knockdowns every two or three rounds—for they did give him a chance to rest a little—and he didn't mind that his face was a messy pulp of blood from a hundred cuts; but he did mind that his eyes were swollen and that it was kind of hard to see those triphammer fists coming. It was almost like the lights were going out. He wasn't afraid of those fists—they did hurt a little—but the fans out there, he sure did hate to let them down. Why, back there about the fifth knockdown, that was funny, counting time by knockdown), some of the wiseguys up in the two-bit seats started to call him yellow. But let them call him yellow-livered. If they'd only turn the lights up a little he'd show everybody he had punch left; maybe not much, but enough to put the champ out for keeps. Sure, soon as the champ got arm-weary Joe'd bring one up from the floor and put him in his manager's lap (he'd need a friendly lap to land in after Joe got through with him). Then Joe Sororiak, just one of the thirty-ninth street Soroiaiks, would be champ of the world. Molly would like that; and maybe little Joe too. He was real glad Molly didn't know about this fight. Why the night he had that last one in Baltimore, Molly cried all night long. And it wouldn't do to have Molly

cry now; not until after little Joe came anyway. Maybe, though, he should've told her about this one. Sure she'd cry then, but she wouldn't worry about where the money for little Joe was coming from. And when Joe would tell Molly about that one punch (he could just see her now telling little Joe how daddy knocked the champ out with one punch), Molly'd like that. Lights were getting dimmer now; must be something wrong with them. But he wasn't worried. All the lights in the city could go out after that one punch—he wouldn't care then. He wished Molly were here to watch him show those sleezy fans he wasn't yellow. Why, she'd make them keep those lights on. Maybe, though, they'd turn 'em on anyway; he didn't need them very long. The champ sure must be getting tired. He had to be, knocking Joe down all those times. Wouldn't he be surprised though when that one punch caught him square on the jaw? And all those sleezy fans out there in the dark—the ones that called him coward—they'd be surprised too. Molly would be surprised too when he came home and told her he was champ. But she would cry, and maybe wash all the blue out of her eyes. That was funny—he hadn't told Molly she was pretty in a long time; he'd have to tonight—she'd like that. It was awful dark now, and getting real awful hard to find the champ anymore. If they'd only turn those lights on long enough for him to get that one punch. That was all—just one. Would he laugh then! If Molly were here she'd laugh too; she'd like that. Little Joe would giggle too. Queer kid, Molly. All the time wanting him not to fight—afraid he'd get hurt. That was funny. Him—Joe Sororiak—getting hurt when he only needed one punch to end the fight. Why, all those knockdowns and he hadn't got hurt yet. Just bumped around a bit; but not hurt. But the champ wouldn't be able to move after Joe hit him with That's funny . . . all the people must've gone . . . couldn't hear them anymore . . . they sure would miss something . . . that one punch . . . it had to be pretty soon too . . . kind of getting woozy in the head . . . they must've shut the windows . . . have to tell Molly about that . . . legs didn't feel like they wanted to go, either . . . anyway, he could go to bed for a long time after this one . . . felt so nice to lie there though; like

being in heaven . . . almost . . . would be like heaven if Molly were here . . . she'd help him up . . . kind of funny why everybody left before he got in that one . . . awful soft bed right under him . . . he'd only dare lie there a little while though . . . wouldn't do for Molly to see him like that . . . he'd have to get up . . . and hit the sleezy champ with one . . . then he'd laugh . . . ha . . . ha . . . ha-ha-ha . . . ha . . . hadn't had a chance to laugh for a long time . . . he wished Molly were here . . . and . . . little Joe . . . then they could laugh too . . . ha . . . ha . . . Molly'd . . . like . . . that . . .



WISHING BOOK

RUTH WOLFE, '43

It was a small, square, dingy room with low, grimy ceilings. A filthy, threadbare rug covered the creaking floor. Ashes littered a large area before the dirty fireplace. The wallpaper was cracked and faded. In one place a long strip had come loose and was waving to and fro—blown by the air from the one broken window. The furniture consisted of a small, round table covered with a thick layer of dust, two rickety chairs, and an old couch. One chair lacked a rocker and the other a seat. Tufts of cotton-like substance protruded here and there from beneath the gaudy couch cover. One dirty, oil lamp struggled in vain to shed a little light over the dismal scene. In this light sat a shrunken old woman, leafing contentedly through last year's "Sears and Roebuck" catalogue.

THE KISS

A Triolet

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

When he asked me for a kiss,
I shook my head.
Now, don't question me, young miss,
When he asked me for a kiss,
Shook my head this way or this?
This is all that shall be said,
When he asked me for a kiss,
I shook my head.



PAUSE

IRVING BROWN, '44.

I could feel the radiant warmth of her as she stood against me. When I put my arm around her waist, the firmness of her young body beneath the gingham dress made a thrill of pleasure run through me. A fragrance, teasing in its elusiveness, drifted from her chestnut hair and made me want her. I knew then that I would kiss her. She came, as I embraced her, a bit reluctantly at first, but then all at once and completely mine. Her lips were sweet and soft and clinging. They drew away with a reluctance that made me smile and come back again. When I first touched her hair, I drew my hand back in surprise. It seemed to vanish as I touched it, but then, as I brushed through its waviness, the silky fineness slipped through my fingers. We were clothed lightly there in the evening coolness that had followed the hot summer day. As she stood against me, I was conscious of a glow of warmth that flowed from where her breasts and thighs were against me. Then for some inexplicable reason, I broke her from me. We stood holding hands, her slight fingers gently resting in my palm. Then, as she trembled a little when the evening cool struck her, I put my arm around her and we slowly walked down the path.

BOY IN COLLEGE

ELEANOR BROOKS, '41.

Outside the window a March storm rushed by, strong and triumphant, eager for whatever it would meet in its windy passage across the continent. The day had been stormy too, first sunny, then snowy and turbulent, and tempestuous as the hot blood singing through his body. He lay staring out the window into the darkness, apparently relaxed; actually tingling in response to the amazing intensity of life, to the ache and the pain of it, and to the wonder and the exaltation.

Somehow these days he was aware of everything that happened in an increased degree. Going from place to place about the campus, he did not want to walk—he wanted to run. The sky had been blue before today, with piled-up angry clouds; but he had never been so conscious of its beauty. He had parted with a friend before now, but it had never hurt as had Dick's goodbye today when he left for camp—he could feel that handshake yet. He had been sure before now that his girl loved him, but he had never known such surging joy as that which three little words in her letter of today had brought him. Always there had been questions he could not answer, things no one could tell him; but never had he so insistently wanted to know anything as he wanted an answer to that question raised in philosophy today—to find it out was a driving necessity. Ideas were battering at his mind from all directions, demanding attention and consideration—never so many ideas before.

Apparently he was leaning on his elbow staring out at the hard driven rain of the March night. Actually he was stretched on the rack of sensation. His nerves were taut strings on which played the wild winds of living. He thrilled in response to the tumultuous spring, of the year and of his life.

TWO MOONS

ROSEMARY McGEE, '41

That night the moon was new. It was tipsy in its glee, and brilliant silver threads glistened down to earth and back again. The leaves were fresh and green. They seemed too fragile and delicate to last the cool awakening dawn. The dew settled snugly down on everything around. It sparkled and twinkled in the light of the tipsy moon. The air was soft as a baby's touch that night. It had not known the hot defying summer sun. It seemed to play and frolic in the leaves, in the grass, and in her hair. She was lovely too, that night, brilliant, delicate and soft. We watched the tipsy old moon in its glee—and laughed. The trees laughed too, for they were glad of our love and whispered to themselves of other loves. We watched the tipsy moon go to bed and helped him gather the silvery threads he spilled in his glee. We parted that night glad for the tipsy moon, glad for the new leaves, glad of our new love.

Tonight the moon is old. Its wrinkled countenance indicates that it has been too long in this world. It carries with it the musty odor of stale, heavy air. The leaves hang limp on the trees. Slowly and quietly they fall to the ground and slip away in the bushes to die. The winds in the trees play a low, mournful tune, for they are sad . . . Sad because we have parted. Their thoughts turn with mine to brighter days when the moon was tipsy and when we gathered silver threads. But tonight the moon is old; our love is old. The earth can bury the leaves in their sadness. The moon and the trees and I must stay and face the cold sting of the wind, the air and people. We, too, wish to bury our heads, but we live on, trying to forget tipsy moons, the soft air, and old loves.

CONSOLATION

FLORENCE EMERT, '42

Yesterday—

I saw a dew drop;
Lovely—fluent motion
Congealed, caught
In a single, crystal image.

Yesterday—

I saw your picture;
Lovely—fluent motion
Congealed, caught
In a single, crystal image.

Unheeding winds destroyed the dew drop
Evanescent beauty!
But in my heart I see your picture
Never changing.



STAR'S-EYE VIEW

CONSTANCE SAPP, '43.

High in the sky a remote star sat majestically on her velvet-draped throne and gazed down upon the tranquil stillness of the wintry mountain. The night was one of serene stately magnificence. Nothing moved, except a faint wind which stirred with a stinging sharpness. Cold shafts of light from the moon made the undisturbed snow sparkle with a vibrant whiteness and gave to it an elusive ephemeral glint. From the top of the mountain a narrow road wound mysteriously off toward the distance with a fascinating secrecy. On each side of the road two tall pine trees stretched nobly upward with a supercilious arrogance. Farther down the mountain a clump of small bushes huddled together in a resigned indifference to both time and weather.

The star watched the sublime beauty of this calm and placid scene for awhile and then her glance wandered away and traveled down the tempting course of the road which still reached on and on.

FUGITIVE

JAMES WILLIAMS, '44

Through the musty mist there came the sound of a dog barking and he knew that there was still hope. He had been walking for hours, even days, endlessly, aimlessly, foolishly, crazily, in this dense, foggy marsh. He had been hoping, even praying, that he might find his way out; out into a world of light and life, away from this natural prison and torture chamber. To be a fugitive from justice was bad enough but to go through this hell of battling swamp rats and snakes; feeling a way through mud and water; running into trees and stumps; and falling, climbing and swimming in this murky mire was almost more than the most hardened of criminals could stand.

The sound of dogs barking, even though they might be blood hounds hard on his own trail, was a mighty welcome sound to the ears of a man as hard pressed as he. The awful life of the chain gang was nothing to this hell on earth. Twice he had fallen into poison weeds and the welts and blisters on his arms and face were fiery remembrances of the encounters. Twice also he had encountered mud and quick-sand; sticky, slippery mud and awful, sucking quick-sand. Once he had been bitten by a snake and once by a swamp rat; these were horrible experiences and they had had a serious effect. He had bumps on his head; his eyes were nearly swollen shut; his arms and his legs were swollen to the elbows and knees; and his half-bare feet were cut and gashed, bleeding and aching with every step. Once he had fallen into a pool of stagnant water, momentarily refreshing but full of spiny scorpions that inflicted terrible wounds.

But now there was hope. It was a faint hope, spurred only by the prospect of escaping this awful place. A return to the chain gang with its beatings and whippings, its rotten food and filthy living quarters was a happy prospect after this experience. Escape had been too easy and there had been too much retribution.

Staggering, stumbling, falling and rising, he made his way toward the sound, laboriously and slowly. It

grew louder and closer with every step and he quickened his pace in order to overtake it. He stumbled once over a log and twice he fell headlong into swamp-pools, but each time he got up. On and on he fought his way until he thought he should perish from exhaustion alone. His whole body writhed with pain almost beyond endurance. It was not far; it could not be.

Then through the trees came a faint gleam of light. With every step it grew stronger; with every step it grew brighter until, like a mighty spotlight it illuminated the path before him. He could discern where he walked; no longer did he fall; no longer was he molested. He felt safe; safe at last from this awful place. Sure there was the price to pay for escape but what of it; he had escaped a horrible death in the swamps. He was ready to return.

As he reached the edge of the clearing he saw to his surprise neither the chain gang at work, nor the camp where they were kept; not even a posse was there to greet him with gats and tommy guns. Instead he beheld a farm. It was a neat little farm with a red barn and a white house beyond. About the green lawn stood clumps of shade and fruit trees and around the house were shrubs and flower beds. The dog he had heard barking was a farm dog, not a blood hound.

He stood for some minutes thinking. He would start life anew; he would get some sort of a job; he would change his name and he would become a respectable person. Here was his chance at freedom; he was going to keep it and use it, not abuse it. What to do was simple. He would get food and water and some first-aid here. He could say he had been lost in the marshland while hunting, for his tattered clothes were beyond recognition as those of a convict. Everything was as it should be now.

With a quickened step he started across the field that lay between him and the barn. Hilariously, almost crazily, he ran straight toward the house, never slackening, never pausing. With each step freedom seemed nearer, and with these same steps the house came closer. He passed the barn, ran through the barnyard beyond and jumped a fence that stood in the

way. Then pell mell head on he raced across a driveway and up the lawn toward the front porch of the house. The porch was but a few paces ahead and in it was symbolized that freedom which he had promised himself.

Then suddenly he stumbled, tripped, staggered and fell headlong against the steps to that very porch which was his goal.

* * *

Yesterday there was a funeral in Georgia. It was a simple funeral. It was a funeral for a convict. He had died after he had made good an escape.



OLD MAID

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

I had a dream once—
A foolish sort of dream.
I planned a home,
With you beside me
And the small ones round us.

An idiotic dream!
Moon-crazed I was,
I must have been
To dare to hope for sane things
In an insane world!

I had a dream once,
But the harsh guns woke me.

SPRING DAWN

EMAMJANE HILLIARD, '43

Slowly and silently, like a dream, it came . . .
Chasing away shadows that dared to linger, erasing
dark corners, and touching everything in its pathway.

The fresh breeze, heralding its approach, stirred
my hair, cooled my face, and wrapped me in a gentle
clasp that touched my lonely heart and made me glad.
We were alone in the world—the breeze and I.

So I sat quietly on my hillside and let the wind dry
my tears, the coming of dawn ease my aching heart.
I listened to the music of a dawn of spring—a sym-
phony more splendid than anything made by man.
Nature whispered in my ear and showed me things I'd
never seen before. A running brook held water for a
drink; ripe berries from the bushes were my break-
fast.

Then finally, I was at peace with the world and
once more felt content. At last, I knew I wasn't alone
on the hillside anymore. For there were three of us—
God, the breeze and I.



BLUNT MONSTER

EDGAR DANIELS, '43.

I have just seen a monster. He had five hundred
heads, and he writhed in the grandstands of a basket-
ball floor. He flamed in brilliant red and tan from a
hundred places on his vacillating body.

Before him on the floor romped ten little things,
bursting their hearts to please him. For a while they
did it; their actions were brisk and clever. And the
slobbering giant roared in glee. He could hardly
contain himself. He pounded the floor and clawed the
air, and out of all his hungry throats came a patriotic
yell.

Then something happened. Fatigue began to
show in the somewhat slowing movements of the crea-

tures on the floor. He noticed this, and dissatisfaction grew with a low rumble in his belly. The thing annoyed him, aggravated him, then enraged him, and he snarled abusively. The creatures strove with wrenched muscles to reach their former excellence, but they could not.

Then the monster had had too much. He was stuffed full of the goodness his playthings had to offer, and he began to settle indifferently in his place. The pace and heat of battle were murderous, and the ten little creatures glanced furtively at their master for encouragement. But he was asleep.

Then it was over — he oozed slowly out and sought new pleasures down at the delicatessen.



CONGENIALITY

BETTY WOODWORTH, '42

He showed me sights that dazzled me
The bright, gay city life
Where faces are synthetic flesh—
Attempts at masking strife.
He gave me things that riches buy,
But did not win my heart.
Of all that gold and diamond world
I could not be a part.

You came to me with just your love;
We found a sun-filled lane,
Where scattered lay small flowers that
shone
With pearls of recent rain.
You brought a gift—a single bloom—
And put it in my hand . . .
A gesture binding fast in love
Two hearts that understand.

THE STRANGER

DARRELL DRUCKER, '43

Baldwin had lain there a long time. It seemed like years to him. A heavy dew had fallen in the meantime and he was soaked to the skin. The pain in his leg was getting worse, too. What a stupid thing to do! After twenty years of climbing the most difficult peaks in the world, he had finally gotten careless on this insignificant little crag in the Rockies. Rather ironical, too. "The Great Baldwin", hah! It looked like the handiwork of God if there were such a person. Only of course there wasn't.

It was getting darker now and the stars were beginning to come out. By twisting himself around he could see the North Star just over the tops of the trees. Been quite a bug about astronomy when he was in college. Funny how you got crazes like that. Never quite got astronomy out of his head, though. He strained to peer through the growing darkness to the east. There it was, the little orb he and Mary had called their own particular star. "A little bit of heaven that belonged to them." Sentimental rot! He lay there staring at it unblinkingly. A good girl, Mary. Maybe he should have gotten married after all. She wouldn't have let him go off on this foolish trip alone. Oh well, it was done now. No use howling about it.

Suddenly he blinked and looked again. The star was gone! He caught himself up short. Nonsense! Must have been a cloud passing over it or something. Still the sky had been perfectly clear all day and the weather forecast had said fair for tomorrow. But you know these weather-men. A standing joke.

Listen! Footsteps? Who in the world would be up here at this hour? A hunter perhaps? No, hunting season was over long ago. A gust of wind, no doubt. No, there they were again! He called out weakly in a voice worn from much shouting and cursing. All day long he had yelled until he realized that there was no one nearby. A voice answered his call softly. "Coming, coming, my friend". As the stranger drew near, Baldwin saw that he was dressed rather oddly in some sort of long dark robe. "A monk," he thought, "what luck."

"What is it, my son?" asked the stranger. "Oh, you are hurt. Here, I will help you."

He lifted the burly Baldwin as though he were a child and held a bottle of water he carried, to his lips. Baldwin's canteen was long since empty.

"Now then, I am strong. Can you walk if I support you on one side?" he asked.

Baldwin nodded assent and they started off down the hill. Progress was slow and painful and the stranger murmured words of encouragement when the climber winced with pain.

"Where are you taking me?" he gasped between clenched teeth. "Who are you?"

"My name is Brother Omnis and I am taking you to a monastery at the foot of the mountain. It is small and the furnishings are meager but you will be well cared for. The Brothers there are very kind."

After this they did not speak; all their attention was needed for the descent. At length they came in sight of a little stone building cut into the side of the slope. It was rough looking and of rather primitive construction, but appeared to be well cared for and clean.

"I will leave you at the door," said the monk. "Pull that cord and someone will answer. I must go. I have other things to attend to tonight. Goodbye, and God bless you." He turned and strode off into the night toward the East.

The brother who answered the door carried him into a small room with a small cot and wooden table beside it. Quickly he ripped off his trouser leg, examined the fracture, and called for the Superior.

An hour later Baldwin lay with his leg bound tightly in splints and wondered.

"Father", he finally asked, "who is this Brother Omnis? He seemed like such a kind man."

"You must be mistaken, my son," the Superior smiled. "Brother Omnis founded this monastery in

1732. He was one of the first Rosicrucian monks in the New World. You see, you could not possibly have seen him."

Baldwin was thunderstruck. "But I did, I did," he whispered. "I could not have been mistaken."

Suddenly a thought struck him. It was impossible, but still . . . "Help me to the window, Father," he begged.

The monk finally agreed after a brief argument. Baldwin half hopped, was half carried, to the large casement. He turned his face eagerly to the East. Sure enough, there it was, back again, glittering in the Heavens—their own particular star, his and Mary's.

Baldwin winced as though struck.

Surely such a thing was impossible.

He had walked off into the East . . .



PANORAMA

IRVING BROWN, '44.

From the cold snows of the north to the tangled swamps of the south and thence to the blue-green sea ran this river. Out under a jagged mass of greenish silver ice trickled its first clear coolness. Through the blanket of dazzling snows past white hills that reached to the azure skies and vanishing into the blackness of profound valleys it gathered strength and mass to its clear flow. A tinge of grey gathered from the now ash-colored bed clouded the running depths. The banks were a dead rust of fallen leaves and withered grass. Through dingy cities, dirty canals, wounded here and there by the inflow of some clashing green or foul yellow refuse, until all gay spirit of dash was gone, a sluggish, soup-brown muck, it drooped along until the expansive bosom of the marsh gave it rest. The convalescence was short for at the opposite end, once again clear, it roared in streaming sheets

over the dam. Farther south, green wakening meadows, a verdant, mossy glade, or a bridge of olive-colored vines guided the smooth surface. Soon a tangled swamp, myriads of colors, the red of flamingoes, dark brown of rotting trees, thick green lichen and tinted mosses enfolded the stream. Over a fine soil that flushed the dirty grey with a red-brown, interrupted by slits of lush islands deposited by years of flow, the river spread into a rust-colored delta. The blue-green of the waiting sea tinged by the earth-colored liquid enfolded and concluded the stream.



THE SONG OF THE ROSE IS MINE

WILMA MOLER, '43

Let me unfold quietly,
Gently and slowly too;
Only a delicate rosebud
Moistened with morning dew.

Let each petal gradually
Open to the world,
Let my fullest blossom be
Loveliness unfurled,

To rest for just one evening
Against my darling's hair;
Or let my sweetest fragrance
Ease some pained one's care.

Then, let me be forgotten
Quickly, when I am gone;
In rosebuds blooming after me
My fragrance will live on.

PASSING BY LIFE

MARGARET BARRON, '43

Why do we ride right past life without seeing it, much less enjoying it? We do not really see life until it has gone, and then it is too late.

Because we are too close to it, perhaps; too busy making a living instead of making a life. Too anxious too, striving, struggling, planning, blinded to what is right before our blurred eyes.

No father ever sees his own child with the same eyes with which he sees his grandchild. He misses its boyish grace, its maiden magic, because he is so concerned about his affairs of trade or work.

But he sees his grandchild with clearer eyes, away from the hurry of hectic life. Aye, he catches a glimpse, if nothing more, of his own lost childhood, and its carefree wonder and surprise.

Memory softens the picture of his boyhood, which may have had its hardships, making a lovely mirage. Poetry, said a great poet, is truth remembered in tranquillity—life without fear.

It is the artist, the poet, who sees what we merely look at. They are always trying to open our eyes to the enchantment of life today, and not to wait until it has gone hurriedly into the past.

"Most men live only not to die", said Maeterlinck; they are not alive to life—taking it for granted, not for gratitude.

A wise poet wrote: "I can now see that I have to give thanks for all that has seemed to offer difficulty in the past. And the worst, passed, no longer seems undesirable." How many discover that?

What is life for? To live, of course: and the longer some of us live the more often we pray, "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" If only we may see life and those who live with us, before nightfall.

AT THE SINGING TOWER

CARMEN SLAUGHTERBECK, '42

The jet, semi-tropical sky hung low; soft and velvet-like, it wrapped the two people close in its folds. A full, pale moon looked down at them from the starless canopy—looked past the high slender tower into the pool casting up from its depths shades of blue which mingled with the silvery light that shimmered on its surface.

Over the edge of either side of the oblong pool hung clusters of pink and white oleander blossoms; soft moonlight gleamed on their narrow leaves. At one end of the pool stood two long-necked pink flamingoes; each bird had one long leg drawn up flat against its body. At the other end, flanked on either side by graceful swaying coconut palms, and tall, top-heavy cedars from which hung gray wisps of Spanish moss, the beautiful Singing Tower reached skyward. From the bells in the tower's top the melody of the sacred "Ave Maria" chimed forth and floated down from the tower's great height to the solitary couple below.



"WHEN I WRITE A BOOK"

LEWIS CARLOCH, '41

Among the few things I have always been promising myself to do before the grim reaper takes me over has been to write a book.

As a book reader, I have never yet been satisfied with any of the books I have read. The reason for this dissatisfaction is the fact that writers of books (sometimes called authors and sometimes called names that I cannot print here) never seem to consider their audiences (or reader as is the case in this instance).

I'll bet you are wrong unless you happen to be thinking. Now, before reading any farther in this educational article, stop and ask; "Just what do you desire when you are reading a book?" Well, go ahead and think about it—I'll wait—Have you thought of it yet? ing of the same things that I'm thinking about.

The first thing a reader wants in a book is the satisfying of his ego. He wants to go up to his friends, if he has any friends, and say, "I certainly am about the fastest reader in Blendon Township. Last night I was reading Carlock's History of Mental Telepathy or How to keep a Secret from Your Wife, and would you believe, I read the entire book of exactly seven hundred, sixty-three and a half pages in just two hours and thirty-seven minutes. Yessiree, I'm sure fast when it comes to reading good literature."

Now, just how would you go about writing a book which would have such a tremendous appeal to the readers? The answer is simply this; Don't print very many words on any one page. This will enable the reader to read a great number of pages a minute without straining himself. In addition to having a scarcity of words on the pages, use many pictures to illustrate the book. Almost everyone likes to look at the pictures, especially the children. These pictures will take up a lot of space and so hasten the reading of the book.

Another distinct advantage of having your reader turning the pages rapidly is that such physical activity along with the mental activity will tend to keep him awake. Statistics have shown that most people read faster when they are awake.

And so, my patient reader, if you want my perfect book, I will have it printed for you in just a few days, or decades at the most.

UNDERSTANDING

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

"Here is a hanger for your coat," you say . . . and smile . . . and turn back to what you are doing. That is your welcome.

Hanging up my coat, I feel just a trifle hurt and resentful. You are my friend. I thought you would understand. But then . . . how could you know of the eagerness with which I hurried to your door tonight; how I looked forward to being comforted because of the hurt which I had suffered today; how certain I had been that you would understand.

But then . . . you are my friend, and so I forget my resentment, and turning, make some inane remark about the weather. You disagree with me and soon we are laughing foolishly together.

The evening speeds on wings of merriment, and then, as I am leaving, you murmur.

"Good luck, kid. Chin up."

As I walk down the street in the brittle cold, I wonder at your wisdom. How did you know that I needed not sympathy but laughter; that only nonchalance and forgetfulness would be of any use to me. I did not know it myself.

But then . . . you are my friend.



IN SILENCE

WILMA MOLER, '43

On either side of me they lift their voices
Loudly in hymnal praise.

I alone, among them, am silent, bowed,
Afraid to raise

My voice, for in His presence

I can only pray;

Feeling a deeper reverence

Somehow—for Him—this way.

I WONDER

PHIL HARTWELL, '41

Why is it when—just now and then—
I sit and stare and hold my pen
And not a thing that's relevant
Arrives to court development,

When figures, fancies, facts and faces
Share my thoughts with distant places
Why is it then that I believe
That I have something up my sleeve?

Does everyone on daydreams bent
Consider he's omnipotent—
Is this a sign of fruitless mind
And nothing but escape from time?

Do others more prolific yet
Than any I have ever met
Exhibit symptoms such as mine
And dawdle in a daze sublime?



COMPENSATION

BETTY WOODWORTH, '42

When pain is deep—
Deep in the heart,
And you could reach
To crush the very stars
In desperation;
Then sink back, hopeless, spent,
Remember God
Does not forget
Those of His creation;
No fellow made by Him
Goes without reward
If faith, hope, love
Make his foundation.

A PERFECT DAY

JEAN McCLOY, '41

I'm going to get married, someday—and have a wedding too. A beautiful wedding, I'll have, with flowers all around. That day I'll feel just like a queen. It'll really be my day! I'll cater to superstitions that day—I'll wear "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue"; I'll be married when the hands of the clock point up, and I'll not let "him" see me until I start down the aisle. I'll have a radiance entirely new—one that only comes to those who know they're loved.

My friends will gather on the hour to hear the organ play such songs as, "Because", "Our Love", and "I Love You Truly". When the college bell strikes once, the organist will start the strains of Lohengrin. The bridesmaids will go down the aisle, trembling with each step. Dad and I will follow them,—and I'll be happy, oh, so happy! I'll look at the groom and smile. I'll be so proud of him, I'll say my "I do's" so all can hear. We'll kneel, hand in hand, while the preacher leads us in prayer. I'll pray that our love will always last and our happiness ever continue. With a new ring and a different name, I'll retrace my steps—with my husband. We'll hurry out and receive all our guests. I'll meet all his relatives—they will be like a blur—so many I'll never remember them. Then we'll go away, my husband and I . . . the end of a perfect day.

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