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Portfolio Vol. II N 4

Virginia Martindale
Denison University

Robert Maxwell
Denison University

Lucy Lewis
Denison University

Chester Varney
Denison University

Adela Beckham
Denison University

See next page for additional authors

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Portfolio Vol. II N 4

Authors

Virginia Martindale, Robert Maxwell, Lucy Lewis, Chester Varney, Adela Beckham, James Black, Doris Flory, Dick Wager, Paul Saunders, Bob Smith, Dave Mitchell, Elsie Bonnet, Dave Taylor, Ed Deeds, Kate Olive Boyd, and Dorothy Deane

PORTFOLIO

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FOUR ISSUES IN THE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR

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ASSISTANT EDITOR

Bob Maxwell

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PORTFOLIO, the literary magazine of Denison University is published four times during the school year by the students of Denison University at Granville, Ohio.

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The Editors Say

The last issue of Portfolio of the present college year is now in your hands. Between the covers lie 20-some pages of the best that Denison students have to offer. The editors feel that the June issue is definitely outstanding in many ways. First, the actual content of the magazine has been increased. A decrease in the amount of "white space," while giving Portfolio a heavier appearance, also gives the reader something in which to sink his teeth. Illustrations and cuts are subordinate to the actual literary composition.

Second, the poetry, articles and short stories are of sufficient high calibre to do credit to any literary magazine. Dave Taylor's article Concerning Art combines technical knowledge with a pleasant style of writing. Anyone, artist or otherwise, should enjoy Dave's article. Ed Deeds' discussion of Fraternity Singing is every bit as interesting as his Overtones column. Ed has the happy facility of being able to write in a manner that appeals to even the non-musical. Jim Black's History of the Theatre at Denison is the type of informative, well-written article that gladdens an editor's heart. Considerable research was required for the article, and Jim deserves praise for passing on his knowledge to the Denison student body. Lucy Lewis and Virginia Martindale contribute excellent short stories. A fine choice of words, and unusual plots, make their compositions attractive. Our poetry pages, as usual, have a wealth of variety and thought. Doris Flory, Bob Maxwell and Dick Wager are our reliable standbys. A new poetess for this issue is Kate Olive Boyd, who has caught the beauty of springtime at Denison. Miss Boyd visited the campus not long ago, and was so struck with its beauty that she was moved to write her revealing poem.

Portfolio has a high literary standard to maintain. Some will be disappointed at its lack of humorous stories, but until well-written humor is contributed, Portfolio must needs do without. To those who faithfully contribute to issue after issue, we express our thanks. To those who have no writing ability, but enjoy reading Portfolio, we express appreciation. To those who do not like Portfolio, and do nothing but criticise it, may we suggest that the magazine has something you will like, if only you will take the time to read it through.

A Statue

By Jude

"The Yellow Pollen Drifted Down"

By Virginia Martindale

Jude lay very still. Morning, with reluctant fingers, brushed aside the lingering darkness. It was raining. A sense of the unusual seemed to hover around the edge of her consciousness and then provokingly slip just out of her grasp like a curtain-pull that brushes your finger tips when every muscle already aches from stretching. Or like that hall light-cord, thought Jude, that's never in the same place when you grope for it in the gloom and catch at nothingness. Jude shuddered, remembering the well of stairs plunging down into the blackness in back of her after she had crept to the top landing night after night, every muscle pleading for rest; her numbed body aching beneath the scant little coat whose sleeves seemed steadily to expose more thin wrist as the autumn days sharpened into winter.

It was nothing unusual for Jude, entering her room on these nights, to tumble onto the low, brass bed and lie rigid with cold, allowing her sparrow-like body to generate enough warmth so that she could move without feeling as if she would splinter into fragments. It was always a temptation to lie just as she was and not fight that unanchored feeling that seemed to steal her sense away from her and set her thoughts beyond her leaden body and the confines of those non-descript rooms.

It was in times like these that the multitude of figures to which she had given birth from shapeless globs of clay seemed to become alive, each telling a real story. Jude conjured them up before her, feeling an affection for them that she was barely able to extend to people who moved in and out of her life. She loved them, not only because of the torturous hours spent over their creation, but because of the story she had fabricated for each one of them as she assiduously rolled and pressed, moulded and stroked the clay into life-

like forms. She rejoiced in feeling that within her desire to create and within the dexterity of those hands, between whose supple fingers she plied the moist clay, was stored all the needed ability which awaited only perfection. So it was that she could create in a tangible form all that perfection of line and proportion, whether it be the contours of a human body or the perfect symmetry of a classic urn. Though her body be starved, her clothing worn to unbelievable thinness, she held in her two hands this richness which now meant more to her than life itself.

Her work, she knew, breathed of this desolation of spirit, yet she took an almost fiendish delight in this knowledge. There was the pitiful expression of agelessness on the face of a tiny infant, curled round as if it were still in the mother's womb, that she had modeled one time when the aching void of life without Peter seemed only a wooden box in which memories rattled like tiny pebbles, sharp and insistent.

Jude threw back the blankets and walked over to the small window. Damp air swept over her. She drew the window down, slowly. It came jerkily. Her hand trembled against the sash.

There was the statue of the old Irish woman whose body resembled a pudding bag, tied in the middle. Her face wore the expression of carefree optimism, yet etched underneath by Jude's sensitive fingers was a composite tracery of lines left by fear, grief and agony. Jude loved this old woman, her stolid patience and undefeated bravery, yet envied her for possessing all those things which she herself sought, but could only attain by making them an integral part of a body entirely separate from her own . . . entirely lifeless . . . clay.

Jude moved into the other room in which, as it slowly lightened, familiar objects detached themselves from the drabness of early morning. It was raining, a slow, insistent drizzle that seemed to be as endless as eternity—not the eternity glorified by the God-fearing clergy, but the almost unbearable eternity that life itself had become since Peter's death. "Peter is gone . . . Peter is gone . . . Peter is gone" . . . drummed the rain on the tin roof.

Jude's eyes surveyed the room. There stood the cavernous chair. Beside it a rack of pipes and a thick, worn book lay on the spool-legged table. Jude remembered that table from her childhood. It had stood between the two white-curtained windows. A series of rather high windows ran along one side of the room and under the middle window was a ridiculous desk Peter had once built in a fleeting, frenzied desire to saw and hammer. Jude recalled those ear-splitting evenings during the course of which he had measured and pounded, smashed a thumb and her coveted Wedgewood pitcher. Then he swore, jamming his bruised thumb into his mouth, afraid to seek her sym-

Alumni

PHIL BROWN

pathy because of the shattered pitcher. Now the desk held all the products of those years of study, years in which they fought together, beating down the waves of discouragement which threatened to flounder them.

Shelves of books on either side of the desk extended up to the level of the windows. Many mellow old bindings were tattered—mute evidence of repeated reading. Scattered among them were newer, firmer bindings. Their merit proved by



mutual reading, they had come to rest among the others. Jude's easel was placed in the lightest spot in the room. Near it hung a paint-stained smock. A vase of early pussy-willows stood on a shelf among bottles of turpentine and clusters of brushes. A few of Jude's canvases were on the wall with Peter's prints and his sword and his Oriental tapestry. Stationed here and there in the remaining spaces were a few of the antiques of Jude's mother, and the things she and Peter had treasured for one reason or another. Jude hadn't left these rooms. To her they were her only remaining security. If stripped of all their furnishings they would become only drafty caverns with just a tiny glimpse of the park to relieve the tedious span of pavement three stories below. It was here that she intended to stay.

Jude's hand swept across her forehead as if to wipe away those webs of melancholy woven in her mind by countless little spiders of memory. Today she must dress quickly. She had work to do.

* * * *

To Jacob Rollins, standing at his window, the comparative sluggishness of the East River traffic was greatly preferable to the seething stream of crowds on Whitehall Street far below. In a vague sort of way he was glad he was not down there in all the confusion, for it was against that kind of

thing that his well-ordered mind rebelled. Behind him, his secretary was sorting papers and filing them in the metal cabinets near the frosted glass door. One of those papers she laid on the long directors' table and moved into the adjoining reception room, returning with two men. One of them was a short man whose lack of waistline was unnoticed, because of the impeccable morning coat and the square clipped beard. His companion, who carried a brief-case, followed him into the room and closed the door.

Rollins turned from his contemplation at the window and after greeting the men, directed them to chairs and, while glancing over the paper before him, spoke.

"Gentlemen, as lawyer to the late Mr. Wagner, I have called you here to inform you of a provision made by him in his will. Being a cognescent of things artistic and himself an artist of considerable talent, he had always displayed an interest in you and your work at the Fine Arts Center."

"Very true," observed the bearded man.

"He therefore wished to further this endeavor of the institute by making possible a contest of sculpturing skill and speed to be conducted by the directors of the center for those doing work there," continued Rollins. "The contestant must turn out a statue in eighteen hours, and produce better work than his competitors; work which ordinarily takes a month or so to complete. The armatures are to be set up the first morning and work will then proceed with five minutes rest every half hour with one hour for lunch. You see, gentlemen, he has been very explicit in his requirements. Contestants are not to help or criticize each other. Here, you may read this paper over for yourselves. I believe I have covered the more general specifications. This should be pleasing news for you at the Center."

"You speak very rightly, Mr. Rollins. This comes as a splendid opportunity for our workers, and we owe much to Mr. Wagner for his constant interest in us. I know I speak for those at the Center as well as myself in appreciation of this thoughtfulness."

"Yes, I was sure you would be pleased, not to mention those workers of yours who, I believe, find the proverbial impecunious state of an artist concretely existent. And now, if you will step into the inner office with me I shall turn over to you a check for the award and also another to cover necessary expenses—publication and the like."

* * * *

Jude's thoughts had now assumed perfect clarity as the realization came to her that with today began the long anticipated work. She hoped its results would mean for her the ability to conduct her life on less strenuous frugality. As she walked up the street she took no notice of its pleasant stillness as it lay in the early morning light. The

rain had stopped, and now only glassy puddles remained, reflecting fresh-washed sunlight. "Eighteen hours!" thought Jude. For this kind of work she had spent many times that number of hours. Shop windows; their wax mannequins in affected poses, their apparel colorful, failed to attract her attention—her artist's eye for flaring color. Instead she walked doggedly on, flexing her hands within her coat pockets. She drew one hand out, and surveyed its strong leanness with satisfaction, intermingled with dependence. She must keep them as warm as possible for any stiffening now would leave her hopes as lifeless as the clay from which they were to come.

Once in the studio, before her completed armature, however, with the clay prepared and waiting, the model standing upon the elevated platform across from her, all fear left Jude in the familiarity of her surroundings. With awkward calipers she measured the model. The statue could not be more than thirty-six or less than thirty inches high.

Work began, and the three days seemed to be eternal yet all too short for accomplishing a task so great, so anticipated and so important in its outcome. Each night found Jude drowned in a well of exhaustion; sleep once captured, interrupted too soon by daybreak. Slowly the clay figure of the Russian girl grew, rough yet pure in contour. Others similar to it sprang up around Jude. Everywhere was the moist thudding of clay being thrown systematically onto skinny, misshapen armatures. Surrounding her were feverish, sweating workers—Genarre, the inevitable cigarette dangling, yet held secure by the slightly underslung jaw. Next to him was Eunice, her milky skin suffused by a flush of excitement mingled with exhaustion. Across from Eunice, standing near the model's platform was Balletto, cat-like in swiftness, the agility and precision of his movements becoming more and more rapid as the hands moved around the relentless face of the clock.

Jude's head swam. Black smudges lay under her eyes and those of Genarre. Her legs quivered; a thousand demons wrenched at her back; her head soared far above her body only to be hammered down onto her shoulders again. Exhaustion and lack of food made her feel faint. She must eat tonight, even though time taken preparing food robbed her of that much sleep . . .

It was the last day. The hands of the clock sped now. Little groping tentacles seemed to detach themselves from Jude's brain and reach out to grasp the hands of the clock and hold them back. More clay was dabbed to round out a thigh; another swift, sure stroke swirled around the ankle.

"Time!" called the bearded man. It was finished. Jude laid her tools upon the stand and not stop-

ping to look again at the statue of the Russian girl, groped her way out of the studio.

"Katel! Jude Katel, why don't you wait for the judges' decision?" The slam of the studio door bit off the bearded man's words. Jude was too exhausted to care. Visions of home and the old brass bed lured her down the steps and onto the streets. Onward she beat her way, forcing each foot ahead of the other. Faces swam past in a pool of flaring lights, yet at times she plunged into darkness. Somehow a newsboy ran into her—or did she run into him—"Hey, lady, whyncha look where yer goin'?" The nauseating odor of stale food assailed her. She knew she had passed the Paradise Restaurant and the last alley opening. Only a block now she thought. How dark it was . . . so very dark . . . maybe it would rain again . . . From the dark, voices came to her, cries of, "Hey, lady . . . Stop! . . . Look out, sister!" A car plunged out of the blackness—two flashing headlights rushed at her. When the squeal of brakes died away, two men moved out of the fast-gathering crowd and lifted a still, slim form from the black pavement.

* * * *

Yellow pollen drifted down from the vase of fast fading pussy-willows onto the shelf. From its place on the ridiculous desk under the long row of



windows the telephone pealed forth in jangling insistence. At length the door opened and someone crossed the room, lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Hello . . . no she . . . pardon? She won? I'm sorry, Jude Katel died at seven o'clock tonight."

The yellow pollen, blown by the draft of a closing door, drifted down faster.

Reflections

By

ROBERT MAXWELL

Depths of my heart
Resounding free,
Singing the rhythm
Of poesy;
Pierce the earthly;
Seek the core,
Till the soul-voice
Is a booming roar;
Sweep the meadows;
Rock the leas;
Make the echoes return
For eternities.

Silent heart, secret heart, sing your song
Of forgotten days and dreams unfound . . .
Let melancholy fill you, sweet and strong,
And do not hear the world's vain, hateful sound.

Sigh then on the brink of evening,
As blue dusk blights a tired day;
Sing your tragic chant and perhaps your saddening
Shall touch upon another heart, then steal away.

Who knows, perhaps another you may find
With your song, another, somewhere far apart
Who sighs and wails, whom you will see designed
A dreaming fool like you, secret, silent heart.



—Courtesy Columbus Museum of Art.

Landscape

By REINO MACKIE

Give me a star on a purple sky,
A silent gleam from the eternal eye;
Give me hope on a summer hill,
With a breathless wind, hushed, still;
Give me sight of the sea's gruff foam
That veils the lights of my foreign home;
Give me the love of moon in the trees,
A silver cape for the midnight breeze.
Give me dreams amid my strife . . .
What I mean is, God—give me life!

Quiet Zone

"If You Love Me, You Will Come"

By Lucy Lewis

Dr. Michael Staton of Harrison Memorial Hospital strode into the anteroom as two internes wheeled his patient from the adjoining operating room.

The operation had been a success, the first Michael had attempted since the operation on Sylvia Terry, just four weeks ago, but he was shaken and white.

A nurse untied his once sterile gown, now dotted with red. As he jerked his mask and cap from his head in preparation for leaving, an interne came into the room.

"A message for you, Dr. Staton," he stated, respectfully handing Michael a faintly perfumed envelope.

"Funny," Michael thought, "the way the internes and nurses still respect me after the failure of the Terry operation." Thinking of the failure he was reminded of Cynthia. He tried not to blame her. He should have known better than to take the time to go to the telephone on the way to the operating room—emergency, too. Waves of irritation swept over Michael as he recalled her voice, "Darling, are you coming for dinner tonight?" He tried not to feel as he did. Cynthia loved gayety and society as he loved the hospital and his work. He had gone on to the operating room to be gowned, gloved, and capped, but he had stopped as he glanced at the patient, Sylvia Terry. Her face was bluish-white and ghastly. Michael had spoken two words, "Adrenalin, pulmotor." In a few seconds the assisting doctors, two internes, and several nurses leapt into action. The large cylinder was brought to the operating table. All were immediately absorbed in their respective duties. Michael jerked the sheet from the patient and injected the hypodermic needle. A nurse handed him a small metal object, which he forced into Sylvia's mouth, then examined it sedulously, only to find it clear and lacking moisture. He shook his head despondently, and turned as the sheet was thrown over the inert body, and two internes wheeled it into

anteroom. Often in the early hours of the morning, Mrs. Terry's pitiful face would return and haunt Michael's thoughts.

Michael returned to realism as he felt the constant gaze of the interne.

"What's the matter?" Michael demanded abruptly.

"Why—er nothing, Doctor Staton. You performed an excellent operation."

Michael assented and left the room to go to his office adjoining the anæsthesia room. There he tore open the note addressed to him in Cynthia's spidery writing. "Dear Mikey," he read, "I'm tired of trying to persuade you to give up your silly surgery." How can she call it silly? Michael read on. "Something must be done. I can't go on. I'm sailing on the La France tonight at midnight. If you love me, you will give up the hospital and join me. If you are not there, then good-bye." It was signed, simply, "Always, Cynthia."

It was like her, Michael thought—impulsive and dramatic. Why did he care for her?

The young doctor sat for forty minutes pondering the situation. Then he jerked up as Dr. Allen Stevens, a medical director of the Harrison, entered the door.

"Good work on the Mills case," he said by way of greeting.

"Thanks," Michael answered and arose to offer Dr. Stevens a chair. He slumped into it with a tired gesture, and drew his long strong fingers through his gray hair. Michael handed him the note from Cynthia Bergman. As long as Michael had been in the hospital Allen Stevens had always been the one to whom he had gone with his personal affairs.

Dr. Stevens read through the note, then asked, "Well?"

Michael sighed "I've thought about it for nearly an hour and am still at a loss."

"This is something I can't help you with, Michael," Allen Stevens told him, "you will have to decide for yourself." With this he started for the door.

"But," Michael started, "what would you do?"

The tall doctor looked straight into Michael's eyes. "You know what I would do, Mike."

"Yes, I do know," Michael answered himself as Dr. Stevens closed the door, "he would stay here if—." Michael's thoughts were stopped by the ring of the telephone on the desk. It was Dr. Sherman asking him to take an appendicitis case for him since he had been called out of town. Michael consented, feeling a certain joy inside him to think he was to operate again after that lapse of four miserable weeks.

All through the day Cynthia's words kept repeating themselves in his brain. "If you love me you will join me. If you love me you—."

At five-twenty Michael came from the operating

room and went into the dressing room where he quickly changed to his street clothes. After riding down to the first floor, he checked out at the desk for dinner.

Seeking a quiet restaurant rather than the hospital cafeteria, Michael ordered a light meal, only to sit and gaze at the untasted food. His thoughts seemed to revolve in a cycle. He knew he could never be happy away from the hospital, but hadn't he given his promise to Cynthia?

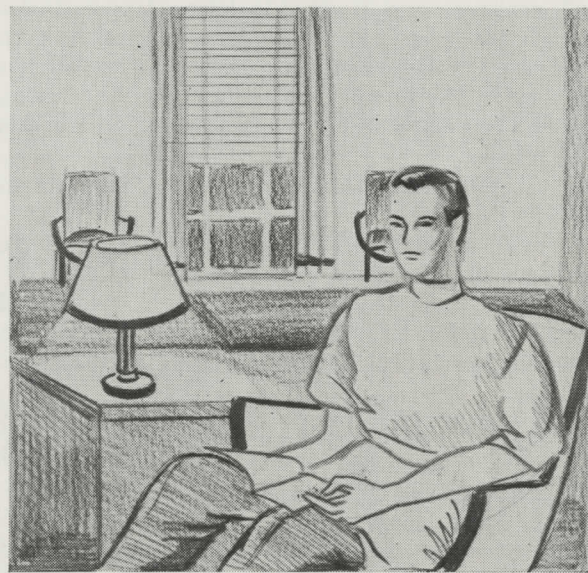
Michael looked at his watch—seven o'clock. If he was to leave at midnight he would have about three hours to pack.

Paying for the untouched meal, Michael hastily left the cafe, resolved to leave at midnight for France.

As he drove toward his apartment, he was drawn by an irresistible urge to stop a few minutes at the hospital. Dr. Stevens would want to learn his decision, though Michael dreaded telling him.

After parking his roadster, he rode up to the third floor. Never had the hospital seemed so close to him—the penetrating smell of disinfectants, the white, unmarred walls and floors, the dim lights, the calmness and the noiseless activity.

Michael talked to Dr. Stevens for over an hour dreading to leave him and the hospital. If he could only convince Cynthia—but why consider that? Hadn't he tried many times?



As he started to rise, the telephone buzzed. Dr. Stevens picked up the phone. After a moment, Michael heard him answer, "I'm sure Dr. Staton will take the case. He has a personal interest in the family." Replacing the telephone in its cradle he spoke.

"Sylvia Terry's sister has been brought in. She was playing in the street. Mrs. Terry requests that you perform the operation." After a pause he added, "She trusts you, Mike."

Before Michael could speak, Allen grasped his hand, muttered, "Good luck, boy," and hastened through the door.

At once Michael's benumbed body took him to the operating room, where he gave directions for the anæsthesia.

Attired in white duck, Michael washed his hands in bichloride of mercury, then alcohol. After drying Michael's hands, a nurse removed a pair of rubber gloves from the sterilizer and smoothed them on. She was tying on a sterile gown and adjusting the white cap as a voice came from the amplifier high on the blank wall. "Important call for Dr. Staton, important call for Dr. Staton." The voice trailed off as Michael smiled reminiscently, and backed through the door into the operating room.

The nurse adjusted the surgeon's mask, and Michael turned as the child was brought in.

The operating room was lighted by indirect lights, but over the operating table were three bright bulbs of immense size. A glass covered case of instruments and a table stacked with gauze, bottles and drugs stood near by. The assistants stood alert and ready.

Michael glanced at the small figure on the table. Black curls, pale face, large closed eyes, darkly shadowed. The child was more lovely than her sister had been. Michael's jaw was taut. This must be a success if he never performed another operation. Steadying himself, he bent over the small inert body.

The surgeon worked fast. The child had been crushed by a truck, and the wheel had formed an aneurysm on the renal artery. He took the instruments as they were handed to him: scalpel, sponge, pincers, scalpel again, forceps. The nurse gave a deft wipe on his forehead with the sponge, and he continued.

Long-handled scissors, forceps; all was quiet but the quick breathing of the group and the metal ring of the instruments.

Michael's long, slender fingers grasped the threaded ligator and made the tie. He then applied the sponge and, last of all, clamps, stitches, and again clamps. Another wipe of the sponge on his beaded forehead, as the internes prepared to take the child from the room. Admiring glances followed his every move.

Again in the dressing room, Michael looked at his watch. Twelve-thirty! Michael felt a song inside him, and he rushed from the dressing room, still in his white gown, to find Allen Stevens.

Stevens was in Michael's office calmly awaiting his arrival. He rose and held out his hand by way of congratulation. As Allen spoke, his eyes never left Michael's face.

"Cynthia sent a message for you." He paused. "One word—good-bye."

Michael's happiness shone through his eyes as he said, "I'm staying."

Tinder Box

"Joe Was the Insane Boy"

By Chester Varney

The old lady had lived alone on the mountain-side for more than twenty years, and had grown to cherish her solitude. Perhaps it was something of the pioneer woman in her that made her live among the tremendous forest slopes. She had come out West in a covered wagon and had endured untold hardships. Now, in the twilight of life, she was alone in the world and preferred to remain that way. Her only contact with the outer world came once each month when the grocer from the village brought provisions.

The grocer was a friendly chap, and the old lady looked forward to his visits. On such an appointed day, she was comfortably seated in front of her cabin. On all sides of her countless trees were swaying in the wind. As far as she could see, they formed mounds of varied colors. An unseasonal dryness was changing the leaves' color rapidly. The old lady turned her gaze from the trees to the path leading to her cabin. She discerned the white-coated figure of the grocer coming at a rapid pace. When he came near to her, she saw that he was greatly excited.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked. "You look all tired out."

"Oh, it's not that, ma'm," the grocer replied, depositing his goods on the bench. "It's just that I'm scared. You haven't heard the news. Joe Dewey escaped last night!"

The old lady's face whitened. Joe was the insane boy who went around terrorizing and beating people. His last offense had culminated in murder. And now he was loose, probably roaming the mountains at that very instant.

The grocer wiped his brow. "I want to get back as soon as possible, ma'm. These woods get mighty dark late in the afternoon." He stood there, fumbling with his ring. "Won't you come back with me, ma'm? My wife and I were talking it over, and we think it's a shame for you to be here alone, while that crazy killer may be right around here. Please, won't you stay with us until he's caught?"

All these years alone, and now someone was befriending her! Then she looked out over the rolling hills, and knew that her security rested with the hills and trees, that she would remain in her cabin as always.

"I'll be all right," she replied slowly. "My cabin has oak shutters and a barred door. Besides, Joe wouldn't harm me. I never harmed him in my life."

"I know," the grocer replied, while carrying her groceries into the cabin, "but Mrs. Jenkins never harmed Joe, either, and you know what happened to her!"

Yes, she remembered, with a slight chill, the axe murder of Mrs. Jenkins. Joe Dewey had committed the murder; the whole mountain territory had breathed a sigh of relief when he was taken to the asylum. And now he had escaped!

The bright afternoon slipped by all too quickly. The grocer had left over two hours ago. The old lady, seated in her cabin, watched the air purple in dusk. The evening mist seemed thicker than usual. Its coolness pervaded the cabin and chilled the old lady. For the first time in twenty years, she felt a desire for strong companionship. Then she looked at the heavy shutters, not yet closed, and felt relieved. It was while she was sitting in the cabin, looking out the window, that she saw the obscure figure.

It was almost dark; yet she could tell from long experience that someone unfamiliar was walking up the path. The old lady quickly arose and bolted the door. This done, she closed the ponderous shutters, built on the inside of the windows, and fastened them. Then she quietly sat down in her rocking chair. It was completely dark in the cabin. There was no fire in the stove. Outside, the wind abated. A complete stillness enveloped the region. Abruptly the sound of footsteps treading dry leaves broke the quiet. The steps came to the very door. There they stopped. The figure tried the door and found it locked. It walked to the windows, and saw the heavy shutters within. The old lady sat in an agony of terror as she heard the footsteps circling the cabin and testing all entrances. Oh, God, she prayed silently, make him go away. The figure circled the cabin and returned to the door. It again tried it, and found it unyielding.

"Is anyone here?" the figure shouted. The old lady sat rigid. Don't make a sound, she told herself. If he thinks I'm here, he'll break in and murder me. Finally, after what seemed an eternity of suspense, she heard the figure depart, the footsteps die away in the distance.

An hour later, the old lady was still seated in her rocking chair. She had heard suspicious sounds about her cabin, and had determined to sit up throughout the night. Any other night the sounds would have meant the presence of animals,

but this night was different. Wild thoughts raced through her mind. What if he breaks in? she asked herself. What can I do against a maniac?



Each sound was magnified into something grim. Alone, in the darkness, the old lady tried to calm herself, but the pitch blackness made sane reasoning impossible. It was at an hour fairly close to daybreak that the old lady, half asleep, smelled burning wood.

Now for the first time during that endless night, the old lady felt equal to the situation. "He's trying to burn me out," she told herself. "Ah, he's crazy all right, crazy like a fox, but I have better plans than falling into Joe's arms." Smoke began to curl in near the floor. It filled the air with its burning odor. The old lady coughed, and hurriedly lighted her oil lamp. This done, she poured herself a glass of water and dissolved poisonous tablets into the water. With a quick swallow the mixture was gone. Then the old lady turned out the lamp, and groped her way to the rocking chair. She sank into it, breathing heavily, as the smoke became thicker and flames licked up the side of the cabin.

On the summit of a nearby mountain, two rangers focused their glasses on the flaming timber. Entire forests of surrounding slopes were ablaze with devastating fire. Even as they watched, the wall of flame leapt upon the old lady's cabin and consumed it with its scorching breath. One of the rangers put down his glasses. "Well, that cabin's done for," he announced. "Lucky it's empty. I was down there just before the fire got started to warn whoever was there, and it was boarded up tight as a drum. Not a light in the place, and quiet as a graveyard. I'll bet I woke the ghosts up when I tried the doors."

In silence, the two watched the forest fire cut a blazing swath across the mountain slopes.

Poems — ADELA BECKHAM

SPRING HARVEST

You gathered boughs of cherry
Just as the day had ceased.
You carried boughs of cherry
Into the purple East.

The trees cry to a rising moon.
The sap runs from the bark.
I gather cherry in the spring
Before the West is dark.

I gathered boughs of cherry,
The blossoms ghosts of those
You carried off into the night
Before the May moon rose.

MORNING

The lilies still
Are sleeping on the
Forest breast,
Their long white blossoms
Closed and sweet.
The wind is only
Flying now to seek its rest;
The wind that follows night
With black-winged feet.
Across the road
A pathlet, silver-pale
Marks the journey of
A wayward snail.

The Drama at Denison

"Drama Is An Art"

By James Black

The story of the theatre at Denison is the story of the theatre throughout all history. Since the beginning of time man has sought an outlet through the drama. Just as the prehistoric savage in his fireside dance, the Greeks in their spring festivals, the strolling minstrels and troubadours of the Middle Ages, the mummers on the feudal estates, and the choir-boys in their private theatres looked to the drama for self-expression, the students at Denison have for many years manifested their interest in the creation of an amateur theatre. By so doing, they have become a part of the most recent theatrical development, the use of drama in education.

Student interest in dramatics has always been strong, but less progressive administrations, concerned with Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Chemistry and Physics, were loath to admit that there was any academic benefit to be obtained by participation in, and production of, plays. However, just as students played football before there were any physical education departments, students put on plays, as best they could, long before they could get any encouragement or help from the administrators. Such was the case at Denison. It is an interesting story of perseverance, hard work, and ultimate success, but, before we can appreciate it, we must realize just why drama has become an educational medium.

Primarily, drama is an art and deserves study as such along with music, painting, dancing, literature, sculpture, and architecture. In fact, it is the only art form which brings together all the arts and embodies them in unity. Often, in the staging of one play, it is possible to find examples of literature, music, dancing, architecture and use of the basic principles of painting and sculpture. Where, then, could a student learn more about art as a whole than in this field, the most human of all arts?

One of drama's most evident contributions to education is its personality development. It is well known that any actor carries over into his

life something from every part he plays. This fact is recognized by amateur directors who, acting as psychologists, often cast students in parts which will round out their personalities. Lynne Fontanne recently commented, "A long time ago Alfred was considering a number of plays. He took the scripts to bed with him every night, and every morning I had breakfast, not with my actor-husband, but with the character of the moment. Whether we recognize it or not, we're all infected in greater or lesser degree. We unconsciously carry some of our current stage character into our daily life. I see it every day." It is obvious that a conscientious college director can do a great deal for his students by careful casting.

Acting affords poise, grace, and bodily control equal to that offered in athletics and the physical training department. It is a great accomplishment to be able to handle one's self easily and unaffectedly before others. Furthermore, it contributes voice training and experience in interpretation and oral expression not found in any other field. Little is it realized that the voice plays as big a part as any other characteristic in the impression one makes on others. What a deplorably small number of people are conscious of their voices or realize that their voices are just as individual to them and as important as their physical appearances. Thus we see that the student who studies and participates in college drama, or any drama for that matter, attains attributes which are assets in any line of work.

However, the main objective of the college theatre, as it is represented here at Denison, is not to train people for the professional stage. There are, of course, those who may desire to continue their work after this foundation and go into the professional theatre, but they can do this in a professional school. The duty of the fine arts school is to carry out the educational possibilities of the drama which lie under four objectives: a cultural background, an ability to teach drama in a public school or college, preparedness for leadership in community drama, or a delightful hobby for use in leisure time.

It was a realization of the need for such education that led a group of ambitious Denison students to start the dramatic activity which eventually resulted in the program we have today.

The first mention of any dramatic organization on the Denison campus appears on the program of two one-act plays, "Lend Me Five Shillings" and "A Scrap of Paper," which were presented on May 20, 1902 by the "Denison Dramatic Club." Mr. C. Edmund Neil was director. Apparently, since the club is never referred to again, this title was adopted by the students giving the play and used for the one production only.

The male students gave an annual minstrel show known as "The Denison Dandy Darkies." The

one-act play which accompanied their show in 1905 bore the amusing title "The Nigger Night School."

Until about 1912, the senior girls gave a play each year at Commencement time. These were usually Shakesperian and were presented outdoors. The director was Miss Adah E. Eckert. Some of their productions were: 1905, "Pygmalion and Galatea" by Gilbert; 1906, "The Forest Scenes from 'As You Like It'"; 1907, "The Taming of the Shrew"; 1909, "Twelfth Night"; 1911, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; 1912, "Winter's Tale." Dave Timrud will be interested to know that his predecessor in the part of Petruchio was one Miss Mary Montgomery!

In 1906, two one-acts entitled "Scenes in Life" and "A First Class Hotel" were given by the men. Merrill Montgomery and Clay Van Voorhis, both now prominent citizens of Newark, each took several parts in the two shows.

The Euterpean and Philmathean Literary Societies presented Lord Lytton's "The Lady of Lyons" in the spring of 1909. The last page of the program lists the personnel of production which includes one "critic," four "scene shifters," and two "curtain mechanics"! Mr. Victor H. Hoppe, Denison's first speech professor, acted as "critic" which probably corresponded to director. The Adytum of that year reports four dramas during the season, given by Shepardson College, the Calliopean Literary Society, the Franklin Literary Society, and the Senior Girls.

Mr. Karl Eschman directed "The Comedy of Errors," given by the Calliopean Society in 1911. There were no scheduled dramatic programs until 1915. The plays were produced voluntarily by student groups, who secured faculty members to direct. The Franklin and Calliopean rival literary clubs, which now are combined in the Franco-Calliopean Society, gave plays almost every year. The Calliopeans gave "Half-back Sandy" in 1913, and the Franklins gave "The Private Secretary" in 1914.

It was not until 1915, then, that the students decided, of their own accord, to establish a dramatic club known as Masquers. This announcement appears in the Adytum of 1916: "The Masquers, the Dramatic Club of Denison, was organized in the spring of 1915. At Commencement time, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was presented under the direction of Professor Hoppe. On January 20, 1916, 'Officer 666' was given under the supervision of Professor E. B. Johnston. Members are chosen on a competitive basis. Semi-monthly meetings are held and programs of dramatic interest are presented. This organization, although in its infancy, promises to fill a long-felt need at Denison."

John Bjelke, who played the title role in "Officer 666," was the first president. The other officers were: Vice-president, E. S. Thresher; Secretary,

Jessie Burns, and Treasurer, Ned Putnam. Mr. Johnston, Denison's second speech professor, was an honorary member of the club and acted as advisor. The initiative and interest of the twenty-three charter members seems remarkable when we realize that there were no drama courses in the college curriculum and that no encouragement was received from the administration.

Juliet Barker, one of the charter members, wrote in a recent letter, "One of the first things we did as Masquers was 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' on the plaza. I remember I was *Titania*—with a most elaborate electric battery to my back under my costume—with two wires—one leading to a tiny bulb which flashed on and off in the middle of my forehead and one leading to a wand which I could flash by pressing a button. Dean Margaret Judson, I recall, was most apprehensive—she came to my dressing room to make sure I wouldn't be electrocuted before the play was over!"

Professor E. B. Johnston directed the few plays we had—run-of-the-mill farces and 'stock stuff'—'Officer 666'—'The Man on the Box'—Karl Eschman staged 'Orpheus and Euridice' with the Masquers' aid—and 'Martha'—both of which were quite worth while."

In the original Masquers' constitutions, the advertising manager, stage manager, and costume manager were regarded as officers. They were appointed by the president to serve one year. Today, these positions are appointed by the college director and change often, usually after each play. Membership was based on tryouts which were held each year during the second week after Christmas vacation. A special Tryout Committee was appointed by the president. Registrar Don Fitch recalls that, in the fall of 1919, the twelve pledges of one fraternity memorized a humorous (?) sketch from a current recording and, to the disgust of the judges, stood up, one after another, and recited the same piece twelve times!

During this period, the indoor plays were given in Recital Hall. The club determined the admission charge for each play in accordance with the cost of production. There were no reserved seats or ticket office, so the members sold the tickets; each member received one free ticket to each play. Mr. Johnston suggested selling season tickets, but the club did not approve.

Professor Johnston was in no way a permanent director. He was engaged by the club and usually received between twenty-five and fifty dollars per show. The club was free to choose whom it pleased and felt free to dispose of his services when it so desired. He had very little authority other than supervision, since a play committee, made up of members, chose the plays and even went so far as to choose the casts. Now, these privileges belong exclusively to the director who is engaged by the university.

During 1917 and 1918, the only productions were two evenings of one-acts. Due to the war, the club roster was almost all women, and all the officers were women. This prohibited the presentation of the regular schedule.

The minutes of the Masquers' meeting on February 8, 1921, contain this interesting passage: "Professor Johnston reported that he and Professor Eschman had interviewed President Chamberlain in an attempt to get money for scenery. The President said that \$250 had already been spent for a curtain and redecoration of the Recital Hall so the college could do no more at the time. He suggested that if Masquers could purchase an interior, the college might later buy an exterior. An interior would cost \$175. Models of it were passed around to members of the club. It was moved and carried that the officers be authorized to purchase a set of scenery in Columbus." Thus, we see that the college was helping to finance the plays, although the management was almost entirely in the hands of the Masquers. The scenery was bought from Armbruster's and Schell's, Columbus scenic studios. Until this set was purchased, all scenery had been rented and trucked on. No one thought of building it here. The cost of fifty dollars per show was a waste of money. The most expensive scenery for any show this year was that used in "East Lynne." The five complete sets, which can be repainted and rebuilt for many more plays, cost approximately fifty dollars!

It seems that the purchasing of a stationary interior set was even more inadequate than renting, since the same set was then used for every play. However, the Masquers did not seem to mind. In April, 1921, Professor Johnston was authorized to buy make-up for "The Tempest" from Phi Mu Alpha, the musical honorary. This shows how little equipment was on hand and how unprofessionally business was carried on.

Mr. Johnston played the part of Justice Prentice in "The Witching Hour", given in the spring of 1922. The scenery for the play was insured for \$200. It was decided, that year, that the candidates for membership should give some indication of stage presence other than just reciting a piece. There were two tryouts, an elimination and a final.

A committee was appointed to consider taking "The Witching Hour" to Newark. The plan was rejected. Masquers imported several professional speakers to the campus, among whom were a Mr. Griffith and a Miss Neilson, positions unknown. Twenty-five cents admission was charged. Mr. Johnston received \$75 for directing the fall, spring, and commencement plays in 1922.

The Masquers have been invited to join a national dramatic society several times. The fact that they have never seen fit to do so is an indication of the strength and vitality of the club. They inquired concerning a National Masquers Society

in 1923. It was discovered that the supposed national was merely a single club in Minnesota, which did not object to the use of their name.

In March, 1923, a motion was made and defeated that the leading man of the current professional play "Lightnin'" be invited to appear for a lecture. It is interesting to note that this same show has been on Broadway this season as a revival. Another new set of scenery was purchased for \$175 in 1923.

Early in 1924, it was decided to pay the tryout committee a fee amounting to ten cents from every member of the club. Mr. Johnston asked the club to consider putting itself under a board of control as the other campus organizations had done. The idea was flatly refused. It also seems that the club was dissatisfied with the outside talent, for someone brought up the name of a well known lecturer and the club immediately voted against bringing anyone in from outside during the whole year.

The spring play in 1925 was "The Truth About Blayds." For the first time, Professor Johnston was given authority to cast and conduct the play as he saw fit. A conference was held with President Chamberlain and Miss Peckham about taking the show on the road. It was never done. Miss MacNeil was elected to the club as an honorary member.

The first evidence of a non-Masquer appearing in a play was the case of Alden Perkins who was admitted to the organization because of his acting in "The Goose Hangs High." Mr. Johnston's new authority may have had something to do with this. In the fall the club decided to present a play with a student director, Leonard Heinrichs. They chose no easier a task than Shaw's "Candida"!

The minutes of March 2, 1926, reveal that the meeting was held in Stone Hall parlors so it appears that the early meetings were held in various rooms in dorms and sorority houses. At this meeting, a trial program was given. One-act plays, readings, and play reviews were given as programs at all meetings during the next few years. The club went to Columbus in a body to see George Arliss in "Old English." Professor Johnston resigned as coach of Masquers in April. Dr. King directed the spring play, "Prunella", which was given outdoors at commencement time, and was voted into the club as an honorary member the following fall.

In November, 1926, material was bought so that a set could be constructed by Masquers. This was the first scenery ever built by students here at the university. There is no record of its being used, but there is a record of a new ready-made set being bought for "Children of the Moon", the spring play that year. The members received no free tickets for this play.

Mr. Johnston's name was returned to the roll
(Continued on page 23)

Laughing Lines

APRIL SHOWERS

I grimly trudge through April showers
I wreck good hose and shoes.
I cannot wear a decent dress.
The gray skies give me blues.
I ramble like a haunted beast
Across the soaken sod.
And my reward for all this grief?
The springtime flowers! Oh, God!

—By DORIS FLORY

ASPIRATION

I'd like to be an angel, Dear,
And live up in the sky.
I'd have a tiny golden harp
With gilded wings, I'd fly.
The only thing that hinders me
And makes me sad and blue.
Is if I were an angel, Dear,
I wouldn't be with you.

—By DORIS FLORY

Children on the Beach
by Sorella y Bastida



—Courtesy Columbus Museum of Art.

SOLITUDE

Although my love is miles away
I know our love will linger . . .
While she has dates with other men
I'll sit at home
Alone . . .
Contented . . .
And dream . . .
Like hell I will.

—By DICK WAGER

REGRET

Of all the lowly moods I've had
None was ever quite so bad
As the one I now am going through
I hardly know what to do.

Boners I've pulled left and right
But never one like this tonight.
I've trumped before my partner's ace
And slapped myself square in the face.

Moods of melancholy have I felt
But none like this have I been dealt.
How can I make this error right?
I forgot to kiss my girl goodnight.

—By DICK WAGER

Books

Review of New Books

PAUL SAUNDERS

It is not very often that a novel with a social thesis attracts the casual reader. Mrs. Agnes Turnbull's, *Remember the End*, disproves the rule. This novel, with its vivid pictures of farm life in Pennsylvania's coal country, also illustrates the eventual futility of materialism in its saga of two immigrant boys who, each in his own way, become Americans.

Alex MacTay son of a taciturn Scotch blacksmith, arrives in America with his ship-board friend, a bluff, happy-hearted Irishman. Settled on a Pennsylvania farm and advised by a shrewd country lawyer, Andy McKelvy, Alex, driven by an unreasoning desire for wealth and power, plunges into the coal mining business.

Thirty years later, he has made himself powerful, wealthy and respected, by the process of breaking other men and then buying them out. His former genial self is submerged in a relentless drive for power, which sacrifices his wife, and friends, even making him a stranger to his sensitive son.

The reader will be impressed with the utter failure of Alex as a man. For here was a per-

son with the idealism of youth and the poetic imagination of a Scot, who degenerates in his quest for power, losing all social values, until his only restraint is legal law.

* * *

William Faulkner's naturalism can be revolting to a reader who fails to be objective in his reading. *The Wild Palms* requires the utmost in objectivity. In this novel, the author writes on two themes which run parallel, in alternate passages, throughout the story. In fact, they are two stories. One has the theme of Refuge and tells the story of a negro convict, who escapes, during a flood, while working on the levee. His battle with nature so frightens him, that he returns eagerly to his cell. The other theme is of Flight. Here, fleeing from the world, are two lovers, violent in their passion.

Critics disagree on the effectiveness of the divided story, but the effectiveness of the writing is genuine. Few writers could attempt such a bold portrayal of life as does Faulkner. Without devolving into trash, he presents an honest, if exaggerated, picture of human emotion.

Music

Review of New Recordings

BOB SMITH

A new record company comes through this month with two twelve inch records devoted to Boogie-Woogie by those two past masters of the art, Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis.

Benny Goodman makes a carbon copy of Count Basie's arrangement on *Sent for You Yesterday*, but the record is spoiled by Johnny Mercer's vocal. You would be doing a lot better if you listened to the Count's work. On the reverse side is *And the Angels Sing* (Victor) with a good Martha Tilton vocal, and an exceptional trumpet solo tacked on the end in that true Ziggy Elman style of "Ghetto" playing. It is a worth while tune for a popular price.

Bob Crosby: *Stomp Off and Let's Go*, *Song of the Wanderer*, *Eye Opener*, *Skater's Waltz* and *Diga Diga Doo*, (Decca) the latter of which has two sides, formulate the Crosby contribution for the month. The highlights of these records are Bob Zurke's fresh ideas in *Eye Opener*, *Diga* and *Wonderer*, Bob Haggart's bass in *Stomp Off* and Eddie Miller's tenor solo in *Eye Opener*. These new Crosby releases are nice Dixieland stuff, but

fall short of the better recordings he has made in previous years. Is this band becoming stale? Incidentally, Bob Zurke has given his notice, and will form a band of his own in the very near future.

Artie Shaw shells out with some very commercialized hot jazz in *Prosschai*, *I'm in Love*, *Alone Together*, *Rose Room*, *Deep Purple* and *Pastel Blue* (Bluebird). Probably the only one fault that is dominant in these records is the loud drumming of Buddy Rich. The boy is undoubtedly the finest white drummer in the business, but the way in which he stands out above the rest of the band does not help his chances any; however, that is the thing that "John Public" likes, so Artie will give it to them to save his own face. Some excellent clarinet work by the maestro in *Pastel*, *Deep Purple* and *Prosschai* make up two-fold for the criticism mentioned above.

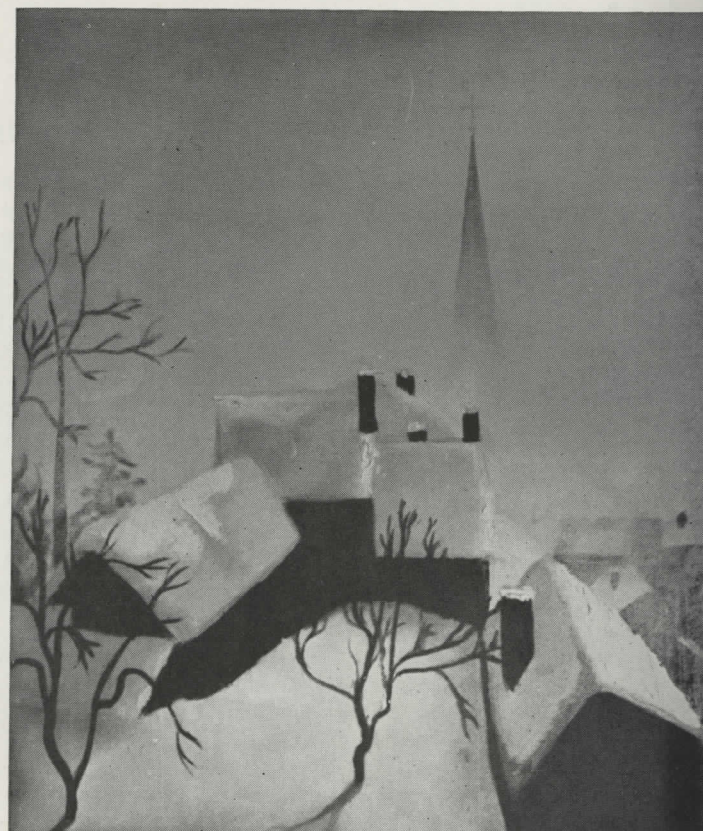
This has been a prosperous month for the lovers of hot jazz because the record manufacturers are presenting the types of music the musicians and jazz scholars of our age are clamoring for. More power to them!!!!!!

STUDENT ART



A Farmyard

by Dave Mitchell



Hidden Village

by Elsie Bonnet

Concerning Art

By DAVE TAYLOR

On the opposite page there are reprinted two paintings of the oil painting class, one by Elsie Bonnet titled "Hidden Village," and the other by David Mitchell titled "A Farmyard." These will serve to introduce another of the fine arts which is taught upon this campus. We often watch these classes in drawing and painting working on the campus at different intervals of the day, and in order to appreciate their work let us look into some of the principles of art.

To the average person, art almost invariably means painting. There are, of course many varied and diversified types of art. We find, however, that the principles of most of the arts are quite similar and that the difference comes in the mediums used and the approach taken by the artist in rendering his particular type of art. Architecture is generally considered to be the science of construction rather than an art. In the popular mind, the term artist carries with it the idea of painter and can mean anything else only if it is specifically stated.

Painting, we find, is a more flexible medium of expression than either architecture or sculpture and hence capable of a greater scope of effects. In this respect, it can be compared with the piano which, as a medium of musical expression, can produce both harmony and melody, employing the extended polyphony that is a legitimate orchestral effect and also the melodic line appropriate to vocal music or that of the solo wind and string instruments. So in painting it is possible to convey effects of space, which we have seen to be an essential characteristic of architecture, and also plastic form which lies in the province of sculpture. The painter, working in a medium more fluent than either architecture or sculpture, is able to incorporate effects in his paintings which are legitimate in both of the other art forms. His advantage over the architect or the sculptor is that he is not restricted as they are by the danger of sacrificing effects appropriate to their respective arts if they attempt to go beyond them.

In contrast with these limitations of architecture and sculpture, painting can suggest both space and plastic form and is thus able to produce cumulative effects of realistic appearance which are both more immediately and more powerfully appealing than the abstract ones to which the other visual arts are limited. To this is due in great part the more general appreciation of painting than of either architecture or sculpture in our own time. In view of the greater fluency enjoyed by painting, it may seem a paradox to state that in some ways, it is also more abstract than either

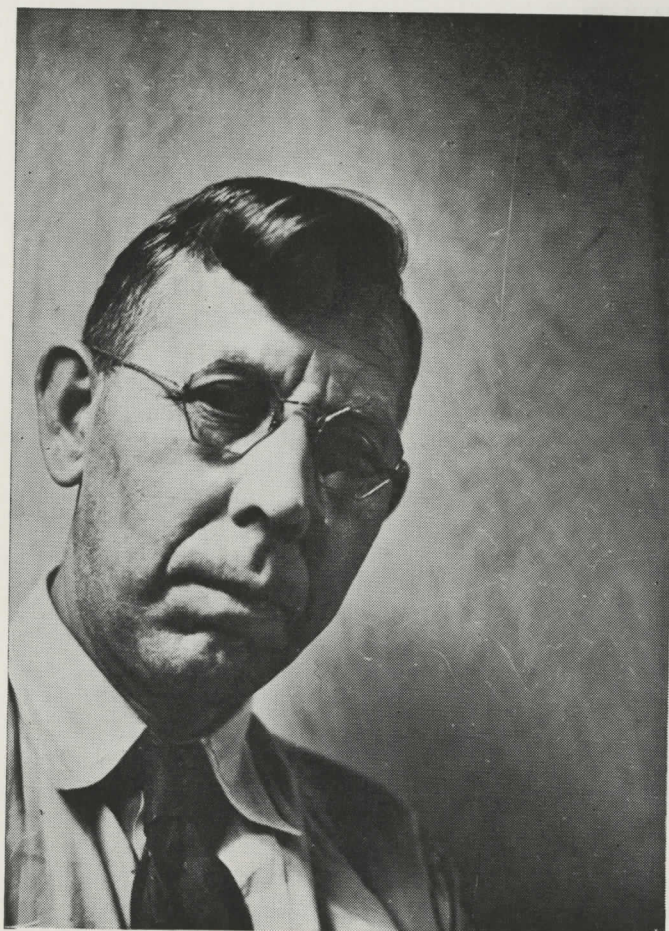
architecture or sculpture. The painter, seeking to create a synthesis of analyzed experience, is limited to two dimensions, those of length and width. He can only evolve abstractions of the realistic qualities of form and space, couched in pictorial idioms, and to suggest them to the observer.

The painter does not make a photographic reproduction of the scene or subject which he is representing to the observer. He must organize his material beforehand. Photography is only an art in that the photographer has to be clever enough to realize the best ways to use his camera to record the picture. The essentials of good photography are a knowledge of composition and of lights and shadows. The painter must not only know how to make a good composition and the use of lights and shadows but he must also keep at his command a knowledge of colors and contrasts and how to represent the scene so that it might be typical or keep some of the mood that is felt upon his first observance.

In striving to achieve the suggestion of the three-dimensional realities of form and space in a two-dimensional scheme, the painter has two devices at his command, perspective and modeling. Two perspective methods are generally employed, linear and aerial. Linear perspective is based on the fact that parallel lines receding into space from the observer seem to converge on the horizon. Another of the qualities of linear perspective is that objects of the same size seem smaller the farther away they are from the observer. This involves the idea of scale, that is, the measuring of objects by each other, which is also an integral part of the two-dimensional portrayal of three-dimensional space. Perspective is the device by which pictorial depth is suggested. To produce an effect of plastic form in painting, the painter employs modeling of which there are two types, modeling by contrasts of light and shade, or Chiaroscuro, and by color. In either case the result is to give the impression of objects possessing the roundness of form and solidness which our experience leads us to believe they have.

In Miss Bonnet's painting we find excellent examples of plastic modeling where she has portrayed the forms of the buildings merely by contrasting lights and darks. The lines of perspective converge toward the center group of buildings and the church spire which compose the center of interest. Mr. Mitchell, through the use of a light sky behind the dark barn, has made the center of interest stand out, and his general perspective leads the eye along lines which end at the barn, making it the center of interest.

Tribute



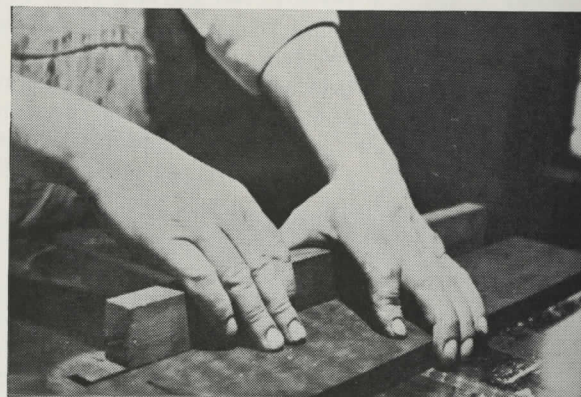
—Photos by Phil Brown

A man whose face is not so familiar, or whose life story is not generally known, is Jogen Holmovik, the school carpenter. He has been at Denison just three years, but his interesting story deserves to be known.

Jogen Holmovik was born in the year 1886 in Nordfjord, a small Norwegian town. As a boy he studied manual training and cabinet making. These arts were his chief interests—leading him to Copenhagen, Denmark, where he took special training, completing his instruction course when fifteen. He went back home, and a year later, in 1903, with a group of friends, sailed for America. Adventure and opportunity in the United States appealed to young Holmovik.

On arriving in this country he proceeded to Minnesota, as he had many letters to deliver to Norwegian friends who had previously settled in that region. He worked in Minnesota, North Dakota and Michigan at various jobs, and in 1917

MASTER CRAFTSMAN



went back to his people in Norway for a stay of three and one half years. Mr. Holmovik answered the call of the United States during the World War, but fortunately the Armistice was signed before he was engaged in active service.

Granville claimed Jogen Holmovik in a very interesting manner. During the building of the new Doane library, Mr. Holmovik was working for Macy's, and was engaged for the interior decorating. While working here, he came to feel Granville's appeal. The university offered him a position as school carpenter, and he has lived here with his wife since the acceptance of that offer. He has two sisters living in Norway, but has not seen them since World War days.

We wish that you would make the acquaintance of Mr. Holmovik, and learn from him a life story that is most interesting, and deserving of praise. Jogen Holmovik's life story embodies the will to win.

Brothers, Sing On

"One of the Finest Traditions"

By Ed Deeds

One of the finest traditions which has grown up at Denison is the custom of fraternity singing in the banquet hall. Few colleges place as much emphasis upon fraternity life as we do here at Denison, but it seems to me that one of the outstanding experiences of college life is the fellowship enjoyed around the festal board while singing some fine old fraternity song. Not that the rendition is always artistic—far from it, for it has never failed to surprise me to see the careless manner with which most of the Greek groups actually go about the business of vocalizing, particularly in view of the splendid reputation that our college seems to enjoy in respect to the vocal arts.

As a matter of fact, most of the fraternity singing on our campus is, musically speaking, in the Middle Ages, for by far the majority of the Greek men are content with singing the melody in unison or octaves. The scant few who attempt to add a little harmony to this melodic framework may usually be classified into one of three types: above all, there are those happy souls, the top tenors, who may usually be identified by their expression of supreme contentment, their flushed faces and their bulky figgers, and who delight in soaring on the heights of the song, among other things; then there are those poor fellows whose voices just cannot quite seem to reach one of the octaves, and must, perforce, fill in somewhere in between; and last, but far from least, there are the basses, who rumble up and down—the lower the better—until they reach the root of what sounds like a good chord, almost invariably the tonic or dominant.

Now, possibly, I am hyper-critical. Perhaps it is enough if each individual is satisfied with the way his fraternity songs are sung. And yet, how much more enjoyment they could derive, if only they were producing good music! No musical organization which is worthy of the name would

dream of making a public appearance with the amount of preparation that most of the fraternities make before singing for guests or giving a serenade. Imagine, if you can, what would happen if the Glee Club attempted to give a concert, leaving the harmonizing up to the individual members. Yet that is precisely what the fraternities attempt to do, and the result is a cacophonous babel, for each man strikes out for himself with his own idea of what the harmony should be, even if his version is quite different from all the rest. Almost any composer will tell you that it takes a certain amount of time to produce good harmony, and few melodies are sufficiently interesting to stand by themselves without some sort of harmonic background. And yet each man tries to create his own harmony as he goes along, and the result is as obvious as it is obnoxious.

I would like to see an effort made to divide each fraternity group into the usual four sections—first and second tenors, baritones and basses—and to have each section learn its own part, taken either from the arrangements in the fraternity song book or from an arrangement made by some musical member. It might prove surprising to find out how much enjoyment you can get out of singing when you produce a really musical result. Endless possibilities can be realized with various vocal combinations and with the slides, swipes, and other tricks so dear to the heart of all barber-shop harmonizers.

At least one fraternity has attempted to classify all of their freshmen according to their voice range and to have them learn their part for each song as they learn its words. This is a fine idea and one which might well be copied by the other fraternities.

The care which a fraternity lavishes upon its singing is obvious in the result. The Commons Club boys have spent a good deal of time with their singing, and as a result, have walked away with the Mothers' Day Serenade for the last two years. However, any one of the fraternities on the campus could do the same, if they really put their minds to it, but it takes the cooperation of every man. One man could hardly make a musically poor fraternity sound good, even if he sang like Caruso, but he could certainly make an otherwise excellent group sound bad by singing poorly.

Some man in each fraternity, probably the song leader, should take it upon himself, not because I say so, but for the sake of his fraternity and the increased enjoyment which can be gotten from it, to press the case of organized and artistic singing in his own chapter. There is no good reason why the fraternity singing here at Denison could not reach a plane of excellence never previously attained.

Spring at Denison

By

KATE OLIVE BOYD

Down the hillside,
Violets,
A carpet spread of white and blue,
And beneath the sober towers,
A saucy daffodil and tulips, too.
I saw Spring laughing near the flowers
And making ready with her brush,
To splash another color,
Purple of lilacs and rose-blush
Of peonies and roses, climbing, sprawling
Everywhere;
And vials of perfume in her scented hands
To waft upon the air.

Forsythia's flaming yellow
Dulls to burnished gold,
But overnight the flowering quince
Has blazoned forth in bold
And brilliant hue
Against the chapel
High atop the hill.
A new
And shimmering veil of misty white
Is tossed about the shrubs, a bridal wreath
For Spring's delight.

Stand here beside the red-bud tree,
Sophisticated lady,
That I may see,
How well you match its
Chaste simplicity.
With rare and charming grace,
Its bare, brown branches
Delicately trace
Themselves against the sky,
Poised and upward flung,
And all along them,
Little secret blossoms lie,
The color of rich wine,
As secret as your thoughts and
Exquisite, lady of mine.



—Courtesy Columbus Museum of Art.

Landscape

By WILLIAM BARSS

Spring waits
With a fresh box of tricks
To surprise us with her magic,
Nor sates
Us with wild plum, Forsythia or tulip,
But quickly draws them back,
And there before our eyes,
And while we watch, unfurls
Her next surprise.

Drama

"The Taming of The Shrew"

DOROTHY DEANE

Eager expectant audiences tuned their hearts to life, and love, and happiness in the springtime on the Plaza May 26 and 27, at the Masquers' production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. It was a happy performance, happy in its theme, and happy in its near professional presentation. Not only was the audience pleased with what it saw, but it seemed to reflect the contagious enthusiasm of the players.

There was no real flaw in the production. It was a gem-like thing of youthful love, full of lilting song, sparkling wit, and warm bright color, set in the soft black velvet of the night, against a backdrop of living green—a delightfully romantic setting for a delightfully romantic play. It seemed a kind of play within a play. There was the drama *Evening on the Plaza* in which the hills, the trees, and the crescent moon of May pursued by the dancing clouds were the principal actors. Into the midst of this drama was dropped one of the most brilliantly entertaining of Shakespeare's comedies.

The Taming of the Shrew was a good choice for this rather experimental production. The familiar but fascinating story of the tempestuous wooing of a headstrong, quick-tempered girl by an equally headstrong and quick-tempered man would have held the interest of the audience even in a far less skillful performance.

Shakespeare's plays were written for the theater. The modified version of this play used in the Masquers' production was carefully and intelligently cut. The spirit of the play was preserved, even if the play itself was considerably cut to meet the requirements of the modern stage. The music-loving, fun-loving, romance-loving soul of the youthful Shakespeare shone through the performance. It does not seem that the bard of Avon himself could have been gravely disappointed with the spirit of this youthful play.

Not even the characters of a Shakespeare can live by themselves. They must first live in the hearts of the actors; then they can live on the stage and in the hearts of the audience. This miracle of life did happen on the Plaza. The players really lived their parts. There was no dull repetition of lines. The players seemed lost in the magic youthful world of Shakespeare.

If any man knows better how to tame a shrew than our Petruchio of the Plaza, let him speak. David Timrud, playing the role, roared and raged, and scowled and smiled, as he tauntingly teased poor Kate. And yet, beneath all the boisterousness was a kind of gentle spirit that could win the heart of the most cursed shrew and the most

unsympathetic audience. Timrud was admirably well suited to the part and seemed to enjoy every minute of it.

Jean Koncana as Katharina, the cursed, showed real ability as an actress. Her role was played with a spirit, a delicacy, and attention to detail that seemed to show native ability and training. She seemed one of Shakespeare's charming women, a Beatrice, in different circumstances. She could effectively play both the soft and gentle parts and the ranting, raging ones. It is easy to understand her annoyance at the kitten-like wiles of the gentle, spoiled Bianca. Her taming did not come as a sudden miracle, but seemed the flowering of a truly beautiful spirit.

The Puck-like Grumio, John Nichol, almost stole the show with his cocky strut, mimeries, and clever pranks. He could most effectively not tell a mighty tale.

The play seemed to have an all star cast. All of the lesser figures stood out vividly. Bernard Bailey scored another triumph in character study in his interpretation of baby blue silk-gartered Gremio. Don Bethune, the dashing young noble, Lucentio, seems to have learned the secret of making the lines of Shakespeare soar and sing.

Much credit is due to Mr. Wright for his skillful direction of the play. Originality and forethought were shown in the smooth running, rapidly moving performance.

Simplicity and real beauty were the key notes of the production. The lighting was artistically handled. The use of green lights on the background of trees seemed to hold the audience in the "theater" between the scenes. The stark simplicity of the set and properties was effective. They were suggestive, but still there was room for the imagination to fill in the picture as it would. The size of the stage and its freedom from furnishings left room for the romping, raging, rollicking action.

Barbara Walker, designer and executor of the costumes, showed unusual skill and originality. The costumes were striking in their variety, in the unusually effective use of color and fabric. While they were beautifully simple, they seemed appropriate and in tune with the Elizabethan atmosphere of the play.

The audience left the Plaza happy. The play was a beautiful experience under the stars. The Plaza has been used in this way before, and the revival of this Denison custom is a happy one. It was enthusiastically greeted by all. All that anyone could possibly ask for is more—more Shakespeare—more plaza—more.



"Gentlemen, we are in grave danger of peace"

It happened in Europe.

The Board of Directors of a huge munitions company was in session. Conditions had been great. War scares filled the air, nations were busy insulting each other, good profitable hate smoldered in every breast. Naturally the company's factories ran day and night, and dividends were fat as pampered hogs.

But the past month had been disturbing. People began to show a distressing tendency toward tolerance. Threats were giving way to reasonableness. War scares were subsiding. And the Chairman of the Board made the historic remark to his fellow directors:

"Gentlemen, we are in grave danger of peace!"

They say that in Europe munition moguls deliberately stir up war scares in order to sell more of their dandy devices for killing people.

There are a lot of Americans, too, who think there's big money to be made out of war. But history proves that war profits are "fool's gold." The evidence pops up time after time in the pages of history—and nowhere does it prove that more convincingly than in the last War.

As a neutral nation, we sold billions of dollars worth of goods to our future allies. We loaned them out of our own pockets the money to pay for part of this war material. We put the rest on the cuff. And so heavily did we involve ourselves that we were inevitably dragged in, to spend more billions on our own account.

When the war was over, it was naively assumed that the loser would foot the entire bill for *everyone*! The only drawback was that the loser was dead broke.

So were the victors. So were we—only it took us until 1929 to find out. And the world is *still broke*. How could it be anything else after squandering on the waste of war an estimated 337 billion dollars!

It is extremely doubtful if the economic structure of any country could survive another war. Our only hope of preventing complete economic catastrophe is to stay out of war and the dealings that lead to war. And our only hope of doing this is an enlightened and determined effort to stay at peace. We're making such an effort, and we'd like to hear from people who would like to help us. Write to

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DRAMA AT DENISON

Continued from page 13

At this time, the production of the plays began to pass out of the hands of the students. The college, finally recognizing the value of the program, began to take over more and more of the burden. The meetings, which had formerly, of necessity, been held at least twice a month, began to thin out until there were less than two a year.

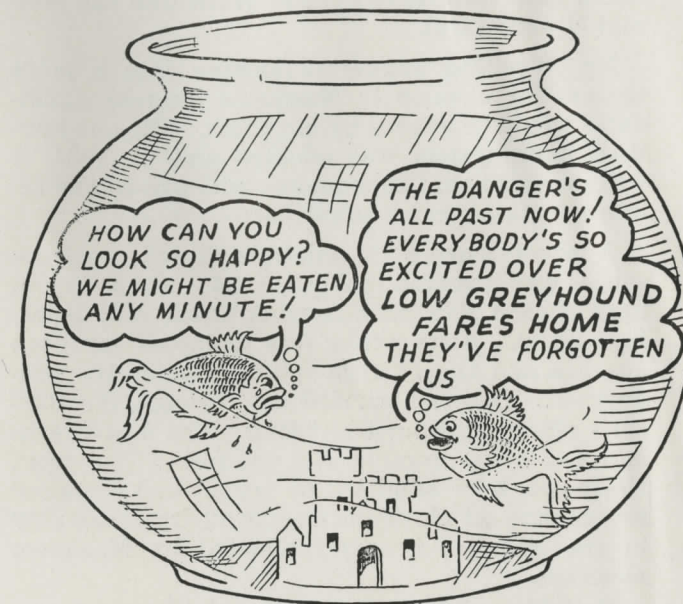
Dr. Crocker became head of the Speech Department in the fall of '28 and directed three plays that year, "Meet the Wife", "Seven Keys to Baldpate", and "You and I." Denison won third place in the National One-Act Play Contest, giving Eugene O'Neill's "Ile".

Much of the credit for the new era in Denison drama should go to President Shaw. During his third year, he brought Mr. Richard Woellhaf, who had been Technical Director at the North Shore Theatre Guild in Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Woellhaf was the first teacher of drama on the college payroll, and the first courses in drama and stagecraft were introduced to the curriculum.

Since 1924, the plays had been given in the new Granville high school. Naturally, being a basketball floor, the stage was made of hardwood, and no stage screws or nails could be used on it. After working there for one season, Mr. Woellhaf looked for a more suitable place and selected the Opera House. Securing the cooperation of the township trustees, he set about remodeling it. The trustees put in new seats, a new heating system, a foyer, and a box office. The elevated, narrow-chested stage gave way to the present one. Masquers took out a note for \$1,000 with which to buy equipment. The club paid about half of this out of receipts; then the college assumed the debt. Since then, pieces have gradually been added until, at present, the college owns \$3,000 worth of equipment. The growing association between Masquers and the university worked to the mutual benefit of all since the school now employed a full-time man for dramatics.

Mr. Woellhaf became an honorary member of Masquers in September, 1929. Even after he was here, Colonel Yearick was brought over from Newark to direct and Mr. Woellhaf handled the technical work. This set-up was used for the 1930 commencement play. Later Mr. Woellhaf assumed full charge. In April of that year, Doctor Shaw addressed the club concerning the new relationship between the students and administration. He expressed a desire to see acting curricular instead of an extra curricular activity. It was suggested that the casting for the Commencement play be open to all the student body. An amendment was accordingly made to the constitution.

In 1931, Betty Lee Hoffhine and Glenn Kyker won the Grant Mitchell Trophy for Excellence in Stage Diction, at the Northwestern University Theatre Tournament. Miss Hoffhine, after gradu-



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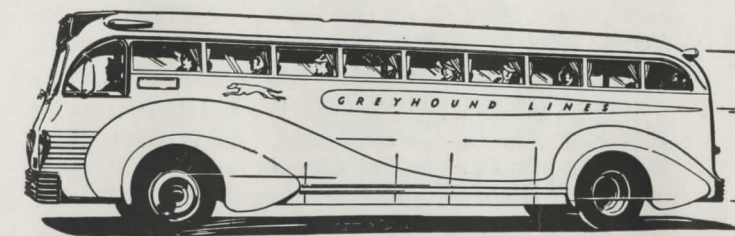
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ation, went into radio work at WLW and has been highly successful.

Mr. Woellhaf suggested looking into a point system for election to Masquers whereby candidates would be graded by members. The one hundred hour system was adopted and, in 1934, it was provided that sophomores who passed the requirements could be admitted.

A novel scheme for minimizing rehearsal absences was invented in April, 1934. At the beginning of each play, each member of the cast deposited \$2.00. Fifty cents was deducted for each absence and the balance returned after the production. This was carried out through the Bur-sar's office but did not last long. The first Freshman Guild was organized in the fall of that year. Freshmen were admitted by tryout and produced several one-act plays and a large all-freshman play in the spring. It was conducted by Masquers members.

Mr. Edward Wright, the present director, replaced Mr. Woellhaf in 1937. Since his arrival, Masquers has presented eight major plays of unusually high calibre. This is the first year that an assistant teacher of drama has been engaged by the college. Jesse Skriletz, who was graduated last year, is now serving as technical director. There is now opportunity for much more specialized instruction in stagecraft than has heretofore been possible. The Freshman Guild no longer exists, although the freshman program is still conducted. The largest recent step was the organization of the Denison University Players last fall. It is an honorary society which serves both as a stepping stone for those who are to become Masquers and a recognition for those who have interest in drama but cannot fulfill the requirements of the more select group.

The fact that almost three hundred Denison students have this year worked actively in theatre production is a far cry from those days when the Senior Girls furnished the sole dramatic activity. Masquers have been the pioneers of the Denison theatre. They struggled along and kept the drama alive until the college finally recognized it and took it over. The club now remains as a very active honorary. The students owe a great deal to the people who made possible the present program. We must help perpetuate the movement.

The increasing interest has again made our present facilities inadequate. We are handicapped tremendously for lack of space. All scenery must be dismantled as soon as the current play is over. The only available room is a small garage behind the Opera House which has been filled to capacity for several years. Every production calls for transportation, rental, and breakage bills which reach almost \$200 a year. There is no place to keep properties, furniture, and costumes which can be obtained through gifts and sales and would

soon become an indispensable store-house for future productions.

Furthermore, Masquers have the use of the Opera House for only forty nights during the year, ten for each play. Under such circumstances, it is impossible to handle well all those who are interested in the theatre.

The creation of a small experimental theatre would enable the department to encourage play writing and permit student direction. An attempt has been made this year to do this under very trying circumstances in Doane auditorium. One hundred people have received training in seven evenings of one-acts and longer plays, without benefit of a curtain or adequate scenery and lights. Nevertheless, these plays have been worth while. In fact, it is agreed that some of the experimental plays have been worthy of presentation on the regular Masquers program.

There is already sufficient talent and interest on the Denison campus to make the drama department one of the foremost in Ohio. In addition, there is splendid administrative cooperation. The lighting equipment is second only to Western Reserve University in this state. With the Fine Arts Building in prospect we see a future for Denison drama brighter even than its past.

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