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1932 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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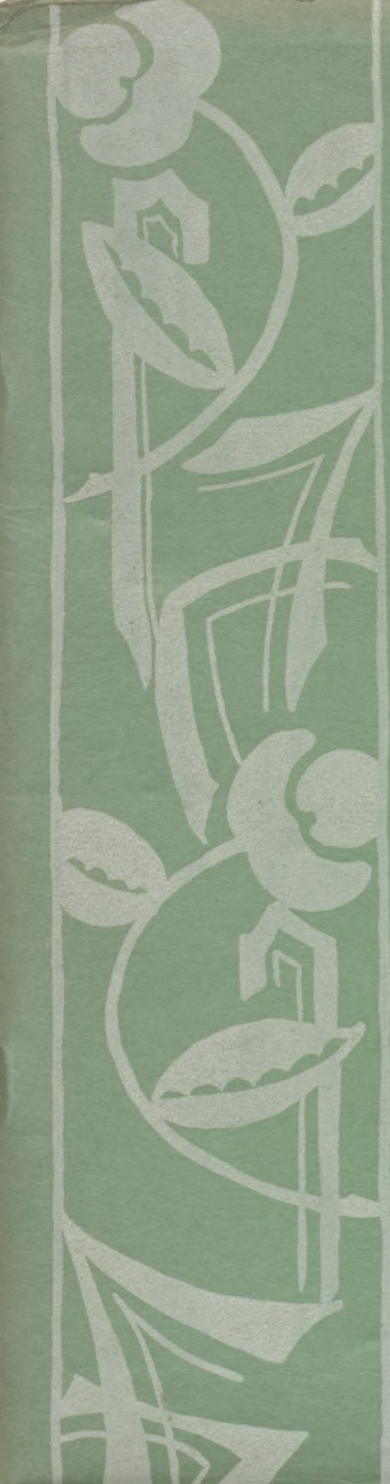


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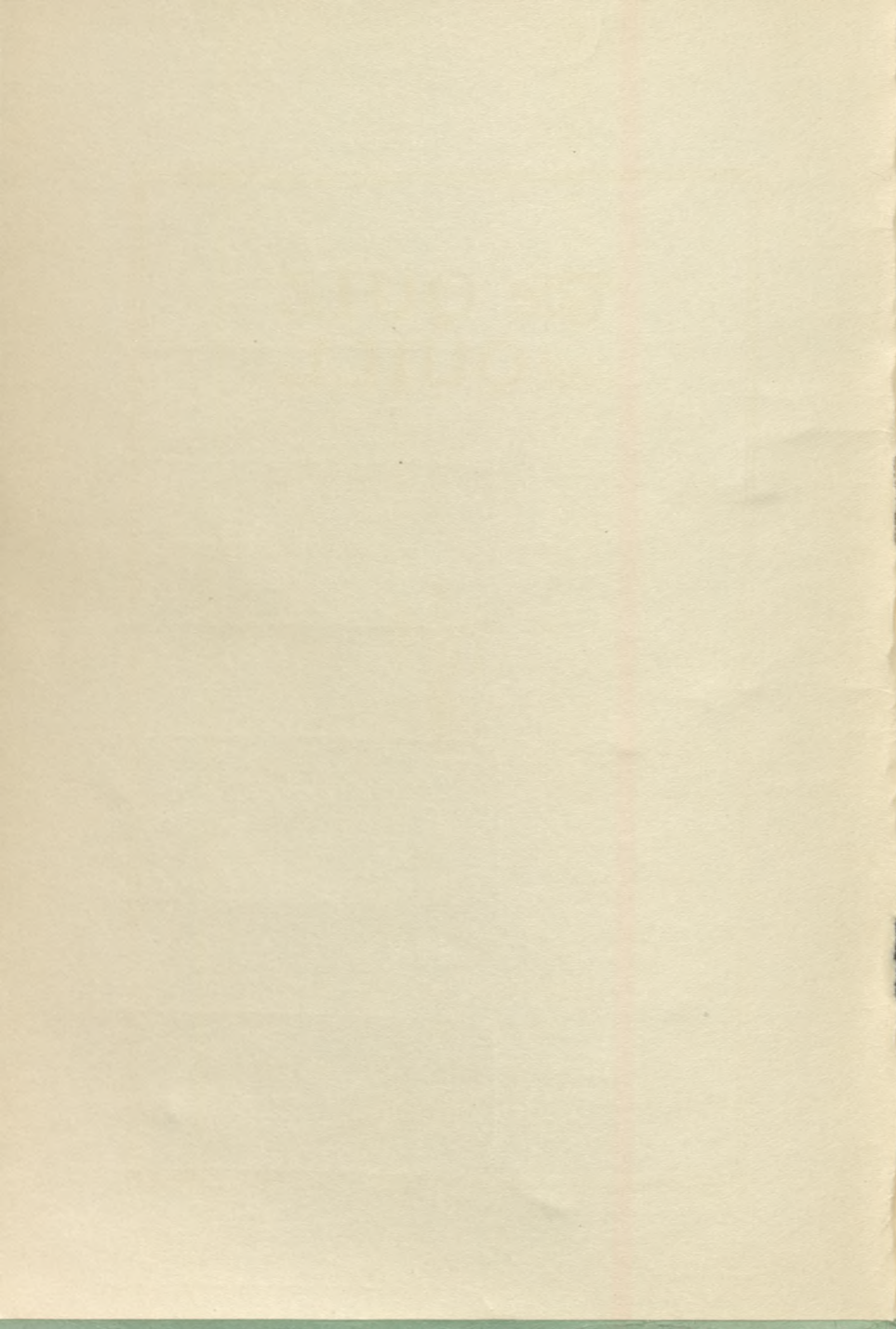
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Quiz
+
Quill

Spring
1932



The QUIZ
and QUILL



PUBLISHED SEMI-ANNUALLY

BY

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB
OTTERBEIN COLLEGE
WESTERVILLE, OHIO

The Quiz and Quill Club

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Alice Schear Editor-in-Chief
Robert Copeland Editor of Hobohemia
Edwin Burtner Business Manager
Cover Design by Geraldine Offenhauer, '33

ALUMNI

<p> Delmo L. Adams Mildred Adams Martha Shawen Allaman *Edith Bingham Harold Blackburn Dennis Brane Russell Broadhead Robert Bromley Cleo Coppock Brown David Burke Roy Burkhardt Lois Adams Byers Jean Turner Camp Wendell Camp Cressed Card Edna Dellinger Carlson Robert Cavins Lloyd Chapman Walter Clippinger, Jr. Marguerite Banner Coon Josephine Foor Cribbs Ruth Deem Helen Keller Demorest Kathleen White Dimke Mamie Edgington Evelyn Edwards Charlotte Owen Erisman Verda Evans Alice Foy Paul Garver Edward Hammon Wayne Harsha Margaret Hawley Geraldine Bope Heck Parker Heck Mildred Deitch Hennon Marcella Henry Marie Hobensack Marjorie Hollman Donald Howard Gordon Howard J. Ruskin Howe Ellen Jones Perry Laukhuff </p>	<p> Elma Laybarger Elizabeth Lee Bonnibel Yonney Leonard A. A. Luther Bessie Lincoln Mallett Joseph Mayne Howard Menke H. O. Miller Harold Mills Lester Mitchell Mabel Joe Mozier Mary Mumma Ernestine Nichols Louis Norris Mary Ruth Oldt Esther Harley Phillippi Harriet Raymond William Richey Marjorie Miller Roberts Ruth Roberts Gerald Rosselot Alice Sanders Helen Bovee Schear Marvel Sebert J. W. Seneff Marjorie Whistler Shank Edwin Shawen Ethel Shelley Olive Shisler Lillian Shively Freda Kirts Showers Viringia Snavely Thelma Snyder Grace Hill Staacke Carl Starkey Hilda Gibson Stone Mary Thomas Violet Patterson Wagoner Louis Weinland Pauline Wentz Laura Whetstone West Grace Armentrout Young Claude Zimmerman </p>
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*Deceased

Foreword

MANY are they who aspire to literary heights but few there be who gain the noble summit. Most of us are plodders up the weary slopes.

For all who labor thus there is a common inspiration in which even the humblest may share. So to the ageless, universal Muses, we aspirants dedicate this number.

1932 LITERARY PRIZES

BARNES SHORT STORY

- "For God and Country," Eleanor Walters, first prize, \$40.00.
"The Eagle Speaks," Robert Copeland, second prize, \$20.00.
"Schoenbrunn," Alice Schear, third prize, \$10.00.

CHAUCER CLUB CRITICISM

- "Shadows on the Rock," Gladys Burgert, first prize, \$5.00.
"Shadows on the Rock," Keith Hoover, second prize, \$3.00.

QUIZ AND QUILL CONTEST

- "The Flame Shall Last," Parker Young, first prize, \$10.00.
"Pavements in the Rain," Hazel Forwood, second prize, \$5.00.

CHINESE FLUTE

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

A paeon, a song of a whole race within itself,
I heard the liquid melody of a Chinese flute:
A song of night, a slave-girl's lament, a tender cry of
love,
Its bamboo throat sang simple tunes, yet I saw strange
visions as I listened.
Sights of today suddenly huddled together and van-
ished; buildings, industries, farms, all faded utterly
away.
I saw great fertile plains, and a wild country cut by
rough ravines,
And terraces of rice on the hillsides, and men and
women working ankle-deep in water there.
I saw a yellow river overtopping its banks; I saw the
agonies of drowning thousands;
I saw tablets set up to worship dead men; I saw stone
gods housed in gorgeous temples, their roofs with
lifted corners;
I saw the gold and red magnificence of mandarins, and
a bound-foot maiden walking by a moon-lit pool;
I saw a village of rude huts at night, a group of
peasants round a ruddy fire,
Silent, while an old poet chanted ancient songs of love
and war.
All these before me in a ghostly, distant view I saw,
While to me came the music of this Chinese flute,
Now rising, falling, pouring its winged sounds out on
the air,
A magic wailing, now by the air borne far away.

ALOES

GLADYS E. FREES, '32

SHE was the brightest girl in her class. Not a nonchalant, brittle type, but soft-eyed and visionary. Her parents covered her small-boned body with home-made dresses and her gray eyes with black-rimmed glasses so that only her soft lips and the sensitive flush of her fine white cheeks were visible.

When she was a Junior she had her first dates with a healthy young brute. They were married the next summer and lived with her parents until she finished high school. He, who had never finished the grades, came to the commencement exercises in tennis shoes and long unkempt hair and watched her complacently as she stood upon the platform in her frumpy dress and received high honors. Afterward he told crude jokes at the Senior reception and ate noisily while the quick color fluttered in her cheeks and a strained smile played about her lips.

He bought a farm, and three horses, and cattle, and sheep, five miles from the nearest hamlet and twenty miles from the nearest town. He took her to a farm on a clay road that was impassible ten months of the year to a dark, shambling house with nondescript furniture from second hand sales. He took her to live in a farm house where she carried water for washing from an icy pump,—where she rubbed greasy overalls with hands that had played the violin. He took her to live on a barren farm where she worked in the hayfield and barn with him. She listened to slime from his filthy mind. The delicate nostrils, made to catch the scent of arbutus and fine linen were filled with the stench of the stable and the strong odor of hot masculine bodies crowded about the table in harvest time.

Three times she waited in sick dread,—fighting the

loneliness and physical misery of child birth. The last time she came through the terror and agony alone while he cursed at the bumps in the rutted road to the doctor.

Tomorrow the baby is two weeks old. Tomorrow the sheriff is holding the sale. Tonight she sits by the fire and nurses the tiny form, while he leans his chair against the wall and between vigorous chews, philosophizes.

"I should have married for money," he says.



A BAMBOO GROVE

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

A bamboo grove beyond the hill,—
My heart is there;
And everything is soft and still
Save for the one lone whip-poor-will
Calling.

A little shrine beyond the hill,—
My heart is there;
And kneeling by my window sill
I seem to hear a whip-poor-will
Calling.

The sun is sinking beyond the hill,—
My heart is there;
And everything is soft and still
Save for the one lone whip-poor-will
Calling.

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

ELEANOR WALTERS, '32

First Prize, Barnes Short Story

HE sat before the fireplace with her head bowed—a Tennessee mountain mother. The lamp which burned on the table at her side had been turned very low, as not to disturb the children who lay sleeping in the other end of the room. Pots and kettles hanging on either side of the fireplace made grotesque shadows on the wall, and the ashes of the day's fire were slowly growing cold.

Motionless she sat, as if waiting. Waiting, with hands out-stretched upon a large book which lay open in her lap. The fingers of those hands were hard and blackened. Workworn hands that lay as mute testimonies of the mother in the mountain land who has struggled long with an improvident nature for her home and children, and through her indomitable courage has won.

Her face was prematurely wrinkled and very tired looking. The peaked look of her features was accentuated by the way her hair was drawn tightly back from her forehead and twisted into a harsh knot. Yet, in the faint flow of the dying fire her face was singularly serene. Filled with a serenity that came when in a hushed moment, before getting the bacon for breakfast, she stood in the back doorway of her cabin and looked far up at the mountain peaks, misty blue in the distance. From standing in the soothing stillness of the dawn, drinking in the grandeur and beauty of those mountains. A serenity that remained with her until she sat on the doorstep in the evening, tired, and worn, and watched the sun in its golden way slip down behind those mountains.

A nondescript dog, characteristic of those mountain homes, silently padded over to her chair and thrust a chilling nose inquisitively into her hand. She

drew back, startled, and then seeing the dog, patted his head gently. At that moment, breaking into the stillness of the room came the sound of horses racing madly down the trail. The sound of laughter, wild drunken laughter followed as the horses neared the cabin. The gang from Jimtown was reveling tonight in the bright light of a full moon. Some of the voices sounded too immature to be connected with such a group, and as one high-pitched oath rang out through the cool night air, the mother's hand clenched as if in pain. Then as the riders galloped off into the night, the tread of the ringing hoofs became fainter and the room was left in stillness again.

Now the mother's lips were moving: "Pappy, pappy—that was his voice. Our little red headed boy. He's growin' up now an' he ain't actin' like we expected. He's took ter licker an' he's drinkin' hard. He loved you, pappy, an' after you had died he took ter actin' strangely. Still 'n' quiet like, never saying much around the house. An' now he goes to Jimtown every night, with that thar gang from up in the mountains."

Her head bent lower. "Lord, I ain't got no larnin'. I can't read Your Book. But I can feel Your Comfort as pappy used ter say when I puts my hand on Hit. I pray tonight for my boy Red. Watch over him through all the night an' help to keep him away from temptation. He's got no pappy, Lord, so don't blame him too much. I'm just his poor ole mammy that he don't aim ter listen to." Tears were splashing down on the Book. "He could be so big 'n' strong efn he would let that drink alone. I pray that he may stop a'fore he gets in trouble. For the sake of Your Son. Amen."

Sticky spring mud cling tenaciously to the heavy boots of a tall youth as he laboriously trudged along the old creek bed.

"I reckon thar won't be anybody walk this road for a spell now that the spring rains have started. Guess I'll aim ter walk the rest of the way the bank,"

he mused aloud in his slow Tennessee drawl to a scolding chipmunk that was scurrying close by. From the pocket of his faded blue overalls he tossed the little fellow a nut as he climbed up the slippery bank.

Beneath a thatch of red hair, vivid blue eyes peered alertly at the mountain path and then around at the peaks in the distance. He reckoned he'd have to rest a spell, since the air smelled so clean and full of spring. He slung himself down on a white boulder and proceeded to scrape the mud from his boots. This done, he watched with interest the small pools of water now appearing in the creek bed. He mentally traced its course as it wound onward from his left to where it made a sharp turn and from there led past his home at Pall Mall. Then in the opposite directions as it wound fourteen miles back to Jimtown, the county seat of Fentress county.

A bird, winging its way surely and slowly across the hill land, caught his eye, and when it disappeared he stared long and thoughtfully at the mountain peaks standing clear cut against the sky. There was strength and power in those mountains. He felt a surge of strength within himself as he became a part of that landscape. The vastness and solitude of the land and always fascinated him. Especially in the early evening as he had made his way along the creek bed road to Jimtown. His head dropped in shame as he remembered how, on the way back, they had only loomed as sign posts to direct his drunken trail homeward.

Strange how that man had affected him. Strange how he had been irresistibly drawn to those meetings, with rebellion in his heart, by that magnetic personality. The gang had laughed and kidded him. Funny too, how he had met that man walking in these hills and how the man had talked to him and in that talk had understood. Had understood how the death of a boy's pappy can tear a boy's heart in two. Especially a shy, sensitive mountain boy who has been unaware of life's hurts, and whose little furred friends of the

mountains had not been able to close that wound. Who understood how the temptation of a drink in Jimtown would appeal and how the result would cover up for a time the ache in the lonesome boy's heart. Queer, how in these hills, warmed by the friendship and faith of the man, he had been lifted out of himself, had accepted the man's teachings and had left the gang forever.

This afternoon as he cupped his chin in his brown, boyish hands, the mountains presented a newer, deeper fascination: "What lay beyond?" That man, the outlander, had in his talk given him a glimpse, and the urge now to find out more was pulsing through his strong, young body, in an insistent, definite way.

The sun was dropping lower in the sky, and Red thought of the corn pone, always done to a crisp, which awaited him at the end of his journey. He picked his lithe, muscular self from the rock and proceeded homeward. On the way he decided suddenly, since his evening was still open, that perhaps the little girl with the tawny hair, and shy, sweet smile would enjoy walking with him in the evening air. After cutting the gang at Jimtown, he had found several interesting subjects to occupy his mind in the evenings, and one of those was Gracie.

Changing his course, he swiftly walked up the path that led to the Turner cabin. On the front porch she sat, quilting. Her fingers flew as she worked, apparently unaware of his approach. At his "Howdy, Gracie," her shyest of all shy blue eyes glanced up at him and then quickly down at her work as she replied in her demure little way;

"Howdy, Red. Set down an' rest yo'self a spell."

"Well, efn I do hit'll only be for a minute, because I reckon supper will be ready anytime I get home an' I'll have to be getting along. I reckoned you might aim to take a little walk with me tonight. Spring has cum round the corner an' the mountain trail is lonely."

"I reckon I surely would, Red. Hit'll be nice and balmy up thar."

With her shy sweet smile she disappeared within the cabin and Red's stride was increased by a foot as he covered the remaining path to his home.

As he turned into the cabin yard, several dogs sprang up to greet him. Tow headed youngsters appeared from various directions and with a welcome, "Howdy, Red," closed in around him. He noticed that one little tot was heroically struggling with a bucket almost as large as himself, which was filled with cobs from the barn for fuel. He couldn't get past a small gate which as soon as it was opened would swing back and shut before he could pick up the bucket and get through. Red strode over, picked upon the boy and cobs, and together they all entered the kitchen. Corn pone and side meat were set steaming on the table. The hungry bunch was quickly satisfied and the meal was over. In a little while Red was shaved and dressed for the evening.

In the early twilight, the couple strolled down the mountain trail. They were both quiet, appearing very bashful, yet happy just walking together. After awhile Red looked down at the tawny hair of the girl by his side and said wistfully;

"Gee—I reckon I've just cum to know what I've missed by going down to Jimtown so often and not knowin' you. I mean really knowin' you like I do now! We always used to play together but we were just kids then."

Smiling up at him in her sweet, shy way she replied; "I've often watched you ride or walk past our cabin, Red, since we've grown up, but you had forgotten all about me and never looked that way once'n. An' I've envied those girls down at Jimtown that—"

"Gracie—don't you ever say that again," his voice was gruff with emotion. "You envying those girls—those low—Why, I reckon you're just the sweetest, purest thing God has growin' in His mountains, and I'm not fit to be walking up here with you either, the way I've been."

"Hush—you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Not fit to walk with me. I'm proud to be up here with you, walking by your side! I'm proud of the way you carry yourself so straight 'n' tall an' of the strength of you as you walk these paths. An' too," her voice was softer, "of the way you dropped that mountain lick an' haven't been with the gang since. Don't you ever say anything like that again!"

"All right, sweet girl of Wolf River Valley. We won't either of us talk that way again. Now I reckon it would be nice to sit down on this big rock and watch the sun set before we turn back on the trail.

"Gracie, did you ever sit and wonder what lay beyond those mountain peaks that we see out thar 'n' feel as if you just had to go an' find out?" Red queried after they had sat in silence for a few moments.

"Yes—I often wondered how things were an' looked, out in the rest of America, when the teacher told us little things in school. But there's no chance of my ever getting away so I just didn't think much more about hit."

"I was thinking about it this afternoon," Red told her. "Rev. Condiff, who held those meetings down in Jimtown, was talking to me one day and he set me to thinking. They have schools out thar, Grace, almost the whole year round. Nine months out of every year. We only have three. Think what we could learn in one year. 'N' they have roads—hard, white roads—on which four wagons could roll along, side by side. Their houses are large 'n' beautiful."

"But we're happy here in our mountains and hollers," Grace whispered. "Especially down here in our holler where we live."

"Yes, I know. But we're too shut in. We don't know what's going on any place else except when an outlander wanders through an' tells us. We're a part of America, yet we're different, ignorant! 'N' how can we be any other way when we can't get to our few months of school only half the time because of our bad roads. Rev. Condiff says that we are much

better off than those people who live up thar in that mountain ridge, however. He's been up thar an' he says that they grow up like little wild animals scared to death of anybody strange. We aren't quite that bad because we've gotten to go to school."

"Our school, Red, is the only school in all of Fentress County. I'm glad we live in the holler. At least we've had some education. Poor little mountain ridge babies."

"They can't come clear down here. Their creek beds fill up with water an' their mountain passes are too dangerous. Anyways it would be too far. They ought to have school up thar." He stared off at those mountains for quite a while and then abruptly spoke. "Grace, I'm going out there beyond! I aim to get to school some how. 'N' I'm going to bring back what I learn, to build schools 'n' roads 'n' lots of them for those kids and our kids who are shut away from the rest of America by these mountains! That's what I've been feelin' 'n' I've just got to go!"

"N'I reckon that you will get to, Red. I know you will an' that God will be with you all the way." Her face was sweetly solemn as she said the last.

"That means a lot, Grace. I sure am glad you understand. Now it's quite dark an' I must get you home."

As they walked slowly back, they discussed the war. Grace told Red that a letter from Raff, her brother, had stated that he was leaving that next day for France. He had been one of the first to enlist from their vicinity, and every day more and more sturdy young fellows were leaving the hills for war. Some of them were enlisting in order to get away; others had left because they felt honor bound to answer the call.

"I don't aim ter go to war." Red's voice was troubled. "I don't believe in fighting now."

"But hits fighting for your country." Grace spoke heatedly. "An' efn you get drafted you'll have to go."

Raff says that he considers hit an honor to fight for his country."

"In His Book He says to love, not fight. An' I've a'dedicated my life to Him." Red spoke with quiet determination.

By this time they stood at the door of Grace's home.

"I reckon I'd better be getting along. I'll be coming this way tomorrow an' look out for you."

"Good night, Red," came softly from the doorway.

He did not go directly home but walked on through the countryside which now lay bathed in clear, white moonlight. The night was really very beautiful. When he did reach his home the lamp was still burning and his mother had not yet gone to bed. The hour was late and he thought this action of his mother's signified that something unusual had happened.

"What, don't you aim to go to bed at all to-night?" he chided playfully from the doorway.

"Yes, but I reckoned I ought ter see that you got this here letter that Chad Boswick brought a spell ago from the postoffice in Jimtown. Hit was late but he thought he'd better bring it over any how." His mother's voice and face expressed a deep anxiety.

Red knew, as his mother had known, what the letter contained. He was drafted. Called by an almost unknown power, to fight for an unknown cause. Called from his peaceful home life, his beloved hills and fields of corn to fight, to kill, and perhaps to die.

"Hit's come, mother, the call to go away." With these words he turned and went back down the cabin path.

Red could not have told where he was going but he found himself on the hill side, at the same old rock where he a few years before, as a broken-hearted little boy, had crept away from all the confusion of a funeral to be alone. He took a New Testament from his pocket. In the clear light he could make out a few marked lines, for he knew them by heart. He handled the book tenderly and thought-of Jesus' command-

ments, "And the greatest of these is Love". "Love thy God." "Love thine enemies." How could he love them and kill them at the same time? Until now he had simply refused. What should he still do?

He began to pray. As the night progressed a boy's soul grappling with destiny, died, and a man's strength continued the struggle. The stars shone down comfortingly in the same way as they had appeared almost two thousand years before when a Man wrestled with His God until blood oozed from His forehead. One by one they disappeared as dawn streaked the sky in slants of color behind the mountain peaks. Weary and spent, the man still faced his Gethsemane. Dawn slipped past before the rising sun, and at noon he rose. He walked down from the hillside with a peace and calm that told him that for some reason he could not understand, he was to enter the war. Power from those agonizing hours went with him far out beyond those mountains, into the bloody fields of France.

* * * * *

Mess time for those soldiers who were standing the brunt of the hardest fighting in the Argonne region of France was usually an hour for jokes and laughter. But at this evening meal the regiment sat silent and glum, eating slowly with little or no appetite. In small groups they sat with dogged, set faces, pale under a great emotional strain. Zero hour was approaching, by orders scheduled for nine o'clock that night. The hour when the boys must leap from the comparative safety of their trenches into a blazing inferno ahead! They must advance continuously until discovered and then silence those guns which had been causing all the damage or die in the attempt. The company had been terribly thinned out by repeated advances and skirmishes and for them these orders were severe. There was reason for their discouragement.

One member of the group, whose head towered red above the others, stood up and walked slowly down the trench. His tall, muscular, and well-built

body commanded the respect of his buddies. As he stood listening to the staccato report of the machine guns barking in the field ahead, and watched the white puffs of smoke disappear in the cool damp air, he might have been, from his calm appearance, merely watching the rows of corn growing green on the mountain slopes of his farm back home. In sharp contrast to the nervous, harassed boys whom he had just left, he stood out calm and assured, gathering strength by being alone. A small, frail looking boy whose face was turning a sickly green ran up to him and nervously asked;

"Do you know why we have those orders? You know there aren't enough of us. Could there be some mistake?"

"Well, I reckon I can't tell you, Jack, but our officers would hardly make a mistake like that. Why all the worry?"

"God—how can you stand there calm? In three hours they'll rip us open. Blow us to bits. We haven't got a chance against them. It's hell out there I tell you. We'll all die like rats against their number! Oh, I can't go. I won't be trapped!"

"Steady thar, ole' man. Suppose we talk a spell."

With his firm hand on the lad's trembling shoulders he led him over to his bunk and made him lie down. The boy who usually was so fine and brave, was breaking under the strain of the last two weeks. In his slow Tennessee drawl, Red spoke calmly of the trees, and valleys and mountains of home. He talked on and on, and under the spell of that soothing voice the boy relaxed and became quiet. Then Red took a small book from his pocket and began to read.

"Gee," whispered the boy, "Mother used to read me that." In a few moments he was asleep.

A message came requesting that Red come immediately to the first aid compartment at the far end of the trench. A boy had been brought in quite out of his head with pain and fever, and was calling madly for his mother. If he was to have a chance at all he

must be quieted. Would Red please see what he could do, the message asked, before the doctor was forced to give an opiate when the heart was weakening so rapidly.

A few strokes over the boy's fevered head with those cool, magnetic hands, a few murmured words, and the boy's struggles and moanings ceased. The doctor was very grateful, and Red went back to join his buddies.

As he walked along, he felt a nervousness creeping over him and he became faintly nauseated. The company was small and there seemed little hope for a safe return. But orders were orders and it was duty to obey them. It was the duty of the whole company to obey those orders with their usual firm self control and courage. He looked up through the blackness of the night and prayed for strength to carry them through the crisis. Then he returned to those disheartened boys.

He looked at his watch. One half hour more. Inexorably the seconds were ticking off into minutes. Red gathered the boys about him and talked quietly and determinedly to them. Their preparations were continued in their old, quick, decisive way in the remaining minutes which showed that a new hope had been kindled. At the stroke of nine, when they received the signal, they leaped up and went over the top with such daring and courage that it was obvious a real plan with a chance had been presented to them.

From the darkest hours of the Argonne Battle whose most terrible secrets are still locked in the hearts of silent men, Red emerged a war hero. He had captured and silenced, practically alone, thirty-five machine guns. He had marched two hundred and thirty-two prisoners back to the American lines with the help of only seven comrades, two of whom were wounded.

New York acclaimed America's hero as she has acclaimed them in the past and will continue to acclaim them in the future. Ticker tape, bands, crowds and

cheers greeted the Tennessee mountain youth who was called by General Pershing "the greatest civilian soldier of the war." Whose feat in the Argonne was declared by General Foch to be "the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe."

A world hero and just a red haired boy with broad square shoulders and who talked with the drawl of America's southern mountain land. Who stepped off the boat at New York with a copy of the New Testament in his pocket, a copy of the United States Constitution, and a copy of the preamble to the Constitution of the American Legion,—these three which he carries with him always. The opening lines of the preamble read, "For God and Country, we associate ourselves together. To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America."

Fame he had won—Fortune awaited him—America's money was laid at his feet. Business men with huge sums of money to be paid immediately if he would just sign his name to dotted line, dogged his footsteps with their papers. Every motion picture company wanted the exclusive right to film that boy and would pay the price to do it. But the firm jaw snapped and his head went up;

"No." He reckoned he wouldn't betray that uniform for all their old pieces of silver.

He left New York with only his fame and went back to his loved Tennessee.

All of Tennessee turned out to welcome her son. From the hollers and the mountains they came flocking down. Anything he asked could be his, anything he wished. So he asked for a road. A hard, white road that he helped to build himself and which extended, when finished, from his home at Pall Mall fourteen miles distant through the Cumberland Plateau to Jimtown, the county seat of Fentress County.

Then he wanted more roads. Money to fulfill his dreams, the fulfillment of which would give America's gift of progress to her children whom he had left

behind when he went out beyond. He would not take the money as it was offered in New York. He would not talk for five minutes over the radio recommending a certain brand of tobacco at one hundred dollars a minute. That sum would help his building program but he did not believe in smoking. He didn't smoke himself and he wouldn't sail under false colors.

He would give talks but they would be appeals. He would ask for money that would build schools and roads for Fentress County children. His use of English was incorrect for he had had little education. But with his shoulders squared, a determined red head, and a firm look in those blue eyes, he faced American audiences. He talked before men who had had the best of educational opportunities. He spoke before legislative assemblies, conventions, and in large universities. Men's hearts were touched by his appeal, by the stories which he told in his simple way of the conditions and hardships under which the children lived. He told of conditions that the people of America had not known existed in their land,—and money started coming in. With one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars his building program began.

Dreams have become realities. From the small but comfortable home at Pall Mall in the Wolf River Valley the Alvin C. York Highway extends through Jamestown, the whole length of Fentress County, and connects with all the main roads of travel. Schools, institutes, and agricultural colleges have sprung up and are connected by these. Fentress County children, who have had the least in educational advantages of any children in Tennessee, are receiving their rightful heritage.

In the small but comfortable cottage at Pall Mall a large man weighing about two hundred and fifty pounds and with broad square shoulders is standing before an open window. His hair is still red in the light. Spring smells pervade the evening air, and far in the distance mountain peaks stand out clear cut against the sky. "What lies beyond?" The man

smiles as he muses. How different was the way he had been shown than the way he had expected. He had also, now, brought back to his people part of that which he had found. He looks a little sad, however, as he thinks of the rest of those children who are still hidden away in the mountain vastness, still waiting untouched by human progress. Children that he has not yet been able to reach. America's children who are still waiting for their due.

The man glances at the letter in his hand. It is from the American Legion Convention wishing his statement on prohibition. He turns slowly to his little wife, Gracie, who sits demure and charming in a rocker sewing. Through a door which stands partly open, he glances into the bedroom at his young son who lies asleep in his crib. His views on prohibition? They should have them. Does he want liquor for that young boy when he gets older? Does he want that mother to agonize over that boy as his mother had agonized over him? For those young men who were graduating from his schools? He would do all in his power to give them progress and he would do all in his power to keep them strong and sturdy. He strode to the table and composed the following telegram.

Hon. Ralph O'Neill,
Commander,
The American Legion,
Care of American Legion Convention,
Detroit, Mich.

As a member of the American Legion—one of the greatest organizations in America fraught for good—I want to go on record before the Convention now in session as being unalterably opposed to any change in our present prohibition laws, since I regard return of the saloon or any modification of the law as being inimical to the best interest of the American people. Please read this message to the Convention if this question comes before it.

I send cordial greetings to my comrades, and
regret that circumstances prevent my meeting
with you.

(Signed) Sgt. Alvin C. York.

As he folds the written message, he looks tenderly
over at his mother who sits on a low chair before the
fireplace. She sits with a smile on her wrinkled face,
peacefully resting at the close of day.



HORACE BOOK III. ODE XXIV

A Modern Paraphrase

ELAINE ASHCRAFT, '35

Seize all the wealth of modern lands
Whose buildings reach the sky,
Seize all the wealth—but what's the use?
For we all have to die!

It seems that we must learn to give
Real virtue its true place,
And look not on mere things of earth
With misled, greedy face.

One of the foulest roots of sin
Deep grown in lands today
Is that we rank 'neath treacherous gold
The things that last for aye.

Poverty is no disgrace—
Were not most great men poor?
The greatest Man that ever lived
All hardships did endure.

With cards and dice youth likes to play
Unthinking of the time
That he could spend on higher things
That make a life sublime.

Honor and faith—they must come back
Wealth never satisfies.
If in depression we see this
Not long will there be sighs.

THE FLAME SHALL LAST

PARKER YOUNG, '34


First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

The whitened ashes mark the burned firelog,—
A lingering echo tells the song is past.
But if I've grown a little nearer God,
Perhaps the song—the flame, shall last!

If in the flame I've glimpsed a truer life,
If in the song a deeper music ran,
If my far searching self has ceased its strife,—
Perhaps those ashes mark a better man!

A LADY

PHILIP DEEVER, '34

N a down-town street corner thronged with hurried people, a little, old woman was peddling newspapers. She was dressed in black, —black galoshes, a long black skirt, a once stylish black satin hat, and a heavy, black cloak which flapped in the wind of the blustering March day. On her left arm she carried a half-dozen papers, while in her right hand she clutched one which she extended eagerly to the passing crowd. Near her on the walk lay more papers weighted down by a heavy stone. I first saw her stooping over this stack and drawing some papers from beneath the weight.

So unusual a sight as an old woman peddling newspapers ought to have attracted some attention; but the crowd appeared used to her and did not heed her silent plea. Many did not even notice her. But I did. Something hidden within that flapping cloak touched me. I stepped over against the building where she stood and looked down into her drawn, wrinkled face and pale blue eyes. She looked up hopefully and proffered a paper which I took, though I had another in my pocket. I was interested in her, and as we transacted our business I studied that face, trying to read her life there. Why should she be out on this busy street selling papers? At her age, my own mother was at home enjoying well-earned peace and rest. What is it that sustains her out here? As I studied, I noticed that around her neck hung a gold chain from which dangled a crucifix and a tiny locket. Could the aching heart beneath them tell of love and joy and peace instead of only miserable trials? I cannot tell.

But this I know: that in that small figure standing there on the busy corner, in those brave eyes, in the significance of that tiny crucifix hung over a faithful, motherly heart, in the courage and indomitable will of

that little, old woman I see beauty and loveliness.
She knows little of philosophy and the theories of men.
She cares not for the psychological implications of her
existence. She only knows that she has hope and
trust and God. With these she sustains life.



TWILIGHT

BONITA ENGLE, '33

The sky is a crystal bowl
Scoured by the sunset.
Like ragged urchins, smoky clouds
Flee from its burnished rim.

Soft from the hollow,
With the hushed twittering of birds,
Comes the faint breath of Night,
Caressing the grasses,—
Lulling the meadow to reverie.



AN OLD ARTIST'S HANDS

GLADYS E. FREES, '32

White waxen candles
Tapering,
Burning lower and low
Before an ancient shrine.

PAVEMENTS IN THE RAIN

HAZEL FORWOOD, '34

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

RAINDROPS fall softly into the puddles. Gleams of light from the street-lamps find their way through the branches of trees and dance in the dark pools. These bits of gold seem alive as they dive beneath the surface and reappear. They seem to be playing a game of hide-and-seek as they change quickly from one place to another. The street is a smooth dark mirror and faultlessly reflects each tree, each passing car. A taxi slides softly to a stop at the corner just before it comes to the path of red thrown across the way by the traffic signal. Suddenly the path changes to a liquid stream of gold. Then, as if by a miracle, a green light crosses the way. Surely no one will dare to mar the beauty of that reflection. But with a grinding of gears, the taxi starts across the street. It matters not, for when the car has passed, the picture is the same. It is unchangeable in its beauty. It still remains—a softly shining path of green, inviting me to solve its mystery, to find its hidden meaning.

WATER CALLS ME

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

WATER has for me a siren voice, haunting, tantalizing, inescapable; as audible in the stillness brooding over dim cypress swamps as in the thunders of the waterfall.

A glimpse of blue lake through the trees inevitably lures me to its border. There a hush falls over my being, wraps me in peace, soothingly, possessively. How constantly the lake reflects the moods of the heights above it! Morning's hazy blue, flame and amber of the sunset, silver fire of starlight, moonlight's bewitching brilliance—the water catches them all, now picturing them smoothly in its mirror, now breaking the heavenly beauty into bits to fling capriciously from a million dancing peaks.

Unlike the open-faced lake, the languorous swamp of the South slumbers in half dusk at noon day, and becomes, as its gloom deepens, a rendezvous for things long dead, haunted by ghostly cypresses, their gaunt limbs hung with funereal gray moss. Even when the hot sun, above the thick-set canopy of leaves, slips through to fleck the water, that calm, green surface wears a sinister smile as if it held dread secrets in its uncertain depths. Why, when I half fear its weird mystery, do I long to return to the old cypress swamp?

For the lake's calm, for its caprice, for the Mona Lisa smile of the swamp, . . . for the unknown something that calls me . . . I love water.



CASTLES

MARGARET PILKINGTON, '32

I dream a castle up into the air,
Happily I add the stones and raise each shining turret.
The winds of life blow through my handiwork,
I stoop to gather up the stones,
And start anew.

"SHADOWS ON THE ROCK"

By Willa Cather

GLADYS BURGERT, '32

First Prize, Chaucer Club Literary Contest

IN Miss Cather's latest novel, "Shadows on the Rock", the author strikes out in a new direction and a new manner from her previous works. The setting is in Quebec on the great St. Lawrence which brings the ships from Europe bearing the yearly supplies as well as the news to the inhabitants shut off from the rest of the world. The story is cast late in the seventeenth century, in the last years of Frontenac's life when Quebec was making a desperate stand against all the forces of the new continent.

Miss Cather captures the very tone and feeling of this little French colony which is built on the rock called Kebec. One receives a vivid impression of the Norman Gothic architecture with the heavy grey buildings, the monasteries and churches, with their spires and slated roofs. They were made by people from the north of France who knew no other way of building.

The story centers around the French apothecary, Euclide Auclair, a slender, rather frail man of about fifty, a little stooped, a little grey, with a short beard cut in a point. He was clearly not a man of action, neither an Indian fighter nor one destined to be a colonist in this Canadian wilderness. He had come in the services of the Count de Frontenac who had been appointed by King Louis as Governor General of Canada. The Count had wished to take Auclair with him as his personal physician, promising they would return as soon as their mission should be performed.

Auclair and his twelve-year-old daughter, Cecile, lived alone in the back of the apothecary's shop, Madame Auclair having died eight years after they settled in the little French city. After her mother's death, Cecile in faith and love performed the many simple

tasks which her mother had taught her, keeping alive the French tradition of good love and devotion which resulted in many happy evenings spent by their cozy fireplaces or in long walks in the cool, crisp night air.

The neighbors and townspeople loved to come to Auclair's shop, for he could always give help. He kept them away from doctors; gave them "tisanes and herb-teas and poultices." He advised them about their diet; reduced the "surfeit of the rich"; prescribed goat's milk for the poorly nourished. Cecile was a sweet and pious girl having compassion on those less fortunate than herself. She took a keen interest in Jacques Gau, an untidy, friendless, little fellow.

The winters on the rock were long and cold, filled with the frost and cutting winds. Cecile was forced to spend more time within her home, although she never missed Mass and did not omit the occasional visits to the Ursuline convent where she heard many stories of the sacrifices and long sufferings of the saints.

When clear weather was announced by the wild calling and twittering of the birds, and the ice on the river was broken, the traders from the north began to visit Auclair's shop for their supply of medicine. One was young Pierre Charron, hero of the fur trade and *coureurs de bois*. Cecile loved to sit by Pierre's knee and listen to the many incidents of hardships of the far north.

As the years went by Count de Frontenac had repeatedly asked for a recall to France, believing he had accomplished his duty in Canada, but the King had made no recognition of his services. Every October the boats would leave without the old Count or the Auclairs. Gradually the Count grew weaker and at last he slipped away. With his death vanished forever the hope of return for Cecile and Auclair to their happy home land of France. Auclair for the first time felt hopelessly and completely cut off from his native country; a helpless exile in a strange land.

Fifteen years after the death of Count de Frontenac

the apothecary worked in the same old shop, which was perhaps a little dustier. Cecile had married Pierre Charron, and they were living in the Upper Town not far from the shop of Auclair. Jacques, then a sailor, who lived with Auclair between the periods of his voyages, continued to hold the interest of Cecile.

Deftly, gently, effortlessly, Miss Cather paints her picture. Never once is there a straining after effect, never once a glaring color. She uses a straight forward, unaffected narrative style to show the simple human interest and experiences of the colonists; she carries her reader into the very heart of the characters whom she portrays. She does not give one the impression of having predetermined the behavior of her characters. She allows them to act naturally and for themselves.

Power in delineation of character, power by virtue of her words make people live in her pages. One can fully visualize the appearance of her people; know how they look, as well as what they think and feel. Her style is her own method of expression carefully cultivated. She shows successfully her power over words in her many descriptions, especially those of nature. One observes that she seldom allows an emotional tension to rise to a dramatic pitch, but her style does convey that good attribute of simplicity, naturalness, and smoothness.

Miss Cather tells in a beautiful way the story of Cecile and her father who possess those old-fashioned virtues of faith and love about which one enjoys reading in this modern age. One thing which one realizes almost unconsciously is the standard of living, which made of a modest existence and simple tastes something comely and satisfying.

DOCTOR IS OUT

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

HIS patients cannot believe that the Doctor is gone, that his friendly visits are no longer possible, that his healing hands, strong and kindly, now lie still. "We don't know what to do without him," says one mother. "He spent so much time with our boy when he had pneumonia and through those brain affections. In whom can we put our faith now?" "He pulled our daughter through diphtheria," says another parent, motioning to her child, "and he brought this little lady into the world." They cannot grasp the idea that the Doctor himself could at last lie helpless in the face of disease.

Here in his empty office on his desk is a list, written in a feminine hand, of patients who called for treatments during the week of his illness. On the wall above the desk is a picture of his class in medical school; on the other side of the room hangs a picture of the group of his fellow internes. On the top of the bookcase is a colored portrait of a boy with whom he labored through a nearly fatal illness and two recent major operations. With the passing of the Doctor the boy feels that his own chances for living have gone.

Here in the small laboratory with its cabinets full of drugs is the apparatus set up for a simple test the Doctor was making. The test is still on the table, unfinished. Here is the treatment room, now silent; the adjustable chair, scales, porcelain cabinet, sterilizer, the cupboard with its shelves of instruments, all white and clean, all lying just as the Doctor left them. The user of the instruments is gone, but his presence is still here.

The reception room seems peaceful enough, with chairs and lounge and stenographer's desk unoccupied, and the magazines lying unread. Tapestries are on the walls, and a portrait of the venerable physician

whose signature is written on the Doctor's diploma in medicine. The Doctor's name appears on one window in gold type. On the mantel is an old brown statuette of a monk who sits forever quietly contemplating a human skull which he holds in his hands. Here is a small black card with red letters: "Doctor is Out—will return at eight."



WATERFRONT

RUTH ROBERTS, '25

The night is a black and bitter drink
Topped by a sultry foam
Of moon-tipped spars and ivory hulks
Hanging lone
As skulls suspended magically
Over skeletons swathed in black——

Are there stirrings of death in the bitter drink?
None knows the mystery
But slinking Dawn as she skims the foam,
While the dregs seep into the sea.



YOUR HANDS

ALICE SCHEAR, '32

I lie in the cup of your hands.
As a rose you may touch and caress,
Or may crush from its petals the fragrance
The blossom half tried to suppress,
You hold the soul of me, Love.

Could I give as the flower may give,
Three-fold its being, in one
Strong clasp of your hands, in divine
Hour that may ne'er be undone,
Take the soul of me, Love.

ORIENT IN OCCIDENT

EDWIN BURTNER, '33

SOMETIMES I want desperately to forget that the moon is two hundred and twenty-one thousand miles from the earth, that the tiny ray of sunlight which is now bouncing off my pen point has travelled some ninety-two million miles in the last eight minutes. I wish to forget that we are doomed to ride on a solar merry-go-round, and I shudder to think of some "umph-pa-pa" compressed air calliope blasting out "the music of the spheres". Tired of man's calipers, interferometers, stop watches, spectroscopes, gears, wheels, riveters; wearied by the general din of our tin-pan civilization; sated with the ballyhoo of our tireless statisticians and surveyors measuring and charting the behavior of bullets, mice and men, I try to keep at least the stars inviolate and invested with a subtle mystery.

Now I know that astronomers may some day bake my bread; and so I, granting that distance lends enchantment, ought not to complain, if, in mastering that art I am told that there are extra-galactic nebulae two million light years away. But then, if I choose, I can go twice as far with my mind in the same time, and even such a distant realm would be no more enchanting if when there, I could take out some tools and gear the comets to a big machine.

I enjoy the stars because they are silent. When alone with them I can commune with silence by being still. In such quiet moments tension slinks away in shame, fear has no food, anger no victim, greed no satisfaction, hypocrisy no stage. I cease to live and begin to be. I am free and strong; for there comes to me an experience of the very qualities of existence which make life valid. It is a new thrill to be an artist and not an adding machine; to know the power of intuition and the limits of logic. Mind, soul, and body unite and balance in the realization of self-re-

nouncing love as the supreme fact of existence. Then when I go back to the world of men and machines, in the hitherto unsounded depths of my being, I feel the steady surge of new power.



THE THEME OF MY TRIOLET

ALICE SHIVELY, '33

A garden of flowers—
(The theme of my triolet!)
Refreshed by spring showers.
A garden of flowers
To stroll in sweet hours,
Rose, sweet pea and violet,
A garden of flowers—
(The theme of my triolet!)



ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE A SONNET

BONITA ENGLE, '33

When I am told to be a Sonneteer,
Writing, for all who will to grasp and share,
Falling, perchance, on ears that little care,
My inmost thoughts of that I hold most dear;
If to my spirit Fancy's throng does not appear,
Luring me onward with a force compelling;
And, spite of self, insistent, clamorous, swelling,
Blending at last into one motive clear;
If this be true, I strive in mad pursuit,
Believing foolishly that I can weave
My thoughts into a poem at this behest.
Too soon my powers are spent; devoid of fruit,
But richer with the learning, I then perceive
I cannot write a Sonnet by request.

THE BOSS

HAZEL FORWOOD, '34

HE was the beloved manager of the carrier boys of a big city daily. There was nothing these boys would not do for him. They believed in him, would have banked their last cent on anything that he said.

He did not attempt to conceal his faults, was even proud that he had a quick temper, and said many times that a man who did not flare up occasionally, was no good and he would not have such a man around. He boasted of the fact that he argued angrily, but that he forgot about it immediately, and he firmly believed such an encounter strengthened friendship. And indeed, it was in this way that my friendship with him began.

The central force in his life was love for boys, any and all kinds. He could scold them for their mistakes, threaten to take their routes away from them, but woe unto any other person who ventured to threaten them in the same way. He was most sensitive to any slighting word directed toward the foreign boys. Pounding on the desk with a wrinkled but powerful hand, he would say, "Tony, deliver that paper tomorrow night by five o'clock or off the route you go." Then, slipping the boy a show ticket, he would say with a merry chuckle, "Now get out." Then, as soon as the boy was out of the room, "He's a good kid, do you know it?"

He lived one day at a time, always singing and humming as he shuffled up the stairs and calling out cheery greetings to everyone, whether they were acquaintances or not.

His dauntless spirit was always to the fore. It was present at the very end, when he said, "Renie. Stop it. I'm ready to go." Surely he is even now watching his boys from another world, rejoicing in their triumphs, confident that they will play the game square.

BUDDIES

GLADYS E. FREES, '32

By the the warm blaze,
Shoulder to shoulder,
Watch the smoke rise
And see the log smoulder.

Incense of wood smoke,
Red glowing ember,
Fragments of music,
We dimly remember.

God, as the fire dies
And the logs smoulder,
Keep us forever
Shoulder to shoulder.



A SONNET

ALICE SCHEAR, '32

One moment stilled before the casement wide,
I lift my face to know that through the day,
Each threatening wave of error will subside
If I reflect Love's overpowering ray.
The noon of fret increases 'till it seems
The clamor of the voices must o'erwhelm;
I strip illusion's mask from off these dreams,
And stand again in my appointed realm.
As shadows lengthen over slanting roofs,
There are no blurring shades across my mind,
As clear as crystal light stand out the proofs
The Father—Mother God gave me to find.
The day is done; the strain of toil may cease,
I rest secure in loving, perfect peace.

AS A MAN YAWNETH

ELEANOR HECK, '34


PERSISTENT, sonorous sounds from my little blue clock warned me that the terminus—all good things must come to an end—of my peaceful slumbers (to which I had succumbed some eight hours ago) had come and that I must begin the duties—yes, studies might be called duties—of another day at Otterbein College. My arms stretched themselves out beyond the extremities of the pillow, my toes reached instinctively for the end of the bed—touching the cold iron was not altogether an enjoyable sensation—while at the same time an orbicular chasm extended the contour of my face indefinitely. Ordinarily, I consider yawning a presumptuous sin. It usually signifies that one is bored—and well he may be upon certain occasions in chapel when the speaker becomes voluminous with no regard for fleeting moments and the approaching lunch hour—or that he has not slept an adequate length of time the night before (as a man yawneeth so hath he slept). Still I must confess that after a long period of repose, this method of self-expression is an advisable indulgence.

The elasticity of my body having been displayed, I relaxed again to doze for five more minutes—the time I had allotted myself to be used in overcoming physical inertia and in gaining mental balance and poise—and then I pondered on the tranquilizing effects of sleep. Oh! that I might never have to arise from this recumbent posture which brings with its composure, dreams—beautiful visions which disclose themselves without any conscious effort on the part of my weary being—but I must up and away—aye, there's the rub! The soothing coolness of sheets, the downy softness of pillows, and the fleecy warmth of blankets were no more for me—not until the long awaited return of

“The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most fair,
The best beloved Night.”

PHILOSOPHY A' LA RADIO

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

 ONE Saturday morning I was making Bob's bed and feeling philosophic (wise in my own conceits) while Bob tinkered with an old radio. We began to mix the philosophy and the radio when I said, "Do you know, life is like a radio—you can't tune in on more than one station at a time."

"O yea?" said he politely. "Listen to this," turning on the set, out of which came a mad jumble of stentorian speech, jazzy music, and raucous static.

When quiet came to soothe our ears I countered with, "Well, there's something wrong with a person if he gets two stations at once, isn't there?"

"I don't know," he said, bending over his work. "But the trouble with this radio is—in—the—detector."

I fell to smoothing the counterpane. Nothing to college life but an endless, meaningless rush . . . from class to meeting a party to . . . whatever came next . . . discord and confusion . . . maybe my detector—

"Bob, how do you fix a detector that doesn't detect?"

"You often have to install a new one. If it's a regenerative detector you can try decreasing the number of turns on the oscillator coil; and if it's a straight detector install a straight line-frequency variable condenser on the grid coil and—" I stopped him there. No help for me in a flow of Greek.

I decided that although my mental detector might prove fully as difficult to repair as Bob's directions were to follow, I had better see what could be done for it immediately. I went to my chair by the window and deliberately dragged the apparatus into the merciless light of cool thought. I found it well protected from view by a shining shield, kept brilliantly polished. But the mechanisms within were so care-

lessly thrown together that I no longer wondered at its failure to sort out life's stations.

I opened the Heavenly catalogue and searched for the detector suited to my needs. Now as Bob says of his radio, I hope to be able to say of mine, "It's built right inside".



THE HANDS OF AN OLD MUSICIAN

GLADYS E. FREES, '32

Fragile as Haviland,
Yet strong as silver strings,
The hands of an old musician
Are curved as a shell
From years of holding loveliness.




NOW SHE IS OLD

ROY BOWEN, '33

She is an old woman there unlocking with unsteady key her door. Her hat is smart, her coat much furred, her white hair faultlessly waved. Over the grief for her old lover she wears a glass-like mask of sprightliness. Why does she fumble so as she leans to her task? This is the first time she has returned alone. Before last week she stood straight while another unlocked the door. But now he is dead. That is why she, once so young and gay, is stooped, and old, and forlorn. His old dog watches her through the glass, pacing restlessly as she fumbles. An old dog is all there is now to stave off loneliness. Yes, she is an old woman there, unlocking with unsteady key her door.

SHANGHAI-ING IN SHANGHAI

JOHN SHIVELY, '33

 ONE afternoon last spring I was playing golf on the campus of St. John's University in Shanghai with one of my friends, the Professor of Economics. As we reached the sixth green near the main gate, I noticed the gateman swing back the iron portals and wave admittance to a big black Packard sedan followed immediately by a little Ford roadster.

"See that man in the back seat, sitting in the middle? He's one of the trustees, and also one of the richest men in Shanghai."

"Are the other men trustees, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no," he laughed, "they are his bodyguard. He never leaves his home without them."

I realized that travel in the bandit-infested interior of China might be unsafe for a rich man without a bodyguard, but why one should be necessary in broad daylight in a modern civilized city like Shanghai, governed by the British, Americans, and French, was more than I could understand. When I asked him to explain, he very obligingly did so.

Kidnapping, it seems, has become one of Shanghai's biggest industries. To be a rich man in Shanghai or the member of a wealthy family is to live a life of constant apprehension and insecurity. A week in Shanghai without several good, sensational kidnappings is a very dull week indeed.

Kidnappers have developed a technique all of their own which consists largely of observing their subject's habits until he can reasonably be expected to pass a certain corner at a certain time in his daily business routine. Then the time to strike has arrived. An automobile pulls up to the curb beside him, a dozen arms seize him, and he is whisked away while the pedestrians on the crowded sidewalk scarcely realize what is happening, and least of all the sleepy, turbaned Shik directing traffic at the corner of the intersection. Now the victim will be held with threats of

torture and even death until some fraction of the exorbitant ransom is collected. So rich men learn to destroy all semblance of routine in their daily schedules.

The seven men who accompany the St. John's trustee are all heavily armed, and the little roadster follows faithfully, just fifty feet behind, wherever the Packard leads.

I was told of one wealthy man who lives in a pent house on the roof of his department store so that he need not leave the building for weeks at a time.

One banker and popular sportsman owns three residences, a large town house, an apartment, and a country estate. No one, not even his most trusted servant ever knows at which place he will spend the night.

Measures have been taken to check kidnapping, but they have been only partially successful for while professional kidnappers must carry a heavy risk, their compensations are very gratifying. On every road leading out of the city is stationed an armoured truck, noticeable for its red color. One hundred yards toward town stands a Chinese plainclothes-man who carefully scrutinizes every passing car and signals the truck to stop anything that looks the least bit suspicious.



L'AMOUR

MARGARET PILKINGTON, '32

Your eyes, the quirk of your lips, the touch of your hand,
These are worth the pain that hurts my throat
When other lovers smile.
I try to touch the love you heedlessly offer me,
I want it to caress while waiting 'til you tell me to come again.
I reach out—
Nothing.

Only your eyes, the quirk of your lips,
The touch of your hand.

THE PRETENSE LIVES ON

ROY BOWEN, '33

"If it's a crime, I'm guilty,
Guilty of lovin' you."

AS the tenor strains died, the metallic, forced-cheerful voice of the announcer clipped out, "Guilty of Loving You", just sung by Paul Laney. Station WSRC. Your announcer is——"

With a quick flip of her fingers Marjorie shut off the radio. Her father and mother started upstairs. They had stayed up to hear Marjorie's sweetheart broadcast.

The rather sallow girl in the overstuffed chair by the radio slumped far down and laughed; it was a poor, bitter, little laugh. Guilty of loving you, she thought, guilt . . . guilty . . . loving.

She got up, walked to the window and pressed her hot forehead against the cool glass. He doesn't love me. Again and again she made herself say it: he doesn't love me. She tortured herself with the thought. How could she really love him, she asked herself, when he didn't even respect her, when he was no longer tender and attentive as he once was? But still—

She looked at her watch. He would be here soon. She would send him away tonight. It was no use, no use pretending any longer that she really meant anything to him, no use continuing to believe herself in love with him when she knew well the one thing she stood for in his mind.

She didn't love him, no, no, she hated him—hated—hated. The thought permeated her being. But then again came that little ache. She could feel herself hesitating, drawing back.

She gave a dry, little sob, ran over to the davenport, buried her head in pillows. Why couldn't she reconcile herself to going on without him? She had decided that she didn't love him. Maybe she just

loved love. Was she that sort? Paul had a weak personality; he wasn't intelligent. He had only his blonde good looks, his sugary tenor voice, that voice that had once been so tender, so coaxing . . . his well-formed body . . .

A shudder ran over her. Then she stretched herself out rigid. Yes, she would send him away. The new resolve strengthened her. She wouldn't endure any more of his empty promises, his meaningless love phrases when she in return—

The bell jangled. Marjorie walked slowly to the door. I hate him. She must keep that in mind. She must not forget it. I hate him.

She opened the door ready to tell him she was through. But as she looked up at him she stepped forward a little. Paul's arms were about her. His moist, full lips pressed hers.

"Oh, Paul, Paul," she whispered clinging to him. "Your song was wonderful. You did mean it, didn't you, Dear?"

Paul stepped in. "Why the devil don't you light the gas?" he asked. "It's nasty out tonight."



MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON

W. H. CAMP, '25

As the ghosts of all the years come rushing down out of the
the sky at evening tide
Bringing a cool and sweet reminder of the laughter
That was long ago,
I take me out to the far, high trail,
To find again my idaho, my place of prayer—
And there to chant in solemn measure
The song of all the golden yesterdays
To the first high star beyond the pole.

I

OLD BALD

Granite,—
Imperturbable,—
Yet each time-of-spring
With the coming of the first green grass
There is a high pitched, heedless laughter in your waterfalls,
An earthy primal odor in your crevices
As you watch the birches dancing at your feet
Like naked virgins in the sun.

II

MINGUS

Over the rock and rubble,
The trunks of fallen trees
Tossed down by a too impatient wind;
The squeak of leather,
The bite of a heavy pack,
The ache of legs and lungs—
And then at last the top.
Yet farther still, even above the tops of the swaying firs
A golden eagle swims through a sea of blue.
Even with his wings,
I wonder if he wishes to go higher,—too?

III


SADAWGA

Deep in the moss I make my bed—
Moist as a sweetheart's lips,
Caressing as a lover's hands,
Yielding as a woman's body,—
A benediction to my flesh,
A comfort to my bones.

And the night winds rumble the bracken leaves,
Singing the while a soft refrain,
Until in a vast crescendo
They lift their song to the rim-rock
And shout with the sky-line spruces.

A UNIQUE HOBBY

PHILIP O. DEEVER, '34

 ONE hot night in July or August I was sleeping soundly on a first-floor sleeping porch with my brother. We were healthy country lads enjoying the thrill of sleeping in the fresh air. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I was disturbed, and, arousing myself, I noticed that my brother was up from bed and had run outside in his pajamas. I knew at once what was up.

My brother is a nature lover. All kinds of plants and animals fascinate him. This time it was butterflies and moths. And for several reasons they became his chief interest and hobby. He had now learned that a female moth will attract a male within the radius of a mile. So when he discovered that one of his recent hatches was a female, he had brought her out on the screened porch with us in the hope that during the night she might attract a male. And now his sensitive ears had heard the faint flapping of wings against the screens, and in the middle of this summer night he had awakened and gone out to take the other moth.

Perhaps my brother could not be said to have gone into the moth business. But, at least, he had studied the subject and was intensely interested in making a collection of these comparatively scarce species of insects which resemble butterflies but are larger and much more beautiful and elaborate. Throughout the long winter months and very early spring he would spend hours walking through the woods looking for the cocoons which contained the rare moths. When he made a find he immediately climbed the tree and procured his prize which he carefully placed in a box and put in a warm place in the house to await its hatching time. During the course of the winter he would collect a number of these cocoons. There was always a keen family interest in watching them, and eager anticipation of their opening.

Then along toward spring these tiny, intricately woven balls would commence to open. And slowly, carefully would emerge a large, moist moth, his wings heavy and drooping, his movements sluggish. Great care was always taken that these creatures be protected in every way, and in a few hours they would gain strength and become capable of flying.

By making a careful study, my brother learned to examine the antennae of these insects in order to determine their sex. If he found one to be a male, it was doomed to choloform as soon as it had fully developed and gained its strength. If one proved to be a female, it was saved and used as has been described to attract unsuspecting males from anywhere within the radius of a mile.

Thus in the course of one season a number of these beautiful creatures were captured and all of them choloformed and preserved. In the meantime my brother would be busy with a net catching an occasional butterfly of a more common species. In all he would acquire a considerable collection of butterflies and moths which he assembled attractively in a serving tray with a background of milkweed and velvet. Usually he took this completed collection to the county fair where it won distinction as a miscellaneous entry.



A TRAIN AT NIGHT

ELSIE CROY, '34

A streak of light
Borne on two slender, shining rails.

Ho-Bohemia

WHEN we do as we please. Let your discretion be your tutor. There's no seven mile limit here. Hello Sucker. Hold your hats and don't stand up. The literary waste basket . . .
. . . "And all that stuff."
"Hey Rube!"

EXPERIENCE

"Speak up—who did it?"

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

"Darling, I love you", he said
And held me close. I was too young;
I thought he meant it. Little fool.
I did not know that it was not
The first time he had said these murmured words,
That other hearts had beat as loud as mine
And other arms entwined his neck
In rapture.
I believed him. With implicit faith
I gave my heart, my soul, my all
To him who said the word. I whispered in return,
"I love you, too."

But that was years ago. I learned
The triumph that can swell
The heart of man at conquest: how he seeks
Those words of love from trembling lips to satisfy
His pride; then passes on.
And now, when youthful passion in a boyish breast
Breaks forth and naught can calm the storm
Save that he hold me in his arms and choke
Those fateful words, "I love you, dear",
I press my lips to his in silence; then,
Slipping from his embrace, I laugh
Away his love, and while he stands,
His heart upon his sleeve, move on
To other arms.

DINNER WITH THE FOUR MARX BROTHERS

HAZEL KILE '34

"Co-ed's Do Behave Like Human Beings"

WHAT girl hasn't at sometime dreamed of meeting a movie actor? Well, I'm no exception. If anything, I've probably dreamed more than my share. But I never thought of meeting four of them, at least not all at once.

It all started when the dumb one of the four, as it is his habit to chase girls, began running after me in the theatre. I guess I failed to play my part correctly. I didn't run from him, and as a result I was asked to have dinner with The Four Marx Brothers. I accepted.

After the performance, as one in a dream, I walked down Broad Street with Harpo Marx. I was only a half-head taller than he, and part of the time he walked on the inside, so we weren't very funny looking! But I didn't mind that at all. Just to be seen with him, no matter how funny we looked, was enough to satisfy me.

We walked all the way to the Maramor—a thing I never would have done had I been normal. We joined the other three brothers, and as we approached the table, they, in company with three other gentlemen from Hollywood, arose to meet me. I had never before felt so important. Everyone was looking and pointing out The Four Marx Brothers, and there was little I in the center of it all. Imagine dinner with four clowns and you will have a good conception of that meal. Laughter throughout, talk of such persons as Clark Gable, Clara Bow, Olsen and Johnson, mention of Pierce Arrow steam-heated limousines; was I dreaming?

I couldn't tell you what I had to eat nor how I managed to get on the right bus after Harpo left me at the station. I was having my first, and no doubt my last, glimpse of "movie heaven". I came back to earth as the bus driver called, "Westerville".

BRIDGE PRIZES

"Sidney Lenz in our Midst!"

JOHN SHIVELY, '33

AT bridge I have two reputations: one, that as I move from table to table I leave a trail of empty candy dishes in my wake, and the other, that I never win any prizes. Invariably I don't have enough points for a first prize and too many for a booby prize. No matter how many prizes are offered, I never seem to qualify. If I try for a big prize my cards fail me, and if I concoct some diabolical scheme whereby I can win the booby prize, one of my partners is bound to spoil it with a grand slam in spite of all I can do to prevent it. Even if I should come close to winning a prize I might feel better, but my score always manages to muddle through in the middle.

One night my luck seemed to change. Everything was coming my way. My hands were almost perfect. My "finesses" worked beautifully. Even my partners weren't so bad. By the end of the playing I had rolled up a score that no one could challenge. The evening was mine. No more would I have to submit to the slighting remarks of my prize-winning family.

The hostess appeared with the prizes. With a smug, self-satisfied expression I made ready to receive my due reward, but my elation was premature. "Customarily," she announced, "prizes are awarded to the first and last, but tonight, to accommodate those who never win any prizes, we are favoring those two who rank exactly in the middle."

My reputation still stands.

IT'S GIRLS LIKE HER—

JACK APPLETON, '33

"Jack Always Looked Like A Nice Boy"

THE silvery light of a winter full moon illuminated everything with the brilliance of a mid-day sun. In the shadow of a rickety wooden porch, which ran across the front of an old brick house, was a shadow—black—in the dark corner by the door. It divided into two, and revealed a boy and girl, their faces white in a ray of moonlight. The girl reached for the door-knob and turned it, opening the door, then turned again to the arms of the youth who stood by her side. A long embrace, a whispered goodbye, and the girl slipped into the house, quietly closing the door behind her. The boy moved quickly across the creaking floor, and crossing the dirt yard, passed through the rusty iron gate, rattling the fence in a vain attempt to close the gate quietly.

A small roadster stood at the curb. Waldo stepped into it and started it with a whirr. He pulled away from the curb speedily, and drove at a rapid pace up the narrow bumpy street. Slowing the car under a street light, Waldo looked into his mirror with a long, admiring glance at himself, then returned to his driving with the air of one who is well satisfied. His mind was still filled with thoughts of Mary, the girl of the shadows.

"She's real," he mused, "poor or not poor. She has everything any girl really needs. It's girls like her that make a fellow appreciate a vacation from classes. Poverty doesn't seem to spoil her in the least. Wonder how she'd be if she were wealthy?—like Louise for instance. There's another girl—just as good as they come. Not much to choose between her and Mary, aside from their money, of course. Both goodlooking—both smart—both good at everything. Wish I could decide which of them I like best—and then really "make her". Bet I could too!

* * * * *

The silvery light of a winter full moon illuminated everything with the brilliance of a mid-day sun. In the shadow of an expensively furnished stone porch at the side of a large, fine, colonial residence, was a shadow, black in the dark corner by the door. It divided into two, and revealed a boy and girl their faces white in a ray of moonlight. The girl reached for the door-knob, and turned it, opening the door, then turned again to the arms of the youth who stood by her side. A long embrace, a whispered goodbye, and the girl slipped into the house, closing the door quietly behind her. The boy moved quickly across the thick mat which covered the cement floor, and stepping down to the lawn, crossed it to the driveway.

A small roadster stood there. Waldo stepped into it and started it with a whirr. He pulled slowly through the stone entrance and drove at a rapid pace up the wide smooth pavement. He grimaced at the new house next to the driveway. It was a huge one, and spoiled what had been a wonderful view.

Slowing the car under a street light, Waldo looked into his mirror with a long, admiring glance at himself, and returned to his driving with the air of one who is well satisfied. His mind was still filled with thoughts of Louise, the girl of the shadows.

"She's real," he mused, "rich or not rich." She has everything any girl really needs. It's girls like her that make a fellow really appreciate a vacation from classes. Wealth doesn't seem to affect her in the least. Wonder how she'd be if she were poor—like Mary for instance. There's another girl—just as good as they come. Not much to choose between her and Louise, aside from their money of course. Both good-looking—both smart—both good at everything. Wish I could decide which of them I like best—and then really "make her"—bet I could too.

* * * * *

"Well, how do you like the girl next door, Mary?" asked her mother as they placed the new furniture

about the porch. "What is her name again—Louise, did you say?"

"Yes, Louise, and she certainly is nice. I expect to meet lots more nice girls out in this neighborhood too, Mother," was the response. "You'll have to admit the girls down on Cherry street weren't much to boast about."

"Now don't you go getting stuck up and putting on airs just because your father inherited a lot of money."

"I'm not, Mother, but you know I never did like it down there very well, and I felt like the Dickens having Waldo visit me there. That reminds me—when will we have the telephone? I must call Waldo and tell him of our luck—I've been keeping it from him so we would have this house and everything to surprise him all at once."

"Well it would serve you right if he went down to the old house and found you gone. They promised to put it in tomorrow. You'd better go next door, and get Louise to let you use hers."

"It will keep for a while yet—I'll call later this afternoon. Look Mother! Here comes a roadster just like Waldo's."

Waldo, for it was he, was on his way to drop in on Louise. He slowed his car and peered out the side to see if he knew the people who were evidently just moving into the big new house next door to Louise. She had worried ever since it had been built as to the kind of neighbors she would have.

A surprised look swept the faces of both Mary and Waldo as they saw each other. He stopped quickly and jumped out starting to Mary. Waldo looked over to Louise's house praying that she would not see him, and hurried inside with Mary.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked, and she countered, "How did you know? or was it just luck?"

A half hour later Waldo drove away. He was in a daze, but a few facts had fastened themselves on him. Mary's father had inherited a lot of money—they had moved, and now lived next door to Louise—

she and Mary had met, but neither of them knew the other's relationships with him, or for that matter, knew that he was even acquainted with the other.

A realization came to him—he could not shake it off—he must never see either of them again, never, never again. HE MUST NEVER SEE EITHER OF THEM AGAIN! What was there left for him to do?

* * * * *

The silvery light of a spring full moon illuminated everything with the brilliance of a mid-day sun. A small roadster pulled from under the shadow of a clump of trees at the side of a country road, not far from a college campus. Waldo drove at a rapid pace to the campus, and stopped before the door of a women's dormitory. He escorted the girl to the door, then turned and hurried back to his car, starting it with a whirr.

Driving slowly under the lights of the campus, Waldo looked into his mirror with a long, admiring glance at himself, then turned to his driving with the air of one who is well satisfied. His mind was still filled with thoughts of Helen, the girl of the dormitory.

"It's girls like her," he mused, "that makes a fellow appreciate college".



REINCARNATION

"And from an Otterbein Alumnus"

W. H. CAMP, '25

Beneath the tropic urging moon
In eons long ago
I slit your ears and tore your hair
And O, you loved it so.

You loved me for my hairy ways,
My sturdy primate frame.
I wooed you and I held you——'till
A bigger buck ape came.

And thou, sweet Cleo, with your love
That bubbled to the brim,
Your wanton ways, your coaxing lips,
Your body brown and slim,——

I could not help but woo you, sweet,
And win you—Ah, the shame——
For you were only mine, until
That gol danged Caesar came.

A SKETCH

In which virtue again rides triumphant.

"Page Walter Winchell!"

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

CARL WINTERS stood alone on the balcony and wished that he had a cigarette. He didn't have one, because he didn't smoke; but he felt that a cigarette might be highly desirable right now. It might steady his nerves; smokers had told him that it would. At any rate, it would give him something to do, and Carl felt extremely in need of doing something.

Inside, on the dance floor, the orchestra was gliding through the seductive strains of a dreamy melody. Carl's knee quivered in time with the music, partly because of the rhythm of the band, partly because the August night was cool; and occasionally he drummed nervously on the railing. Carl didn't dance, either, and for the first time he regretted it. There were so many things he did not do; he was very lonely sometimes.

Carl stiffened. The music had stopped, and a slight rustle, a faint breath of perfume, made him aware that he was no longer alone on the balcony. His heart beat faster, and his knee quivered from something more than the cold. He hummed a tune, for the double purpose of keeping up his courage and rendering base indifference. The newcomer had moved to the railing; Carl was conscious of long tapering fingers touching it as she stood beside him and gazed out into the night. The girl also hummed, softly and melodiously. Carl gazed hard at one particular star, which soon became no star at all, but a vague, dancing light.

"We might at least hum the same tune," someone said in a low voice. The girl had moved closer; she was right next to him. Carl had to set his chattering teeth to resist an impulse to bolt. He turned to her.

But whatever words he had intended for greeting remained in his throat. Like the man who has followed a pair of shapely legs and a girlish bob for blocks only to discover the face of a grandmother, he drew back astonished. The girl was beautiful, certainly; but were not the full, round lips too crimson, the masked eyebrows too perfect, the cut of the bright dress far too low? Caution tapped Carl on the shoulder and whispered that this was not a good woman. Her next words proved it.

"Have you got a cigarette?"

Carl gave her his profile to study for answer. The girl shrugged her white shoulders.

"I thought perhaps you might want company," she said.

Carl drew himself up, and Virtue spoke the words that came from his lips.

"Not the kind of company that you have to offer," he said, and strode majestically away.

Carl, you see, was rather a sort of a prig.



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