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Spring 1945

1945 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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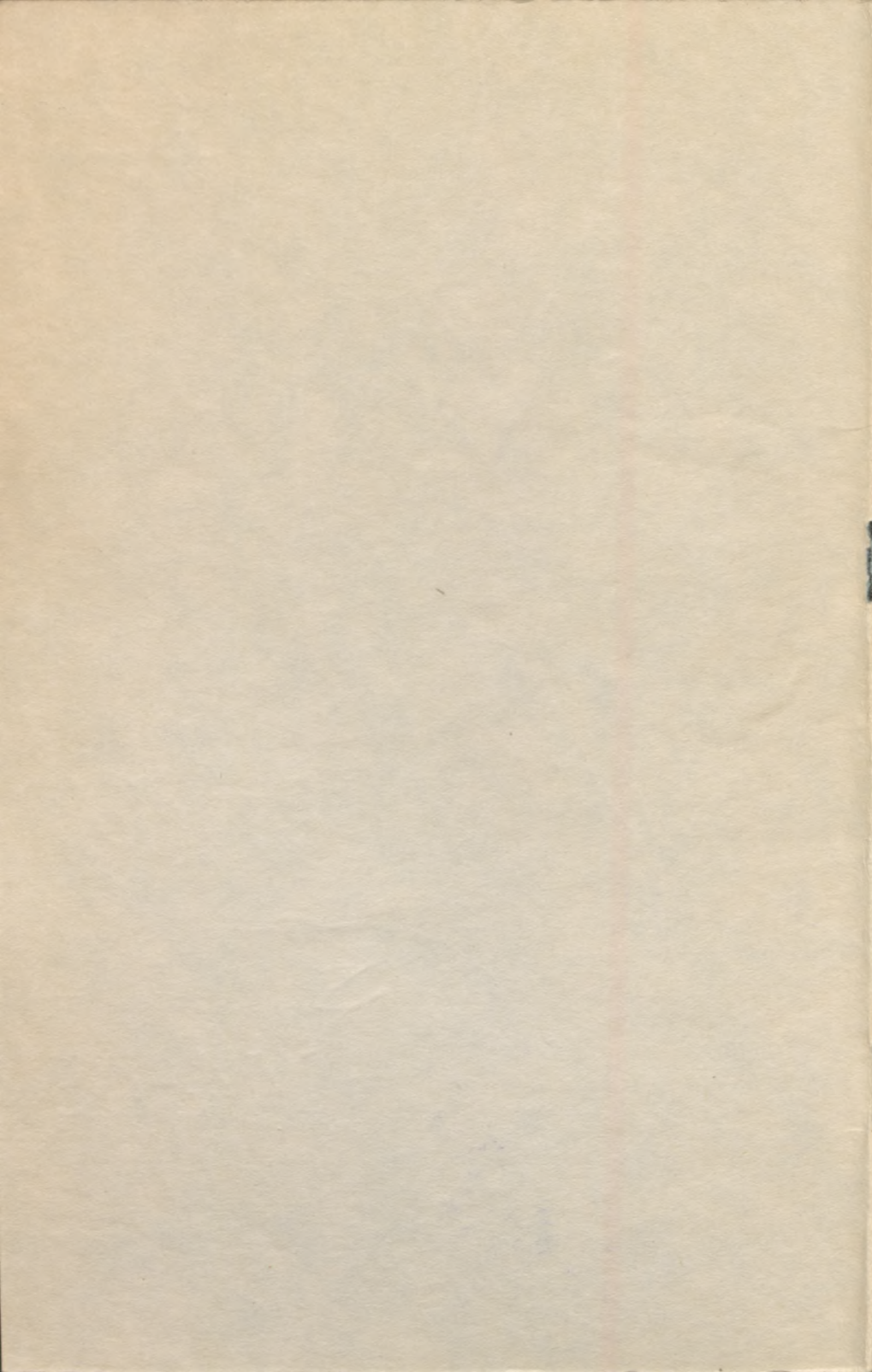


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1944-45



THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

THE STAFF

Betty Hodgden	Editor
Esther Smoot	Associate Editor
Anna Jean Walters	Business Manager
Janet L. Roberts	Assistant Business Manager

Spring, 1945

Founded, 1919

The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	Alumni Secretary
Elinor Brown	President
Janet L. Roberts	Secretary-Treasurer
Phyllis Koons	Jane Bentley
Esther Smoot	Maurice Gribler
Jane Alexander	Troy Brady
Betty Hodgden	Anna Jean Walters

LITERARY AWARDS

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

FALL, 1944

POETRY

First Prize	Joan Schaeffer, '45
Second Prize	Leokadia Cummings, '48
Third Prize	James Montgomery, '48

PROSE

First Prize	Sylvia Phillips, '47
Second Prize	Barbara Clark, '47
Third Prize	Barbara Land, '48

SPRING, 1945

POETRY

First Prize	Sylvia Phillips, '47
Second Prize	Jean McClay, '47
Third Prize	June Mugrage, '45

Dr. ROY A BURKHART PROSE CONTEST

First Prize	Barbara Clark, '47
Second Prize	Esther Smoot, '45
Third Prize	Esther Smoot, '45
Fourth Prize	Elinor Brown, '45

COVER DESIGN BY JANE HINTON

SELECTIONS FROM ALUMNI

COMMITTEE

Wilma Creamer	'43
Emmajane Cover	'43
Ellen Jones	'23
Elinor Brown	'45

DONALD TO ELIZABETH — 1942

MARY B. THOMAS, '28

Think not that it is Death who will decide—
 My love, you are the one who holds the key
 To unlock victory or defeat for me,
 And make it be I have not vainly died.
 When some gray morn I shall not see the dawn,
 The faithful sun will rise the same, I know,
 And spread its golden light. It must be so
 With you. Smile and laugh and carry on
 In ways we loved, your gallant heart so brave
 That songs shall drive away all thought of tears.
 Then I shall be victorious, never fear,
 When all I lost you loyally shall save . . .
 The kind of life I wanted for us two
 I sacrifice to give it back to you.

ELIZABETH TO DONALD — 1943

MARY B. THOMAS, '28

I shall not feel the loneliness too much,
 Though you are gone beyond the reach of ear
 And eye and hand. A deeper sense brings such
 Sweet comradeship I cannot harbor fear.
 The things we loved together thrill me still.
 The melody of songs I sang for you
 Shall ever after sweeter grow, and fill
 My aching heart with happiness anew.
 No power can part us when the lilacs blow—
 Together we will climb the hill again
 With laughter, as before you had to go. . .
 You left me memories to soothe the pain.
 I think God has been kind to let me keep
 You near, beloved, since you've gone to sleep.

A MEMORY

BETTE ELLIOTT, '42

Mother is calling. I'm not quite awake. I stuff my head into the pillow to keep out the sound. I hear her call again. My eyes snap open. It is morning. I can see the bright sun shine through the window.

I am fully awake now. We are moving. I don't like the thought. We have to move. We are going to move into the city. I don't like the city. Besides it means we have to sell Old Pet. She is our horse and I love to ride her. She's not really a riding horse and I guess I look kind of funny on her. But she's gentle and I love her.

Mother is calling again. There is something about her voice that makes me hurry. I jump out of bed and dress. I run down the steps taking them two at a time. I almost run into Mother. She is standing there calling us. Rick comes down after me. He senses something in Mother's voice, too, I guess. She looks at us for a minute. Then she puts her arms around me.

"Old Pet's been hit by a train, dear. She's dead."

She smooths back my hair. I know she's trying to comfort me. She always smooths back my hair when she's trying to comfort me. I can't seem to understand what she's saying. Then I break away from her and run out the back door. She tries to call me back. I don't pay any attention to her. I run down the lane to the tracks. I don't cry. I just run. I stop on the crossing. Looking down the tracks I can see a dark object lying beside them. I don't really want to see it but something keeps drawing me along. I walk up the tracks slowly.

I stop. I feel sick but still I can't look away. Her four legs stick straight up in the air. I stand and stare. I hear Rick coming but I don't pay any attention to him. He stands beside me. We don't talk.

Suddenly I'm conscious of the sun. I touch my hair. It is smooth and hot. I look away from Pet. We are going to move. We won't have to sell Pet.

UNDERSTANDING

WILMA CREAMER, '43

When you left my dear
I locked my heart
No not to love, nor you
Nor to our cherished dreams
And memories of happy days together,
But to the curious outer world
Who could not know my love
Nor understand my grief at leaving you.

Not one did ever see me cry
Nor know my haunting loneliness
Nor even guess with what desire
I longed for you.

I thought I locked it tightly
Yet tonight,
I walked where gentle rain
And lovely breath of Spring
Turned back the key;
Then all the pent-up longing turned to tears
Ran down my cheeks
And mingled with the rain.

And all the world did see,
Yet understanding,
Cried with me.

A RIVER IS NAMED

W. H. CAMP, '25
Cuenca, Ecuador

"... And in addition, a map—accurate as possible—is to be prepared of the region traversed, this to be appended to the report." Thus did the official directive end. And that is why, on an evening early one December I sat in front of a palm-thatched house near the base of the Cordillera Cutucu, a great range lying east of the Andes on the edge of the Amazon Basin, with my accumulated notes of com-

pass and altimeter readings, putting lines and marks on what, before, had been a blank place on the map.

"This river," I said to Patehi, pointing to the boiling, treacherous stream below us," is the Chiviaza."

"It is called that by the old men," he replied.

Then pointing to the east, to the ruggedly sculptured region and the master stream-valley which drained it and where, for nearly the last month I had been working, I asked: "And by what name is that river called?"

Patehi paused in his work, laid aside the small jar of deadly venom with which he was tipping the darts for his blow-gun, and thoughtfully scratched under the long coil of his hair. Then calling one of his wives, he told her to bring something from inside the house. It was the ceremonial girdle which she had worn the previous night while dancing for me to the throbbing of Patehi's pagan drum. She handed me the girdle and Patehi pointed out some brilliantly colored beads which I recognized as having been made from the seed of a vine I had seen growing abundantly along the river's bank, far up the valley.

"The beads," said Patehi, "are called etza, and they grow along that river. The river has no name. We only say that we are going to the place where the beads grow. That is enough."

Knowing something of the way the Jivaros compound their words, and a little of their basic language, I took the name of the beads and the word for river, entza, and joined them into a single name. Then, beside one of the new lines running its tortuous course across what once had been a blank space on the map, I placed the word Etzentza. To others who, someday, may chance across that word on a map, it will be the name of another of the rivers tumbling westward out of the tangled wildernesses of the Cordillera Cutucu . . . and nothing more. But to me it always will be "The River where the Scarlet Beads Grow" . . . a river along whose precipitous banks and neighboring knife-edged ridges I once hunted drug-plants for a war thousands of miles away, while my friend Patehi, with his poisoned darts and deadly blow-gun, hunted monkeys for their meat.

RENAISSANCE

BETTY WOODWORTH CLARK, '42

I read stark headlines in a paper
Crowding out the news of war;
Labor once again was balking,
Strikers held the whip once more.

I saw a man the world respected
Stumble on his feet of clay;
Colleagues staggered, friends were saddened;
They had seen him kneel to pray.

I watched a child of milk-white breeding
Spit upon another's face,
Throw a stone to cut and bruise him;
He was of another race.

I felt a woman reel and waver
When the squirming words she read
Told her that in far-off battle,
John, her only son, was dead.

I knew a world of sin and killing,
Bloody lusts and death's harsh sting,
And then — above the din and turmoil,
I heard a robin sing.

LEAVES AND LIMBS

PHILIP O. DEEVER, '34

Like brown leaves
That stubbornly cling
To winter oak,
Though inescapably foredoomed
To fall to ground
At burst of spring;
So are the out-worn forms of faith,
The banners men wave o'er a finished course
Destined to flutter from the tree of life
As dry and dusty pages of the past.
Then never changing, ever new,
Green forms leaf out upon the limbs of faith;
And life goes on undauntedly!

HOUSECLEANING

LA VELLE ROSSELOT, '29

I've been cleaning out my basement
This whole live-long day—
Carrying out in basketfuls
The scraps of yesterday:

That horseback ride we almost took,
The cafeteria line,
The rush of getting notes abroad,
And meetings called on time.

Such work, it is, to sort things out
In judgement calm to choose
Between the things that clutter up,
And things I wouldn't loose.

Tomorrow I'll do the attic
And throw that trash away —
And sort those volumes, one by one,
Of "Things we'll do some day," —

The bridge we'll paint, the walk we'll take,
The French we're going to learn.
Such hopeless plans of frantic days
I think I'll have to burn.

Or — shall I sort each box with care
And pack them well away,
And make a corner just for dreams
We'll call — "Some Other Day."

"OTTERBEIN IS OVERSEAS"

WILLIAM STECK, '37

Somewhere in northeastern India, where heavy transports are readied for the strenuous task of "flying the Hump," an aviation mechanic in the uniform of a staff sergeant hears temple bells in the distance. Though their chimes have a vastly different resonance, the soldier unconsciously recalls nights when he and his roommates rang "the old college bell," announcing to an expectant village another Ohio Conference victory. Or, perhaps, he thinks of the daily summons to chapel and the chance (?)

meeting afterwards when he walked his "one and only" to Cochran and was teased later by fraternity brothers who accused him of being "tied down" prematurely. Temple bells ring in India—and Otterbein is overseas!

An American Ranger drives a jeep over rugged Italian countryside and reminisces of basketball trips into northern Ohio hills. The sergeant, on patrol, no longer casts merely a casual glance at rustic lanes and picturesque rural homes. Now he's on the alert for any signs of German patrol activity in the vicinity of a nearby monastery. And yet he's powerless to halt a momentary onrush of pleasant memories—of nights when the team journeyed to Alliance for a renewal of the rivalry with Mt. Union....But here he's watching for Nazi scouts near Mt. Cassino—and Otterbein is overseas!

A quartermaster's mate first class on a PT boat in mid-Atlantis peruses the ship's log and wonders how the "T. & C" is progressing without his once-valued services. Just a year or so ago he thought writing editorials deploring the King Hall cuisine was of paramount importance. Now he partakes heartily of whatever issues from the galley and pays scant attention to what he would have termed at one time "a monotonous diet of unimaginative meals." He's an integral member of a top-notch crew now! Otterbein is on the seas!

An infantry private first class, convalescing in a hospital not far from the front lines in western Europe, is entertained by a touring USO troupe and joyfully recalls the many glee club concerts brightened by his own talents. One of the musicians in the troupe plays "Ave Maria" on his violin and the Pfc's fingers, now stiff and out of practice, long to press the bow and strings again. Since college days those agile fingers have been trained to be equally proficient with rifle, carbine and heavier weapons. A USO violinist offers a solo to a group of soldiers recovering from minor combat wounds, and a private first class can hardly wait to resume a postponed career in music. But—Otterbein is overseas!

A captain in an Air Corps Reconnaissance Squadron "somewhere in England" pores over detailed aerial photographs of bombed German industrial centers and suddenly recalls nights spent in arranging of songs. An Air Corps major, another mission just

ing layouts of snapshots for pages in his college annual. Not long ago he was rubber cementing pictures of the fall home-coming for an attractive "Sibyl" feature. Now he's pin-pointing targets in Hitler's "Fortress Europe" to hasten the long-anticipated home-coming to a "quiet, peaceful village." Otterbein is overseas!

Somewhere in western Germany, a few kilometers from the Rhine valley, an Army corporal in a European Civilian Affairs Regiment assists in the administration of a captured enemy village....While studying important-looking documents left behind by fleeing Nazi officers, the corporal thinks of his early struggles with the harsh Teutonic tongue. Those daily sessions at the blackboard and those halting conversations in guttural tones seem to have been held just a few weeks ago. The crowded office of the Rhenish burgomaster is thousands of miles from that second-floor class room in the stately Ad building. And yet—Otterbein is overseas!

In the Appennines of Italy an infantry lieutenant wearer of the Bronze Star, helps the men of his company as they build a snow-woman during a lull in the mountain fighting. As the statue in snow takes shape the officer recalls other snow scenes on a campus in central Ohio, or along the banks of Alum Creek. The lieutenant had thought of his alma mater yesterday, too, when they were moving up to the front lines. Otterbein is overseas.

A navy surgeon, wearing the gold oak leaf of a lieutenant commander on his collar, completes a skillful operation on a wounded sailor in the emergency room of a U. S. battleship somewhere in the South Pacific. With a sigh of satisfaction he removes his mask and gloves. Smiling inwardly, he remembers how he once objected at the insistence of his anatomy professor in the ivy-twined Science Hall of a small midwestern college. Then he occasionally wondered if "Prof." weren't "half-cracked" on having his pre-med students memorize so many difficult terms and definitions. Now he restores crewmen injured in naval combat to active duty—and Otterbein is on the seas!

While preparing coffee and doughnuts at the rear of her clubmobile parked at an advance air base in Belgium, an energetic young woman, nattily attired in an American Red Cross uniform, hums snatches

completed, pauses in passing and listens in nostalgic reverie to the soft strains of "Down in the Old Cherry Orchard" and "Mister Moon". The last time he heard those melodies was the night his fraternity serenaded a newly-engaged senior co-ed. On a moment's inspiration the major shouts, "Yea, Otterbein!" The Red Cross lady wheels instantly and, with one quick glance, answers, "Beat Capital!" Thus—Otterbein is overseas!

A marine veteran of jungle fighting in New Guinea stands stiffly at attention as the colonel approaches to pin on his blouse the Distinguished Service Cross. Somehow his thoughts revert to a sultry June morning in the college church. He had a lump in his throat that day as he strode across the rostrum to receive his diploma from "Prexy"...That was Commencement in 1941! As they sang the "Love Song" on the steps of the Association Building afterwards, he could not foresee how soon he would exchange his cap and gown for the green of the Marine Corps. But Otterbein went overseas!

GREATNESS

FREDA KIRTS SHOWER, '27

We went a distance to behold
A man, a genius, we were told;
Around his head I looked to see,
Towering in that great company,
Some strange electric blue;
Instead, in very truth, we knew —
Sympathy.

I gazed intently that I might
From his being view some sight
Of scintillating sparks in play,
(Hoping I might take some away.)
No sparks went forth; rather, instead,
In mien and bowing of his head —
Humility.

And as he spoke, I surely thought
Here I would find what I had sought,
From words a flame would emanate,
And I should be rewarded, late.
No fire I saw, but in each word,
So fitly spoken, there was heard—
Reverence.

THE DEAD ARE SOON BUT SHADOWS

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

The dead are soon but shadows in the minds
Of those who would remember; and they seem,
The half-forgotten echoes of a dream,
Dreamed long ago,
Yet haunting fragments still
Remain to torment and to bless at will.

I spread my mind, a net,
Into the waters of the past
Seeking to catch your image,
But I draw it in at last
Empty of all save sorrow
And the silence of tomorrow.

In vain I seek your presence, and I weep.
Yet, all unbidden, every little while
The memory of a tender, teasing smile,
Smiled long ago,
Comes rushing back to me.
Odd—that a grin has immortality!

CROSS COUNTRY TRAIN

JEAN UNGER, '43

Train-riding is poetry ———

To stand upon a windswept platform
And listen to the click of wheel or rail,
The rise and fall—now loud, now muted.

To see the country smoothly slipping by,
Tiny, half-forgotten stations not marked on modern maps.
Wheat fields—wide and golden,
Windmills in the distance ———
Desert country, sand and sagebush
Tinted by a sunset flush
Which too soon fades to cloudy gray.

Perhaps a child will wave a casual hand
Or autos speed a race they know is lost.

Even telegraph poles—sturdy silhouettes with pencilled wires
Are part of all the fusing beauty
Which pulses into one great rhythmic beat
With every click of wheel on rail.

LAMENT

MARY OPPY, '36

thousands and thousands are dead are dead
folded in soil that is pitted with ash
and covered with smoke and with oil and with blood
that has spread from the wounds of the unburied dead

the people of earth have no hope no hope
from the peace that is coming they ask
when it's coming the answer is lost in the flood
of the crying and wailing the noise and the railing

the answer is lost it is lost
the leaders they know it is lost but they quest
just for the same for the answer with talking
and lying and swapping and trading—

the people, they know it is gone is gone
from the world that is smothered in greed and in shame
and blasted by fear and by rage and by hate
the peace—it is gone but the war is done

the war—it is done, but they ask they ask
where's the hope for the peace we must have it
we won it with toil and with sweat and with tears
the thousands and thousands are dead are dead
folded in soil that is pitted with ash
and covered with smoke and with oil and with blood
but peace does not spread—
just the blood from the dead

THE SYCAMORE

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

Reprinted from "WINDDRIFT"

At first the tree was commonplace
Like any other tree,
Its trunk was black and hard and rough
And did not interest me.

When I looked a second time
I stopped in swerved surprise
For beauty stays you where you are
Before your hungry eyes.

Above its trunk, the branches bare
Were gleaming white and proud
Like the upward reaching arms of girls
Who dare to caress the clouds.

I learned a lesson there that day
That needs no pen nor scroll —
I'll never pass another tree
Unless I see it whole.

STUDENT SELECTIONS

SUNRISE

BARBARA CLARK, '47

The great auditorium was filled to capacity. People were but specks; their clothing but dots of color in the tiers upon tiers of balconies. From above, the many rows of plumed Knights Templar looked like some billowing cloud bank. The rustling and shuffling of feet had stopped. Every head was turned in one direction. The audience breathed as one. Even the white plumes lay still in the expectancy of the moment. With the voices of the choir welded together in the poignant strains of "The Old Rugged Cross" came the first rays of the sun, piercing the semi-darkness of that great hall. As the music ebbed and flowed, the rays found their way over the heads, down one layer of breathless humanity to another, down, down, skimming over the motionless mass of white and at last finding their way to the old rugged cross on the platform—bathing it in a warm red light. And as the last note was carried away, the whole of the cross was aglow with a blinding white light—akin to that of the first Easter morning.

WITHOUT YOU

JOAN SCHAEFFER, '45
First Prize Poetry Fall 1944

I
sit
alone,
Yearning for you,
yet knowing
this one desire will never be granted
for you'll not return.

I
reach out
through the mist
and seem
to touch your hand—
but—it's
merely the
cool caress of the
night breeze.

When I
look up to the
blankness
of the ebony sky I seem to see
your eyes
laughing—
but—it's only a
star,
shining,
twinkling.

No matter
where I turn
a vision of you
appears before me;
and always
when
I approach,
the shadows drift
between—
and once again
I am
alone.

THE EMPTY CHAIR

(By the Window)

MARIE HOLT, '46

There is an empty chair by the window of the house on the corner that I pass every day.—the rocking chair where the little old lady sat and always waved to me or nodded her head as I went by. The old canary cage that always hung at the top of the window is gone, too.

It is spring now, and the flowers are beginning to blossom in the little old lady's garden. They are always the first to come out, and they are most beautiful this year. I wish the little old lady could see them—she'd be so proud. I'd pick her a bouquet of violets; and, if Bob said it was all right to go in, I'd take them to her; and she would smile at me and ask me whether I had seen all the pretty flowers in her garden. Then she'd tell Bob to give me a glass of milk and a piece of bread and honey—or maybe a piece of cake. And I'd save a few crumbs to take in and feed the yellow Dickie in the cage. I used to be afraid he'd bite my finger, but he never did. He used to sing, and the lady would say he was singing "Pretty Mary-Pretty Mary." She meant me —my name's Mary.

Bob—he was the old lady's son who used to take care of her ever since I can remember. He's a sailor now, and he's out in the Pacific fighting Japs. I bet he can lick plenty of them, 'cause he's big and strong. He's handsome too—like a movie star. And I bet he can scare them. He used to scare me sometimes if I was playing outside and made any noise. My Mommy told me that I must be quiet because noise made the old lady sick, but I forgot sometimes. Then Bob—he'd come out and yell at us kids, and I'd run home.

The little old lady was often sick—that's why Bob wouldn't always let me come in. She got spells. She couldn't walk like my granny can—that's why she sat in the chair all day. And she shook. Her fingers were crooked, and Bob, he had to feed her 'cause they wouldn't move. Only her arms and hands would shake. She had a pretty face, though, and she used to laugh and make fun of her arms shaking. Then I'd laugh, too, only I always felt sort of funny in my tummy.

Last Christmas Bob came over, and he was shaking—and I was scared, 'cause I thought maybe he'd caught the sickness from the little old lady. Mommy chased me upstairs, but she told me later that the little old lady had gone to Heaven on Christmas morning. She said that was the nicest Christmas present God could give her, 'cause she wouldn't be sick anymore now. She said that Bob was holding the little old lady in his arms, and he told her she was going to heaven and kissed her good-by. I asked Mommy if Bob saw her turn into an angel, but Mommy said he could only feel it. I can't understand that, but Mommy said I will some day.

I heard Mommy tell Daddy that it was a shame Bob had to go fight the Japs, after having wasted his whole 'youth' taking care of the little old lady. I don't know what 'youth' is, but Bob wanted to fight the Japs, and he's a wonderful sailor. He sent me a letter with his picture in it.

When Bob went away, my Mommy told him, "you'll get your reward some day, Bob." (I don't know what she meant, 'cause I don't think he ever captured anybody or anything.) And Bob said, "I have my reward already in having a clear conscience and know I did the right thing." I remember all the words, because Mommy told me about it again and told me to remember them. She said they'd help me to grow up to be a good young woman some day—like Bob is a good young man.

But it seems funny for the little old lady not to be in the chair by the window now that spring is here again.

DEJECTION

JAMES MONTGOMERY, '48

Within my soul I feel a space,
A pain with every breath,
That is the secret hiding place
Of ever-living death.

Artesian-like, the loneliness
Within my being swells,
And fills me with the emptiness
That loneliness compels.

THE UNFORGETTABLE

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47
First Prize Poetry, Spring '45

The tear that falls in silence pains the heart
For beauty sped, for loveliness forgot,
The bloom of roses, all too quickly past,
The glow of moonlight, patterned through the clouds,
The glimpse of hills and rivers lost to view,
The things the soul can feel and know but once,
And then can find no more, search though it will—
These things are mourned in silence for a time,
But falling tears will ease the saddened heart
Which aches for what it once possessed, and lost.

The soul cries out with tears that cannot fall
For love it never knew, but can't forget,
For days that never came, for hours unlive,
For moments that the heart could never find,
For visions seen afar, but never reached—
The things for which a soul would sell itself
But somehow missed, elusive as they are;
These things will never leave the heart in peace,
For tears that cannot fall will choke the soul
That longs for unknown joy it can't forget.

SPRING WILL COME AGAIN

CAROL PEDEN, '46

Spring will come again into my heart
Someday, when you no longer linger there;
Then I will never after play the part
Of making stormy weather into fair.
Then I'll forget—or try not to remember
Kisses that rocked a long ago November.

Our happiness was not the type to last,
Wild and sweetly brilliant was its flight;
And now my heart still wanders in the past
And rests upon a star-tossed campus night.

But spring will come again into my heart,
It matters not the place and less the reason,
As long as I can feel the urge to start
A springtime love, forgetting one lost season.

A SILENT CRY

JEAN McCLAY, '47
Second Prize Poetry, Spring '45

At times, during a quiet, beautiful sunset,
I sit in contemplation
Of the vast array of things beyond my ken.
My ignorance apalls me, and I keep silent.
Silent, though my very heart rebels.
Silent, though my soul cries out,
"Youth is the time for merry-making.
Go! Shout and sing!"
But I must keep silent.
Silent, until I have drunk deep of all the knowledge of the
universe.
Then I will speak
With a voice, loud, and clear, and everlasting.
But it is then I know
I must be ever silent.

FAIR GOTHAM

LEO KADIA CUMMINGS, '43
Second Prize Poetry Fall 1944

New York runs through me like a melody,
It haunts me like an old favorite.
I hear the roar of subway trains,
I hear the taxicab horns blow,
I hear people screaming and laughing,
I hear the barkers on Broadway,
I hear the boats along the Hudson,
I hear the policemen's whistles blow,
I hear you, my city,
I hear your enchanting call.

I can see a picture of you, Fair Gotham,
It is worth more than a human work of art.
I see the bright lights of Milky Way,
I see Fifth Avenue and a million marching down,
I see your harbor with the Lady of Liberty.
I see your serenity along Riverside Park,
I see your Hell's Kitchen, and San Juan Hill,
I see your Chinatown and Little Italy,
I see you as a melting pot for millions,
I see you — seven million strong.

I am in love with you, New York,
You are part of my everyday dream,
And as I sit here miles away,
I see and hear you and long for my return.

STARS

MARY CARLSON, '47

I

Mrs. Razinski used to do our ironings for us—once a week for five years. I would often sit and talk to her, watching as she ironed. In her broken English she told about leaving the old country, she and her husband, just after they were married, and coming to Ohio to make their home. "Dat vas long time ago," she said, "and now, mine husband, he is gone, and I got six hungry kids to feed." Yes, any extra money she could earn came in handy, as I'm sure that often there were just not enough shoes to go around and that more than once, several little Razinskis started out to school hungry. But neither she nor they had any complaint to make. She worked tirelessly, any kind of work she could get, but no matter how weary or discouraged, she kept cheerful. "Mine kids is good, too. Dey gif me ever't'ing dey earn." As indeed they did. Every dime earned from raking leaves, or shovelling snow, or peddling papers was handed over faithfully to their Ma.

I soon began to feel as if I knew her children personally from what she would tell me about them as they grew up, although I'd never met any of them. Marie was going with a fine young man from Cleveland; John was the star player on the football team in high school—president of his senior class, too, and the three youngest were doing so well in school. But Daniel, the eldest, was the pride of his mother's heart. "My Daniel—he is a fine boy," she said, smiling a little to herself in the way that mothers have. He was a big husky fellow, and looked "just like his Pa," Mrs. Razinski explained. When he graduated from high school, he went to work in the Plant. That was when college or earning a living came after high school. It wasn't long before Mrs. Razinski told us she wouldn't be ironing for us any more on Tuesdays. "My Daniel, he don't want me to work no more. He earns more money by himself. He is a good boy."

II

We are at war now, and everywhere are its symbols: uniforms, rationing, war factories, and bond rallies. One passes very few houses without seeing a service flag with at least one star. The Razinski's

house has two stars: one for John on a destroyer somewhere in the Pacific, and one for Daniel.

III

Mrs. Razinski herself told us about Daniel.

Fire had broken out on his ship in mid-ocean, and in spite of their repeated efforts to put it out, it raged on. When sinking of the ship seemed inevitable, and all hope had faded away, Daniel Razinski shouted, "We're not going to die here! Come on! Let's get to work!" It was as if everyone on board ship had received second wind from his words, and work to put out the fire was started with new vigor. Shortly the fire was completely under control and the ship was safe.

Several days later the ship made a liberated Italian port and docked for repairs. The crew were in line receiving their pay and were leaving the ship one by one. Daniel, at the end of the line, called to his Buddy, "I'll be there in a minute." But before that minute was up, German planes had spotted the ship, bombed it, and left.

IV

Now there are two Navy service stars in the Razinski window, one blue and one gold.

MYSTERY

MIRIAM McINTOSH, '45

On a dark night, a mysterious figure crept across the meadow, over a gully and then away into the bushes. In a moment it emerged from the other side and with feathery tread continued in the direction of a lonely house that was enveloped in the inky darknesses of a clump of trees. Then the hands of the dark figure that had moved so cautiously through a side gate and into the rear yard, reached forth and after fingering nervously at a door, disappeared inside, closing it gently behind him. Soon a shadow emerged and slunk away and was completely swallowed up by the darkness.

Next day, Rastus Jones, colored, had chicken for his dinner.

ESCAPE

JANE ALEXANDER, '45

I walked and came upon a quiet place
Where nothingness I found.
And everywhere was naught but space
And neither light nor sound,
But only darkness vast and deep
Like water in a pool.

I entered then the realm of sleep
Where breezes soft and cool
Caressed my cheek and soothed my brow
And left me to my peace.
I wakened then, I know not how.—
My soul had found release.

SNOW SCENE

EVALOU STAUFFER, '46

If Otterbein's stately towers, mellowed buildings or tall majestic trees still leave you unimpressed by their beauty, you need to see the campus, not by moonlight or starlight, but by "snow-light."

A walk on the campus last night would have made you think you were in fairyland. There was something about the snow-laden branches and the bending evergreen boughs that produced an effect of mystical beauty.

A glance at the corner street light showed that the blanket of white was destined to become even thicker as the swirling white crystals floated to the earth like so many tiny parachutes.

There was even a snowman—king of all the beauty. He had a bituminous twinkle in his eyes as he surveyed the beauty all about him.

To the right, the streams of light from the top of the Science Building illumined a wide arc of magical whiteness. Even the tennis court backstops acted as stage props for the beauty of the snow scene. The diamond-shaped wire mesh was outlined by the clinging crystals of snow.

The distant strains of some soft band music drifted lazily through the air completing the picture—Otterbein by "snow-light".

THE LAND OF THE TREES

JEAN McCLAY, '47

The little boy looked up at the branches of the tree. As he had often done before, he stood entranced, watching and listening. The tree had a peculiar fascination for him. The branches were arms—friendly, beckoning arms—and the breeze whispered through the leaves. "Come to me. Come to me, little brother. Come up and see what it's like to sway with the breeze. Come to me."

The little boy hesitated. He had often been warned not to climb the old gnarled tree. Once again he glanced upward. "Come," waved the branches; "Come," whispered the leaves. All doubts driven from his mind, he began to climb—higher, higher, higher. How wonderful it felt; how nice to be able to see all over town! He gazed at the ground. "I'm up so high," he thought with a thrill of fear. Suddenly all he could see was hundreds and hundreds of trees—trees calling to him; trees waving at him; trees lifting their long leafy arms invitingly. The same cry was repeated: "Come to us—come to us." There was a smile on his face as he started to go to the trees.

His mother came to the door as the small body tumbled through the air. She reached him almost as soon as he touched the ground—ever so gently, it seemed—but it was too late. The child was dead.

WHY?

JUNE C. MUGRAGE, '47
Third Prize Poetry, Spring '45

Life, like a cloudlet
Passes by
And we, seeing
Wonder—
Whence it came?
Whither bound?
Why?

Babbling infancy
Gangling youth
Glorious manhood
Fumbling old age
Death
Why?

SPRING

JANET LOUISE ROBERTS, '46

I hear music all day long:
The wind in the trees,
Skylark's upward soaring song,
The timid breeze,
Laughter as a thrill of gold,
A fountain's sigh,
Silver tones from churches tolled,
That reach the sky.

I see lovely things around
Immense and small:
Snow, white heaped on frozen ground,
A raindrop's fall,
Farmers sowing new-plowed sod
Of rich black lands,
Steeple pointing up to God,
Two folded hands.

BUT TO SMILE AGAIN

BARBARA CLARK
Second Prize Prose Fll 1944

The rain drops beat against the taxi window in steady formation and then, as if in full retreat, broke and scattered in hurried rivulets.

With an effort Michael turned from the hypnotic pattern of the raindrops and looked down at his leg stretched stiffly in front of him.

In a few moments I will be there, he thought. I will pay the driver, pick up my bag and go up the path painstakingly this time not in a half-run as I used to do. She will be standing in the doorway as before. Laura. And the thought of her brought a stinging sensation to his throat. I should have let them tell her how serious the injury was. Again his glance fell on the outstretched limb as it had so many times during the painful months since the crash. I suppose a man's wife should be the first to know that her husband has one leg of flesh and bones and the other of plastic, metal, bolts and nuts, he thought bitterly. But I didn't want her to have time to hide the tears. I want to see her face when she finds out. Please, God, don't let there be pity in her eyes. I can take the wooden leg but not the pity.

"Here you are, sir." Michael eased himself out of the cab and a few moments later he was proceed-

ing slowly up the path. Laura turned from the window and threw open the door and waited.. Her steady, clear gaze met that of Michael's. He watched her face for any sign, but she seemed only to see his eyes. She was oblivious of the limp or what it might imply. He had almost reached the steps when whatever had held her there snapped and she ran to meet him. All the longing of the months of separation was in their embrace.

At last she spoke. "Darling, we can't stand here kissing in the rain," and she led him into the house. What is she thinking, he wondered as he haltingly climbed the steps. But her serene face and gay chatter said that she was still unaware.

Then they were inside, she reached for his bag before he could himself put it in the closet. The unexpected weight of it made her lurch to the side. She caught her breath. "Oh, Michael . . ."

"Yes," he said, taking off his coat, "did you say something, dear?"

"Why no," she hesitated, and then continued, "I just said Michael, let's go in and sit by the fire."

Time had stood still for those two. Michael had almost forgotten his loss as Laura rested in the curve of his arm and they talked, making up for all the lost evenings by the fire. Then she gently sat up and turning his face to hers, she said, "Michael, why didn't you let them tell me that you have an artificial leg?"

She said it slowly with no attempt at slurring over that last. There was all the love and pride in her voice that any man could ever want. He looked long and deeply into her eyes and nowhere could he find tears or pity. Then he buried his head on her shoulder and sobbed. The fire grew dim and the room became chill and at last Michael raised his head. "How did you know, Laura?" he said huskily.

"Michael, I knew," she paused, "when I took your bag. It's pretty heavy and I dropped it on your foot and you calmly said, "Did you say something, dear?"

Then Michael smiled. It was hard, he hadn't done it for a long time. He sort of liked the feel of it, liked to see its reflection in the blue depths of Laura's eyes. He would be doing more of this from now on. Maybe even manage a feeble joke now and then.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

PHYLLIS KOONS, '45

The pale, pink blossoms of my apple tree
Are bursting forth in delicate array.
Their fragrance fills the air with sweet perfume
And brings back memories of times gone by
When life was gay and carefree; memories
Of days when apple blossoms filled my heart
With song and not with deep regrets and tears.

For when I see those pale, pink flowers there
Upon that stately tree by yonder hill,
Instead of joy, my heart is filled with fear.
I cannot help but feel that that great power,
Which stamped out beauty in those other lands,
May travel here to my own country-side
And bring destruction to my apple tree.
Then gone forever will be my pale, pink blossoms,
And life will never be the same for me.

THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN

EVELYN CLIFFE, '47

It was the hour before dawn.

The silent head bobbed as he sat in the stiff-backed severe chair. He could not sleep; he could not think — except thoughts that he did not want revived. Why had he done what he had? Why had he chosen this course? It may have seemed the only thing to do at the time, but why had he weakened and listened to the inane chatter of others? Why were not the rest involved spending a sleepless night also before that crucial hour of judgment? Why should he alone pay for the folly of ignorance?

He raised his head and stared stupidly around the forsaken room. The marks of an eternity were smudged upon the walls. Only a void appeared where the window was outlined. His gaze lurched back to the single hard Army cot jammed close against an unprotesting wall. That one huge light bulb above — how its brightness unceasingly pressed down upon him. It was itself conspiring against his forgetfulness. The very stillness of the room seemed to beat upon his ears — you'll never forget — you'll never forget.— But he knew that he would probably have done it again if he had the same chance.

What was the matter with his brain anyway? Didn't he have sense enough to realize that it might have been his downfall — the anti-climax? He might have known that sooner or later he would come to tomorrow — the risk with everything at stake. All his efforts wasted! The cause lost! He shook his head again trying to clear the foggy muddle in his brain. Things like this just shouldn't happen to people like him. He stared morbidly out the window like a doomed man.

A faint pink blush appeared toward the east. His scattered thoughts raced madly on — uncontrolled.

It was the hour before the final examination.

THE WAVES

JOYCE THOMPSON, '48

Like snarling beasts after a prey well sought,
They bound in for the kill with outstretched arms,
Angered by the howling winds and slashing rain.
Unlike the gentle touch of a mother's hand as
They ought,
They pounce with lightning speed like some madman,
Blind with pain.

WAR

ESTHER SMOOT, '45

A long caravan of people winds its way from a valley town into the hills. Women and children and old ones trudge along carrying bundles; some have bandaged wounds. Their faces have the look of those performing a routine task, for they spend their days shuttling between the valley and the hills.

The sound of firing is coming close in on the town and shells are already falling. It is an attack on the troops which hold the village. The seige goes on for days and it does not matter who retreats. The other army follows to drive them on, and the city is left an empty shell basking in the sun—a little more ruined and desolate, a few more gaping craters in the streets.

And a long caravan of people winds its way from the hills into the town.

JAM SESSION

CATHERINE BARNHART, '46

With the moaning of basses
Dipping high with the bow-down,
Came the hum of the clarinets
Sweet, hot, and low-down.

And the trumpets all triple-tonguing
While the tympani slow down
To the plinking of the ivories
The jive-cats to mow down.

WAITING

BETTY SHUMWAY HODGDEN, '45

Five minutes more of waiting. Five minutes—they could be gone in a flash, or they could last forever. With another glance at his watch, John knew that this five minutes would be eternal.

"Sfunny, thought John, how much of your life is taken up in waiting. When you're a kid, you wait till you're old enough to go to school like the other fellas. Then you wait till you can play football and make the team after the varsity guys graduate. You wait for Dad to let you have the car, and you even wait for your best girl to get ready to go to the show.

"You're in a hurry to get to college and get started on your education, but you have to wait. You finally find the one girl in the world, and you have to wait till you can earn enough money to get married. Then you wait for a promotion or at least a raise, so you can start a family.

"Then comes the war, and you wait for the reserve to call you. There's training and more waiting for stripes and a commission. You want to get overseas and get this thing over and you wait for your orders.

"Now this"—John moved slightly and examined his bayonet and rifle. All O. K. Suddenly the signal sounded. The zero hour had come. A shot—and John's waiting was over.

THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE

JEAN McCLAY, '47

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." A'int that beautiful, Mabel? Gee, that guy Longfellow was sure some poet. And ya know, on a day like this one I know just what he meant. Natcher makes me so poetical. But then I always was literary minded—especially with poetry. Why, do ya know, I read Edgar A. Guest every single night. It's just like Hoiman says, I aprishiate the finer thingsa life. "Boidie," he says, "Boidie, ya sure do aprishiate the finer thingsa life." Hoiman's sure got such a nice way aputtin' things. Gosh, I sure am lucky to have such a romantic guy like Hoiman for a boy friend. What? Ya didn't know Hoiman was romantic? Well, I'll tell the woild he is. He's alla time sayin' cute stuff and quotin' from litacher. Why only the other night when we was in Pete and Joe's havin' some beer and pretzels, he looks into me eyes and says, "Boidie," he says, "Boidie, did anybuddy ever tell ya ya got eyes like slows?" "Slows!" I says. "Say, what're ya pullin' now?" "Nothin', honest Boidie, I ain't. That's out of a book what Mr. Hitzel gimme ta read." Mr. Hitzel's his boss, ya know, Mabel. Yeah, the one what made a billion in the brewery business. Well, like I was sayin', he says, It's out of the Rivals', a real ejucashunal book Boidie. It's slows, S-L-O-E-S. I asked the boss about it. He says they're shiny black berries. Ya know, the stuff they make sloe gin out of." Oh yes, Hoiman's real intellecshual. Why, I always thought that was spelled S-L-O-W-S. And he's always talkin' about when we get married. "Gosh, Boidie," he'll say "I can hardly wait until we get hitched. Won't it be wonderful? I'll come home from work all tired out and find you scrubbin' the floor or doin' the dishes and maybe later on washin' the baby's dipers." I'm telling ya, Mabel, the way he talks sometimes it makes me wanna cry. Hoiman says that's all right 'cause it's feminine. Then he'll hold my hand and say, "Oh, Boidie, your hand's as soft as—as a cocker spaniel's fur." I guess I better be running along, Mabel. I hafta get dressed. Hoiman and I are goin'ta Coney tonight. He says the ocean brings out the advencherer in him. Ain't he the he-man though?

THE SKY'S LAMENT

MARY DALE BUSHEY, '48

The smoke-filled sky looked down
On factories below,
Disdainful that the hand of man
Had dealt him such a blow.
Imagine any man,
Most lowly of his race,
Permitting other men to blow
Such smoke into his face.

THE KID-GLOVE LIEUTENANT

JANET LOUISE ROBERTS, '46

We was mostly seamen 2/c. So of course we looked over the officers kinda careful. They had their faults — and we found them. There was a couple ensigns that couldn't stand to be kidded about their girls. There was a lieut. that was getting bald. But when we started this cruise with the kid-glove lieut.! — that was a natural.

No matter what job he was on, this lieut. always wore kid gloves — nice white party gloves. He was kind of a sissy too — got white as a sheet under his sea tan when we was strafed. But he had what it takes.

It was like this. We were doing a routine cruise near ——— islands, getting weather statistics and that kind of stuff. Some Jap planes — must have been based on a carrier near by — attacked us and had all kinds of fun. They bombed us and strafed us and when we hit one it dived right on our bloody ship. Then they bombed and strafed us some more.

Well, one gun crew on the forward deck got clean wiped out. This lieut. — kid gloves and all — got so mad he started working the gun all by himself, yelling at the Japs, till he was wiped out too. The ship was pretty badly crippled but she limped home O. K. The lieut.'s wife got his medal.

The lieut. was in solid with us after that. You see — we was that forward gun crew.

STRANGER

ELINOR MIGNERY BROWN, '45

It was lunch hour. The hungry defense workers crowded up to the counter in a noisy, unending line that demanded instant service. I flew back and forth, from counter to pop case, from steam table to pie counter. Frantically I tried to figure the cost of the orders while I was recalling just how much sugar this customer wanted in her coffee.

Bob, a tall blond version of Jimmy Stewart, came by, with his warm smile and his usual order of orange pop and raisin pie a la mode. He was followed by Mr. Brown who worked more than 80 hours the previous week. (Mr. Brown's son is missing in action in the Pacific.)

The next customer was a stranger, one of the many foreigners working in the plant. He was an elderly man of Italian birth, short and dark, with piercing black eyes. He clutched an old shoe box under his arm. He was quite shy, as if he couldn't quite adjust himself to this mad rush of American industry.

In very broken English, he gave me his order, but I was completely in the dark as to what he wanted. He repeated his order again, and a third time. I resorted to the universal method of sign language. "Soup? Pie? Ice cream? Sandwich?" But his only reply was a negative nod of his head. Angry mutters could be heard above the usual din of the lunchroom, and the more impatient people in the line began to shove their way forward, remarking, "Hey, hurry it up, will ya? I've only got four minutes left!"

A look of bewilderment came into the man's eyes as he sensed the resentment of the others. I made one last effort to translate his order. "Coffee?" I asked in desperation. Sadly he shook his head "no," turned, and walked away. Going over to a near-by table he sat down, opened the old shoe box, and ate his solitary lunch,—a lonely figure in a strange land.



INDIAN SUMMER

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

The rain is falling here, a steady tropic rain,
That over all our hopes and plans a dullness lays,
And yet beyond and through these steaming jungle trails
I see New England hills in golden autumn haze—

The brilliant leaves are falling steady as our rain
From loaded branches with the gusty, mocking breeze,
Scarlet and gold flaunt gaily o'er the countryside
The beauty of the yearly seeming death of trees.

Here on this isle the weary fight and death go on,
A death that flaunts no autumn beauty in the rain,
But in these muddy trails I think of this—
New England trees will live to see the spring again.

DISGUISE

ANNA JEAN WALTERS, '45

If I had asked him—
When he was small,
Just where he chose to die,
He would have flown away
On wings of imagination
And picked a sandy isle—
Tucked deep in a blue pocket of the sea—
Or maybe, a beautiful grassy jungle
With wild beasts to serve as playmates
And tall green trees—a ceiling for the night.
He may have said the sky,
Among the clouds—where no one ever goes;
Away from all the fear of worldly things.
Or yet a foreign land
Where people live a different way
And amuse him in their ignorance.
It is well I did not ask—

Imagination can wear a disguise—
Reality.

LINES

MARTHA GOOD, '47

Gray mist veiling the sky,
Cool rain falling.
Gray snow covering the earth,
Robins calling.
Fresh winds bending the trees,
Gray smoke scenting the breeze,
Spring!

CRIMSON MIRROR

TROY R. BRADY, '45

I went into the woods again today
To see if peace could drive my cares away.
I saw the sunrise — like a crimson flood,
Reminder of grim Eastern fields of blood.
And what I thought were bluebirds in the sky
Were really bombers passing, flying high.

A dove's low moaning in a red-bud tree
The cry of wounded men became to me.
At evening time the sky again was red—
A mute dispatch to name the Western dead.

O God of mercy! Can the sunlight fall
On red Italian beaches — cast a pall
Of crimson on a dawn so far away?
Does that same sun reflect, at close of day
Upon Pacific waters red with gore
And write upon our sunset: "Nevermore?"

Such angle of reflection could not be
As mirrored that Mirage of death to me.
But laws of light and physics fall apart
When shining through a broken human heart!

I went into the fields again today—
Would God I'd stayed away!

MUSIC

JAMES MONTGOMERY, '48
Third Prize Poetry Fall 1944

I love the sound
Of Music, that in soaring, sweeps
In scintillating passages
Like glowing stars that fall, pursued
By swirling trails of light.

THE WHEELS OF INDUSTRY TURN

BARBARA LAND, '48
Third Prize Prose Fall 1944

Horns blow, street cars clang, crowds chatter, and seemingly four thousand humans try to crowd into a bus meant to hold forty. Thus the war worker starts his daily grind at 6:00 A. M.

Listen to the story of Jim Thomas—not because he is the exception, but because he is the rule.

After rising at 5:30, dressing hastily, gulping two cups of coffee, giving his wife a hasty peck on the cheek, catching a bus, arriving at town, getting another bus by shoving his way through the milling crowd surrounding the bus door, ignoring stepped-on toes, elbows in his eye, and glaring looks from his fellow "bus-catchers," he succeeds in getting two inches of bus floor to stand on which he can proudly call his own. There's no need to hang on a strap, for no one can fall. They are so tightly wedged that no one can even move an inch! With a smug look of satisfaction at having successfully boarded his bus, Jim then glances about him and recognizes some of his co-workers, with whom he chats amiably about his job, or his clever children, until, one minute before the factory whistle blows, the bus door opens in front of the factory and the crowd streams forth. This scene bears more of a resemblance to the rushing torrents of Niagara Falls than of people alighting from a bus. And they madly rush through the door, each flickering a badge as he passes the guard, and all miraculously manage to punch their time cards just as the whistle blows.

With a sigh of relief, Mr. Thomas ambles over towards his lathe, for this is his specialty. Mr. Thomas, as was mentioned previously, is typical of his kind. He quit school when sixteen, and began

working as a "flunky" in a factory at a mere pittance. He gradually learned the machines, and at length became an experienced lathe operator. Then the war came along, Jim's wages soared to an unheard of height, and he had a deep feeling of satisfaction—until he discovered the jolting fact that he was paying twice the pre-war prices for clothes and groceries!

Mr. Thomas is married and has three children, all too young to serve their country. But Jim does have a keen interest in the war. Although he is a year over the draft age, he has two brothers in service overseas.

He works diligently for long hours. But his pleasures are limited. He bowls with his shop league twice a week, he reads the front page and the "funnies," and he listens to the news broadcasts. His culture is rather meager. He is little interested in music, less in art. The type of music he enjoys can best be judged by hearing his requests for numbers on the plant broadcasting system. Cowboy tunes and Tommy Dorsey's records are his favorites. A classical tune usually bores and disgusts him.

Although he's willing to work, he's more than willing to rest. At nine in the morning, a lunch-wagon, bearing pies and milk, lures him from the business of winning the war for fifteen minutes. After thus being refreshed, and laughing and joking with his friends, he again applies himself to the work at hand.

The loud blast of the 11:30 whistle sends Jim Thomas and a host of others scurrying down the aisle at a jerky, half-run, half-walk under a sign which boldly commands, "WALK—DON'T RUN". Anticipating the whistle, Jim has already been to the washroom and removed some of the grime and grease from his hands. He then arrives at the cafeteria and eats a hearty meal full of vitamins and calories. The only difficulty is that Jim likes good, substantial food instead of vitamins and calories, so one can usually hear a daily complaint about the food. Actually it is this well-balanced diet which keeps Jim in tip-top condition for his job, but like many Americans, Jim's favorite pastime is "Griping." In thirty minutes, Jim consumes a huge meal, smokes two cigarettes, settles the war, decides the election, compares

children, decides his are the smartest, and returns to his lathe.

The hours from twelve to three drag wearily in an uninterrupted fashion.

And then comes the sweetest music to a workman's ears—the whistle for quitting time! By the time the whistle has stopped blowing, the line at the time clock is two or three blocks long! Then, in mass formation they descend upon the trolley bus, and experience tortures similar to those of the early morning.

So we come to the end of a perfect day. The artist gazes at the sunset. The musician plays Mozart. The poet reads Shelley. The war worker takes off his shoes.

WHAT A PRIMROSE TOLD

MIRIAM McINTOSH, '45

The Primrose whispered a secret to me,
As we met in a dusty lane;
But not understanding, I made quite free,
To ask her to tell it again.

Then she said, "Why, Violet, Mint, and Clover,
And Goldenrod so gay
Have told you the same thing over and over,
Many and many a day".

"But tell me again, I do not know,"
So she said with a shining face,
"A sweet and pleasant thing may grow
On a very barren place."

FRAGMENTS

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

First Prize Prose Fall 1944

Christmas Eve is as good a time as any to be waiting at a bus stop, if you're waiting for someone. There are just enough big flakes of snow in the air tonight to make it really seem like Christmas. They stick to the bare branches of a maple tree near the corner, and reflect the glow of the street lamp. They cling to the pole that has BUS painted on its side in fading letters. They cover and surround me in a

little white world of my own, but Christmas Eve is no time to be lonely—

How many times have I met you here? One by one memories return of times we were together—

First spring comes to our street, and you are with me. The branches of the maple tree are full of bursting green buds, and a robin is perched on its highest limb, pouring out his joy in cheerful, tuneless song. A country lane stretches ahead of us, and an orchard full of apple trees in bloom on either side.

Then the leaves of the maple tree grow full and droop a bit in the heat of the summer. Remember the house near town with a yard full of sunflowers—a small, white house that needed painting? There was a sign that said “For Sale” near the picket fence. There were green shutters and a porch—but most of all there were sunflowers, bright and golden in the warmth of the afternoon

All too quickly the autumn comes, splashing color on the countryside, turning the leaves of the maple scarlet and yellow and orange. All too quickly they fall into the street, piles of brown soaked with November rains. There was a lady selling lavender in the rain on the city streets—do you recall? “Fresh lavender—English lavender.” A breath of happiness to sell, to buy—Happiness. We had it then, and we kept it till the day you went away. I can almost feel that happiness now, feel you with me in my small, white world—

A bus is stopping, and interrupts my dreams. People loaded down with packages are getting off, and they smile and wish each other a Merry Christmas. “Merry Christmas”—I whisper. But you have left me, and I mustn’t stand here in the snow any longer—people will wonder. Christmas Eve isn’t a very good time to be waiting at a bus stop if you’re not waiting for anyone.



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