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Spring 1943

### 1943 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

Otterbein English Department

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

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# QUIZ and QUILL

SPRING  
1943





# THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB  
OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

Spring, 1943

Founded, 1919



## IN MEMORY, 1943

Today there is a drop of Russian in my blood—  
Today the war came home. And now I know ....  
With grief that clutches at my soul  
That war is more than maps, and guns and tanks,  
Or terse laconic quips. Today the war came home.

He was the first of those few friends  
Who hold the center part of me,  
Who now I know cannot return  
To add the small perfecting strokes  
Upon their living portraits in my heart.  
And thus the war came home.

He sat across from me, and held my child;  
And grinned when I grew grave  
Because he kept his spirit free.  
For in his loose-limbed, easy way,  
That always left me lighter too for having seen it,  
He possessed, in all its grace, the wisdom  
That is youth's, the wisdom of America.

Across the land, across the sea, we followed him  
With brief notation of address, and often said  
That we should write. But didn't.  
But now today the war came home, and mail  
Is stricken dumb. Today we turn to other ways  
Of saying—what? We're proud? We're brave?  
No. Only that we're humble, shaken, sad.  
Today the war came home.

EMERSON SHUCK, '38



# The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman	Sponsor
Mary Thomas	Alumni Secretary
Wilma Creamer	President
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Leora Ludwick	Paul Reber
Jacqueline Pfeifer	Glenn Riley
Jean Unger	



## THE STAFF

Emmajane Hilliard	Editor
Glenn Riley	Business Manager



## THE QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST WINNERS

Spring, 1943      Prose

First Prize	Esther Smoot, '45
Second Prize	Marian McNaught, '46
Third Prize	R. W. Gifford, '45

## THESE THINGS SHALL BE

EDNA MAE ROBERTS, '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.



## LETTER—1943

JEAN UNGER, '43

It's spring here now  
Like those we used to know,  
The sun shines warm  
Over jonquils in a row.

Boys' kites fly high  
Bright patches 'gainst the blue.  
Spring's very scent  
Is in the early morning dew.

Every night at dusk  
The cool winds waft perfume.  
And myriad fire-flies  
Spin light-paths through the gloom.

Can you hear me—  
From your fox-hole on Bataan?  
I want to tell you  
That here it's spring again.

## LOSERS, WEEPERS

JACQUELINE PFEIFER, '44

Lost—my conscience,  
Somewhere between the heart and mind;  
If found, please return it.  
Value—intrinsic.



## ROMANCE?

ANNA BROOKS, '43

Stories of romance and moonlight are not real. The heroine is always a blond, weighs just the right amount, and is the perfect height for her man. She has the proper technique, the correct amount of energy, and the correct amount of cash in her purse. The hero is tall, dark, and blue eyed. He has either his wings or a commission. All they need worry about is their blood tests.

Here goes for the real romance:

She wasn't the least bit beautiful. Her hair was a cross between black and brown—and it was exceedingly stringy. She bit her nails and was careless about her hands. Her nose was perpetually shinning. There was no tinkle in her voice—it was more like a big bass drum.

He was four inches shorter than the girl. His walk resembled a rheumatic old farmer. He had a crew cut and a double chin. He represented the lowest form of animal life—namely, that of a buck private in Uncle Sam's Army Air Force.

There was a steady downpour of rain. The streets were dirty and the sooty slush splashed on her hose. The gutters were running streams of very mucky water.

They went to a boring stage show. She slept on his shoulder, being rudely awakened by his clapping for the almost nude chorus girls to come back on the stage. After the show he said, "Wasn't it wonderful?" and she said, "Yes, wasn't it?"

They ate. They walked home—in the rain. At the door he said, "Well . . . good-night," and she said, "Thanks for a lovely evening."

---On the way back to his base he kept saying to himself, "I wonder just what I see in that girl?"

After she had closed the door on her soldier boy friend she went to her room, prepared for bed, and began to read a magazine . . . Romance, moonlight—blonde heroines, handsome heroes ? ? ? ?



## TO MY HUSBAND

ELLEN VAN AUKEN LAYCOCK, '43

If I should dedicate myself to write  
A verse to love—and you, it would be bright  
With joyous song and gay as autumn leaves  
That, whirling, dance upon October's breeze.  
And it would have the quickening of spring,  
Sudden awakening of everything.  
And in its rhyming patterns it would hold  
The beauty of a star that shone of old,  
The memory of bird calls heard at dawn,  
The glory in the west when day was gone.  
But, no, the muse comes not to heed my call.  
Words are not worthy of this task at all.



## MESSAGE UNKNOWN

JEAN UNGER, '43

Funny thing about this army!! Lot of griping and kicking but there's not a one of us who would trade our friendships and the good times together.

Take Lee Stanley, my special buddy. He bunked next to me, and right from the first we hit it off. He came from Rhode Island, and being a California product myself, I was general guide, lecturer, and first-rate heckler of anything that smacked of the east!!

Well, Lee had a girl back home he was pretty keen about. We all razzed him because he wasn't certain how he stood with her. It bothered him a lot for he was really in love.

"I don't know," he used to drawl, "we just write matter-of-fact, everyday conversations. Sandy never says much about missing me or anything like that."

To the laughing suggestions that he put his feelings into writing, old Lee would just blush and argue that that wasn't any way to make love.

Long about last May when everyone was thinking of furloughs and that "special gal," Lee was awful moody. He wasn't slated for leave and all he could think about was being stuck in California miles from nowhere—meaning too far from Rhode Island and Sandy.

And then one morning after mail-call, Lee dashed in, shouting and singing. He rolled me off my cot and pounded me to a pulp, all the time yelling at the top of his voice, "She loves me, she loves me!!!!"



As proof, he offered the familiar blue envelope, addressed in Sandy's small, slanted hand. It looked to me like any of the others and I told Lee so, but he pointed to the stamp. That stamp! It was crooked and one edge was ragged—but it was upside down!!

Funny how a symbol can change a man's life. "I love you" signified by an upside down stamp certainly fixed things for Lee. He wrote a long letter to Sandy and it wasn't long before she came to California and they were married.

Sandy was everything Lee had said of her—small, dainty, and loads of fun. Just before they left for Lee's new camp, I had a minute alone with her.

"Honestly, Jay," she said, "I'm so much in love, but I can't quite realize how it all happened. When I think back that last letter wasn't any different but it must have seemed pretty special to Lee. I was in a rush that day and the letter was kinda' messy. If I remember, the stamp was even upside down!!"



Pfc.

JANE ALEXANDER, '45

Could I forget when last we met?  
My back was turned, my chair was set  
Beside a table piled with mail—  
Cards and letters, bills of sale,  
I heard your voice so unconcerned,  
The letters fell, I quickly turned  
And saw you standing over there.  
So stunned I was I could but stare  
And wonder if 'twere really so.  
Our eyes told much, we said, "Hello."

That's not the word I wished to say  
With you so near to me that day.  
But other people were there too  
And there was so much work to do.  
But all that time I longed to stand,  
To take you gently by the hand  
And talk with you of all the things  
That memory of old times brings.  
Perhaps when you come home again  
I'll tell you things I couldn't then.

## PRIVATE HOBBS, U. S. ARMY

EMMAJANE HILLIARD, '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 alot 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 experimentally. 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 partol 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 looking 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 alot 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 over-

head. 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.



### "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.

LAMENTATION, OR,  
You Will Probably Laugh At This, Too!

I'm out of my teens,  
I've never flunked school,  
Yet serious attempts at poetry  
Make me look like a fool.

The things that I write  
Which I think are funny,  
Are passed over without laughter,  
And I feel like a dummy.

And yet some day I hope  
To write a verse that's small  
Which will be quite serious  
And not funny at all.



FABLE, OR,  
My Latest (Probably Final) Attempt!

There was a little girl,  
Her name was Undine Strouse.  
She had no friends  
Because she had so many louse.

She received magazine ads,  
But poor Undine couldn't read,  
So the ads' vital message  
She could not heed.

This is the lesson  
I bring today,—  
Learn to read, friends,  
It will doubly pay.

Apologetically yours,  
GLENN RILEY, '44.



## AU PRINTEMPS

ROBERT NORRIS, '43

Spring glides o'er the meadow all unseen  
Her tiny feet encased in flower shoon—  
Elusive as the echo to a whisper.

The sleeping trees at last begin to wake;  
They toss their tousled heads against the sky  
And send forth little buds to reconnoitre.



## WE MIGHT HAVE MET

JANET ROBERTS, '46

We might have met in Samarcand,  
Or France, or Timbucktoo.  
We might have met each other first  
When life was fresh and new.

We might have met in London-town  
Or on Loch Lomond's shore.  
It might have been in Kansas fields,  
Or finding Persia's lore.

We might have met in Iceland  
Or where the wind is sad.  
We might have met—Oh heavenly days!  
We haven't! Am I glad!



## SOLITUDE

EDDIE NESBITT, '44

The deep, dark shadows of night crept in,  
Crept into my lonely room.  
Crept into the heart where a dream had been  
And faded away in the gloom.

The two silver stars that we had known—  
"Our stars" came into sight.  
But mine went under a cloud alone,  
And sank in the sea of night.

## "RECOLLECTIONS OF KILMER"

MALCOLM GRESSMAN, '45

I know that I no more shall hear  
A tender voice close to my ear.  
A voice that whispers to arise  
That tells of dawn and sunlit skies.  
A voice come from a mother's breast  
To rouse me gently from my rest.  
Beasts are up be times; but then  
They are beasts and we are men.  
I'd rather lie in bed you know  
Than hear some damned old bugler blow.



## PURELY FICTITIOUS

WILMA CREAMER, '43

It had happened to us as it does to all families sooner or later. Grandma had died! And Grandma was going to be buried! Our first funeral!

We were up early that morning and were hardly able to stand the suspense attached to this mystery of the dead. The morning seemed like hours, but eventually it passed and the time drew near for the big event. Dale and I were dressed and then forgotten.

Kind friends brought loads of food that day—pies, cakes, cookies. We two kids watched, eyes growing bigger and bigger as cake followed cake into the kitchen. Finally Dale could stand it no longer and there in front of several mourners and sympathizers have naively asked, "Are we going to serve refreshments?"

Mother burst into tears and Dale and I were hurried outside where we were warned that another outburst and funeral or no we'd get spanked.

It was then I got the idea. My father had frequently said that if he hadn't been around at my launching he would have sworn that I'd been fathered by a Jew, with their true characteristic so predominately one of mine—the love of money.

"Say Dale," I queried, "Did you ever think of a funeral as being like a show—you know you have to pay money and . . ."



He caught on quick and in five minutes an imposing sign hung on the front gate:

### FUNERAL

See the dead woman!

10c—cheap

We never collected a penny but the excitement was worth the financial loss. My aunt Stella was the first to enter; she saw the sign and promptly fainted. 10 minutes later Dale and I were sitting on chairs, bottoms warmed, and I don't mean the chairs.

In a way it was a golden opportunity. Our eyes were red and swollen from crying so we took a cue from Mother and began crying for Grandma. Dale was a little better at the game than I, he looked so young and innocent; but I did my share. In about fifteen minutes we cleaned up a profit of 65c and to us it was gold mine.

We've often wondered what we might have made if the funeral rites hadn't begun. Dad gave us a pretty good sounding out about how we were to behave. We sat pretty still for about five minutes and then Dale couldn't stand it any longer. Whether it was the desire for attention or a mere mercenary attitude I'll never know, but all of a sudden he let out a shriek that must have permeated to the marrow of poor old Grandma's bones.

"I want my Grandma."

Eyes were lifted, and I heard whispers like:

"The poor child," "the darling angel," etc.

Dale seeing that he was getting results, yelled again. The rest of this story I hesitate to write. My father, a little too understanding at times, must have remembered how just a few short weeks ago, Dale had sat sticking pins in Grandma's back while she screamed in pained agony that she was dying. Anyway, none too gently Father removed Dale from the chair and there before the eyes of the mourners, not to mention an astonished Reverend, whipped him soundly and set him down. Dale didn't even whimper; he was thoroughly subdued. My poor father, however, has been branded as a maniac and to this day the skeleton in our family closet has been the story of the crazed father who beat his darling child because he cried for his departed grandma.



There are thirteen people among our relatives who have steadfastly refused to speak to Dad, and one old lady, a great cousin, left Dale fifty dollars when she died; just because he loved "old ladies."

Eventually we got to the cemetery, where, suffice it to say, Dale and I had a great time jumping off of tombstones and picking flowers.

I suggested to my father that we should have brought along a bottle to christen the new coffin as they did new ships. Dad said he just wished he had a bottle—he needed it.

The only other occurrence worth mentioning was our plot to get rid of a five year old cousin, whom, to put it mildly, we detested. We thought it would be an easy matter to push him into the open grave during the prayer, and who would note the difference. Thanks to our father, who was becoming an amateur detective, the plot was foiled. He caught hold of the leg of the child as body and head disappeared over the edge of the grave.

The remainder of the day was spent under the close surveillance of our elder brother who was the perfect M. P.

That night, tucked in our respective beds, we re-hashed the events of the day and Dale concluded,

"You know, this was the happiest day of my life."

"Mine too," I sleepily replied.

Then Dale said something that brought me wide awake with visions of a rosy, wonderful future.

"How soon do you suppose Grandad'll die?"



## COED'S PHILOSOPHY

ANONA CONING, '43

Roommate, I cannot mind my books

My head aches; I'm about to die

Oh, if you only had "Prof" Crooks

Who has as much to do as I?

Tell me how I'll ever get through

Oh dear, I'll never get to sleep

Who's that downstairs? You say it's Hugh?

Where's my lipstick and don't you peep.

## 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 FOUR O'CLOCK LOCAL

MARIAN McNAUGHT, '46

The doors of the shops and stores are closed against the mid-afternoon sun. Blinds—green, blue and tan—streaked by old Sol's persistence are drawn in the windows of the houses all along the street to provide an hour's seclusion for the siesta of the town's families. A dog, lying in a hollowed-out bed of cool earth on the shady side of a little white bungalow, stirs nervously in his sleep as a fly alights, first on his moist nose and then on his outstretched forepaw. The slow creak of old Sam's wagon temporarily disturbs the peace and quiet as his aged horse lazily meanders towards the outskirts of town. Bees and humming birds gaily go about their business in the sunny gardens, seemingly the only wide-awake creatures, but contributing to the drowsy mood of the hour with their monotonous hum.

The shrill whistle of the four o'clock local pierces the air and the train pulls up to the depot to collect the afternoon mail. A village loafer tips forward in his sagging cane-bottom chair until all four of its legs rest upon the platform, and slowly opens his eyes.

Cedarville awakes.



## 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.



## "CREATION"

PAUL REBER, '43

In the dawn of Chaos, above the seas,  
A symphony was begun  
With mighty Powers and Majesties  
To form a work well done.

In glorious State, upon His throne  
God set his ordered sway,  
And gave to life symphonic tone  
To beautify Man's way.

On singing strings He drew His bow,  
Gave breath to Life's pure reed  
That from the Human heart could flow  
True harmony indeed.

The drum's dull chant, the organ's swell,  
The shout of blasting horn  
Calls us from afar to tell,  
"Creation's song is born."

And he who would be tuned with these,  
Creator, now, with Him  
Has found his place in harmonies  
Among God's Seraphim.

## TO A LONELY MAIDEN

WILMA CREAMER, '43

Spring came in April  
As always.  
With her yellows and pinks and blues,  
And with soft winds  
Singing and laughing.  
She didn't know that war had come;  
She only knew  
That it was her time—love time.

Softly she pinned a jonquil in a maiden's hair  
And waited,  
Expecting laughter, heard a maiden cry.

She wandered alone by the brookside,  
Sought in vain  
Through the streets and in parks  
For a welcoming word or remembrance.  
But the people rebuffed her caresses,  
Left her frightened,  
Bewildered,  
And lonely.

Just the wind bent an ear to her sorrow  
To her pitiful question, "Why?"  
And now through the night air wafted,  
Comes the soft wind's plaintive plea:

"Linger awhile with the Springtime  
They'll come back, we promise they will;  
And Spring still is Spring, remember?  
And April is April still."



## NOW IS THE TIME

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

Now is the time of the cross and the lonely hill  
And the horrid black that shadows the noonday sun  
And the tortured cry from lips that will soon be still,  
When the final dregs of the bitter cup are gone.  
Now is each foxhole a Gethsemane,  
And on each ridge, scarred flesh and shattered bone  
Suffer Golgatha's final agony.  
Where is the faith to roll away the stone?



## QUESTION

JEAN UNGER, '43

Are you true  
Or are you not?  
Wish I knew  
What you've got.

Something sure  
To hold me fast.  
Now I wonder,  
Will it last?



## THREE ROUNDS

EMMAJANE HILLIARD, '43

"So you can see how exciting it will be—," said Paul sweetly as they finished their soup.

Peter didn't answer.

"The salary isn't fabulous, but I always did fancy myself guarding an executive's door and answering the phone with a rose on my desk," Paul went rattling on cheerfully.

---Peter stuttered harmlessly.

"Trouble with you, darling, you're too old-fashioned," announced Paul kindly as Peter attacked his lettuce leaf viciously.

"No, dearest. I just agree with the sages that women's place is in the home," snapped her lord and master ominously.

"That's what I mean," replied Paul gravely, as if that explained everything.

"What's what what you mean?" stumbled Peter desperately, weakening under the strain.

"We can go to work together, but I'll beat you home by half an hour," beamed Paul triumphantly.

"Oh," came the muffled reply. Peter had buried his head under a pillow on the divan.

Round One went to Paul.

By the time dishes were finished and Paul drifted in from the kitchen, Peter had his second wind and the light of battle in his eye.

"You're being awfully sweet about this darling," murmured Paul tenderly while she mussed up the dark head of her long-suffering husband.

There was a sharp snap as Peter bit through the stem of his pipe. The unfortunate man had never quite recovered from the discovery that his bride had no character—positively no character at all. His assortment of pipes suffered as a result.

"My objection to this idea of your working, Paul, is that I am perfectly able to support my wife," explained Peter patiently. "Is there anything you don't have—anything within reason you want that we don't have?" he persisted.

"It isn't that and you know it, Peter," protested Paul. "But we have been married months and months and I haven't any fun—all the tradesmen know about us now," she finished. Of course, that made it all clear!

"Know what about us?" grated Peter, while suspicion reared its ugly head. Peter had also discovered that his bride could tell the most amazing fibs if they'd cause any excitement.

"Know that Peter and Paul Kendall are married and that I'm Paul," she said. Since Peter was obviously still bewildered she tried again. "When we moved here it was quite a shock for neighbors and people who heard we were married—our names, see? Peter and Paul," she explained gleefully. "Everyone came to see what it was all about and the doorbell rang a hundred times a day. I didn't have a chance to be lonesome. And you'd have died at how disappointed some of the women were to find out I was Paul," she added with a wicked grin. "Now they all know there's nothing funny about our names, I haven't enough to do all day," finished Paul.

"You heathen!" stuttered Peter finally, and Paul grinned smugly. Yes, Peter's bride was quite a girl—anything for a laugh!

"You'll get used to the idea in time, dear," grinned Paul with a twinkle in her eye. For her, at least, the argument was settled. After all, what could be more fun than going to work together every morning and having a rose on her desk?

Round two went to Paul.

But though she didn't know it, right then was when Paul began losing the argument. There was a gleam in Peter's eye, too—not the same kind of gleam maybe—but a very definite gleam. Peter, you see,



was of the old school who believes that "time solves all problems."

They went to work together each morning and Paul had a wonderful time, what with a rose on her desk and learning to whip up a good dinner in 45 minutes.

She even got the people she worked for trained to call her "Paul" instead of "Pauline." Of course, they learned the hard way, but Paul was a forceful young woman.

Oddly enough, she resigned her position in April and not-too-reluctantly gave up the rose on her desk. She went on a clothes-buying spree, the next week and then became intensely engrossed in redecorating their apartment.

By June it was over. All their friends talk about what a splendid little mother Paul Kendall is; and what a smug look Peter Kendall wears when he looks at Paul and Peter junior.

Like I always say—it's the Third Round that counts!



## SATIRE ON "ODES TO SPRING"

JANET ROBERTS, '46

The other day, it seemed to me,  
Some things were not exactly right.  
I looked up,—and in the sky  
The moon was shining very bright.

As it was noon, I stood and stared.  
The grass was blue, the sky was green,  
And folks were walking upside-down.  
I looked and looked. Was this a dream?

The creek ran up and o'er the bridge.  
The birds were croaking roundelays.  
I tried to stand upon my head.  
The clocks were showing years, not days.

Then down I fell, and I awoke  
To puzzle why should such a thing  
Disturb me. Then I realized  
I'd read too many odes to Spring!

## MOOD

MARJORIE MILLER, '43

Now as the thin, pale liquid of the sun  
Pours on the dingy February pines,  
And down the empty street a lost wind cries;  
Now through the glass the sand does cease to run.  
Now do I comprehend earth's vast designs,  
And in my heart a deep, sweet sorrow lies.



## CONQUEROR OF THE YEARS

TROY BRADY, '45

I found a chimney-stone among the grasses  
And reverently turned it over with my hands  
Then—quick as thought—the fleeting present passes  
For scenes more real; the past before me stands!  
A house is there, with every chink and cranny  
And mark of axe, and weatherbeaten stain.  
Forgotten moods arise wraith-like, uncanny,  
And thoughts long dead come back to life again.

I felt a breeze with tang of wood smoke laden—  
Incense divine! So rare it has no name,—  
And see again my fire-lit forest haven  
Where green-cut oak lies seething on the flame;  
Hold out my hands and watch the smoke uprising  
While fire-born wild flame-dancers leap and start;  
Hold out my soul, to thaw within their blazing  
The frozen memory-chambers of my heart.

I hear a voice familiar to my teardrops—  
But laughter made a rainbow of my tears;  
For fancy loaned its magic to the moment  
And cancelled all the intervening years;  
To make untrue the charge that memory's laughter  
Must wait to ring again in courts above.  
What has been, and shall be hereafter  
Is now, by every law of yearning love.



## THE CHEATER

LEORA LUDWICK, '43

Kay Thomson was one of the most vicious little cheaters I've ever known. The queer thing about Kay was that of all the old crowd a casual observer would without a doubt pick her to be the girl most likely to be faithful unto death. She was the prototype of the sweet, demure, girl with no more than ordinary good looks, nice brown hair and eyes, definitely not the siren.

Kay and Tom Anders were a real combination. Tom was a great fellow, always game, on hand to help at any time, full of the joy of living. No one ever planned anything without first consulting Tom. He was the axis around which our little world revolved. When Tom enlisted in June we felt as if that world must come to end—and indeed it did.

We all thought he would place a ring on Kay's third finger left before he departed—or at least get rid of that frat pin he'd worn so faithfully, but he didn't. July 1st found us all at the station to see him off, but no one could notice that his farewell to Kay was particularly ardent. But then they never were the demonstrative type. We felt rather than saw the bond between them.

For about two months Kay was superb. She wore the same smile she always had and was always with the crowd, alone, yet never seeming lonely.

But suddenly Kay changed. Like a widow taking a desperate last fling at life, she began to be seen around, but not alone any more. She was rushed by first one swain, then another, and the worst of it was, they weren't strangers. They were our own boys—fellows who'd been more or less "attached" for years. She even had a fling with my Phil, an episode I haven't quite forgotten yet. He came back, but it wasn't his fault; it was Kay's. She seemed possessed by some demon—always on the go, feverishly gay, and brighter and wittier than we'd ever seen her before—harder, too.

We all resented her; a couple of the girls openly criticized her, but mostly we kept our feelings to ourselves, in the strange manner of very close friends. None of us heard much from Tom. We had occasional postcards, and we heard through his mother that he was to receive a commission soon. We knew,

of course that he wrote to Kay, but we didn't feel much like asking her about him. We felt that silence would make her realize that we didn't like the bad deal she was giving Tom.

Yesterday three of us had lunch with Kay. We ate slowly, talked desultorily of this and that. Finally I very casually said something we'd all been wanting to say for an hour. "I hear Tom's coming home next week. I suppose you're pretty anxious to see him."

For a long minute there was an uncomfortable silence; then Kay said very slowly, "Yes, I am, but I doubt if I see him."

Then I exploded, "What's the matter with you, Kay! Don't you know you're muffing any chance you might have for happiness with Tom—that is, if you really care about him; Even his mother doesn't understand you."

Something awful happened to Kay's face for an instant. Then she laughed—the hard brittle laugh that seemed to go with the new Kay. "Perhaps his mother doesn't know something I've known for a long time," she said, "If you think Tom loves me you're the one who's making a mistake." Then with an effort, "You see, girls, Tom is being married today."



## REWARD

ROBERT NORRIS, '43

A crumpled piece of paper  
For a fragment of a chain;  
A little scrap of candle  
For a torch that was a-flame;  
A harsh, derisive discord  
For a falcon's song on high;  
An old and dusty sandal  
For pinions that could fly;  
A tankard filled with cobwebs  
For a flagon of old wine;  
And a notched and rusty pen-knife  
For Excalibur's mime.

Life-surge unfettered  
Are you maya; enchantment?



## TABLE OF CONTENTS



In Memory, 1943—Emerson Shuck '38 .....	1
Club—Staff—Prize Winners .....	2
These Things Shall Be—Edna Mae Roberts '45.....	3
Letter—1943—Jean Unger '43 .....	3
Losers, Weepers—Jacqueline Pfeifer '44 .....	4
Romance?—Anna Brooks '43 .....	4
To My Husband—Ellen Van Auken Laycock '43 .....	5
Message Unknown—Jean Unger '43 .....	5-6
Pfc.—Jene Alexander '45 .....	6
Private Hobbs, U. S. Army—Emmajane Hilliard '43 .....	7-13
"On Having Eyes"—Paul Reber '43 .....	13
Lamentation and Fable—Glenn Riley '44 .....	14
Au Printemps—Robert Norris '43 .....	15
We Might Have Met—Janet Roberts '46.....	15
Solitude—Eddie Nesbitt '44 .....	15
"Recollections of Kilmer"—Malcolm Gressman '45 .....	16
Purely Fictitious—Wilma Creamer '43 .....	16-18
Coed's Philosophy—Anona Coning '43 .....	18
Our Love—Esther Smoot '45 .....	19
The Four O'clock Local—Marian McNaught '46 .....	19
The Presence—Marjorie Miller '43 .....	20
"Creation"—Paul Reber '43 .....	20
To A Lonely Maiden—Wilma Creamer '43 .....	21
Now Is The Time—Marjorie Miller '43 .....	21
Question—Jean Unger '43 .....	22
Three Rounds—Emmajane Hilliard '43 .....	22-24
Satire On "Odes To Spring"—Janet Roberts '46 .....	24
Mood—Marjorie Miller '43 .....	25
Conqueror of the Years—Troy Brady '45 .....	25
The Cheater—Leora Ludwick '43 .....	26-27
Reward—Robert Norris '43 .....	27



