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Portfolio Vol. I N 2

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PORTFOLIO
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So WE Say

PORTFOLIOs, you are thinking, are rather few and far apart; and so they are. We beg to offer some reasons: It is hard to hold a literary magazine of the type that Portfolio pretends to be to a hard and fast publication schedule. Portfolio has set up a standard. The editors do not believe in putting out any magazine at all if the material on hand does not approach that standard. And creative literary work at Denison would appear to be at low ebb. But understand that we are not complaining: it is Portfolio's aim to increase this flow of creative writing. Nevertheless, we feel that the slowness of the stream can be offered as a partial excuse why there do not appear a great many issues at scheduled dates.

Organization of a staff to stimulate and collect contributions for the magazine is gradually shaping up: the names of literary agents given elsewhere on this page are these official representatives. Work is already going forward on a third issue of Portfolio for this year which is certain to appear.

May we call your attention to the list of prizes given for creative writing which are announced on the inside back cover of this issue of the magazine? Work by the winners of these contests will be given prominence in future Portfolios.

Richard Whitehead illustrated his own story appearing in this issue; he terms it a satire on communism. Fine character—Izzy—don't you think? Pewilla Dick illustrated her work also, "The Sligo Fisherman", which she calls an experiment in style. "440 Yard Dash" by John Stewart garners the personal admiration of the Editor: it's REAL.

We wish Jane Brush would do more writing. Her work has a freshness and originality sadly lacking elsewhere. If the response merits, we shall try to include some of this work of a lighter vein in each issue. Portfolio is indebted to faculty member Thomas Wiley for the use of two of his excellent photographic works. The editors (if it can be done within their budget) would like to foster the exhibition of more work in this field.

As likely into the area of Travel may also be forthcoming. Ideas from the general student body as to subjects for features are only too welcome. And above all, we welcome criticism.
Izzy Was A Lady, After All

"She was so wrapped up in the Cause, she never gave a thought to love."

By RICHARD WHITEHEAD, JR.

Izzy was one of those few who regarded the depression as a boom and a boon. Her cause (for Izzy, despite outward evidences to the contrary, was a girl), her cause was flowering. Millions might still be wallowing in the fallacies of capitalism, but it could not be said of Izzy that she had not done her part in rescuing the economically ill. She worked in the name of Communism and even her massive manly heart beat to the strident talk of the "Internationale." Yet the rest of her was not misproportionate to her massive heart. It would seem that her parents had made up in bulk what they lacked in number. And now, disguised beneath swaths of square-tailored tweed, the rippling muscles swung her body along in space-devouring strides.

At her side tripped Sammy, greatest theorist in the Cause. He was a little fellow, that is, what you could see of him behind the huge, horn-rimmed glasses and huger book. Along with a nose that looked like a joint of mutton, the book and glasses were indispensable to his appearance. Even the brain within was manufactured from layers of printed pages that had traversed the uncertain path along his nose and had seeped in through the avid spectacles.

The liaison of these two was nothing to write home about, unless one had a suspicious imagination. For really, although they were together all the time, things had never gotten any further than a mutual admiration, the one for brawn and the other for erudition. Sammy had never penetrated Izzy's masculine exterior, and, in fact, had never tried. Izzy had crept into his life as a Fellow Worker and into his heart as an incongruity of muscle.

And Izzy, she was so wrapped up in the Cause that she never gave a thought to love. She was just that age that had missed the Free Love spasm and yet had been in on the Communism era from the beginning. No one suspected her of being a woman.

Except for a few fitful nights when bourgeois emotions had temporarily assailed her, she didn't suspect herself. She held such romanticism in an iron hand and bent her will to making Communists out of beleaguered workers, leaving the Land of Unborn Communists to people who had more time.

And so it was when, as they hastened across the Square on the Worker's Business, they came upon a little gathering.

It was spring. The dust-like air was losing what redness city dusk might have. Izzy and Sammy heard, rather than saw, their Comrade Miggy, one of the best talkers in the Organization.

Miggy had a voice like static, but when he got up on his soapbox (he never used the contents), the voice acquired certain doom-impending insinuations. He was busy now winding up his speech, rolling his r's like thunder itself, and hissing out the s's as if he were countless asps striking at those who did not fear the immanc-s-s-s-se of the R-r-r-revolution.

Izzy and Sammy, goaded by Miggy's colorful personality, paused to indulge themselves in an orgy of social reflection. Mention of the Revolution might mean apprehensions to the unconverted, but to Comrades it was a source of idyllic raptures.

The fiery Miggy, bouncing in his battered shoes, was saying: "The fat capitalists, they take the bread out of your mouths, they feed on squabs in cazzer-oll while you starve. Comes-s-s the R-r-r-revolution and ve make them starve! Ve'll take their money and eat roast biff. Everybody'll eat roast biff. Ever-r-r-rybody what is Communis-s-s-st!"

Izzy's soul brimmed with ecstasy. She saw herself at the head of marching legions of women—no, men—prodding a howling, fat capitalist with a forked stick right where the prongs would sink deepest. She reached down and took Sammy's hand...

There was no explaining such action. Perhaps
some of the breathlessness of spring had invaded Izzy’s iron-bound fancies. Yet she had weathered many a spring before without so much as a tremor of desire.

Sammy’s own reverie was almost interrupted by the movement. As his mind wandered through red-draped halls, it was vaguely conscious that something was pleasantly a-kew between Izzy and himself.

Izzy looked down from her motherly heights at Sammy. She felt something marvelling within her, something sweet and peaceful, not at all like the vindictive violence that becomes a radical’s imagination. Sam looked different. For the first time he seemed something more to her than an instrument of the Organized. He was to be protected, cherished almost. She squeezed his hand, sort of tentatively, to see if she could dissuade his attention from Miggy’s size and Sammy was adding more pages to the topless book within his mind.

Then someone closely, answering one of Miggy’s orotund questions, said: “Nuts!” In the moment’s silence that ensued, Izzy, the man-Communist, awoke. There is nothing that heckles a Communist more than the word, “Nuts.” It savors of bourgeois humor, with just enough radical indelicacy to be plagiarism.

There was a general rush towards theheckler, and Izzy, utilizing her football shoulders, got there first. The object of the rush was a rather stocky fellow, who had evidently just been passing by when an abundance of gin within him had curried favor with his nationalistic sentiments. Not that anybody knew or cared, but his name was Looey and he was the son of a truck driver.

Before Miggy could say, “kill him,” Izzy the woman had hit Looey the truck driver square on the chin. That hay-maker, which would have done credit to any man, left Looey cold. The cop looked perplexedly at Sammy.

“Izzy,” said the cop, “Yah wanna annoy me?”

Sammy, his eyes gyrating in desperation, cut it out. A second cop was bending over the sleeping Looney. There was no doubt about it, Looney was out cold. The cop looked perplexedly at Sammy. “What in hell didja hit him with?” he asked. “A shovel?”

When the wagon had taken away the frightened Sammy and the now-convalescing Heckler, Miggy turned to Izzy and said, “Goddam, that’s injustice for ya. Sammy didn’t do nothin’. That’s what comes of the capitalist police.”

Looey had been additioned to the topless book within his mind.

The trial continued without any more “peep.” Izzy sat with her eyes on Sammy, and the sympathy that gushed from them had to fight its way through tears. She, especially after a sleepless night, was feeling too badly to say anything. The Cause didn’t mind people in love, but Izzy knew that this was a different kind of love. Something permanent perhaps.

At this point the judge called on Looey to give his side of the disturbance the night before. Looey looked embarrassed. “Aw, Judge, he said, “there wasn’t anything to it. I was feeling kind of good and said ‘Nuts!’ and somebody up and socked me. It wasn’t this guy though. He wouldn’t tell me who it was in jail last night though. It was a much bigger guy. He didn’t have nothing to do with it, you see. I guess it was all just kind of a accident anyhow.”

“All right, Looney,” said the judge, “I’ll let you go. Only next time either leave off the gin or keep away from these soapbox specialists.”

Looey started down the aisle toward the exit. The eight strange ones eyed him enviously.

The judge turned to Sammy. “As for you,” he said, and Sammy finched, “I don’t think you did anything wrong and if it hadn’t been for your friends here, I’d let you go. But you radicals are always causing trouble. I’m going to give you some time to think that over. Twenty days.”

As the dejected Sammy was led back (r o n w h e nce he came, the voices of the strange eight swarmed upon the judge. If words were violence, this was the R-r-revolution. Other spectators arose to their feet as the cops lunged forward to stem the verbal tide. Izzy, distraint of her inwardly acquited inamorata, was the most verbally vicious of the eight.

“Throw them all out of here!” screamed the judge. And that is exactly what the cops did, with pleasure.

As Izzy, the last to be expelled, sped out onto the sidewalk, a cop patted her expanse with a nightstick. Izzy swung at him and missed. Her vehemence, however, cost her her equilibrium and she fell. Skirts flared wide in most unwomanly disarray. A cop leaped over to help her up, seizing her wrist. As she heaved to her feet, Izzy was aware that some reporter was present and had taken a picture of her ignominious fall. But there was no time to lose, she ran.

After Izzy had passed several streets, she became aware of a form running with equal speed in front of her. It was Looney. Izzy caught up with him.

“Who are you running for?” she asked.

“Aw, I took a swipe at one of the cops for the fun of it, he said. Then realizing this was inadequate and misleading added: ‘He called me a Communist like the rest of you.”

Izzy, breathing hard, was in no mood to take offense. Besides, Looney had been pretty nice during the trial and he seemed to have almost a Communist dislike for cops.

“Well, you oughta be one,” was her retort.

“Nuts,” said Looney. They walked on in silence for a while. "Where Continued on page 21"
RAIN ON A MARCH MORNING
A solemn monk,
His sandaled feet
Are muffled in his sweeping robes.
He walks the earth at dawn,
And walking chants his prayers
Hushed within his silver hood.
—Adela Beckham.

TEMPETATION
The full moon's a caliph
Flaunting golden splendor
Spring.
The full moon's a caliph
Of the gentle virgin
Of the gentle virgin,
Before the modest eyes
Of the gentle virgin.
—Dorothy Deane.

HEAVEN
We sat on a stump
In a golden field
And talked of heaven,
And you said
It would be glittering
And magnificent,
And I laughed,
Because heaven is
A little field of golden rod
And we two on a stump.
—Adela Beckham.

IT IS early summer of the year 1944, June, the thirtieth of June. All that long Saturday in the calm, bright sunshine the German people move happily about their tasks. The streets glint clearly in the sun. The children, not yet released from the year's formal schooling, play about or drill in uniforms in imitation of their elders. But nowhere can one hear the sound of marching feet; nowhere do tramping men in uniform lift their voices in song. The very air seems charged and unnatural, sinister. The shadows lengthen, the burglers murmur and mutter over their cool steins. Suddenly a furtive whisper leaps like fire in long-dry grass, a hurried explanation, a gasp of incredulity.

Now we know the dread news—the Purge of Blood. Soon all Munich is talking, in hushed and anxious tones, for not even fear can stop them now. When at last the sun ushers in the Sabbath no sign gives a clue to the events just consummated. No sign? At, yes, on the street corners where photographers have advertised their work through portraits of the great and near-great, here and there one sees a dark patch where a picture has been hurriedly removed. We learn that an acquaintance, shall we call him Hans? has been arrested and shot. Why? No one knows, he has had nothing to do with the Party. And a widow weeps more bitterly over her three children when apologies are sent for having shot a quite different Hans from the one intended. We call at the Student Club—the boys are gazing at one another with saddened eyes. Their friend, our friend, the director of the Club, has not appeared. They fear to ask for him. The day passes and still no word, but on the morrow we have word. He was arrested and shot, his body flung by the roadside to be borne by the first passer-by. Why? Only his arrest was ordered and that because he had refused to dismiss Jewish help who were doing work satisfactorily. But youth is irresponsible and cruel when fighting and won? I'll tell you! The battle of Munich—you've paraded in the streets three nights a week, all dressed up, and enjoyed a round of beer afterwards?

His friends hurried him away quickly, but many present nod openly in agreement. A merchant, long years of successful business behind him, sees a squad of uniformed men drive the customers from his Jewish neighbor's store and whispers sadly: "Once we were governed by fair, just, educated gentlemen! But now?"

A young intellectual, proud, aristocratic, holding a doctor's degree, knowing he can never hope for a position because he refuses to join the Party, says bitterly, "No words can express how I hate this thing!"

The months slip quickly by, it is July, 1937. For days it has been raining, raining. For days vast corps of workers have been toiling ceaselessly, tearing down buildings, widening streets, decorating the city. The people mutter at the senseless wrecking, the expense, the great waste. To each house the Party has not appeared. They fear to ask for him. The day passes and still no word, but on the morrow we have word. He was arrested and shot, his body flung by the roadside to be borne by the first passer-by. Why? Only his arrest was ordered and that because he had refused to dismiss Jewish help who were doing work satisfactorily. But youth is irresponsible and cruel when fighting and won? I'll tell you! The battle of Munich—you've paraded in the streets three nights a week, all dressed up, and enjoyed a round of beer afterwards?

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from each window, hundreds and thousands of twinkling multi-colored lights. Open square; the people crowd and push and mill. This day which is dedicated to the celebration of action, of the unrest and distrust of the people in this southland, of the bitter feeling in the aristocratic ranks of the army, of the sad heartaches of the devout, Catholic and Protestant alike. We ask ourselves what will happen, perhaps better, when? But we love these friends, and hope that they may somehow find the solutions to their many problems. And we say to them all, humble and high-born, “Gross Dich Gott”, “God greet thee.”

The Duchess

(in an imaginary post-mortem interview. The lady is Browning’s “My Last Duchess,” who was quietly murdered by her husband.)

By Norman Nadel

The Duke, you ask? I left him feeling well; Though he looked sad, one easily could tell He felt no deep regret that I had died. I do believe he could at least have cried And made the others think that I had been A little more than hindrance to him. Whom I had tried so very hard to please And make his life a joy of life and ease. But he was not the type to live with me. Nor I with him, because he could not see The beauty in a tree, bird’s song, or flower. And I was blind to love of wealth and power.

Oh, do not think he didn’t really try To make me happy, it only seemed that I Could not enjoy the type of gift he gave Although I usually made a gentle face Attempt to smile, but in vain. He knew The joy my face recorded was not true. And many times he’d openly resent My smiling at an anxious servant, bent for every creature, were he of high birth or of him. One day Margaret was walking on the gray beach at Sligo at that hour when shadows are darkest and sunshine most glints on the eye, when she came upon a fisherman mending his nets that shone like a silver web. And it was sitting on the sand he was, and there were shells strewn all about him. Her shadow came over the sand beside him, and when he raised eyes to her face, they were dark as the sorrows of Dardie. And she knew him for Shaun that villagers had been telling her of, who had seduced poor Mary Haggerty and she so young. Then Margaret was turning to go away, for she feared to be seen with him though the beach was clear of other folk. But he spoke to her of her loneliness which no one knew, and a flood of strange feelings broke over her heart as the sea rises about a quay, and she lingered near Shaun and he talked to her. His voice was not loud as the voices of fishermen are, but it sighed like reeds in the wind and it had a music such as has never been heard. He was talking of the beautiful, mournful things that live not long—the silver shining of fish in his nets and the faces of flowers and dawn when the sea is a shell, and Margaret loved to be listening. But night had walked over the water and Margaret must be finding her way to the castle. So Shaun arose and went with her on the sand to the edge of the town, and he walked as lightly as did Margaret, and she seemed to feel his breath in her hair.

It was many a time after, that Margaret came to Shaun by the shore, and once she was with him in his shanty when the sun was going down into the sea, and her head lay against his cheek, and she felt herself loving him. The night after the day that followed she beat her small white hands on...
dark darkened and the winds skipped in from sea, ruffling her hair that was soft as the down of a young plover. All in a trice, as I think, her eyes saw at the side of the quai a hand and arm so black in the darkness that the dark seemed as twilight. It was reaching up toward her with long slender fingers and making as if to clutch at her gown. And sorrow it is that the hand was like Shaun's hand. Then Margaret knew him for a fairy and the fret was over her.

And her wayward feet took her from the sea town of Sligo and from the green meadows that she loved so well. There be some nodding old folk who have dreamed of Margaret before the banshee wailed at their windows. And they seemed to be seeing her follow the shadows of the clouds over the fairy hills. But whether she came to the land of the forgotten, that I would never be knowing at all.

**440 Yard Dash**

"Last call for the quarter-mile."

By JOHN STEWART

We lay on the warm grass of the stadium drinking in the sunlight that covered our tense bodies like a rough wool blanket, Champ and Big Bill together, and I a little apart from them. It was always thus that we waited for our turn to run. I was shut out from my teammates by a wall as invisible as the air but as strong as a stone buttress. Whenever I joined Champ and Big Bill their quick, spontaneous talk died, and in a moment they moved away to continue the conversation in which I never took part. I was an outsider, a hostile personality that they avoided or tolerated with contempt.

I was callous and didn't mind them. This had always been the reception that I expected and received. When I was a boy I had been wounded and quick tears started to my eyes when I was left behind, but now it didn't matter much. I had covered my naked feelings with a shell of pretended glorying in roughness and cruelty, despising knowledge and beauty, and worshipping the course and beauty, and worshipping the course and beauty, and worshipping the course and beauty and worshipping the course.

Yet by some ironic prank I was lying there hoping to be taken into their pool room parley of baseball, liquor, and alley romance. I loathed them and loathed myself for wanting their attention, but reason could not prevail over my lifelong wish. It was all so very simple, but laughter could not kill my desire for recognition. Who gave me my body? My father is a scholar; my mother is a lady with long, cool, beautiful hands. From whence cometh my body that runs. 'From whence cometh thy help.' That's in the Bible. Ought to read the Bible more. It's great literature if you skip the begats. Now the crowd's looking at you. You swagger a little. Guess you're showing them! They thought you were a bookworm, but you'll show 'em you've got the guts. What a foul, nauseous word guts is. Lord, what a fool I am. . . . Steal a glance out of the corner of your eye and see if they're watching you. No, they're all watching Champ. Damn, why can't I be like him? Ignorant, course-grained and omnipotent in his little world. Of course he'll win. Later he'll be the conference champion, while you are over their heads. Think I'll do it. No, perhaps I'd better not. Scare the wits out of them. Whole rows of women would faint. That would be awful. They'd sue Tate College. Claim injuries due to shock received at sight of a Tate runner flying." God, this is fun. What a fool I was to worry. You're passing the grandstand now. You put an expression of agonized effort on your face just to show them how hard you are fighting for the dear
old Alma Mater when the real fight is still yards in the distance. You aren't even winded yet. . . . Wonder if you could catch the Champ? Wouldn't you revel in passing the stinking serf? But you never will. He's the Champ, and you're the also ran, the bookworm. . . . Your breath is coming harder now. You're going into the curve. Time to start putting it out. It's beginning to hurt now. Just a little ache in your chest and stomach that will grow and send flashes of pain through your body. . . . You're speeding up, but not enough. The Redfern man behind is pulling out to pass you. His teammate in front is drawing slowly and inexorably away. He's beside you now, pacing you step for step in a dead run. You pull some hidden power from deep within you, power that should be saved, not wasted on races in youth, and with this reserves you inch away from him. You hope that the referees are looking the other way as you crowd him and threaten him with your spikes. That's what the Champ does to win. Redfern sees your spikes. His face is drawn with fear, but he refuses to yield to your threat. You glance at the referee. Now's your chance. You pink his calves and hope that it doesn't hurt too much. He bellows with pain and gives ground. . . . Now you must catch the Redfern man in third. Champ's way out in front with Big Bill pulling out to pass you. His team-mate is drawing slowly and inexorably away. He's beside you now, pacing you step for step in a dead run. You pull some hidden power from deep within you, power that should be saved, not wasted on races in youth, and with this reserves you inch away from him. You hope that the referees are looking the other way as you crowd him and threaten him with your spikes. That's what the Champ does to win. Redfern sees your spikes. His face is drawn with fear, but he refuses to yield to your threat. You glance at the referee. Now's your chance. You pink his calves and hope that it doesn't hurt too much. He bellows with pain and gives ground. . . . Now you must catch the Redfern man in third. Champ's way out in front with Big Bill pushing him hard for first. Oh God, how your stomach and chest hurt. Great waves of pain are shooting through your body. Your eyes are acting up. Everything seems unreal like the cardboard scenery in a high school play. The trees above the stadium resemble the huge, jagged ones you cut from black paper when you were in kindergarten. Faces are mushrooming out at you on either side of the track. They are split by yelling, gibbering, spitting months. You can't hear them although you are right beside you. You are going blind. Everything is whirling crazily about you. All you can see now is a blotch of red in front of you. That's the Redfern man in third. You must catch him, you must, you must, you must. Oh Jesus, the pain. Why must you torture yourself like this? Only a few seconds more of this agony. God, please let me pass that Redfern man, please, please. . . . You're gaining a little, but he hears you coming and speeds up. You try to run faster, but you are standing still. Your feet are moving like a swimmer's treading water, but you are standing still. Won't this pain ever stop? Where's the finish? YOU'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT REDFERN MAN. You throw yourself forward in a last frenzied effort. You can't go another yard, not even the red blotch. You're going insane with the effort and the pain. You keep running on nerve alone. You are staggering and falling. Hands seize you and a rough sweater is thrown over your shoulder. Through the pain you feel a pounding on your back. Words filter slowly through the pounding blood in your brain:

". . . . Tate got a one, two, three. First three places. Took the meet with this 440 run. Pretty damn tough we are."

First three places! Then you beat him to the finish. The fog melts away from your eyes. You look up from the feather-soft grass where they have lain you. Champ and Big Bill are grinning down at you. They are breathing easily.

"Never knew you had it in you, Dexter. Why, damn tough we are." You smile and shake your head. They can't believe you. You tell them you've got to study, a bloody lie. They stare, then they walk away just as they always did. Just as they always will.

You laugh. You beat the ground. You've had your "in" and thrown it away. Being in doesn't matter now that you've had it!

Against The Winter
By Dorothy Deane

Women spend the hot months:
July, August, September,
In steaming kitchens,
Making jams, jellies, preserves,
Storing away in thick syrup
The beauties of the summer.

I'd rather walk by the lake,
Sit in the cool moonlight,
Storing away soft dreams, warm memories,
To comfort me when you are far away,
To warm me in the cold months:
January, February, March.

A Problem
By Doris Jean Flory

With drowsy eyes and nodding head
I wearily climb into my bed,
And softly snuggle down to rest
Soon to be with summer blest.
But alas, alack, I cannot sleep
For now I have a problem deep.
And o'er it all I breath a prayer,
"Tomorrow, God, what shall I wear?"

"My First View of the Congo Forest"
Paul Bough Travis

"My first glimpse of the Congo" is one of the outstanding paintings by Paul B. Travis, instructor in Life Drawing at the Cleveland School of Art. This oil was purchased from the Annual exhibition of work by Cleveland artists and craftsmen held at the Cleveland Museum of Art in May, 1930, and is exhibited in the section devoted to American painting.

Mr. Travis spent a year in Africa studying and painting the pygmies, animals, and forests, and few artists have ever captured the spirit, the charm and the beauty of the country as has this man.

His draftsmanship is splendid, his rich, foot coloration equally colored, and he captures the full spirit of whatever scene or subject he chooses to portray. With ease he paints still life, landscapes, figures, animals, or combines them in one canvas with equal facility. He is also a lecturer of note, and has been heard as art commentator over the radio from Cleveland many times.

Contemporary Oils
By Ohio Artists

From the Hinman B. Hurlbut Collection of the Cleveland Museum of Art

"Stag at Sharkey's"
George Bellow

"Stag at Sharkey's" is one of the best known examples of George Bellows' (1882-1926) work, and is called by many the best of his fight pictures. Bellows was born in Columbus and attended Ohio State where he was a member of Beta Theta Pi. In 1922 he attained great prominence by winning the first prize in the International Exhibition at Carnegie Institute.

Though a modern, Bellows stuck to no particular school; he fitted, rather, his style to his subject matter. Sincere self expression was his goal and technique to him was never a means in itself.

"My First View of the Congo Forest" — Courtesy, Cleveland Museum of Art.

"Stag at Sharkey's" — Courtesy, Cleveland Museum of Art.
MUSIC

Aspiration

By B. C. W.

These slow, unfevered hours . . .
This silence that precedes the dawn;
For all of pain and passion,
shattered by spearheads of stone
And man—the Soul-thing, the noise among stars—
There are stars
now
It is
That hang above the jagged line of roofs;
A coruscate corpse that sprawls its shapeless glitter
And I . . . ?
Feeble music from a shattered lyre;
Mere fool—mere poet—still twisting

by B. C. W.

APRIL, 1938

On Record

By John Stewart

TWO height spot of the month
among collegiate record collector's seems to be Chick Webb, the bandleader Harold mannie. Credit for this sudden wave of popularity rests on the broad shoulders of his vocalist, nineteen year old Ella Fitzgerald, whom Benny Goodman calls the greatest living swing sax. Whether you agree with this or not you must grant that she is simply the largest. Katz Smith is wisp of a girl beside Ella. Some of this dinky swing's best "licks" are heard on the recording "Rock It for Me." Chick and his boys give the singer a supertaxing background on this platter. There is one little break that is hard to follow if you are dancing; but it should be a major offense to do anything but listen reverently to this recording, so if it is your own fault if the "jive" is too much for your feet.

Note that Gene Krupa has left Benny Goodman to form his own band, and we are wondering what engineer his famous quartet. Can Dave Tough, who moved over from Tommy Dorsey's to fill the huge gap left in this little ensemble? This solid rhythm of Krupa on the drums helped to give colorful contrast to Lionel Hampton's wild bizarreness on vibes, Tatum's electric开发, polished piano, and Goodman's swooping, chortling clarinet. The whole ensemble earned a high place in the theatrical sun.

By B. C. W.

EARLY sixty years have slipped away since the Jus- nette sailed away through the Golden Gate sped by cheers, sirens, salutes, by high hopes—and by a woman's tears; the first expedition to seek the North Pole by way of the Behring straits. You can imagine the scene as the little barque said good- by and Mrs. De Long, the command- er's wife, gave her husband the little silk flag which plays a tender part in the story. Thus Christopher Morley writes of a book that is rapidly be- coming one of the nation's best sellers. Chosen as the February Book-of-the-Month, Hell On Ice is an immensely gripping story of eight men hopeless- lessly imprisoned in a small room of the ice-bound Jeannette. It is a tale of two long endless years of bitter hardship, of sudden disaster, of mountainous ice packs, of a desperate flight across the cruel ice, of an incredible small boat passage over the stormy seas and Arctic faxes to the frozen trinidad of Siberia. Commander Ellsberg tells the story in the first person as Admiral Richard McVilfe, retired Engineer-in-Chief of the Navy and one of the eight sur- vivors, would have told it. Three years of research work brought to light the facts that Ellsberg has woven into this novel. Himself an engineer, Commander Ellsberg felt able to see McVilfe's views and understand his hardships. The death and gripping tenacity of this saga lie in Ellsberg's ability to trans-cribe into novel form the drama of the expedition. His rare knowledge and little more can be expected until next Fall.

Perhaps the outstanding recent de- velopment in the world of music is the revival of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in a Theatre Guild revival of Chekhov's The Sea Gull. Playing a limited engagement, this vehi- cle takes the Limits from the fairly successful Amphitheater II.
The departure of the Mercury Thea- tre group in presenting Julius Caesar sans scenery has aroused considerable comment and controversy. It has, how- ever, been an unqualified success. Not content to ride on the crest of that wave, the group went to work and prepared a revival of Thomas Dekker's Shoemaker's Holiday which likewise is an assured success and is serving to insure the new producing project a well earned place in the theatrical sun.

By B. C. W.

Records of the Month

Recent "hot" recordings worthy of your attention:
"I May Be Wrong"—Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra—Victor.
" heartbreaking "—Benny Goodman's Orchestra—Victor.
"Black Butterfly"—Ellington's Orchestra—Brunswick.
"You Are a Sweetheart"—Dorsey's Orchestra—Victor.
"Ida"—Goodman's Quartet—Victor.

By B. C. W.

BOOKS

Playing Around

By Harry J. Sweitzer

BROADWAY, like the rest of the world, is a螺丝 to spring fever and a hasty glance in that direction reveals that as the situation at this writing. Nothing of g reat moment has occurred recently and little more can be expected until next Fall.

Book Parade

By Commander Edward Ellsberg

Reviewed by Cornelia Carter

HELL ON ICE

By Commander Edward Ellsberg

his first book was written because he felt the public needed to know the circumstances concerning the raising of the S-51 and because he wanted to show the public the amazing salvage of the men who worked under such ter- rible conditions. The book, On The Bot- tom, was an immediate success although three publishers had scoffed at the idea when it was still in its embryo. Several editions of it were printed and it was also p rinted in four languages and in Braille. In his next three books are primarily for children, a trilogy of adventure stories, Spanish Inca, Ocean Gold, and Fifty Fathoms Deep. Probably his best known book was Pig Boats which was made into a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer movie called "Hell Below", starring Robert Montgomery, Madge Evans, Ro- bert Young and Virginia Mayo. Hell On Ice was three years in preparation and is the first book of Commander Ellsberg that has not dealt with his own personal experience. Living in suburban Westfield, New Jersey with
This strange December world is sharply etched
In twisting patterns
Of dark nakedness
And the ghostly mask of drifted snow.

The fragile symmetry of white birch trees:
Delicate hands
That reach pallid silver fingers
In supplication . . . and Silence.

Gauzy silver fingers
Tremble in the wind
And clutch at a glitter of stars.

In my room
Is only darkness
And the slow, insistent ticking of a clock.
—B. C. W.

End of Winter

PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS R. WILEY

Television, How, Where, And When

Why does England seem far ahead of the United States?
By ROBERT DEETER

Television is not, as many prophets say, just around the corner. It is already here.

This, of course, in a crude way, but every day some broadcasters are sending pictures out over the ether waves, and in Great Britain alone last year over nine thousand television sets were in use. The entire coronation exercises last May were televised successfully, and regular programs are being televised in England every week. If this is the case, we, its future users, ought to know something about television—how it works, how soon it will be here, and its possibilities.

If we were to take a picture and divide it horizontally and vertically by fifty or more parallel lines each way, we should find that the picture is composed of hundreds of tiny squares, some light, some dark, and some intermediate. If we were to reproduce these tiny squares in order and color intensify on another piece of paper, we should find that we had a reproduction of the original picture. This process is exactly what must be done in television. A picture is divided into hundreds or thousands of tiny dots. This process is called scanning. Each dot is viewed in succession by a recording instrument, and the light intensity reflected by the dot governs the amount of electricity flowing in a circuit. The electrical impulses are then broadcast or sent by wire to the receiving station. Here, the electricity is transformed into light, and the individual dots reassembled to reproduce the picture on some sort of screen.

Persistence of vision, the ability of our eyes to retain a vision of a picture for a very short time after the picture itself has disappeared, is an important principle underlying television reception. It is because of this characteristic of our vision that we can see a streak of light when a meteor sails through the upper atmosphere. A moving picture show is in reality a series of pictures shown separately, but, because of persistence of vision, we see the pictures as continuous motion. In television, a scene must be completely reproduced every 1/20 of a second in order that the motion will seem continuous.

Naturally, television has been becoming more and more popular as progress has been made toward its perfection. A television station has been in regular operation in Berlin for several years. About four years ago, the Columbia Broadcasting System's experimental station, W2XAB in New York, televised acts weekly. Only the heads and shoulders of the actors were televised, and only simple sets could be used, but the fact remains that actual television was used. In 1930, a theater in Schenectady, New York, exhibited, as part of its regular program, life-sized figures on the screen by means of television. Also, in 1930, the Bell Telephone laboratories in New York had in operation a satisfactory system to two-way television where-by a person could go into a booth and hold a conversation by phone with another person and at the same time could see, on a small screen, the person to whom he was talking. The system used was impractical for general use, however, as, in addition to the booth itself, the equipment was composed of enough apparatus to occupy a small room. It would cost approximately the price of thirty telephones if used in the home, and, worst of all, an experienced operator was required to keep everything in working order. Several telephones of this general type are in constant operation in Germany today.

The first public program using modern high-definition equipment was radiated in London on November 1, 1936, almost fourteen years after the first public radio broadcast in England. Since then there has been a steady development in interest and variety of the program. The coronation was the first major outside broadcast. This began a great increase in the use of receiving sets. Wimbledon tennis, the cenotaph, and a circus have been the other major outside broadcasts while plays, opera, and cabarets have constituted the majority of the planned inside broadcasts. In addition, there are continuous demonstrations in department stores, cafes, and at science exhibits. One of the newest developments comes from J. L. Baird, who has announced that he is perfecting a means of telecasting pictures in three colors.

In the United States, lack of a coordinated system of experimentation has impeded progress. Here, most of the television experimentation has been done in the New York area. It is still nine-tenths a matter of secret laboratory work among the various companies who wish to put a near perfect product on the market and are willing to wait until they can do so. RCA's studios in Radio City have made rapid progress of late. They have a line
to the large antenna on the Empire State building, from which programs can be easily broadcast over a distance of twenty-five miles, and have been received as far as forty-five miles away. The development of a small coaxial cable, whereby television signals and the necessary power to boost them along the way can be carried along the same cable, has been a great help in solving the problem of distance. The television signals require wider wavelengths than radio signals, they must utilize shorter-wave-lengths. The short waves used travel only in straight lines, and hence cannot be received beyond the horizon, about twenty-five miles. This necessitates the use of a series of transmitting stations all over the country, or the use of cables from the main studio to broadcasting stations in the population centers. Today there is a coaxial cable from New York to Philadelphia which has been quite successful in carrying television signals.

A new method of televising scenes has recently been developed. It is called the intermediate film process, and offers numerous possibilities for application. A talking film is taken of the scene. This picture is used for transmission instead of the actual scene, itself. Development, fixing, and washing of the picture are carried out so quickly that only thirty seconds elapse between the time that the picture is taken and the time that it is on the air. This method will find increasing use with respect to news broadcasts where it is difficult to get sufficient light for the television camera.

Television on a large scale offers a wide variety of uses and benefits to mankind. One of the first steps taken in this field will be the projection of talking picture films. News events and movies are the easiest scenes to televise, and consequently will come first. These will be followed with programs quite similar to those of present-day movies, with close-ups and long shots, fading from one scene to another, and elaborating scenery. Drama will undoubtedly become very popular. Another use to which television will be adapted is school lessons. Maps, diagrams, blackboards, and other essentials to good teaching will be made available for the "School of the Air." It might be interesting to look into a modern television studio. The set-up is more like a movie set than a broadcasting studio—lights, cameras, changeable sets, sound equipment, and actors in makeup all being similar. The room must be long and have a high ceiling to accommodate equipment. The iconoscope used in transmitting requires more light than a movie camera (from one to two thousand foot-candles), and the heat developed by the lamps is one of the major problems on these sets. The necessity of elaborate system of heat filters covers the lamps and efficient air-conditioning. The equipment used in early experimentation was not sensitive to red light, and the actors and actresses were forced to use eye-shadow in place of lipstick and rouge in order to make their features stand out in the televised pictures, thus presenting a ghastly sight to direct onlookers. With present-day equipment, however, this strange procedure is no longer necessary, and the actors have their natural privilege of appearing human to each other while attempting to seem human to their unseen audience many miles away.

During the course of experimentation, numerous devices have been developed for scanning pictures to be televised. The most important of these up to the present was the scanning disc and the photo-electric cell. Today, the instrument in most prevalent use as a scanner is the iconoscope, invented by Dr. V. K. Zworykin of the RCA-Victor Company. The iconoscope is the nearest artificial simulation of the human eye yet devised for television. There are no scanning discs or other moveable parts. The only part that moves is a stream of infinitesimally small electrons. The "seeing" end of the iconoscope is a flat metal plate, corresponding to the retina of the eye, which is covered with thousands of tiny silver globules made sensitive to light by treatment with caesium. The globules are fixed on the plate with a thin layer of silver oxide and then reducing the oxide to pure silver at a certain temperature. The degree that these tiny photo-cells will transmit a current varies according to the brightness of the light that falls upon them. An electric current is carried to this plate by a stream of electrons pulled rapidly back and forth by a series of electromagnets. If this stream falls on a bright spot, it receives a boost, and if it falls on a dark spot, it is cut down somewhat. Thus, when a picture or scene is focused on the plate of the iconoscope, the light and dark portions of the picture will cause the current emitted from the plate to fluctuate.

At the receiving station, a piece of apparatus called the kineoscope transforms the received current back into a picture. The kineoscope is a modified form of cathode ray tube. Here a stream of electrons is played upon a fluorescent screen. At any instant the screen glows in just one spot where the stream is hitting it, and the intensity of the light varies as the intensity of the stream of electrons. In actual operation, the stream of electrons is pulled back and forth in successive horizontal lines across the screen in synchronization with the stream of the transmitter. This is done by means of a series of electromagnets. The intensity of the electron beam is governed by the strength of the incoming current from the transmitter, and, as all the parts are in synchronization with those of the sending station, a reproduction of the transmitted picture results.

The question that finally confronts us is: How soon will television be available to the general public? This question is impossible to answer directly. Eight years ago, writers were predicting that by 1935 television receivers would be a common-place part of the furniture of practically every household. Today we know that this prediction was wrong, and therefore it is not wise to make predictions of our own. However, television is not far away. The problem is more financial than technical. All of the wizards working on the subject are not engineers. Some of them are astute financiers. We were confronted by the same problem, on a smaller scale, when sound-broadcasting was new. At that time the advertisers stepped in. In almost every magazine the advertisements are accompanied by pictures. Perhaps advertisers will do the same thing for television that they did for sound-radio. Cathode ray receivers cost anywhere from $250 to $400. It has been estimated that it would require an initial investment of two million dollars or more to provide television programs throughout the United States. The problem is indeed very big.

A Television Advisory Committee has been appointed by the Post-Master General of Great Britain to cooperate with the British Broadcasting company in the inauguration of public television service in the British Isles. Starting with their station in the top of the Crystal Palace Tower, they hope to cover entire England with a network of broadcast and relay stations. All the British broadcasting and radio companies have recently agreed to maintain present technical standards for a period of three years, thereby guaranteeing that the money they invest in receivers will not be wasted on equipment that will be obsolete in a few years as has been the case in the past. The British
**B R U S H W O R K**

Prose and Poetry by JANE BRUSH

Coeds Cartooned by GORDON WILSON

**APRIL, 1938**

**LOVE A LA MODE**

"Ninety percent is sex," you said.

"And ten imagination—"

But if you're judging love that way it's just a recreation.

**RADIO!**

Radio! . . . "moon river, enchanted white ribbon twined in the hair of night . . . tonight "Moon River" is dedicated to all Crosley Dealers . . . " Twas ever thus, the misty mirage dispelled by mundane materialism; barns are frescoed with BULL DURHAM, the highways lathered with BURMA SHAVE; and now it's in the air. "Rain swept disdainfully down the valley like the myriad sparklets of the Silver Wood Queen's train . . . Get Rem and Get Relief!" Ah, Radio!

**BACKWARD GLANCE**

Some people have poses

To show off their noses

While others exploit dainty feet;

If I could diminish my seat.

Some people have poses

"And ten imagination—."

"Ninety percent is sex," you said,

But, if you're judging love that way aesthetic sensibilities at all, could slosh around in his own dirty clean, however, the shower far surpasses the bath. Who, with any former winning out in the case of lazy souls like myself because one can sit down. As factors in the great work of keeping the people clean, however, the shower far surpasses the bath. Who, with any aesthetic sensibilities at all, could slosh around in his own dirty water? Baths are so futilless... unless you take two in succession. How fatigues of the body can bithright cleanse themselves of every particle of grime and then contently slither around in a more or less concentrated solution of it is entirely beyond the range of my slow comprehension. Personally, if I may be intimate, I prefer a heavy warm shower in which to luxuriate while the myriad sprays of soft water slide smoothly down, pushing shiny soap bubbles before them. And then the tant sensation when the startling cold comes shooting back in barbed attack, followed by the reassuring surge of the blood... is that a shower curtain or a white flag I see waving before me?

**THE SARDONIC SLANT**

A vagrant doubt,

An ever-homing hope

Born of a soul's necessity

Are all our limits and our scope

Of immortality.

**BATHS**

As recreations, baths and showers are on an almost even par, the former winning out in the case of lazy souls like myself because one can sit down. As factors in the great work of keeping the people clean, however, the shower far surpasses the bath. Who, with any aesthetic sensibilities at all, could slosh around in his own dirty water? Baths are so futile... unless you take two in succession. How fatigues of the body can bithright cleanse themselves of every particle of grime and then contently slither around in a more or less concentrated solution of it is entirely beyond the range of my slow comprehension. Personally, if I may be intimate, I prefer a heavy warm shower in which to luxuriate while the myriad sprays of soft water slide smoothly down, pushing shiny soap bubbles before them. And then the tant sensation when the startling cold comes shooting back in barbed attack, followed by the reassuring surge of the blood... is that a shower curtain or a white flag I see waving before me?

**HOMO PARADOXUS**

You left me stunned

And flew to her;

I mourned awhile—

And there you were!

**Iazzi Was A Lady, After All**

ya going now?" asked Looey.

"Home."

"Live with your family?"

"Sorta."

"Walk you as far as the park."

Iazzi said nothing. There was something in Lokey's manner that indicated that he sort of liked her. This was a strange experience for her. In her few brief associations outside of the Organization, she had discovered she was more cause for derision than friendly conversation. She had supposedly hidden herself beneath a stout cover of immunity to what a capitalistic society thought of her. Now she found herself conscious of her movements, she even began to walk in a womanly manner, undulating her hips, trying to impress Lokey with the remnants of her feminine charms.

Lokey was rather nice looking in a way. She muttered up a question. "Live with your parents?"

"My dad."

"What's he do?"

"Drives a truck. Good dough. He's gonna get me a job. Steady work."

Iazzi forgot a lot of things. Forgot even that a truck driver's job was not the driver wasn't a Communist. She looked at the thing only from the standpoint of feminine security. There was something almost lyrical in the thought of being a truck driver's wife.

"That oughta be nice," she said.

"Yeh."

They walked the rest of the way in silence.

Lokey had enough nonchalance about him to be maddening. Iazzi gathered her Communist self together again. "Here's where I turn off," she said.

"So long."

"Hey," said Looey. "Wait a minute. How about a date?"

"Sure."

"Yen."

Iazzi, who twenty-four hours ago had not believed in love, was now going in for it to such an extent that she was being actually fickle about it. In other words, Iazzi had become a woman—completely.

Lokey wasn't conscious of the entire change: he felt only the primeval attraction pulling him closer to Iazzi. "Listen, baby," he said, "nobody's looking, so how about a kiss, huh?"

Iazzi was throbbing to the ecstasies of power in her essential sex. "No," she said, with enough conviction to keep him on the subject.

Lokey kept on the subject. "Aw, listen," he pursued, "I kinda go for you. And, gee, I spent dough on the way home.

Looey bought a couple of bags of peanuts and they sat down on a bench in the park to eat them. Looey started talking about himself, and about how a swell old world this was, and how vital his presence was to it. Iazzi, unused to human conversation, enjoyed it. She compared Lokey with Sammy; the latter seemed sadly colorless. Iazzi thought for just a moment of the time she held Sammy's hand. And before she could chase the memory from her mind, she was conscious that it was still kinda pleasant. This revealed to her a new predicament, she was being unfaithful, somehow, to Sammy.

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Lokey kept on the subject. "Aw, listen," he pursued, "I kinda go for you. And, gee, I spent dough on the way home.

This was pretty convincing argument an d Lokey helped it along by sneaking an arm around Iazzi and hugging her a bit. Iazzi felt awful much like letting herself go, but instead she held out.

"What's the matter, babe," Looey continued.

"Somebody got you sewed up?"

"What'd ya going now?" asked Looey.

"Home."

"Live with your family?"

"Sorta."

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"What's the matter, babe," Looey continued.

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That ended it. Above all, Iazzi felt that she couldn't afford to have Looey think that. If there
wasn't anybody else, she probably would have felt the opposite inclination, but it doesn't take a woman long to learn what she inherently knows. With a tremble she succumbed.

The next morning Izzy ate her breakfast at the corner "bean wagon," and was just about to get pensive over her coffee when Miggy came bounding in. "Say," he said, "did you see the papers? For the Cause you have done wonders. They would give you a medal if they had any. Down from Head-quarters they're all talking about it. Such propaganda! You're a martyr to the Cause."

This was too much for Izzy, on the day that she was going to sever her relations to the Cause at once, she would have gladly sacrificed her pride to the middle page. Izzy looked. There, right, in the middle of the page, was a picture of herself, sitting on the sidewalk beside a cop twisting her arm. Izzy felt terrible. Under any other circumstances, she would have gladly sacrificed her pride for the Cause, that was inexpensive propaganda, but now Izzy was a woman and no longer a Communist. She felt only the ignominy of the thing, and wondered what Looey would think. She didn't know what else to do so she got mad.

"Listen, Miggy," she said, "Take this paper back to Head-quarters and tell them I'm through." "Vat!" exclaimed Miggy. "You practically win a medal and then you say you're through. You're gonna quit. For vat?"

"I'm gonna get married."
"Sure. Get married. But vy quit?"
"He ain't a Communist."
"Vat! You wouldn't marry a guy what aint a Communist!"

Izzy was getting exasperated. "Listen, I said I'm gonna quit and I'm gonna quit. That's all."

Izzy assemblhed himself into his oratorical role. "Some the R-r-revolution and you be sorry. The New Day won't have no use for tr-r-rainers. You'll be--"

"Aw, nuts!" said Izzy. That was the last straw for Miggy. He looked as though he were going to scream. He didn't though, instead he started bounding on his thin legs until he had worked up enough momentum to get himself out the door.

Izzy returned to her coffee. She brooded over the one flaw in the outline she had drawn for her life. Suppose Looey didn't want to marry her! He had indicated his love, of course, but had never openly stated it. Still she allowed that this was part of his taciturn nature, and she really didn't know an awful lot about the subject of confessing love anyhow.

For weeks Looey still held out with the invitation of marriage. The closest he came was the frequent, "I'm nuts about yah, babe," after which he would kiss her fervidly. But meanwhile Izzy was becoming more and more a woman. She learned easily that the best way to keep a man on his toes was to deal out her femininity sparingly. Looey rarely got the chance he had the first night of sinking his teeth deep into love, as it were. And he discovered that, to get anywhere at all, he had to be pretty sentimental.

Except for one incident, that was the gist of Izzy's love life during these two weeks. That incident occurred when she and Looey were walking in Washington Square, listening to a band. "Say," said Looey all of a sudden, "I keep meaning to ask yah. Who was that big guy that hit me the night I got stuck in jail? It was dark and I couldn't tell."

Izzy shrank inside of herself. She had expected...
"Just now," said Sammy, trying to fit everything together, sort of. And he began to feel bad, because it looked an awful lot like Izzy and this guy Looey were in love. He shuffled through the pages of his mind in search of material that would meet the crisis. "Well, babe," Looey was in again, "whadya say we blow?" Sammy found the page he wanted. In a university they would have called him a psychologist. "Well, so long," he said, "don't hit him again, Izzy!"

Looey, caught in the act of extending his arm, swung around. Izzy thought he had a fiendish look on his face. He leaned over into Sammy's face. "Whadya mean by that?" he asked. Sammy made believe that he had let the remark slip out innocently. "Oh, nothing," he said, "I was thinking about something else."

Looey's face looked like tongues of flame. "She ain't the one who popped me that night, is she?" "Oh, no," Sammy tried hard not to be convincing.

Looey turned to ask Izzy the inevitable question. But he didn't have to. Izzy was looking like a poached egg strung from a pole. "God damn!" said Looey in surprise, anger, and hurt pride. Then he started to walk away. He stopped for a moment and turned around. "Nuts!" he said fiercely, and disappeared behind the statue.

Izzy, quiet for such a long time, wound up. "And nuts to you, too," she concluded. She and Sammy were alone. "Jeez," he said. "I thought you might have kind of liked the guy."

"Naw," said Izzy. She was getting good at being a woman.

Sammy was beginning to look embarrassed again. "It's funny," he said.

"What?" asked Izzy.

That he should be the guy that talked me into being a capitalist."

"Who—Looey?" Izzy was doing her best to control herself.

"Yeh, while we were in jail together."

Sammy looked up to see if Izzy was taking his revelations too hard. He couldn't quite figure out the expression on her face. It looked safe to continue, though. "I'm going to go to work. Quitting the Cause too."

"What?" he asked.

"That you don't go near Headquarters now or ever."

"Sure, but I gotta tell 'em."

"I'll tell 'em."

"Oh, all right."

"Then I'll quit for your sake, Sammy," she said soulfully.

"Gee, that's wonderful!" said Sammy, and his big eyes were swimming behind his glasses.

The springtime song welled again about the two lovers. And tranquility again invaded Izzy's heart. She started to hum. Sammy, no less happy, vibrated.

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**Television**

Continued from page 19

Television government is whole-heartedly behind this program, and it is expected that before long a great majority of the English people will have access to this new powerful instrument of education, entertainment,—and propaganda. It is interesting to note that English television announcers address their audiences as "viewers", just as we are accustomed to hear a radio announcer speak to us as "listeners."

Where is America in this progressive movement? American engineers have made as much progress as the British, but the relative smallness of England and its concentrated population make television broadcasting and reception easier there. However, from all the facts that can be assembled, we, in America, shall soon be matching stride for stride, the progress of our friends across the sea. Many companies are spending vast sums of money to perfect television. The potential consumption of entertainment is very great, and will quickly use up all available material. Just as the public took part in the development of radio, it is taking part in the development of television. It had the faith to buy early crude radio sets. The same will be true of its attitude toward television. After the novelty has worn off, pessimists will say that television is far, far in the future. When this occurs, remember the early crystal sets. Radio's beginning was extremely inauspicious. So, before long, L o w e l l T h o m a s's farewell will doubtless change from "So long until tomorrow", to something like "So long, folks. You'll be seeing me tomorrow."