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PORTFOLIO
LITERARY MAGAZINE OF DENISON UNIVERSITY

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 1

NOVEMBER, 1938

FOUR ISSUES IN THE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR
The Editors
Say

A LETTER

Student Body,
Denison University
Granville, Ohio.

Dear Patrons:

We trust that you will like this first issue of Portfolio for the year. The editors of Portfolio are anxious, inasmuch as the magazine is student supported, that the students be pleased. There has been a definite attempt to give it S.A.S.A. stands for student appeal, not sex appeal, so relax. However, the editors have not been able to go so far as they should like to go, for the simple reason that the material is not available.

As editors we have no desire for a so-called "humor" magazine, and we feel confident that that is not the desire of the student body. However, we do feel that the magazine could be one of wide interest to the student, and still not violate the standards of good taste or the standards set by the usual college magazine.

In order that the above aim might be achieved it is essential that the student body give us the type of material it would like to see included in Portfolio. We will welcome with wide open arms—humor, satire, and articles or essays which deal in a critical, controversial or commentative way on issues or the passing scene at Denison—as well as short stories and poetry.

We are quite willing that Portfolio be the type of magazine that you desire. In all fairness however, you can not expect us to produce it unaided. Now is the time for all good men, and ladies too, to come to the aid of the party.

Yours for a better Portfolio,

The Editors.

IN THIS ISSUE: READ
Edna St. Vincent Millay, page 16; Ames S. Pierce, page 11; Groucho the College Catbird, on page 6, and Rags, on page 19.
They had to get the doctor for little Stanley James that evening. There was a three-inch gash on his head that needed stitching together. Anna James was quite upset about it.

"You'd think the Henrys would send that maniac son of theirs to an institution," she said to Sam, her husband.

Sam shrugged. "That's where the little devil belongs, but the Henrys refuse to send him to an institution, despite the advice of a specialist. They feel that Willie is better off at home."

Anna attacked the supper dishes angrily. "I know, but that child is dangerous. If this were the first time Willie had hit Stanley with a rock it would be different. Why, Stanley can't come within fifteen feet of him without Willie throwing something at him."

"Well," sighed Sam, "you've got to admit that Stanley is partly at fault. He should stay home where he belongs. The Henrys tie Willie in their yard, and you can hardly blame them if Stanley wanders over there."

"I've done everything humanly possible to keep him home, Sam James, and you know it! I've warmed and warned him; I've tried to reason with him. I've warmed the seat of his pants hundreds of times, but he will not stay home. Oh, I suppose he does get lonely since he's never had a playmate. I've watched him listening to Willie howl; trying to keep Stanley home. Sometimes Willie gets his rope untied and comes over here. I've had to take him home, and honestly, I'm afraid of that child. He's so mean, and he has the wildest, queerest eyes. I've watched him every day and I don't see how his parents can love him. He just wanders about, crying and yelling. He climbs into the tree where his mother ties him, and sits there for hours screeching at the top of his voice. I hope some day that rope will get twisted about his neck, that he'll fall out of the tree and hang himself!"

"Anna!"

He had never seen her so upset. Yet, he could understand why she felt like this. Willie had wounded her son, and weren't all women like tigers when it came to defending their young?

Another thing I can't stand," continued Anna, "is the weird way that Willie resembles Stanley. They're about the same age, coloring and size. I've watched him every day and I don't see how his parents can love him. He just wanders about, crying and yelling. He climbs into the tree where his mother ties him, and sits there for hours screeching at the top of his voice. I hope some day that rope will get twisted about his neck, that he'll fall out of the tree and hang himself!"

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As if I would be seen walking down the street with Willie!

Sam leaned over and patted his wife's hand. "Don't worry, dear. We'll find some way to keep Stanley from being a sort of a toy that will interest him so much that he will want to stay at home."

And so Sam built the sand house.

The sand house was a dream of a toy. Sam built it after store hours out of odds and ends of lumber that he found around the house. He drew complete plans, measured each board with precise accuracy, and made a peaked roof which he shingled with varicolored shingles. It was built squarely, and not unmindful of a pair of eyes several feet away. As if I would be seen walking down the street with Willie!"

Days passed, and Stanley was quite content with his sand house. He played there by the hour, building castles, filling his toy trucks with sand, pretending to bake cakes. It was a shelter from the hot sun and a sanctuary from the warm summer rains.

And Anna, hearing the rattle of the pans as he played with them, felt her heart lift, for those rattles meant that Stanley was safe at home. As long as she could hear him, she could go about her work without bothering to peer through nearsighted eyes to see if Stanley had wandered away.

Willie was so quiet. He must have found something with which to amuse himself. Perhaps—oh, heaven grant it!—he might be cured after all. That Willie had inflicted upon him. He was ready to forgive. One day, he ran into the house to his mother. "Mamma," he asked breathlessly, "has Willie come over an' play with me in my san' house?"

"No, indeed, young man!" Anna said severely. "We don't want you to do anything with Willie. You just go out and play by yourself. Willie is a bad boy and he might hurt you again. Don't you dare go near his house."

Stanley bent his head in disappointment. He kicked at the floor with the toe of his shoe, "It won't do it any more, Mamma."
Poetry ?? ?

ODE TO MY FELLOW STUDENTS

Into the class room I see you shuffle,
Drop-eyed and dull of face, my fellow student.
And while cascades of brilliant thought,
And now and then flashes of wit pour over you,
You only yawn, or blow your nose, or lift a lock of marcelled hair.

Centuries of man's hard fate unfold before you.
You can see, through lenses, God's brave world
Stretch endlessly away, but your thoughts,
My fellow student, are on such things as:
"Will he call tonight?"—"Shall I ask sweet Sue?"

"If I do what will the brothers say?"
"Will he call tonight"—"Shall I ask sweet Sue?"

Harsh sunlight bore its way through smoke-filled air, and cast into glaring relief a setting of wretched tenements. The alley running through the slums was filthy and narrow, a bypath among towering shambles. A few ill-dressed children sat on blackened doorsteps. Dark shadows along the alley formed a strong contrast with the brilliant patches of sunlight. A checkerboard pattern the crooked place was, a checkerboard of life, with its occasional squares of cheery sun and its more frequent squares of desolate black.

Into this varying place of light and dark came a man, and a dog. The dog was walking slowly, as if each step he took were exceedingly painful to him. His body had a drooping appearance; the tremors which convulsed him frequently gave hint of the discomfort he was suffering. The dog's master walked with confident, dominating strides. His cleated boots struck sharply on the cobblestones and now and then gave off sparks of fire. His body, drooping and with its occasional squares of cheery sun and its more frequent squares of desolate black.

The sympathetic tramp had noticed what others standing close to the trainer gave no hint of the turmoil of his active mind. The tramp felt perhaps possessed of some foreign nature, a nature contrary to his usual self. He did not bother to analyze the depth of his growing rage; he only knew that the sight of a great hulk of a man and the spectacle of a cringing dog filled him with mounting anger. It was in his nature to be hardened to many things in the modern world, but the sight of anything mistreated always filled his with a genuine sympathy. The tramp wondered, a trifle skeptically, what good it was doing the dog to have someone pitying him.
his weary, half-closed eyes. The animal was a grim spectre, the spectre of a completely subjugated race. The tramp looked at him, perhaps seeing in the creased depths a reflection of his own, miserable existence. But he was a hardened man of the world, and it would not do to let the crowd observe a quivering lip. The youthful tramp set his mouth in a straight line.

The fat trainer had concluded his boastful speech, and was putting the animal through its act. The slum children laughed delightedly as the huge beast awkwardly danced on his hind legs. The whole crowd clapped its approval at the close of each presentation. No one, save the tramp, observed the glint of wicked hatred in the dog's eyes. He saw liquid forming on the dog's snout—unseen, indiscernible, a reflection of his mind.

And then it happened, so quickly that even the watchful tramp was startled. The swaying brute, reason snapped by the terrific heat, went mad. The tramp looked at him, perhaps gates of fear opened, and the mammoth brute made no objections to the tramp stroking his shaggy head.

As soon as the hiding audience realized that the dog was harmless, they emerged from sheltering doorways and gathered huddled groups in the shade. Ominous words were directed at the tramp, who calmly faced a mob growing more bitter every second. The people, following a common course of action, went in search of rocks. They returned with loaded arms. The sun dipped quickly. Shadows lengthened in the big city. A purplish haze crept in off the river. And then the angry mob began hurling rocks at the dog and the tramp. The dog gave a frightened yelp when a pointed rock hit him on the chest. The tramp never had a chance; the second rock flung at him smashed against his forehead with crushing force. He dropped to the pavement without a sound.

The sun disappeared behind stately trees. A police car screeched to a stop. Three patrolmen got out. They asked,“What happened?”....

Glancing quickly about him, he noticed a loose picket in a sagging fence. He ran over to the fence and jerked the picket from its base. Then he returned to the animal and smoothed it out.

The dog was a roaring devil as the pent-up rage having passed as quickly as it had come. The tramp had been recognized as a friend by the dog, and the mammoth brute made no objections when the tramp stroked his shaggy head. The dog's eyes could not see, but could, and did, use his gleaming teeth to terrorize the African-American who had approached him with a revoler.

As soon as the tramp knew that the dog was harmless, he returned to the scene of battle. The dog was harmless, they emerged from sheltering doorways and gathered huddled groups in the shade. Ominous words were directed at the tramp, who calmly faced a mob growing more bitter every second. The people, following a common course of action, went in search of rocks. They returned with loaded arms. The sun dipped quickly. Shadows lengthened in the big city. A purplish haze crept in off the river. And then the angry mob began hurling rocks at the dog and the tramp. The dog gave a frightened yelp when a pointed rock hit him on the chest. The tramp never had a chance; the second rock flung at him smashed against his forehead with crushing force. He dropped to the pavement without a sound.

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Mr. Freud...

by Bill C. West

in the slim mystic hunger of your hips
of your smile

into the exquisite web of biology

the moon's lascivious droll

silences peoples this frightened stage

rendezvous of wine

sixth sense

the silent stare of stars

a window and frightens

the insolent stare of mortality

Bacchanal

tremulous

mysterious

mind waiting in timid

surrender

in

the bill of

cautious antipathy

sponsors

with inquisitive
tendrily

read the prophecy intrinsic

twists slowly

the soft mystic hunger of your hips

whispers

provocatively and i write

in this exquisite web of biology

the moon's lascivious droll

spleens through

a window and frightens

my naked little thoughts into the

elegant masquerade of

verbiage

The comparatively quiet days of the 1920's,
then are gone and many of us ponder the reason.

Once, before the future came tumbling out upon our heads so fast that the future comes and asks its questions long before we have the answers.

Benevolent

we are in a world of knowledge and excitement. Yet, recent events all over the world would seem to indicate that we are, in all truth, prisoners in the back seat of one of these speeding decades which hurries us forward so fast that the future comes and asks its questions long before we have the answers.

By AMES PIERCE

"Out of the past comes the future"

It may be too early to state dogmatically that the period from 1935 to some unknown date in the future is another of these times in which events, although perhaps having long roots into the past, come tumbling out upon our heads so rapidly that we are dazed, fearful, and hysterical in our ignorance and excitement. Yet, recent events all over the world would seem to indicate that we are, in all truth, prisoners in the back seat of one of these speeding decades which hurries us forward so fast that the future comes and asks its questions long before we have the answers.

To be sure, the years from 1920-1935 were not slow, nor even peaceful times. During the first years after 1920 Italy seized the Dodecanese Islands from Greece; the Turks defeated the Greeks and ousted the Allies from Turkey proper; Roumania took over Bessarabia; Teschen, now again an issue, was fought over by the new Czechoslovakia and the new Poland which also took a part of Lithuania and Soviet Russia; and Russia seized territory in the Sudeten-Erzgebirge regions.

The comparatively quiet days of the 1920's, then are gone and many of us ponder the reason. Some idealism and hope for world peace and reason did exist after the war, but we are beginning to realize as historical hind-sight develops and as archives and records are available that the peace treaties of 1919-20 were neither conceived in rea-
son nor dedicated to the proposition that all nations should be treated as equal. Germany ceased fighting on the promise of a negotiated peace based on the Fourteen Points of President Woodrow Wilson. Germany received a dictated peace at the hands of her enemies. It is not surprising, however, that reasonable and lasting peace arrangements were impossible in 1919; four years of irrationality and most bitter hatred prevented that. The Central Powers, as was shown in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, would have been no more just or rational. Yet, the fact remains that the peace-settlements were the results largely of emotion, not reason, and from this emotion and selfishness has arisen for the liberal powers, like France and England, as well as the Central Powers, a desire for revenge. The German Empire, like the Austro-Hungarian Empire, was both in these confederations and contained Sudeten Germans. There was no German Empire, and hence no Germany as a modern national state until 1918. Before then there were many large and small German states within the weak framework of the Holy Roman Empire until 1806 or of the Germanic Confederation after 1815. Austria proper, for instance, and Bohemia, too, were both in these confederations and contained many Germans who felt the need of a single and well-organized German state. After 1871 Central Europe was dominated by two large states, the German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy in which Germans and Magyars shared the power, although most of the other nationalities were included within its borders. The Dual Monarchy fell to pieces at the end of the War, while the German Empire lost much land, influence and prestige. The British Empire, like the German Empire, was the result of compromise and the principle of the self-determination of nationalities, which was the price of peace. The certain outcome of a peace settlement that truly reflected the wishes of the vanquished was that there were some historical bases and justifications for the annexation of the Austrian and Sudeten Germans. There was no German Empire, and hence no Germany as a modern national state until 1918. Before then there were many large and small German states within the weak framework of the Holy Roman Empire until 1806 or of the Germanic Confederation after 1815. Austria proper, for instance, and Bohemia, too, were both in these confederations and contained many Germans who felt the need of a single and well-organized German state. After 1871 Central Europe was dominated by two large states, the German Empire and the Austro-Hungarian Dual Monarchy in which Germans and Magyars shared the power, although most of the other nationalities were included within its borders. The Dual Monarchy fell to pieces at the end of the War, while the German Empire lost much land, influence and prestige. 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Review of New Recordings

by DEAN BEIER

Bluebird has turned out a whole hatful of discs in the past few months featuring Artie Shaw and his orchestra, most of which have been only fair. Shaw's outfit is particularly adapted to handling the medium "ig" tempo and when he attempts such numbers as "I Can't Believe You're in Love With Me," he is a total washout. On some other sides he isn't bad at all, for example: "Back Bay Shuffle," "Begin the Beguine" and "Indian Love Call," the latter probably being his best recent release.

I say that none of these recordings are too good because there is nothing but Shaw on any of them. Shaw is probably in the country who can come near to challenging Goodman's ranking as a clarinetist, yet whereas Benny has surrounded himself with top rank musicians, Shaw has only fair men in his organization.

The outstanding parts of these records are, in the most part, the intros which feature Shaw with a rhythmic background, such as Goodman's quartet often uses. The rest of the discs, that is other than the intros and the clarinet solos, feature other fair soloists and exceptionally brassy ensemble work.

A college record review could hardly go to press without mentioning Dodging the Dean, a platter, cut by Larry Clinton for Victor. The general impression that this disc leaves is none too favorable, in fact one is inclined to ask what has become of the old Dipsy Doodler. We can hardly rank this number with some of the others that Clinton has recorded and it is probably nothing more than a potboiler.

Advice on Band Booking

by DEAN BEIER

To start from the large and work down to the small, it might be well to get a little background in the field of orchestra booking. Three looking corporations have nearly all of the big bands sewed up. The largest, Music Corporation of America, better known as MCA, handles about 75% of the booking in the country (figuring in dollars) and has such names as Goodman, Duchin, Tommy Dorsey, Lombardo and Kyser on its list. Rockwell-O'Keefe, the second firm, has as its top hookers, Armstrong, Jimmy Dorsey, Bob Crosby, Glen Gray, Larry Clinton, etc. The baby in the field is Consolidated Radio Artists and as yet this organization has not taken its place with a share of the really big name bands. Consolidated has tended to concentrate on the lower price class of such bands as Reggie Chills, Barney Kapp and Don Bestor. So much then for a general background. How would we go about hiring one of these big bands to play on our campus? If we have one or more agents assigned to each territory and they let him know what bands they have coming through the territory at a given time. He can submit certain dates to them and they in turn will let him know what will or might be available on that date. Only on rare occasions will a big booking office deal direct with the customer, particularly if this is true on one night stands.

Experience has shown that it is better to wait, on such jobs as the Prom, as long as possible before booking a band—in the hope that something will come through at the last minute. Another difficulty that we run into is that we have only one date to work on. If we had our choice of more than one date, then we would have a larger choice of bands and might even get a better buy.

Now to get down to the smaller bands. Many times we have heard students wonder why they have to pay more for the same band on one date than on another, even though there are the same number of men in the band and the hours are the same. There are several reasons for his difference. Union scale wages charge a higher minimum wage in sorority houses than they do in public places such as the gymnasium and still higher in fraternity houses. Also the season of the year figures in prices. Even though there are the same number of men, union scale wages charge a higher minimum in the fraternities. Also the season of the year affects prices more for the same band. In the spring when there are many dances being given, then we can only expect to pay more and even if we aren't near a holiday season, certain dates might offer more jobs than other dates. This year the women's formal dance was held in Columbus on that night and a band will want more for the same band than they would on some other night when there is not such a demand.

If there is any advice that can be given to the person booking bands for a fraternity or sorority, that advice is to deal with a reputable booker. If you have been buying bands through a certain booker and have been thoroughly satisfied, stick to him. There are so many fly-by-nights in the business that it is easy to get gypped. You have no assurance other than the booker's reputation that the band you hire this time will be just as good as it was the last time you heard it.
Edna St. Vincent Millay

Carl — On Economics

You are incapable of considering even for a moment what
is against your interests. No man
Is good at this; but you can be capable of it. The factory
belonging
To you, how does it happen that they belong to you?
Because
You built them; and with what did you build them? With
money which the laws
Of your country, which is passed, devoutly maintain.
Billings to you, . . .
Even on your own terms, even with everything your own
way, you've made a mess of things.
You can't any longer even support your slaves in the
lands
To which they are accustomed. You are unfit to rule.
Your economy is a make-shift, hit-or-miss assembled,
third degree, defensive war, offensive peace.
Stuffed sagaciousness, for a tooth, compulsory school,
Lynnhall, plait-glass, spine-hole, spine half
Cellophane-wrapped what-not; a hand-to-mouth—
Rag-pile
It belongs in a slide-show, along with all the other doses
Two-headed monstrosities. And don't worry, it will sure
be there.

Ricardo

If you do not believe in God it is a good thing
To believe in Communism. There is much comfort,
As I observe, when lowering into an oblong hole a much
prized object.
In the reflection that it is either (a) safe in the arms
Of Jesus, or (b)
Only a rug in a wheel and that the wheel continues
to revolve and that is the important thing.
If you do not believe in God and can not bring yourself
To believe in Communism, then, I may say, you are in a
singularly
Unprotected position.
As for myself I do not believe in God and I do not care
for the society of people.
I am willing to give them my coat, but I am not willing
To lend my coat and have them wear it and return it.
I am unwilling to set the table, and that, rather die.
That has for my daily horizon year in—year out—
Sing Huzza! into the bargain—
The hairs on the backs of the necks of other people.

Pygmalion — On Women

Women are asinine, and I prefer my poison straight.
This two-or-three drops at breakfast in your orange juice.
Five or six drops, say seven, better make it eight.
Is your after-dinner coffee—that's abuse
the system, and abuse of the drug, whose ill effects,
Pygmalion said, "are due to the under-doing.
To stop up heaven; and in a year he's cemeteries!"
I can't make love to a woman I really respect.
It's an awfully personal thing, no matter what you say;
I do not wish to die, but I would rather die
To believe in Communism, then, I may say, you are in a
singularly
Unprotected position.
As for myself I do not believe in God and I do not care
for the society of people.
I am willing to give them my coat, but I am not willing
To lend my coat and have them wear it and return it.
I am unwilling to sit the table, and that, rather die.
That has for my daily horizon year in—year out—
Sing Huzza! into the bargain—
The hairs on the backs of the necks of other people.

The most important Tides of Mont St-Michel are
two noted idyls, but the seasonal waves of tourists
which visit the Mont by so many threads that he can
comparing the clutter, conceits, and stupidity of the
tourists to the calm, ageless beauty and serenity of the
ancient Abbey-fortress; and in a year's time, he is
bound to the Mont by so many threads that he can
not break away.
The Sen of a fine but fortune-less family, Andre
marries the pleasure-loving daughter of a rich mill-
owner.
Then the depression comes, and both families
hate the poor money they have. Andre finally accepts
a position as guide on the Mont-St-Michel. There,
on a cold, gray night, the story opens.
The barren, sad, spastics, bickering of his dissatisfied
wife makes him stay away from home as much as
possible, and he wanders around the Mont and the
encircling sands. There he finds a new peace and con-
templation which binds him with daily tightening bonds
to the Mont. And he wanders there, away from home
and from the stresses of his day.

Playing Around

by JAMES BLACK

Another Broadway season opens, and the nation's
works新冠肺炎: How to see the theatrical
of the Mercury theater
Orson Welles hit it forthalone.

The shows which passed through the summer
season were Our Town, Tobacco Road, What a Life, You
Can't Take It with You, Bachelor Born, On Borrowed
Time, I Married an Angel, and Pins and Needles.
Helen Hayes in Victoria Regina came back Oct. 3,
for a second return engagement. Another revival is
Lightnin' with Fred Stone in the lead. Two new plays
with possibilities are Oscar Wilde with Robert Morley
and Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Raymond Massey playing
Lincoln.

A musical which must be mentioned is Hellozapoppin,
a conglomeration of vaudeville assembled by Olsen
and Johnson. It is a collection of old time acts mixed
with modern slap-stick which proves not only a good
evening's entertainment but gives the audience its first
taste of real vaudeville for approximately a decade. It
is rating no praise for its dramatic worth but is so
chock full of crazy tricks and laughs that a riotous
evening's entertainment is assured.

Review of New Books

by PAUL SAUNDERS

With Malice Toward Some effectively punctures
the balloon of conceit that Britishes produce wherever
America and Americans are discussed. The author is
not a bit better than his worst, but he is not much
better than his best, and he is not much worse than
his worse. It is a good thing for its dramatic worth but is so
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One of the indelibly-inked till-laundered type, telling the absorbing story of a man-hunt.
love, adventure, murder, and the fantastic.
The story of a life-long friends, their travels, and the growth of their two sons to maturity. A
long" long—600 pages.

PORTFOLIO

N O V E M B E R , 1 9 3 8

Drama

Books

Playing Around

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COLOR SCHEME

I shall wear white today—
White for the little-girl bow in my hair;
White for the dancing kid slippers with ties;
White for the bright winged hope in my eyes;
White for the little-girl innocence there.

I shall wear rose today—
Rose for the warmth and beauty of life;
Rose for the deep passion carved in my heart;
Rose for the radiance of love at the start;
Rose for the courage and glory of strife.

I shall wear gray today—
Gray for the dusk of a life almost done;
Gray for the healing of soft, falling tears;
Gray for the stillness of fast closing years;
Gray for the bleakness of days spent alone.

DEFIANCE

I can stand up to all the world
And laugh in its face;
I can draw close to me
—
a cloak,
The thing they call disgrace.
I can smile at their foolishness,
Their mocking jibes and jeers,
For I stand side by side with all
The great men through the years
—
The great men whom this very world
Has made fun of just so,
And they will keep me company
And laugh with me, I know.

HEART'S SEASON

I met a woman with winter in her soul,
W0th hand-clasp cool, with greeting just as chill
As if her heart were frozen solid, still.
Her eyes were cold, gray mirrors, clear, austere.
Her laugh was like the cool, crisp clink of ice
Within a frosted clear-glass bowl.
I looked—and there was winter in my soul.

I met a woman with summer in her soul,
With hand-clasp warm, with smiles as bright
As ever sun in summer sky was light.
Her eyes were warm and sparkling, pools of worth;
Her laugh was like the kiss of breezes 'gainst the earth
I've never loved, would love.
I looked—and there was summer in my soul.

With this page Portfolio pays tribute to Rags, the perpetual "Knight of the Drag", the perennial "Don Quixote of the Long Trek." Rags has long been a Denison institution; but some day his stout heart will fail him or his uncanny judgment will falter—and Rags will be no more.

We have turned our heads away dozens of times, expecting to hear a crunch as Rags finally lost one of his incessant jousts with the wheels of Denison cars, but somehow he has always come thru.

Portfolio believes in paying tribute to the living and so we salute Rags while he is still with us. We are grateful to Richard Whitehead for his artistry in preparing the fine picture above.
Three Poets

Fervor
Like other folk, I take great care
In choosing what I want to wear,
And go to church each Sunday bright
To learn the way to live just right.
The light streams through the colored panes
The pastor's voice oft lifts and warms.
The organ swells its thrilling notes
And feeling wells in all our throats.
And as I quiver to the core
I hear behind—a gentle snore.
—Doris Flory.

Gethsemane
The wind from the garden
Strikes its wings against the green-patched hills.
And flying back
Echoes through the olive trees silvered with the dust
Of many stars.
(Echoes like the voice of a long-dead pilgrim)
That flute-like song in minor key (the psalms.)
A lantern gleams
Robes whisper past the trees.
A kiss, and it is done.
Scarlet with a lantern stands...
—Adela Beckham.

Men of Fortune
Workers all, who toil but seldom reap—
Rough, unpollished chips from granite boulders,
Imbedded in a sandy structure,
Hardened—
Are those men who toil but seldom reap?
Workers in a vast economic structure,
Which is...
Crumbling, slipping, breaking as the gravel
On a mountain slide—
Carrying in its tide of adverse conditions,
In this avalanche of suffer stone
Those weathered fragments,
Swept aside—
But unbroken,
Unyielding to lesser destiny,
These weathered fragments,
In this avalanche of suffer stone
Those weathered fragments,
Swept aside—
But unbroken,
Unyielding to lesser destiny,
Though they toll to never reap!
—Stanley Hanna.

Blues Singer
Dusky lady in a shimmering gown
Bows before a microphone.
Crouns to a violin's husky moan,
Sways to the wail of a saxophone.
She has a voice of warm blue velvet,
And flying back
The wind from the garden
Strikes its wings against the green-patched hills.
And feeling wells in all our throats.
And as I quiver to the core
I hear behind—a gentle snore.
—Doris Flory.

Revelation
Of wondrous sights I've seen a few,
The ocean and the canyon's view,
The natural bridge and mountain heights—
And even witnessed northern lights.
But these are awe cannot compare
With what I feel when maiden fair
Whose face is so dainty and so sweet.
Reveal to me how much they eat.
—Doris Flory.

The Denison of the Future

NOVEMBER, 1938

Denison And Education

"At Denison the problem lies with the student"

By HARRY J. SWEITZER

It is impossible to describe the functions, objectives and desirability of methods in higher education in arbitrary terms. The range of objectives, and methods particularly, is very wide. One may, however, formulate in a general way a philosophy of advanced education. Certainly the dissemination of knowledge should be one of the chief aims. Likewise the inculcation of a culture is to be desired. Here many educators seem willing to stop, feeling that so far as overt action is concerned, they have fulfilled their responsibility.

However, there is a growing feeling that education has not completely fulfilled its responsibilities even if it has successfully achieved these goals. John Dewey is perhaps the father of this educational philosophy. Two writers, non-professional educators, who express that conviction are Lincoln Steffons and Louis Adamic. It is the thought of these men and the thought of this writer that there is, or should be, more to education than the simple retailing of knowledge and the giving of a Babbitizing sort of culture. At least two more aims are to be desired and may even be thought of as imperative. The first is that the student should have gained a genuine intellectual curiosity. This should be coupled with an honest and open mind. In the second place the educational product should have a sense of social responsibility. The prelude to this is a social consciousness.

These two traits are not so intangible nor so difficult to achieve as might be thought. If the institution and its administration, faculty and students are willing to accept the challenge—they are attainable.

Denison University is on the whole an admirable institution. It has a capable and liberal administration which is paradoxically also conservative. She has a better than average faculty and a good scholastic rating. The physical equipment of the school is superior to that of many similarly sized schools. The location is practically perfect.

Denison is successful in giving her students knowledge. That she gives her students a culture goes without saying. Particularly is this true in the field of social life. So true is it in this field that one might easily say that Denison has permitted herself to go too far in this respect. Yet with all these things to be said in Denison's favor; if she were to be measured by the standard we set up in the first part of this article, we should be forced to conclude that she is not a successful educational institution in the broad sense of the phrase. Genuine, intellectual curiosity on the part of the major portion of the student body would be a sensational phenomenon. While a sense of social responsibility and consciousness exist only in a small degree. Exceptions disprove, rather than prove a rule, so that one can not be arbitrary in the above conclusion.

On the whole, however, the conclusion is justified. Despite the negativism of this judgment, one would be foolish to evaluate Denison lightly.
Denison is a liberal institution. Professors need not feel inhibited here. They have a relatively high degree of freedom; which a few use. The fact that one may feel the way such an article is written alone, could not make an ideal educational process at Denison. It is too dependent upon the faculty, and, in the final analysis, upon the student body.

We may say then, that a portion of the responsibility for the partial failure of Denison as an educational institution rests with the faculty. An institution can not have a vitalized, creative, student body unless the faculty likewise is vitalized and creative. If courses are dull and dry and drab; not sufficiently prepared for; no effort is made to stimulate the students, or to force higher intellectual standards; if the educational process consists of the projection of a text book for the assimilation of the students—then the result is a uniform type of text book mind, which, although it may have knowledge, is not educated in the fine connotation of the word.

In the ultimate, however, the greatest amount of responsibility lies with the student body of the university. An administration can not legislate true education; nor can a faculty inspire intellectual zeal in a student mind which is closed or not responsive to many stimuli. It is not that the student body at Denison is incapable of getting a real education. It is simply that as a whole it doesn't seem interested. It becomes irritated, and castigates departments which set a high intellectual standard, where there is a tendency for the students to be discontented with, anything which seems to question the status quo or which makes demands in interest or time which conflict with the easy existence, possible at Denison. In more ways than one Denison can be characterized as a “country club” college.

In a world which is changing as rapidly as it ours; college graduates, even to protect self-interest, can not afford to be dependent upon a status quo education and philosophy. Nor should a college graduate have a closed or a text book mind.

The views expressed in this article are expressed as the views of the writer alone and should not be considered as an editorial policy or attitude of PORTFOLIO. The editors of PORTFOLIO will welcome letters or articles for publication which express agreeing or conflicting viewpoints on the matters discussed in this article.

Much money is spent at Denison for education. It is poor economics not to realize the full value. At Denison the problem lies with the students. One can be sure that the faculty and administration would cooperate toward making possible a more thorough education at present they are hampered by the lack of desire on the part of the students.
A STUDENT LOOKS AT EUROPE

Continued from page 12

over the age-old ideal of the Hapsburgs and of Kaiser William II: Drang nach Osten, or Drive to the East. Indeed, out of the Past the Future comes.

As early as 1937 Germany had the best position in the markets of Southeastern and Southern Europe. Since the recent successful coup in Czechoslovakia the smaller Eastern European states have been hastening to alter their policies so as to suit better Germany’s interests. There is, thus, a whole new re-shuffling of political power in Europe; the democratic powers are humiliated; and Soviet Russia is almost excluded from the European concert. Central and Eastern Europe seem to be at the disposal of Nazi Germany.

The democratic powers, not too anxious to encourage Soviet Russia, hesitate, quite naturally, to fight a major and modern war, either to preserve their dominant position in Europe held since 1918 or for ideological reasons. It would appear that a new balance of power in Europe must and will be worked out between the democratic and fascist states.

Many people in the United States view with great alarm the rapid and recent changes in Europe and Asia. Indeed, Americans should be concerned and be on their guard against actions inimical to our country’s interests and democracy. Nevertheless, we should realize that the existence of political theories and institutions diametrically opposed to ours is not a new condition. Republics were few in 1776, and democracy as a cure-all for political and social woes has never been accepted everywhere. Although our form of government suits our needs and temperament very well, it is dangerous for anyone to assume that one form of government and one ideology exist which will suit all peoples and all situations at all times. The history, nature, and requirements of nations lead to variety, not similarity, even in this age of easy and rapid transportation. What suits us may prove impossible for Germany and Italy, and conversely. Therefore, it would seem that the United States should strive to protect its own institutions and to keep them adequate for the needs of modern times. Let us try, however, to live with “malice toward none and charity for all.” We must avoid sitting in judgment on foreign and distant peoples who always have and always must work out their own destinies as out of the Past the Future comes.

TWO SKETCHES

Continued from page 23

the crippled fellow at the end of the line had been killed by his machine. Most of the fellows had forgotten as time went on, but Gioviochi had remembered because he hated the factory and what it had taken from him. It was ironical that the machine which he so detested had really been the means of securing his place at the conservatory. The job had paid well, but that was all and now when he was almost free; to have to go back. Yet there was no alternative. Gioviochi couldn’t just sit idle waiting for the time to come when he could again play his violin, making it live and pulsate under his touch, placing him as a thing apart—alone on a stage surrounded only by the silence of a spellbound audience. Yes, it was ironical that he could still run the machine that he hated, but he couldn’t do the only thing that he really loved.

Gioviochi stared at the misshapen gauze that encased his hand. He wished now that he had looked at his fingers to see how bad they really were. Before he hadn’t cared—even yet he couldn’t help his mind recoiling from the thought of seeing the ugly, unhealed hand.

But one day toward the end of the four weeks the doctor said that they could take the dressing off for good. Gioviochi smiled. Soon now, very soon he could go to the conservatory. He watched fascinated as the strange bulge of a bandage slowly unwound from his hand. Nearly four weeks that he had worn it—he’d almost be lonely without the heavy white wrappings. Gioviochi joked with the doctor about that. Of course his fingers would be a little stiff at first, but a little practice, and then—

But wait, there was something wrong—something—about—his hand. The shape—that was it—something wrong with the shape. Horrified Gioviochi watched the last of the gauze fall from his hand, but the doctor’s expression was non-committal. He looked again—then they had been right when they said he would never play again. Yes, it was so, but why, why hadn’t they told him? Why had they let him go on blindly, believing and not knowing that the first two fingers of his left hand were gone?

—Kate Hopkins.