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Authors
Once again it comes time for the editors to look slowly and critically over the material that we are about to offer you to try to introduce, or re-introduce as the case may be, the people whose works appear in these pages. We feel that by so doing we may be able to direct your reading towards the highest degree of enjoyment.

Fortunately for us material continues to filter in, and our luck doesn't stop there, for miracle among miracles, the material we get is not only printable but meritorious. To those faithful ones whose names continue to grace the credit lines in issue after issue, we express our appreciation; for those who continue to hold out on us, hiding their lights under proverbial bushels, we again ask them to submit their efforts.

In this issue you will find two new short-story writers: Harry Clement in his story, Mr. Bigger Tries Faith, drags a pre-darwinian minister out of the backwoods to be subjected to the cynical slashes of his pen. Though the story is dead serious, we, the "enlightened" readers, share with the author a knowing and jeering laugh at Mr. Bigger's expense. Our other discovery is Ira Price. Ira has drawn a strikingly strong picture of the acute struggle facing the farmer in the "dust-bowl" of Kansas. His mood of heavy oppression is exceedingly well established and will carry you through to the finish.

Bill West, Stanley Hanna and Bob Maxwell are with us again, all with poems that further verify our already established opinions of the merit of their work. In addition we present poems of Virginia Martindale and Dick Wager which we feel sure you will enjoy.

We are fortunate in this issue to have two authoritative articles: Dr. Shaw writing from the standpoint of the chief administrator looking at the students; and Dr. Harvey DeWeerd looking with an informed eye at Hitler's Germany. The student body will profit from a thorough reading of these expressions from the pens of these two prominent campus figures.

For the balance of the magazine, the features, with the exception of the Drama page which is jointly written by Bernard Bailey and Don Bethune, are adequately handled by our regular staff writers. The illustrators are Dave Mitchell for Mr. Bigger Tries Faith, and Marian Richter for The Rains Fell.
MARCH, 1939

The Rains Fell

"They Suddenly, Quickly It Came"

By IRA PRICE II

Heat, heavy, stifling heat, hung over the country. Dust, thick brown dust, covered the grass and fields as far as the eye could see. A silence, the silence of the graveyard, hung over the farm of Thomas Gregory. Where were the pleasantly lazy noises of the cattle moving about the fields; where now was the small, wave-like voice of the wheat as the breezes of cool air pushed the stalks from side to side? Thomas Gregory asked himself the question, and the fierce heat and the rolling dust carpet brought him the spitful answer. Covered and drowned were those sounds under the weight of the dust storms. And stifled and nearly drowned was Gregory, as he walked across the barren farm yard, returning from the cow shed where he had poured several buckets of precious water to the animals. His shoes sank deeply into the fine texture of the soil, and small puffs of brown followed him as he walked back to the house, and Anna. It seemed that the dust, too, had managed to filter into the body of to the house, and Anna. It seemed that the dust, too, had managed to filter into the body of

The Drag

Phil Brown

The Drag

Thomas Gregory's system of spring wheat sowing. When Anna saw the paper, she turned her head and looked out the smeared windows, to watch again the banks of dust leaning against his grain shed and stretching in all directions. His crops were somewhere out there, he thought; the dust was now hiding the crops of the Gregory system of planting. He saw the trees bare and unfamiliar looking as they stood near the great shed in their stupid positions, like scarecrows, stripped of their clothing.

And now this, thought Thomas Gregory. He turned his head and looked out the smeared windows, to watch again the banks of dust leaning against his grain shed and stretching in all directions. His crops were somewhere out there, he thought; the dust was now hiding the crops of the Gregory system of planting. He saw the trees bare and unfamiliar looking as they stood near the great shed in their stupid positions, like scarecrows, stripped of their clothing.

Thomas cleared his throat and spoke to his wife. "Be sensible now, Anna. It is right to stay on here when everything we have is smothered.
and dead? Do you want to stay 'till we are the same?"

His wife reached out her hand to grasp his, and said, "But Kansas has been good to us, Thomas. You've said so yourself. We can't leave now even if the dust has ruined the wheat

north to the Platte country in Nebraska. I told them we'd be following shortly." They sat on the porch for the moon and bright stars that meant more heat—terrible clearness of the night, to blot out the bottom step—watching the sky. Watching, and smothering the same. No, it's no use. It's best that we begin getting our things together. Are you agreeable, Anna?"

The frail woman looked at the hard-faced husband who was silting in her chair, and spoke in the quiet tones he always reserved for his wife. "But, Anna, the rain is not coming. Can't you see that, my dear? There isn't going to be any rain. The dust has driven out the water for good, as far as we are concerned. John McDuff and his wife, with their four children, had come north that day. They reached up as if to meet the sky, and the noisy, wriggling, of the weeping of babies and of old women, of the happy days; how long ago they seemed..." Night fell, and the man and his wife sat on the porch; she knitting, he whistling a piece of wood. This ceremony they had followed every night for the past week. They would sit there, she in the creaking rocking chair, he on the bottom step—watching the sky. Watching, and hoping that a cloud would form to disfigure the terrible clearness of the night, to blot out the moon and bright stars that meant more heat and dust—tomorrow. They sat on the porch for a long time, saying nothing; just watching the sky and hoping.

Then Thomas got up from the bottom step and kicked at the thick, heavy dust. A great brown cloud formed above the spot and floated upward. And more dust poured into the hole that his foot had made until the surface was even again. "See that, Anna?" Thomas said, his voice low and without hope. "Our right to live in this country went up with that cloud of dust. We can't hang on here any better than the hole can keep from being smothered by the dust. If we stay we'll be smothered the same way. No, it's no use. It's best that we begin getting our things together. Are you agreeable, Anna?"

"That's right, John," said Thomas in reply. "Why didn't you do the things of the stuff long before? It's time to leave the land to the buzzards. Goin' up to Nebraska, are you?"

"Yeah, great, Mary's old farm that her father left in the Platte Valley. We'll start from scratch but the river is big there, plenty of water for the cows if we get the furniture soon. When you and Anna leaving?"

"Pretty soon," the man on the outside replied, "tomorrow morning. I hope we run into you up there."

"Hope so too, Gregory," the man who was leaving replied, "and even the fellows from the town. I'm thinking of starting on our way. Say goodbye to Anna for us—and get out before it's too late."

Now the ancient car started its snail-like pace down the road, throwing up dust on all sides. Thomas stood in the dust road for several minutes, watching the Ford push its heavy way along the path. Now they had gone, too, only the tired man and Anna remained. We'll leave in the morning, Thomas thought. Then he remembered that Mary, John's wife, had been crying softly into her handkerchief, as he and McDaniel had said goodbye. It would take more than tears, though, to wet and kill the thick dust. The wind picked up the dust from the Kansas sun, found his wife slowly, carefully packing their clothes and silverware. Anna would pack them in with the ones of each article. Then it had picked up the biggest of their trunks. Well, Anna," her husband said, "John McDaniel and his family just left for the north. I said goodbye to them just now."

The tired woman looked through and beyond the man, and at first said nothing. Then finally, with an effort, she managed, "Yes, Thomas, I saw them from the window." And then, as if to joke, she added, "But if they get to Nebraska that rattle trap Ford will be tired 'till then. If it gets there it will have earned to do nothing."

The red ball of the Kansas sun had passed its zenith point, and its rays were now less burning than in the morning. The afternoon had come, and in the house Thomas and Anna were nearly finished their packing and bundling of objects... And then slowly and quietly the first breezes came. The cool air pushed its way hesitatingly among the dead leaves of the trees, swaying them crazily and pushing the leaves into postures. Thomas, wrapping and tying together the dishes in the kitchen, heard the leaves flutter. But it meant nothing to him now. The dust was too thick, the water too dear, to go on living here. The breezes would bring nothing but more dust storms, the man thought. No, there was no hope, and the man kept on working.

Anna, too, had seen the leaves fluttering, and she began to hope. Slowly from the tilted lips again came the prayer: "Dear God, bring us sweet rain, wet rain." As she looked up into the clear, azure sky, she was suddenly filled with a strange hope. Then, as the foolish soldier marched into the mouth of the giant enemy, the red cloud faintly gathered itself together. Then, as the foolish soldier marched into the mouth of the giant enemy, the red cloud faintly gathered itself together. Then, as the foolish soldier marched into the mouth of the giant enemy, the red cloud faintly gathered itself together. Then, as the foolish soldier marched into the mouth of the giant enemy, the red cloud faintly gathered itself together.
From Give Your Heart to the Hawks

"... Fayne saw old Fraser, crooked and black against the light cloud, Trotter up the hill-top and drop himself down. By the new name-post, but he stood up again. Before Lance and Fayne came. He screamed, "Keep off," and picked up clubs of the herbless earth and threw them, But Lance went up without noticing. "What must I do?" He prayed, "I cannot live as I am." Old Fraser Suddenly kneeling covered his face and wept, And said, "I have sinned? I had two sons and loved them too much, And he was jealous. Oh, Lance, was there no silence in the streaming wind? To cover your mouth with, forever against me? I am not. Not hangman. Tell your story. Where it belongs. Give your heart up, Must I take you?" "That's what I thought of at the very first, But have been dwelled awhile," Lance answered quietly, And turned to go down. Fayne cried, "What good is this? Oh, but how often, Father, you have spoken of the Godless world: Is that what Lance is to go to for help and punishments? When they came to put a serum into your cows, what did you say? You would not trust an old man to them, Will you trust Lance? If he were as red as Cain . . . when hunters come and break down your fences here Do we run to the law? Must we run to it. For a dearth of God, What justice or what help or what understanding? I told him to give his heart To the wild hawks to eat rather than me. Lance grew pale with the tips of his fingers, And pointing at the empty air past the old man: "See, he looks pleased now. And happily again." She looked first at Lance, then at the vacant air. "How could he help but forgive you," She answered, "he knows it was not hatred but madness. Why must you speak of that old man, and the old man: "Is God's hand lamed? Tell Lance To lean on your God; what can man do for him? I cannot remember," she said trembling, "how Cain ended . . ." These excerpts are from the recent Random House publication "The Poetry of Robinson Jeffers. Mr. Jeffers' style is so forceful that the reader is at times agonized with its power. Picture two naked men grappling to death on a high ledge above the sea, with the towering waves spraying them with spume, while the wind shrieking overhead, and you have, perhaps, the epitome of the hammering forcefulness of his imagery. Mr. Jeffers is spoken of also as a "despairist," but there always seems to be an undertone of eventual triumph to soften the unrelied fatalism of his narrative verse.

Reverend Biggers was a sinful man. Not that he had any delusions about it, but simply had his life hooked deep in humanity's frivolities. How could he forget where he sat on God's lap? He walked over to the window, pulled up the shade, and looked out into the fifth day. It was just the same as any other Ohio day except that he hadn't eaten since Sunday, and this was Saturday.

The pious man rubbed his hands together in a weakened, ecstatic joy. "Biggers," he was saying, "you're a sinful man, but we're at the end of all that now." He stretched his great frame in a satisfying yawn that arched his back and threw back his head. It was getting lighter. The hills ten miles away hunched down and eyed the minister at the window. Out of the paler sky, the sun propped itself up to look at the man who was better than he really was, stronger than himself, master of his body.

Biggers thought about this as he angled himself onto a stool; he faced the opposite corner of the room and began watching the shadows rise from the floor cracks to the ceiling.

"I am like that," he told himself, "and the shadow is like me: it comes from the hell whence I came, and just as I have purified myself, so it runs along the cracks in the floor, and up, up into the clean, white wall that the Lord God has built. Pushing itself, piling forward with irrepressible power it will surge to the top, and then—." Mr. Biggers was standing in the center of the room, with his hands clasped between his knees. He felt better. Several times before he had doubted himself, especially during the second and third day when the temptation of hunger was almost overbearing. But he had withheld this temptation so that now he could stand before himself, still right that faith alone can conquer all—even hunger.

He sat down on the bed, his hands fervently clasped between his knees as he sat so, his drawn face apparently studying the pattern in the rug under his feet. At last, he raised his head, and stared fixedly at the ceiling.

"Oh, God, can you hear me now? I have sinned and repented. I have given faith, and I am true, but, dear God, where are the moments, I grasp too frantically for what You have given me. Only the memory of that night I dreamed, the moments of the moment, the moments that drove all the others before it; Like a great light, all at once, I saw that which was never in me, and I woke up with the cold feeling of indifference. I was on a hill looking down into the storm..."
with it, roll it around in my bare hands. I'll
faith. 
ach of things, and I saw the only end. I was
bent far forward while the room angled itself off
things."

now I'm so damned weak that I think I'm seeing
it's blind, and I'm staggering around under it.
way out, I'm lost. Oh, I still have the faith, but
look, but he knew too much about the whole pro-

He tried quickly to answer so as to show that
he was as keen as the other, but the words rolled
out slowly: "You must not take advantage of
me now. I am right and you know it. I will not
be dissuaded."

"How can you explain away the failure of the
other man, the man from Memphis who last year
swore off for so long that he nearly died? How
would you like to die now, Biggers, with what you
have on your mind?"

Biggers moved slightly, but evidenced no great
change. "I'm not afraid to die, but I won't have
to, you see, because I have faith."

"Damn you, Biggers! You're a hypocrite! You
just told God you'd forgotten your great
faith-for-food idea, and they never really believed
in the wash basin. Placing his head in his hands, he
began to pace the floor, speaking to himself
dying away from it, my hands have gone numb.

Maybe I never saw it at all. I dreamed, and,
then, I want to tell you something!"

"Well well, Biggers," it was the voice all over
him. "You locked her out four days
ago; she'll come if you just call. She'd
to ours. Their first task here was to beat down
an urge to quit—"I have failed,—what's the
use?" Then came an urge to try once more. They
came to see that the fact that a man fails need
not count. What counts is what one does when
he has failed. Then on this solid base they have
built well a trained mind and a life schooled in
the best things.

Here at our school with its growth from a fine
past, and its hope of as fine days to come, while
we will need to bar those who it is clear will not make
good in their work, we should set as our goal to
get a group of boys and girls who come from all
ranks in the life of our land. While here we
should all strive to be made fit to take a real
place, to lead and to build, in the life out of which
we have come, and to set a pace for self and for
all on the path to the high ends of life.

If I may yield to the urge to preach, may I
come to an end, as I plead that here in our school
we are now a part of the life that is made; here
we strive to help, to build, to look for the
best and to be glad to see it, to be glad to do our
share to help "each for all and for each.

Here and now is life, life that may be made
more fine, more full, in all ways more worth
while.
HE WAS TOP MAN in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career. And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas! He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have held the key to the discovery of a preventive for infantile paralysis. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs. But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes. Will it? . . . when and if the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you—you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future ? ? ?

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency whose purpose is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent effort can AND MUST be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.
Professor Ewald Banse published his famous work „Kampf und Volk in Weltrichten“ (People and Territories in the World War). The extremely frank revelation of Nazi military ambitions and program might well have been discredited as the isolated work of a fanatic had it not been for the fact that Professor Banse occupied a position in the Nazi state similar to that of Heinrich von Treitschke under the German Empire. Banse was an authority on political geography and the author of two other books: „Wehrwissenschaft“ (Military Science) and „Geographie und Wehrwissen“ (Geography and the Will for Defense). So alarming were these books for foreign readers that two of them were withdrawn from circulation. This was done, however, after their decisive influence was felt in foreign countries. Banse became known through the publication of an English edition of his „Kampf und Volk in Weltrichten“ (People and Territories in the World War). The German government appointed him to the first chair of military science established under the Third Reich. To make doubly certain that his doctrines would have wide currency, the German Society for Military Policy and Military Sciences was established in April, 1933, and a curriculum in the above-mentioned purpose of realizing the “essential ideals of Professor Banse.”

What were the ideals of Professor Banse? They were the formation of military spirit, the mobilization of the best minds for the national defense, the training of the young German youth to bear arms, the inculcation of a fighting spirit, and the extermination of pacifism. Concerning what the future war entails spiritual as well as material factors, Professor Banse declared that the time has come for the world to assume its ancient place of honor. In one of the strongest passages in „Kampf und Volk in Weltrichten“ (People and Territories in the World War), he writes:

“Strong Empires are not built on treason or business activities. They arise only out of the consciousness of the song of the world. The Third Empire as we envisage it, must be born through blood and iron, through armies and formation of the face of an enemy. Banse held that:

“This methodological instruction could begin in the 11th or 12th year of life and last for two hours a week. A place for it must be found. There is nothing more important than education to military spirit and the necessity of national defense. This period of Military Science must and must be fulfilled. Then, with many a repetition, but with true German thoroughness Professor Banse makes himself clear.

Sober students of history who attempted to discount the effects of Allied propaganda hostile to Germany during and after the World War often found that the arrogance, chauvinism, and wild talk of the German spokesmen were the strongest objections to the Allies. For he conceived that these damaging outbreaks of German spirit during the war were Major-General Dithof’s article which appeared in an issue of the „Hamburg Nachrichten“ in November, 1914. He was explaining the necessity for bombarding the cathedral and Aaron door of whose in Germany.

It is of no consequence if all the monuments ever erected are ever painted, and all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world are destroyed, if by our destruction we do not destroy our enemies. The commonest, ugliest stone placed to mark the burial place of a German grenadier is a more glorious and perfect monument than all the cathedrals in Europe put together. Let neutral peoples and our enemies cease their empty chatter, which is so often the breeding and blubbering; Peace—upheld not by the olive branches of lacrimonious hired female mourners, but established by the victorious sword of a master-nation which leads the world to serve a higher culture.”

Herr Hitler’s style may be a little bumbling but his meaning is clear. So well established is this that any German who has read the „Mein Kampf“ and who knows his country may be quite good at the supreme sacrifice that conquered and subdued the world in such a manner as to make it his exclusive master. Peace cannot solve the problems of the German state. “If the German people are possessed (presumably from 1914-1918) that safe instinct (for war) based upon blood—the German Reich would probably today be mistress of the globe. Then perhaps we could have attained what today so many misguided pacifists hope to get by whining and blubbering; Peace—upheld not by the olive branches of lacrimonious hired female mourners, but established by the victorious sword of a master-nation which leads the world to serve a higher culture.”

This article appeared as above, no longer represent Hitler’s justifiable wrath when writing Mein Kampf in prison during an attempt to murder the French minister of the Ruhr. Unhappily for all concerned, the second volume of Mein Kampf was not published until after the evacuation of the Ruhr and after Herr Hitler had left his flower-decked cell in Munich. His views on war may be a little embarrassing but they cannot be described as out of date. No less an authority than Dr. Alfred Rosenberg proudly announced in the Wrocław Beobachter for July 19, 1935, that “Mein Kampf represents for all future days the unshakeable bulwark of National Socialist Germany.” So it appears that the war doctrines of Herr Hitler did not go out of date, as well as his Mein Kampf.
Poetry by West

There’s a sneer in expectancy that breathes
Along the perfume of a mistress’ hair;
Or reads the masked acquiescence in
Her whispered ‘No.’
Then touches causal lips
To causal lips, and dramatizes all
This amorous monody with a tear
And lover’s platitudes.

There’s stranger spice
In coquetry that is but counterfeit;
That hides its passion in much teasing and
A smile’s too studied ambiguity;
That fleetingly will make confession—in
A gesture’s inadvertence or the eyes’
Dark verdict—of all the heart’s pretense
At apathy: and so surrender to
The old exquisite sophistries of love.
—Bill C. West.

REPROACH

It must be something strange in woman, makes
Her worship this man’s dress, and quite disdain
This other’s gold, who’d dream a goddess of
Her bright mortality, and shape his love
Into a deathless diadem . . .

Her whispered ‘No . . . ;’ then touches causal lips
To causal lips, and dramatizes all
This amorous monody with a tear
And lover’s platitudes.

There’s stranger spice
In coquetry that is but counterfeit;
That hides its passion in much teasing and
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REVIEW OF NEW RECORDS

For this issue’s record review column I have chosen to review two brand new record albums that have just recently been released for those record collectors, and others, who wish to learn the versatility of the two bands that made those records; namely Bob Crosby (Decca) and Artie Shaw (Victor).

My greatest “kick” came, however, when I heard Bob Zurke play Honky Tonk Train, for here is a Negro “blue,” written by that past master of the art of Boogie-Woogie, Meade Lux Lewis, that Zurke may well be proud of. On the reverse side of this record is that catchy instrumental novelty that you are well acquainted with by this time, called Big Noise from Winnetka. In this record there are only two instruments in use; Bob Haggart on the string bass, and Ray Bauduc handling the drums. Other records in this album include My Inspiration, written by bass man Haggart, which displays some good clarinet by Irving Fazola; I Hear You Talkin’ and Call Me a Taxi by four members of the band, (Zurke, Haggart, Miller, Bauduc) does little more than show off the instrumental ability of each musician, but they do have some refreshing ideas that make this disc a success. I’m Free and Swingin’ at the Sugar Bowl are full orchestra, and finally Speak to Me of Love, The Big Boss Viol, and Looin’ the Loop feature the Bob Cats in some first class Dixieland swing.

In Artie Shaw’s Album there is some of the best arranging that can be asked for. It seems to me that much of this band’s success is due to the fact that his musicians and arrangements are superior to those of other bands that are sharing the same spotlight with Shaw. The instrumentation in Donkey Serenade is unique, but at the same time the band hangs onto the solid rhythm that the piece affords. This is one of the best records of this new album. An interesting fact about the Artie Shaw Album is that it contains all music written by American composers. Carinoca is another favorite that is well equipped to become a swing choice.

Music

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS

In his preface to Knud Merrild’s A Poet and Two Painters, Aldous Huxley speaks of the failure of previous biographers of D. H. Lawrence because of their tendencies to assume an air of ownership toward Lawrence. Mr. Merrild certainly does not err in this direction.

There are few people with such a right to publish a biography of Lawrence as Merrild, who with Götzebeh, lived with Lawrence all of one winter on the Del Monte ranch in New Mexico. His experiences and recollections of conversations with the English writer now fill in a gap in our fund of Lawrenciana.

The two Danes rattled into Taos, New Mexico, after a transcontinental jaunt in their battered Model T. Soon they had met Lawrence, and despite their own individualities, were mutually attracted. The following winter, at the invitation of Lawrence, they went to the ranch to stay. As is inescapable in such close companionships they had emotional and intellectual experiences, and came to know Lawrence with enviable intimacy. Without effort they drew from Lawrence ideas on life and on his art. It is significant that the Danes do not think of Lawrence as a tin god, but as a great man with an idea.

If you can take an idealistic view of the Spanish Civil War, that is to feel that the Loyalists were fighting to oust foreigners from their lands and to stamp out a revolt, you should read André Malraux’s Man’s Hope.

This book is undoubtedly the literary thesis of the Spanish revolution. Men like Spender have written about the personal lives of the revolutionists, but Malraux has written a document, expounding the psychology and idealism behind the war, and more significant, the reasons for which the intellectuals of Spain joined the ranks. The plot of the book is impossible to describe because of its unique frame-work. The novel is divided into three parts and deals with about that number of main characters.

Books

REVIEW OF NEW RECORDS

BOB SMITH

For this issue’s record review column I have chosen to review two brand new record albums that have just recently been released for those record collectors, and others, who wish to learn the versatility of the two bands that made those records; namely Bob Crosby (Decca) and Artie Shaw (Victor).
Art

To the right is the Nude (Pink), a water color painting by Pablo Picasso. The work of Picasso is highly controversial, perhaps after looking at the Pink Nude you will know why.

The Andante by Mario Korbell offers a contrast to the Picasso above. Both are indebted for the loan of these illustrations.

Drama

Review of "Susan and God"

DON BETHUNE

Here is something new in the line of smart, sophisticated comedy—a comedy with a moral. Underneath all of the flippancy and the farce, the author has written, "Susan and God" to be a play having social significance. The moral might be stated as follows: The reforming spirit is a good thing but reform should be started at home and should not be carried to extremes.

Briefly the story runs like this: Susan is the scene among social butterflies; her husband is a drunk and the two don't get along together; her little child has proven to be just an obstacle in the way of Susan's having a good time and has therefore been sent away to a boarding school; and all in all, Susan as we see her at first is arrogant, flighty, unprincipled and almost utterly worthless. Of course if events continued to follow this course there would be nothing to write a play about, but fortunately for everyone concerned the situation is altered when Susan, while traveling in England, runs across the Oxford movement. The reform spirit of this movement completely captivates Susan and she immediately bounceg from her former unprincipled self to the very opposite extreme and becomes a rabid reformer. The rest of the story deals with the gradual modification of this radical reform spirit to reformation more compatible to her own nature and to the disposition of her friends. Eventually all is well: her husband is no longer a drunk, her little girl gets the benefit of a real home experience, and Susan matures into the ideal wife and mother.

"Susan and God," while it is good entertainment, does not appear to be a truly great play and we will be surprised to see it attain anything but temporary success.

Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" Reviewed

BERNARD BAILEY

Imagine entering a huge theatre, replete with plush seats, side boxes, orchestra pit, carpeted floors and all the baroque fineries of the late Victorian Age, and suddenly being confronted, not with the usual voluminous curtain, but a completely bare and open stage; sans curtain, sans set, sans centuries of tradition!! In one fell swoop, Jud Harris' unique production of "Our Town," starring Frank Craven, has blasted away centuries of tradition and we wonder what has become of the legitimate theatre.

As the time for performance drew near and the houselights dimmed and the footlights came up, the audience, merely through suggestion. Shhh!! A man is walking about the stage. From stage left he brings out several chairs and a table, and following considerable jockeying on his part he has arranged two tables; one each, at stage right and left respectively and downtown stage past center to allow for a row of chairs clear across the upper stage area. Very calmly and in an unhurried fashion he walks to the proscenium arch, lights his pipe and in an invigorating and extremely conversational tone begins to tell us about the characters of this Liliputian village, you are always remain indelibly inscribed on my memory!

"Do Not Under-stand." Every line breathes the utmost subtlety into the mood, the reactions, the theme and the idea—it is completely beautiful and moving.
Reflections

By ROBERT MAXWELL

So many times I bowed my head, And with my heart I softly said: "Dear God, I am prepared to die"; But that was when the eve was nigh, And in the morn I heard the lark: Gave my resign, and gave the dark.

"Just one more day," I whispered low, "Once more among the field to go; Perchance today I'll find a bird I've never seen, a song unheard." And that day passes quickly by; I whisper, "I am resigned to die. But just—one more day Give me, before I go my way." "Oh, God . . . Thurst quick, smother my cry! I shall never be prepared to die."

Lost 'neath some seething unmarked billow, In a land I will never know Half sunk in the depths of muddy sand, Two hearts lie—dung from her hand. Cast as the boat glided— And softly shimmering to the sand, As the lapping surf subdued, They shone in ephemeral moonlight on the strand And Orion saw two tiny hearts ashine: One, a golden ring; the other mine.

Once in the night I stole upon a sight Of loveliness, an etching of rare beauty. The moon engemene basked in her light Of sapphire jewels, the polish of eternity. And autumn earth with his long, Bare, leafless fingers pled and reached in vain, And offered up his lover's windy song, And pledged his troth with cry of anguished pain. Silently I watched this courtship deed, Awed by the moon's exotic charm, and earth's great need— And suddenly moon's matron did the lovely sight erase, And tucked the lady in with sheets of pure cloud lace.

A Faithful Servant

You know John. Of course! Every Denison man and woman since the class of '26 has seen this figure bending over one of the thousand and one tasks connected with the maintenance of College grounds. What you didn't know about John, perhaps, is that he has a history.

John is a Welshman, as are all of the Jones, in the vicinity. He was working hard in the Welsh coal mines by the time he was 14. Since coal mining didn't offer the kind of future that John visualized for himself, he left Wales when he was 17 to swing his pick into American coal. He first worked in California as a "hard rock miner and driller" at the quartz pits. Later when an "itching-foot" compelled him to move, he found his way into Newark, Ohio, where at various times he has worked as a postman, as a laborer in the rubber factory, and at Wherles'. Finally in 1926 Denison "discovered" him and ever since he has graced our campus.

John is now 70 years old. His figure is spare and bent, but his eyes, though faded, continue to reflect his internal good nature. The next time you see John stop him and, if you have not already done so, make his acquaintance: you both will profit from this experience.
Verses

By

STANLEY HANNA

M. A.

A QUEEN you say—but whisper very low,
A shadow moves across the milky skies
At noon, a pallor hides from common eyes
The furtive wrinkle on a laughing brow;
That rosy hue is but a brief glow
Upon the cheek, the symbol of revolt is raised above a little girl
A queen you say—who dares to breathe it now?
A single gleam reflects the knife, a gentle tremble
Grips her broken frame ... a whirl—
Nay, not a queen—a simple, loving soul!

JAZZ

Muted brass on a single note
Syncopation in a fierce crescendo
Howling horns and dancing valves
Straining faces and sweat-stained shirts
Up come the trumpets
Five in a row
Up come the slip-horns
Up come the saxes
With a mournful yowl
Up into the cornets
With reeking reeds
Dread is the rhythm
The incessant beat

—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

Rotherhithe—etching
James McNeill Whistler.

THE RAINS FELL

Continued from page 5

are great clouds all over the sky. Come here, Thomas, and look!—
Then quickly, like the strike of the rattlesnake,
the roar of the thunder and the flashes of lightning filled the sky, breaking the stillness of the desert.
Anna and Thomas stood together on the

porch, watching the strange spectacle, both staring above—and waiting. And then, as the woman watched and hoped for rain, a great drop of wet struck her cheek, then crawled slowly down to her mouth. It was the sweetest water the woman had ever tasted. At first slowly, then faster and thicker came the rain, spattering upon the dust and disappearing quickly into the parched soil.

The weary man and the tired woman said nothing, just watched the fantastic rainfall as it formed little pools in the yard. Thomas put his arms about the woman and drew her to him. “We’re saved, saved, Anna, saved by the rain! We can stay on now and help the wheat grow.” Anna, the woman who seldom cried, sobbed softly on his shoulder.

The happy man took his wife’s arm and led her into the falling rain. They stopped now and then to reach into the mud that had been dust, and to press the wet substance to their faces. They stood in the farm yard and let the cold water strike their bodies and drench their clothing.

Then, suddenly, quickly it came. The lightning struck, not slowly as the dust storms had come, but quickly like the first drop of rainfall on Anna’s cheek. The hissing sound of burning timber burst forth, and great flames shot high into the sky. A terrible roar of the lightning striking the home had shattered the melody of the rainfa...
And went on living Ruthless.
His love seemed oh! so fruitless;
So one fine day he shot his Ruth
I tonight.
Jet nor printer's ink
Not this denigration.
Could be quite
Nor ebony I think
Nor this infuscation.
Dragon's blood has not the hue
Are lost in the storm . . .
And the lights of
The gates go up
Platform tonight . . .
No one on the back
finally
And

The caboose . . .
New York Central . . .
Car they'll be . . .)
Automobile body frames
Armour Brand . . .
Sinclair Oil . . .
Sante Pe . . .
Pennsylvania coal . . .
Old Dutch Cleanser . . .
Northern Pacific . . .
A deluge of cars yet . . .
(I wonder what make of
I look down the track

The magazine he had thrown under the bed two
two days ago was looking out at him. It was all up in
a heap, badly rumpled, but the whites edges still
looked cool and good. He knew that on page
fifty-seven there was a large, full-colored photo-
graph of a dripping, roasted turkey. On the side
cover was an array of luscious toasties that could
be made from a bag of white flour. Infinite taste
sensations drew up his mouth, but the thought of
a mental hell all over again fastened him in his
chair; he gripped the edges of the seat, and
noticed that his fingers felt fleshless and hard.

"Mother!" he said to himself, and suddenly
wondered why he had said it. The pain in his
stomach had elongated itself into a tubular ache
that stretched from his groin to his back and up
through his head. He murmured again, but his
lips felt puffed, and he sensed that he was begin-
ing to swell around the midsection. Once he re-
membered, he had seen a picture of a starved
child. The body was blasted to an unrecognizable
form, and the legs were like pegs shoved up into
the swollen stomach.

A stretch, he thought, might ease the tension.
With one hand braced against the wall, he moved
slightly, and noticed that it had become dark
shadows. He waited and his past sensations grouped them-
ated from purely theoretical thoughts as he
would have preferred.

Muddled and confused sensations of past ex-
periences rushed past him, and he was grasped
in an overpowering desire to free himself. He
waited and his past sensations grouped them-
selves into pictures that slowly approached.

Deep eyes opened before him. A woman's
shoulder slipped close, coaling his body to a great
ache. He sank deep and was softly enfoldsed
while the rhythm of glutting himself curled in
his ears.

Searing thoughts of his past whirled up and
met him, revolved consciously and in detail,
twitched, and faded back, far back into unknown
depths. From the sullen blackness squirming
hands caught him in a whirl of aching which
drove itself harder and harder, deeper and deeper
into his body until he clutched outwards and
flung in acute pain.
NEW GERMAN WAR PROPHETS

Continued from page 13

ler cannot be explained away on the basis of chronology.

Since nearly every outstanding German of letters with the exception of Gerhardt Hauptmann has found it expedient to leave Germany, it is to be anticipated that those who remain must be more or less in sympathy with the war program discussed above. Alfred Rosenberg arranged a conference in October, 1936, called "War Literature Week" with meetings in the Nazi Chamber of Culture. To the sixty odd "writers" present who had written some fourteen pro-war books, Dr. Rosenberg exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, we thank you! When in 1918 desperation ruled Germany, you cherished our great heritage. When cowardice was in the ascent you continued to sing of the German man's eternal heroism. At a time when men without honor ruled (presumably Ebert, Luther, Stresseman, Hindenburg) you stood for German honor."

Typical of the "literary men" present was obscure Wilhelm Kohlhass, who had described an ideal type of young military officer in his work The Officer and the Republic. He writes: "His voice had the right tremolo for midnight excitement, for the fortunes of Pride and defiance of Death; the jubilant joy of Death with the Weapon in one's hand." Less mystical and more direct was Ernst Jünger whose consistent battle lust has survived a harsh war experience. He reaches the Nazi ideal of thought and expression in his Inner Experience of Battle. His doctrine is that "All freedom, all greatness, all culture are only maintained and spread aloft by wars." With unmistakable pride he asserts, "Today in Germany we write poems in steel and symphonies in ferroconcrete." These are the "writers" who have replaced Remarque, Feuchtwanger, Vicki Baum, Arnold Zweig, and Thomas Mann.

If results of the war doctrines of the Nazi state need to be pointed out they can be found in the failure of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, in the terror of the small neighbors of Germany, in the repeated breach of promised word to respect territorial boundaries of states which happen to be in the path of the German Drang nach Osten. Thus far the territorial gains of Germany have been made by bloodless conquest, using a new technique of undermining the morale of a country by threats of overwhelming military force, followed by an invasion "by invitation."

While many sober students of international affairs sympathized strongly with Herr Hitler's efforts to restore many of the rights of the Fatherland taken from her by the harsh treaty of Versailles, most of them feel that the methods employed to restore these rights are destined to plunge Europe once more into war.