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1946 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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SPRING 1946



Quiz and Qune

THE QUIZ AND QUILL

Published By

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

OF OTTERBEIN COLLEGE

THE STAFF

Jean McClay.....Editor
Edna Mae Roberts.....Associate Editor
Jean Murgage.....Business Manager
Mary C. Carlson.....Assistant Business Manager

Spring, 1946

Founded, 1919

The Quiz and Quill Club

C. O. Altman.....Sponsor
Janet L. Roberts.....President
Jane Bentley.....Vice President
Catherine Barnhart.....Secretary-Treasurer

Edna Mae Roberts June Murgage
Edgar Daniels Evelyn Cliffe
Mary C. Carlson Leo C. Anderson
Sylvia Phillips Jean McClay

Literary Awards

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

FALL, 1945

Poetry

First Prize.....James Montgomery, '48
Second Prize.....Patricia Nutt, '46
Third Prize.....Phyllis Davis, '49

Prose

First Prize.....Willis Garrison, '49
Second Prize.....Wanda Diller, '49
Third Prize.....Phyllis Davis, '49

SPRING, 1946

Prose

First Prize.....Willis Garrison, '49
Second Prize.....Beverly Hancock, '48
Third Prize.....Martha Good, '47

SPECIAL AWARDS

Spring, 1946

Dr. Roy A. Burkhart Poetry Contest

First Prize.....Sylvia Phillips, '47
Second Prize.....Robert Pollock, '48
Third Prize.....Emily Clark, '47

Spring, 1945

Walter Lowrie Barnes Short Story Contest

First Prize.....Janet L. Roberts, '46
Second Prize.....Jane Bentley, '46

Wayne V. Harsha Feature Article Contest

First Prize.....Jane Bentley, '46
Second Prize.....Janet L. Roberts, '46

COVER DESIGN BY DONALD DENNIS

QUEST

MARY CARLSON, '47

We left the dance early,
Wanting
To walk home alone
Together;
To enjoy by ourselves,
Unmolested,
The enchantment of cold
Winter weather.
We spoke not a word, only
Clasping
To our hearts, this one hour
Of joy
When no one would notice
Or see us—
Enraptured—a girl and
A boy.
Shapeless shadows—not people
Are passing;
Full moons—not street lamps
We see;
Soft kisses—not snowflakes
Are falling;
Release—when naught else
Is free.

A VILLANELLE

MARIE HOLT, '46

When last I saw you, June roses were nigh
(Spring will always return again.)
Now winter is here, and the snow's piled high.
The lonely days pass slowly by—
Spring will return—but I wonder when!
When last I saw you, June roses were nigh.
Birds sang in the trees, and I heard you sigh.
Now sighs the wind and begs the wren,
For winter is here, and the snow's piled high.
Spring's late this year—I wonder why—
So I write with my pen,
"When last I saw you, June roses were nigh "
I dream of spring while here I lie,
And within me grows a secret yen.
Now winter is here, and the snow's piled high.
The green things withered. (I saw you cry.)
But spring will come once more and then . . .
When last I saw you, June roses were nigh;
Now winter is here, and the snow's piled high.

SPRING LAMENT

PATRICIA NUTT, '46

Second Prize Poetry, Fall 1945

You came with November
After the leaves had all
Fallen upon the ground.
The winds were cold, but

I did not mind, for inside
Me there was only warmth
And the good feeling of
Having you.

The soft snow fell, and
Often in the dark nights
We'd walk—hand in hand,
Watching as children

Our new Lady Earth
Wearing a diamond covered gown.
Then came spring with
Fresh grass and new leaves.
But where were you?

WINGS OF PRAYER

Robert Pollock, '48

Second Prize, Burkhardt Poetry Contest

When I have fears
That what I've been has gone—

And nothing's left in life
But faith to carry on;

And when that faith is from me wrought,
And nothing's left to still that thought,

I'll stoop to conquer the evil there,
And rise again on wings of prayer.

MY SONG

James Montgomery, '48

I wish that I could sing my song
Beside some surging mountain stream
Where muted string-sounds flow along.

I wish that I could sing my song
Where happiness and joy belong,
And only stones could hear my song
Beside some surging mountain stream.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS

LEOKADIA CUMMINGS ANDERSON, ex '47

It is lonely here. The single light shines down on the highly waxed floor. The air smells clean, sterilized. Why is it so quiet? It is too still.

"Nurse! Nurse! I cry out, but she does not hear me. I cry out once more. My cry seems but a whisper in a crowd of voices. Why doesn't she hear me? Someone else calls. She rises and attends them. As she passes by my bed, I call out once more. Again she does not respond to my cry.

"Why am I calling her? I feel no pain. I feel so rested, so completely free of pain and worry. What time is it? But time does not matter now. It must be night, for it is dark out. But what is that light I see? It leads somewhere. What is it the entrance to? Take me by the hand. I want to go beyond the light. I hear music. It is solemn, yet lifting. It is soft, yet clear and soothing."

"Doctor! Nurse! Where am I? Have I entered into another world? I have so often dreamed of the Great Beyond. But I pictured the other world so differently. It would be like dancing on clouds. There would be sunshine from the biggest golden sun. There would be someone at the entrance. Where is that someone? Take me! Lead me! I am lost."

That light of the sun—the clouds . . . It is not so any longer. It is but a single, light shining on a dark highly waxed floor. She does not have a long flowing gown on. She is dressed in a simple white coat. She holds my hands.

"Nurse?" And she answers.

"Yes? It is not too much longer now. In a few days you will be going home."

UNION

EMILY CLARK, 47

I take the hand of night
Gladly,
For I know that his other hand
Holds yours.

IN COLLABORATION WITH A CAT

JANET L. ROBERTS, '46

"Now, John, let's look at this thing sensibly," pleaded the publisher. "You can't put the name of any darn fool cat beside yours on the title page. Why, you'd be the laughing stock of the country—and so would I!"

"Which worries you more?" asked John pleasantly. "I have written these stories in collaboration with a cat. I should be less than a man if I did not acknowledge it suitably."

"By John Sherman and cat!" groaned the publisher into the mouthpiece of the phone. Somehow it was not very effective.

"No, by Horace and John Sherman," John said definitely. "The cat comes first."

The publisher saw a faint glimmer of hope. "Oh! Then people will think that Horace is your brother or something."

"Possibly."

"Well, maybe it can be arranged. By the way, John, it is a splendid book. First one you have written with a sense of humor, if you don't mind my saying so. Must be good for you to write in collaboration with a cat." The publisher laughed in great appreciation of his own humor.

"It is," said John earnestly. "It has been a wonderful experience."

"Oh," said the publisher rather flatly. "Well - hope you can write another one soon. I must go back to the business. You know - the business must go on."

He tried to laugh, but couldn't. Poor John Sherman - a brilliant writer - too close to genius - probably going mad. Poor, poor fellow. He said, "Good-bye," hastily, and put the receiver in place.

John Sherman hung up too. He smiled because he was more accustomed to smiling than he had been. He reached out and gently stroked the purring black cat which was stretched out on the desk beside the phone.

"What do you say, Horace?" asked John.

And out of the softly rumbling chest, "Let's write another one, boss," said Horace.

A PERFECT LIFE
WILLIS GARRISON, '49
First Prize Prose, Fall 1945

When I am tired, I like to think of the evenings when I used to lie on the cool grass beside the stone walk that leads up to the porch of grandfather's house. I can rest there. When the day's work culling hay is done; when the chores about the barn are finished; and when the dust and sweat are washed away; I lie down there in the yard with my arms under my head and my pipe resting on my chest. I can't say that I see anything around me in the dusk, for my eyes are closed; rather I feel the nearness of a few things. I know that if I were to open my eyes, I should see the great maple tree by the gate, and I am sure that the slender branch at the top would be swaying just a little. The dahlias would be leaning up close to the fence, and the red, pink, and yellow balls would be nodding just above the sharp palings. Grandpa would have his chair against the porch post and his heels locked over the last rung in the old split bottom. Grandma's chair would be moved farther back on the porch so that the "night-air" wouldn't give her neuralgia. She would be there, farther back in the shadows, nodding her head to keep the rocking chair going.

Gradually I begin to notice the odors that hang about in the damp air; they are all sweet. There is the mixed smell of old fashioned flowers all about me - four o'clocks, adam's apples, peonies, and straw flowers. Occasionally I catch the fragrance of the one white rose beside me; it is the only one Grandma has, and she is proud of it. I can smell the sweet harvest apples that are bruised as they fall from the crooked tree outside the angle of the fence.

It is strange how still it is, and yet, how many sounds I hear. There is the rhythmic roll and squeak of Grandma's chair as she rocks, back and forth, back and forth. The horses turned out after a long day in the harness, go running across the barnyard field, and I hear the thump of their feet on the soft grass. From far over in the orchard sounds the steady tinkle of the sheep bell, and now and then the bleat of a lost lamb that is answered by the mouthy bawl of the ewe. As I lie there, eyes shut, the separate

sounds become blurred, and one by one they fade into the chirping and squeaking of the thousands of katydids and crickets all about. Vaguely I hear Grandma say, "Come in soon; it's damp out there." Then slowly the sounds die away

When I open my eyes, the moon has risen over the house and is shining in my face. I get up and walk through the damp grass and onto the porch. On the porch, I turn and look out over the silver fields; my fingers as I run them through my hair, are wet with dew. And then I enter the house, leaving behind another phase of my "perfect life."

DEPTH

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

I cannot see but just a little way today;
The fog and rain have blotted out the distant view;
The hills are lost to me, and lost the widening sky—
Beyond my vision all the heights I ever knew.

I sit alone to mourn my loss, and lo, I find
That there is much unknown in this familiar place,
That there is much to love within my present reach,
And thin-spread life has been my lot in too much space.

So now when once again the hills and sky appear
That visions still exist I shall be glad to know;
But 'til the depth of life is sure beneath my feet
Unto the mountain top I shall not try to go.

SOLITUDE

MARTHA GOOD, '47

Third Prize Prose, Spring 1946

Tonight your love walked hand in hand with me down the moonlit path, lifted me high above the tiny, silver clouds, and fastened me to the largest star; kissed me, and left me there—alone.

THE WHITE ORCHID

BEVERLY HANCOCK, '48

Second Prize Prose, Spring 1946

It was only an orchid, a pale white, shimmering orchid that lay in the box, but to the girl with tears slipping down her cheeks it brought an age-old sorrow. It brought to her mind memories of a dance only one year ago.

It was the outstanding social event of the year, and bubbling over with gait, she was the belle of the ball waiting to welcome in the New Year. On the first stroke of twelve a young man lifted her from her feet and kissed her resoundingly! He started to walk away, but with a startled look he turned and promptly repeated the act. This same young man took her home, and from then on it was a matter of true love. Four months later, the day he left for the Naval Air Corps, they became engaged and she received her first white orchid. The daily letters followed, but holidays and her birthday were remembered with white orchids. On his last furlough he left a list with the florist for her white orchids. Mail became less frequent after that because Pearl Harbor was a long way off. On Christmas Day she received her white orchid. On New Year's Day when the familiar box arrived, she didn't open it immediately. That afternoon she had received a telegram which read, "The United States War Department regrets to inform you"

She opened the box then and read the message, "Until tomorrow, Your Peter."

It was only an orchid, a pale white, shimmering orchid, glistening with young love's tears.

HAPPINESS

JUNE MUGRAGE, '47

Happiness is like a bonfire—for a time, shining, bright, warming all those about it, then gradually dying, 'til nothing is left but the glowing embers of memory and the ashes of a smile.

THE MOVIE

EDGAR DANIELS, '47

Oh, what an awful movie last night! A weird series of murders. Before the villain was discovered, seven bleeding or poisoned corpses clogged the rooms of the old stone house on the desolate island. I almost yelled out several times. "Go back!" "Go back! Don't open that door!" Or, "Look out behind you!" Or, "Don't trust that man. He's the killer!" What I mean to convey is, the show was convincing.

Coming back, leaving the last light on College Avenue to pass through the campus, I felt that I was not walking on the same ground I had casually passed over earlier in the evening. A sinister element of possible murder slithered in and out among the shadows of the old Ad building. The darkened towers were ripe for a white corpse to rear up and shriek. The third floor windows with their rare and rich stained-glass were now utterly black. Up there, the mummified rooms of the long-dead literary societies held the cupboards crammed with molding records—just as twenty years ago the keeper put them there, locked the door, and went away. There, the thick silent carpets—there, no awareness of the slow approach from behind. There, the drear, funereal bust of Cicero under dust.

Outside, around me, the trees groaned and shook their branches in the wind, waving them back and forth in a sort of cold agony against the cold moon.

Suddenly my heart tugged. A sharp sound ahead of me on the walk. A tiny sharp tap, tap, tap along the pavement. Something invisible moving along the walk by the edge of the building. But then I saw it and felt a wave of relief. It was just a crinkled, dried leaf blowing along. **Or was it?**

OTTERBEIN IS BACK FROM OVERSEAS

EVALOU STAUFFER, '46

In the last issue of the "Quiz and Quill" we printed "Otterbein Is Overseas" by William Steck, '37. In this issue we are glad to print this very welcome sequel.

"Those were the good old days," we used to say. But the days of recalling all the old familiar faces are over. No day dreaming is necessary to see dozens of men on the campus; imagination needn't run rampant to see a tall, dark, and handsome Joe College walking down the path beneath the huge shade trees toward the Ad Building. Those good old days are back.

Once again masculine voices mix with feminine ones as conversation is heard in the halls. These voices and a friendly "Hello" or an occasional wink seem to set the place vibrating again.

It was wonderful having a whole hundred men in September when school started, but now every girl's fondest dream is being realized. There are almost enough men to go around. Otterbein is getting back to normal.

Now we have some incentive for new clothes, a different hair style, and something makes even studying seem less unpleasant. After all, we can't appear to be too ignorant with all the eager-to-learn GI's in the class. They want to learn; they have a new purpose; they have been waiting a long time for this—Otterbein is back from overseas.

What a pick-up for the morale to be able to say, "I have a date tonight," and you know you are dressing to go out with a veteran who spent three years in the African-European theater. How exciting to get back into the swing of dating again, going to a frat house, or just taking a moonlight walk down by the dam. Yes, Otterbein is back from overseas.

And imagine sitting between two men in chapel—an air corps lieutenant and a quartermaster first class, with a marine veteran of New Guinea and a field artillery officer in the next row. It is great to see men helping to fill the chapel seats. Otterbein is back from overseas.

The best sight of all to behold is Cochran Hall at twelve o'clock on Saturday night. No longer are there only a lucky three or four to come in from dates, but absolutely dozens of gals hurry up the steps with a lipstickless smile on their faces. We knew it before, but now we are convinced—the war is over! Otterbein is back from overseas!

WAITING

JANET L. ROBERTS, '46

As long as the cardinal sits on the black tree amidst the
falling snow;
As long as he perks his pompous head;
And snowflakes drift around him while he watches them alertly;
I shall, watching him, forget what made me sit here idly and
wait.

The cardinal is waiting—his bright red body waits,
And poised he sits on the black slim branch, and only his
head turns.
He tries not to hunch against the cold and falling snow,
And I wait too—we wait together, the cardinal and I.

As long as cardinal sits on a slim black line of tree;
As long as he peers brightly down and all around, arrogant
and sure;
And as long as snowflakes swerve and spin and dance with
every gust of wind;
I shall, watching the snow and the cardinal, forget what makes
me wait.

COLD RAIN

RUTH RIDENOUR, '47

Cold rain washes the springtime from the air,
And chills the soft awakenings of crocus blooms.
The pale briefness of the sun is brushed aside by the cold rain.

Cold rain washes the bitterness from my heart,
And fills its vacuum with a dull fatigue.
I can almost forget this sharp longing for you in the cold rain.

A LOT FOR A LITTLE

PHYLLIS DAVIS, '49

It was more than warm—it was a hot day, and the sky was heavy with fat white clouds. The man who stood at the auction block swinging a long-handled gavel reached for a bright red paisley print handkerchief in his overall pocket and dabbed it over

his sweat-dampened forehead. The effort of describing eloquently the "two-by-four" lot that fronted on the dirtiest alley in town and was neighbor to a tanning factory had caused the glistening beads of perspiration to break and run down the length of his reddened face.

"Here," he had concluded quite convincingly, "is a lot with possibilities—residential, business, agricultural. Build a little home, or set yourself up in business alongside of another of our town's prosperous enterprises. If you're not in the market for a place to build, here's just the spot for that Victory Garden—"

He talked a little longer, hurriedly, forcing his words, as if he were tired of his own falsifications, and offered the piece of dirt to the highest bidder.

The lot went at two hundred. The man who bought it owned the tannery—he was wary of seeing any new enterprise spring up so close to his own.

A slightly-bent old man with wrinkles framing his eyes and making paths across his forehead looked up eagerly as the auctioneer presented the next plot of land for sale. For a long time the old man had looked forward to this auction, his eye on the level little piece of ground outside the city, away from the factory whistle and the factory smell. His fingers moving in his pockets felt the rolls of good green and gray money that would buy it for him. His eagerness carried him away, and he shouted his first bid before the auctioneer had opened the bidding.

"Forty five dollars!" he cried. It was a ridiculously low offer. The lot was worth so much more, lying in the good clean air and bright sunlight. But he was hoping that with a low start the bidding would not go beyond the amount he could feel in his pockets.

On the other side of the block a tired young soldier shifted his crutches, and with a smile that said he hardly dared hope he might have the lot, raised the bid to fifty dollars.

The auctioneer looked silently back to the old man, and getting no response, he raised his gavel. The crowd was hushed as the gavel fell to the block

and the auctioneer announced simply, "Sold to the soldier for fifty dollars!"

EPISODE IN SCOTLAND

Jean McClay, '47

Old Gavin and Margaret McKinely sat in their comfortable little apartment over the jewelry shop, nobly trying to pretend that they couldn't hear the noise of the bombs, but neither did a very good job of pretending. Now that the Heinies were really getting nasty, it was none too safe here just a hop, skip, and a jump from Glasgow, as the inhabitants described their village.

"How long has Bobby been gone?" asked Margaret.

"Ten months, Maggie."

"Oh, Gavin, will there be anything left for him when he gets back? The kirk went last week, and the schoolhouse last night. God only knows what'll go next."

"Don't you worry, Maggie. This is home. Bobby'll love it if there's naught but a stone here."

"But, Gavin, it's awful to see everything ye've loved blown to bits. I don't know how I'll stand it. Perhaps we should have left. Perhaps we should have gone to our relatives in America."

The little old lady could control herself no longer. Her body shook with the force of the sobs. Gavin held her tight in his arms. His voice was kind, but stern.

"Ye dinna mean that, Maggie," he said. "Lassie, lassie, ye wouldna have me leave the land of my fathers, the country of my birth when she's in trouble. The others can go but there's got to be one of us here to mind the jewelry shop. You and I'll wait, and when Bobby comes home—"

"But will he come home, Gavin, will he?"

"Aye, lassie, aye. He'll come home, never fear. He'll come home, and we'll all be together."

"Together." she breathed, and a weak smile filtered through her tears.

The noise of the planes grew louder.

Next morning the people of the village were hard at work, rather vainly attempting to salvage something from the ruins. The goodfolk shook their heads. Another landmark gone. First the kirk, then the schoolhouse, now the little jewelry shop that had been standing for generations. Two young, brawny, soldiers had appeared several hours before, and without a word had begun to work with the rest. Suddenly one of them gave a cry and began to dig frantically. The townspeople rushed to the spot. There they were. Gavin was dead; Maggie still moaned slightly. The doctor examined her, then sadly shook his head. "There's nothing I can do."

The friends of the old couple took them away. The two soldiers stood there helplessly. Maggie Murray, a distant cousin of the McKinleys, approached them.

"Poor Gavin and Maggie. They went with the shop. They wanted it that way. Are you from around here?" she asked one of the soldiers.

"No, I just came with him."

She turned to the other boy. "Your face is familiar, laddie. What's your name?"

"Aye, granny, I come from here. My name's Robert McKinley."

OUR LOVE

Jane Hinton, '47

Our love is but
A sharing of our joys,
A simple trust;
Strong faith to help
Us through a doubt
That may linger for a moment
In our minds,
Though never in our hearts.

VERSE

Marie Holt, '46

What causes man to dream of his first love?
Perhaps it is that man can love but once;
And after that, life's loves are all pretense
Derived from hopes to satisfy the heart,
Which ever seeks to find its long-lost friend.

MY SHABBY OLYMPUS

WILLIS GARRISON, '49

First Prize Prose, Spring 1946

The room of a college boy, say all the better home magazines, should be individual; the owner's personality "should pervade the atmosphere like a vague perfume." So I am set to wondering about my own room. My room is utterly sexless except for a few scattered ball gloves and the pin-up pictures above the desk. It is a common place. The furniture is only a dappled bed and dresser, a desk of an unclassified period, a wicker rocker growing rough around the edges, and a straight chair showing definite signs of abuse. There are no soft lights; a floor lamp droops over a littered desk. A fat and disintegrating lab book, a dictionary, a "Time" magazine, and a "Medical Guide" loll between a much used Bible and a worthless radio; on the floor last semester's books are collecting dust. When this room became mine, I analyzed my personality with fine egotism; I bought wood for a book shelf; I looked at the college pictures for sale. But the desire for change has left me. I have formed a sentimental attachment for the paint splotches on the straight chair, for the insufficient desk, the stodgy bed. They are quiet companions. When I study, they do not cry for attention. They accept muddy shoes, ink spots, and scraps of paper. They are as sympathetic to the faltering clack of my typewriter as to my long periods of hesitation. The bed and the desk have their own windows. When I comb my hair, I can see the reflection of the worn and tattered roof of my neighbor's house in the mirror; when I write, I can see the lights of the traffic below flash and disappear in the mesh of a maple tree. In the afternoon sun, I can hear the voices of the Zeta Phi boys

bragging about their newly planted grass and its rapid and successful progress. On rainy days there is only the drip from the eaves; the voices have faded, and the street is a dull mirror reflecting the shadows of the trees. Then the light by my desk shines in the late afternoon, and the whole room becomes drowsy. The place becomes one for piety and sacrilege, prose and poetry, reason and whim, asceticism and high adventure. As I grow hungry, I go downstairs and eat; when I am sleepy, I often go to bed. I am Jupiter on my shabby Olympus. I make Time, History, Seasons But when I descend to the denser air of radio, music, and opinions, I am only a college boy about whose room "something has to be done."

HAPPINESS

JAMES MONTGOMERY, '48

First Prize Poetry, Fall 1945

Happiness?

Why, happiness is beauty,

And beauty is in many things.

The man whose prize possession is a muddy pair of
fishing boots,

Or a place among the idlers on a courthouse lawn,

May frown upon a gallery of art as nothing good,

While some young student fills his soul

With beauty

From a Marin watercolor.

His happiness is there; why should we seek

The beauty someone sees in fishing boots,

Or in friendly arguments

On politics,

Or on the latest price for hogs?

So many things are good and true

And beautiful—the songs of children;

Spans of bridges holding up their mighty arms
unselfishly;

The rhythmic movements of a distance runner.

Each person owns a share of beauty,

And where he seeks it,

Happiness.

OF LIFE AND DREAMS

WANDA DILLER, '49

Second Prize Prose, Fall 1945

I am fleeing now—fleeing into the horrid blackness of the night—fleeing from a dream.

In my dream the night was a light purple-gray cloak, weighing down on my shoulders with its coolness and softness. The little cracks between the sidewalks were still wet from the rain of the afternoon. The leaves were only buds on the trees. Everything was just starting to live. Everything smelled new and fresh and clean.

Three houses from the corner I slowed down and turned in at the rusty iron gate and walked up to the door. I pressed the door bell and heard it ring far back in the house. In a moment Mary opened the door. She was very white. Her eyes were pinched-looking, and vague little lines crept back from her mouth. Her lashes were soggily clinging together, and her dark hair was mussed.

She was not surprised to see me. She beckoned me into the house, into the living room. The coffin was in the center of one end, and flowers were banked over it and at both ends—all kinds of flowers—all over—baskets of them—vases. Mary led me to the coffin, and I looked down at the face of Jonathan, Mary's husband. I could feel a sadness coming over me when I thought of the contrast between the new life in the spring outside and the passing of the old life inside. I thought how sad and cruel death is, and tears came to my eyes. And then as I saw the still face of the man who had always—all his life—robbed me of everything I ever wanted, I thought of how I had finally robbed him of his most precious possession—his life. I saw how his white face was twisted into an agony which all the arts of a funeral parlor could not erase; and I began to laugh. I laughed and laughed. Mary stood and looked at me, and I laughed and walked out of the house, out into the black eeriness of the night, out under the orange glare of the street lamps, on to my home.

I sat down weak from laughter. Slowly I grew more calm. Then I began to think again of Mary. How sad she had seemed! How much Jonathan had

meant to her! I thought of Jon, of how we had been good friends many years before. I remembered our boyhood, our early loves, our disputes over Mary, and that was suddenly far away. I began to weep for the dear friend I had lost. The tears came. I awoke. My pillow was damp, and my body was still heaving with sobs. My throat was hoarse.

I went outside and bought a midnight paper. In it were the facts of Jonathan's murder. How strange—in my dream I had not been hunted or accused. But now everyone knew of the great enmity between us. I would be charged with a murder I did not commit. Or did I? Who knows the deep control of dreams over life?

I grew terrified. I was filled with a deep sorrow because of the hate I had felt for many years. Now I am fleeing—fleeing for happiness and love to take the place in my heart left empty by the passing of hate. I am fleeing for life.

I WONDER

JUNE MUGRAGE, '47

Over the paths of yesterday
I wander back in memory
To things that were
And things that are
And things that ought to be
But aren't—
And I wonder.

I wonder if the path I took
Had been my choice
With a second look?
Or things I said,
Or joy I bought,
Would have been just so
On a second thought?

Or is there a power we do not know
Who makes our paths
And guides us so—
And we, mere puppets
On life's string,
Have not true choice
Of anything?

I wonder.

A YOUNG RECRUIT

Willis Garrison, '49

The boy was sprawled on his stomach in the blazing Texas sun, whose heat had already forced the hairy, green-blooded tarantulas, seen in the early morning, into their holes and had scorched the sand on which the boy lay until it was hot to the touch. The heavy wool field uniform grated against his sweating body; the cartridge belt had slid up his waist until it gouged his ribs; the sand worked inside his shirt, chafing and scratching. Two hundred yards down the valley a row of square, black and white targets, numbered, jutted from a long pit below. At one of these the boy was looking, and the more he looked, the more the heat waves made the black bull's eye on the target wobble and dip crazily to his gaze. The voice of the army officer who was coaching him came evenly: "Squeeze your trigger; let the black rest almost on your front sight; hold your breath just a moment before firing; hug the ground; and take it easy, kid" The boy heard him, but his eyes were on the square target and the tricky bull's eye which refused to stay in place. And, too, his heart was thumping and his breathing was short, for his rifle was heavy, bulky and powerful, and the boy was young and had never fired one before. He squeezed slowly on the trigger as he tried to hold the sights on the wavering bull's eye. There was a full roar, and the boy's right shoulder jerked back. His thumb, which he had curled around the small of the rifle's stock behind the hammer, flew back sharply with the recoil and cut the boy's lip. But he did not feel it. His gaze was on the black and white target at which he had fired and which had sunk immediately into the pit. He was waiting to see if the men in the target pit would raise a mark on a long stick to signify that his bullet had struck, or a red flag for a miss, or a white disk for a bull's eye, or a red disk for a four. The boy forgot his bleeding lip, his

bruised shoulder, the blinding heat, the sand—everything. It seemed long. Maybe, he told himself, he had missed. He gulped at the thought of that. But his head came up, and he turned, grinning, to the coach; a white disk had slid up from the pit. It was not until later that the boy realized that he had a bruised shoulder and that his lip was slightly swollen. But these physical mishaps were overlooked for this young lad had made a great moral victory that afternoon.

That evening after the sunset had long ago settled behind the low hills, the new soldier had a strange feeling of loneliness. Yet, there were so many things around him. Sitting on the edge of his cot in the darkened tent, he could see the shafts of light from the other tent entrances criss-crossed on the ground of the company street. When the breeze blew the tent flaps back and forth, the yellow beams were broken up by black, grotesque shadows. He heard, from farther down the hill, around the brighter lights of the camp store, the rattle of soda-water bottles and the bursts of laughter and talk of the last group of officers returning from the girls and the motion picture theaters in town and scattering to their tents at the call to quarters. As the last notes died, all the lights except those of the guard tent went out slowly, but the boy could still hear subdued scuffles and muffled laughter. Then just as a great red moon began to rise above the trees, a bugle sounded taps. The long, sweet, melancholy notes rose and fell, echoing and reechoing, and something inside the boy seemed to swell and stir as he listened. The moon floated high; its light grew brighter; and the camp of several thousand men slept. But as the silence increased, there were minor sounds that grew in volume: the throb of a motor on the highway, the liquid notes of turtle doves in a grove at the edge of camp, and the howl of a hound dog in the distance. Gradually, though, they merged and were lost, and the boy slept, too.

ON A RADIO AD

JEANNE BILGER, '47

(Preceding the "Cuddly Wuddly Crooner—Loud music fades away. Sound effects: gurgle, gurgle, glub, glub.)

ANNOUNCER: Yes, ladies, you have it! It's the soap with a lift! It's the famous all-purpose "Cuddly Wuddly" cake soap, known for its velvety, cream-like texture and soft, downy suds. It's Cuddly Wuddly, the find of the century, for everlastingly beautiful, soft, translucent transcendent, transparent skin. That beautiful, easy-on-the-hands-arms-face-neck-and-ears soap has been approved and recommended by all stage and screen stars (for a slight financial reimbursement) of New York, Hollywood, Seattle, Chicago, Pittsburg, Houston, Cleveland, San Francisco, and Westerville. Each of these famous people and many more have completed our statement (quote) I use Cuddly Wuddly because—(unquote).

Truly the best bet ever offered on the market, Cuddly Wuddly can be found on all the best counters and in the best shops—it is truly the up and coming soap of the century. Made of pure, or slightly pure, ingredients (one hundred per cent pure cannot be guaranteed because of present conditions), Cuddly Wuddly is ninety nine and fifty five one hundredths per cent pure (subject to change without notice) and helps clear that skin that's "so rough to the touch."

Now ladies, do you suffer from eruptions on your beautiful level brow, blemishes on your peaches and cream complexion, ugly pimples on your chin, horrid warts on your ears? You do? Then why not try Cuddly Wuddly? It's soothing to all skin types, and the active ingredients of emulsified fats, active lye, oily lanolin, and gritty particles will add to your face by removing part of same. It removes the dirt and ugly grime which accumulates on every vacant area of your face.

Now just a few words on how to use Cuddly Wuddly. Plan your morning cleansing routine to include a nice, velvety facial made with Cuddly Wuddly

lather. Follow the lather by thoroughly sudsing and carefully swishing the cool, soft, velvety suds around your sleepy eyes. In a minute or two, notice the alert, wide-awake, smarting, feeling you get from the treatment. It's a wonderful way to start the day—and it all comes from simply using Cuddly Wuddly, the beautiful, easy-on-the-hands-arms-face-neck-and-ears soap.

Now, ladies, listen carefully as I tell you just how you can show your appreciation of Cuddly Wuddly's good qualities. The makers of the Cuddly Wuddly easy-on-the-hands-arms-face-neck-and-ears- soap are making a special offer for a short time only—six months at the most—by which pictures of your own "Cuddly Wuddly Crooner" will be available to each and every one of you. Just cut off the word "Cuddly" from half a large size soap wrapper and enclose it, plus ten cents, the small sum of ten cents, for each different pose of the crooner, in a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and we will try to fill the orders as soon as possible. But, ladies, believe me, the Cuddly Wuddly Crooner is popular. So buy your soap immediately, and send in your order—today! Remember, the word "Cuddly" from the wrapper, plus ten cents will bring the Crooner to **you**. Just send your orders to the "Cuddly Wuddly Crooner" in care of this station. That's all you have to do.

And now, let me remind you that if your soap supply is low, why not stock up on some large, economical cakes of Cuddly Wuddly, the easy-on-the-hands-arms-face-neck-and-ears soap today?

Remember, when you hear—(Sound effect: gurgle, gurgle, glub, glub) it's the new Cuddly Wuddly, spelled C-U-D-D-L-Y W-U-D-D-L-Y, ninety nine and fifty five one hundredths per cent pure, for the "skin that's so rough to the touch!" Yes, it's (shouting) Cuddly Wuddly! Why not try it (pause) today?

(Sound effect: gurgle, gurgle, glub, glub, fades away into loud music.)

HOPE

Mary C. Carlson, '47

Mrs. Razinski is ironing for us again, but for another reason. Time lies heavy for idle hands and a worried heart. She has all the money she'll ever need now, the \$10,000 life insurance from Daniel, but she still follows her life-long habits of frugality. Mrs. Razinski didn't feel right taking the insurance money; she didn't feel right putting the gold star in her window; **she didn't believe Daniel was dead!**

No telegram had ever come from the government confirming his death. Just a notice a year later, saying that Daniel was presumed dead, after having been missing a year. Government routine.

Three weeks after she had learned that her son was missing, a good friend had asked Mrs. Razinski to come with her to a fortune-teller, one she had great faith in. "They don't know nothin'. I don't believe them. They can't help my Daniel." But too heavy at heart to resist urging, Mrs. Razinski gave in and did go.

"I tell you," Mrs. Razinski related, "I never seen her before. My friend say she didn't tell the fortune teller about me. But she tell me ever'ting—ever'ting. She say, 'you in great sadness. You got six children, and one is in trouble. I see your son lying in a hospital far away. He is alive but he is in great pain.' I don't believe in fortune-tellers, but I believe my Daniel, he is alive somewhere. I can feel it."

II

John had a leave from the Pacific battle-ground. "My John, he is not like he used to was. He's nervous and he gets mad too quick. He can't sleep—he hears Daniel calling, 'Help me, Johnny, help me!' If Johnny could stay home for a while, he would be all right."

III

A few days after John had gone back, Mrs. Razinski was out in her yard, hanging up clothes. Her neighbor came over and gravely asked, "Can

you come to my house for a few minutes? I have something to tell you that you'll want to hear. Good news and bad news."

Mrs. Razinski hurried over, eager, yet wondering and fearing what she might hear; and another chapter was added to the strange confusion of her emotions.

A Polish war mother from the same town had gone to see her wounded son for the first time, at the nearest army hospital. They talked excitedly in Polish, the mother's native tongue. Presently they both noticed the patient in the next bed, who was listening, intently, emotionally. He said, "I'm Polish; I can understand you; my home town is the same as yours. My name is Daniel Razinski, but you must never, never, tell my mother you saw me, or that I'm here. The handsome, husky boy broke down and wept. The Polish woman looked closer. Both his legs were gone.

IV

Mrs. Razinski sent her daughter to the hospital to find her brother. Endless inquiries were made, but they learned nothing. Hospital authorities knew of no Daniel Razinski.

"Just forty miles away my Daniel is, and I can't go to him. But I know he's alive; I know he'll learn to walk; I know he'll come home. I can feel it."

THE BROKEN HEART

JEANNE BILGER, '47

The time has come, my friend, to try
To cheer my spirit and not to sigh,
For love is such a worrisome thing—
Trouble and sorrow it seems to bring.
Why did he nod and pass me by?

Ah! For my heart he did not vie.
He was not worth my time—so fie!
(But it's hard to make my sad heart ring.)
The time has come.

I've won and lost; love went awry.
From a broken heart shall I pine and die?
Heartache and tears shall I let it bring?
No! A new love song I'll sing!
(Who is that lad now passing nigh?)
The time has come!

LONG DISTANCE

JANE BENTLEY, '46

She was Swedish and she had never before used a pay telephone to place a long distance call. I answered her signal with my usual impersonally cheerful, "This is long distance."

"Oporator, I vant to call long distance to Abirden. De number is 3511J."

Abirden. That one was a new one on me. But then there are cities that I haven't heard of.

"Is that city in Washington, ma'am?" I asked.

"Yes, oporator, Abirden, Washington," she answered impatiently.

Abirden. Hm-m-m. Then I took a good look at the number. When you've been at it long enough, you can almost guess the city by the number. 3511J.-Aberdeen. Uh-huh. She probably meant Aberdeen.

"Did you say the name of the city is Aberdeen, ma'am?"

"Ya, oporator, dat's vat I say, Abirden."

I closed her line to let out a sigh of exasperation. Then I went to work on the call. I got the other party on the line and went back to my party to collect the money.

"Your party is on the line. Deposit forty five cents for three minutes, please."

"But, oporator, I cannot pay you now. I talk from nickle phone. I come pay you ven I finish," she said brightly.

I groaned, audibly, I think.

"I'm sorry, ma'm, but you will have to pay for the call before you talk. There are slots for other pieces of money right beside the nickel slot. Deposit forty five cents, please."

"Vell, let's see, oporator, I have fifty cent piece, two times, and a nickel. I put in the fifty cents and you gif me a nickel. O. K.?"

By this time I was begining to grit my teeth, but I managed to say, "There is no place to put a fifty cent piece in the phone, and I have no way of making change for you. Is there someplace near there where you can get change?"

"Vell, I see if lady in trug store gif me change. Chust vun minute."

She was back in a surprisingly short time.

"Now I haf change operator. Where I put it?"

Ah, so my previous work had been in vain. I began again.

"You see where the nickel slot is?" I asked. (If she didn't, how in the world did she call me in the first place?)

"Ya, I see."

"Do you see the other slot beside it?"

"Ya, I see."

"Well, deposit forty five cents in those slots, please."

At last the money started coming. All the different denominations of coins make different sounds when dropped in the proper slot in a pay phone. I counted a quarter and two nickels and the sounds stopped.

"Hokay, operator. Now I talk, huh?"

"I'm sorry, ma'm, but I counted only thirty five cents. The call will cost forty five cents."

Praises be, she had dropped the dimes in the nickel slot. So I returned the money and asked her to deposit it again. She did so, and finally she was ready to talk. It was a miracle, but her party was still on the line after all that time. I said a fervent prayer that she would not talk overtime because I certainly did not want to have to collect any more money. My prayer was not answered. I notified her when her time was up, but she talked a minute more. When she finished, I went in on the line.

"You owe twenty cents for overtime, ma'm."

"More money? Hokay, operator, I haf two times and two nickels. I put them in."

"You owe only twenty cents, ma'm."

"But, operator, I haf thirty cents."

"Well," I said, at my wits end, "you deposit the two dimes and keep the nickels until the next time you make a call."

"Hokay," she said cheerfully.

The dimes fell in, this time in the right slot. I heaved a sigh of utter exhaustion and relief.

"That will be all, thank you," I said.

"Goodbye, operator. Dot vas fun. I call you again sometime."

THE DIFFERENCE

PHYLLIS DAVIS, '49

Third Prize Poetry, Fall 1945

Things do not always die
While those that are old
Look only down the hill and see
That it is steep;

We who are young
Lift up our eyes and know
That the hill has no summit,
That there is birth and regeneration,
And things do not always die

FOR BARRY

(Joseph Aloysius Barrett III, age three years)

VIOLA SENSEMAN

There lives a little widgeon *
 Away up on a hill;
And every night by moonlight,
 When all the world is still,
Out creeps this little widgeon
 To roam around the town—
 A little, wee, small widgeon
 With eyes of chocolate brown.
And when the world is sleeping,
 Upon the cold curbstone—
With wistful air, he lingers there,
 Brave wee one—all alone!
And though he knows you're sleeping,
 With hopeful heart he stays.
 (He thinks you're always sleeping—
 He does his sleeping days.)
For the little, sweet, wee widgeon
 With eyes of chocolate brown
Cannot come out and roam about
 With children in the town;
For you're the little widgeon
 This wee, sweet widgeon elf—
 And I love as much the widgeon
 Who is your other self.

* For the uninformed—a "widgeon" is a tiny pixie, very fey—with straight black hair, sturdy little back, and sudden dimples in a stubborn little face, who does all the inexplicably lovable, naughty deeds his human counterpart is held responsible for—and isn't always.

THE CARETAKER

Don Kohler, '49

The most unforgettable character I have ever known was considered to be droll by the people of my home town, for he lived in a world of his own. His name was Joe Devons, caretaker of our local cemetery for fifteen years. There isn't a lawn or garden cared for in such a meticulous manner as Joe cared for the vast, rolling grounds of Union Cemetery.

Joe's chief diversion, which to most of us would seem rather unusual, was keeping a record of the names, dates, and epitaphs on the monuments in the cemetery. The history of those resting people was as familiar to him as his own past.

When I was in high school my Saturday job was to help Joe mow the lawn, trim the trees, and repair the long, winding lanes that divided the cemetery into its many sections. By doing this I knew Joe better than any other person in the community. Sometimes I thought him quite interesting in spite of the opinions of others. Often I would come upon Joe talking to a gravestone as he would to another human being. The first time I discovered Joe talking to Charlie Stevens, a former assistant of his who had died two years before, a strange, eerie feeling came over me. I asked Joe if he was a spiritualist; he informed me that he was not affiliated with any church, but that his home life was his religion. At the time his answer puzzled me, but now I understand what he meant. There was never a more honest or clean living man than old Joe Devons.

Joe's family lot was located in the far east corner of the cemetery. There lay his wife and infant son to whom he paid daily tribute. He made the monument for his lot out of cement, stones, and small pieces of colored glass. Near the base there were two lines which read:

Mary 1880-1903

Joseph 1875-

"In Peaceful Sleep"

I asked Joe why he made his own marker. He said, "Son, you probably think me stingy for making my own, but I believe in being practical. My wife Mary would want it that way." Instead of having beautiful blue spruce trees, peonies, and shrubbery about the family lot, he had wild rose bushes, bitter-sweet, a tulip bed and two little elm trees guarding each corner which reminded me of sentries watching over the sacred place.

I occasionally helped Joe dig the graves. He was very particular. We were working late one evening when Joe said, "Son, this one is for Mrs. Mahoney. You know how fussy she always was, so let's do right by her. Digging a grave is like buying a new hat to me; it has to fit just right."

Joe's fanatic ideas went a little too far. He made not only his gravestone, but also his own coffin. After working all day in the cemetery, he would go home and continue working on his sleeping-box, as he always called it

One evening my curiosity got the best of me, and I went over to Joe's with hopes that he would show his masterpiece to me. Much to my surprise, he not only displayed his great work, but demonstrated by getting into it to show me what a perfect fit the box was. After I approved of his coffin, he suggested that I should get into it to see how comfortable the "Sleeping box" was. Not wanting to hurt the old gentleman's feelings, I crawled into it; but I couldn't say just how comfortable it was, for I didn't remain there very long.

Joe has passed on now, but I doubt whether there will ever be a man as sincere and conscientious in taking care of the Union Cemetery as he was for fifteen years. Joe may have been considered strange and eccentric, but I have often thought how much better this world would be if we, the living, showed as much respect to one another in our everyday lives as old Joe did toward those who preceded him to their final resting place.

THE GIRL IN RED

JANET L. ROBERTS, '46

I know danger when I see it. Danger for me is all marked up with red. There's red in stop lights, and I get tickets from cops. Sunburn is red, and I'm covered with it all summer. There's red in fire engines, and I have to follow them no matter what I'm doing. But with all the punishment that red gives me I always come back for more.

I was going peacefully down the street one afternoon, minding my own business and winking at every other girl because I felt good and it was spring, when—clang, clang, clang!—a fire truck—and, of course, I started to chase it.

The fire was only three blocks away, roaring, blazing, orange, red, yellow flames. White water shot from the hoses in heavy streams and silver sprays. There was a crowd gathering already, black, moving, excited, in the way of the firemen until the police pushed the people back. And right in the middle of the crowd, talking fast at the policeman while she tried to push her way up closer to the fire was the Girl in Red.

She wore a red hat with a long bright red feather, and she wore a red suit, and, when I got near I could see that she wore red shoes, high-heeled, outrageously frivolous red shoes.

Like I told you, I can't resist red. So I worked my way closer and heard her say, "But I have to get my story. The city editor said—"

"I don't care what anyone says except me," said the policeman firmly. "You can't come closer." Then he turned his dark blue cloth back on her and watched the fire.

"Oh!" said the Girl, with anger, hurt, and bewilderment, but mostly anger in her voice.

And as though in echo, the whole crowd moaned, "O-o-oh." For in the second floor window appeared the frightened white face of a woman, and in the woman's arms was a baby. The firemen spread their safety net hastily and called for her to jump. The woman must have been half crazy and out of her

mind with terror, for she shook her head and backed away from the window.

The next thing the policeman and I knew, the Girl in Red had ducked through the ring of men and was dashing through the front door. Flames were tearing through the inside of the building. The windows were red and yellow glares. And still the Girl had run in.

Well, like I told you, I can't resist red. So I ran in after her.

It was hot in there. That is a mild statement. The staircase was about to fall in, and I felt it crunching beneath me. I found the Girl and the woman and the baby upstairs, and the way they looked at me they must have thought I came down some golden stairs instead of up some black, burnt ones.

The rooms were about gone. The ceiling had collapsed in several places. We had to get out fast. The Girl held the baby, and I made her jump first. Then I practically threw the woman out, and by that time there wasn't time to play around with nets, so I jumped.

It wasn't far, just the second floor, but some timbers fell on me and banged me up a little. That's why I'm in the hospital here.

That's all—except the Girl in Red wore red lipstick when she came to see me—and like I told you, I can't resist red.

ODE TO SPRING

CATHERINE BARNHART, '46

'Tis Spring! Ah, yes, 'tis Spring.
How do I know?
Is it the absence of snow?
The budding of trees?
The buzzing of bees?
The babbling of brooks?
The love-smitten looks?
The spring-fevered brain?
The pungent rain?
The song of the oriole?
No—invertebrate piscatorial.
One false turn,
The worm will squirm.
'Tis Spring! Ah, yes, 'tis Spring.

PROPHECY OF RAIN

DOROTHY HENDERSON, '48

The clouds look black; the glass is low;
The hollow winds begin to blow.
The soot falls down; the watchdogs sleep;
And spiders from their cobwebs peep.
Low o'er the earth the stream doth flow.
The cricket, too, if he could know,
Upon the hearth his tears would weep.
The clouds look black; the glass is low;
The hollow winds begin to blow.
The skies are turned to overflow.
The distant hills now seem to leap
The chasm of the dusky deep.
The clouds look black; the glass is low;
The hollow winds begin to blow.

FRIENDSHIP

JAMES MONTGOMERY, '48

Sightlessly, I have stumbled
Through lonely, silent years; but now
A friendly hand grasps mine in the darkness;
A loving voice speaks to me,
And I am no longer alone.
Before me
A single radiant beam
Plunges steadily into the timeless black of night,
And I follow,
Unafraid.

I TOUCHED A STAR

JUNE MUGRAGE, '47

I touched a star
With my fingertips;
Touched it—longed to
Draw it closer,
Fold it to my breast,
Caress it with my lips—
I touched a star,
But try as I might,
I could not grasp it,
Or feel its
Warm glow on my face
In the silent night.

SIX A. M. BUS

PHYLLIS DAVIS, '49

Third Prize Prose, Fall 1945

The smoke and the fog roll in together early in the morning and conceal the city from the sharp eyes of the sun. The tall buildings pull the smog close to their walls for a winter blanket. The city wakes and pushes switches, and a half-hearted glow strikes out against the heavy smog.

A gasoline bus, like a trailer truck with its nose cut off, sways back and forth as it rolls down the long, long viaduct that points to the heart of the city. Yellow sodium vapor lamps stand out from the gloom like yellow daisies in an otherwise barren field and direct the bus across the bridge and over the rough railroad tracks and toss it on its rubber tires up in the front and down in the rear and leave it to right itself on the other side. Beside the tracks where the engines strain past with their tires and steel and meat and oil, the bent old station-master with the kind smile tends his garden in summer and reads his well-worn seed catalogues in winter. They read like a romance to the click-clack rhythm of the train wheels—coming, coming—and going away.

The shack hidden by a rise in the brick pavement is suddenly spotlighted by a street light with a broken glass. It leans toward the traffic, toward people, because it is empty, and its neighbors are wine houses and gasoline stations and parking lots—parking lots with empty cars. They call it the "Old Residenter"—once there wasn't any city around it. When it was young, children ran in and out, and green shutters shook against its white frame. It welcomed a tired man in the evenings and sent him out well-contented in the mornings. In the big kitchen a mother baked the good things that brought all the neighborhood children running from play.

Then they pounded the shiny new tracks in, and it wasn't long until the great black trains roared past and belched their great black smoke on the clean white house. The "Old Residenter" is all one color now—smoke-black shutters against a smoke-

black frame. With every passing train it shudders a little and sags—a relic of the past sacrificed to the age of steel.

After pausing a moment by the old house to wait for the through-traffic to pass, the gasoline bus points its blunt nose around the corner and up the hill and is at last a part of the city where everything loses its identity and is mingled with the smoke and the fog and the noises and the smells.

NARLING GRELLIE DAY

(A la Col. Stoopnagle)

CATHERINE BARNHART, '46

Bong, bong ago, in the lue grass kection of Sentucky, there lived a larming chittle gal by the name of Nellie. No, her name wasn't Nyrtle; it was Wellie, Grellie Nay, to be exact.

She lived in a grow, leen valley, well it wasn't exactly low. But it was slower than the currounding sountryside. Then one day Dellie did the nisappearing act, and she wasn't heard of after that. Per har-ents had visions of her hunning off to Rollywood—oops, wrong story!

Oh, if only they naden't hade her eat her ooled roats every morning. No one could beally lame the goor pirl. (I have contemplated the same thing.) To get back to the episode now. Every morning her sother would may, "Nellie, you must eat every ridgeon of that solled moats before you stake a tep from this house." She was moing gad—gad, I tell you! Her snerves were begining to nap. And they napped.

Well, yeveral sears later, Pellie was nicked up by the B. F. I., an vamnesia ictim. All she could mumble was. "Ooled roats—it druve me to it!"

And o sends this lad sittle incident—ittle sincident, that is.

MORAL: "Lothers, met your wild eat Cheatties if he wants to. You'll never regret it."

—You can flop now, Hen Banby—

TOANNA

Jean McClay, '47

(Mrs. Van Uppington addresses the Women's
Literary Society of Podunk.)

The poem for discussion today is "Toanna" from the new book, "Scenes in a Garbage Dump," by Hildegard Dufinkle. In my opinion, it is the greatest poem of the year. It should go down - yes down - in history as the only one of its type ever published.

Since it is a very recent publication, perhaps a few of you are not familiar with it. I shall quote it before we begin our study.

"Laughs dash
And alone you
Comma with the world
Weep you period
Weep and laugh."

Yes, it is a simple five line poem, but such depths of understanding have seldom been reached. Notice the delicate touch, the rich use of words which express her meaning. How smoothly that first line rolls off the tongue! "Laugh dash." What beautiful imagery. Look at the lovely symbol of grief, one single word, "comma." Who but Miss Dufinkle would ever have thought to use such a word? It is especially outstanding because of the word which follows immediately in absolute contrast, "Comma **with** -" Superb! Now comes the high spot of the whole poem. Notice the soul-shattering, all-revealing word "period." It is here with this period that Miss Dufinkle reaches her pinnacle of perfection. "Weep you period." What an expression of pathos! What passionate despair!

In the closing line observe the resignation hidden there. "Weep and laugh." Not just "Weep;" not just "laugh;" no, in one final rush of emotion Miss Dufinkle says, "Weep **and** laugh," a fitting end.

Perhaps we should look at the title, "Toanna." What music reveals itself. Is it not an excellent name for such a poem? There are some who hold that Miss Dufinkle must have had the inspiration for the title before she conceived the idea of the poem. I say, however, that since the message of the poem is completed by the title, the poem must have been written first. As we are considering the title, let me point out its significance. Is it not fitting that Miss Dufinkle should dedicate her greatest poem to her best friend? Therefore, she cleverly does so in the title, "To Anna."

I visited Miss Dufinkle last week. She is very happy in her simple room. As you all know, she craves solitude. Therefore, the walls of her room are padded, and the solitary window is barred. My heart beat faster as she looked at me with those burning eyes and uttered these words which I shall never forget, "I love - hate! Horrible - beautiful." That expresses more clearly than anything I could say her whole philosophy of life.

LONELINESS

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

When the sky is gray and the clouds ride swift
I think of a walk that I made one November
To the top of a hill where I knew at last
That only the ones who love remember.

I saw on that hilltop, deserted by life,
Save the juniper shrubs and the wild grasses growing,
A tablet to mark where a soldier lay dead.
And more than a century had lain there, unknowing,

Had lain there unknowing; yes, and unknown,
Save to juniper shrubs and to wild grasses weaving,
For long since had his people deserted the hill,
Scarce knowing, perhaps, what it was they were leaving.

Where is the shrine to a life free-given?
There was none on the hilltop that bleak November,
For the world soon forgets who its servants have been,
And only the ones who love remember.

ENCOUNTER IN THE PARK

Nevin Rodes, '48

He meaningfully whistled his approval of the trim figure of the girl as she approached the park bench upon which he was sprawled.

"Isn't it a swell day?" he queried, breathing deeply as he fixed his eyes on her beautiful features. "It is a lovely day."

"I hadn't noticed," was the cool reply. She had stopped nearby and was gazing out over the river.

"How could anybody overlook such a day?" he pleaded with a glance toward her. "What could it be that holds your interest?"

She strolled to the bench and sat down. "Oh, I have other things on my mind."

He paid scant attention to her application of fresh lipstick and powder and more to a robin preening on another bench.

"My gosh, you're beautiful," he exploded as he finally turned toward her. Yes you're beautiful enough to kiss."

"If the man I'm going to marry catches you kissing me, he'll knock your block off."

He sat bolt upright on the bench, expanded his chest, took a deep breath, "You asked for it, honey. What's his name?"

"Jim," was all she could say before his lips closed over hers. She responded generously and gladly.

"Yes, it's a beautiful day," he breathed between crimson lips.

"Jim, darling, when will you ever grow up?"

LIFE

Robert Pollock, '48

Life

Is like a flowing mountain stream,
That rushes down a narrow precipice,
Over rocks and ragged edges of hardened soil;
Never ending, it seems
But moving continuously on
To some awaiting
Current.

PAGE THIRTY-EIGHT

THE MISER

Emily Clark, '47

Third Prize, Burkhart Poetry Contest

I am a miser.
In the storeroom of my heart
I have stacked your words like coins of sunlight,
And one by one
I shall spend them slowly,
Buying happiness for a lonely night.

VAIN HOPE

Jean McClay, '47

Just once before I die I'd like to see
Some apples growing on my olive tree.
How all my friends would laugh if I would say,
"There're apples on my olive tree today."
They'd think me mad, and truly, I would be.
For I have never had an olive tree!

A SONG FROM A HILLTOP

SYLVIA PHILLIPS, '47

I long to be the poet of the hills—
Write of their eloquence, but I am mute
Before their majesty—eternal, calm.
I likewise find no words when I behold
Humility like theirs, that shelters life

Of any sort—unquestioning, secure.
The poet sings that what he loves may live;
There is no need to celebrate the hills.
They do not live in me, but I in them—
And only he will understand who knows

The dawn from hilltops wet with morning dew,
Who sees the world spread out in early hours—
And then beholds the sunset, all too soon,
Knowing full well there comes another day
Upon this hilltop, after he is gone.

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