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Portfolio Vol. II N 2

Authors
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This month the editors feel that they definitely have some worthwhile material to offer the reader. However, kindly reflect as you enjoy this issue just where the reading material comes from; and then, if you are at all literarily inclined, put your ideas on paper and submit them to us. It is not for us, the editors, to do the writing; our job is merely to put what you write in attractive surroundings.

CHESTER VARNEY

The short-stories in this issue deserve special comment. Chester Varney's, To Dream Beyond, is the winner of the Stout Short Story Contest, and we invite you to pay careful attention to the style as you read; it shows definite ability. Don Barlow appears for the first time, and you will like the extremely human quality that is evident in his work. He may be a trifle ironic but it is a kindly irony.

BILL WEST

You will find that the poets represented in this issue are diverse in their choice of subject matter. Bill West in his ultra-ultra style handles his emotional and thoughtful themes expertly; while Robert Gordon crystallizes student anti-war sentiment. Doris Flory prefers to handle light, campus-life topics with humorous hands.

NEW FEATURES

In the line of feature writers, we offer a new name on the masthead: Bob Smith speaks with the authority of a connoisseur on the subject of new swing-band recordings. We frankly envy Jim Black his seeing of eight Broadway productions while he was in New York this Thanksgiving Recess, and we welcome the chance to get even a second-handed view of three shows—Hamlet, Oscar Wilde and Abraham Lincoln—in his commentary.

The remainder of the material needs no further comment in as much as the writers are all familiar to these pages and the quality of their work well recognized.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We are again grateful to the Cleveland Museum of Art for their splendid cooperation in letting us reprint some of their cuts on the general subject of sculptor portraits. Also thanks are due to Stage Magazine for their permission to reprint pictures from Maurice Evans', Hamlet, and to World Peaceways, Inc. for giving us a chance to further their efforts to secure world-wide and lasting peace.
The island rose misty out of the blue ocean. Through the haze of early morning, the soft green of tropic palms and the brilliant crimson of exotic foliage were tempered and subdued. Pulsating, alive during the day, somber at dusk, youthful and strangely obscure at dawning; enigmatic in its veiled splendor, almost outrageous in its uncovered beauty. Truly, the island was an outcast among its kind. Far off the traveled routes of big ships, it was known to few people. Skippers knew of its existence, and some geographers had explored within its limited boundaries, but those well acquainted with it were reluctant to disclose their knowledge. Legends were told of the beauty of the island, of its friendly animal life and its abundant flora. But these were legends, and legends are steeped in mystery.

In the half-dark of eerie dawn, the three masted schooner sailed near to the island and dropped anchor. On deck, two men were leaning against the rail, both gazing at the looming island. The eyes of one man embodied a look of eagerness; the other's eyes were grim and unbelieving. For awhile, both men were bent. From the shore came a muffled rumbling of crashing waves. The man with the eager appearance leaped deeply.

"It's even more beautiful than I dared hope," he said in a wondering voice.

His companion, the practical skipper of the boat, regarded him thoughtfully. He seemed debating his thoughts. Then he replied:

"It's more beautiful than I dared hope," he replied, "and mine is to live on a deserted island. . . . Did you ever hear of Shangri-La?"

The skipper shook his head. "Can't say as I have. Is it on any of the seven seas?"

"No," smilingly answered the other, "it is an imaginary Utopia which exists in the mind of a brilliant author. Now, I'm no idealist. I can't write glowing passages like famous authors do. But I can think of my own thoughts and dream of my own dreams. And who knows? Perhaps a Shangri-La does exist today, peaceful and undisturbed. Perhaps, to me, this Death Island as the natives call it, may be my Shangri-La. I can't turn back now. A great adventure lies before me. But even more than a great adventure—a great dream! May heaven grant it will be fulfilled."

A pink glow tinged the eastern horizon. Warm breezes swept in from the ocean and gently swayed the palms. A flock of seabirds swooped over the water; their ardent cries broke the spell of a world of silence. The mist began to drift upwards from the island, slowly, feelingly, like a rising curtain of swirling incense vapor.

The skipper gripped the railing forcefully. "It is beautiful, it is beautiful, but it is deathly, too!" Well, turning to his passenger, "it's time to shove off. Are you still set on living on that island?"

The other nodded.

"Alright," said the captain, "into the rowboat with you!"

The glow in the east became more vivid. The mist had disappeared. A new day was heralded on the blue Pacific. And set adrift on the undulating crests was a lone man in a small rowboat. He did not take up the oar immediately. Instead, he watched the three master furl its sails. His breath quickened as the tremendous sheets ruffled in the wind, then filled out in ballooning expansiveness. With easy motion the schooner put out to sea. The man in the rowboat waved his hand in salute. For a long time the rowboat drifted lazily on the water, its occupant watching the departure of civilization with mingled feelings of joy and regret. Finally, as the first rays of the sun came over the horizon, the man took up the oars and plied them with leisurely strokes.

As he approached the shore, he was troubled by the terrific pounding of the surf. He felt the boat being

To Dream Beyond, by Chester Varney is the winner of the 1938 Stout Short Story Contest. Portfolio takes pleasure in presenting this noteworthy work to Denison readers.
thought of the conditions which existed in the forest of his native land. There, man was a deadly enemy of the woods. In a fight between the two existed under freak circumstances only. But here, on this island, there appeared to be no fight in the part of the wild life. Perhaps they had never been shot at, or been chased by a pack of predatory homedales. Perhaps, even, of man was not necessary in it. In the island, the man walked along ghostly illumined paths towards the darkness. For the first time in his life he was actually without a worry or a gnawing dread. He fell asleep. Buried in the smooth sands until he came to the edge of the ocean. He stepped forward and closed his eyes. With the pleasant tinkle of a brook lulling his senses. He became an excellent gardener. He grew along ghostly illuminated paths towards the beach. He experienced no fear in the pressing darkness. For the first time in his life he was actually without a worry or a gnawing dread. He fell asleep. Buried in the smooth sands until he came to the edge of the ocean. He stepped forward and closed his eyes. With the pleasant tinkle of a brook lulling his senses. His rest was quiet and undisturbed.

Night came with tropic swiftness. With the disappearance of the sun, the breeze died down and a vivid spectacle that an artist might need many shades to interpret its range of colors. The splendor of the island mystified the man. It seemed to him as though he were dreaming a fanciful dream that could never come to be in real life. Laying there on the cool grass, he was able to hear murmuring sounds close by him. The pleasant tinkle of a brook lulled his senses. He fell asleep, and his rest was quiet and undisturbed.

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**poetry of**

**bill c west**

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i strangely hate the thread-exerting of my father's hair to a somber artistry of years/ i hate the solemn science in decay the drip and drip of slow black hours into a frightened brain the wearing thin and thin of time's elusive ruin life's brief and fragile metal slipping through the sieve of dream and here's the tragedy and comic too not what is spent but what is bought the priceless silver of a man to buy the bashful of remember-stuff o such ingenious fools to squander life upon the idiot-warm of memory the puppet-smiles and puppet-tears a hoard of masks to people all the vacant years that creep and creep into eternity

i spill this purse of one night's gold into the grave debauch of solitude a drunkenness that leaves me sad and soppy cold double fingers endlessly across the languid mind . . . this silence is a tomb across the wall the restless shadow of a pendulum inscribes its casual arc of indeterminate the palpitating mirror of dawn intrudes upon the stars and me

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**admonition**

. . . a solitary star usurps the black dominion of this mattering night and glitters on a frosted pane

my consciousness impaled upon a jagged thought severely wears the sleep of deep one spark only flickers quietly across the vacant mind and perilously trembles like a wind-tempested candle-flame . . .

tomorrow or tomorrow i will shed irresolution like a worn-out coat
didn't . . . those unnamed and tongueless thoughts that claw my brain explode into the shameless protopath of desire my squirming brain rebels at last unannounced i'll smile surrender take the loom of my hands and lay them on my blood and pulverize the fragile wall of words the poisonous thought that our dialogue has wrought of things as casual a cigarette a line of poetry has wrought of things as casual as a star and pulverize the fragile wall of words the poisonous thought that our dialogue has wrought of things as casual a cigarette a line of poetry has wrought of things as casual as a star

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**January, 1939**

**Heart Determines**

"i hated him with my whole soul"

by DON BARLOW

If I told you the whole story, from the time I met John Swale until you wondered how I've managed to retain my sanity and my amiable disposition. But then, of course, you've never been acquainted with the man as I was. You were never his partner in a law office as I was, nor did you have to stand for the indignities he heaped upon his closest and most intimate associates. No one else knew him as I did, and I suppose no one ever suspected how much I hated the man. I loathed him—heated him with my whole soul. He could hardly have been unaware of my feelings toward him, yet it probably never even occurred to John Swale to fear me. He had me in the palm of his hand! I knew it, and he knew it.

It all began back at law school, about fourteen years ago. He was president of our class that year, and a good president he was, too. He had the personality and charm for meeting people and impressing them with his affability. He could turn the charm and goodwill on or off like a faucet. A volatile talker, he was captain of the debate team and, at one time or another, had presided over every forensic and dramatic society on the campus. I was proud of John, proud that I could say I was his roommate, and at one time or another, had presided over every forensic and dramatic society on the campus. I was proud of John, proud that I could say I was his roommate, and at one time or another, had presided over every forensic and dramatic society on the campus.

I'm sorry to say that I could say I was his roommate, and at one time or another, had presided over every forensic and dramatic society on the campus. It was all too much for me, and I succumbed. John knew how not to be subtle when he wanted to, and I imagine one of on closer inspection that it was my own. I never said much because it seemed too trivial a matter over which to create a scene. Anyhow, I thought too much of him. He was always neat to the point of impeccability in his personal dress, while his desk and dresser were generally repositories for his clothes, books, papers, picture of his latest girls, and other miscellaneous junk. He usually contrived to display the picture of a new girl every month or so.

I'd gone with Lucy Winton—old Judge Winton's daughter—since we were kids. We'd been practically raised together. I kept a small framed photograph of her on my desk. She was the one for whom I was working so hard, and her photographic presence seemed to make it that much easier. I took it as a matter of course that when the Fall Parties came due she would come. She'd been down before, and each time she came, everything seemed to begin again for us. But the last time she was down as my guest, I went through hell. Before the evening was over, John's neglected date and I both left that for Lucy and me it was all over. When the week-end was over, she had John's fraternity pin. I didn't even see her off when she left for home.

Things didn't go so well for me in school after that. John's friendship toward me cooled, naturally, although we still roomed together and I continued to work on his speeches and debates. I was pretty bitter and disillusioned, but I managed to finish the year in good standing; and there was no rebound of falling in love with someone else. I had no time for girls then, and besides, I was still in love with Lucy and hoped against hope that deep in her heart she still really loved me.

They were married the spring of the following year. Yes, I went to the wedding. What else was there to do? One has to be a sport about those things, and I didn't want anyone thinking I still loved her, least of all Lucy herself. Swale must have had an inkling of the truth.

I thought I was finished with the whole unhappy mess, but I was mistaken. Lucy and I had his goal set pretty high even in college, because a little over a year after graduation, he wrote to me and suggested that we go into a partnership in his city. In a small way he was achieving a reputation as a criminal lawyer, and he wrote that he felt we could both do much better as partners. His instruments were most enticing. It was to be a full partnership, with expenses, legal responsibility, and offices shared equally. At the time I had a very good position as junior corporate counsel of a new and fast-growing automobile company. Gratifying successes in several recent cases had assured me of a permanent place in the company, with excellent prospects of an increase in salary and prestige in a relatively short period of time. But the thought of being able to walk into my own office every morning, with something like "Swale and Jurgens, Attorneys-at-Law," on the outer office door was too much for me, and I succumbed. John knew how not to be subtle when he wanted to, and I imagine one of...
those times when he was wrote that there were "other inducements" of which I was quite as well aware as he. I knew when I started that it was really Lucy for whom I left my position in the automobile company, and not her husband.

Finding Lucy did even better than I could have hoped to, back at my old place. Several cases, when we won in a rather spectacular manner, gave us a good start, and from then on we had all we could do to keep up with the demand for our services. Swale was always a better, more brilliant talker than I, although occasionally I took some of the less important cases. From a business standpoint, our partnership was an unequal contest, for he was of a more genial, less aggressive sort. Lucy was constraining, and the dog showed it. His idea of a tremendously humorous and successful evening was to invite me and my secretary, or some other woman—any pretty woman—to dinner at his home. For days in advance, I used almost to shiver in anticipation of the invitation I knew was sure to come. He knew that I could not always refuse, and he made his invitation enough in advance that acceptance was practically assured. I was told that the dog showed it by glos aover the prospective pleasure of such an evening. Sometimes, after having extended such an invitation, provided it was accepted, a queer little quirk of a half-smile would play upon his features for the remainder of the day, and he would invent necessities for concluding me on the procedure of some other woman. The manner of his triumph was singularly simple. First, he would make sure that my partner for the evening was interesting and novel, when a dinner or bridge, would engage her in a conversation in which Lucy and I were completely left out, to our obvious discomfiture all the while covertly watching us. Naturally, we were forced, if conversation was to be made, to converse with each other, and though I could tell by little involuntary actions on the part of both that something was wrong, Never, at any time when I saw them together, did they seem more than the most casual of acquaintances. Certainly, there was not the camaraderie one would naturally expect to find between husband and wife. Lucy was quite near, for she was her former wont, and she appeared perpetually tired. When at a party or social function, if Swale attempted to relate a joke or anecdote, Lucy bore an expression of resignation almost akin to despair. More than once, John made a greater show in public, he never questioned my right to half the proceeds, and we were both well pleased by the arrangement.

About the time I had come to work with Swale, I had noticed something that seemed to me at least not to be my fault, and that was to have an affair. Lucy had an affair, and I was not the only one. I thought Lucy loved me, and John thought so, too.

The change of compliments with the host's liquor supply, he evening's entertainment, and after too prolonged an ex expression of resignation almost akin to despair. For the change was that she frequently evoked an amused and somewhat disgusted toleration from Swale, I had noticed something that seemed, to me at least, pretty peculiar. Neither Lucy nor John ever said anything to me that might have made me suspicious, but it was obvious that something was not right, and I was not satisfied after I won it. I thought that there was a breach of confidence between me and the owner upon the beauty of the animal, and I cast about for a reason. The only possible reason that occurred to me was that Swale was one of those persons who is never satisfied with what he has and who would not be satisfied could he have everything he has not. Here was a man who was dissatisfied with the best that money could buy. He had the finest clothes, homes, cars, and other evidences of material wealth, yet he hated everything he could. His attic storehouse was littered with expensive, dis carded knick-knacks that had caught his eye and he had bought in the vain hope of appeasing his desire. In moments of quite unbiased judgment, I could almost feel sorry for him, almost sympathetic. I do not believe he was the victim of his own inordinate ambition. Such people's desire is never satisfied, their thirst forever unquenchable.

Lucy and I once talked of divorce, and I urged her to start proceedings. I knew that she had a clear case on several grounds and felt that any change would be a change for the better. My big mistake was in mentioning the scandal which would accrue from such a case. Lucy gulped at the thought of the unwholesome publicity, and I did not broach the subject of divorce again, though I was sure in my own mind that this was the only way out of our difficulties.
Corn Fed Kid From The West

He joined up in '17. Did't quite know what it was all about, but it seemed the thing to do at the time.

Then the front—and suddenly War lost every vestige of its glamour. He was scared. He was bewildered.

He and another kid, who had become his best friend on earth, were out on a patrol. Something hit them.

His friend was instantly transformed into a filthy mass of blood and bones and slime. He himself was too weak to move, or call for help, or groan. Then he moved no more, ever.

Poor kid? Of course. But perhaps he's lucky after all. He didn't live to see the beautiful ideals he fought for—"To make the World Safe for Democracy"... "To Protect the Rights of Little Nations"... "A War To End Wars"—proven to be the empty note with which the Pious Pipers had lured so many kids like him to their deaths.

He didn't live to learn that millions of dollars had been spent by various interests to "educate" our people to the necessity of entering the war on the "right side." And he didn't live to see the whole world ready to be at each other's throats again—with ordinary citizens like us sitting by stupidly, whining "Isn't it terrible—but what can we do about it?"

Well we can try to do something!... Write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Avenue, New York City.

Editor's Note:

In 1939 comes the announcement that 20,000 American college students are to be trained yearly as airplane pilots. The President in his annual message to Congress speaks in very militaristic language. The suggestion is implied in his opening remark that we should again be prepared to "make the world safe for democracy." Over the radio we hear that 300,000 C. C. C. youths are to be vested in a distinctive uniform, the "green shirt" and an "overseas" style hat. History repeats itself and coming events cast their shadow before-hand. Shades of 1916! It seems particularly apropos that we should print Robert Gordon's poem at this time.
A dramatic accomplishment—to hold the attention of a spectator who has travelled six hundred miles and seen two shows within the previous twenty-four hours. Yet Maurice Evans' "Hamlet" did just that for five and one-half hours. It is a beautiful and absolutely artistic production.

The finest individual hit in a well-coordinated production is Mr. Evans' interpretation. He portrays a young, alive, active Hamlet, but exercises restraint throughout. He presents Hamlet's madness as a planned strategy, displaying this viewpoint by such line as intentionally mussing his hair. Very noticeable in his technique is his articulation. He uses his mouth very freely and precisely, especially in the long soliloquies.

The rest of the cast is almost on a par with Evans. Henry Edwards gives an entirely new Claudius. It has been customary to play the king as a villain, but this man is attractive in action, body, dress and voice. Katherine Locke's Ophelia is charming early in the play; the scenes previous to her death are outstanding. Mady Christians makes a very attractive queen but is not quite convincing in age. She does her best work when reacting emotionally; this is superb in the play within a play scene. She obviously overacts in the bedroom scene which is tediously drawn out. Polonius is exceedingly humorous, but not such a nit-wit as usual. The advice to Laertes, which is usually hurried, is read seriously, evidently from the viewpoint that the value of the lines overrules the old fool who delivers them. The minor characters are capably handled.

Each time the curtain rises it discloses a masterpiece of color and light which is just as pleasing to the eye as Mr. Evans' blank verse is to the ear. Miss Webster's direction and Mr. Ffolkes' design are synchronized to develop an everchanging and spectacular picture. Colors of the costumes produces effects dazzling beyond description. A unit set, with variations, is used for a background to all full stage settings. Remarkable depth and solidity is achieved in the throne room scenes. "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is an interesting production for many reasons. "Honest Abe," the great emancipator and idol of the North, takes a different aspect under the hand of Raymond Massey. He is not the famous historical events occur. The entire play is welded closely around this central character, and the director strives to keep the attention of the audience on Massey. A disturbing effect results. Many of the primary acting principles are violated. Lincoln is constantly so far upstage that the other characters must turn their backs on the audience. Only one other player, Stephen Douglas, is allowed equality during a long debate scene. Even Mary Todd, Lincoln's wife, who is one of the dominant forces of the story, is kept out of the picture as much as possible. Through this unique accent on one actor, the star system, which the modern theatre has tried to eliminate, reappears. Massey's characterization is excellent, but all the prized unity and balance are missing completely. If this play were written about anyone who was not the worshipped figure which Lincoln is, it would not be the object of the acclaim it is receiving.

"Oscar Wilde," another historical play, is a discussion of social question concerned with the two trials held in England over the personal life of Oscar Wilde, the author. Throughout English history the justification of their outcome has been debated. The co-authors approach the subject sympathetically. They feel that if Wilde had not been ungratefully and perhaps unjustly imprisoned, the English literature would be enriched with many more dramatic masterpieces. He was an inspired writer, and this play gives him better treatment than has been customary. Most will not like the play because they disagree with the viewpoint from which it is written, but none can say it fails as a work of art.

For subletness, inner meanings and consistent performance, Morley is the outstanding actor on the New York stage. Whether the center of the scene or a bystander, he has complete domination through his own personality. The spectator shares completely his joys, sorrows and defeats, seeing and feeling a living Oscar Wilde. Mr. Morley's characterization is the significant factor in this production, but it stands as a well rounded drama because he wins his place through ability and emphatic appeal alone.
**Art**

The sculpture is part of the Dorothy Barnum Everett Memorial collection in the Cleveland Museum of Art. Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

**Music**

**Raymond Scott -- Classic Swing**

by ED DEEDS

One of the newest idols of the swing cats and alligators is a rather startling young man named Scott. Called Raymond by his friends, he might also be called “The Bach of Swing,” for this conscientious and well-schooled pianist-composer combines a sound musicianship with a consummate mastery of the swing idiom.

A brother of Mark Warnow, also a noted orchestra leader, Scott made his first radio appearance in January, 1937, with Paul Whiteman on the CBS “Saturday Night Swing Sessions.” He soon became well-known for the ability and versatility of his Quintet, which is really a six-piece orchestra, and for his unconventional compositions and arrangements. Even more unconventional than his compositions are their titles, which include such expressive captions as, “Reckless Night Aboard An Ocean Liner,” “Dinner-music for a Pack of Hungry Cannibals,” and “War-Dance of the Wooden Indian.”

Scott’s first recording, “Twilight in Turkey” and “Minuet in Jazz,” was sold out almost as soon as it was released. The “Minuet in Jazz” is a wild variation on Beethoven’s famous “Minuet in G,” while “Twilight in Turkey” expresses, according to Composer Scott’s own program notes, “...a crowded square... twilight is setting in... Arab barters with Arab... prayer time is approaching... camels are resting... a group of dancing girls are entertaining an Englishman gets lost... traffic is heavy... the afternoon heat is still felt...” Among this gifted young man’s later compositions are such bits as “Powerhouse” and “The Toy Trumpet.”

This new type of music, frowned upon by the aesthete as being “inane,” must not be condemned or scoffed at; for it represents the serious efforts of a composer who has had a thorough training and background of “serious music.” Who can say whether swing music is to be the “good music” of the future? The old-fashioned jazz of a few years ago has certainly had a profound effect upon the supposedly more serious ultra modern music, and, at the very least, swing can infuse the jaded “serious music” with a new vigor and vitality. Such may have been the mission of Raymond Scott, who has at least made it possible for hungry cannibals to enjoy music with their meals.

**Review of New Recordings**

by BOB SMITH

A crop of the best swing records I have heard for a long time was released in the past few weeks and are now available at your nearest “vic” shop.

The Benny Goodman Quartet cut some nice blues when they recorded a new tune by Lionel Hampton called, “Blues In My Flat; Blues In My Flat.” (Victor 26044) I have yet to find a new variety of blues styles, the performance of which is unapproachable in my estimation. Hampton takes a turn at the vocal honors, which, incidentally, is totally unnecessary. The full Benny G. outfit beats out the “Minuet in Turkey” and “Rus- sian Lullaby” in the true Goodman blast, but even so there is a fine sax chorus by Dave Matthews and some time trumpet work by Harry Finkelman (better known as Zingy Elman!) on the Margie side, and equally good Harry (Powerhouse) James’ trumpet in “Russian Lullaby.” (Victor 26060) King Benny, as usual, comes through with an unblemished performance on the clarinet.

Duke Ellington’s “Buffet Flat” (Brunswick 8241) is one of the best sides in the stomp tempo I have heard for quite a spell. Sonny Greer gets off some solid drumming on this platter as well as some magnificently phrased sax stuff by Harry Carney. Here is one record you won’t discard for a time.

Johnny Hodges gets together a few of the Duke’s men to record My Prelude To A Kiss and The Jeep Is Jumpin’, (Vocalion 4386). The former is a very sweetly played number, written by Ellington, with that characteristic Ellington tempo that is just suited for the effective sax playing of Johnny Hodges.

It is sweet jazz by a hot band! The Jeep Is Jumpin’, is an ensemble work, but has a definite swing that starts those heels tappin’.

Buddy Rogers comes through with two noteworthy sweet tunes that are fairly good for a change, You Can’t Be Mine and When a Cigarette Was Burning (Vocalion 4388). The gaining popularity of this disc can be attributed to a little gal singer by the name of Elizabeth Tilton. Does the name sound familiar? It should, because it’s Martha’s kid sister, and in many critics’ estimation, Elizabeth has a lot more stuff than Martha.

Glen Miller’s version of My Reverie (Bluebird 7853) is the finest rendition of this Debussy classic I have heard yet. I am sure you, too, will acclaim the fact when you hear this fascinating record. Miller has arranged the saxos and clarinetts in that singing fashion of his which alone makes up a beautiful side. King Porter Stomp follows up on the reverse side, featuring some nice alto sax work by Bill Stagnorie that is worth looking into.
Books

Book Reviews and Comments
by PAUL SAUNDERS

Howard Spring's *My Son, My Son!* has had several printings in four months which proves its popularity; and popularity is, in this case, combined with worth, for this is a well-written and intensely absorbing novel. It illustrates the struggle of man-made destiny and God-made fate. The dreams of two fathers about their sons turn to tragedy and ashes before their helpless eyes. Before starting a bakery window in Manchester's slums, the book moves with fine descriptive detail to a Cornish island, to London and to Ireland and the Irish Rebellion. The characterizations in the book show a breadth of experience. Oliver, the beautiful son of Mr. Essex, with his contrasting personality, centers the stage. A persistent liar, he bequeaths his friends with his bland manner, and, although he is a Major and a V. C. in the British Army, he is hanged for the murder of a clerk. Roy, the idealistic son of Mr. Riorden, has no contrast within his personality. He is brought up to die for Irish independence. He does die, and by the hand of his boyhood friend, Oliver. This is a novel of sheer tragedy, but so beautifully written and sensitively handled that tragedy seems a destiny.

The Gothic novel has suffered a revival in Daphne du Maurier's new novel, *Rebecca*. The author uses all the mechanics of the Gothic—mysterious personages, uninhabited wings of country mansions, the undercurrent of mystery, and bloody murder. Although *Rebecca* could be classified as a Gothic novel, there is some element, illusive but persistent, which defies classification. Type makes no difference here, though, for the story of a selfless love that asked for no explanations, but by its very power turned tragedy to joy, will delight anyone.

How should a wife treat the constant remembrances and references to her husband's first wife? How should a second wife treat the subtle rebuffs and insults from the former wife's friends? Should she be loyal? Should she fight back? When her husband confesses to the murder of this same first wife, how should she feel toward him? Faced with these problems, the heroine decided the course she must take and it leads to happiness.

This is no idle romantic tale, but a realistic and powerful novel of conflicting emotion. It is spell-binding in its interest; and by its strange theme, masterfully executed, it deserves the applause that it has received.

**BEST SELLER LIST**

FICTION

*Gone with the Wind*, Margaret Mitchell
*All this and Heaven, too*, Rachel Field
*Rebecca*, Daphne du Maurier
*Wisdom's Gate*, Margaret Barnes
*The Citadel*, A. J. Cronin

NON-FICTION

*Listen! the Wind*, Anne Lindbergh
*With Malice Toward Some*, M. Halsey
*The Horse and Buggy Doctor*, A. Hertzler
*Alone*, Richard Byrd
*I'm a Stranger here Myself*, Ogden Nash

NEW BOOKS IN THE D. U. LIBRARY

FICTION:

*All this and Heaven, Too*, Rachel Field
*My Son, My Son!*, Howard Field
*The Long Valley*, John Steinbeck
*Rebecca*, Daphne du Maurier
*Crippled Splendor*, Ivan John

NON-FICTION

*Green World*, Maurice Hindus
*Listen! The Wind*, Anne Lindbergh
*Save America First*, Jerome Frank
*Twilight In Vienna*, Willi Frischauer
*Peace*, Bertrand Russell

**IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS**

There are several big names on the lists this time, as Richard Byrd has at last written of his solitary vigil at the bottom of the earth, in *Alone,* while Anne Lindbergh writes of her skysways in, *Listen! The Wind,* which tells of the thrills of transatlantic flight. John Steinbeck's latest, *The Long Valley,* is a collection of sketches and short stories about little-known people and acts. His work is realistic and his insight into emotion unbelievable. Frank Case, the manager of Hotel Algonquin, has written an interesting and witty book about that literary oasis and its guests called *Tales of a Wayward Inn.*
Kenneth Maxwell

I take no pride in my suicide;
'Twas a hellish deed,
But I'm glad it's done,
Cause it wasn't no fun
Without no work or need.

I don't want life,
'Cept for the kid and wife,
And there's no food for them to eat.
And now I'm dead
But they're still not fed,
But the urge to die, I just can't bear.

I know I was yellow,
There wasn't no fun
But I'm glad it's done,
In my suicide;
I take no pride
In the weight of every beam of moonlight.

Boundless the weight of every beam of moonlight.
And memories of another moon arose and seemed
From the evening's heaven—
even light I can weigh.

The prize of men who dauntlessly wisdom sought;
Here with the substance of a tiny moonbeam caught
Many the secrets loosed from eternity.

His face was flushed with knowledge I had not,
The thin-lipped scientist looked down at me;
I scoffed that light had weight, and walked and dreamed,
And lovers' sorrows filled me, there apart,
And memories of another moon arose and seemed
To flood and fill with a pulsing heart.
I found this true, dreaming in the night:
Boundless the weight of every beam of moonlight.

Maxwell

In a previous article written for the last issue of Portfolio, Denison fraternity and sorority relationship and its general objectives was discussed. In the article the thesis was projected that two very desirable aims of collegiate education are intellectual curiosity and a social consciousness on the part of its products. It was asserted further that Denison is failing in these ends and that the major portion of the responsibility lies with the student body.

This article follows up that line of thought and proposes to examine one of the chief contributory factors in the seeming inability of Denison to achieve the position of an ideal educational institution. It is probable to say that one of the most important reasons, if not the most important, is the fact that the Denison campus is over socialized and that, relatively, social life plays a much too important part in the general activity of the school.

Any discussion of the social life at Denison must concern itself with fraternities and sororities which are responsible for virtually all of the social activity of the school. This in itself is not a desirable situation and one may feel that the school has not fully been shirking its responsibility in this respect but is responsible, in part at least, for the situation which exists.

Frequently in discussions of fraternities and sororities the question is asked "Well where would Denison be without fraternities and sororities?" The question is intended as a rhetorical one and the answer is supposed to be obvious. I for one do not think that the answer is so obvious and would be interested in seeing just where Denison would be. Perhaps the school would not be so large, or so "smooth" or so country clubbish, But on the other hand it might be doing a better job in an educational way.

From the foregoing it might seem that this writer is opposed to fraternities and sororities. In all sincerity and honesty that is not so. We feel that fraternities and sororities are desirable institutions and that they can serve a worthwhile purpose. Fraternities are the natural focal point for the gregarious instinct of the students and when their purpose and activity are properly conceived, interpreted, integrated and executed they are a valuable part of any college. We feel likewise, that in many respects the Denison fraternity and sorority situation is a good one. The groups work efficiently together to perform many worthwhile services for the college community.

It is possible to criticize the local setup. To do so, however, is unnecessary since any comments that we might feel moved to make have already been made at various times by many fraternity and sorority members. It is too easy for an outsider to make severe and caustic analyses of situations with which he is not fully conversant or of whose inner workings and problems he is not aware.

However, we believe that the more thoughtful and honest members of the Denison fraternities and sororities will agree on certain fundamental premises. They want their groups to be more than Greek restaurants, ball rooms and rooming halls. If they could arrive at a common ideal for their organizations they would probably agree that the greatest obligation is to the group and that the best way of achieving their purpose would be to lift the individual members to the highest possible spiritual, intellectual, aesthetic, cultural and moral levels. Obviously a student body composed of this type of student would mean a different and better school.

To measure fraternity and sorority action against that ideal, in the face of utilitarian necessity, is perhaps unfair but members of the type mentioned above will probably also agree that Denison Greeks are not attaining that goal. This article does not accuse Denison fraternities and sororities of obstructionist tactics, but merely asserts the view that they could and should do more toward making Denison the type of place she should be.

Three recent subjects for discussion on the campus point to the possibility of a solution to the problems. The first is student self-government. That is a broad subject and this is not the place to discuss it. It would be difficult to decide just how much latitude students should have in determining the conditions under which they go to school. Suffice it to say here that Denison students are not overburdened in that respect. Unquestionably, the absence of this right does not make for a responsible and mature student body. This is reflected in current conditions.

This particular problem can best be met by action on the part of the students with sincere, whole-hearted cooperation from the faculty and administration. These are broad terms and almost too simple, yet within them lies the solution to a number of Denison's problems. A commentary on paternalism vs. self government is a commentary on dictatorship vs. democracy. To make for character, true education and democracy—is it not possible that student self government, stumbling though it may be, is to be preferred to paternalism, even if it be enlightened altruistic, kindly motivated paternalism?

Continued on page 24
I'll want prison once again.
I'll miss my ball and chain,
And then just when I need one,
No professor'll be my guide.
There'll come a time some someday,
No files are smuggled in,
And verses give me pain.
My angel wings are missing,
Themes are "rock-pile" labor,
My books a ball and chain,
My Study room's a prison house,
A game of bridge and coke.
And trudge along downtown and have
I'll treat work as a joke.

So, to promote my peace of mind
I know not where to turn.
My head is splitting at the thought
I simply am beseiged with work.

The Student Rationalizes
I simply am beseiged with work.
I know not where to turn.
My head is splitting at the thought
Of all I have to learn.
So, to promote my peace of mind
I'll treat work as a joke.

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So, to promote my peace of mind
I'll treat work as a joke.

Senior's Lament

My Man

My Man is a careful man,
A gentle man and kind,
He kisses me upon the cheek
And cultivates my mind.
My Man is an honest man,
I know he'd never lie.
He says he loves me truly
And looks me in the eye.
My Man is a faultless man,
He never raves nor rants.
I wish someone would kick my man
In the center of his pants.

Doris Flory

On Noises

There are blasting horns that scatter you
Like leaves along the path,
And clashing bells which seem to vent
Some angry toiler's wrath.
There are piercing whistles of the law
Which warn you of all harm.

But worse than any sound I know—
My seven o'clock alarm.

Doris Flory

Lines On Lines

He gazes down into her eyes
And deeply moved he softly cries
That she's the only one he knows
Whose skin is like the velvet rose,
Whose teeth are shining, gleaming pearls,
Whose hair is golden, web-like curls,
And who's so sweet he can't resist
The mouth that asks just to be kissed.

But then, in soft resistance, sighs
The mouth that asks just to be kissed.

Doris Flory

The Student Rationalizes
I simply am beseiged with work.
I know not where to turn.
My head is splitting at the thought
Of all I have to learn.
So, to promote my peace of mind
I'll treat work as a joke.

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My head is splitting at the thought
Of all I have to learn.
So, to promote my peace of mind
I'll treat work as a joke.

Senior's Lament

My Study room's a prison house,
My books a ball and chain.
Themes are "rock-pile" labor,
And verses give me pain.

Doris Flory

The Student Rationalizes
I simply am beseiged with work.
I know not where to turn.
My head is splitting at the thought
Of all I have to learn.
So, to promote my peace of mind
I'll treat work as a joke.
the figure in the rowboat as it took up the oars and began plying them.

The man's turbulent thoughts, at first confused and vague, became more coherent. He watched the rowboat with the figure in it come nearer to the island, and he was thinking:

"You have a new life ahead of you. I could kill you if you wanted to when you crash up on shore."

Three years ago I would have killed you. But time, and loneliness, have sobered me. Are you not myself, in spirit if not in body? You deserve your chance at happiness just as much as I deserve mine. I've had five wonderful years on this island. What right have I to deny you the right to live a few years of your life in complete happiness? I could still live here, for this island is certainly large enough for two people. But I guess neither of us would be happy that way.

I wonder how you would feel if you found me here, when all along you hoped I was gone. How would I have felt if I had found someone on this island when I landed?

I want this place to myself, and you want it for yourself. The two of us can't live here together. One of us must make way for the other. Will it be you or me that must face tragedy?"

The man's turbulent thoughts, at first confused and vague, became more coherent. He watched the figure in the rowboat as it took up the oars and began plying them. He saw the man in the rowboat a hundred feet below him, the waves crashing and pounding with hoarse force on jagged rocks. The man's plunge from the top of the hill to the rocks below was unbroken by trees or shrubs.

A hundred feet below him the waves crashed and pounded with hoarse force on jagged rocks. The man's plunge from the top of the hill to the rocks below was unbroken by trees or shrubs. He sat there on the brow of the hill, a lonely figure wished if conflicting thoughts had coursed through that person's mind as he viewed a stranger coming to his possession.

A hundred feet below him the waves crashed and pounded with hoarse force on jagged rocks. The man's plunge from the top of the hill to the rocks below was unbroken by trees or shrubs.

"You have a new life ahead of you. I could kill you if you wanted to when you crash up on shore."

Three years ago I would have killed you. But time, and loneliness, have sobered me. Are you not myself, in spirit if not in body? You deserve your chance at happiness just as much as I deserve mine. I've had five wonderful years on this island. What right have I to deny you the right to live a few years of your life in complete happiness? I could still live here, for this island is certainly large enough for two people. But I guess neither of us would be happy that way.

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SOCI AL LIF E AT D E NISON

Continued from page 19

The second subject of discussion which, if realized, would contribute toward making a better condition here—is that of the proposed student union building. With such a building as a part of its equipment the school could undertake the task of supplying the major outlet for the social desires of the students. "All" Denison dances and various other activities could be moulded into a unified program for social expression, which would take the social pressure off the fraternities and sororities and give them more time and money to do their own work. This would also take the pressure off the downtown restaurants.

Another mechanical solution of the social problem would be to institute Saturday classes. This would break up the frequently heavy Denison week-end and would permit the abolition of the two hour course. A further suggestion in this direction would involve the use of the seminar technique for many of the upper class courses. The seminar meetings could then be distributed throughout the afternoons and evenings.

The third talked about possibility is the men's dorm which has been proposed. This building, if it contained a men's dining hall as it should, would permit the school to take over the business of providing the means to house and feed the freshmen men. This in turn would permit pledging to be deferred one year. As a matter of fact, the installation of a men's dining hall on the campus would make it possible to have deferred pledging, in-as-much as only one or two fraternities house freshmen consistently.

The advantages of deferred pledging are many. It should eliminate the present "rat-race" pledging systems which operate on this campus. As a matter of fact the women's pledging could be deferred even if men's was not. Ideally the man or woman pledging should be sure that he or she is getting into the group with which his or her character, personality and intelligence are most in harmony. Likewise, the fraternity or sorority should be certain that it is getting the type of person that it wants. It is open to serious question that these results are achieved under the present system.

Most fraternities and sororities on this campus are too large. Deferred pledging would work toward cutting the groups down to the size which is advocated by national officers. Further, deferred pledging would give the student a much needed period in which to become adjusted to college without the many tasks of pledgeship.

It will be asserted that the above suggestion will result in higher costs to fraternity and sorority members. Boarding clubs will not operate so cheaply and there will not be so many members thru whom the bills can be spread. That is probably so, but it must be remembered that fraternities and sororities are luxuries despite the typical Denison misconception of the matter. Luxuries should only be indulged in by those who can afford them. This would lead to exclusiveness which in most schools is the chief characteristic of the fraternity and sorority.

Inasmuch as fraternities and sororities are luxuries, one final suggestion seems to be in order. When the school assumes responsibility for the social activity of the campus and takes over the job of providing facilities for the feeding of freshmen men, it should withdraw aid to fraternity and sorority members. This may seem unfair and discriminatory but the fact remains that any such aid would be a subsidy to permit membership.

The money thus saved could be used to provide a university social program and to aid other students who could not afford to join social groups. Such a policy could be inaugurated now without too much unfairness. Certainly it would serve to take some of the emphasis off social life here and it would probably help a fairly large number of students and parents who are suffering under the burden of trying to keep up with the Jones' children.

It should be realized that this article by no means poses as a thorough or authoritative study of the social life at Denison. That is quite impossible in so short an article as this. We merely hope that we have served a purpose in directing attention to the situation and some of the possibilities in it.