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QUIZ
and
QUILL

CHRISTMAS 1942

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

Westerville, Ohio

~~Page~~

THE STAFF

Wilma Creamer	Editor
Jean Unger	Business Manager

~~Page~~

DEDICATION—

To all the boys from Otterbein now serving
in the armed forces of the U. S. A.

~~Page~~

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB ROLL OF HONOR

Brantford Benton, '33	Lewis Carlock, '41
L. William Steck, '37	Fred Long, ex '42
Joseph Ayer, '40	Eldon Shauck, '42
Ed Daniels, ex '43	Roy Bowen, '33

The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	Alumni Secretary
Wilma Creamer	President
Emmajane Hilliard	Vice President
Marjorie Miller	Secretary-Treasurer

Leora Ludwick	Paul Reber
Jacqueline Pfeifer	Glenn Riley
Jean L. Unger	



LITERARY AWARDS

Spring 1942

J. A. BARNES SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize	Emmajane Hilliard, '43
Second Prize	Betty Woodworth, '42
Third Prize	Wilma Creamer, '43

DR. ROY A. BURKHART POETRY CONTEST

First Prize	Jeanne Ackley, ex '45
Second Prize	Marjorie Miller, '43

WAYNE HARSHA SPECIAL FEATURE CONTEST

First Prize	Norman Dohn, '43
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THE QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

Fall 1942

POETRY

First Prize	Troy Brady, '45
Second Prize	Eugene Simrell, '46
Third Prize	Betty Cook, '43

PROSE

First Prize	Anna Jean Walters, '45
Second Prize	Jewell Turner, '43
Third Prize	Jack S. Marks, '45

ORCHESTRA
TROY BRADY, '45

The skies shall sing and play for me
Tonight—a glorious symphony.
The stars shall be the timbrel bells,
The clouds resound the organ swells.
And rolling thunder-drums shall beat
To pulse the rain's swift marching feet.
(Like thoughts across a fevered brain
That march, and wheel and march again.)
Roaring winds and lightning flashes!
Flames of sound, like cymbal crashes!
— — Chinese symbals, hammered brass;
— — Tinkling cymbals, made of glass.

Now the forte of storm is past,
Comes the velvet calm at last.
Nightingale, upon a limb
Sings a dulcet nocturne hymn.
Moonlight beams on rippling streams—
Shepherd's pipes to play my dreams.
Tiny flute and clarinet;
Trumpet clear, and castanet.
Whispering breeze, and night-bird's call
Like sweet heavenly voices fall;
On my heart—a choral strain,
And lingers like an old refrain.
While all of nature's voices raise
In the anthem of God's praise.

Now my heart joins in the theme
And peaceful rest shall end my dream.
Soft comes the sweet "Amen" of sleep
And makes my symphony complete.

3.11.2

SUCCESS
GLENN RILEY, '44

At last it was here; she owned it all. She had struggled long for it, had fought for it. Those ahead of her she had pushed aside, friend or not. She knew that she must reach her goal quickly or all would be lost for ever. And now she had succeeded; she was first. With her head high she turned to the woman across from her and said, "I'll take a pound of coffee, if you please."

IRONY

ANNA JEAN WALTERS, '45

Thomas Bracken, Joseph Caldwell, Raymond Peters, James Warner, Donald Young . . . name after name . . . hundreds and hundreds of names.

Furlough applications were answered. It would be the last furlough until the war was won. It would be a furlough just long enough to get back home, see the folks . . . mother, dad, kid, sister, sweetheart . . . and get back before they went across.

That was all Bill, Dave and Harry . . . the fellows called them "The Three Musket-ears" . . . wanted. That was what every boy from Company C wanted. Company C . . . a company composed of boys from a small town in southeastern Pennsylvania . . . a town which would lose its finest youth, its very backbone of existence in the future . . . if Company C didn't come back.

The last name was read. The three names they wanted most to hear had not been read. "Sorry", "Tough luck" . . . coming from the luckier ones . . . they were words of consolation anyway.

The Battle of the Marne was over. The three remaining boys from Company C read the names of the dead. Thomas Bracken, Joseph Caldwell, Raymond Peters . . . as if the word "furlough" had been struck out and in its place was written "death".

~~DE~~

SIESTA

BETTY TUCKER, '46

The tiny Mexican town baked in the noonday sun. Along the empty main street of the town, white adobe walls glared in the sunlight. Two donkeys stood with bowed head and sleepy eyes by a hitching rail along a side street. Inside the little general store, the proprietor, Pablo, calmly enjoyed his afternoon siesta with his sleepy dog stretched out beside him. Pablo had a special chair just for this purpose. It wasn't an easy chair or a comfortable chair. It was high and tall and Pablo sat straight up in it with his arms folded across his huge chest. He tipped it back against the wall, and his short, fat legs dangled in the air. Just a jerk of his sombrero over his already nearly closed eyes, and Pablo was asleep.

BLACKOUT
GLENN RILEY, '44

By the faint moonlight
He saw near the garden gate
That lovely damsel
He had tried to date.
Her ruby-red lips
He would take by surprise,
So he stole upon her
Before she was wise.
"So sorry," he said,
"I thought you were sister Liz."
"Forget it dear boy,"
She calmly replied, "It is."

~~END~~

? EQUALS ONE TEACHER
JEWELL TURNER, '43

The bell rang! My first class had really begun. I took one frightened look at those youngsters, and then felt like an Allied soldier before Hitler's firing squad. Each pair of eyes was a pair of guns pointing at me.

Eagerly I stood looking at their faces. Who were these people before me? Ah-h-h! They were young Americans—tall and short, blonde and brunette, even four carrot tops in the bunch—but they were all healthy, happy high school kids.

I had been hired, on a salary of two hours credit, to teach these youngsters when to say what, and how to say it. Now that I was here, I, myself, did not know where to begin. It seemed an eternity before I mustered courage to call them to order. I don't remember the words I used, but they were sufficient to bring forth thirty-three puzzled looks.

I surveyed the class again—once, twice, any number of times. On the back row a dainty, feminine little creature was trying her utmost to act sophisticated for her brave hero across the aisle. The brave hero was in turn as independent as his sex would permit.

Also, there was an ace quarterback trying desperately not to hide a smirk on his face. His chubby body wanted to bounce, and his youthful devilment was too much to hold. I admired his "spunk", but feared that he would be my "problem child".

I stood aghast when my eyes rested on a couple of "glamour gals" who could hold a torch beside any college queen. Then I pinched myself and remembered that this is 1942—wartime—when even the high school set must boost morale on the home front.

All the while that these unique observations were enveloping my mind, I must have been saying something. I couldn't just stand there—mute.

Suddenly, nouns and verbs seemed so unimportant. I visualized a half dozen of the most healthy specimens in the class, not as boys in high school, but as men on the war front; yet I was here to teach them that a verb, not a war, denotes action.

Just to provide a little bit of excitement at this time, I'm sure the fire department had especially planned a fire drill to initiate me into the thrills of teaching. At any rate, the third gong had scarcely sounded when the last student had dashed out of the room in all his glee. Anything which prevented our having a class met with his approval.

Finally, we settled down to workbook study. Everything was progressing beautifully until student A read the sentence, "We all love and respect our teacher." After a giggle here, a smirk there, and a burst of laughter yonder, I tried to assume my professional dignity—to the pleasure of the class.

Meanwhile, my knees were keeping time to "Strip Polka", and my nerves produced the frequency of a shrill sound wave. A psychoanalyst should have diagnosed my case. He would have gone crazy too.

Time did not fly. Oblivious to everything but the lesson, I accidentally turned on the gas jet with a sideward motion of my body. (Scientific equipment makes an English classroom quite novel.) Anyway, I didn't notice the blue fumes rising, or smell the foul odor. Seconds passed; minutes ticked away. Soon we would have been dreaming of a "White Christmas", had it not been for the foresight of a tall, lanky fellow, who detected the odor and came to the desk to turn off the jet.

After such an episode, I expected interest to be at a peak. But no! Walking down the aisle, I noticed a Carnegie Jr. reading a discourse, "How to Recognize a Good Egg." Hm-m-m! I wondered how I, as a teacher, would pass—rotten, fresh, or well-done.

GOD
BETTY COOK, '43

God, I think
Is like a tree
Enrobed in fog
Void of shape,
Protection only,
Felt, not seen.

HOW SHALL I SAY GOODBYE
MARJORIE MILLER, '43

How shall I say goodbye to all the things
That in so short a time have come to hold
The essence of my life.
Shall I go touching book and lamp and chair
In mute farewell to all the dreams they shared?
Shall I walk slowly down familiar paths,
Deliberately conscious that those steps
Will be my last along their dusty length?
Shall I stand dumb once more
Beneath the naked oak,
Lifting my eyes for their sweet stirrup cup
Of its stark arms against a sky, star-studded?

No. If I did it so, then I would talk
A foolish jargon to the book and chair,
And lay the dust along the path with tears,
And mourn in agony beneath the oak.
I shall continue then, on this last day,
To act the same as any other day.
I shall use book and lamp and chair the same
And never think that they are final acts.
I shall walk swiftly down the dusty paths,
My destination foremost in my mind.
I shall not stop beneath the naked oak.

And then I'll kiss you lightly in farewell
And, laughing, leave without a backward look,
Else I should never find in me the strength
To say goodbye at all.

THROUGH WITH LOVE

WILMA CREAMER, '43

Love is a charlatan,
And I, not one to be deceived,
Refused to answer when he beckoned;
So he turned, and I, relieved,
Threw off my coat of armor,
Thought the battle fought and won;
But he, sensing, I was weakened,
Knew the fight had just begun.
Back he came, in guise of Springtime
Changed my mind, I bade him stay;
But that horrid old inpostor
Took my heart, then ran away.



SWIFT FLIGHT

JANET ROBERTS, '46

It was like an airplane ride, with you the pilot. It began when I first saw you, across the room, at the dance Alice gave; don't you remember? You looked at me, me in my first formal, blue chiffon, and right away I knew what was happening to me. My heart just skidded across the floor and landed right at your feet. And—and you picked it up. You walked over to me in your black and white, and my heart, which I thought had left me, came up in my throat and nearly choked me, and I could only stammer. And you smiled, and our flight began.

It was like an airplane ride, and I was not afraid with you, up there, racing past white clouds. I learned to laugh with you, I learned to talk, I learned what happiness means. It was because we laughed together, talked together, were happy—together. You were my first and only love, and I was yours. We didn't care what people thought but—we were more gentle with children. Do you remember that little boy in the park? He fell in the pond, and you jumped in and pulled him out, and got soaking wet, —and I loved you for it. And that blue eyed girl with dark hair on the merry-go-round? We pretended she was ours, and we had been married a long time, and were quite stodgy.

It was like an airplane ride, and then—you crashed.

WINDOWS

JANET ROBERTS, '46

I like to look out of windows;
They can limit a room or lengthen it to infinity.
Sometimes they are pictures on the wall framing high mountain peaks;
Sometimes they are pathways to the stars.

3.22

FIRST SNOW

J. S. MARKS, '45

Dull, lifeless rain streamed earthward in silvery sheets, beating into submission clumps of foilage that gamely tried to survive successive frosts and "sandalot" football . . . splotches of mire came into dominance upon the lawns along the dreary, shabby street. Distasteful black smoke spiraled upward from grimy chimneys . . . blobs of orange and golden light streamed brazenly from exposed windows. Drowned stars self-consciously attempted reconciliation with the dehydrating heavens . . . a mournful wind employed the aged bough of a fir as a fiddle, yielding a weird haunted music. Weary men in shaggy overcoats hurried eagerly homeward.

Out-door dimness increased into utter darkness, pierced only by spaced street lamps of extreme dullness. No one was to be seen on the flooding streets. The raging wind sharpened its razorlike edge with iciness, and the streaming rain became sleet piling up on the grey, wet pavement. The distasteful smoke increased, and the wind howled in wintry madness. A bedraggled alley cat meowed mournfully from beneath a porch step. No one was to be seen.

As the wind's anger increased, the sleet turned white with fear, and from pure exhaustion floated earthward to cover the streets. The shabby scene became a wonderland.

Finally, as grey dawn tinted the black sky, the milkman's horse and wagon silently broke a trail along the dreary street . . . through the winter's first snow.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

EUGENE SIMRELL, '46

Somewhere in England, the daffodils grow,
Somewhere in England, they're blooming, I know,
Here I am standing in filth and in dirt,
All of the men are bewildered and hurt.

Here there is not a flower in sight,
I'd plant one, I know, if only I might,
But it isn't safe to wander away,
They're bombing the place again today.

But somewhere in England, I see them still,
Down by the stream, and up on the hill,
In all of their glory, their face to the sky,
Oh God, let me rest there, if I happen to die.

Let me rest in the soil of the land I love,
With the flowers blooming up above,
And my soul will grow, I know it will,
In the heart of an English daffodil.

~~THE~~

DILEMNA

MARY ROLISON, '44

I'm nervous, I feel like it was the first night of a play. Silly isn't it? I go down this walk every day. The bushes are now nude except for a few leaves which hang on with wet resistance, and there are the same puddles where the side walk looks as if someone sat there when the cement was wet. People pass and say hello; I return the greetings and try to smile, but I can only work up a silly half hearted grin. Someone's going to stop to talk; maybe if I open a book they won't. Good! they didn't.

My heart is beginning to beat with metronome precision and my mind keeps repeating, "Be calm, proud and give the air of not caring."

"Phooey", says something within me, "who are you trying to kid? I know you, I should. I have been deep within your body for eighteen years. Own up that you are scared to death."

"No, I'm not, there is nothing to be scared about"; and so the conflict goes on as I continue down the walk. My metronome beats faster; he's walking this way.

"Hi Rolie."

Oh nuts! He didn't even notice, I cut my hair.

THE A'S HAVE IT
DOROTHY ARMPRIESTER, '43

This is a note to the complaint department, if such exists, and, being a senior, I feel as if I have the right to speak. It's no fault of the college, no fault of mine, or my parents—maybe mother should have been more foresighted—but, you see, my last name begins with "A" and in school life that's quite a misfortune.

In every classroom, if there is any definite arrangement of pupils, the A's of course are seated in the very first row. It's rather annoying to be first all the time; first to read one's paper, first to recite, first to be noticed when reading a letter, first in practically everything but leaving the classroom.

It's bad enough in classes, but when it extends to chapel seating—well, that's too much, and especially this year. First, in all fairness let me mention that for one whole delightful semester during my college career, the first of the alphabet was permitted to occupy the back seats. That was wonderful! If the speaker was uninteresting, one could read; if there were letters one could enjoy them in peace without that guilty feeling; and, if one happened to be a trifle late, he could slip into his seat without arousing the attention of the entire audience.

Now I've looked forward to being a senior and I've watched the senior seating arrangement for three years and had hoped that perhaps once again the College would be so liberal as to depart from its usual custom and allow the A's to have a back seat. Well, custom was departed from but liberality was reversed. Instead of skipping the very front row as I had observed from my freshman, sophomore, and junior front seats, my colleagues and I, those unfortunate beings whose names begin with A, are in the very front row. All I can say—it's enough to make a person need those twelve chapel cuts.

TSK! TSK! WHEW! WHEW!

JACQUELINE PFEIFER, '44

Promiscuous osculation
Is contrary to sanitation
And all the rules of health.
Yet roseate lips of beauty
Excellent in flavor, fruity,
Possess a soulful wealth.

STRANGE JOURNEY

GLENN RILEY, '44

Perched alone in the window of Madame Muche's exclusive shop was a small scarlet chapeau. A white card beneath it proudly announced that it could be had for only \$21.50.

Brenda Wright, debutante super special, was helped from her limousine, and she entered the shop. A minute later the haughty hand of Madame carefully lifted the hat from its throne. She wanted it very much for she was on her way to meet a man—a man who must be impresseed. When she came out of the shop, the small hat sat upon her well groomed head. She stepped into the car; then it swiftly pulled away from the curb. She ordered the chauffeur to drive faster; she must not be late. She knew about the dangerous curve, but she was on her way to meet the man she loved. Nothing could stop her. But now—near the crushed car, lay her lifeless body, the little scarlet hat still neatly perched on her head.

Miss Kent, registered nurse, accepted the small scarlet hat from the attending doctor. It went well with her new coat. Setting it over one eye she set out for her next case, a neurotic. Morning headlines read, "Nurse Murdered! Murderer Loses Mind At Sight of Red Hat".

Old Mrs. Grayson had for years pushed her cart through alleys picking up trash. Never had she been more fortunate than now, she felt. And she pulled the red tam down over her gray head. So happy was she that for the first time she forgot to look before pushing her cart across the street. She did not see the speeding car. Brakes screeched, and in the gutter lay a dirty red hat.

YOU WHOM I ENVY
MARJORIE MILLER, '43

You whom I envy, with your eagle's wings
And eyes that mirror distant depths of blue,
Were once earthbound as I. To you the sky
And all the ethereal mystery of wind
And sun upon the wings was still unknown.
And you seemed then as any other man,
Smiling and strong and just the least bit dull.
But now I gaze on you in awe, amazed
At the young glory that attends your walk.
I long to question and to understand
The knowledge in your eyes of distances
That spread in widening rings along your flight.
I long to feel the surging flood of sound
That lifts your head in that quick, listening way—
The sound of silence filled with rushing speed.

You whom I envy, you were once earthbound.
If you then dreamed of sky and sun and wings,
I knew it not. But war has set you free,
Leaving me bound for I am not a man.
And watching as you plunge or circle high,
My heart strains mightily against those bonds,
And then sinks down, exhausted and dismayed.

~~Page~~

IMAGINATION
WILMA CREAMER, '43

On winds of fancy let me drift
Not to Aegean shores, as poets cry,
A ship can take you there, but I
Will in the world of my imagining
Take a million dreams and make a stair
On which to climb into a world where care
For minds and hearts of men has been forgot
Where nothing is but emptiness!
And I'll create from figments of my own
Crude creatures, beautiful to me alone;
Then when I've tired of what my mind has done
With one star-studded kiss, I'll fling
My farewell to you lesser fools below
And vanish in the chasms of the sun.

I WATCHED FROM LONDON BRIDGE

EMMAJANE HILLIARD, '43

Once again blackness swept over the city, as though Morpheus had tucked an extra blanket up under the chin of the world. Warning sirens were still howling as the last, twinkling light of London vanished for the blackout.

A few pedestrians moved with calm haste to nearby shelters, apparently unmoved by the drama beginning in the sky above. Already the sound of planes could be heard and the roar grew steadily clearer as they neared the city to drop their lethal cargoes. From some nearby flying field, a defense squadron took the air to intercept the Stukas over the river and engage them. As the planes passed over London Bridge, the last stragglers stopped with upturned faces to watch their flight, then hurried on again. In thick darkness, the bridge reared its black hulk, wearing wisps of drifting fog and echoing muffled footsteps.

There was such a long way to go yet, that the dispatches strapped beneath my coat felt heavy as lead. It seemed, since wrecking my wheel, that I had run a million blocks, with still another million to go, looming ahead. As if in answer to a half-thought prayer, the whine of a wheel's tires on wet pavement sounded behind me, and I looked back to see one of our messengers approaching. With thankfulness, I gave him my dispatches, then sped him on the way again to headquarters. That done, I looked about to watch the chaos beginning to break above me.

I thought all the pedestrians had disappeared into shelters but me—and wanting to stay and watch the fight—I stepped into one of the niches set every few feet in the bridge wall. A little bit later, my attention was drawn from the sky by the odd sensation that someone else was on the bridge, too, though I was sure that the street had been empty.

There to the right, a slight figure, wearing a black trench coat which buttoned high at the neck, came slowly along the walk. It was a girl with soft hat pulled low and collar turned up about the chin so as to hide her face. She walked close to the wall and seemed to be feeling her way along like a blind person might, pausing a moment at each niche, then coming slowly on again. Stopping at one a short

distance away, she leaned heavily on the ledge, apparently lost in thought.

No other person was in sight—only I, and a girl who thought the bridge was deserted. Planes were overhead now and weaving lights laid a pattern in the sky that was a death trap for enemy planes. Anti-aircraft batteries began their chatter for the night, and the raid was started in earnest.

Reluctantly, the girl finally roused from her thoughts to look up at the malestrom overhead. Now and again her face was touched by one of the lights which swept the sky, showing lovely, delicate features in bas-relief. My interest in the sky-battle gone, I watched her, puzzled; not knowing why I did not force her to take shelter with the rest. After a moment, she raised one hand unconsciously and pulled off her hat, baring her head to wind blowing off the water that whipped stray locks across her face.

Heedless of debris in the tortured air she stood there, bareheaded and unprotected. An enemy plane burst into flame and hurtled toward the dark water—she followed its death plunge fascinated until it disappeared from sight beneath the surface. A bomb hit very near, at the other end of the bridge, and its force tossed her back against the wall. Somewhere off to the right, a human scream pierced the air and died slowly away, leaving what seemed an eternity of silence shivering in space where the sound had been. As though suspended by horror, the strange girl stood rigid; then shuddering violently, turned toward me as she collapsed against the wall. I could really see her face, now. It was streaked with tears and one side was twisted into grotesque shape by a huge, livid scar running from temple to chin.

The horror of it left me so stunned that when she leaped the wall I could not move an inch. I saw her eyes for a moment. There was no fear in them—only a tortured look, which revealed that the scream still echoed in her ears. The next second, she had disappeared soundlessly and a muffled, distant splash jerked me back to reality.

It was too late. Once more sirens screamed—telling that the enemy planes had been driven off. Lights winked on one by one. I stood there, alone, on London Bridge.

REVELATION

ANNA JEAN WALTERS, '45

He's away at college now. He sent his laundry home the other day. There were his soiled shirts and dirty socks and then . . . a soiled handkerchief . . . red streaks—lipstick. Now it is soiled with a mother's tears.

~~3.22~~

ALONG THE LAKE

FAITH NABOR, '44

Have you ever walked a while along a lakeshore,
Along a wide, wide lake of grey so endless,
A lake that in the future meets the skyline,
A lake with willow trees along its borders?
Do come and walk with me.

We'll walk along the oft-trod path of pebbles,
A path unlighted, narrow, quiet, cozy;
But scattered here and there a few lone benches
Where lovers come to sit who love the darkness,
Darkness watched by God.

Out there in the sea are demons playing,
Jumping over whitecaps lit with moonlight,
Playing with the shells and bits of seaweed,
Demons from the dark and treacherous waters
Where they make their home.

Up beyond the bank are humans living
In rows of spacious houses new and lovely.
They make a gay parade of lighted windows
That cheer me when I walk in dusky evenings,
Alone along the lake.

And now you've walked with me along my lakeshore,
You've shared my path beneath the weeping willows,
You've met the demons in the dancing waves a-playing,
We sat, not speaking, but just dreaming o'er the water;
Oh, say you love my lake!

STORM MOSAIC
ANONA CONING, '43

Horrid greens and yellows fuse to light a swiftly darkening world—a world with its curtains drawn against the lashing storm of a mid-summer rain. A piercing light penetrates the curtains, and we force ourselves to remember the familiar, curled corn blades, the drooping blossoms, the panting dog, and the cows vainly swatting flies with their tails. Dead silence falls upon the quietness of painted leaves; the rooster stands on one foot and cocks his tiny muffled ears; he listens expectantly for a sign of the approaching storm—all this and not a drop of rain to betray its presence. In reluctant anticipation we stand before the awesome spectacle to wonder if the rain has moved us, leaving us suspended in the uncertain green heights of forboding. Suddenly the wind blows and sound is restored to us.

Cautiously peering through the glassy yellow lattice of the window panes toward the black northwest, we see it coming—faster, faster. Darker and darker it grows until we are sure it is the depths of hell snuffling out the last dying olive glow of life near the rigid black horizon. Onward it rushes with such fury that ragged pieces are torn from its midst leaving us one last peek at the sun's weak reflection.

Lucent walls of water appear slowly, fearing lest they shove the misty woods over the border of the horizon. As new sheets appear before each successive woodlot and an occasional solitary tree daring to push its gallant head into the rain-laden gale, they turn silver in the flash of thunder's sparking teeth—and then tarnish. The rhythm—of silence.

As the hazy columns march silently toward us, they cut the murky sky and its blustering god for a hour. Our ears are now tuned to the soft swish echoed by the foggy green of our own woods and interrupted only by the satisfied pitter-patter upon the tin roof.

FLOOD TIDE
MARJORIE MILLER, '43

She was born inland in the open country
She had lived inland and had never seen the sea.
Hence, her only notion
Of the rhythm of the ocean
Was the flowing of a wheatfield or a windswept lea.

Now she holds a letter with "—regret to inform you—"
And the sea comes lashing inland with its sullen tongue.
Now the sodden ocean
Holds the lad of her devotion.
Now her eyes are wet with seafoam, and her heart, salt stung.

1944

RECOLLECTION
BETTY COOK, '43

Each drop of left-over rain on the bare branches
beat the leaf-covered pavement in steady rhythm.

The street was deserted except for a single, wet,
mangy cat huddling under a dripping hydrangia bush.
The pale light of the streetlamps at the corner was
lost in the encircling darkness. There was a damp-
ness in the air that chilled me to the bone. I pulled
my light coat tightly about me trying to shut out the
dampness, the coldness, the gloom, the utter loneli-
ness. The loneliness remained deep within me chill-
ing me far more than the night air. How many
times had I walked this same street? Then I was
not alone. Then I didn't feel the cold; we shared a
warmth between us. My eyes lingered on each
familiar detail recalling something sacred about each.
There was the old stone wall I tried to walk unsuc-
cessfully. I could almost hear his hearty laughter—
then his concerned apologies. There still was the
huge, old oak where roots had made havoc of the
sidewalk. Its gnarled branches were the witnesses
of my first love scene. There too was the bump in
the sidewalk that I always stumbled over in my friv-
olous shoes.

And there was the lamp post against which I
leaned when they told me. Now only a ghost stood
beside me. My heart was cold. War makes women
lonely!

DESCRIPTION GLEN RILEY, '44

A quiet house—a dark room—empty chairs—the heavy aroma of too many flowers—silence.

~~322~~

A LETTER MAURICE GRIBLER, '45

I had a letter from him the other day, this friend who is in Service. He hadn't much to say, just that he was well and working hard. He didn't want to go; War didn't fit into his scheme of things. He liked the class of boys he met on Sunday mornings; they were a lively bunch and kept things going; but he knew how to be one of them. His red head made a bright spot in the background of the church choir. What a sensation he caused that Sunday he tied one of the alto singers fast to her chair. How the people liked to get a joke on him; he would blush from his shirt collar to the ends of his red hair. He was a leader among the young people, yet both old and young knew and loved him. Sure, he had a girl same as every red-blooded young fellow, but all this meant nothing when war came. He didn't want to go any more than thousands of others, but he had to pack his bag and leave. I remember our last farewell, the same as if it were yesterday. Willie's Grill, 7:30 A. M., August 3, 1942. A firm handclasp, a hasty, swallowed goodbye, a "God Bless You" and we parted. It's been three months now since we saw him last, three months during which he has been a topic of conversation around the table. We watch for the mailman daily, always with the hope that today will bring another letter. We never hear or see a plane, but we think of him. Someday perhaps he'll drop in for a visit. He's flying now, completed his pre-flight school recently. His success is ours; he's like one of the family.

His name? What matters. There's thousands like him in the country today. You name yours, I'll name mine. There's one from almost every home in one branch or other of the Service.

I had a letter from him the other day, but how much happier I would have been had I gone to the door and found him there instead.

KNOWLEDGE
ANNA JEAN WALTERS, '45

Guns

Shooting; dealing death; blazing arrows
Burning holes in men; grazing deep in marrow.
What know they of death?
They are only guns.

Tanks

Lumbering over ground; leaving ruin in their wake;
Toppling trees and homes . . . this for freedom's sake.
What know they of death?
They are only tanks

Planes

Diving; Plunging down to earth to kill;
Dropping bombs; cargoes of death . . . at will.
What know they of death?
They are only planes.

Men

Dirty, murderous men; crazed by other men;
Hunting, killing; wondering if it will ever end.
What know they of death?
They know:
They are men.

~~Page~~

"A DATE"
J. S. MARKS, '46

The grey morning's silence is broken only by the monotonous "tick" of the clock. A comfortable groan escapes from the tossing bundle on the bed near the open window. Silence pervades again and is broken only by the whine of a fog horn, challenging, on the distant river. A freight train chugs wearily along the valley, its deafening whistle warning the unaware at the crossing. Huge vans sing along the highways, carying milk and produce to the cities. Yet, all this is a part of the overwhelming silence.

Suddenly the shrill sharp buzz of the alarm clock, a thud upon the floor, followed instantly by a sharp click . . . and the clock again resigns itself to a repetitive "Tick". A flash of red . . . and unruly black

hair streaks across the room and into the adjoining bath. There is the patter of the shower and the gasps that accompany a cold bath. Now only an occasional drip . . . drip . . . drip escapes the shower, accompanied by a shallow, almost soundless whistle. The soft swish of a brush, and the repulsive rasp of a razor are introduced into the morning . . . and the new day.

The slamming of closet doors and banging of drawers are noises that enter into the picture . . . and finally, a tall, broadshouldered, handsome youth takes a final glance at his tie in the mirror. His eyes raise slowly in a critical surveyance of himself. He raises his hand in a sort of farewell gesture, with a solemn wink and tight smile into the mirror . . . He turns, picks up his valise, and briskly descends the stairway with lips pursed, softly whistling the latest "hit-tune". He drops the valise near the hall door, and heads for the kitchen from which spicy, hunger-invoking aromas have been tantalizingly escaping. There he exchanges morning salutations with a red-eyed mother and a solemn, yet proud father.

He sits down at his designated place and surveys the tempting dishes before him; crisp bacon, eggs-sunny-side-up, brown toast, tomato juice, and black, steaming coffee — his favorite breakfast . . . Yet, somehow, as he looks about the cheerful and familiar room, his appetite lessens. He only makes a pretense of eating. A heavy silence hangs over all . . . ears are strained for sounds without, and minds are distant.

Finally the irate honking of an auto horn is heard without . . . all three rise simultaneously from the table . . . the old couple follow the youth through the hall and to the door where he pauses, signals acknowledgement to the waiting car, kisses his mother's tear-stained cheeks, and solemnly grasps his father's nervous, but firm hand. As he descends the two stone steps he hears his parents almost whisper, "God be with you, Son." He walks to the car, and turns only then to wave a final farewell to the depressed couple. Slowly, his pal drives through the town's solitary street and to the rail-road . . . Another only son is beginning his journey to war. A journey he hopes will end similar occurrences in similar homes in the future . . . here in America . . . and abroad.

MASS IN D MINOR
BLANCHE BAKER, '43

It was Christmas Eve, and the cathedral was crowded. London at war must have Christmas mass the same as London at peace. Outside, the sandbags were piled like sentinels, while inside there was a tense quiet.

As the choir boys filed down the aisle, singing, the walls seemed to echo and re-echo their songs. While the priest chanted, chimes began to ring from a nearby steeple.

We prayed. I saw a man brusquely brush back the tears. I knew what he prayed. His son had been reported missing.

A woman put her arm around a half grown boy. He would be leaving her in a few weeks.

I felt tears in my own eyes. Oh God, that I should be so useless in the midst of this suffering.

The organ suddenly pealed out a triumphant song. I looked in through the stained glass windows to see the moon shining. Its rays lit every corner of the glass, and gave a promise for the days to come.

The people rose from their knees. They were calmer and happier looking. They, too, had seen in the stained glass window the reflected hope and promise.

~~3/22~~

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN
LEORA LUDWIG, '43

Some wise person once said "Hell hath no fury as a woman scorned." I don't exactly agree with this sagacious remark, but I will admit that the time I was jilted the experience definitely involved some violent revolutions in the organ I call my soul. But I value this experience with the deepest respect because it has given me a most comprehensive view of the jilted female. This comprehension I gladly pass on to all who will accept it.

Most girls wouldn't come right out and admit they've ever been given the gate. That's where they're wise, I guess. But it wouldn't have done me any good to try to give the impression that I hadn't been because every solitary person in the old home town knew I had.

Once you have faced your situation squarely and admitted to yourself that it was fun while it lasted but the party's over now, there are at least three practical procedures.

First, you can pretend it was all your fault that the rift occurred; that you came to the profound conclusion that all you really wanted from Life was long and successful Career, and under the circumstances you felt you were only wasting the poor dear boy's time. You explain to all who will hear that although the ex-heartbeat is to all appearances bearing up remarkably well under the strain, secretly he's writhing in anguish. This attack has proven moderately successful in a few cases. Sometimes you can even deceive yourself by it, but sadly enough, the usual result is that only your best friends believe you, and you sometimes wonder if even they aren't kidding.

The second proposal is not an attack at all, but a retreat. (The psychologist would call it "Adjusting by Withdrawing.") I call this the five-year plan, or maybe a two-year plan will suffice if the case isn't too serious. The idea here is to seek new surroundings, take a trip around the world, go to live with your aunt in Brazil (they say there are three men to every girl down there) or even join the WAAC's. This is undoubtedly an effective trick, and one which any languishing maiden should consider.

The third procedure is the one most commonly followed and the one this writer does not at all recommend. You first try everything in your power to win your former suitor back into your waiting arms. At the same time you just can't help telling Midge about it. Midge volunteers her prescription for your case and invites Peg in for consultation. Before long the whole town knows about it, all your friends have that air of saccharine sympathy, your enemies one of malevolent interest in you, and your parents—your poor parents are hopelessly bewildered as to what to do with maladjusted you. As for you, the only alternative now left is to start seeing someone else—perhaps that nice, steady, hardworking and thoroughly stupid boy you met last month. You probably are running a strong risk of someday becoming Mrs. Stupid. But don't let that bother you just yet. Remember you can always say "No."

MINOU
JANE ALEXANDER, '45

Minou. Minou, little cat
How I wonder where you're at.
First you're on the kitchen table,
Then you're resting on her sable.

You think you're smart with that French name
Which in English is the same
As "kitten", "puss", or "kitty-cat",
And you thought it meant "Aristocrat."

You sniff your cream and snub your pork
'Cause you would like a knife and fork.
And your milk you want to sup
As people do it, from a cup.

Minou, Minou, little kitty
You are surely sitting pretty.
For while others roam the stable
You are sleeping on a sable.



DESERT FEVER
BETTY SHUMWAY, '46

I cannot do my work today,
The desert calls to me;
My mind's a thousand miles away
Where I should like to be.

The desert fever's in my blood
The East is not my land;
I'd like to change this river mud
For seas of shifting sand.

For scent of greasewood and mesquite,
For mesa's distant haze
For yucca bloom—so cloying sweet;
It's there I'd spend my days.

But I must do my work today—
The desert calls me though;
My mind's a thousand miles away,
Where I should like to go.

CONFESSION
BOB POLLOCK, '44

Make me cry again
Oh Master.
Let my tear drops
Touch thy hand,
Let me feel thy presence
Near me,
Knowing I have sinned
Again.

~~342~~

DECISION
JEAN UNGER, '43

On any other morning the little white box would have been of special importance. But this was Karen's wedding day and it was just another gift. Lanny plunked it down on the table with the other unopened packages to be admired and acknowledged later.

Karen having lazy breakfast in bed let her mind dart everywhere. She thought for a fleeting moment of that night two years ago when Peter had gone out of her life. It had hurt until she met Clem. Good, solid Clem—strong, and handsome and devoted. She was going to marry Clem—to-day!! Why then, in heaven's name, had she even thought of Peter!!

But she was to remember him again when, dressing for the ceremony, she opened the gifts delivered that morning. The little white box was the last of all. It contained a tiny silver wishbone fastened to a delicately carved link bracelet. There was no card—just the wishbone in snowy cotton.

"Mother", cried Karen, "who in the world could have sent this?" Mrs. Stacy, rushed, nervous, and on the verge of tears at the thought of Karen's leaving, took time to admire the dainty gift.

"The work is all by hand. It looks as if it were foreign.—But hurry, dear, you've only half an hour and your dress not even on."

"No Lanny"—this to the servant who entered with a long thin envelope. "Miss Karen must not be disturbed further. That will have to wait until after

the ceremony." Karen, do you realize guests are already arriving? Please finish dressing—and I've still a million and one things to see to——." Mrs. Stacy went out followed by Lanny who still clutched the letter.

Karen sat very still for a long moment. Peter!! It could only be Peter who sent the bracelet. During the past two years he had been all over Europe. But why no card? And how had he known of her marriage? That letter Lanny brought!! That was from Peter too!! She started for the door but before she could call Lanny, she was surrounded by laughing girls—her bridesmaids come to "help dress the bride". The letter would have to wait. In the excitement which followed there was no time for anything—only one swift thought of what Peter was doing and thinking at that moment.

At last it was time to go down. Waiting at the head of the stairs while the others slowly descended, Karen suddenly ran back to her room and snatched the wishbone from her dressing table. Hurriedly she clasped it on her left arm and turned to face her father. "Ready, Karen?" "Ready, Dad" ——.

The reception was a babble of good wishes, toasts, thank-you's and compliments. Karen, standing beside Clem felt deep within her a sudden warm happiness. She belonged to Clem now. It was almost as though he were holding her close in a secret silent place within him—safe and protected forever and ever.

Too soon, it was time to change. Clem led her through the crowded rooms to the foot of the steps. Holding both her hands in his, he said softly, "Hurry down—I'll miss you dreadfully." She laughed gayly. "Silly—I'll only be a moment." She kissed him lightly and turned away.

Up in her room, Karen hastily changed to the new suit and accessories. She cocked the trickly little hat neatly over one eye and let the veil fall in soft folds. She glanced at the bracelet, made a movement to take it off, hesitated—and let her arm drop.

As she reached for her bouquet, she noticed the letter—that long thin envelope. Lanny must have brought it up during the ceremony. That handwrit-

ing!! Peter's!! She snatched it and tore the envelope with trembling fingers. Her eyes scanned the single page.

"Karen, My Dearest—

I'm coming home!! Be there waiting!! The bracelet is for happiness—our happiness.

Love,
Peter."

Love, Peter — happiness — Clem — Karen's brain whirled. With one swift movement she unfastened the wishbone and looped it through the ribbon of her bouquet

As she slowly descended the steps, she tossed her flowers—directly to her maid-of-honor. There were shouts and laughing exclamations, but strangely enough it was a silent group who awaited her at the bottom. The other girl had come forward and with hand outstretched said, "But this, Karen, this lovely bracelet. Am I to have this as well?"

From behind the veil Karen's voice flowed smoothly, gently—"Yes, Nancy, that is for happiness always and you see"—she turned then to smile at Clem and reach for his hand—"I already have mine."

DAY DREAMS JANET ROBERTS, '46

Day dreams can be lovely—
Rose gardens, and moonlight, and music;
But loneliness changes them
To straight rows of marigolds, and bitter sunlight and deep
discord.

When you were with me, we shared the roses, and love,
We walked along the moonlit path.
I did not realize you were far away.
You sang,
But not to me.
Then you left—

Love changed
To straight rows of marigolds and bitter sunlight, and deep
pain.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

STAFF—DEDICATION—ROLL OF HONOR . . .	1
CLUB AND PRIZE WINNERS	2
ORCHESTRA—TROY BRADY, '45	3
SUCCESS—GLENN RILEY, '44	3
IRONY—ANNA JEAN WALTERS, '45	4
SIESTA—BETTY TUCKER, '46	4
BLACKOUT—GLENN RILEY, '44	5
? EQUALS ONE TEACHER—JEWELL TURNER, '43	5-6
GOD—BETTY COOK, '43	7
HOW SHALL I SAY GOODBYE—MARJORIE MILLER, '43	7
THROUGH WITH LOVE—WILMA CREAMER, '43 . . .	8
SWIFT FLIGHT—JANET ROBERTS, '46	8
WINDOWS—JANET ROBERTS, '46	9
FIRST SNOW—J. S. MARKS, '45	9
SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND—EUGENE SIMRELL, '46	10
DILEMMA—MARY ROLISON, '44	10
THE A's HAVE IT—DOROTHY ARMPRIESTER, '43	11
TSK! TSK! WHEW! WHEW!—JACQUELINE PFEIFER, '44	12
STRANGE JOURNEY—GLENN RILEY, '44	12
YOU WHOM I ENVY—MARJORIE MILLER, '43 . . .	13
IMAGINATION—WILMA CREAMER, '43	13
I WATCHED FROM LONDON BRIDGE— EMMAJANE HILLIARD, '43	14-15
REVELATION—ANN JEAN WALTERS, '45	16
ALONG THE LAKE—FAITH NABOR, '44	16
STORM MOSAIC—ANONA CONING, '43	17
FLOOD TIDE—MARJORIE MILLER, '43	18
RECOLLECTION—BETTY COOK, '43	18
DESCRIPTION—GLEN RILEY, '44	19
A LETTER—MAURICE GRIBLER, '45	19
KNOWLEDGE—ANN JEAN WALTERS, '45	20
"A DATE"—J. S. MARKS, '46	20-21
MASS IN D MINOR—BLANCE BAKER, '43	22
ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—LEORA LUDWIG, '43	22-23
MINOU—JANE ALEXANDER, '45	24
DESERT FEVER—BETTY SHUMWAY, '46	24
CONFESSION—BOB POLLOCK, '44	25
DECISION—JEAN UNGER, '43	25-26-27
DAY DREAMS—JANET ROBERTS, '46	27

