

Otterbein University

Digital Commons @ Otterbein

Quiz and Quill

Otterbein Journals & Magazines

Spring 1942

1942 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

Otterbein University, englishdept@otterbein.edu

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill>



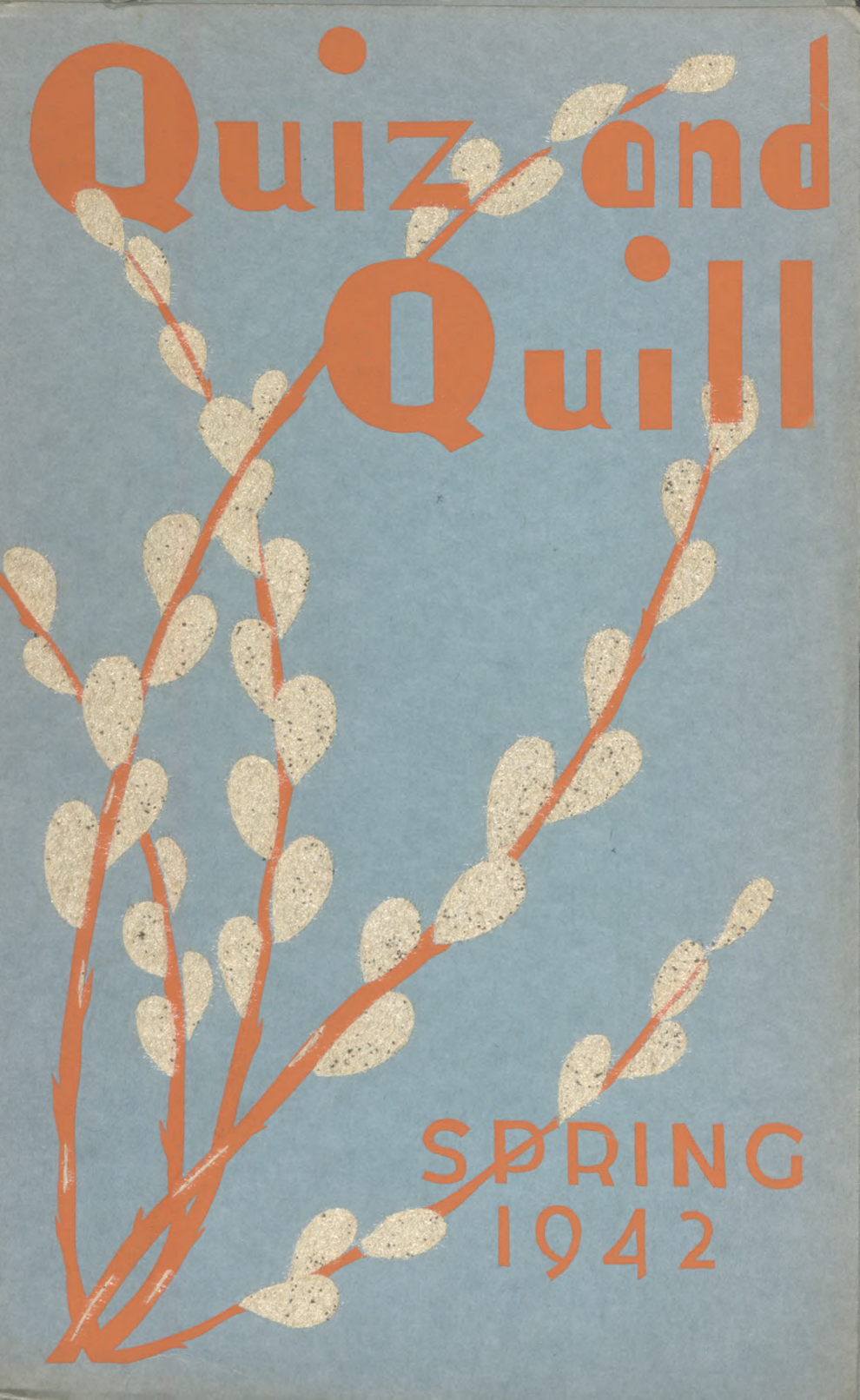
Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1942 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine" (1942). *Quiz and Quill*. 125.
<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/125>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Otterbein Journals & Magazines at Digital Commons @ Otterbein. It has been accepted for inclusion in Quiz and Quill by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Otterbein. For more information, please contact digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu.

Quiz and Quill

A stylized illustration of a red branch with yellow leaves, positioned diagonally across the cover. The branch starts from the bottom left and extends towards the top right, with several smaller branches branching off. The leaves are yellow with black speckles and are attached to the red branch. The background is a solid blue color.

SPRING
1942

The Quiz and Quill

Westerville, Ohio
THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
Spring, 1942 Founded 1919

THE STAFF

BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH	- - - - -	EDITOR
RUTHANNA ROBERTSON	- - -	ASSOCIATE EDITOR
MARJORIE MILLER	- - - -	BUSINESS MANAGER
FLORENCE A. EMERT	-	ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

FOREWORD — SPRING, 1942

From the blatant hell of holocaust
In a world grown dark with war,
We have turned for one fresh vision
To the Spring that's here once more;
To earth's resurrected beauty,
From the sights of greed and hate.
We have drunk the piquant nectar
That impels us to create.
Our writing has a youthful note
Sprung from hearts that still can sing
For beyond destruction, fear and death
There will be another Spring.

—BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '42

The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	-	-	-	-	-	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	-	-	-	-	-	Alumni Secretary
Betty Ruth Woodworth	-	-	-	-	-	President
Eldon Shauck	-	-	-	-	-	Vice President
Georgia Turner	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary-Treasurer
Bette Greene	-	-	-	-	-	Program Chairman
Wilma M. Creamer						Reta J. LaVine
Edgar Daniels						Mary E. Learish
Florence Emert						Marjorie Miller
Emmajane Hilliard						Ruthanna Robertson
Almena Innerst						Janet Scanland

= o =

COVER by OTTERBEIN CRAFTS GUILD
COVER DESIGN by BETTE GREENE
and
RUTHANNA ROBERTSON

= o =

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST WINNERS

Spring, 1942

First Prize	-	-	-	-	Jean Unger, '43
Second Prize	-	-	-	-	Jeanne Ackley, '45
Third Prize	-	-	-	-	Paul Reber, '43

AS FOOLS DO

PAUL DAVISSON, '45

I sat and wrote as some fools do,
And thought myself as wise as God.
I pictured in my lovely theme
The wind, the rain, the fertile sod.

I wrote of blossoms in the Spring
And of the sun when day is through.
I wrote of lonely country lanes,
Of human loves both old and new.

And when at last I dropped my pen
And fell asleep as people do,
I dreamed of glory and acclaim,
But I awoke as all fools do.

= O =

MY FIRST THRILL

MARY E. LEARISH, '42

My first thrill?
Why no, I'm almost twenty-one.
Although it seemed that night
Life had just begun.

I looked excited?
Well, you're right you know.
I guess just being near him
Gave my cheeks—a glow.

A happy ending?
That I scarce can say.
He'd have to fall in love with me
And that would be the day.

= O =

THIS AGE OF INNOCENCE

PAUL P. REBER, '43

Dear Joe:—

You asked me what I think of the co-eds at my school. Well, I hesitate to tell you. I get scared every time I think of them. They are indescribable. In fact many of them would throw a normal person into fits if he were not already afflicted. I was told when I came here that sooner or later they would grow on me. I am beginning to realize the full significance of that statement.

Perhaps you know that for some little time I have been the proud possessor of a brand new bicycle. The first day of school I was gayly riding past the girl's dorm, on my way to work, when a volley of gruesome screams issued forth from that beautiful and sacred hall. I reasoned that it must have been some sort of a love call, because directly I saw the most muscular of the group fight her way through the rest, leap from the top step, and before I knew it she was perched on the cross-bar of my bicycle. Instead of introducing herself to me in a polite way, she asked me if I would drive her to the park for a little nature study. I was late for work that afternoon the first time in my life. Since then I have been leaving the house an hour early in order to avoid driving down the same street.

One day I met the same person coming around one end of the Administration building. I was on my bicycle as usual. No sooner had she seen me than she rolled up her sleeves and started a twenty yard dash in my direction. My blood ran cold. I didn't have time to turn my bicycle around, so I jumped off and ran as fast as I could in the opposite direction. I didn't stop until I had come to the boys' shower room in the east gym. The last time I saw her she was in the arms of poor old Fred. You remember Fred Harper, don't you? He was the only person in the seventh grade old enough to vote, with the exception of the teacher.

Then, during Freshman period we had a sort of all campus picnic. After the games we paired off to eat our lunches. As usual I got the lemon. During the course of conversation she asked me if I liked "grass rolls." I answered that I preferred Parker House. For some strange reason she began to laugh as though she were possessed. She didn't stop until she had kicked the sandwiches all over the lot. To this day I do not know what I was supposed to do. No one had warned me that girls behave in such a manner occasionally.

In one of the joint meetings of Y. W. and Y. M. a very strange thing happened. A buxom Amazon tripped gracefully across three aisles of chairs, and let herself down in the seat next to me. During the sing-

ing of a hymn, at the first of the program, she lifted her skirt, which was normally three inches above her patella, and let it flutter over her lap like a napkin. I was so nervous that I dropped the hymn book, and fell out of my chair when I tried to get it again.

There is one week out of every academic year that gives legal right and license to such performances. They call it "Jump Week." The first and last time I stayed in town for "Jump Week," I had a date with the world's largest sausage since Von Hindenberg. Joe, you'll never believe it, but dancing with her was like driving a caterpillar-tractor through a cemetery. Every time she took a step she shook all over. I tried to follow her for a while, but soon stopped wrestling with her, and sort of hung on for the ride. We tried some new step she made up all by herself. She called it the "Mexican Bean Hop." The performance of it consisted of a wiggle—two wabbles—and a standing broad jump.

I don't know what is the matter, Joe. The other fellows don't seem to be bothered by these people. I wish you would tell me where you met Dorothy. I think she is the sweetest little thing in the world. Maybe it's all my fault, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

Your truly,

"Stinker."

= O =

I ONLY KNOW

JEAN UNGER, '43

You say there is no beauty here.
Perhaps you're right . . . I only know
The house looms black against the sky
With sleepy smoke uncoiling slow.

You think it's poverty and filth.
Perhaps that's true . . . but I can see
A hurdy-gurdy in the street.
Its music burns the soul of me.

You laugh at things sans money value
Perhaps you're wise . . . but I have found
A single, red geranium bloom
Flaunting its bravery for the ground.

TRANSFORMATION

BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '42

Fear,
a rapacious suckling
at the breast of Doubt,
nursing Distrust and
bitter milk of Disappointment,
feels the strong and gentle
power of Prayer, and is
transfigured into
Courage.

= O =

FOR THE DURATION

JEAN ACKLEY, '45

This is the parting of the ways, Lord Jesus;
This is the hour for good-by and farewell
And it's been nice knowing You.
We'll have to shut You away for a long time . . .
Years maybe . . .
But You just don't fit in, Christ.

This is war,
And at least we've sense enough to know
The impossible incongruity of prayer
For victory,
And "God willing, we shall
Be the conqueror."
It just won't work,
So You'll have to go . . .

This is the parting of the roads, Lord Jesus.
This is the hour for good-by and farewell.

= O =

COMPANIONSHIP

RUTHANNA ROBERTSON, '42

The silent peace of night falls in around me.
The mistiness of spring wets and cools my face.
At last, my dear, we are alone.
All day I've had this knot here in my throat,
I've smiled and nodded at their gay remarks,
I've built up one more barrier, one more shell.
Your hand feels warm in mine.
This quiet understanding soothes my soul, relieves my fears
It's good to feel you here so close, dear,
But . . . thank God, the distance hides my tears.

THE BASIC URGE

EDGAR DANIELS, '43

Hot chocolate eyes, intent and brown,
Whose liquid flow invites romance . . .
Like that delicious nut-brown cup
You warm me with your glance.

Like cinnamon, that pricks the heart
With pungent, aromatic spice,
Those eyes, with unaffected art,
Quite guilelessly my soul entice.

Hot chocolate eyes! I cannot drink
Enough of you; yet, pray allow
Me that far richer satisfaction . . .
Give me of your milk, dear cow.

= O =

EPISODE

JEAN UNGER, '43

She could hear him calling behind her, but she only tossed her head and ran on.

The field was a checker-board of soft brown earth and snow patches. And the air; . . . it was good to breathe a truant April day in February.

Then suddenly he shouted, "You're afraid!" and she stopped. Turning, she saw him pause on the slope and heard once more his laughing taunt.

"No, No, I'm not! I'll show you." And she ran back quickly. Then . . . her lips hard against his; , , , his arms holding her close.

= O =

KEATS TO SHELLEY

MARJORIE MILLER, '42

Shelley could afford a wild despair
And wail the absence of eternal Spring
The knowledge pinch of poverty can bring
He had not known. But Keats had breathed the air
Of threadbare struggle and defeat more bare
And from them gained the courage still to cling
To Beauty's immortality and sing
Earth's loveliness in spite of all earth's care.
Young Spring was all that Shelley cared to know
Keats found completeness in the ripened grain
And loved the autumn's bravely scarlet show.
Not strange to Keats was Shelley's stab of pain
But he had learned to tame it to the slow
Rich melancholy of autumnal rain.

THE KISS OF LOVE

IRVING BROWN, '44

The kiss of love Is not a
long, impassioned crushing of two lips on two.
 It isn't the
light fancy of the evening's parting.
 Nor circumstance
or accident of sudden, throbbing impulse

The kiss of love Is started
by a smile, full understanding,
 Is held
an instant, firm and calm and soft,
 And ended
by a quiet look of trust
that sees no surface but deep into
the long shadows of the thoughts.
 Compares itself
to a tall, graceful vessel
filled almost full
of warm, sweet-scented wine
absorbing to itself the comfort
of the flowing warmth.
 It is the full
possession of each other's thoughts
by two who lightly touch their lips together
In mutual admiration.

= O =

RUINS-1942

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

Once on a sunny day behind a guide
I stood and listened, while his magic tones
Rebuilt a Roman temple in its pride
Before the Huns swooped down. Now half its stones
In shambles lay. I thought, though lovely new,
There is a beauty in its ruin too.

Some day perhaps, when centuries have passed
And time has drawn its gracious curtain down
Upon this scene, some day perhaps at last,
People may come into our little town
And wonder at the beauty of the shell
Of our small church that this day passed through Hell.

But I who can remember kneeling there
Below that shattered altar, I who saw
A graceful window showing Christ in prayer.
Where now that jagged hole looms large and raw,
Discover ruin has an ugly face
For those who are too near in time and space.

"WAR ORCHARDS"

JEANNE ACKLEY, '45

At first there was only the moist, sour smell of muddy ooze which arose from the dank earth of the battlefield. The men crept along, crouching against the dark. Breathing came noiselessly.

Something gray moved several yards away and the dull crack of a gun whipped the air. There was a heavy thud, and silence.

Then other smells , , , familiar and sweet , , , became part of the fear and the night. They were like orchards in blossom, spring trees, and . . . home.

At first they were peach blossoms . . . an odor soft and faintly sweet. At first they were pear blossoms . . . lighter and sickly in smell and so you wondered what it was until you saw the trees, white and beautiful.

At first they were these things . . . blessed relief from terror.

But then you knew. Always before the spinning rainbows and the blackness came, you knew , , , that there were no blossoms. Nothing beautiful at all.

Only hydrocyanic acid and phosgene . . . and death disguised as spring.

= O =

THE TANTALIZER

BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, 42

You're like a fickle firefly
You glow with shining light
That bids me fain admire you,
Then vanish in the night
You leave me in the dark awhile
Bewildered, lone, and sad;
Then, unashamed you're back again.
—You make me mad!

JADE IS FOR LONELINESS

JEAN UNGER, '43

The moment he entered the room, he knew she had gone. The very stillness shouted it.

The man made a hasty tour of inspection. Piano, books, chairs, all in place. Too neat . . . it wasn't like her. A last broad slant of April sunlight drowsed on the deep-cushioned window-seat and spilled over onto the floor. He was grateful for its half-warmth.

He wondered dully when she had first realized she couldn't stay. Everything had gone smoothly; perhaps that was it . . . everything had ALWAYS gone smoothly. Before their marriage he had tried to make her understand. It wouldn't work . . . she would be restless . . . but she had refused to listen. He shrugged slightly and half-turned. Funny! He had always known, really, that she would go. Every day had been a guessing game . . . "Will she be there when I go home?" In a way, he was at peace now. He knew. That is . . . he was almost certain. He dreaded to make that one last test, but finally he turned and walked again to the piano. Swiftly his fingers moved over its shiny top until they felt the cold smoothness of the jade buddha.

The man drew a deep breath. He hadn't known how a wounded heart could make one hurt all over. Perhaps he never should have made her promise to put their little statue on the piano if ever she should change . . . but a blind man can't read letters.

= O =

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

ESTHER SMOOT, '45

On the tiled floor in front of the fireplace stood a large, lovely blue vase overflowing with flowers—asters, carnations, snaps, glads. John had been a darling to send them. And blue , , , her favorite color. How thoughtful of him!!

Maybe she should be nicer to John. But then, she hadn't thought she cared , , that is, until the night she found the note. When she had opened the glove compartment, it had fallen, open, into her lap. Involuntarily, her eyes had followed the few sentences to the signature . . . "Winnie." A queer coldness had

crept over her, and then she laughed and John had laughed with her. It was nothing . . . really nothing . . . just an out-and-out invitation from a brazen girl for John to take her out. "Winnie" was almost forgotten now . . . overshadowed by the realization that she herself cared and all the fun she and John always had together.

It would be fun to call John. He was always asking her to, but somehow she never had. It had seemed too much like running after him. But then, he'd probably come over and they could talk together for the evening. "Of course, I miss him," she thought . . . "I've just never admitted it before." At least John had had the honesty to say that he cared . . . he'd told her so dozens of times. WHY NOT call him?

She felt only light happiness as she dialed the unfamiliar number of John's apartment house.

"Good evening, Mr. Lawnsdale? Just a moment please." And then "Go ahead."

"Hello, John" she said, but a strange voice replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry, this isn't John. I'm Ned."

Silly! John's brother, of course. Why hadn't she said which Mr. Lawnsdale she wanted?

"I'd like to speak with John" she said. "Not in? What time? Oh, I see. No, no message. I'll try again later."

There was a slight pause at the other end of the line and the strange voice spoke again.

"Is this Winnie?" he asked.

WINNIE! So Winnie was in the habit of calling John!

"No, it is not," she said slowly and deliberately and hung up.

For a moment she was dazed and numb and then feeling began to return. Her mouth became very straight and her face a dull flushed red.

Fool! You Fool! To be taken in like that!

She turned toward the fireplace. There was an outstretched movement of her arm, a flash of a book hurled through the air, and a shattering crash . . . And then silence.

Flowers and pieces of blue pottery lay scattered, and a puddle of water spread slowly over the floor.

A GIRL'S PRAYER
JEANNE ACKLEY, '45

Dear God, what words are there
To say the things which must be said
In days like these?
Oh, I am too poor of spirit and of heart
To give him faith in the tomorrows
Which will come
When war is done.

Must my soul cry out
That there is goodness
And not failure
In spite of blood
And bombs dropping
While my mouth trembles
With the words it has
No voice to utter!

These are hard days, God,
And I am so weak to help,
So powerless to shout against this storm
The things I know are true!

For there will be great need
In the after-days
For believers in beauty and in peace,
And he is one,
Knowing the poetry of life,
And a great love of laughter . . .
A failure?
Oh, not at twenty, God!

Almighty Father,
In Thine infinite wisdom,
Grant me great words to say
In defense of the future,
In praise of each little loveliness
That will not be lost,
In hope for his tomorrows!

= O =

SPRING HAT
PEGGY BARRY, '45

Diminutive and debonair,
Perched gaily on her golden hair,
It radiates a thought of spring,
Looks somewhat like a bird on wing!
It's cocked upon one-fourth her head,
And crowned by bow of fiery red;
It brings to mind a mountain flower,
And yet resembles Pisa's tower.
It lends a sparkle to her eyes,
And causes one to heave great sighs
Of wondering perplexity
At her spring hat's tenacity!

I HAVE LIVED

WILMA M. CREAMER, '43

If this be all there is to life
I am content.
If I should die tomorrow
"Twenty years well spent"
Should be my epitaph and I
Having what I've had in life
Am not afraid to die.
For I have seen the sunrise,
I have held the moon and stars,
I have climbed a hill at daybreak,
And have stirred to anthem bars.
I have felt the rain caress my cheek,
Have held my mother's hand;
I have knelt in prayer at evening
I have worn a wedding band.
I have read a poem of Shelley's
I have plucked a budding rose;
And if the book should end tomorrow
I'll be ready for its close.

= O =

AWAKENING

WILMA M. CREAMER, '43

So this is war,
This is the thing
I used to read about
When but a child.
Books told great tales
Of great men and great battles;
Of chivalry
Glory and honor.
I used to read
And wish that someday
War would come to me.
And this is war
Where people only die
And the greatest men
Are those who kill the most.
The books lied.
There is no glory
Only death
And sickening dread
Of bombs
And fear of blasted home.

.... VERY OLD

BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '42

When she first woke up, Kitty couldn't tell how long it had been since she had tumbled into bed with her younger sister Valerie. But she felt as though she had been asleep only a few minutes. She lay still for a moment, vaguely troubled, wondering what had roused her from her slumber. In the quietness, little night sounds moved into her consciousness one by one. The old alarm clock gave out its faithful click-clack from the chair beside her bed. Valerie's quiet breathing close to her in the old brass bed was somehow reassuring. From across the hall issued a soft snoring. Kitty often wondered if the volume of her brother's snoring would increase as he grew up. Just from habit, the amusing thought flitted through her mind. But it was banished just as quickly, as another sound reached her ears.

It was the sound of restrained laughter. It seemed to come from directly under her. She turned her head slightly, straining to keep her little body alert. The register in the floor over by the bureau was half-open. Narrow slits of light came up from the room below. But she had turned out all the lights downstairs when she came up to bed . . . she knew she had!

Burglars! With horrifying speed her imagination conjured pictures of masked men with bags of tools in their hands. But quickly she scolded herself for being afraid. She was eleven years old—the oldest of the three. She was very old . . . and brave. With a warming sense of relief, she relaxed on her pillow. Mama had come home, of course! She had said she might be late, but that Kitty was a big strong girl and everything would be all right, Kitty was content, at the thought, to settle back to sleep. She edged closer to the warm little mound beside her.

Her breath came more evenly, and she closed her eyes. But in an instant more, her whole body was tense and alert again. That had been a man's cough—and she knew it! Terror rose in her like a mighty storm and her heart pounded against her little breast in a spasm of fear. She didn't know what to do. After a moment she carefully folded back the bed-clothes and

thrust her feet into the cold air and onto the floor. She gasped a little when the bed creaked but crept courageously and silently toward the floor register. She leaned her ear to the opening. The low murmur of a man's voice came up on a wave of warm air. Then there was another voice — a familiar one — her mother's. The terror which had gripped her subsided, but in its place came a new fear . . . something she had never felt before. It shot through her with a cold shudder. Again there was that light muffled laughter which had first wakened her.

Rising lightly to her feet, she turned impulsively to the open door and hurried through the hall to the stairway. She stopped for only a moment, then tiptoed slowly down the stairs. The grooved rubber stair pads felt queer under her feet. She noticed that. When she was on the bottom step, she reached a trembling hand toward the door-knob, but instinctively withdrew it again. She pulled her flannel night-gown more tightly around her shivering form. Then in a flash she wheeled about and raced noiselessly up the steps as though pursued by ghosts.

Back again in her bed, she lay cautiously near the edge. Her whole form was trembling. She was afraid Valerie might wake up. But the little sister only breathed peacefully. Jimmy's snoring, too, had been undisturbed. She was grateful for that. If only she could stop shaking! She clenched her night-gown with cold fingers and dug her icy heels down into the cotton blanket. As she lay tense and quivering, her thoughts tumbled about in confusion. Little pictures flashed into her mind . . . scenes from way back, that she hadn't thought about for a long time.

There was Papa coming up the walk with a big bag in his hand. She and Jimmy were running to meet him. They knew there were bananas in the paper sack. They just loved bananas . . . and Papa knew it. He would buy a whole bag-full on his way home. And sometimes he would take Mama and all of them out to the country for a picnic. She remembered him and Mama sitting together on the grass and singing the most beautiful songs in the world. The baby would crawl around on her blanket while Kitty and her bro-

ther picked huge bunches of daises to take back home with them. The world was all sunshiny then! . . . At night it was the best of all, when Papa took Kitty on one knee and Jimmy on the other, and told them stories. They were such wonderful stories! . . . But the pictures darkened. She saw scenes in which Papa would stumble into the house with his hair all mussed up and his tie hanging. Mama would turn from the stove to say hello to him, and then she would stop and look at him as if she wanted to cry. He always went upstairs to bed, and Mama would give her and Jimmy and Valerie their supper. Kitty remembered how quiet it always was during those meals. Mama never said a word when Papa came home like that, . . . except once. That time she went upstairs with him, and Kitty heard them talking in loud voices. Then Mama sounded like she was crying. Kitty tried to tell the little ones a story so they wouldn't hear Mama crying. She was eight years old then. The rest of that evening was all mixed up in her mind, but the next day Papa didn't come home. He never came home again.

Sometimes at first, Kitty would find Mama crying all by herself. But that was a long time ago. Ever since they moved to this house, things seemed different. After a while Mama even got so she would sing to Kitty and her sister and brother . . . all the foolish little Mother Goose songs. Somehow Kitty felt like she was singing silently with Mama to the little ones, as if she were another mother of theirs, instead of just a little girl of ten years old.

Mama laughed a lot, too, but it was different from the old way she laughed when Papa was with them. At night sometimes Mama went away. Old Mrs. Brady, their neighbor would come and stay with them. When Kitty got to be eleven Mama thought she was old enough to take care of the smaller ones, so she didn't ask Mrs. Brady to come. Kitty thought Mrs. Brady had said something which made Mama feel sad one day . . . she had heard just a few words about some man and Mama's being careful. And that was really why Mrs. Brady didn't come anymore. It had never bothered Kitty, though. She was brave. She felt very old and very wise.

Her thoughts came bounding back to the present. Very old . . and very wise . . but not wise enough. Not wise enough to know what to do. Those few words of Mrs. Brady's all at once had a meaning for her. A man . . . oh, no . . . Mama couldn't let anyone else take Papa's place . . oh, no . . . never! Dear Papa who brought them big bags of bananas and told them wonderful stories, and took them out in the country for picnics. Rebellion rose inside her at the thought of the intruder. But it disappeared almost as quickly as it came. Instead she felt grief and sadness and fear.

Kitty heard a little click, and the tiny beams of light which had been shining through the register disappeared. Everything was dark . . even her mind. Nothing was left to think about except being afraid and sick in her heart. She felt very old . . and tired. Tears came slowly to her eyes. She turned over in bed, and wept weakly into her pillow.

= O =

REFUGE

RUTH OTSUKI, '42

God, why is it that people cry for you
When times are hard, when wars are raging?
Why do they wait until destruction, hate and
death set in?
When life is sweet and easy, they overlook
you as they go their way—
Then, when the bullet strikes, the cannon
roars, the ships go down
and death takes thousands—
Then they seek for you and you are there.
God, did you plan this war?

= O =

SKETCH

GEORGIA TURNER, '42

See that man? How proud he is! He struts, chest first. His steps are higher than a blind man's—more pronounced than a typist's period. If he had wings he'd fly. His name was in the paper today.

DEATH

ESTHER SMOOT, '45

The swish-swish of brooms and mops and cloths, the quiet bustle of the household prelude the final farewell to a soul. People steadily stream in and out and discreet whispers break the silence. Composed faces and dull ears are turned to the consoling words and surging and fading of the music. An endless queue slowly advances, views, and retreats from that which is no more, only to fall into the procession again and follow to the final ritual. The measured tread of pall bearers, the rise and fall of a lone voice, and the slow descent into the grave mark the end. If a sob escapes, it is not heard above the creak of frozen ground and the business-like clank of spades.

= O =

OF WHAT AVAIL

JACQUELINE PFEIFER, '44

Of what avail, this universe,
If there be none to rule
Its vast, varied complexities
Deep as a bottomless pool.
Why should matter resolve itself
Into an astral star,
And what revolves the planet, sun,
That rolls through space afar.
Why, too, is life a mystery,
What lies beyond the veil,
When come the everchanging winds
That fill the seaman's sail.
Why should death terminate all things
That man holds dear in life.
Why should this be a proven truth,
'The test of life is strife'.
And why must woman bear in pain
A life soon to be torn
From its most youthful, tender shoots,
'The test of life is strife'.
Since all these things conform to law
We therefore must assume
The presence of a knowing God
Who lifts us from the gloom.

THE STORE - WINDOW DUMMY

JULIA THOMAS, '45

She sits there passive all day long—
Unmoved by the actions of the throng.
In her serene world of brittle glass
She dumbly ignores the things that pass.

Incapable of feeling; stupid and senseless,
She rests unaroused and wholly defenseless
Glass windows will shatter, if she only knew
But passive she sits—an American too.

= O =

FLIGHT INTO FANCY

MARJORIE BROWN, '43

I'm riding in a street car through dull, drab streets with dirty, gray houses on either side and tiny, squalid shops squeezed in between, here and there. But I noticed these just for awhile and then I was in a car, one of those convertibles we dream about. You were there beside me, it was a beautiful windy day and the top was down with the wind blowing in my hair. I was loving it and you were too. Our companionship was perfect. We were riding and riding into nowhere and we were together That man's eyes are so tired. What is he saying . . . strike at the plant. Out of work Only snatches I caught and then I was back with you. The convertible was gone. We were in unromantic slacks and shirts at the end of a long hike, watching the sunset, our hands touching, out hearts in communion. . . . How tired that man looks. "They're just playing with us," he says. "They could raise our wages." Strike, lower wages . . . everyone else . . . higher wages . . . and his voice faded. We were dancing. The lights were low and the music was soft. We were in a world of our own. And then it was over and we were walking in the soft silvery moonlight, hands touching, hearts in communion. . . . "So tired, Mother. Can't we go home now." Strike at the plant . . . lower wages . . why, why . . And I was back in a street car full of dirty, tired men wondering why, tired children, tired mothers the end of a day, dull, drab, dirty houses, dull, dirty shops squeezed in here and there.

THE ART OF NOT BEING CALLED UPON

FLORENCE EMERT, '42

In addition to those in the curriculum of a liberal arts college there are many arts at which a student must become deft. Of no small significance is the art of not being called upon. There are many occasions when for the sake of a shrinking point average it is wiser for you to remain unnoticed by your professor as he surveys the cowering group before him in order to pick a victim.

There are at least three possible approaches to a solution. First of all you may wave your right hand furiously and make little bouncing motions of enthusiasm in your seat. If this does not get the professor's attention, a husky "hey" will generally do the trick. If he is the ordinary stubborn type of professor he will completely ignore you, and as soon as he calls upon a less ingenious student you can relax in your cane-bottomed chair having just had one of the success experiences that the educators are always talking about. But if your professor himself once had some education and still can remember his student days, he will bounce upon you, pronouncing your name with malicious glee. You will have to think fast to get out of this situation.

Once you have tried the previous method unsuccessfully you will be willing to try a less ostentatious means of not being called upon. If you have used foresight you will be sitting behind some husky brute who still believes that students sitting in the first rows get the high grades. If this be the case you need only to squirm at the same time and in the same direction as your bulwark.

If your professor is of the itinerant variety which lopes about the room, then it may be necessary for you to use the final method, the old concentrating act. Develop a facial expression indicative of deep mental pre-occupation. It is like an atmosphere of sanctuary through which a professor will rarely penetrate and then only very apologetically. Furthermore, any professor is flattered if a student finds his words worthy of being permanently recorded and will never

thoughtlessly interrupt a student who is finishing up his notes on the last question.

These are the three best known methods of not being called upon. Undoubtedly further research will add others to the list.

= O =

ANCES - TREE

WILMA M. CREAMER, '43

Last night in dreams I saw a tree
'Twas the kind, a sophist explained to me,
That I grew from. So I looked to see.
There I sat at the peak of my Ances-tree.
First at the bottom were Adam and Eve
From whence came we all, I do believe.
Socrates sat there, and the more I think,
I got not his brains but his love of drink.
Falstaff was present, I laughed at that;
It accounts for obesity (on which I've sat).
My amorous nature's from Juliet
And to me that's cause for great regret;
For I'd dreamed of Cleo, and hoped that I—
For she really had it, (sigh, sigh, sigh).
Long John Silver accounts for the limp,
The love of hamburgers comes from Wimp;
Hitler's the cause of my ornery streak,
Durante bequeathed me my streamlined beak.
So there's not really much of me that's me
A sittin' on top of my Ances-tree.

= O =

SUBTERFUGE

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

I walk quite tall when the wind is high;
For the wind must never know that I
Am afraid of him. Although it's true.
But can't you see that it wouldn't do
For the wind to know that he terrifies
My very soul with his gusty sighs.
So I lift my head and face the blow
And pray that my terror doesn't show.
For don't you see what a tiny breeze
(Cause he knows they're scared) can do with trees.

BITTER KNOWLEDGE

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

Yes, I was wrong to tell you. Now I know
I should have kept my secret, held it tight
A thorn within my heart, concealed from sight
I knew it then. Yes, even while the flow
Of babbling phrases told you of my woe,
Something within me cried in pain and fright,
"You will regret these things you say tonight,"
And now I find its prophecy is so.

I felt my grief too heavy to be borne
In silent isolation. You were near.
Oh, it was sweet relief for me to mourn
My agony unto your ready ear.
But sympathy is always tinged with scorn.
Pride is a lonely thing, and pity dear.

= O =

SPARKLE

EDGAR DANIELS, '43

A shimmering drop of water
Quivers like a liquid pearl at
The cold, perspiring faucet mouth;
It bulges, pulsates, lingers—
Then I touch it, and the shining
Globule rolls with cooling rush
Along my finger, drops, and
Spatters in the sink.

= O =

A FRAGMENT

JANET SCANLAND, '42

To me you have become
Part of a life I had but cannot know again;
A fragment of a wind-swept hill—
A star-lit night—a sun-bathed dawn.
You have become
Part of a life that flamed for one brief moment
And ever after burned within my heart.

IN SILENCE REIGN

EMMAJANE HILLARD, '43

Gaunt and gray, the statue rose against a dreary, cloud-hung sky. The glory of France seemed dead, and Joan of Arc an empty, mockery of triumph that watched over Paris streets.

The "Maid of France"—standing always patiently—found love in every loyal heart—but in each stolid German breast raged hate, that one of stone commanded looks of love from Frenchmen that the Nazis failed to meet. These bodies without souls—clad in ugly greenish-gray—walked with ordered beats, Heiled Hitler with their vacant stares, and with uneasy feelings watched the calm French faces pass them by with hard and guarded eyes that proved the lying of their smiling lips.

We Germans cannot fear, they thought; and then passed "Joan of Arc" to try and look into her sightless eyes and prove their courage to themselves. They tried—but dropped their eyes—pretending to read the inscription. A poor excuse for any man to give himself.

They had entered as conquerers, true. In triumph, they had ridden down the streets they'd failed to reach a war before. But there were no welcoming cries, no throngs to witness their entrance. Only a few laborers and their women lined the streets here and there, silent and unimpressed.

"We do not want to take away your Paris," they said. "We only come to save you from weak, insipid leaders who lull you into submission with democracy. We want to share your gay pleasures and do things "correctly" as you do. We will make you a superior race—although, of course, you must bow to our rule and Heil Hitler as we do."

"You see?"—And they hold out a hand of crude friendship, while in the other hangs a curling, leather whip that snaps about those who will not bow. "Heil the Fuehrer—accept our system. We are your friends"—and booming, guttural laughter drowns out the hissing crack of a torturer's whip.

The vanquished smile and say nothing, go about their work, and obey the victors with mute lips. But eyes don't lie, and the Nazi horde shifts uneasily and tries to cover up its growing uncertainty.

Their System—rigid and unbending—sways ever so slightly as if a soft wind were blowing—and silent Frenchmen, passing "Joan of Arc", sometimes think they hear a sigh escape her stony lips. They smile secretly and cross themselves, breathing a Pater Noster for a valiant comrade who, somewhere, slips through the brooding dark.

A German grunts and looks bewildered—one of his valuable papers is missing. Another utters an oath—and pulls out a thin pamphlet from his coat sleeve which curses him in perfect French. A hand grenade hurled from blackness blows a carload of officers to eternity and only empty, mocking night greets the harassed patrol that races to the spot. A calm, young woman is arrested and dies with a maddening smile on her lips—while a band of fugitive English pilots race through the underground sewers of Paris on their way to freedom and service. Night falls once again on cursing, bewildered Gestapo agents whose hands are empty and whose victims fling back taunting laughter as they disappear in blackness.

Fog rolls into the Paris streets and a light rain begins to fall. From brightly lighted windows comes the sound of drunken revelry and a door bursts open throwing a brilliant stream of light across the wet pavement. A pretty French girl stands in the doorway, head thrown back, teeth sparkling, eyes flashing invitation to the weaving German in officer's uniform whose lunging clutch she eludes with aggravating laughter. They move out into the street, the door closes, and they make their way up the sidewalk; he pursuing, she eluding.

The "Maid of France" looms up in her stone calm before them and the French girl's laugh floats out, soft and deadly. Darting eyes find the street empty and quick fingers deftly draw a small pistol that nestles in her hand. With straight back pressed against cold stone she watches gray-green arms trap her in their circle. Rain sparkles in her hair and triumph in her

laughter. A quiet dull "plop" disturbs the thick night ever so slightly — the Nazi groans and slips to the ground, groveling at the feet of a tall, stone statue.

For a moment, breathlessly, she leans against the "Maid", and the falling rain against her up-turned face feels soft and warm like tears.

She stands looking up into the face so far above her own, and sees cheeks of stone are wet with the rain that feels like tears. With a gay salute the French girl vanishes into darkness whispering, "Oui" Madame. Viva la France!"

A half-heard sigh seems to float from the still, stone lips and the Nazi System sways slightly—as if a soft wind were blowing.

—Joan of Arc leads France again?

"Oui, Madame."

= O =

ETERNITY

JANET SCANLAND, '42

To hear at even-tide the boundless sea
And know its surging waves will endless be

To see the sun a crimson glow of flame
And feel a presence that we cannot name

To stand again within the dawn's first gray
And find the challenge of the day

This then must be eternity—

The surging of the waves, the sun's last glowing ray
The promise of the day.

This then must be the whole of things
This everlastingness of sea and sky and dawn.

= O =

THE WIND'S DAY

GEORGIA TURNER, '42

The wind was having fun today. It teased with Janie's silken hair . . . ran on stilts of fence posts . . . played tag with papers in the park . . . sang lullabies among the leaves . . . knelt at church steeples . . . prayed in chapel belfries. Tonight the wind is tired.

FEBRUARY AFTERNOON

ESTHER SMOOT, '45

Often in late winter, I followed my brother when he did his evening chores. Winter with its loneliness and bleakness held the countryside in its silent spell and we welcomed the sound of the clattering of the milk pails and crunching of boots in the snow.

We went to the chicken house first. As the day was cloudy, some of the flock had already begun to roost; but when we flung open a screen and put the green table-scraps in the feeder, the flapping of wings, scraping of toenails, and excited cackles signaled the coming on-rush. Every fowl lucky enough to get a tidbit fled to a corner to pick at it unmolested. Only a few "old clucks", already interested in setting, remained unperturbed and jealously guarded the single egg under them. They spread their wings, issued low squawks of protest, and picked angrily when disturbed.

As soon as the shed doors rumbled along their tracks, the pigs began a squealing chorus which did not cease until they had their mix and corn. Comparative quiet reigned, then, except for the cooing of pigeons from the rafters and the crunch and munch and grunts of the pigs eating their corn.

In the barn it was very warm and comfortable. I could hear the rustle of straw as the animals were freshly bedded and of hay as the sheep methodically and silently ate. Barney whinnied and stamped his right forefoot until he got his corn and then devoted his time to eating. The cows gazed at nothing, with dreamy, brown eyes, but patiently chewed, and licked their bran-covered noses. The tinny ring of a stream of milk on the side of the pail or the deep solid sound as it struck the contents which already half filled it was heard above the expectant motor-like purr of the cats. As we left the barn, only the steady, liquid lapping of little pink tongues in the warm, foamy liquid was heard.

= O =

NAIVETE

FLORENCE A. EMERT, '42

Armed with innocence you go
Along the very brink of woe—
While I, though knowing well the ledge
Never fail to cross the edge.

A BLOODLESS BATTLE

R. W. GIFFORD, '45

I was gazing at the sky one day,
Lost in the ecstatic essence of May,
When I chanced to see a very rare sight:
Two enemies preparing to fight.
Two white clouds these enemies were,
Calm, cautious, fearing to stir.
In a field of blue, two patches of fleece,
Crouching, ready to break the peace.
(At least it seemed like that from here
Where men are taught to hate and fear.)
Then they hurled forward with a rush,
Each its enemy vowed to crush.
I was expecting soon the deafening din
Of men battling against men;
The cannon's roar and screams of the dying;
Cries of killers their God defying.
But no such sounds found my ear,
(It seems the fools all live down here)
For the two clouds silently merged into one
And floated peacefully to the setting sun.

= O =

WHEN I AM WITH YOU

MARY JANE KLINE, '42

When I am with you
There is nothing commonplace.
The most ordinary task
Becomes a joy.
Doing the marketing is a thrill
If it's for your dinner
Washing clothes is no job
If they are for you to wear,
And pleasure is in everything.

When we are together
There is no best day,
No best week, or no best month.
Each day, each week, each month,
Is one perfect pattern.

One perfect pattern,
One in which you are
Woven so tightly into each part
That to take you away
From even the smallest segment
Leaves a broken pattern.
Such is my heart when you go.

THE APPRENTICE

RETA J. LAVINE, '42

I've been watching You make souls
For a long time now.
Don't You think I could have a try
At making one
Now that I know how?

You see, in my mind
I have a great idea
For a brand new kind.

I'd take a night in fall—
Clear and crisp
And bathed in moonlight.
Tiny stars
Would sparkle through
As lovely thoughts,
And little clouds
Would wander in and out
Like pleasant memories.

Do you like it?
Now can I have a chance
At making a soul of my very own?

Thank you, God.

= O =

LIVES

RETA J. LAVINE, '42

Lives are like hillsides, I think.

There are hillsides majestic in their strength and beauty, great slopes covered with green forests—cool and quiet. In the depths are bird songs and patches of sunlight and shadow making mysterious patterns on the soft earth. There is no hurry, no sharpness, no discord. It takes long years to grow forests—years full of the richness, the gladness, the power and the thrill of life. Years that are full of quiet and meditation, pain and sorrow—and peace.

And there are other hillsides with barren, brown thirsty slopes. Lives can be like these, too.

I BURNED YOUR LETTERS TODAY

MARY LEARISH, '42

I burned your letters today. I didn't want to, but then, you thought it best . . . and this was once I followed your desire. It was hard to give them up . . . comforting words that brought you close . . . read and reread so often.

But this was the end. Numbly I arranged them in the order they had come . . . looked at my name you had written those times . . . always so neat and even . . . except the one you scrawled . . . so I'd have to guess who sent it . . . and the last one . . . in pencil how could I know its bland innocent face bore news that made cold dread clutch at my heart . . . and played the awful fate notes of a symphony within my mind?

My filing job completed . . . I resolutely walked over to the fire . . . Hesitated . . . as I pressed the letters close to me . . . they were you . . . it helped to hold them close that second.

One by one . . . each in turn . . . your letters met their end in the consuming fire . . . Greedily hot flames shriveled up the envelope . . . laying bare your message . . . and as it turned the pages over your words looked up to me in helpless anguish . . . And yet, this was your wish . . .

That last one . . . it was the only one I read again before that sad altar . . . already those dreadful words were stamped indelibly upon my brain . . . but . . . I had to see them again . . . to be sure this was the end . . .

In loving remembrance of your lips I pressed mine to your name . . . before laying on the fire this one last offering . . . Fascinated I watched it join the dull ashes of the others . . . there as the live coals glowed through the ash . . . your words were clear again . . . that same dear precise hand . . . words that called to me . . . blindly I tried to shut out that last vision.

And yet it will remain . . . hot, livid coals . . . glowing . . . revealing your words . . . dark . . . on flaky ash . . . a haunting memory of you . . . the thoughts you wrote . . . our love . . . that was never meant to be.

THEN JUDAS SPEAKS

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

I flung them back their silver and they laughed.
Stooping to retrieve it from the dust,
They mocked my impotent curses, for they knew
(And also knew that knowledge to be mine)
That I alone am guilty of my fate;
These hands alone are builders of this wall
Of circumstances 'gainst which I beat my head.

Why, when he put the clay upon my eyes,
Why must I wait to wash them in his blood?
I open them at last to light that shows
Naught save this wall that rears where e'er I look
And turns me back into myself again;
Into the knowledge that these hands are now
Helpless to raze what once they blindly built,
And there is nothing, nothing I can do—

Nothing except to hasten on into
That boundless emptiness, Eternity.

= O =

INFINITY

MARJORIE MILLER, '42

You are my Eternity
Within your tender smiles
I find the long forgotten entrance
To the Happy Isles
And from the lethe of your lips
I drink forgetfulness
Beneath Elysian skies.
Come, look my way
That I may loose me deep
In the Forever of your eyes.

— INDEX —

AS FOOLS DO -- PAUL DAVISSON, '45	3
MY FIRST THRILL -- MARY E. LEARISH, '42	3
THIS AGE OF INNOCENCE -- PAUL REBER, '43	3
I ONLY KNOW -- JEAN UNGER, '43	5
TRANSFORMATION -- BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '42	6
FOR THE DURATION -- JEANNE ACKLEY, '45	6
COMPANIONSHIP -- RUTHANNA ROBERTSON, '42	6
THE BASIC URGE -- EDGAR DANIELS, '43	7
EPISODE -- JEAN UNGER, '43	7
KEATS TO SHELLEY -- MARJORIE MILLER, '43	7
THE KISS OF LOVE -- IRVING M. BROWN, '44	8
RUINS -- MARJORIE MILLER, '43	8
WAR ORCHARDS -- JEANNE ACKLEY, '45	9
THE TANTALIZER -- BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '42	9
JADE IS FOR LONELINESS -- JEAN UNGER, '43	10
HAPPY BIRTHDAY -- ESTHER SMOOT, '45	10
A GIRL'S PRAYER -- JEANNE ACKLEY, '45	12
SPRING HAT -- PEGGY BARRY, '45	12
I HAVE LIVED -- WILMA M. CREAMER, '43	13
AWAKENING -- WILMA M. CREAMER, '43	13
... VERY OLD -- BETTY RUTH WOODWORTH, '42	14
REFUGE -- RUTH OTSUKI, '42	17
SKETCH -- GEORGIA TURNER, '42	17
DEATH -- ESTHER SMOOT, '45	18
OF WHAT AVAIL -- JACQUELINE PFEIFER, '44	18
THE STORE-WINDOW DUMMY -- JULIA THOMAS, '45	19
FLIGHT INTO FANCY -- MARJORIE BROWN, '43	19
THE ART OF NOT BEING CALLED UPON -- FLORENCE A. EMERT, '42	20
ANCES-TREE -- WILMA M CREAMER, '43	21
SUBTERFUGE -- MARJORIE MILLER, '43	21
BITTER KNOWLEDGE -- MARJORIE MILLER, '43	22
SPARKLE -- EDGAR DANIELS, '43	22
A FRAGMENT -- JANET SCANLAND, '42	22
IN SILENCE REIGN -- EMMAJANE HILLARD, '43	23
ETERNITY -- JANET SCANLAND, '42	25
THE WIND'S DAY -- GEORGIA TURNER, '42	25
FEBRUARY AFTERNOON -- ESTHER SMOOT, '45	26
NAIVETE -- FLORENCE A. EMERT, '42	26
A BLOODLESS BATTLE -- R. W. GIFFORD, '45	27
WHEN I AM WITH YOU -- MARY JANE KLINE, '42	27
THE APPRENTICE -- RETA J. LAVINE, '42	28
LIVES -- RETA J. LAVINE, '42	28
I BURNED YOUR LETTERS TODAY -- MARY LEARISH, '42	29
THEN JUDAS SPEAKS -- MARJORIE MILLER, '43	30
INFINITY -- MARJORIE MILLER, '43	30