1937

Portfolio Vol. I N 1

Adella Beckham
Denison University

Janet Chatten
Denison University

Charles Vincent
Denison University

Barbara Taylor
Denison University

Dick Pewilla
Denison University

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio

Part of the American Popular Culture Commons, and the English Language and Literature Commons

Recommended Citation
Beckham, Adella; Chatten, Janet; Vincent, Charles; Taylor, Barbara; Pewilla, Dick; Hopkins, Kate; Sivertsen, Warren; Sweitzer, Harry; Schille, Alice; Deane, Dorothy; Stewart, John; Nadel, Norman; Wilson, Gordon; and Hunt, Margery (1937) "Portfolio Vol. I N 1," Portfolio: Vol. 1 : No. 1 , Article 1. Available at: http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio/vol1/iss1/1

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Portfolio by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.
HARTMAN THEATRE, Columbus
Mon., Tues., Wed., Dec. 13-14 and 15th
MATINEE WEDNESDAY
A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION
“BROTHER RAT”
By JOHN MONKS JR. and FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE
A Gorgeous Comedy of Student Life at Virginia Military Institute
With the same Company that played 308 times in New York
Eves. Orch. 2.26, Balcony 2.26, 1.70 & 1.13
Phone or Mail Orders Now

PORFOLIO
Published By and For All Persons Interested In the Literary Furrathne of Denison University

Vol. 1, No. 1
December, 1937

Editor
James M. Oberbals
Associate Editors
John L. Stewart
Harry J. Switzer

Business
Warren Sivertsen, Mgr.
William Cameron
Literary Agents
Dorothy Fraizer
Peg Brizell

Faculty Critics: Dr. J. L. King, D. L. Mahood, and Ellenor Shannon

And Contributors This Issue:

STORY AND DESCRIPTION

Page
3 Adventure In The Rain JANET CHATTEN
6 Mobilization CHARLES VINCENT
11 Incident... KATE HOPKINS
17 The Eagle And The Mole. DEBORAH BRITZ

FEATURES
7 Shanghai Diary BARBARA TAYLOR
13 A Glass Yarn WARREN SIVERTSEN
19 Hot Jazz JOHN STEWART
21 Martha Hunt MARGERY HUNT

VERSE
6 Jon, Crooner, and Magneto ADELLA BECKHAM
10 Wind in the Bay PEWILLA DICK
18 Mid-Westerner PEWILLA DICK

DEPARTMENTS
15 Theatre-Books HARRY SWEITZER
16 Art WILLIAM SMITH
20 Music NORMAN NADEL

Cover by MARTHA STUBBLEFIELD

Portfolio, published quarterly throughout the school year at 25c per copy. Copyrighted by Portfolio, the Literary Magazine of Denison University. All rights reserved. Reproduction of any part of Portfolio must be done with the consent of the originator.

Artists! Artists!

The three ink sketches: for “Adventure in the Rain”, for “Incident” and for “Mid-Westerner”, this last vaguely reminiscent of Rockwell Kent, were done by David Mitchell, Denison freshman art major. Dick Whitehead, freshman, executed the ink washes illustrating the poem, “Wind In the Bay”, on page 10. Whitehead, from New Haven, Connecticut, has taken special work in the art school of Yale university.

So WE Say

Well, Denison, here we are; as Lafayette would put it, “we are here.” And now we must face the crux of the music.

In fact we do want and welcome all criticism as readily as we want and welcome contributions. Therefore beginning next issue, we shall include a department for letters to PORTFOLIO concerning current campus topics as well as about the magazine itself and your ideas for its betterment.

PORTFOLIO wants to be a modern “Collegian”; it wants to be a literary magazine, yes, but cosmopolitan enough so that it has interest for every Denisonian. It wants to reflect Denison spirit, and provide an outlet for every form of Denison creative effort so far as is possible. Therefore it is to be for and by everyone interested in Denison university: alumni, faculty, and students alike. IT wants the Denison up with the world. An Ideal?

Certainly, because an ideal is something to work for.

A certain few will be disappointed because PORTFOLIO is not another humor magazine, Flamingo. But don’t get the wrong idea. We don’t frown on humor. We want humor more than anything else because we know that good humor is harder to get more than anything else.

So get busy and create. Denison, here is your outlet. We will accept and publish anything which we believe will have interest for the majority of the students in Denison university.

So throw away false modesty; if you write, surely you don’t write only for yourself. Turn in your manuscripts to any of Franco-Calliopean or of the PORTFOLIO staff. This is your magazine; you are its life blood. GET ON THE BALL!

Author! Author!

The editors of PORTFOLIO discovered to their surprise that Janis Chatten, author of “Adventure in the Rain”, in the current issue, was taking special work in economics in London, England. This was when they wished to ask permission to print her article. So it took a trans-Atlantic cable, 28 words in all for about $2.72, in case you are interested. Miss Chatten was graduated with honors from Denison last year.

Gordon Wilson painstakingly copied the ancient instruments in the Dounce library exhibit to illustrate the accompanying article.
**PORTFOLIO** presents
Miss Virginia Martin-
dale modeling a re-
cent Martha Gale formal of
Dusty Blue Moire n am e d
"King's Ransom", at Serge-
ant's.

Martha Gale is one of the
young Americans designing
the Cartwright Jr. frocks
featured for college students
at this smart shop in New-
ark.

Three new Christmas for-
mats have just arrived and
are on display at their store
on the Square.

Virginia Martindale, Kap-
pi Alpha Theta, was elected
Denison Adytum Queen for
last year.

---

**Adventure In The Rain**

"This section was more foreign to her than a strange city."

By JANET CHATTEN

**GRAY and dilapidated the buildings huddled**

**together as if for support or warmth against**

**the wind and the clouds which sped grim-

ly overhead. The clouds were little different from**

**the smoke which hovers always above the roofs,**

**except that the sunlight filters wanly through the**

**smoke, giving a dusty, charcoal vagueness to the**

**atmosphere. The city is clear-cut, dark, and rodded**

**beath the clouds.**

The young woman hurrying along the street

was well-dressed and wore a fur coat. Though she

was anxious lest it begin to rain, her chief concern

at the moment was the appointment which she

should be keeping with Jim at 12:00 in the Loop.

She looked nervously at her watch from time to

time, and paused at the street corners as if certain

only of the general direction she should follow.

This section was more foreign to her than a strange

city. She would now be traveling back to civiliza-

tion in the car with the others had she not been

forced to leave the settlement house early to keep

her appointment. Field trips were a nuisance, com-

ing on Saturday mornings as they did.

She was aware of the fact that these houses,

with their dirty facades, their sooty bricks, their

high wooden steps and Victorian windows, were

the homes of the children she had seen but a few

moments ago. They were ragged and eager young-

sters, working with tools and painting furniture; in-

deed, she felt a passive sort of compassion for their

wan faces, for they seemed more like pathetic

animals than human beings. One feels towards

them as one does towards stray cats, and sponsors

them as one sponsors a humane society. Yet she

wondered what sort of rooms were those opening

off the areaways below the pavement, reached by

steps with an iron rail. The steps were usually lit-

terred, for trash blew into the areaways. The win-

dows of these lowest rooms often were stuffed with

stained newspapers.

She was afraid to inquire directions of the folk

she passed on the sidewalk. Their eyes were re-

 mote beneath their foreheads, and they did not

hesitate to streak at her boldly, even defiantly.

Usually their hands were in the pockets of a slen-

 dery coat, and they spat on the pavement or even

picked up frayed cigar butts. The boys were lean

and furtive; talked in groups at the corners, or

clustered before some gray store window. For her

directions she decided she must step into the corner

drug store.

Among the jumbled shadows of toothpaste pos-

ters, ointments, and detective magazines, she dis-

covered a woman speaking with a foreign accent

to a man who spoke with yet another dialect. The

woman was small and heavy, wearing a dark shawl

over her head and shoulders. Her voice was full of

anxiety. "She ees vera seek, da leetla girl. You will

hava da doctor coma dees aftanoon?"

The clerk, an urbane fellow who aped the so-

phistication of downtown druggists with his white

coat and professional air, spoke sympathetically

to the woman. The girl wondered how one should

address these people; probably with the utmost civility yet a certain reserve. She really

didn't know; the people in her class were careful

about such matters, yet one could hardly speak to

strangers as servants.

The druggist was systematically jotting the wo-

man's name on a pad of paper. "Ya, ya. I tank he

git dere das afternoon. He iss very busy, und only

come three times un veek, you know. You put da

child in der bed, ya? Unt. der covers? Coot. Per-

haps you gif her dis, ontil he come. Efery haf hour

on spoonful." He took a bottle from the shelf be-

hind him.

"How mucha da cost?" The woman was du-

tious.

"Veil, I make it tventy cents today. You haf da

money no now, you can pay me sometime."
Oh, you ees so very kind. De Mrs. Poulonpolos on de toppa floor, she tolda me how you ees. Notta like so many de stores. "There was sadness, a melowness in the woman's voice which impressed the brown paper. No more." The woman waited timidly and took the bottle, murmuring thanks beneath her shawl, and went out the door and was absorbed into the city.

"Ya, ya. You can go down three block und turn right if you vant. It's qvicker if you take da alley, beside der varehouse, un block und un half clown." The druggist rubbed his hands obsequiously, striving to be pleasant. "Oh, you ees so vera kind. De Mrs. Poulopolos vas so kind to me, too. She vas so kind to me."

"I'm a stranger in this section," she began lame-ly enough, but with a sufficiently commanding voice. "Could you please tell me which is the nearest elevated station?"

He smiled kindly, and wrapped the bottle in his hands and held it out. "Ya, ya. You can go down three block und turn right if you vant. It's qvicker if you take da alley, beside der varehouse, un block und un half clown." He shrugged his shoulders, which were stoop-ed and slender. "Oh, I dunno. It's easy, though. Yer soft, that's all; even the paint on the boxes they ken be flattered."

"How are we so different, then?" she asked with a sort of inquisitive vanity, like all women hoping to be flattered. "They'll have ter give 'em cans if they want anything for it? You should be in a sanitarium!"

He sneered, though whether at her or "the woman we know" she could not tell. "When they're young like you they do. Plenty."

They were silent again, and the rain beat viciously on the walls of the warehouse and a shop displaying second-hand harnesses and leather behind the murky glass of its show window. She saw the elevated station at the far end of the alley.

Was that a drop of rain? She was shocked to see this refuse. "Do they let people dump their garbage in the alley like that?"

"They'll have ter give 'em cans if they want anything for it? You should be in a sanitarium!"

He sneered, though whether at her or "the woman we know" she could not tell. "When they're young like you they do. Plenty."

"They'll have ter give 'em cans if they want anything for it? You should be in a sanitarium!"

As she looked at him in astonishment, for she had not supposed it was un-locked, "Yer hadn't ought ter be here", he said. "There's plenty of fellsha-'d jest shove yer in there." As she looked at him in sudden terror he shut the door again. His face was cynical, but she saw that he meant no harm, and felt a sort of pity for him. They did indeed seem for the moment an entity in a great wilderness of space and water. Only the alley cat was alive besides them-selves. Trucks rumbled far away in the street, and the chatter of the elevated made her ears ring."

"Seems like the city's ram'in an' not th' sky, don't you think?"

\[PORTFOLIO\]

"What else is there i' do' with it? They eat most everything bide their peck an' it's about now."

"It looks so—so medieval. One doesn't think of garbage in heaps in modern America."

"They'll have ter give 'em cans if they want 'em ter do eat with it." He was surpris-ingly blunt and direct. In her orbit people clothed their words. He coughed again, and shivered slight-ly, looking at her suspiciously. "You one of them student's?"

"How do you know?"

"Oh, they're the only folks like you as come in here."

"How are we so different, then?" she asked with a sort of inquisitive vanity, like all women hoping to be flattered. "They'll have ter give 'em cans if they want anything for it? You should be in a sanitarium!"

"What's your name?"

She was shocked at the remark; the buildings seemed indeed to enclose the world. The water streaming down their walls did not cleanse them but was itself soiled by their grime. For the first time she was fully conscious of the oppression. There seemed to be no sky at all, only the city, booming and lowering everywhere, dripping with the rain which splashed noisily in her ears and smelt damp and heavy.

"I wish it would stop. I've an appointment in town at twelve," she said, glancing nervously at her watch.

"It's nearly that now, ain't it?"

"Yes, that's the trouble."

"Don't you have any job?" she asked. "No stuckly work. Got T.B.," he said, casually. She was shocked. "You have! Why, why, don't you do anything for it? You should be in a sanitarium!

"He turned his sallow, bearded face towards her. "So what?" he asked, with such defiance that she retreated at once, having seen farther than she wished into his bitterness and disillusion.

"There—there's usually something to live for."

"Perhaps. Us'ally." The man seemed almost to have a soul, and she was peculiarly uncomfortable to see it so unshaded and garish a light. He was watching the water in the alley, and seemed utterly indifferent to her. On the porch behind the cat was a forsaken rocking-chair of the all-pervading gray. He coughed again, with new significance to her.

She was moved to open her purse and draw out impulsively her cigarettes and a five dollar bill. "Take these," she urged simply, pushing them at him as if she wanted into the rid of them. He looked at her again, as impersonally as one would inspect a show window. Then he looked at the things she offered, and snatched them from her. "Thanks," was all he said.

The rain was slacken-ing, and she was about to step into the street to dash for the elevated. But she paused a moment, watching fumble in his pockets. "That's your name?"

"Jim," was the only ans-wer. He was lighting one.
of the cigarettes from a carton of matches he had pulled out, and seemed completely to ignore her.

"I don't want nothin' from you." He blew the first draft of smoke from his nostrils and leaned back luxuriously. His near-contemnpt pinched her more than his ingratitude. After all, there had been just the two of them in the world for those few minutes. She stepped onto the wet bricks.

"Goodbye," she said, conditionally.

"Goodbye," he answered, with finality.

She hurried towards the elevated, disappointed, and wondering how he would spend the five dollars. The city, at once the parent and child of the men and women who live in it, was wiser than she, its cards like a hardened gambler, and never reveals its hand, stepped forever between them.

"Goodbye, young lady, for this is as far as I may go." We turned and gazed awkwardly at each other holding hands for several minutes. Several more people by the entrance, and one said in mock consternation, "My! My! A sergeant romeo, a non-com with feelings!"

She kissed me and suddenly was gone.

I turned back toward the orderly room to report for duty after the too brief repose, but stopped as I noticed the difference in the drill-room. Before, it had been stirring, with the band, flags of artillery red, khaki files, and the soul-tiring tread of feet. Now, it was slow, with quiet, perspiring men rolling packs, piling squad boxes, and packing instruments in last minute haste. Craps were beginning to roll here and there as the work was finished. Some had bottles that were being emptied much too rapidly. What heads there will be in the morning to roll here and there as the work was finished. Most of them spent what they had at a time to evacuate, as the ricksha coolies, knowing the fear in their hearts and their intense desire to escape from the Chinese city, talked in terms of dollars instead of coppers. People in the Settlement watched this for weeks, but most of them put it down to sheer panic caused by rumor and the old adage, "A burnt child fears the fire."

Then suddenly, two weeks ago tonight, on August the 9th, Edward MacDermott and I were sitting in Cairo's when a friend of his came up and said that two Japanese had been killed by Chinese ricksha coolies. We were sitting in the Navy YMCA having lunch when we heard a terrific explosion. At the time we thought it was merely gun-firing from Hong-kew (Japanese Concession) and Pooting (Chinese lines). After tiffin (lunch) we went back to the office for a short time and then Dad and I and a Chinese, Mr. Hong, started for home in a taxi. We had just started up Nanking Road when a police motorcycle pulled up beside us and we were told to detour on Avenue Edward VII, as a bomb had just fallen on Nanking Road and the pavement was a bit torn up— which we later discovered was putting it mildly to say the least. For a minute I had an awful feeling because our apartment is on Bubbling Well Road, a continuation of Nanking, and I remember I asked him where on Nanking Road. He told me that it was at the intersection of Che-kwang Road, which is one of the busiest districts of the city. Then Dad and I remembered that we had called Mother just before leaving the office and she hadn't been home. We were worried terribly until we found her. She had had tiffins at the Western Branch of the Chocolate Shop (Bubbling Well Road) and then gone to the grocery for some tinned goods. It’s impossible to get fresh fruit and vegetables now at nearly a reasonable price.

On turning up Hankow Road, which runs parallel to Nanking, we were forced to pull up by the side of the road while several truckloads of human beings passed within a foot of our car. I have never seen or dreamed of anything so horrible as that sight of men (many of them had their clothes blown off), bloody victims. They were pilled into the trucks in one horrible mess. I remember that I sat there tearing my hair out and Dad had said “Don’t look”, and I couldn’t help but look. In
the report of the bombing which just came over the radio, they say that over 200 were killed outright and 500 wounded, many of whom are not expected to survive the night. It will be hard to ever forget that picture.

Reaching home we also discovered that a bomb, now thought by the authorities to be an unmistakable demonstration of Japanese sovereignty, had dropped just a few minutes before the above mentioned occurrence in the U. S. Fourth Marines’ storeroom. By some quirk of fate it went from the roof to the sidewalk and burst without exploding. It craked into pieces however and they say that when they have pieced it together, it will measure three and a half feet in height and twelve and a half inches in diameter. It is incredible the damage that a bomb such as this can do.

Just came back from listening to another news report over the radio. They feel certain now that both bombs this afternoon were dropped from Japanese planes, as Japanese were circling the Settlement all morning, while the Chinese had no planes up. Many think that it was deliberate action on the part of the Japanese to bomb Sincere Department Store and Wingon Department Store which are largely under Chinese ownership. The news broadcast also said that the bomb on its way to Sincere’s had exploded completely. That will measure the fifth largest seaport of the world in such a way that it will take her years to recover.

For the last three nights we have watched from our apartment windows an inferno of fire burning in both Hongkew and Chapei. The sky has been so brilliantly lighted that it has been almost impossible to sleep. Even at this distance of two miles we could see actual flames leaping to the sky. It is horrible to think of the destruction these fires have caused and no one is able to do anything about it.

The first few nights I lay in bed and listened to the guns and the airplanes (many of them flying directly over the apartment) and experienced a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach. Frankly I’d call it old fashioned fear. But since I haven’t felt a bit of fear and calmly watch from our windows airplane fights, anti-aircraft shells explode, and bombs go off in a cloud of dirt and smoke, I call it old fashioned fear. But since I haven’t felt a bit of fear and calmly watch from our windows airplane fights, anti-aircraft shells explode, and bombs go off in a cloud of dirt and smoke, I was on the bus and I never got into such a heated state.

In Shanghai the first Friday that all communication between Shanghai and the outside world was broken in as far as railways and waterways were concerned. Saturday morning (August 14th) Dad and I went down to work as usual and all in all it was a very exciting morning. I saw my first aerial bomb drop when some Chinese planes dropped very close to the Japanese consulate. I was on the bus and I never got into such a heated state.

In the afternoon I went downtown to the office for Dad’s medicine which he had forgotten. On coming out of the building I noticed that there were planes flying over the Bund, so instead of following my usual routine home and going down to the Bund bus stop, I decided to walk a couple of blocks up to the next stop, which was the busiest thing I ever did in my life. As I reached the downtown Chocolate Shop two planes (a Japanese and a Chinese) began fighting overhead. I ducked into the Chocolate Shop and had a coke while this was going on. When things seemed a little quieter I ventured out again and made for the bus stop. All of a sudden there was the most terrific explosion. I looked around, saw a bus coming and tore to catch it. I was literally terrified. It was terrible trying to get on the bus, as a thousand other people had the same idea that I had and I never got into such a fuming bunch of people in my life. The conductor tried to keep me from getting on as the bus was so crowded, but I grabbed onto some man’s coat tail and wouldn’t let go, so he couldn’t do much about it. The door nearly took a chunk out of me as it closed. I finally managed to push my way up to the front of the bus, where two American boys were seated (they were the only other foreigners on the bus) and one of them gave me his seat. We had a marvelous conversation about what had happened. Just as the bus passed the Race Course, there was another explosion in the vicinity of the Nanking theatre and we saw the smoke in the street looking out over the Race Course, but couldn’t tell what had happened. On reaching the apartment Dad said two bombs had dropped in what is known as “The Great World Amusement Center” at the intersection of Yu Ya

**DECEMBER, 1937**

In the afternoon I went downtown to the office for Dad’s medicine which he had forgotten. On coming out of the building I noticed that there were planes flying over the Bund, so instead of following my usual route home and going down to the Bund bus stop, I decided to walk a couple of blocks up to the next stop, which was the busiest thing I ever did in my life. As I reached the downtown Chocolate Shop two planes (a Japanese and a Chinese) began fighting overhead. I ducked into the Chocolate Shop and had a coke while this was going on. When things seemed a little quieter I ventured out again and made for the bus stop. All of a sudden there was the most terrific explosion. I looked around, saw a bus coming and tore to catch it. I was literally terrified. It was terrible trying to get on the bus, as a thousand other people had the same idea that I had and I never got into such a fuming bunch of people in my life. The conductor tried to keep me from getting on as the bus was so crowded, but I grabbed onto some man’s coat tail and wouldn’t let go, so he couldn’t do much about it. The door nearly took a chunk out of me as it closed. I finally managed to push my way up to the front of the bus, where two American boys were seated (they were the only other foreigners on the bus) and one of them gave me his seat. We had a marvelous conversation about what had happened. Just as the bus passed the Race Course, there was another explosion in the vicinity of the Nanking theatre and we saw the smoke in the street looking out over the Race Course, but couldn’t tell what had happened. On reaching the apartment Dad said two bombs had dropped in what is known as “The Great World Amusement Center” at the intersection of Yu Ya

Ching Road and Avenue Edward VII, and that one had been dropped at Nanking Road and the Bund, which was where I would have been standing had I taken my customary route home. Even then we did not know the damage that had been wrought until the papers came out the following morning. The China Press describes it much better than I can in the following paragraphs:

"Death in little bombs rained from the heavens on the International Settlement and French Concession yesterday to bring a screaming hell to hundreds of Chinese and Foreign civilians such as has not been seen nor scarcely imagined in this city."

"Witnesses to the scenes (Nanking Road and the Bund) which followed described the streets as being a screaming, madly terrorized mass of wounded humanity stumbling over dead and dying fellow victims."
Wind in the Bay

By PEEWILLA DICK

The wind blows cold and loud and long,
The somber waves are bitter with foam,
And weary gulls come winging home
With ruffled breasts and broken song.
The wind-strung weeds along the shore
Shiver and thrash; the drowning docks
Glitter above brown washed rocks
While leaden waters ebb and pour.
And where the poplar branches toss
Tinkling, twanging overhead,
The low sky glowers silver-lead
And heavy like a sense of loss.
Through the wild lacy fields of oat
Runs the wind's finger freakishly,
And through their blown manes horses see
Moths, wakened, from the clover float.

Incident

"He is gone now, the droll little man . . . ."

By KATE HOPKINS

HE IS gone now, the droll little man who owned the book shop on the corner. They came early last evening and took him away, though there wasn't any reason for it. True, people had agreed that he was queer, but they never stopped to figure out why. They merely spoke of him as "the funny old man", and dismissed him with a nod. It might have been his clothes, slightly old, slightly worn, slightly unpressed, but one sees people dressed that way every day. It might have been the antique bifocals that contrasted so strangely with his tired blue eyes. Or it might have been his hands that had stayed young and somehow looked out of place with the age betrayed by his white hair and stooped shoulders.
The natives of the little town accepted him, but they never really recognized his presence. The summer people said he was a "character", and the women always wanted to take his picture so that back in the city they could show it to their friends and rave about "this too, too darling old fellow—typical of the atmosphere of the place—and my dear, he kept the quaintest little shop—".

He lived quite alone in the back of the store, and went about his own business. Each morning at eight o'clock, the shades of the shop were up, and the door, if it was summer, stood open. When it was warm, flies droned lazily in the cool dark interior. In the winter, there was always a fire in the little grate, and the musty smell of the books hung heavy in the air. Every afternoon at five, the shades were pulled down, and the little shop retired within itself like a turtle in a shell.

And really, there wasn't anything so strange about him, except that he kept all his business to himself. But because no one knew anything about him, people had to make up some excuse for his existence. Children coming home from school used to chant some sort of rhyme about:

"The funny man's a crazy man,
The funny man's a crazy man—"

There wasn't much sense to the rhyme. But there was a lifting sound and they liked it. He must have heard them, but he let it pass and never said anything. And it was because he let it go by, that people forgot that he was human and that he felt and heard things just as other people felt and heard them.
This is, no kidding, a real “Glass Yarn.” In fact it is so real that you could take the yarn, 100% pure glass, and weave it into the smoothest evening gown that ever graced a Denison coed’s form. It would resemble to some extent the very finest of silk; a silk that would not doubt make the emperor’s prize silk worm’s heart burn with envy. The old saying, “People that live in glass houses shouldn’t throw wild parties”, might very well be modified eventually to, “People that wear glass dresses shouldn’t throw puns.”

Practically speaking though, engineers at Owens-Illinois laboratories in Newark have made themselves world famous for their advance in the field of spun glass. Of course their whole laboratory building is made of glass, which might seem pretty novel to us, but is just incidental to them. What they are trying to do is develop their newest child, Glass Textiles. Spun Glass in itself is nothing new. It has existed as a novelty for quite a number of years. Venetians used it to ornament their fragile ware in the form of a filmy, lace pattern. About a hundred years ago it was tried as a thread to be used for making elaborate toys and soon developed into a field for the hobbiests. In the Franklin museum at Philadelphia, there is a collection of such toys that are masterpieces of craftsmanship.

In 1908, a professor at the University of Prague discovered that if the fibers were put in a matted form they made a perfect heat insulator. However, his production methods were similar to those of the Venetians and consequently the supply was not only limited, but costly. With the coming of the war, many of Germany’s imports were limited, including her import of Canadian asbestos. Consequently, a substitute was imperative and their engineers turned to glass, making great improvements on the crude fibers then in existence. As early as 1921, German locomotives and battleships were using glass insulation. The rest of the world turned to Germany for production methods. Recently, however, Owens-Illinois engineers have returned to this country from abroad where they have just finished supervising the installation of machinery developed and built in Newark, Ohio.

A stage costume made of spun glass caused quite a furor in 1893 whereas today it would hardly receive mention in a news broadcast. Glass fabric has passed the freak stage and is now on a commercial basis, although the real extent of its practical ability is yet unknown. It is being used commercially by electrical manufacturers as windings for motors due to its non-conducting properties per unit space. Chemists likewise have adopted it for use in glass cloth filters which have proved invaluable due to their resistance to acids and the fact that liquids are six times more easily strained through glasscloth filters than through cotton which formerly was used. As for the practical use of glass cloth for clothes, the Owens-Illinois engineers are not yet making extravagant claims. Glass cloth still has to prove a capacity for holding together under the bending and crushing demands of clothes. However, glass drapes and theater curtains have been proved practical, hanging as they do without any constant wear or abrasion.

Similar to many other great discoveries, the Fiberglass process was hit upon quite by accident. In 1932, Owens-Illinois engineers were trying to find a method to fuse colored glass to the side of a milk bottle. One process involved the use of a blow torch to melt the finely powdered glass and force it simultaneously under pressure on the side of the milk bottle. The glass however, did not adhere as desired but piled up in a fluffy mass beside the bottle. The technicians, although not figuring in terms of fibrous glass, realized that they had stumbled over something. Upon examination, it was found that this fluffy glass weighed only about one pound per cubic foot as compared to six pounds per cubic foot, the density of a similar product produced in Europe. With this start, machinery was invented to produce glass for insulation purposes and it became commercially practical in 1934. Then began interesting experiments in the field of Glass Textiles, which are still in progress.

If you could take a hair from your head and split it into 20 equal parts, one of the parts would be approximately the size of one of these glass threads. Can you imagine taking an ordinary marble and stretching it out in one continuous strand that would stretch from Granville to Columbus and back again twice? The length of the individual fiber in the yarn is 10,000,000 yards or 5,844 miles—across the United States and back again. From only one pound
Playing Around  
By Harry Sweitzer

Virginia Military Institute comes to Columbus next week when the George Abbott production Brother Rat begins a three-day engagement at the Hartman theatre. Complete uniforms and all properties for the play came directly from the famous school, and cadets who attended the opening last year were unable to find any technical flaws. The play itself was written by two graduates of the institute, John Monks Jr. and Fred Findeleoff.

The plot is a comedy and depicts life at the "West Point of the South." College atmosphere is not at all serious, and has no message or sermon to impart. It is running currently in New York with a substitute cast while the original cast is on tour.

The Lunts are packing them in in New York with the racy, Greek-French Joan Giraudoux comedy Amphitryon 38. As usual the Theatre Guild has scored a brilliant success with the magnetic pair and they further demonstrate their amazing versatility. The playful intimacy of the Amphitryon Lunts in the love scenes caused one elderly mid-western lady to remark that it was soothing to know that the principals were married—they've been married for 15 years.

One of the first written books of the past few years was John Steinbeck's, Of Mice and Men. A recent opening in New York was the author's dramatization of his novel. If the plot is as good as the book it should be an unquestioned hit, but the production while George Kaufman directs Wallace Ford and Broderick Crawford playing the leads.

Tobacco Road continues for its fifth season. Other long runs still going are those of You Can't Take It With You, The Women, Brother Rat, Room Service and Hank's Wonderful Time.

One of the more interesting and controversial producing projects is that of Julius Caesar. The play has been put into modern dress and given political implications smacking strongly of communism and anti-fascism. Lovers of the perennially satisfactory Shakespeare keep the letter section of the New York Times hot with their discussion.

Opening September 29, at the Empire in New York City and still going strong, Maxwell Anderson's latest seems to be assured without a shadow of doubt the wisdom of her marriage, now marries her rich beau, while the inventor becomes a successful business man. They soon discover that their original marriages and careers were the best ones, so they return to the old rutts and contentment. We are left with the comforting feeling that 'there'll be pie in the sky when we die.'

Historical Novels

Historical novels are all right in their way, but a steady diet rather palls one. Generally speaking they are not so well written as novels of other types but rely rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.

The above criticism is particularly true of And So—Victoria by Vaughan Wilkins which is still well up in the best seller list. Mr. Wilkins has written a colored, fast-moving account of the period in English history prior to the accession of Victoria to the throne. The book has much in common with Anthony Adverse although it is not so well written as novels of other types but relies rather on the story and color. Gone With The Wind is a good book, but I can't feel that it merited its phenomenal sales when one judges it from the literary standpoint.
TWO OILS
By ALICE SCHILLE, Ohioan
of the Columbus Art Institute

"Guatemala" is one of Alice Schille's artistic oils. It is a study in warm, forceful colors and a graceful originality and technical ease. The simplicity is completely in accord with the naive character portrayed. The com- position is rather arbitrarily made but the effect is not unpleasant.

"Portrait" is an earlier Schille work. The same forceful style shows here but the vigorous self-assurance is not apparent in the drawing or color. This picture is in direct contrast to "Guatemala." It is countered with simple line, contrasted to warmness with complex rhythm. However, the simplicity is completely in accord with the naive character portrayed. The composition is rather arbitrarily made but the effect is not unpleasant.

DECEMBER, 1937

The Eagle And The Mole*

By DOROTHY DEANE

Smoky Valley
March 23, 1937

EAR Harlan,

Today Jerry and I wandered far over the hills. On the way we both did some discovering. Jerry discovered all his old haunts and hunting grounds. It was such fun to watch him sail into a patch of woodland and bark joyfully, announcing to his subjects the triumphant return of their king. He was so glad to be back in his country, back where he is dog supreme, where each tree is his tree—not the joint property of every other dog in the block. I am glad to be back too, Harlan, back to my gray hills, clad in the dark green of pines. Today I lay for an hour and watched the cloud shadows play across the hills. In one place a man was plowing, turning over the dark earth. Tonight the odor of the newly plowed earth seems to come back to me, haunting me.

Something is haunting Jerry now. He is quivering in his sleep. Perhaps he is out hunting dream rabbits, digging in the soft earth. He looks so happy, so contented by the fire, so glad to be back.

As Jerry has decided that life in the city is not the life for him, so have I decided that our life together will never do for us. It all came to me so clearly out on the hills. It was a failure from the start. Harlan. I am made of moist earth, you of wind and sky; I of darkness and shadows, you of sunshine and light. When we tried to mix them, we had a dull, dull gray. It was bad for both of us. I was a chain which held you back in your flights of fancy. I could not understand your keen vision, your zest for living, your intense capacity for life. There have been times in these last few months, so full of people and things, when I thought I hated you. I could never hate you, Harlan. That hate was the fruit of our life together. I was lost, buried under a mass of trivialities—friends, places, people, parties. I was so busy; everyone was so busy. Don't your friends, our friends, ever stop to think? Do they ever stop to see what they are doing and what the outcome will be? The things which seem so important to me, morals, ways of living, ways of looking at life. They don't bother our friends. They don't even realize that they exist. They do bother me. I have a small mind. Detail is important to me; almost as important as I am to myself. Other people mean so little to me.

Remember—it was this common feeling of being able to get along without others that first drew us together. We thought we had something to share, something in common. We did—but we had such different ways of expressing it. You seem to be able to sail away, far above the fretful trials of life, gloriously above it all. You, when you looked from our apartment window, saw the sky, the sun glinting on the ocean far in the distance. I saw only miles and miles of squalid dwelling places, smoke, filth, papers.

Jerry is stirring by the fire now. He is looking at me quizzically, wondering if I am going to spoil our new life together by staying up foolishly all night. I never used to do that. He doesn't realize that I will never do this again. He doesn't realize what this means to your life and mine.

I am glad that it happened this way. I am glad that we realize before it is too late how hopeless our marriage was. What a tragedy our children would have been—little gray things—half soaring bird, half burrowing beast. I am glad for your sake too. Now you will be free to live, to work, to write.

I am glad for my sake. I doubt if I shall ever marry again. Jerry and I will live together up here in our gray, threatening hills where you, my god of light, found me. We will be content with our black, low-whispering pines and leaden skies. Perhaps, sometime, if we become very lonely, I will marry again. Next time it will be to a native of my hills. Jerry will learn to bring home the cows and I will mend gray shirts. My hill-man will care for the cows too. He will be engrossed in little gray things—half soaring bird, half burrowing beast. I am glad for your sake too.

I am glad that it happened this way. I am glad that we realize before it is too late how hopeless our marriage was. What a tragedy our children would have been—little gray things—half soaring bird, half burrowing beast. I am glad for your sake too. Now you will be free to live, to work, to write.

I am glad for my sake. I doubt if I shall ever marry again. Jerry and I will live together up here in our gray, threatening hills where you, my god of light, found me. We will be content with our black, low-whispering pines and leaden skies. Perhaps, sometime, if we become very lonely, I will marry again. Next time it will be to a native of my hills. Jerry will learn to bring home the cows and I will mend gray shirts. My hill-man will care for the cows too. He will be engrossed in little gray things—half soaring bird, half burrowing beast. I am glad for your sake too.

I am glad that it happened this way. I am glad that we realize before it is too late how hopeless our marriage was. What a tragedy our children would have been—little gray things—half soaring bird, half burrowing beast. I am glad for your sake too. Now you will be free to live, to work, to write.

I am glad for my sake. I doubt if I shall ever marry again. Jerry and I will live together up here in our gray, threatening hills where you, my god of light, found me. We will be content with our black, low-whispering pines and leaden skies. Perhaps, sometime, if we become very lonely, I will marry again. Next time it will be to a native of my hills. Jerry will learn to bring home the cows and I will mend gray shirts. My hill-man will care for the cows too. He will be engrossed in little gray things—half soaring bird, half burrowing beast. I am glad for your sake too.

* Suggested by Elinor Wylie's poem of the same name.

Marion.
Mid-Westerners
By PEWILLA DICK

These are my rugged country men,
Stern, patient, lean, eye puckered, roughly clad—
They who have sown and reaped and sown again
And starved a little when the crops were bad:
Who, worn with prairie suns and bitter rain,
Hacked out a home amid the wilderness,
Begot their sons in poverty and pain,
In independence, pride, straightforwardness.
I meet them face to face and eye to eye—
These lank, stoop-shouldered farmers, mighty men
Smelling of sweat and earth and open sky,
Defiant with a faith beyond our ken;
Their hope is like to seed within the hand,
Like wild flowers scattered over meadow land.

Hot Jazz
"Swing makes you want to tear hell outa everything..."
By JOHN STEWART

SWING, that indefinable sprite that has taken
the popular music field by storm has divided
the radio audience of America into two war-
ring parties: those that like it, and those that don't.
You cannot take any middle course with swing.
Either the bug has bitten you so thoroughly that
you go chasing over the country to hear the great
exponents of hot music in person, spend your last
cent buying one of their treasured recordings, and
lose sleep staying up to listen to their torrid notes
flinging through the night on the radio, or you fly
into rages whenever your quivering nerves are
clawed by the slightest suggestion of 'riffing.'
It is quite out of the question to pin this chuck-
ling elf down on paper and say what it is. Any defi-
nition fails to include the gay, fun-loving, slightly
vulgar hilarity of hot jazz. It is easier and perhaps
better to list the things that swing is most definite-
ly not. Whether you like it or not, you could never
call swing sentimental, for it laughs too much at
the world and at itself. It is not a part of the naked
realism of today, for it lifts its hearers into another
world, a place where everyone is jovial and friend-
ly, where conceits, prejudices, and color bars van-
ish and every man is a 'good fellow.' But above all
else, swing is not serious. Even though the psy-
choologists are in-
vestigating it,
teachers of music
are going through
the motions of ac-
cepting it as the
'original contribu-
tion of American
art,' and critics are
trying to set up
standards for it in
which they can
carry on their pet-
ty carpings: the
subtle spirit eludes
and defies them.
One of the best
explanations of
swing came from
a great hot trump-
eter whose name
always comes up
whenever the addicts get together. This is his at-
tempt: "Swing is a mood that brings a warm feel-
ing inside you and makes you want to tear hell outa
everything... sorta like gin." That is as close as
anyone could ever hope to come. Swing is a mood
that gets inside that musician and makes him pour
out all the fun and joy of living and through his
playing it catches and warms the listener until he is
swinging too.

The medium of expressing this glow inside the
performer is improvisation. The hot jazz men lit-
erally do 'tear hell outa' the songs they play. In a
swing orchestra some simple melody is chosen, and
around its theme the musicians either singly by
means of hot solos or together with the help of a
brilliant arrangement for the orchestra build up
sets of variations that blaze with a lusty roaring
against dull care and earthly ills. Any melody will
do whether it is fast or slow. One of the common
mistakes of the radio audience is the supposition
that swing music must be fast and loud and con-
fined to certain 'swing tunes.' A good hot musician
can swing any melody. One that lends itself best
to fiery variations is "Oh Little Town of Bethle-
hem." If you do not believe this, try it on your
harmonica sometime.
MUSIC

ANCIENT INSTRUMENTS
FORM LIBRARY EXHIBIT

By NORMAN NADEL

THOUGH the earth had been getting under way for a few million years, civilization was just getting under way when music first took tangible form in instruments. China had the jump on the rest of humanity when the ancestors developed a complete scale system, computed from their system of weights and measures, and developed further a philosophy of life from the relation of one tone to another, at the time that the early Egyptians were experimentally making the instrument rattle when it is played.

The simple monochord, a single string stretched on a light frame double neck and anchored for resonance, eventually at its lower end in a gourd, developed into instruments like the sitar of Burma and the Hindu Sarangi. The former is an elongated guitar, unusual in that it has movable frets on the neck—fingerboard, while the latter—quite ornate—has a number of sympathetic strings that vibrate, literally in sympathy, when one of the four or five playing strings are plucked. Not particularly pleasant to the ears, it is like that of a Primitive African clapper consisting of eleven reeds of small bore set in a cup and did materialize; in the advance of fan mail and their very pressing demands, your actress, who is 19 this year.—(Edit or)

One of the most primitive forms in the exhibit is the African Zanzii, consisting of forty-two tongues of iron monotones on a board in such a fashion that they can be plucked by the thumbs when the instrument is held in the two hands. The sound is like that of a Jew’s harp, only worse in that small beads are added to the tongues of the instrument rattle when it is played.

The simple monochord, a single string stretched on a light frame double neck and anchored for resonance, eventually at its lower end in a gourd, developed into instruments like the sitar of Burma and the Hindu Sarangi. The former is an elongated guitar, unusual in that it has movable frets on the neck—fingerboard, while the latter—quite ornate—has a number of sympathetic strings that vibrate, literally in sympathy, when one of the four or five playing strings are plucked. Not particularly pleasant to the ears, it is like that of a Primitive African clapper consisting of eleven reeds of small bore set in a cup and did materialize; in the advance of fan mail and their very pressing demands, your actress, who is 19 this year.—(Edit or)

One of the most primitive forms in the exhibit is the African Zanzii, consisting of forty-two tongues of iron monotones on a board in such a fashion that they can be plucked by the thumbs when the instrument is held in the two hands. The sound is like that of a Jew’s harp, only worse in that small beads are added to the tongues of the instrument rattle when it is played.

The simple monochord, a single string stretched on a light frame double neck and anchored for resonance, eventually at its lower end in a gourd, developed into instruments like the sitar of Burma and the Hindu Sarangi. The former is an elongated guitar, unusual in that it has movable frets on the neck—fingerboard, while the latter—quite ornate—has a number of sympathetic strings that vibrate, literally in sympathy, when one of the four or five playing strings are plucked. Not particularly pleasant to the ears, it is like that of a Primitive African clapper consisting of eleven reeds of small bore set in a cup and did materialize; in the advance of fan mail and their very pressing demands, your actress, who is 19 this year.—(Edit or)

One of the most primitive forms in the exhibit is the African Zanzii, consisting of forty-two tongues of iron monotones on a board in such a fashion that they can be plucked by the thumbs when the instrument is held in the two hands. The sound is like that of a Jew’s harp, only worse in that small beads are added to the tongues of the instrument rattle when it is played.

The simple monochord, a single string stretched on a light frame double neck and anchored for resonance, eventually at its lower end in a gourd, developed into instruments like the sitar of Burma and the Hindu Sarangi. The former is an elongated guitar, unusual in that it has movable frets on the neck—fingerboard, while the latter—quite ornate—has a number of sympathetic strings that vibrate, literally in sympathy, when one of the four or five playing strings are plucked. Not particularly pleasant to the ears, it is like that of a Primitive African clapper consisting of eleven reeds of small bore set in a cup and did materialize; in the advance of fan mail and their very pressing demands, your actress, who is 19 this year.—(Edit or)

One of the most primitive forms in the exhibit is the African Zanzii, consisting of forty-two tongues of iron monotones on a board in such a fashion that they can be plucked by the thumbs when the instrument is held in the two hands. The sound is like that of a Jew’s harp, only worse in that small beads are added to the tongues of the instrument rattle when it is played.

The simple monochord, a single string stretched on a light frame double neck and anchored for resonance, eventually at its lower end in a gourd, developed into instruments like the sitar of Burma and the Hindu Sarangi. The former is an elongated guitar, unusual in that it has movable frets on the neck—fingerboard, while the latter—quite ornate—has a number of sympathetic strings that vibrate, literally in sympathy, when one of the four or five playing strings are plucked. Not particularly pleasant to the ears, it is like that of a Primitive African clapper consisting of eleven reeds of small bore set in a cup and did materialize; in the advance of fan mail and their very pressing demands, your actress, who is 19 this year.—(Edit or)

One of the most primitive forms in the exhibit is the African Zanzii, consisting of forty-two tongues of iron monotones on a board in such a fashion that they can be plucked by the thumbs when the instrument is held in the two hands. The sound is like that of a Jew’s harp, only worse in that small beads are added to the tongues of the instrument rattle when it is played.

The simple monochord, a single string stretched on a light frame double neck and anchored for resonance, eventually at its lower end in a gourd, developed into instruments like the sitar of Burma and the Hindu Sarangi. The former is an elongated guitar, unusual in that it has movable frets on the neck—fingerboard, while the latter—quite ornate—has a number of sympathetic strings that vibrate, literally in sympathy, when one of the four or five playing strings are plucked. Not particularly pleasant to the ears, it is like that of a Primitive African clapper consisting of eleven reeds of small bore set in a cup and did materialize; in the advance of fan mail and their very pressing demands, your actress, who is 19 this year.—(Edit or)

One of the most primitive forms in the exhibit is the African Zanzii, consisting of forty-two tongues of iron monotones on a board in such a fashion that they can be plucked by the thumbs when the instrument is held in the two hands. The sound is like that of a Jew’s harp, only worse in that small beads are added to the tongues of the instrument rattle when it is played.
DECEMBER, 1937

by an American Marine emergency ambulance truck with a score of other wounded and taken to a hospital.

"A still more gruesome sight was seen at the intersection of Avenue Edward VII and Yu Y. Ching Roads after one of the bombing planes had dropped two bombs on the Great World Amusement Center.

"Bodies were scrambled in a confusion of blood, dirt and debris that defied description. At the entrance of the amusement center there were upwards to 200 bodies in such confusion that it resembled a human wood pile, blood splattered, maimed and frightfully burned.

"Sizzling Death!!! Concussion and high tension tram wires spelled a sizzling death to the occupants of a score of motor cars caught at the intersection. The cars burned so rapidly that the occupants in almost every instance had no opportunity to escape. Others were electrocuted before their machines could even come to a stop."

The figures given were 200 killed outright and 900 wounded, many of whom died later. The bombing was done by Chinese planes that had been struck by Japanese anti-aircraft shells and the pilots seriously wounded. Although many at first blamed the Chinese, this is now considered foolish, as the bombings were accidents and in one case at least they say who controlled the bomb-rovers was dead when the plane landed and had fallen back with his hands on the levers thus causing the two bombs to fall almost simultaneously.

The next day following "Bloody Saturday" as it is now called, we drove past the scenes of the bombings. The one on Avenue Edward VII had a hole in the pavement deeper than a man and glass was shattered in windows two blocks away. Many of the dead were still laid out on the sidewalks waiting for relatives to claim them. The burnt cars were absolutely unforgettable. They looked like ghosts sitting there on their wheel-rims with charred paint, broken glass and burnt upholstery and tires.

Since "Bloody Saturday" time seems to have gone so fast that I can hardly believe it. Time has gone so fast that we didn't go, as the first American refugee boat to land in Manilla, landed in the middle of an earthquake. Out of the frying pan into the fire, you might say. I really much prefer bombs and bullets, as you do have a fighting chance at dodging them, but an earthquake—the very idea terrifies me. Then the British refugees who went to Hongkong have landed in a cholera epidemic, with over 100 deaths and about 500 cases reported in one week. That you can't dodge either.

Anyway we thought we might go and so tried to pack. It was a nightmare. Each refugee was only allowed to take one suitcase, and if you have ever tried to get all you prized, from clothes down through the list, into one small bag, and in addition take the stuff that would be essential in such a tropical climate as Manilla, and then on top of all that have no idea of how long you would be forced to be away, you will know how awful it was. Really it made me dizzy to think of it, let alone trying to accomplish anything. Finally I gave up and almost wished that we would get a hurried call to concentrate at Fourth Marines Billet so that I would be forced to grab what I could in five minutes and that would be the end of that. You see all Americans were given concentration points and in case of sudden or unexpected danger, we would be notified by phone or otherwise and then we were to run down to the protection of the U. S. Fourth Marines. And I must say that I don't mind having them around at times like these.

September 22nd

Time has gone so fast that I can hardly believe this business has been going on now for over five weeks. Now that the first shock in the back of our minds and go on as usual. It certainly is some adventure and although more than I bargained for, I am not sorry to have the experience. It surely makes one think and wonder and realize that to a country waging war human life means nothing—it is the war machine under the band of the militarists that counts. What we all wonder out here is "Will Japan stop with China?"

Many are inclined to believe that if she should win, she will not be satisfied, just as she was not satisfied with Manchuria but had to have one more bite of the apple. I have no doubt from the papers lately that the Philippines are not so "keen" on having their independence just now.

The U. S. transport Cheaumont is leaving in the morning so will close this now and send it on. Lots more soon.

All my love,
Barbara.
of glass, there can be drawn 100,000 yards of silken thread which can be woven into electrical tape, chemical filters and many other textiles.

The glass in the form of small marbles weighing about a third of an ounce are placed in a jar resembling a chewing gum dispenser. These are dropped one at a time every thirty seconds into a miniature melting tank. At the base of the tank is a submerged throat which has a special alloy bottom containing 102 minute holes. As the glass issues forth from these holes in filaments which are invisible to the human eye, the strands are gathered into a silken thread, seemingly coming from thin air.

The variety of products already made from this material ranges from a thin silk thread to a heavy rope and includes electrical tapes of all widths, filter cloths, tubing, curtains, screens, awnings, floor coverings and other products. With true scientific caution, the Owens-Illinois men are not reaching out into any textile field until they have solved every angle of application in that market. Due to the fact that the glass cloth has no stretching properties and doesn't possess the worming qualities of other textiles, its practical use for clothing, seems quite remote. However, as a novelty evening dress it gives the effect of beautiful silk with an extraordinary luster.

Thus this "Glass Yarn" winds to a close. The story of man made steel silkworms, turning one of the most brittle materials known into a soft lustrous fiber. From sand, to glass, to silk—take yourself a story of man made steel silkworms, turning one of the most brittle materials known into a soft lustrous fiber.

**Incident**

safe to go into that neighborhood again—but no one stopped to say anything to the old man.

Somehow, in that last minute, when he turned silently to lock the door, I knew that it was all a mistake, his being taken away by the authorities; but he turned and with his head up, his violin case under his arm, he got into the car. It drove off through the snow, leaving slushy tracks where the tires had been. And in the winter twilight, the children were chanting:

"The funny man's a crazy man
The funny man's a crazy man..."