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PORTFOLIO
Published by and for All Persons Interested in the Literary Activity of Denison University

Volume I, Number 3
May, 1938

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Two Poems Pewilla Dick

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PORTFOLIO

The Literary Magazine of Denison University

Volume I, Number 3
May, 1938

Portfolio Goes To Press

"The process of producing a magazine is an interesting one."

by HARRY J. SWEITZER

Amid the clamor and bustle of the composing room and the distant roar of the press room, Portfolio is being "put to bed". In other words our literary magazine is going to press.

The process of producing a magazine is an interesting one. Paper and type faces must be selected, and material must be gathered, read critically and accepted or rejected. The copy must be fitted tentatively into a rough draft. The copy is studied and a list of drawings is made and assigned.

The copy is sent to the printers and the drawings and pictures to the engravers, which brings us up to date. The printer's copy is proofed and fitted, along with the cuts of the pictures, into a fairly accurate "dummy" or copy of the magazine with places and space limits drawn up for all the material. Heads are written for the articles and proofed; then the head type and body type are locked into the forms and the magazine is off. After printing, it is cut into sheets, folded and bound. A quick trip to Granville and distribution by the business staff. By Friday, we hope. Then the process begins again.

In this issue we find a good short story by a former editor, James Overhuls, Out of Himself. Barbara Cronberger's story, And the Years Go On, was cut quite a bit to fit the page so if you don't like it, blame us. For comedy relief, read The Saint in the Silo, by George Baker, Denison '38; or Robert Shaw's story, A Date for the Dance. Bob is now at Harvard having graduated at semesters.

We like Norman Nadel's fantasy—I Died Last Night, a bit sacrilegious but amusing. Charles Vincent's story is an account of an actual experience which occurred while he was a National Guardsman. Eugene Vodev also witnessed the occurrence which he describes.

We feel fortunate in the poetry of this edition with Pewilla Dick, Adela Beckham and Doris Flory returning again to our pages. Three newcomers, Stanley Hanna, Annie MacNeill and Don Bethune contribute much to the tone of the publication. Departments are handled capably by Norman Nadel, John Stewart, Dike Dwelly, Helen Clements, and Virginia Beck. We are indebted to Miss Bonnet and Mess'rs Whitehead and Mitchell for the line drawings. Credit lines are given for other illustrations.

We are hoping that the flow of usable material will continue and increase. This is the last issue this school year, but one is due out early next fall. Summer writing will help a great deal toward making it a good issue.

Short stories are always welcome as is poetry. Personal experiences, vacation or travel make good copy. However we don't get enough humor or satire, while interesting appraisals of the contemporary scene are entirely lacking.

It is hoped that Portfolio may come to be strongly representative of Denison both in a literary way and as a force in its life. Perhaps Portfolio in the future, with the aid of the student body, may become an organ for the expression of desirable and worthwhile changes and reforms in the present school life and administration.
"H. J. was tired of it; he wanted a rest."

by JAMES OVERHULS

Tall and thin are the buildings of lower Manhattan, grey, stone towers checkered with glass. Crooked streets at which gargoyles stare, trying to pierce the dull shade. And hidden away near the top of one of these stone giants were the offices of JORDAN, HACKETT & MAILEY—SHOES INC., with the smaller office of H. Jones Jordan, President.

The offices were spacious enough. Yards, it seemed, of asparagus green carpet stretched nicely between six typewriter desks and their attached stenographers in the large main office, back and forth, back and forth, to branch stealthily under the doors of Jordan, Hackett, and Mailey which stood around in a methodic square. The main strip led silently beneath the door of frosted glass and ended before the large mahogany fort of Hiram Jones Jordan. Hiram had been his father's name, but it had gone out of style long ago and had become now, plain "H." He had several other names: young, competent Mailey called him "Jones" as did most of his other business equals. In his youth this had been shortened to "Jo." Lucy still called him that in private, though at other times he was more formally "my husband." Once he had heard a whisper as he passed through the office of "the old man", but he promptly forgot about it. It was now a fact that "old H. J." was a name that was tossed out between gum-chewing jaws with comparatively little precaution.

H. J. Jordan was not a tall man, though he stood a good four inches above Lucy. And he was not a broad man, though piles of books and papers on his desk made this hard to ascertain. There were two things certain about him. He had quite gray eyes, and hair that was entirely gray. Sixty years showed plainly in "Jones'" tired face. Corners below his mouth were going to become as noticeable in the next few years as the lines which now ridged the sides of his forehead. But he was still plodding for all of that. H. J. Jordan had built up a great business. Jordan, Hackett & Mailey were well known in the shoe world. They had stores in every state, and seven factories. Yet H. J. was not a millionaire. J. H. & M., it is reported, was incorporated and H. J. owned only a bare 51%. But he ran it, though it was beginning to tell.

Sick headaches came on more frequently now. They required a bottle of a white powder and a spoon to be kept ever-present in the top right hand drawer of a nearby wall cabinet. They required care when he went out to cut a business man's lunch at noon time. "Jo," Lucy always said, "be careful this noon." And he knew what she meant. Day after day H. J. walked certainly into the office at nine and left it again just as certainly at four. But it was beginning to tell. Forty years in one business was a long time.

And H. J. ran the business well. Young Mailey kept the factories going. He seldom found time to sit at his desk in the home office. And pudgy, bald-headed, dull-moving Hackett held up his end of the firm too. He was in and out of Jones' office ten times a day with his pleading, questioning look seeking for advice on some affair. "Just as I had decided," he ended every conversation as he turned to shut the door behind him. Nevertheless, stogy Hackett owned a good bit of the stock; he came next to Jordan. Then came Mailey and several others. But H. J. ran the business.

Frankly, H. J. was tired of it; he wanted a rest. Rest. It had been five years since he had had a vacation, and it had been another five years since the one before that. Always something coming up; a new store to open in Ohio; one year that strike at the factory. No one knew the business like H. J. No one could take care of it as he could; he had it at his finger tips. No wonder there was no rest! Last year Lucy had packed off without him to Chicago to see their son, another "Jo", and Frances, his young wife, and their wonderful child. Just think, Jo had only seen his granddaughter once. His granddaughter! Jo had always wanted a daughter of his own. Just one son hadn't been enough. But somehow there never seemed time. That's what Jo had always lacked—time.

It was a hot summer day in late August, 1929. Men hurried by in the busy Wall Street around the corner. Newsboys shouted hoarsely as they walked the sultry pavements. It was hot; it was muggy, oppressive. And high up in H. Jones Jordan's office it was hot and muggy too. The large ventilator window let in useless heat waves mingled with the stench of fresh tar applied on some roof far below. Faint cries came up forty-three stories from the street. H. J. Jordan sat surrounded by work.

Since nine A.M. he had been studying. Reports, graphs, figures, plans, words, all blurred at him as he wrote, arranged, figured, and talked to himself. He must be ready for the board meeting at 3.
o'clock. For the fourth time, Miss Wright, plain-faced secretary, marched in to remind him. "Board meeting at 3, Mr. Jordan," and she was out again. When the "int-tint" of the discarded typewriters came to him again and again as his door shut after her. His office phone jingled. ". . . Broker," came the voice from the switch-board outside. The market, the market, the market!

J. H. & M. SHOES, Inc., was on the market of course. If he was asked for that last loan for his real estate business in Chicago.

His face clouded as he bent lower over the desk. Earnings 1927, earnings 1928, taxes first quarter 1929, tax returns . . . was the Tulsa store worth while? . . . could Cleveland stand another store? . . . he crossed to the water cooler for the hundredth time; the water was tepid. As he wandered back slowly he gave a short smile to Lucy in a plain gold frame on his desk. His tired eyes wandered outside the dull window. Smoke curled through slanting light beams. The summer morning haze swung over the sky like a gray woolen blanket holding in the heat.

A little after one he was back at his post again. Dizzy spells were more frequent today. The white spots in his eyes wandered outside the dull window. Smoke curled through slanting light beams. The summer morning haze swung over the sky like a gray woolen blanket holding in the heat.

It was not until he had seen an item: Jersey factory . . . fire escapes . . . he was struck with the thought: If he could only escape from this burden. If he only could. If he could break free of the still figures, this heat, this endless work. If he could get away. If he could get out of himself! Only for an instant, and his blurred mind was back at the desk before him.

Strange quirks in the market, he thought he had worried him as SHOES, Inc., did, as getting these spells worried him. Yet nothing passed. These spells worried him. Yet nothing.

Dizziness, wild beating of the heart, and it had passed. For the past two nights he had tossed and turned. Dizzy spells were more frequent today. The white spots in his eyes wandered outside the dull window. Smoke curled through slanting light beams. The summer morning haze swung over the sky like a gray woolen blanket holding in the heat.

Dizzy spells were more frequent today. The white spots in his eyes wandered outside the dull window. Smoke curled through slanting light beams. The summer morning haze swung over the sky like a gray woolen blanket holding in the heat.

Again he walked to the water tank, and hurried back to his desk. It was always hurry, hurry, hurry till 3 o'clock. He had removed his coat now, an unheard of thing, and was working in his shirt-sleeves. His soft-starched collar topping the striped blue shirt, was all wilted now. Anxiously again and again he bent to the figures. He became an old man by what he saw. The work and the heat were pressing on his mind like a weight.

All of a sudden he felt a breath of fresh air. It seemed to come from him. It lifted his mind vaguely away from the black figures before him. For a second a strange void feeling tore from his stomach to his throat, and went back

MAY 1938

H. J. Jordan with his coat over his shoulder, hanging onto a strap in a crowded subway train, and eating an apple, big, bouncy Russian, little darning pasture at his side; laboriously he climbed the fence, and in a minute was in the center of it, benedicting himself.

he jumped, he ran, he chased butterflies; he devilishly threw sticks at a cow nearby and shouted as he lookedvacantly around for her tormentor. He sang, he whistled, he cut himself a willow whistle with the knife he had always sentimental castle of the heart. He astounded himself that he could make nearly as perfect a whistle as he had made when a boy. He made such a nuisance of himself; it was lucky he couldn't be seen. Dignified sixty year old business men don't cavort in pastures on hot summer afternoons like crazy people.

Methodic Hiram Jones Jordan would never have done it.

He saw a toad, and jumped up to chase it, lunging wildly after it. He would have caught it too, but he fell and cut his lip on a jagged stone.

He lay there panting and gasping and laughing stupidly to himself. Then at once all to him it came to him. Free! Yes, yes, quite free; but from what? It occurred to him that he had escaped, had broken all the chains of horror, something that had been closing in on him, cutting off his breath, weighing him down. But what? Yet here he was: Free.

He had been walking down the road again a mile or so farther on that he suddenly came upon a little sign tacked to a fence post reading, "Hackett, & Mailey — SHOES — Inc." That's me", he said subconsciously, and then it struck him: "SHOES, Inc.—In." that's where he was supposed to be. But where was he now? Where was his desk? It was hot; where was the water cooler? Was he really free? Oh, but there wasn't any escaping SHOES, Inc. He knew that. He had been a prisoner there for forty years. It couldn't be true. No, this wasn't Jones Jordan; this wasn't he. He was there as a director; meeting that afternoon. He was there now, wearily explaining why SHOES, Inc., had taken a drop in sales, explaining why SHOES, Inc., couldn't pay that extra dividend.

(Continued on page 23)
TO PRESIDENT AND MRS. SHAW

Ten years have passed—ten lyric Aprils and ten flowering Mays, since first you came among us. Ten golden, red Octobers and gone since that day when scholars, gowned and great, gathered in proud array upon this hill, to honor you as leader, guide, and friend. Ten years have passed—ten fruitful, happy years! And every April since has brought its song, with bluebird's beauty flashing from the first.

And May has kept her flowery festival—crowds of pink petals and cool lilac blooms, and sprays of blossoms whitening wood and hill. Each year September's green has burned to gold, patient and tireless. By work and work and prayer, each year September's green has burned to gold, and May has kept her flowery festival—crowds of pink petals and cool lilac blooms, with bluebird's beauty flashing from the first.

To tell the truth about the whole thing, Gran'pappy, who was forever the center of attention in the little township of Gill, was just a little more than "taiched in the haid". We first discovered him (that is, we of the younger generation) one morning during the threshing season when he was found sitting on top of the threshing machine directing the long blower which threw the chaff over vast expanses of space, around and around, in the act of what he believed to be putting out the fires of hell but which the casual observer would describe as covering the strawberry crop. With his hat back and a red bandana tied not around his head but rather enveloping his waist, he held sway for nearly a quarter of an hour, directing ten hands, to which sooner or later we were most certainly devoted. But they were more inclined to roll through the blazing, doubled with laughter, as the fires grew worse. The climax came when the chaff began to fall into the stew which the womenfolk were making a full two hundred yards away, and with that Aunt Tessie brought him down with a well-thrown kettle, and he was beaten to sensibility with a wooden ladle.

When we first approached Gran'pappy a full ten years ago, he was about going out "for a ride with us." It wasn't nearly so convincing as we wanted it to be, and to this day I think he knew all the time that we had the State Hospital in mind as our destination.

And if, some future day, your faith should falter in your high "work of fine intelligence," for ideals reaching to the distant years; winning the rich, full vastness of your sowing, by faith—in spite of hindrance bravely borne—and you, each year, have plowed and sowed and tended the gold to brown—and then, December snow.

Saint In A Silo

"Things was a dern sight easier when yer gran'pappy was Napoleon."

by GEORGE BAKER, '38

When we first approached Gran'pappy a full ten years ago, he was about going out "for a ride with us." Then came the French Revolution. There he was, whittling by the silo as the imaginary heads "kerplunked" into the basket. Every hour or so the basket would need to be emptied, and when darkness came Aunt Tessie would dispatch us to fetch the whittlings for the kitchen stove. So far there was no material wasted.

Aunt Tessie was a field marshal in charge of the mortar division, which consisted of the three churns we kept in the summer kitchen. I led the infantry, whereas Brother Dick was a spy. The general himself had the whole situation well in hand, and in the other hand, which was concealed beneath his coat in true Napoleonic fashion just as the encyclopedia pictures showed, we well believed him to hold a pint of corn whiskey. Then came the decisive battle of the war! On the north shore of the rocky ravine was assembled all the livestock. The hour for the charge had come, and upon the order from the general my brother and I forcefully executed "the Charge of the Light Brigade"... and into the valley of death rode the livestock! The results were that we shot one horse because of the pain he suffered from a broken leg and three more had to be re-shod. For a month we had no eggs from the chickens and one couldn't blame the cows for holding back on the milk.

The next week I left for the city to take a small paying job in a fish market. Since then I have returned but once, and that visit will live forever in my memory. At four o'clock in the afternoon the progenitor of our family donned a fez, climbed to his position in the top of the silo, and called his masses to prayer; as Aunt Tessie and I knelt on the rugs which we had dragged from the parlor she whispered slyly in my ear: "Things was a dern sight easier when yer gran'pappy was Napoleon."
Incident of August 7, 1930

"They weren't firing blanks, those were real bullets."

by CHARLES VINCENT

A frightened moon clung to the heavy silver-edged clouds giving momentary brilliancy to the earth below and then disappeared. There was a hush in the air and a chilling dampness that seemed to have assembled from nowhere to hover over the rough uneven terrain. The only vestige of growth other than the parched stubble underneath was the black outline of a convulsed tree, long dead, just in front of us and slightly to the left. Our holstered boots crunching along in the swing of tired bodies; the heat of the day had been terrible and the work tedious and long.

Behind us the lights of the infantry brigade had faded in the dark and the noises of a camp had died away. Ahead of us the green light of the medics showed the location of our own regiment, where awaited our cots and welcome sleep. Neither of us said a word, both munching on hazy thoughts.

By this time we were abreast of the old tree and I halted to light a cigarette. McMahon stopped a few paces farther on to wait for me. I fumbled in my pockets for a match and then in attempting to strike it, I dropped it. Cursing at what the hell, I spied out on the landscape, our cots and welcome sleep.

I felt powerless to rush at our assailants. A wave of anger fused back and forth over us, at times high in the air, at other times churning up the ground around us. We lay there clutching the earth with our bodies, squirming when the shots were close, breathing heavily when they were farther away. It seemed an eternity, with an awful end possible at any one of them.

We picked our way several yards and then tuc-a-tuc-a-tuc this time right at us. We flopped. "Watch out with that toy," I shouted, "You're going to hurt somebody."

Again the firing ceased and we started to crawl out of their line of fire. We succeeded in reaching a natural hollow about a foot and a half deep when they opened up a third time. "If this is their idea of a joke I surer'n hell don't get," McMahon looked at me.

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The machine-gun swept back and forth over us, at times high in the air, at other times churning up the ground around us. We lay there clutching the earth with our bodies, squirming when the shots were close, breathing heavily when they were farther away. It seemed an eternity, with an awful end possible at any one of them. We stopped our firing, we started to skirt cautiously around them.

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Ting — ting — and a fine shower of dirt whipped over us. That would be ricobets. My God, they weren't firing blanks. Those were real BULLETS!

McMahon's face blanched a white that shone in the dark as the realization crept into his brain. Perspiration streamed off my forehead and got into my eyes. My back and legs were wet.

A wave of anger fused through me and I wanted to rush at our assailants yelling so loudly that they would stop and I could reach them. Then a swelling sensation of fear rose in my stomach and I felt powerless to move.

The machine-gun swept back and forth over us, at times high in the air, at other times churning up the ground around us. We lay there clutching the earth with our bodies, squirming when the shots were close, breathing heavily when they were farther away. It seemed an eternity, with an awful end possible at any one of them. We stopped our firing, we started to skirt cautiously around them.

The small hump of ground that protected us was being blasted away until that searching stream of steel jacketed lead felt like a cold wind over our backs.

Suddenly a shaft of stupefying light lit up the
scene, and the firing stopped abruptly. I looked up in time to see three men disappearing behind the tree, and then I turned at the source of the light. It was an armored car bearing down on us at full speed from our camp. I jumped to my feet, spit the dirt out of my mouth, and dashed up to the tree, followed by McMahon. A Brown ing automatic, several tins of ammunition, and a profusion of empty shells lay at its base. Our assailants had disappeared into the night.

The car rolled up, slowing only enough to see if we were all right, and then went on in search of the three. McMahon picked up the rifle and started on toward the encampment of our regiment. I wanted to sit down and rest, but the urge to reach the safety of our lines was stronger.

"Private McMahon, sir, Battery B."

And then we sketched in our version of the event. It seemed the camp had been under fire also, those higher bursts reaching the outlying tents and playing havoc with a latrine and several parked trucks. The return of the armored car with one prisoner corroborated our story and cleared us of any complicity.

We were sent to the mess shack for hot coffee and told to report to regimental headquarters in the morning. Back in my tent, sitting on the edge of my cot, and removing my shoes I speculated on the happening. From the appearance of the man they had caught and what I heard while under guard, three Poles had stolen the weapon and either drunk or doped had tried to kill us.

If it hadn't been for that one match and our stopping to look for it, that first burst would have cut us down on the spot. As I moved to pull my shoe off, a box of matches fell from my shirt pocket.
Dearest Tom,

I've just heard the best news! Dr. Simpson, who was going to remove my tonsils, was in an accident, and broke both legs. I won't have my operation this week-end, and can come down to Wesleyan after all. Can you meet me at Hartford? I will arrive there by train on Friday afternoon (will let you know the exact time later). Am I awfully glad this has happened, so we can be with each other again. I'll see you in only four days, dear.

All my love,
Norma.

* * *

Hotel Tudor
New York City
October 26, 1937.

Dear Tom:

I'll bet you're surprised to get a letter from me from the city, but I got Daddy to send permission for them to let me off the rest of this week, and here I am.

I want to buy a new dress for the dances and do some other shopping. Instead of being with Ruth and Ted, I'll come up here to train to Hartford. I'll tell you later what time to meet me there.

Love,
Allie.

* * *

Telephone Conversations, Evening of October 27

"Hello, is this the Sigma Chi House? Is Mac Dowds in? No? Well, who's this speaking?" "Well, listen, Curt, do you want a date for the parties? I've got two girls coming and... you've got one. Wait a minute. What about Bob Throp?... Oh, he's got one too... isn't there anyone there who wants one? No? That's all right, Curt. I'll give you a chance later on."

"North College? Is Bob Adams there?... Well, listen, Curt, do you want a date for the parties? I've got two girls coming and... you've got one. Wait a minute. What about Bob Throp?... Oh, he's got one too... isn't there anyone there who wants one? No? That's all right, Curt. I'll give you a chance later on."

"Hello, Bob. Say, I've got a phone call for you. My name is Bob Adams. I've got an extra ticket to the football game at 4:30 tomorrow afternoon. Would you like to go?"

"When I grow up I'll come and get you."

Barbara Cronberger

"I'll bet you're surprised to get a letter from me from the city, but I got Daddy to send permission for them to let me off the rest of this week, and here I am.

I want to buy a new dress for the dances and do some other shopping. Instead of being with Ruth and Ted, I'll come up here to train to Hartford. I'll tell you later what time to meet me there.

Love,
Allie."

* * *

From the Wesleyan Argus, November 2, 1937

SOPHMORE MISSING; LAST SEEN BY DR. ARNOLD

HOUSE PARTY WEEKEND MARRED

BY DISAPPEARANCE OF PSI U. PLEDGE

The disappearance of Tom Duncan, '36, of Psi Upsilon, has been reported to local and state police, and a thorough search is being made. Duncan vanished sometime about the early hours of the morning. His last known appearance was first noticed when a girl called up the Psi U. house, the infirmary, the dean's office, and the Argus many times in succession, asking for him. Police have no clues, Duncan's parents have been notified.
The Rocky Cliffs were wet with spray;  
The waves broke way below;  
The ghostly rocks around me lay;  
And whited bones were in my way  
To make my progress slow.

"Why came I here," I asked myself,  
"Upon this barren rag?  
Upon this windswelt, lonely shell  
To wander freely with myself  
Along this misty drag?"

"I came to lose the vain world's strife,  
To ease my troubled heart,  
To bear no more the drumbone of Life  
Of this world's stern and rugged life  
Of which I was a part."

To seek for peace among these stones,  
To hear the booming surf,  
To meet the hardened soil that owns  
These spectre's, but ghostly bones,  
To rest upon the turf."

With icy hands the pallid mist  
Around my body (rove);  
No longer could I then resist  
The spectre's expose.  
MY BONES WERE ADDED TO THE REST.

The Dance of the Kobolds

They are skipping,  
To the rhythm of a drum;  
Some are dancing  
Others prancing  
In the moonlight, to and from.  
Bodies swelling,  
While the drum is keeping time;  
Hearts are throbbing;  
Heads are bobbing  
To the muffled distant chime.

Senses whirling;  
They are bumbling  
In a wave of joy sublime;  
Pulse leaping,  
They are keeping  
Measured rhythm to the chime.

Slowly stopped,  
Some are stopping  
Overcome with weariness;  
Drum-beats ending,  
Bells are sending  
No more chimes of happiness

All is over  
Notch the sober  
Solitude of deepest night.  
Hear the throbbing  
Of the Wobbles  
Kobolds, lying in their plight!

I Died Last Night

"Heaven is swell, although it will probably prove disappointing to the average Baptist."

by NORMAN NADEL

And now, a scant twenty-four hours after, the sensations of being dead no longer hold any special thrill. Oh it is something different, and all of that, and I've had enough bewildering experiences to fill volumes, and there have been no very radical changes from my former existence. At first I was somewhat disappointed with the future prospects; it seemed that I should grow bored if I were not careful, though this particular locality in which I now find myself is supposed to be noted for its diversified activities and amusements. It was with deepest regret that I found myself leaving the curricular and extra-curricular activities of my college. After all, I had a lot more to do than I ever accomplished. Few of my eminent contemporaries had ever considered any possibility of my retiring from the scene in this abrupt and—generally considered—painful way, but certain conditions were far beyond the control of them or me govern these. Such things, often, are quite immutable, in a manner far past our stilled understanding.

Following the instant of death I settled back to consider the situation. It was something new and rather exciting at first. I was surprised to find how quickly reality—if that is what earthly life is—faded from being dead. Perhaps it was a good thing, because I don't think I could have stood the pain of seeing my family and few friends so hurt by my leaving; as it was it was no joke, and even now I feel sharp pangs of regret when I look back and say—well, Elaine, for instance—taking it so darned hard. If only I could convey to her in some way that I am in no discomfort, and that she doesn't need me. But she'll get over it—they always do.

For a while the vague mental ramblings of a fresh corpse amused me. There I lay being factual when I myself was so largely a thing that existed in the popular sense. Oh, my body was there, already starting to deteriorate probably, but it seemed to have been replaced by another just like it, and to my surprise I found myself moving in a definite direction. As I said, my connection with earthly things and people had come to seem quite unimportant and I started to concentrate on my present state. I did take time to notice what a swell casket I'm to have at my funeral; we probably got it, but even so it seems an awful waste of money.

Heaven is swell, though it will probably prove disappointing to the average Mohammedan, Baptist or Calvinist, who is expecting the mythical gold street layout described by the missionaries who converted them or their ancestors. When I was ushered in—by Saint Peter, of course, though he is known and addressed as Mister, or, by those who know him better, as Pete—I too was surprised, finding the scene similar to that along Michigan Boulevard in Chicago or West End Avenue in New York. The whole layout had the general appearance of any large city, except that there were none of the decrepit and obsolete buildings one invariably sees snuggling up next to the more modern ones. Peter—nattily dressed in a powder-blue gabardine suit, white tie and shoes, for it was a warm day—was very decent, considering how busy he is, for he was perfectly willing to show me around and explain the situation. It was a good idea, and I think it gave me some sort of a feeling of being dead. I got into a cab, and with gratifying speed were driven directly to the administration building, for registration, and so forth.

In the course of our passage through the different corridors and from office to office, Peter discussed Heaven with me and cleared up my questions about Heaven and Hell. "It's true," he said, "that you get what you want in Heaven, but the hell of it—no, I'm not being profane—is having to take the bill with the good. Thus, if a poor man should come here wanting to be rich, he might find himself getting rich, considering how constant his mind is with the hope of eventually being rich..."
satisfaction of having plenty to spend the difficulties that accompany wealth. This is his hell, and is usually rationed out in proportion to the amount of evil he perpetrated on earth. We find that most of those people are satisfied upon learning of the system to continue in the line of work they followed on earth, in that they are acquainted, and thus better to cope with the accompanying drawbacks. Of course there are many fine points, and we do make exceptions of those who have been especially good or bad. One of our practices is to keep from saying it, even though you will find the air is a bit off on the low notes.” Then, realizing how sacrilegious my thoughts were, I began to sing Hosannas with every fibre of my being. 

The big event of the day, of course, was a short interview with God. The big event of the day, of course, was a short interview with God. I thought, but managed to keep from saying it. Am I clear?” Too clear, I thought, but managed to keep from saying it.

ADOLESCENCE

It’s hard to think you’re not a boy,
But a man with man’s estate.
Inside the mind, man and youth
Are fighting for supremacy.

Now boy is victory, now the man,
And people look at you and say,
“How inconsistent that chap is”.

—Don S. Bethune.

The whole nation mourned. High government officials were expected at the funeral and the King, too, of whom Georgieff had been a personal friend. An enormous crowd had gathered around the cathedral to pay tribute to its gallant leader and to cheer for its beloved king.

The cathedral where the funeral was to be held was three blocks from my home. My mother had a premonition of what was to happen, as she gave me instructions before permitting me to go, insisting that I should watch out for cars and army cavalry and watch the procession and ceremony from afar.

Disregarding the advice of my mother, several friends and I set out, squirming through the crowd to a vantage position in the first line. The procession was just beginning. We could see a detachment of cavalry escorting the casket, which was covered by the Bulgarian flag and carried on a caisson. When the casket passed by, everybody knelt down to show his respect for the great man.

On each side of the caisson walked a detachment of the king’s personal guard, dressed in brilliant parade uniforms with feathers in their Hussar hats. The cabinet ministers with high silk hats followed the relatives of the general and a military band, playing a funeral march, brought up the rear.

Everybody was disappointed at the king’s absence, but word went around that he was coming in the cathedral had begun and I, tired of waiting, thought I would walk for a while.

I was four o’clock in the afternoon. I was idly walking around when I heard the deafening roar of an explosion and a few seconds later, another—crashing sound of thousands of windows breaking for about two blocks all around the church.

In a split second all was chaos and confusion. I was so stunned that I could not realize what was happening. Everybody started running; it was like a stampede of wild cattle. We saw whole bricks and stones falling, cavalry horses running loose, people rushing from the vicinity of the church with bloody faces, and people falling on the street, struck by flying beams or bricks.

I saw a whole wall crumble up over the heads of a great multitude. Instinctively I started running, but where I couldn’t—just run. Running along I could hear people moaning, con- vulsed with pain. A flying brick struck the man just in front of me and he fell dead. In the great confusion, I stumbled over him, but before I had a chance to get up, several others stumbled over the man and fell on me. I began to get desperate, for the dust raised by the explosion was so thick I could hardly breathe.

The smell of hot blood was too much for me. I began to get a chill, and there I looked around to and my surprise the whole square was almost empty and a death-like silence reigned. All about were the dead bodies of the victims, with a few injured trying to get up, some unable to do more than crawl. Great clouds of dust were falling, swiftly, and it took only a few minutes to give everyone and everything an unreal and ghastly appearance.

Immediately there was a general rush to the church to free those who were trapped. After the explosion had blocked the entrance. Now one had to climb over piles of stones where once was a beautiful entrance. Beautiful mosaics were covered with pools of blood, excellent mosaics were shattered. People were crying for help; others were forever lost under piles of stones.

The smell of hot blood and the sight of broken and mutilated bodies was too much for me—I had to leave. Limping and worn out I went home. It was only two minutes to three and I would have walked for a while.

The Black Day Of Bulgaria

“The smell of hot blood . . . was too much for me.”

by EUGENE VODEV
Two Poems

By

Pezilla Dick

TO A WHITE VIOLET

Your sweetness shames my song and breaks my heart,
Spontaneous beauty, beauty with no art,
Simple as air, ephemeral as breath,
Born of a fairy's death.

Drooping with coolness, quiet, dreamy-eyed,
Secret and soft as luna moths that glide
Between dark branches and the pallid moon,
And moth-like lost too soon.

FRAGMENT and veined as senescent lips that close
On lover's lips and open and redclot.
And drink soul-deeply, tremulous as the sigh
Of a low violin cry.

AS WITH YOUR SHADOW

When spring comes back to star the wood with flowers
And burst with honey-colored buds the boughs
Of silent trees and wake from winter drowse
The swelling meadowlands with dallant showers:
When the red willow brightens in the stream
By smoothly gliding waters imaged,
And the arbuthos from its moony bed
Looks forth as something taken in a dream:
Under these skies, these outposts of the air,
Where clouded clouds steal by on sleeping wings
Into oblivion, what brighter thing
Need I than all of these, what form more fair?
Alas, love, your lack is everywhere with me,
And barren is the beauty that I see.

Of Mice and Men

Several years ago, "Tobacco Road" was hailed by thousands as the great American epic of the age. Today, however, a current Broadway production has jeopardized this position early in its first season. If acclaim by the critics, full-house performances, and widespread publicity in the country's leading magazines are any barometer of success, "Of Mice and Men" will surpass "Tobacco Road" in popularity. It is strange that Joseph Steinbeck's genius should be so instantly recognized by the general public. "Tobacco Road" played for months to half-empty houses before winning the laurels it deserved. "Of Mice and Men," however, has been popularly slated for greatness from the first.

Chief character of the story is Lennie, played in the original cast by Broderick Crawford. Lennie is a hulking young giant, good-natured and quiet, but a half-wit. George, his constant companion, is played by Wallace Ford, well-known for his trumpish characterizations in Hollywood productions. In contrast to Lennie, George is quick-witted and agile. Uncouth in mannerism, George treats Lennie exactly like a great shambling animal, and Lennie aids the illusion by his dog-like loyalty to George. Lennie's chief passion is fondling soft and fluffy objects. He eagerly pets mice, rabbits and puppies, but in his zeal, forgets his own strength and crushes them to death. George, as the brains of this strange pair, devotes most of his time to extricating Lennie from jams occasioned by his imbecile actions.

George and Lennie secure work at a California ranch. The wife of the ranch-owner's son (Clair Luce) is unfaithful to him, and her violent flirtations with "everything that wears pants" incite her husband to a jealous frenzy. She finally decides to run away, and tells Lennie about her troubles, just to be talking to someone. During their one-sided conversation, Lennie is attracted by her fluffy hair, and puts out a tentative hand to stroke it. She resists, and in the struggle Lennie breaks her neck. Animal-like, he flees and hides in the woods. George, who has been forced to join the pursuing posse, finds him, and realizing that he cannot save him from the vengeance of the others, mercifully shoots him in the back of the head.

This is obviously not a pleasant "sugar-coated" type of play. It is a dreary story, based on morbid situations, with gutter dialogue as the only light touch. Depth and power are responsible for its greatness. Its characters are paramount, and in presenting them, it is as much a cross-section from life as "Tobacco Road."

Our Town

One of the high spots of the current theatre season is Thornton Wilder's latest brain product, "Our Town," now playing in New York. It is a startling innovation for the normal theatre-goer. Although it is not a pioneer in its field, its unique production seems particularly fitting for the play used with it. I say that, because through a great deal of the cycle, the play seemed secondary to the means.

The properties consist of two tables, about a dozen chairs of the commonest sort, two trellises, two ladders, and an insure board. The properties are moved on and off the setting without benefit of a curtain. There is nothing elaborate about the production, yet it conveys an excellent atmosphere.

Thornton Wilder is, as usual, unusual. "Our Town" is just our town—a small village in New Hampshire with all the simplicity and peculiarity common to the first decade of this century. Frank Craven stars as much as anyone, in his role of interpreter. He carries the audience from the present back to the year 1900 for a short glimpse into the activity of the town. He lounges around the stage, doing what he wants, saying what he thinks, seemingly impromptu and spontaneous. His son, John Craven, has the juvenile lead, and deserves commendation for his work. The ingenue's role is really more than that, and Martha Scott, who plays it, is doing very well indeed.

The play starts out to be local coloristic, lightly humorous and without plot. The character portrayals are interesting and well done. As the action progresses, however, it becomes rather serious and philosophical, though a bit homely. Some of the incidents can easily hit home in their effect. In the last act, the ingenue, Emily, dies; retains to her grave, and there tries to relive one day in her life. It is a failure. A discussion on life and the living between Emily and the dead companions lying near her in the cemetery follows.
Art

Marion In An Old Costume
by Alice Schille

One of the foremost women painters of today is Miss Alice Schille, whose name is a byword among artists everywhere. Columbus is very fortunate to claim her as a resident of that city.

MAY, 1938

Music

Dmitri Shostakovitch
by NORMAN NADEL

Of all the fluctuating careers in music or anything else, few have surpassed that of the young Russian composer, Dmitri Shostakovitch, who, before the age of thirty-two, has been praised and panned by the world's best critics and both disgraced and acclaimed by his own government. The fact, that his music causes so much comment pro and con, indicates that this modern orchestral and operatic composer is worth looking at and listening to.

Dmitri Shostakovitch was born in Leningrad in 1906 and lives there today. He started writing while quite young, but didn't come to the attention of foreign audiences until this decade, when he made a generally favorable impression with his Symphony No. 1, opus 10. Like all Russians, Dmitri is a colorist, and this work shows it, being full of strange effects.

But it was when Comrade Dmitri was made official composer for the Soviet Government that the exciting part of his career got under way. He wrote some government-commissioned works—not especially good, but loud and pleasing to the Moscow audiences—then, in February of 1936 was suddenly attacked by the press, acting in behalf of the government. With that, his ballet, "Limpid Stream," was pulled off the boards of the Bolshoi theatre, in Moscow, and the opening of his opera, "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk" was cancelled.

A modest, unassuming young man, Shostakovich writes with a spirit and color that should earn him a prominent place among present-day musicians. He has the proper feeling for the theatre to qualify as an opera composer, though his use of the orchestra is anything but orthodox. In the third scene of Act I of "Lady Macbeth," for example, he has a symphonic interlude featuring trombone glissandi (slurs) while the stage action, which involves the lady and her lover, is carried on behind closed bed curtains. Though American critics thought "suggestive" as a descriptive term inadequate, and it certainly is an example of prostituting the Muse, the Moscow audience stood and cheered.

Comrade Dmitri is thrilling to listen to, colorful and sometimes refreshingly naive in his attempts to be profound and amusing in his subtle cynicism. We are convinced that if the Soviet music censors jump on him again, he will be welcomed in this country, where freedom to write to please himself without censorship of the state might be an aid in the development of his style.

Duke Ellington’s Records
by JOHN STEWART

The attention of record collectors, who are after more than "something with rhythm in it," is focused this month on my perennial favorite, Duke Ellington. None of his men, unless it would be Harry Carney on the baritone sax, is the greatest man on his instrument, but together they make up the finest band in the history of Jazz, and they play the most original, interesting, and controversial music ever put under the incongruous title "Popular."

What are the qualities of Ellington's ensemble that shut out the general public yet win the unbounded enthusiasm of such men as Stokowski and Percy Grainger? They are several. First, Ellington writes almost all of the songs that his band plays. These melodies are unique, refreshing, and thoroughly Negro. Sometimes the melodies he writes find quick acceptance and turn out to be tremendous money makers. "Solitude," "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady" are among those. The second thing that makes Ellington's music so excellent is his arrangement of it.

The Dance As An Art

In modern dance there is no set code of movement.

by VIRGINIA BECK

Art is a continuous process—the desire to create is one with self-expression. The creative artist has a desire to convey an inner image into an outward form; he gives us a personally translated experience.

The artist gathers within the frame of his canvas fragments from life that give great meaning to his composition. He arranges them for balance and unity in form, and gives them a likeness of mood, quality, and personality. In this way the artist's personality is made evident as it emerges through his medium.

The same is true of the dance; it is not an abstraction from life—it is life. The need to create something is basic in the human being. The dance in its truest form is a means of communicating to other individuals the emotions, feelings, and inner experience of one's self through bodily action.

In modern dance there is no set code of movement. The dancer is free to experiment with the results and the results are pleasurable to those who become outward expressions of his inner images and feelings.

Rhythm in painting and sculpture is identified with movement in the dance if one has the "seeing eye." Art becomes a new experience when the observer to use his imagination. As the artist leaves it to the observer's imagination to feel and tell the story behind his painting, so do I leave the remaining sketches on this page.

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DANCE

DEATH

An empty nest in a blac tree.
An empty harbor of the sea.
A house that no life stirs within.
A blackened sheep-lyre fallen in.
A pine tree staring on a rock.
A wounded bird, a broken clock.
A stream no water trembles through.
My heart that had been full of you.

by Powell Dick

MAY, 1938

OUT OF HIMSELF

He had come opposite a tiny country store when this thought possessed him. He slipped up the steps, through the screen door and to the phone. "Yes, which he readily expressed to the woman; he had often planned it together. He was always going to do it when he got time. Well, he had. He would call her and tell her about it now. He turned and walked toward the door, ""SHOES, Inc.?" It was the ever-efficient Miss Wright. "I wish—" he began steadily, and then stopped. "I wish to speak to Mr. Jordan," he said. "Mr. Jordan is in conference," came the uncon

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DEATH (Continued from page 18)

about her. Dead men don't think of their wives. He wanted to tell her that he was free, that he had escaped at last. She would be interested, he knew. Lucy had often begged him to escape; they had often planned it together. He was always going to do it when he got time. Well, he had. He would call her and tell her about it now. He turned and walked toward the door, ""SHOES, Inc.?" It was the ever-efficient Miss Wright. "I wish—" he began steadily, and then stopped. "I wish to speak to Mr. Jordan," he said. "Mr. Jordan is in conference," came the uncon

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DEATH (Continued from page 19)

Death. It shook him; it was so hard to under

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DEATH (Continued from page 20)

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DEATH (Continued from page 21)

Death. It shook him; it was so hard to under

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eddy ing current. It shone up at him whitely. All was quiet again. Suddenly he decided: He would get that ball for surely the golfer would never find it.

In a minute his clothes were off and he had plunged his tired body into the pool. It was cold: cold, much colder than he had thought it would be, but he squirmed joyously as he felt it cool his burning limbs. Down he sank, till he grasped the black roots of the trees which hung over the pool. Years ago those roots had been there; had been contests as to which fellow could stay down, holding on to them, the longest. Well, he could still stay down a long time. If only some of the others were there to see him now. It was so peaceful down there in that bed of roots and moss and sand. The green water made a cool canopy above him, and the overhanging trees made a pattern with their leaves. He forgot to hold his breath; it came easily now, and as it rose in little white bubbles, flecks of sunlight burst it into a thousand shining pieces. Yes, it was peaceful there. He thought he never had been so peaceful before. He lay his head slowly back in the crook of a root and shut his eyes at the world outside. Here at last he was free. He had rest. He had time. A minnow rushed quickly by, a tiny crab stuck pink claws out from beneath a rock, and a waterbug skated home; it was late.

The golfer put down another ball. It was late. He was in a hurry. Business men didn't have much time for golf.

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Some
More
Poetry

ON REFORMS

Reforms are fine. I am sincere.
But when you try to change me, Dear,
I always seem to lose my head
And see just every shade of red.
For if I need all these reforms
That you propose, and that I scorn,
It's inconsistent that you stay
To see my faults in rash display.
To change me, Dear, you are too late!
—Doris Flory.

FUTILITY

Oh, Night, you defy my poor attempts
To print you on a page
My soul's not guide of my finger tips,
My feelings dare my tongue to speak!
Why is it that I cannot break away from restrictive ties?
I feel, I feel! I know I feel!
My soul's not bound by apathy!
Yet, where is my picture?
—Don Bethune.

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THE LIE

He told me that
The stars were cold
That life meant death
And death was certain mould,
Then he spoke to me of love,
If the stars have lost
Their fire,
And eternity has died,
There is no love,
And when he said he loved,
He lied.
—Adela Beckham.