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PORTFOLIO enters into its third volume this year. We feel that "progress" has characterized the development of the magazine during the past two years, and it is this progress which we are attempting to continue. In the present issue several changes have been installed and a number of new features presented, all with the ever-present concern to improving PORTFOLIO. Most apparent of the changes made in the issue is the new cover. The editors are highly pleased to present such an improvement to its readers, believing that they will agree that it is not only highly appropriate for a literary magazine but a fine piece of artistic work and distinctively modern. Credit for the art work goes to Gordon Wilson.

The contents of the magazine have been chosen with an eye to giving the readers variety. Several new writers have been brought to light in both departments of prose and verse. Carolyn Metcalf's *The Master of the World* is a highly original and imaginative tale, one which we believe will hold the interest of all. Alison Ewart's *Pious Fraud* is a contrasting story, light and amusing. The article, *Initial Plunge*, by Norman Nadel of the class of '38, is a first-hand statement of the adjustment college graduates must make as they leave the isolated world of Granville. It is written with a well-conceived analogy. In the verse department, three talented lyricists are present. Standby Adela Beckham writes again in her flowing, lyrical style. Alison Phillips and S. V., two new writers, present poems of high merit. In the student art department Ruth Franke deserves credit for her unusual original fashion designs, a feature which we hope will gain the favor of our readers.

Dorothy Deane and Bob Smith, reliable columnists, add to PORTFOLIO'S variety in material with authoritative discussions on contemporary books and music. Jim Black's new departure in play review is an attempt to enliven analysis of a play by use of dialogue. We believe it worthy of praise.

As PORTFOLIO progresses, more and more material becomes available. This means not only an increase in quantity but as a result of competition, an increase in quality. PORTFOLIO'S space is limited, and unfortunately many worthy pieces of writing must be omitted. But we hope and believe that this will not only urge students in writing to raise their own criteria, but will help us to maintain a high standard of literary composition.
All was destroyed. There was no more to do.

By Carolyn Metcalf

All was destroyed. There was no more to do. The world was his as it lay at his feet, one vast expanse of barren, lifeless wastes. All, all this was his, even man's, all the former world and created life. He had conquered even time itself and could live forever to boast over his triumph.

The man picked up the children and took them to his stronghold in the mountain. Here beneath the shadow of the mountain, under the protection of the mountain, he could be alone, and the boy, who had never seen the sun or sky before, fainted in awe. The sun shone brilliantly down upon him.

For many days had passed, the boy's cheeks grew rosy, and his flesh a healthy brown. Strength was returning to his limbs.

"What is your name?" asked the man. "I am Zah," replied the boy, as he danced to see his father.

"You are a brave boy, Zah. You would be worthy of being my son."

"What is a son?"

The man felt himself at a loss to answer this query, so he stated vaguely: "A son belongs to his father and loves him; and—and the father loves his son. Norn is my daughter and I love her."

"What is love?"

"Love is the relation of two, the relation of the human to the divine."

"Where is Zah?" cried Norn mockingly when she saw her father again.

"I have cured him, as I said I would," replied the man loftily, and turned his back to her laughter.

In the days that followed, the man derived great pleasure from explaining his works to Zah. He set the boy upon a stool and showed him that if you push this button, this will happen, although Zah could never understand why.

"What is it?" asked the boy. "Nothing!" cried the terrified boy. "I— I slipped."

"What is it?" demanded the man harshly.

"Nothing!" cried the boy.

"You can destroy, but you cannot save," laughed Norn. "The boy is going to die."

"I can do nothing!" roared the man. "I am master of the world. Nothing is out of my power!" Norn turned again and laughed to his face as though she did not believe.

Then the man took the boy upon his broad shoulders and went up into the open, out into the arid desolation of the world. The sun shone brilliantly upon all, and the boy, who had never seen the sky before, raised his pale face and gazed in awe.

In the days that followed, the man derived great pleasure from explaining his works to Zah. He set the boy upon a stool and showed him that if you push this button, that will happen, although Zah could never quite understand why.

One day the man sent for the other boy, Naki. Naki proved to be a sullen, reticent boy, but Zah was so pleased to see his brother that the man let him stay. Then the man set out to teach them both, not only reading and writing—for these are insignificant subjects—but the deeper, more important studies of marvelous machines, machines which manufactured air and water, machines which could enlarge compounds until the very atoms were visible in all their startling properties.

Naki learned quickly. In a few months he knew, not only how to make the marvels in the laboratory work, but why what happened when. Good-natured Zah was unable to learn so quickly. He installed the boy in his laboratories in order to teach him the wonders that were there. But the massive machines held small interest for the boy. Zah longed to go upward again, to the sun. . . .

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Disgruntled, the man retired again to his laboratories. He was a scientist, not a doctor. But was he not master of the world? Was he not all-powerful? He set to work to prove to his daughter that he was not an idle boaster.

He installed the boy in his laboratories in order to observe the illness more easily. He tried medicine, he tried food. He tried this treatment and that, all to no avail. The boy, sometimes conscious, but more often not, made never a sigh.

Then the man took the boy upon his broad shoulders and went up into the open, out into the arid desolation of the world. The sun shone brilliantly down upon all, and the boy, who had never seen the sky before, raised his pale face and gazed in awe.

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Naki, in spite of the fact that Zah was not quick to learn, fairly worshipped his brother. To Zah came all...
of Naki's troubles and tales of woe. Zah was highly sympathetic. His cheerful conversations would immediately set Naki's moody spirits to soaring again. There were only three human beings in Naki's small life, but towards Zah he had a much warmer feeling than that he felt for either Norn or the man. There was a much more satisfying audience than was the un-pleasant Naki, for Zah was easily impressed. He would sit by the hour with his eyes and his mouth wide open while the man demonstrated his wonderful inventions.

Thus grew a hatred between Naki and the man. Each would vie for Zah's attention. Then they would sit and glare at each other over Zah's bewildered head. The very air vibrated with hate. Zah liked them equally and impartially. In a quarrel, he would side frankly and impartially. Norn saw at a glance that the hopes for him were going to die, too. But did you?

"Right!" agreed the man calmly, "but there is still That One." Zah was alarmed for Naki and the man would change to meet in some obscure corridor. On one such occasion, after ascertaining that Zah wasn't in sight, Naki seized the opportunity to apply the hard toe of his shoe to the man's shin. The man was nearly exquisite. Then he whirled and delivered the little scamp a dreadful blow that Naki, who had been with his back to a banister, was up set quite. His head went down, his feet flew up! There came a dreadful crash from below. Then silence!

The man, feeling well pleased with himself, brushed his hands and turned to go. Still...silence! Suddenly he was shuddered by a chill fear. He ran to the banister. Naki was lying there, perfectly still, crumpled up! The man winked through the rising heat. "I'm tired," murmured Naki. "Let's go home."

"We are going to see if they would discover him. The man sat Naki by the many other ingenious inventions which Naki created.

But, now. . . ! Still. . . .! A most startling change had come over the man as soon as Naki's back was turned. All the affected gentleness had dissolved into an ugly snarl. His face grew black with the accumulated hatred of months. . . .

"I'm going to die," said Naki quietly, "but Naki, you can do whatever I set myself to do." Then he set himself to curing Naki. He cursed, he swung, he tossed, and quickly collected a little bundle of food. "I can stand between them," he told himself miserably, "so, until Naki is well, I'll go away and leave them to themselves." He shouldered his little bundle and found his way upward into the sweltering sunlight. Now, for the second time in his life, Zah saw the sky, but it was a pitiless, glaring sky.

The bold face of the cliff swept downward to jagged rocks, far below. Not a tree, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass was in sight. Naki shaded his eyes with his hand and looked afar into the dusty distance. Rocks and baked soil in one rolling, monotonous gray. There was nothing else.

"It's all right," sighed Naki. "I guess it's all rather wonderful." But he looked rather gloomy.

"The man reached a cliffside below the very shelf where Zah was crowning. Zah's heart began to pound furiously. He leaped to call out, but he wished first to see if they would discover him. The man sat Naki gently on the ground, and with a dramatic sweep of his arm, cried: "There you are, my boy. As far as you can see? It is the world, and it's mine. All mine!"

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"All right! then, go home!" bellowed the man savagely. He placed his thick boot to the small of the boy's back, and gave a violent shove. Naki teetered for a dread instant on the very brink of the cliff. Then, with a horrible scream, he vanished forever from sight. The man laughed to the sky like a madman. The bounding echoes snatched up the eerie sound and tossed it through the barren gulches and canyons.

Zah, when the man had left him, quickly collected a sturdy boots. His tangled curls were hot upon his neck. Then he rose soundlessly to his feet. His heart trembled within him, but his hand was steady as he raised his bow and drew back the string. His feet, as they pattered down the rocky path, seemed to whisper sadly, "Only two in all the world! Norn and me."
EULOGIES

By ALISON PHILIPS

REQUIEM

They died in summer and were buried here
Deep in the warm, black earth that now is sore,
And tall dry grasses bend above each head
Where creeping vines of scarlet leaves have spread
And woven each a victor's wreath;
But he who lies there underneath
Knows not.

A little field mouse scuttles in the grass
Unseen by shivering sparrows as they pass
In twittering horde; the air is bitter cold
That whirls the maples' tattered leaves of gold
And scatters them upon each grave
Unseen by blinded eyes who gave
Their sight.

Deep drifts of snow have fallen overnight
And blanketed the earth with dazzling white;
Yet tips of scarlet leaves peep through and seem
Like drops of blood upon the broad pure gleam;
But he who lies there underneath,
Who wears the cynical red wreath
Knows not.

AFTERMATH

Chalky like sky,
Pinpoints of stars
A thread of river
Walk there below
By the river's shore.

A multitude sigh
A thread of river
Pinpoints of stars,
Chalky lilac sky,

Like drops of blood upon the broad pure gleam;
Yet tips of scarlet leaves peep through and seem
Deep in the warm, black earth that now is sore,
And tall dry grasses bend above each head
Where creeping vines of scarlet leaves have spread
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Denisonism

“There is no School spirit at Denison”

By DON BETHUNE

“School Spirit” is an expression that is bandied about on all tongues. The lack of it is infallibly a matter of grave concern, and the existence of it occasions much feeling of well being and general self-satisfaction. In the belief that the “Spirit” of an institution is, to a majority of the students, just an abstraction—an intangible yet desirable goal to be eagerly sought after, I take this space to tabulate some of my own observations and conclusions which help to make “school spirit” a concrete reality to me. There may be any number of loopholes in my arguments. If there are, I invite criticism and comment. Perhaps a general discussion of the subject may make the abstraction become a well realized fact.

There is no school spirit at Denison. Before you hastily reject or accept this statement, let me clarify it by defining just what is meant by “school spirit.” School spirit is an expression of the relationship between the individual and the entire student body—the degree of the spirit dependent upon the degree to which the individual feels himself an integral part of the whole. The more the individuals collectively identify themselves with the whole, the greater the resultant spirit.

But more than just an identification, the term implies collective action by the group working towards a common end along common lines; each individual striving to forward the interests of the whole and making his actions accountable to and acceptable to the whole. This unity of purpose—this unity of action and the resulting feeling of cooperative consciousness, is what we mean by school spirit; and this is what Denison students have not got.

By this definition we see that the problem of “spirit” is the problem of the individual. Upon each student rests the responsibility of developing that feeling within himself which when taken collectively is manifested in a harmoniously unified student body.

But what can be done to foster that feeling in the individual? It seems to me that the D.S.G.A. and its constitution is a worthwhile step in the right direction. That is, (and I have to have my statement) if the D.S.G.A. and its constitution are accepted in the right light. Too many students look upon the constitution as a weapon which the student body can use in the “fight” with the faculty. They see two lines of trenches opposed to each other in one line the faculty and in the other the student body—and each line “gunning” for the other. The sad part of this analogy is that even the leading exponents of the plan have used this “power politics” idea as their main argument to secure its acceptance by the students.

“More Power! More Power! and Still More Power!” has been the battle cry of the campaign.

While it is true that as a result of the constitution the students will have more power in that their ideas will be soundly and rationally presented, and therefore more likely to be accepted; still this is secondary in importance to the unifying effect that the opportunity for concerted action which the constitution affords, will have in crystallizing student opinions and creating a general feeling of kinship of purpose among the students. It essentially follows that out of this will be born a real and vital school spirit.

Just how is this new idea going to differ from the present student government (or more correctly, lack of government)? Let us look at the situation as it exists today. Today you have two students, the president of D. S. G. A. and the president of W. S. G. A. trying to act as spokesmen for the student body, and acting as go betweens for the faculty. In other words, they are quite literally walking on a fence between the two groups. A difference of opinion arises, and these two representatives have to take a stand. There are two forces influencing their decision; on the faculty side of the argument they see a strongly unified, well thought out point of view; and what have the students got to oppose this—at the most there is just sporadic expression of the sentiments of a few individuals, usually with no constructive thought behind them. In the face of this, what could be more reasonable than for the student representatives to cast their lot in with the faculty point of view, and the lethargic students have one more point scored against them. It is important to note that it isn’t the fact that the students haven’t enough “power” that defeats the student body. What really gives the faculty the edge is their unity of thought and action.

To be specific, let us take a look at the regrettable incident of the petition for a Thanksgiving recess. On the surface it appears that the faculty simply put their foot down on what appeared to be a genuine expression of sentiment on the part of the students. If this were indeed the case, then the faculty is guilty of killing this show of a little school spirit before it had a fair chance to get started. Since I, personally, don’t picture the petition, they had behind them a knowledge of all
of the reasons causing the abolition of the recess in the fall is the fact that their natural reaction to this is to coax and loosely knit peal which offered no constructive reason- to recommend it. It just said, "we want," and this is not a matter of "power" that decided the issue, but unity and group spirit on one side and the lack of it on the other. The leaders of the movement, if they had valid reasons, kept them in the shade and by so doing lost their cause. This "mushroom" type of group expression, which springs up overnight, is too easily put down and real organization must be established if any student cause is to be successful.

Another situation has raised a bit of noise around the campus. For some time there has been a feeling among the staff, that the Student and Women's are being exceedingly arbitrary in their treatment of student questions. Please remember before you condemn the deans too heartily, that it isn't their fault, but it isn't their fault that they are able to ride rough-shod over the student body. They cannot be cursed solely on the grounds that they have been busy, and the sort of people that feel that the best way to control the horse is to keep a firm grip on the reins. And further, they are entirely justified. Here, of course, are all of their "parental" control measures and reforms until such a time as the student body shows by its united spirit and intelligent group action, that it is ready and fully able to step out from under the paternal wing and determine for itself the conditions under which it functions.

And don't you think for a moment that rational student action won't prevail against unwanted meas- sures, if properly inspired by and responsible to the president of the college. Though it is true that all of these administrators are finally re- sponsible to the president, but they are not the individual is constantly thinking in terms of the good of the whole, and the individual is represented by a re- sponsibility. Only then and only then can we, as students, fight and put down the petty disciplinary and control measures characteristic of the present paternal administrative method. If there comes a clash between what the students think is right and what the adminis-

tration thinks is right, then the students must be pre- pared to present themselves as a community of re- sponsible student thought. Under these conditions we will prevail, because, after all, students are a necessary adjunct to any university, and our continued good nature is of utmost importance to the general welfare of the school.

No discussion of the School Spirit of Denison would be complete without some reference to the relationship between fraternity spirit and school spirit. Is strong fraternity spirit, then, a necessary adjunct to the establishment of a unified spirit of the whole university? No! Rather should strong fraternity ties serve as a substantial be- ginning for their consideration—you can bet your bottom dollar that you would eat your Thanksgiving turkey at home.

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slipped by like eight grains of sand in an hourglass, and the pleasant routine of our life was interrupted. I was to go away in the fall to the university while Pat had another year at high school to finish. So we determined to make it a glorious summer before we parted.

But the happier the days, the quicker they seem to fly. And our happy summer soon burned into the end of August. September meant college and saying good-bye to Pat, not forever, of course, but it was hard even thinking of drifting apart for a while.

The last day we had together, we drove far out into the country, and rambled for hours over verdant hills and vales. At last we found a great aspiring peak that reached, it seemed, half way to heaven. And here we sat and laughed at tiny toy farms below, and made funny little figures out of daisies. The world was glorious; the sun shone wildly in the sky, and we talked and laughed and then grew silent. For we knew that every laugh laughed, every flower picked, every word spoken, was just a measure of our precious time gone.

And memory of Pat that I had. Every corner of the room beside me, even though afterwards it slipped down her cheek. It was the first time I had seen Pat die. She was happy and that she was happy.

And then Pat was there—suddenly out of that sky, that 1 loved to see. Mother had brought me some soup, and 1 could hear the clatter of dishes in the kitchen. There was the slow, incessant ticking of the clock across the room. I saw a jay skip down the walk on his way home, and the resplendent sun reappeared and Pat was smiling.

And then suddenly everything was hushed and still. There was no sound beyond the room; I am sure even the clock had stopped. A whispering zephyr stole up the walk and softly ruffled the unlatched French window. They looked like long, haggard faces in the dark. A mist of nothingness seemed to settle over everything and I was filled with wonder. I heard a song coming in the trees and out beyond the garden wall, hanging low in the evening heaven, I saw a quietly burning star. I knew that it was Pat's and mine, and a sobbing heart inside my heart.

And then Pat was there—suddenly out of that sky, coming perhaps out of infinity on the golden light of that star, perhaps down the shadowed walk through the swaying doors. Dear Pat, in all her loveliness, such lovely love, she had scaredly noticed before—Pat with her deep brown eyes, pat with her tangled carelessly, and a smile on her dear lips: my Pat. She was in the room beside me, even though afterwards it seemed dream-like.

Could I ever tell you of that moment? Could I ever express the nearness of words, all of the beauty and the glory of that moment? Pat came to me then. We talked without words, saw without eyes, and Pat made me understand. I could never tell you what she said, but I knew that she loved me, and that she was set in my heart, there to remain forever.

And then I was filled with peace and quiet in my heart and I knew that Pat had come back; I was filled with a happiness once more, a happiness I had thought forever gone, and a feeling of strength and determination suffused through me. I knew that from somewhere out of the infinity of sky that covered the dark velvet garden, from somewhere out of measurable space, perhaps a million light years beyond our tiny pin-point orb, Pat had come back to me. I fell asleep watching a lonely blinding star out on the deep purple sky.
With hope's crushed face and memories wrench
A tree scarred by wind's winter whip
A blade of grass when stepped upon
And love is not a windgashed tree
But love is not a blade of grass
To crush beneath your shoe;
In spring is flower-decked.
For having bowed to you.
Will supplely spring erect;
That hides its scars in leaves;
It never leaves the labyrinth
But makes sweet music in my head
And subterranean melodies
It gravely struck an aural bone
And tinkled each transparent piece
It whisked a set of China glass
And purifies my tears.
Like Moses struck the rock,
A magic sound sprite flew,
With antics strange and new.
(For I have closed my ears),
THE SOUND SPRITE

If Harry would only stay still for two minutes I might be able to get my life organized. But no! He must dash off to someone’s rescue.” She determinately stuffed the cigarette out and went back to the secretary. She sat down and picked up the worn scrap of paper lying on the blotter. “Oh! Hell! I can’t send it and yet I can’t wait forever. Life without Harold would be so boring. Yet I am so tired of dashing around from one place to another.”

She rested her head in her hands and sat staring at the scrap. On it was carefully lettered in ink:
SAVIOR: Am ready, same place, Me.

Margery sat down at the secretary with a decided thump, and sighed a definite sigh. “What can I do? Here I am again in this blasted hotel. Yet all I have to do is put two lines in the newspaper and he’ll come running. Do I want that? Is life worthwhile with him, or is it better without him? Should I try to change him, or is it better without him? Should I try to change him, or not? Oh! What can I do?”

Putting her elbows on the desk and her chin in her hand, she sat there and gazed at his picture, muttering, “Harold, you are a lovely creature, and I love you terribly. But I absolutely refuse to put the notice in the paper, you that I could not endure at all. A kiss? Of course. Embrace you could have sailed in all the seas, a static hearth, a curtained pane, for this last time the form, the face, the lip, the eye, the pressing hand unseeing fool? Is there a crumb of plighted love—the ring finger which I, naively, gladly thrust as is the metal harbinger of joy for him whose own, in fact, his surface flesh. With what false breath upon a bosom hard beneath, and camped beneath the jungle trees! The fiery need that leads you to that hides its scars in leaves; every look of joy for him whose own, in fact, is so boring. Yet I am so tired of dashing around from one place to another.”

She placed the picture back on the desk. Heaving a sigh, she got up and walked over to the table. She took a cigarette case out from among the debris and opened the case, took out a cigarette, and wagging on the cigarette she became annoyed. “Harold, you are so wonderful! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so funny! Aunt Wench could certainly snort; and was the Wench in a rage! Jeff really had the tough time, though. I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so wonderful! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so funny! Aunt Wench could certainly snort; and was the Wench in a rage! Jeff really had the tough time, though. I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so funny! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so wonderful! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so funny! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so wonderful! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so funny! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...even though I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn’t dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so wonderful! I can’t help but love you. I do wish I’d sent the notice this morning...NO I DON’T! No, sir, not...
gave it a look that almost melted the frame and stomped over to the table. Taking a cigarette out of the case furiously, she ripped it in half and flung it on the floor, defiantly. Then more calmly she took another cigarette out and lit it. Since no one had ever smothered violently, the half filled with a blue haze. She became angrier. In fact she was muttering to herself the words, "Look at me. Just look at me! A wreck! An utter wreck! Smoking like a chimney, about to foamer at the mouth, and gouging my teeth till there isn't an edge left on anything. That's how I've been made out of. I hope you are having a horrible time in that jail. I hope you are unfortunatble as hell! Look at me!"

At that she stopped, face pale and eyes wet. She looked at me. She was a mess! Her hair was flying out at all angles. This thought flashed across her mind, and quickly she took her comb out of her purse and looked at it. Sometimes she has a bug for auction sales and if people won't let her buy something, she'll get it any-way and resell it. I think we were looking for a chair. Yes, that's it. Sorel was worried sick about some old chair beside it. The thing looks like. Maybe that night will teach her. She must have been in a courtroom again. What a mess! The big brute certainly frightened me. That gun really did the trick.

I was hoping you wouldn't because then you wouldn't have to go to trial. If you hadn't shot the big brute, that picture wouldn't have come out. I don't know what that was. It was a shadow exactly like that in my office. And I hope this will make you sit up and take notice of me once in a while. You can just stay in your jail till I feel like getting into trouble with her.

"Darling, darling! Oh, Harold!" She dropped the phone and ran into his arms.

"You are really going to get out, aren't you, Margie?" Harold said, through her hair. "I just got out of jail and came straight over because...."

"Oh, Harry, I was just calling Clobber to get you out. Harold, I couldn't stand it any longer. I've been going slowly mad!" She looked him over from head to foot and then back up again.

"Which whole the world? I was hoping they wouldn't hold you for murder," she said, straightening his coat collar.

"You were the point, now. We've got something to do!" Harold said with that glint of joy in his eyes. "Come on, let's come up!"

"Sure, sure, come on. We can't waste a minute. The news is going to be flying!"

Margery just watched him pick up her things and as he handed them to her, she saw the picture on the desk. Turning to face him he said, "Savior, will you give me a new pick tonight?"
Reflections

By ADELA BECKHAM

Her smile was slow . . .
I hated her so!

She was wearing gray
I met her today . . .
And she pitied me!

Like a warm, young dove.
God, she could see
The woman you love.

eflections

CALVARY

I met her today . . .
The woman you love.
Like a warm, young dove.
Her smile was slow . . .
God, she could see
I hated her so!
And she pitied me!

HARVEST FIRES

Look, love,
To the fires upon the hill.
Be still,
And watch the leaves fall fast.
Speak not, for any word might kill
This flame that moves my heart
At last.

Look, love,
Into my eyes that weep.
Be still,
And watch the tears fall fast.
Speak not, my heart that was asleep
Sighs, then wake to your love
At last.

DREAM

There was nothing in
The night.
There was blackness, but
That was void . . . There was not even
Moon to give it reason
Or stars
To puncture it with rhyme.
That nothingness
Like fingers at my throat was death—unblest.
For there had been my love
And it was more
Of nothing
Than the rest.

As I look over the situation for the month of November, I have found numerous recordings that will be liked by the swing fan as well as the "smooth swing" followers.

Singer Crosby has recorded a winner this month in Whatta Crooner, on the Decca label. The melody (by Bobby Haggart) represents a pleasant departure from the convention. John Scott Trotter's accompaniment is very fine as usual. While we are still talking about the Crosby family, it would be right to mention the Crosby band's recording of the same number. It has fine solos by Eddie Miller and Billy Butterfield that put the record over the top. This recording is backed by the theme song of the band, namely Swannerton.

Harry James' trumpet is as spectacular as ever this month as he rushes it in Pol Vineta Gaily Star, and It's Funny to Everyone But Me (Columbia 35210). On the first record side I am sure you will like the way the saxes suddenly start ruffling in a true boogie-woogie fashion. On the reverse side the whole James band singing in a glee-club fashion behind the voice of Frank Sinatra. This effect, for a band that has the reputation that James' has for his strict swing style, is poor, and the only consolation I could find was that of his rhythm section which really clicks.

Tommy Dorsey came along with another recording of Pol Vineta Gaily Star (Victor 20565), and he seems to be again going in the right direction with his Clambake Seven after the departure of Dave Tough and Bud Freeman. Tommy does some fine work on the trombone along with the solos of Babe Rusin, tenor sax, and Hank Lawson on the trumpet. Backing this record is It's Too Late to Change, but this does not show the Dorsey boys at their best by a long shot.

After too long an absence from the recording department, Benny Goodman has returned to the new Columbia label with Comes Love, Rendezvous Time in Paree, (Columbia 35201: Jumpin' at the Woodside, and There'll Be Some Changes Made (Columbia 35210). Changes is truly the best of all the sides. The band sounds relaxed and as though they were playing just for the enjoyment they were getting out of it.
A critical discussion of a new play.

Compiled by Jim Black

(Note: This is purely an experimental project in play reviewing. So far as we know, the idea of a commentary in dialogue is something new. However, a warning is necessary.)

**Drama**

In Order of Appearance

The English Professor \ldots \ldots Dr. J. L. King

The Speech Professor \ldots \ldots Mr. Edward A. Wright

Two Students \ldots \ldots Don Bethune, Jim Black

The Hostess (silent) \ldots Miss Louise Wellman

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In Order of Appearance

The English Professor \ldots \ldots Dr. J. L. King

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(Drama) - A critical discussion of a new play.

**ORIGINAL DESIGNS**

By Ruth Frank

Showing Oriental influence in the interpretation of the Harem skirt and drapery created in the silk jersey. The change from evening to daytime wear is a change in the skirt and accessories.
Jim: Then he was growing around for something to restore his ideals. Finally he met a crisis when he saw that ideals are more important than intellect. Then he regained his faith and could meet the situation as a man.

Dr. King: It seems to me that you are pretty close to right. In the first act, when the two men had their guns out, wasn't it pretty clear that our friend had lost his nerve?

Mr. Wright: That's my point. He thought thirty dollars was not worth dying for.

Don: But he acted better.

Mr. Wright: He didn't know then that the gangster had his clutches on the house. Later when he found out, he was not reluctant to die.

Dr. King: Would you say he was true to his ideals when he realized that the leech that had fastened itself on them.

Mr. Wright: No, not the Seminoles, but the blind man and his daughter. Dying for the Seminoles would not have meant anything to them. Their lives weren't worth a thing once they got back into the hands of the law. Their chances of freedom were obliterated long before McCloud died. I felt he was trying to free the family of his best friend from an exactly parallel situation to the one in Spain: instead of Franco, the gangsters; instead of the Loyalists, the Seminoles.

Mr. Wright: Oh, it seemed perfectly adequate to me. In fact, it was an exactly parallel situation to the one in Spain: instead of Franco, the gangsters; instead of the Loyalists, the Seminoles.

Dr. King: Now, it is possible for the Seminoles to be the blind man and his daughter. Dying for the Seminoles would not have meant anything to them. Their lives weren't worth a thing once they got back into the hands of the law. Their chances of freedom were obliterated long before McCloud died. I felt he was trying to free the family of his best friend from the leech that had fastened itself on them.

Don: Didn't Anderson lose by stooping to the gangster to bring out the plot?

Dr. King: He was certainly catering to popular favor or to melodrama. The question is, how else could he do it?

Jim: He could have invented a more convincing and noble block to be overthrown. The whole gangster element seems farcical . . . if the by-play at the gambling wheel was comedy, and it surely must have been intended for that, rather than anything else, it was out of place . . . Anderson so often introduces a few earthy elements into plays which, otherwise, deal mainly with the metaphysical. Look at "High Tor"—the men caught in the steam shovel—such incidents are inconsistent with the play's theme.

Dr. King: When Anderson is at his best, he is conscious of the great Greek tragedians. At times he is almost too obviously trying to do for this age what those dramatists did for that age. Therefore, he uses common material of our day, namely, the gangster. We could compare the incident with Shakespeare. He used absurd tricks sometimes, very melodramatic situations. But Shakespeare was interested in the great fundamental problems and the powerful expression of certain minds. Anderson is trying the same thing . . . Did any of you catch the religions implications of the play? He definitely states, "God is dead. The old faiths are gone." But that doesn't necessarily mean we must think religion is gone. Suppose the Supreme Being is dead, what kind of religion is left then? Anderson echoed Bertrand Russell in answering that question: "A religion firmly founded in despair." In essence, he says, "Let God be dead. Nevertheless, there is something in man, some touch of nobility to believe in. If he doesn't believe in the finest things in himself, he turns away from the opportunity to die." The same statement is found in the closing speech of Esdras in "Winter's Tale": "This is the glory of earth-born men and women, not to cringe, never to yield, but standing, take death implacable and defiant, die without flinching." We may have lost faith in the modern world, but we have not lost all faith in the modern world, and we have not some kind of religion even if it is only believing in the best in us.

Jim: You know, I can't help thinking that the acting was one of the potentially strongest elements of the play. The blind man and the girl failed to show the wound of losing their boy. I couldn't feel McCloud was achieving something in taking Victor's place.

Mr. Wright: That would make another play and would throw the emphasis if you allowed it. He was sacrificing his life. He felt he had done the man an injustice by leaving him on the battlefield and he made amends. There are many soul implications in the play.

Don: But doesn't the fact that Anderson's attitude on so many issues is indefinite show either bad writing or poor acting?

Mr. King: No. That may be an indication of the greatness of the play. No one has ever conclusively analyzed "Hamlet".

Mr. Wright: It should have at least a moderate run on Broadway. The girl fell short somewhere. In the first act, she and her father showed by their acting the weight of years of suffering but in the second, the girl did not rise as she should have.

Dr. King: The peculiar quality of her voice seemed good at first, but before the play was over became monotonous and even straining. I thought the man who played the gangster lead was good.

Mr. Wright: Yes, he wasn't the typical stage tough. He did not bell-doe everybody. Some people felt that every time the tourists came in they were out of place. They didn't fit.

Dr. King: There is a real problem in the casting and directing of small characters. If too much importance is given to the minor characters, they catch attention, and if not enough importance, they clutter up the play and weaken it. What did you think of the sets?

Mr. Wright: I liked the last two better than the first. The setting for the prologue was impressionistic; for the acts, the minor characters, they catch attention, and if not enough importance, they clutter up the play and weaken it. What did you think of the sets?

Dr. King: I liked the last two better than the first. The setting for the prologue was impressionistic; for the acts, realistic.

Jim: I liked the setting of the prologue. It gave me a clear picture of a mountain top, from an impressionistic viewpoint, of course. I could almost see the shells-torn valley and distant lights beyond.

Mr. Wright: The lighting was good. The light on the stage roof in the first act was alive, and it was impossible to detect the change during the act, it was done so perfectly (A long pause.)

Dr. King: I certainly have enjoyed the opportunity to discuss this play with you gentlemen . . . (And so the discussion, which we hope was stimulating and not pedagogic, began to break up, and the four actors went home to bed and left the tired little shorthand artist to wash the dishes.)
were buried within their bodies. Natives of the region tell of subterranean channels to the ocean that account for the cold, but underwaters springs, deep down, are the more logical explanation.

Not only is Seneca unusually deep for an inland lake (in many places the bottom has never been sounded), but the depth starts so abruptly that along much of the shoreline one can dive directly from the thin strip of beach.

And swimming there, because of all this, is a rare experience. Before you dive, you take a deep breath—really deep—because the shock of the cold will leave you little enough oxygen to live on until you become adjusted. The depth lends a thrill as you go down, and the underwaters transformation of the light of day adjusts. Time depth lends a thrill as you go down, and the underwaters transformation of the light of day.

We're realistic enough to favor proper armaments, but idealistic enough to believe that nations, in their dealings with other nations, need not continue to act as if they were in unt to prove that man is descended from the ape. If you feel in your heart as we do in ours—that another war would bankrupt America physically, morally, and economically, whether we won or lost—why urge you to sit down this minute and write to us!

But in fatigue the thrill wears off, and you pull yourself out on a rock, or at a convenient projection of the shoreline, and rest, and reach again an awareness of the loneliness of the setting.

Soon you become restless, so you take another deep breath, and plunge back in, because the cold and the depth are exciting.

We are warned, as seniors and graduates are every- where, that every world war is a conflict with certain obvious indications that all was not right, took something of a beating, in the situation I was reporting, and so did I. I left every interview with her, during which she faced some embarrassing questions, feeling like a wifebeater with a conscience. Going from suburban weekly reporting to the office of a large daily in another city, I began to feel a part of happenings of national and international conse- quence. It was in September, with the start of the war, that everybody else on the local scene was a rat. I met politicians who insisted and often with reason, that everybody else on the local scene was a rat. I knew a man who could always be excited into circu- lating a petition against the mayor whenever I was hard up for a lead story. There was the mayor him- self who would regularly ask what a swell guy I was, thus invariably making me feel cheap for printing stories about the slimy side of his administration. He was a psychologist. There was the prominent pol- tician who confessed he is a communist and tried to bring me into the fold. He is an intelligent man, and has since been elected to a highly responsible office he'd never have reached if his true political alliance were known. He had told me in confidence, a confi- dence I wouldn't betray, because it would have cost him his position, and while I disagree with his political theory, he was still the best man on the scene for the job. He is an opportunist. Hard as it is to write things that I knew would hurt people, even if their behavior, as in trying to get away with a $250,000 graft deal, deserved it, it became even harder when a woman—a charming woman—was involved. Thank Heaven it has happened only once to date, but there was the uncomfortably attractive per- son in a position of financial responsibility whom I had to oppose, because some things didn't look right.

Some of us had decided long before that life at a small college offered too much isolation from the rest of the world, that even if in itself it was an advantage in some respects, and had made a conscientious effort to main- tain contact with actual living to develop a reasonably broad and cosmopolitan point of view. Even at that we were prone to look on labor troubles, inter- national friction, home town elections and sex murders as unimportant in the lives that lay ahead of us. They seemed too remote. We had at least prepared for a shock, taken a deep breath, and plunged.

Newspapermen I found, are too close to all phases of life to be able to turn a deaf ear to things with a protective barrier of indifference. I started to see things vividly with my own eyes. I was a psychologist. There was the prominent pol- tician who insisted and often with reason, that everybody else on the local scene was a rat. I met politicians who insisted and often with reason, that everybody else on the local scene was a rat. I knew a man who could always be excited into circu- lating a petition against the mayor whenever I was hard up for a lead story. There was the mayor him- self who would regularly ask what a swell guy I was, thus invariably making me feel cheap for printing stories about the slimy side of his administration. He was a psychologist. There was the prominent pol- tician who confessed he is a communist and tried to bring me into the fold. He is an intelligent man, and has since been elected to a highly responsible office he'd never have reached if his true political alliance were known. He had told me in confidence, a confi- dence I wouldn't betray, because it would have cost him his position, and while I disagree with his political theory, he was still the best man on the scene for the job. He is an opportunist. Hard as it is to write things that I knew would hurt people, even if their behavior, as in trying to get away with a $250,000 graft deal, deserved it, it became even harder when a woman—a charming woman—was involved. Thank Heaven it has happened only once to date, but there was the uncomfortably attractive per- son in a position of financial responsibility whom I had to oppose, because some things didn't look right.

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thing. My own sincere desire for peace, my hope of our ability as a nation to stay out of such a conflict accentuates the grief—for it amounts to that—for those who have seen such hopes vanish and with them so much of the substance of living. It could not—and cannot—be ignored.

This was the shock of an undercurrent of more intense cold, as my plunge carried me deeper into the lake. Other things had been happening to me; they were personal experiences and reactions. This, a thing apart, was the shock that has needed deeper breaths—reading, studying about international relations, trying to ease the emotional upset, not by self-isolation from a suffering humanity, but by seeking a vestige of hope for it.

* * *

Through all of this, fatigue has occasionally overtaken the swimmer, and he pulls himself out to rest, and looks over the scene as a whole, a complete and still beautiful experience. Along the shoreline have been friendships, detailed discussions about unimportant things, music, the glow of affection shared, Granville on a day off, and time delightfully wasted. But these, essentials in a way, are not ends in themselves, and the restlessness soon is felt again.

The lake, the shoreline and the horizon are even more lovely after these moments of rest, but the swimmer doesn't like to sit around all the time, because there is excitement in the elements of cold and unexplored depth. So again, he takes a deep breath...