

Otterbein University

## Digital Commons @ Otterbein

---

Quiz and Quill

Otterbein Journals & Magazines

---

Spring 1944

### 1919-1944 Quiz & Quill Silver Anniversary

Otterbein English Department

*Otterbein University*, [englishdept@otterbein.edu](mailto: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](#)

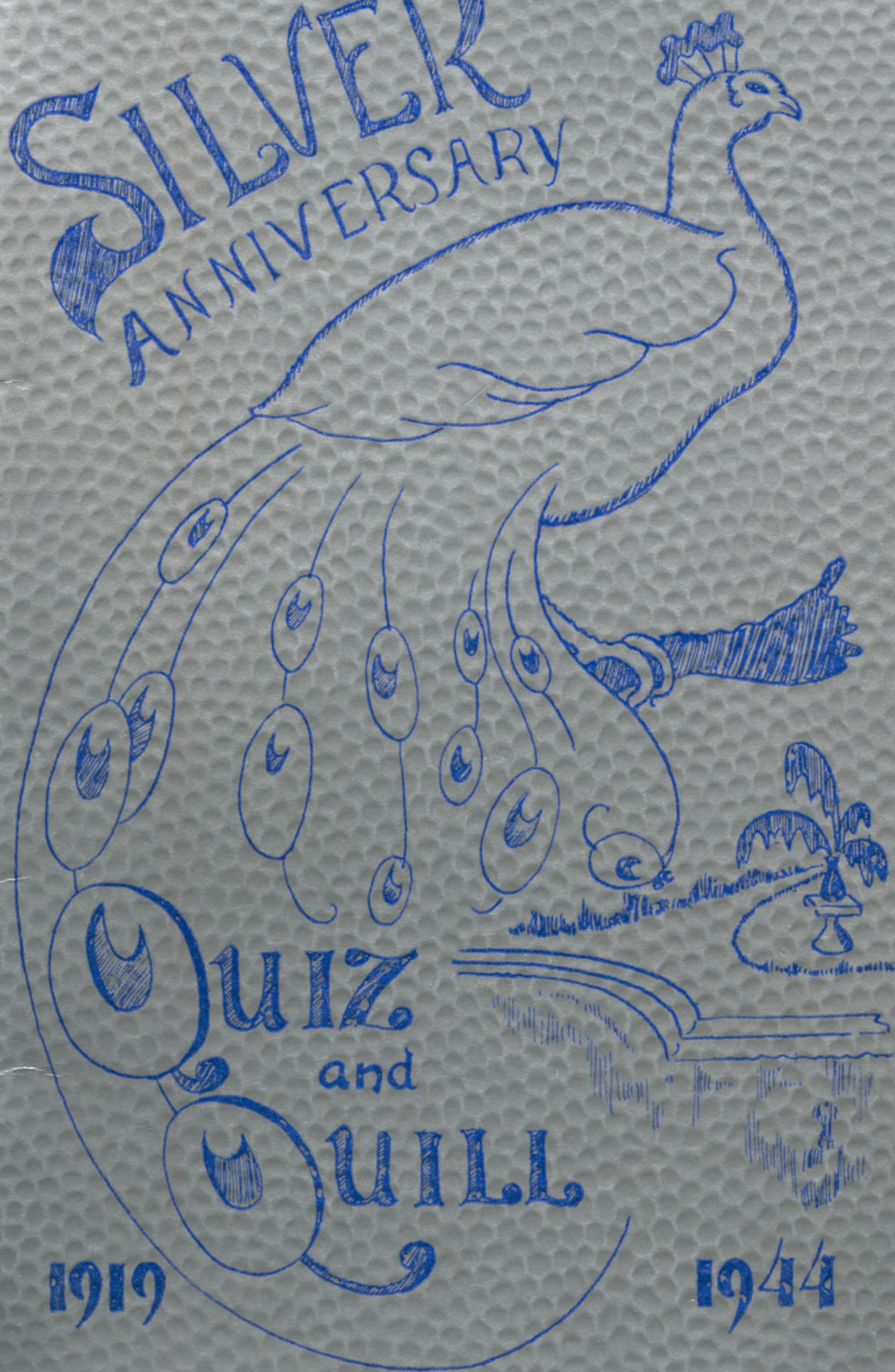
---

#### Recommended Citation

Otterbein English Department, "1919-1944 Quiz & Quill Silver Anniversary" (1944). *Quiz and Quill*. 127.  
<https://digitalcommons.otterbein.edu/quizquill/127>

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](mailto:digitalcommons07@otterbein.edu).

SILVER  
ANNIVERSARY



1919

1944





# THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Silver  
Anniversary  
Edition

Published By

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB  
OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

Spring, 1944

Founded, 1919



---

---

## Foreword

**T**HIS YEAR The Quiz and Quill celebrates its 25th anniversary. On January 10, 1919 seven students met with two professors and organized the Quiz and Quill Club of Otterbein College. It was the beginning of an organization which has become a significant part of our college life.

The Quiz and Quill had as its charter members: Grace Armentrout, Helen Keller, Harriet Raymond, Helen Bovee, Cleo Coppock, Elma Lybarger, Lois Adams, C. O. Altman, and Sarah Sherrick. This group issued the first "Quiz and Quill" magazine in the spring of 1919.

In 1939 the club, under the editorship of Miss Jean Turner, published the "Quiz and Quill Anthology," which contained work representative of the preceding twenty years.

On this, the 25th anniversary, we bring to you not only creative writing of the current year, but also a supplementary anthology of the "Quiz and Quill," containing some of the best prose and poetry of the last five years. No writer represented in the 1939 anthology is included in this edition.

Today we view with a certain degree of satisfaction the achievements of the past twenty-five years, and we look forward to still greater accomplishments in the years to come.

---

---



# The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	Alumni Secretary
Esther Smoot	President
Jane Alexander	Secretary-Treasurer
Phyllis Koons	Maurice Gribler
Anna Jean Walters	Troy Brady
Elinor Mignerey	

†

## LITERARY AWARDS

Spring 1943

### J. A. BARNES SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize	Emmajane Hilliard, '43
Second Prize	Wilma Creamer, '43
Third Prize	Marjorie Miller, '43

### DR. ROY A. BURKHART POETRY CONTEST

First Prize	Wilma Creamer, '43
Second Prize	Edna Mae Roberts, ex '45
Third Prize	Marjorie Miller, '43

†

## THE QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

Fall 1943

### POETRY

First Prize	Janet Roberts, '46
Second Prize	Sylvia Phillips, '47

### PROSE

First Prize	Sylvia Phillips, '47
Second Prize	Jane Bentley, '46

Spring 1944

### PROSE

First Prize	Sylvia Phillips, '47
Second Prize	Betty Shumway, '46

### DR. ROY A. BURKHART POETRY CONTEST

First Prize	Sylvia Phillips, '47
Second Prize	Jane Alexander, '45
Third Prize	Betty Shumway Hodgden, '46

## NIGHT STORM IN THE WOODS

JANE ALEXANDER, '45

Second Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

Dark  
Blue  
Night

Shadows  
Creeping  
Slowly

Breezes stir  
Birds at rest  
In the trees.

Lightning flashes  
Thunder's rolling  
Through the heavens

Now the birds awake,  
Chatter nervously,  
"Storms are coming close."

Torrents! rain in torrents  
Break upon the bird-folk  
In their nests in tree-tops.

Thunder crashes round the trees  
Lightning makes the night as day.  
Water falls in gushing streams.

Then the noises soften  
Songs of birds are calmer,  
Trees forget to tremble.

Winds are dying down,  
Darkness slowly fades  
Rain comes down in drops.

Breezes sighing  
Birds are quiet  
Woods is sleeping.

Night has gone  
With the storm  
There is peace.

Half-light  
Stealing,  
Silent

Dawn!  
New  
Day!



## I WISH

JANET ROBERTS, '46  
First Prize Poetry

I wish I could touch a star with my hand,  
Keeping some of its purity.  
I wish I could gather the sea in my palm,  
Knowing its serenity.  
  
I wish I could feel sky's sapphire blue,  
Seeing it everlastingly.  
For I know that, by holding sky, sea, and star,  
I could hold eternity.



## RIVER POWER

JEANNE BILGER, '47

The swollen river rushed by the muddy banks, the turbulent waters pulling and tugging at the stray twigs and logs within reach. The current was swift, moving with a noisy sucking effect constantly downstream, carrying with it all movable matter. The water was high, its might and power suggested by the sometimes gray, sometime yellow mass of swirling pools relentlessly pushing up and forward. Power—power in strength, in volume, in appearance, in sound, in effect !

It was a chain of motion, rippling, whirling, rushing, pushing constantly, seeming never to end. The stream was almost violent in its rush toward the waiting wall of obstruction down the river. Calmer at the edges, the center gushed forward as if anticipating the exhilarating ride and fall soon to come over the man-made dam.

The water, as it neared the end, flowed smoothly, gently, and suddenly cascaded over the mass of concrete in subtle, but suggestive defiance. With a new meaningful roar it thundered into the whirlpool below and again began its whipping circling motion, beating against the banks and tossing limbs and branches angrily into the air. A flooded river—a mighty mass of untold and unlimited possibilities—the invocation of the new spring season . . .

## BEING FREE

JEAN TURNER. '27

I said you have no longer power to hurt me,  
That love's not worth the hurt it brings;  
I will be free; you shall no more disturb me  
Than sunshine, rain, or countless little things.

. . . . That is, by day. 'Tis wisest so, it seems.  
But Ah! At night, in unrestrained dreams—

Down the wistful lane of years there wanders,  
Stumbling, a little girl who cries,  
And clutching close a lonely, useless heart,  
Questions the wisdom of being wise.

Reprinted from "The Poets Of The Future, 1924-1925"



## COLORS

JANET SCANLAND, '42

### Red-Black:

Angora, and jet black velvet,  
Silver jewels twinkling bright,  
Red lips, and soft pink powder;  
A co-ed's Saturday night.

### White:

Soft white of loveliest laces,  
Pale roses in long thin hands,  
The light of candles on satin,  
And a slender gold wedding band.

### Yellow-Green:

Cool green beneath slow waters,  
Soft murm'ring to gold blue skies,  
Blackness of low hanging branches;  
So summer passes us by.



## INTO THE NIGHT

EVELYN CLIFFE, '47

The thump of marching feet echoes and re-echoes along the dingy waterfront. The houselights are dimmed for the greatest performance of all in New York. Long ago it would have meant lights, laughter, and more lights on the Great White Way. Now it is only a phantom place—an embarkation point. Strained faces, alert and white, peer through the gloom and fog for a last glimpse of any familiar landmark. The moon hangs threateningly low in an impenetrable sky.

Small consolation, the thought of glory. For is there glory in the bloodiness and bitterness of battle—a night of horror on which day may never dawn? To what have the men and boys at the piers to cling fast? They are farmers, professors, doctors, and laborers, but they are Americans all. This is their own, their native land! God willing, they will see it again when the maelstrom of fury is over.

But now — only blackness — and men — and the whispers of a glorious past. As the murky waters widen between the convoy and the shore, the echo of freedom's thoughts and freedom's actions lingers in the hearts of thousands. For them there will be a future — there will be — there must.

But meanwhile, only the audible ringing of marching feet — marching — marching —



# A COLLEGE GIRL'S "L'ALLEGRO"

OR

## THIS AIN'T MILTON

JEAN McCLAY, '47

Hence, loathed homework  
Of professors and old maid teachers born  
In classroom, dark, forlorn  
'Mongst horrid books in which some papers lurk!  
Find out some uncouth room  
Where brooding study spreads his jealous hands  
And the dull bookworm stands;  
There dwell forever in the gloom.  
But come, thou goddess fair and free,  
Come, O Fun, and live with me.  
Thou, O child of revelry  
And good times, come and live with me.  
Haste thee, Fun, and bring with thee  
The co-ed's love, sweet liberty.  
Let me live with her and thee  
In unreprieved pleasures free;  
To hear the clock strike twelve at night  
Without putting myself to flight.  
To sit in someone's crowded room  
Without fear of coming doom  
In classroom where, all unprepared,  
I like to think I am not scared.  
To sleep each morning until nine;  
Upon the best of food to dine.  
To get all A's without much work;  
To come in late without some jerk  
Telling me I must stay in  
When tomorrow's light grows dim.  
To cut all classes that I want;  
To set off on some nightly jaunt  
Without signing any book  
That tells permission which I took.  
To have enough money to spend  
That I never reach the end.  
Or, if by chance, I should go broke,  
Have friends with some, (I know, Big Joke!)  
And lastly, Fun, thou goddess bright,  
Let me have a date each night.  
These delights if thou canst give,  
Fun, with thee I mean to live.

## CONFESSION

BOB POLLOCK, EX. '45

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.



## RAIN IN JANUARY

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

First Prize Prose

There should have been snow on the ground. We planned to watch the moon rise over white-robed hills when you came home. We were going to count the stars, as we tried once—but those nights when you were here, we couldn't see the stars, and there wasn't any snow. It was rain in January.

You said you didn't mind—that weather wasn't everything. And probably I WAS foolish to have made it count, but I did so much regret the rain, there at the station when your train pulled in.

Five days is such a short time—there was so much to do. You wanted me to go with you to see your next door neighbor—her son had just been killed in action,—but I couldn't.

I was afraid it might spoil our happiness those few days.

It was still raining off and on the fourth day and you wanted to climb the hill on the edge of town. (We used to have so many good times)—but to see it in the rain wouldn't have been right, would it? So we didn't go—

We did see Eddie at the drugstore, but even there, it wasn't the same. They had a freshman working at the fountain—all the old crowd was gone. I guess you felt the difference.

And then when the five days were over, and you kissed me goodbye at the station, it was still raining a little. I'm afraid it spoiled your furlough—all that rain in January.



## 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.



## 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.



## THEY SPEAK

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

First Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

They speak so coldly of steel and concrete,  
And how many divisions we are keeping busy,  
And the lines of trade that are closed or opened.

They speak so coldly of steel and concrete,  
And tonnage and strikes and production,  
And the probable post-war stock market.

They speak of subversive propaganda and the fifth column,  
And attacks made to gain an hour somewhere,  
And the possible points for the final invasion.

They speak—these omniscient political manipulators  
Of war mathematics. Do they not realize  
That human life is the common denominator?



## TWO PRAYERS

BETTY SHUMWAY HODGDEN, '46

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

"Dear Lord, please grant this humble prayer  
My heart petitions Thee.  
Be with my lover on the field  
And keep him safe for me.

"Yet do not let him fear the fight  
Or hesitate to do  
What Duty asks, just lead him on  
And bring him safely through."

My lover prays: "Dear God, please keep  
The girl who has my heart.  
Be with her through these long, long days  
That we must be apart.

"And grant that we may someday live  
Together two in one,  
When all these wars are ended  
And our time of waiting done."

Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
Will God not grant these two?  
Shall they not have—though it be in death  
A love forever true?

### THIRD LOVE

JANE BENTLEY, '47  
Second Prize Prose

I just love tests. Next to 7:30 classes and chapel, they are the greatest delight of my college days. They give you a chance to show off what you know, and then there's nothing like the wonderful feeling that comes from at last finding out what you don't know. It's such a relief to be out of the dark with regards to your knowledge status.

What I like even better than tests are the accepted methods of giving them. For some professors it is comparatively simple. All you have to do is pick out all the unimportant facts in the book and memorize them. Some make it even more simple. For them you don't have to pick out anything. Just learn the whole book, never questioning whether anything is important or not, and you're sure to be on the safe side.

Then there is the dear, thoughtful professor who, knowing that you are very busy, hates to burden you with the preparation for a quiz. He gives his exams on anything but what you've studied in his course.

Now we come to the professor of many affairs. He is so busy he has no time to bother with anything so trivial as an exam. He takes his questions from topics in the index. Then he gives a test on your fluency. Your grade varies directly with the number of pages you fill in a bluebook. If something like an ailing kitten keeps him from even counting the pages, there is always one last resort—the ancient accepted method of slinging the bluebooks up the stairs. In a situation of this sort, your grade varies directly with your position on the stairs.

The real object of my admiration is the professor who allows you to state your own opinions in a test. I dearly love to state my own opinions. Of course, the fact that your grade depends upon whether or not your opinion agrees with his is entirely beside the point. I suppose his motive for this is very pure. He is probably trying to teach you to be an agreeable person.

Uh-huh, I like exams. I certainly shall be disappointed if they ever cease to give them.



## PRIVATE HOBBS, U. S. ARMY

EMMAJANE HILLIARD COVER, '43

"This will be the first time I ever died," thought Hobbs detachedly—then grinned a little as he realized how odd such a thought really was. Of course he'd never died before because that wasn't the way it worked.

Funny how he had often wondered what death would be like when it came. Lately, especially, each time the command to attack came, Hobbs had caught himself wondering for a moment if this time was The One. It was like that in war when you never knew one minute till the next, but you had to do the job anyway.

The thing that bothered Hobbs most was being afraid he'd forget to be brave. It meant a lot to a man to die bravely—without screaming for help or bothering anyone else. Hobbs had watched so many men die and it was almost a game now to notice what they did that he'd like to duplicate or else not do when the time came that he stopped a bullet.

He grinned to himself again as he thought how different the reality was from what he'd been imagining all this time. He twisted his head to the right a little so that one hand was visible, and then wiggled the fingers experimently. They seemed to be working very well and he felt a sense of peace steal over him. If they wiggled he must be alive yet.

What was really the funniest part of all—Hobbs had been dreading the pain he felt sure would come. He didn't want to cry out like others did sometimes. It was hard on the fellows left. His patrol had just crossed the last ridge when Hobbs had felt a terrific force push him hard in the stomach. He lashed out with his rifle butt and heard it whistle against the air, then thick blackness covered him. He really hadn't felt a thing after the first blow.

Hours later he slowly had become conscious and found himself in his present situation. It was dark and cool when his eyes opened and he lay still watching things sparkling over him. They looked like stars at home but you couldn't be sure at first. When he finally decided it was real sky and stars he was looking at, confidence came back with a rush. There wasn't the slightest pain anywhere and he grinned foolishly, thinking he'd just been knocked out. —But



he couldn't move. He tried a long time and finally just gave up. His legs and arms were stretched out like dead logs—they simply wouldn't work. Only his fingers would obey his insistent efforts. They wiggled.

So Hobbs lay there wiggling his fingers and watching them move, and just thought. They were purely personal thoughts he was thinking, full of all the things that had made up his life and what was happening to him now.

"Just lying here I feel like I was home again. Night time, and the peaceful silence after so many days of roaring and crashing war noises, and the coolness of the breeze. It feels like soft hands are stroking my face and I'm not burning with the heat of this place anymore. This could be me at home in the U. S. A. stretched out in the grass on the terrace and the family all around me. Dad will probably wander into the house pretty soon and Mom will be tactful and follow him so Janie and I can be together. The way those stars twinkle and nod at me looks just like Janie's eyes in moonlight. They sort of winked on and off when she moved her head. When I close my eyes I'd swear she was stroking my face again—that's why it's so cool maybe. I'm stretched out on the grass and she's leaning over stroking my forehead. It's the soft, little-girl way I like. With my eyes shut I can't always tell whether she's kissing me or touching her fingertips over my face.

"It seems like she's sitting here beside me right now. I'm glad I'm married to Janie because it's so much easier to feel she's with me way over here. Before we were married I thought about you, Janie, but I didn't see you. After the wedding I wondered if we'd come through all right, in spite of you being a "war bride." Then orders came to come over and get in it and I knew as soon as I got here how it was going to be with us. The only thing better would be if this were over and I was home again—but, I really don't seem to be minding at all, because I'm never without you here. I see you clearly and talk to you this way all the time. I wonder if you know about this, Janie, and understand it. Do you feel the same nearness? Do you know I'm talking to you? You must, because I feel you touching my

face again—kisses or fingertips, darling? With my eyes closed this way I never can tell which.

"Seems a little lighter now. New day coming, I guess. I'll have to be getting up and finding the way back to our lines. It ought to be easy—I feel so strong and rested now. Did I tell you, Janie, there isn't any pain? Thought you'd like to know. I'll be able to get up and start back pretty soon. Must have gotten hit on the head instead of shot—good joke on me—except my legs and arms won't move. I can't quite understand that.

"The fingers of my right hand wiggle, though. I'm going to turn my head and see about the left hand, too. I'd forgotten about it! Let's see if they —"

"Well, hello. You took me by surprise." Hobbs saw a tall man standing by his outstretched arm looking at him. "Am I supposed to know you? I don't seem to place you right off."

"We've never met, so of course you wouldn't know me yet. They sent me out to get you. Been here long?"

"Don't know exactly. Overnight, I think." He's an odd-looking guy with all that long, white hair, thought Hobbs. Must be a non-combatant. One of those funny religions back home, I suppose.

"How do you seem to feel? Think you can walk?—it's quite a way."

"Don't know what's wrong exactly. I haven't had a pain anywhere, but my arms and legs won't move." Hobbs watched while the tall man ran his hands over the offending arms and legs rapidly.

"You may have been asleep and just dreamed that you tried to move," he said, after the quick examination. "Will you try it again?"

"Sure." Glory, but I'm tired now, the soldier was thinking. Maybe I've been out here longer than I think. Now let's see about the legs—well! they do work all right. And the arms—they're okay, too. "Guess you were right about my being asleep. They work okay as far as I can see."

"We'd better get started then. Here, I'll help you up." Effortlessly he raised Hobbs off the ground and set him gently to his feet. "There now. Easy does it."

"Feels good to stand up again. I must have gotten wedged in between those two bodies. Say, that



one on the left looks like Sergeant Spavin," and Hobbs looked more closely at the face of the twisted body which had lain beside him.

"It is. He got shrapnel in the back. Never knew what hit him," said the tall man calmly.

"Too bad. He was a good guy. Guess we can't all come through though. How many did we lose?"

"All but one."

"That's pretty bad. Did the mission fail then?"

"No. Major Dole outflanked the advance columns in time."

"Good.—Well, let's get going," and the pair started off slowly to the southeast.

I'm glad you can't see this, Janie, Hobbs was thinking as they crossed the plain. All these men lying about dead. Dad would get fighting mad, but it would kill you, mom, I'm afraid.

"How did it feel to be wounded?" The tall man seemed in a conversational mood.

"Funny thing, I was thinking about that awhile ago. I always imagined it would hurt like hell and I've been afraid I'd blubber and play the fool. But I didn't! Hardly felt a thing when it happened and I'm positive I didn't even yell. Spent the night thinking about home and enjoying the peace and quiet. In fact, I sort of hated to see daylight come. Got to get back on the job, though, I guess. I'm glad you found me. The sun ought to be up soon."

They walked a way in silence, till Hobbs noticed a mist hanging low over that section. It formed patterns of rare beauty. "There's a haze over everything now that sort of makes a guy feel religious. Had you noticed it? But then, you would notice, I guess—you're of some special faith, aren't you? I mean, your long hair and those clothes and all."

"No, Hobbs, I'm not of any special faith at all. I just believe in man letting man live unmolested; and in the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and I believe in life after death, too. It's not special—it's just for everyone."

"I see what you mean, I guess—but with me it's different. I don't think religion all the time—just when I see something like this beautiful mist over everything waiting for the sun to come—then I feel sort of holy inside."

"Do you believe in life after death, Hobbs?"



"I'm not sure. I've thought some about it but never can be dead certain. It seems like a lot to expect in a way. Janie believes in eternal life.—Janie's my wife, we were married just before I came across.—She said once she wasn't afraid to see me go because she had faith and could pray, and if anything did happen for me to be sure and wait and watch for her because wherever I was, she'd come to me as soon as she could."

"Janie sounds pretty grand."

"Janie's the best, all right," and the soldier swelled with pride at the complimentary words.

"Are you tired, yet?" asked the tall man after a time.

"A little, I guess, but we're making good time so let's not stop." We are moving right along at that, marveled Hobbs. Guess I wasn't hit very bad or I couldn't cover ground like this.

"There's not much farther to go and then we can rest as long as you want to."

"I don't recognize this terrain. Where are we now?" queried Hobbs as they climbed up a gentle slope.

"It's new country. Your headquarters have been moved. Up ahead there you can see where we're heading. It's the wooded area there to the east," and the tall man pointed the way as they paused on top of the hill.

"I see it. Looks like good protection."

"Yes, it's the best protection there is."

"I'm beginning to feel better all the time. Must have an iron constitution. Getting my second wind, I guess—I was hungry, and now I feel like I'd just eaten some of Janie's cooking; and I was tired, but all of a sudden I feel just as easy and peaceful as I used to be back home. We're nearly there. I'll be glad to see the boys—bet they've given me up."

The tall man smiled. "I knew you'd feel better when we got here." They stepped into the dense woods, stopping a hundred yards or so in. "Well, this is it, Hobbs — your new headquarters. Let's stop and look back now."

"Slickest piece of camouflage I've ever seen. Just a small woods from out there—and from in here you'd never know the trees ended and there was a plain back beyond. They must do it with mirrors."

"Let's sit down awhile here. There's no hurry." The tall man settled himself comfortably against the foot of a huge tree.

"Say, you said back there that only one of our patrol came through. You mean all the men were really lost but me?"

His rescuer looked up in surprise. "Oh no, you misunderstood me, Hobbs. Young Cpl. Blake got back to your lines. The rest of you are dead."

"What was that you said?" Hobbs looked thunderstruck.

"I said, you're dead, Hobbs. This swell job of camouflage is Heaven."

"Well, can you beat that! Then you must be one of those archangels."

"Well, something like that, I guess," said the tall man, greatly amused by that description of himself. "Do you mind being dead, Hobbs? Will you like it here?"

"Except for one thing," said the young soldier, suddenly serious.

"Janie?"

"Um-huh. I'll miss Janie. Is she all right?"

"She's sad now, but she'll carry on."

Private Hobbs was quiet for awhile thinking over this new situation. He wanted to ask a question, and finally turned to the tall man embarrassed but determined to have an answer. "Archangel—?"

"Yes, Hobbs?"

"Will she forget me?"

"No, she won't forget. You see, here in Heaven you will find the eternal life we were talking about. When it's time for her to come here you can meet her—like she said you should, remember? And till then, you'll always be in her heart. Don't worry, son, about being forgotten."

Satisfied at last, Hobbs threw himself at the foot of another great tree, stretched comfortably, and looked contentedly up into the thick branches overhead. The archangel was good company, he decided happily.

"Yep, nice job of camouflage," he said.

\* \* \*

Just over a ridge about two and a half miles beyond the Allied lines, a young soldier is stretched on the grass, arms outflung. He has been watching



the fingers on his right hand as he wiggles them back and forth, back and forth. Blue eyes, filled now with distant dreams, close quietly like a tired child's. The fingers gradually move more slowly—then they are still. It is lighter now and very quiet here. The soldier lies where he fell—as though just resting in the welcome stillness.

†

## DECEMBER

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

Second Prize Poetry

Remember how the snow blew down that night,  
And piled up drifts so deep before the door?  
It blotted out the view from the window panes—  
But even so, we felt it fall outside—  
And you said, "Just think how much to shovel later."

You thought of how it might tie traffic up,  
And whether you could make it in your car  
Back to your home.  
In fact, I don't recall just what you said—  
I was too busy, putting logs on the fireplace fire—

And then the wind died down, but still the snow  
Was sifting, tumbling, spilling to the ground.  
The window panes were cleared except for drops  
Of inward moisture, and we wiped these off,  
And stood and watched the snow—the clean and faultless snow.

It covered up the old dead stump, and clothed  
The trees in white wool dresses. (They were the fashion—  
Then.)

It made the clothesline thicker by an inch—

— You kept a careful eye upon your car,  
And said you should have put it under cover.  
But I did hardly hear you.

I should have been,  
Perhaps, a better list'ner than I was—  
But while you spoke of things, I looked at snow.

†

## SPECTACLE

BETTE GREENE ELLIOTT, '42

The soft blue of a night sky,—studded with a brilliant, here and there . . . Then over this evening dress of velvet comes the silvery spotlight of the moon.



## A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE

BETTY SHUMWAY HODGDEN, '46

Second Prize Spring

By accident, we sat together on the bus. I noticed him when he got on, for he carried his heavy sea bag with an easy grace. His dark blue uniform fit perfectly. The numerous service ribbons on his blouse attracted instant attention; while the chief petty officer insignia on his sleeve told its own story.

With a shy grin, he asked if he might share my seat. After a few minutes of polite silence, he began a conversation. He seemed eager to talk, as though it were a privilege he had been denied for some time.

Before we were even out of the bus station, he had told me what the fare was in a British tram, and that there are no bus stops in England, one has to run like Dagwood to catch a bus as it slows down for a corner.

Throughout the three-hour trip, he kept up one of the most entertaining conversations I have ever listened to. I heard of the North African natives of the Gold Coast, of the landing at Sicily, the Italian invasion, and the oil kingdom of Venezuela. He told of submarine attacks and of the commander's cheering words just before going into action.

His blue eyes turned a steel gray when he mentioned dealing with Italian prisoners. But they softened when he spoke of his buddy who had just celebrated the birth of twins and was on his first furlough to see them.

At times his word held a solemn tone, as though he had seen death and no longer feared it. He spoke of those less fortunate than he who were convalescing in naval hospitals. With an air of quiet bravery, he stated if he were ever wounded he would never tell his mother or let her know of it to worry her.

Just as we neared the city limits of our destination, he reached into his pocket and drew out a small, metal object. He clasp it tightly in his fist and then turned to me with a smile. "This has carried me through some pretty tight spots," he said.

Curious, I leaned over to see as he opened his hand, wondering if it were a tiny horseshoe, a rabbit's foot, or perhaps a St. Christopher medal. Instead he held a small iron doorkey. "You see, I wanted to use this again" he told me quietly.

## DANSE MACABRE

JANE ALEXANDER, '45

When we danced together you held me tight.  
The sweet memory of it makes me catch my breath,  
But remembrance is all that I have tonight.  
You're a soldier now, and you dance with Death.



## ASPIRATION

LEWIS CARLOCK, '41

Haven't you ever felt the urge to create some great piece of art, compose a great song, an immortal poem, or to write a bit of literature that would put the "Gettysburg Address" or Shakespeare to shame? I have often thought that there was some great story floating around in my veins just waiting for me to sit down and let it out so that the world could receive some benefit from it. Of course I would never be discovered in my life time; no great writer is ever discovered until after he has been dead for some time. That may be one reason why so many of them die young. Another reason could be that they starved to death, but I musn't think of that.

Perhaps someday I will receive the inspiration to write and will create something like: "Thoughts While Strolling", "On a Mahogany Table Top", or "Under the Kitchen Sink"; an essay that would be read by the millions and cause school children to suffer throughout the ages to come. Can you imagine a college professor trying to probe my inner soul a hundred years after I am dead and trying to discover what was going on inside my mind to cause me to write the immortal "To a Water Spout"?

Maybe I will be walking down a country lane and spy a worm emerging from the grass and, then I will be inspired to write a saga of the Sahara—the long winding caravan of camels wending its way across the scorching sands. I don't know whether I should make myself a hero, or make the hero a fellow just like me.

These thoughts will come out of me some day when the time is ripe, but that will be another day. I shall begin my essay tomorrow, or maybe next week, but not today. Today I shall rest and think; today I shall rest.



## SIXPENCE

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47  
First Prize Spring

It seems strange not to be writing you tonight—a habit of three years is not easy to break. It hardly seems possible that the time has gone so quickly since you left for the Army. I thought that things would drag, but young Mike keeps me busy—

The whole seven years since we were married have gone so quickly. It seems only yesterday that we met in Boston. And the nights that we used to drive to Revere along the parkway when the fog was rolling in, and the yellow street lamps stretched eerily ahead as far as we could see—could that be eight years ago?

You wanted me to marry you right away, but I wouldn't, because I wanted to be sure. I wondered how we would get along, since you went to college only one year, and I had graduated with honors. I'm afraid that perhaps you realized why I hesitated—but I didn't want to "repent at leisure".

I never did repent, though. It was only before I was married that I was fool enough to believe that a knowledge of French verbs and the organization of the League of Nations were more important than—well, than tenderness, and kindness, and love.

All too quickly it came to an end—no, not an end, but a change—when you had to leave for the Army, with young Mike only three months old. He was a life-saver, though,—young as he was. I didn't have much time to worry about you.

Mike was just learning to talk the day you got your wings. I tried to teach him to say "wings", but he couldn't say the -w very well. He said "daddy" just fine, though—I taught him the word, and tried to make him understand about you—so far away, in England.

It was last week that the telegram came, telling of your death. I had tried to tell myself that one might come, but it does not even yet seem real. It is not yet an end, only another change. This afternoon the postmaster brought a letter from you. I suppose it was the last—how I hate that word! In it was a sixpence—and you said, "Keep it for me for good luck—"

## TREASURE

TROY BRADY, '45

I saw a worker build a wall today  
Unfriendly, bare and lifted up.  
And of the self-same clay  
I saw another make a cup—  
Three fingers high—  
To slake the thirst of every passer-by.  
And he who made the cup  
Built better;—higher up  
Than he who shut his soul in with a wall.  
And He who builded better than us all  
Has given us this clay  
And we shall work today.  
What shall we make  
For time at last to break?



## WHEN THE SILVER BIRDS GO HOME

JEANNE ACKLEY, EX. '45

The day will come—gray and sodden  
In the lateness of a dying year  
When the silver birds—  
The bombers—  
Will return home,  
Unto the shoulders of the men  
Who made them  
And sent them forth  
Over all the hilltops and the valleys  
Of the earth we have loved;  
The day will come,  
And all the little people of the world  
Will creep out from underground  
And look up into the skies again  
Unafraid and calm  
As they plant seeds.  
In the lateness of a dying year  
The silver birds will go home  
And all men will know strangeness  
And bewilderment.  
Even silver birds  
Grow weary of death  
And all men sicken and grow tired  
Of hatred.



## LOVELY THINGS

JANE ALEXANDER, '45

If I should write a list of lovely things  
That please me and live long in memory  
You would find so many are the same  
Things everyone will say are loveliness.  
I love the taste of water from cold springs,  
Iced tea with mint on humid summer days,  
Or in the winter, chocolate—hot and creamy,  
Thanksgiving dinner eaten on the farm.  
I love sweet, fragrant, new-cut grass and hay,  
And clean, sun, rain, and wind-washed air in spring,  
Pungent printers' ink and doctors' offices,  
And the talcum powder scent of tiny babies.  
I love to feel a breeze caress my cheek,  
The touch of raindrops on my outstretched hands,  
At fingertips, piano keys and pens,  
Old leather, suede, and fur of Persian kittens.  
I love the sound of well-gear'd motors running,  
Laughing children and familiar voices,  
Songs and symphonies, caliopes,  
A marching band, Debussy's "Clair de Lune."  
I love to watch dawn come, and sunset fade,  
And sunlight patterns dancing in your hair,  
A boyish grin, an old man's peaceful smile,  
And eyes that mirror happiness and love.



## SKETCH

ESTHER SMOOT, '45

It's a lovely wedding. The church with its great high ceiling and floral green and white has an air of festive dignity. The bridesmaids in crisp pastels are moving at regular intervals down the long aisle, and everyone waits expectantly for the bride. She looks very stately in her white lace and marquisette as she passes on her father's arm.

There's a tall handsome young man waiting by the altar and people are whispering — saying how beautiful she is and how lucky he is. But I sit quietly in my place — without envy; for I could have been the girl in white if I had said "Yes".

## RAIN AT MY WINDOW

LUCILLE COE, '46

It's raining and the window's up! This situation would strike terror into the heart of a conscientious home-maker, but to a light-hearted college girl, it is a rare delight.

An open window allows the spirit to go free, uninhibited by man's foolish conventionalities. Conventionalities that press in forcibly when the window is down, shutting off the very breath, stifling life.

Ah, but let us take care of profundities another day when we are not blessed with a fine, light October rain and a smiling sky. One doesn't question the beautiful, one revels in it, bathes luxuriously in it, for tomorrow it may be gone.

Tomorrow, the autumn leaves may not lie about the lawns and waysides in unconscious beauty and artful design. Tomorrow there may not be avenues of yellow, red, wine and gold, for breathless humans to tread as they drink in Nature's lavish display.

The silent, bare branch outside my window is the sole reminder that some day soon there will be no mad-cap, fluttering leaves laughing gaily among themselves as they float in lazy arcs to a warm, misty, protecting earth. Impatient, because they were left behind, the few leaves remaining on the glistening trees strain at unseen bonds, eager to join the hilarity of their fellows on the ground.

A single bird's nest, unoccupied as of yesterday, dances crazily as a light wind blows in from the west. Puffed with its own importance, the wind whispers into my ear in a quite confidential tone, "Your window must soon come down; I am here and old Man Winter just behind me. Soon your window must come down."

His gentle voice fades and I am conscious of a change in the atmosphere. Skies which two hours ago were breathing lightly, laying gentle fingers upon my world, had turned into a sulky, foreboding grey.

My leaves, too, had lost their happy glow and now scurried to the far corners seeking shelter from a hard, driving rain.



My companionable wind had vanished also and in his place was a blustery stranger, speaking with his very presence of the thing to come when all of the world would freeze in the same mold. We live in these binding molds until spring comes again to loosen our fetters and frees us to live once more as we were intended to live.



### "ON HAVING EYES"

PAUL REBER, '43

Through the eyes of Passion  
I saw your form.  
Sparkling,  
Alive,  
Magnificent.

Through the eyes of Friendship  
I saw your heart.  
Warm,  
Kind,  
Innocent.

Through the eyes of Truth  
I saw your mind.  
Vast,  
Ordered,  
Competent.

Through the eyes of Love  
I saw your soul.  
Clean,  
Pure,  
Dominant.

Through the eyes of Fate,  
I fear,  
My Dear,  
I saw too late.



### SKETCH

GEORGIA TURNER MEHL, '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 OF A CHILD

EDGAR DANIELS, EX. '43

Do you know who smashed the azure vase  
That used to stand beneath the mirror in the hall?  
Even now its pieces lie in the ashes,  
Still as the hand that smashed it.  
Can you almost sense the warm smell of purity?  
This morning it pervades the room;  
Tomorrow and tomorrow it will slowly fade away,  
'Till none will ever notice it.  
Have you seen the fingerprints in chocolate on the wall?—  
Near the floor—the cake is cold, half-eaten on the table;  
The fingerprints in chocolate I will wash away  
And think of them no more.



## OH GOD, ARE YOU THERE?

IRVING BROWN, EX. '44

O God, are you there?  
Do you see us kill?  
Do you see us plunging, cursing?  
Do you watch our gory progress,  
Our stale sophistication, hollowness?  
Can you look on this  
And not shudder,  
Turn your eyes away?  
Are you listening to us?  
Can you hear our petty whines?  
Hear our orators  
Of melodious and persuasive tongue  
And putrid mind  
And not scream back,  
"Damned liars, sightless fools!"?  
Do you see our docile mobs,  
Half hypnotized, sleepy-eyed,  
Murmuring, ignorant, helpless?  
Can you see this and yet  
Not firmly grasp this whole great teeming globe  
And throw it hurtling into space  
To crush itself in rottenness  
Against some wall?



## MOZART SONATA

ELEANOR BROOKS, '41

Song—song does have wings!  
You said, "Were you conscious  
Of my presence, as you listened?  
Time and distance are no matter  
To those who seek for truth together,  
To those who seek for beauty,  
To those who wish to share."  
And as the music mounted, cool, and sweet,  
Cool as night air, and sweet as your strong lips,  
Suddenly, quietly, you were there.  
Not there alone . . .  
Wherever we are, we are not alone.  
The leaves on a shrub are gold in the flame of a campfire—  
And you are there with me, seeing them.  
\* "I wanted to tell you how beautiful it was"—  
But now I know there is no need.  
The song of our searching has wings,  
And across the world, we seek for truth together.  
\* Christopher Morley, in "The Dogwood Tree"



## 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.

## SPRING HAT

FANNIE BAKER PHILLIANS, EX. '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!



## BLUNT MONSTER

EDGAR DANIELS, '43

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

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

Then something happened. Fatigue began to show in the somewhat slowing movements of the creatures on the floor. He noticed this, and dissatisfaction grew with a low rumble in his belly. The thing annoyed him, aggravated him, then enraged him, and he snarled abusively. The creatures strove with wrenched muscles to reach their former excellence, but they could not.

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

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



## ONE DAY TO LIVE

ELINOR MIGNEREY, '45

Suppose that I were able to push aside the curtains of the gods this evening and learn that tomorrow was to be my last day on earth. How would I spend those last precious hours? . . .

I think I'd wake before sunrise, hike out into the country, and watch the sun come up—changing the clouds from black to grey, to pink, to gold, then peeping over the horizon to bid the world a cheery good-morning. I'd like to see the morning dew glistening on the grass and hear the birds sing again. I'd take my dog along and enjoy an early morning romp with him . . .

I would wish that my sister were here, so that we might play some of our duets together. And I'd like to see my kid brother laugh once more . . .

I think I would regret not being able to see the mountains near Denver, the bluish-purple peaks with their patches of white snow standing out against the pale blue sky . . .

I'd listen to a few of my favorite recordings: Franck's SYMPHONY IN D MINOR, Beethoven's majestic FIFTH, and Gershwin's beautiful RHAPSODY IN BLUE. And then I'd sing over some of the songs I'd like especially to remember: AT DAWNING, Malotte's THE LORD'S PRAYER, and Schubert's AVE MARIA . . .

I'd like to finish the book I'm reading, THE ROBE by Lloyd C. Douglas, and I think I'd add the Twenty-third Psalm—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want" . . .

During the afternoon I'd go for a last airplane trip—to sense again the thrill that comes when you feel yourself defying the law of gravity and you go soaring into the vast space above you, to see again the miniature houses and farms spread out below you, with minute figures bustling here and there, to regret the "bump" of landing and becoming once more earthbound . . . I'd like to enjoy one of Willie's cold fudge sundaes, made with chocolate ice cream and with cashew nuts sprinkled generously over the top . . .

I'd like to have a dozen red rosebuds in my room that last day, so that I might watch them open up

into full bloom, perfuming the air with their sweetness . . . I'd like to hold a baby in my arms and see it smile in that winning way that all babies have . . .

Sometime during the day I would write brief notes to those who are dearest of all to me, for I should not want any tears to mar the beauty of the day. Yet there would be sadness and pain in knowing that they are so far away . . . And I would steal a few minutes during the day to gaze at my beloved's picture, to impress it forever on my memory . . .

In the evening I'd like to attend a concert by Andre Kostelantetz and his orchestra. I'd want to hear them play again some of the old favorites, some of the classics, and their arrangements of a few of the modern songs of the day . . .

After the concert I'd like to walk home, and I'd want the night to be a bright one with a full moon and hundreds of stars shining overhead. Then to make my day complete, I'd like to wish again on a falling star, in spite of the old belief that a falling star signifies the entrance of a soul into Heaven . . .

That night I'd like to experience that feeling of supreme bliss that is mine when I climb into bed and relax from the cares of the day. I would want this night to be no different. Yet to the good Father above, I think I would offer a very special prayer at the close of my last day on earth.



## EXCUSE

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

If I should tell him that I was not there  
To take a test because the trees were bare,  
And rain dripped softly like a gentle grace  
From blackened branches on my upturned face,  
He'd have no understanding. If he did,  
Convention would demand that it be hid,  
And I be reprimanded. I must lie;  
Not tell him winter's almost here, and I  
Sensing the world's bereavement and her pain,  
Forgetting, wandered lonely in the rain.



## THIS IS AMERICA

RUTH RIDENOUR, '47

Vast highways, stretching across the land  
Of wooded hills and valleys green,  
Of gleaming, treacherous prairie sand:  
This is America.

Singing trees, the queens of hillside courts;  
Wild flowers, like pages at their feet,  
Echo their praises with playful, leafy sports:  
This is America.

Blue water, conceived in soft white cloud banks,  
Flowing with magical splendor,  
Repeats in voice clear, melodious, its thanks:  
This is America.

Free people, living in happy homes,  
With liberty to think and speak at will,  
Place of peace, sublime contentment:  
This is America.



## WISHING BOOK

RUTH WOLFE, '43

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



## DESCRIPTION

GLEN RILEY, EX. '44

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

## THESE THINGS SHALL BE

EDNA MAE ROBERTS, EX. '45

A world of hate—  
Of bursting bombs without surcease—  
Yet night on night Utopia came—  
I dreamt of peace.

These things shall be—  
But how and when I cannot say.  
There in the dream I saw a world  
Transformed—bright day.

A dream that set  
A goal for men—equality;  
A high ideal for each and all—  
Democracy.

More goals, more dreams—  
A brotherhood of men—I see  
For all the Fatherhood of God.  
THESE THINGS SHALL BE.



## THE PRESENCE

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

Here in the night I stand and watch the stars  
And glory in the beauty of the light  
Of one that is so distant from this earth  
The space no human mind can comprehend.  
And people know, for scientists have said,  
The source of this slim shaft of molten gold  
Has long been dead, a million billion years.

Why should they wonder then and look askance  
And deem me mad, because I chance to say,  
Though you are dead and buried long ago,  
That when the soft breeze stirs the apple-bloom  
I feel your loving hand caress my hair  
And in the liquid stillness of the night  
I know your lips on mine.



## METAPHOR

KATHLEEN O'BRIEN MESSMER, '40

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



## CONTRAST

JEAN UNGER, '43

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

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



## OUR LOVE

ESTHER SMOOT, '45

Our Love was a beautiful thing—gay, impulsive, vivacious, responsive—She came and swept through our lives. We worshipped Her and lived for Her only. She was us—you and I—together.

And then I saw Her fade and grow weak. I tried to bring Her back, but She only sank lower. She lingered on and on, and I prayed that She might die and end the pain.

\* \* \*

Yesterday I passed you in the hall. You tipped your hat and said "Hello," and I smiled and said "Good Morning" and hurried on—not even noticing that my feet had brushed against Her where She lay—a crumpled, lifeless, and forgotten thing—Our Love.



## THE STRIKE WAS ON

JACQUELINE PFEIFER, '44

Colossus Labor, placed his hand  
Over the factory's smokestacks grand  
And closed the draft.

Ten thousand women madly rushed  
Until each exit fairly gushed  
With workmen daft.  
The strike was on.

## LETTER

PHYLLIS KOONS, '45

Otterbein College  
November 2, 1943

Dear Dorothy,

College is really wonderful this year. Of course the war has affected us the same as it has everyone else, but all of the students feel that a definite improvement has been made.

The most obvious change, naturally, is the nature of the student body. We finally got rid of most of the male sex; they certainly did cramp our style. It seems there was some kind of a tradition that no girl would attend a party without dragging along a boy. Most inconvenient. It certainly is a relief to know that when we wear our formals this year we will not have to flit around a dance floor all evening with a man at our heels, or should I say, on our toes? Some girls even had enough strength and courage to put up with them between parties. I really don't see how they did it. But everything is different now. We can stay home every night and study, just like we have always pictured in our dreams.

However, there is one thing we like to indulge in and that is the Saturday night show. There are always two features: one, a cowbow show and the other, a gangster picture. You can't imagine how thrilling it is. The best thing about them is the plot. It is always the same so one doesn't have to bother figuring it out. I don't know what I would do if I had to sit through one of those "high class" movies. I bet they are terribly dull what with no villians, shooting, or anything like that. I imagine the producers lose a lot of money on them, don't you?

You asked me what courses I am taking and here is the list: general science, physical education, music appreciation, freshman composition, beginning drawing, first year Italian, and religion. I know this may sound like a strange combination for a senior but it is really a brilliant idea when you know the circumstances. You see, so many of our professors have had to enter the services that there just aren't enough left to teach all the courses listed in the catalogue. Therefore, the trustees decided that it would



simplify matters if every student would take the same subjects. Naturally, all departments should be represented, so a general course was decided upon. In order that each student will find some class that interests him, the subjects offered will be changed each semester. All of the subjects are new to the profs who are teaching them, so we are sure to have fresh views in all of our courses. We will continue this practice until the war is over and our faculty comes marching home.

Well, I really must close now, for I have a date with my favorite professor (a woman, of course). Please write and tell me all about what you are doing.

Yours for the duration,  
Sally.



## YOUR GARDEN

JANET ROBERTS, '47

The brown of autumn leaves and faded grass  
Is giving place to green and some few flowers—  
The yellow of forsythia a mass

Of flaunting brilliance—then some tall spiked towers  
Of blue delphinium and purple flags,  
And fragrant lilacs in their leafy bowers.

The wind is from the south and plays with rags  
Of petals from a dogwood—I can see  
The crimson fox-gloves over tiny crags

That form the rock garden. Nature holds the key  
Of life and death. And so, without a sigh,  
I lean against the black trunk of a tree.

I know not on what battle-ground you lie;  
But watching these, I know you cannot die.



## THE WIND'S DAY

GEORGIA TURNER MEHL, '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.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Club—Prize Winners .....	4
Night Storm in the Woods—Jane Alexander, '45 .....	5
I Wish—Janet Roberts, '46 .....	6
River Power—Jeanne Bilger, '47 .....	6
Being Free—Jean Turner, '27 .....	7
Colors—Janet Scanland, '42 .....	8
Into the Night—Evelyn Cliffe, '47 .....	8
A College Girl's "L'Allegro"—Jean McClay, '47 .....	9
Confession—Bob Pollock, Ex '45 .....	10
Rain in January—Sylvia Phillips, '47 .....	10
Jade Is For Loneliness—Jean Unger, '43 .....	11
Death—Esther Smoot, '46 .....	11
They Speak—Sylvia Phillips, '47 .....	12
Two Prayers—Betty Shumway Hodgden, '46 .....	12
Third Love—Jane Bentley, '47 .....	13
Private Hobbs, U. S. Army—Emmajane (H.) Cover, '43 .....	14-20
December—Sylvia Phillips, '47 .....	20
A Chance Acquaintance—Betty Shumway Hodgden, '46 .....	21
Danse Macabre—Jane Alexander, '45 .....	22
Aspiration—Lewis Carlock, '41 .....	22
Sixpence—Sylvia Phillips, '47 .....	23
Treasurer—Troy Brady, '45 .....	24
When the Silver Birds Go Home—Jeanne Ackley, Ex '45 .....	24
Lovely Things—Jane Alexander, '45 .....	25
Sketch—Esther Smoot, '45 .....	25
Rain at My Window—Lucille Coe, '46 .....	26-27
On Having Eyes—Paul Reber, '43 .....	27
Sketch—Georgia Turner Mehl, '42 .....	27
Death of a Child—Edgar Daniels, Ex '43 .....	28
Oh God, Are You There?—Irving Brown, Ex '44 .....	28
Mozart Sonata—Eleanor Brooks, '41 .....	29
Spring Hat—Fannie Baker Phillians, Ex '45 .....	30
Blunt Monster—Edgar Daniels, '43 .....	30
One Day To Live—Elinor Mignerey, '46 .....	31-32
Excuse—Marjorie Miller, '43 .....	32
This Is America—Ruth Ridenour, '47 .....	33
Wishing Book—Ruth Wolfe, '43 .....	33
Description—Glen Riley, Ex '44 .....	33
These Things Shall Be—Edna Mae Roberts, Ex '45 .....	34
The Presence—Marjorie Miller, '43 .....	34
Contrast—Jean Unger, '43 .....	35
Metaphor—Kathleen O'Brien Missmer, '40 .....	34
Our Love—Esther Smoot, '45 .....	35
The Strike Was On—Jacqueline Pfeifer, '44 .....	35
Letter—Phyllis Koons, '45 .....	36-37
Your Garden—Janet Roberts, '47 .....	37
The Wind's Day—Georgia Turner Mehl, '42 .....	37



## MEMBERS of QUIZ and QUILL CLUB

1939 - 1944

C. O. Altman, Sponsor

Mary Thomas, Alumni Secretary

Nancy Light Lohr, '39	Ruthanna Shuck Robertson, '42
Donna Love Lord, '39	Mary Learish, '42
Fred Long, Ex. '41	Almena Innerst Neff, '42
Robert Hohn, '39	Janet Scanland, '42
Meredith Rosensteel, '39	Rita LaVine Thomas, '42
Ruth Ehrlich, '39	Marjorie Miller, '43
Anna Dell Vorhess Blackburn, '39	Wilma Moler Creamer, '43
Kathleen O'Brien Messmer, '40	Emmajane Hilliard Cover, '43
Joseph Ayer, '40	Edgar Daniels, Ex. '43
Jean Sowers Snyder, '40	Leora Ludwick Shauck, '43
Anges Dailey Spessard, '40	Jean Unger, '43
Betty Bercau Flanagan, '40	Paul Reber, '43
Charles Messmer, '40	Jacqueline Pfeifer, '44
Louise Gleim Williams, '41	Glenn Riley, Ex. '44
Eleanor Brooks, '41	Esther Smoot, '45
Rosemary McGee Ruyan, '41	Jane Alexander, '45
Lewis Carlock, '41	Phyllis Koons, '45
Bette Greene Elliott, '42	Anna Jean Walters, '45
Eldon Shauck, '42	Elinor Mignerey, '45
Georgia Turner Mehl, '42	Maurice Gribler, '45
Betty Woodworth Clark, '42	Troy Brady, '45
Florence Emert, '42	