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Portfolio Vol. III N 3

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The Editors Say

The ever-pending nemesis of a college literary magazine is the threat of its becoming stale as a result of packing the magazine with "filler". A constant influx of material is the best preventative for such a condition.

We need material. Though we feel that the material used is high in quality, we need a far greater quantity from which to make our choice. This is a call for material, chiefly short stories and poetry.

Chester Varney's The Snake Tree seemed to the editors of sufficient merit to justify the enlargement of the issue to include it. The story is one of unusual theme and is told with a peculiar tone of authenticity. The author, a student of Denison last year, is at present attending Ohio University. Two additional short stories are offered in the fiction department. Revenge by Alison Ewart and Harriet Puffer's Thirteenth Hour are short, serious tales revealing much worthwhile study of character.

A familiar school department is the well-known Alumni Office, and yet a feeling that its fundamental activities were ambiguous, led us to ask Jim Cox to write an article concerning the department. Selling Denison is Jim's factual yet interesting contribution.

Joe Royce, champion of youth hostelry, has written convincingly and enthusiastically about a subject on which he is well-informed. The adventure of the movement plus its worth is well conveyed. Dave Taylor renders a bit of wise counsel to ambitious artists, but his article may easily be applied to any student in any field. An Artist Prepares proves to be good reading.

Christ in Cleats is a brief essay in a new field, religion. It may prove provocative. Dorothy Deane reviews Morley's Kitty Foyle and Bob Smith tips you off on the best latest recordings.

Virginia Martindale proves herself apt at poetry as well as prose. Her verse presents sharp, poetical imagery. Adela Beckham retains her renown as one of the ablest of poets with her short but pointed lyrics. Adela always says something. Two other poets contribute to the issue.

The inside story of Swasey's bells is revealed in our feature on the college bell-ringer. Though the ringing of the bells is a part of every day's activities, many have not witnessed its procedure nor the niche in the tower wherein it occurs.

Al Bellavia and Tom Fox contributed the photographs for the issue.

As a result of the annual change in staff, both new ideas for the magazine and new persons interested in working on the staff are welcomed.
Lars sat in his window looking over the valley. But his thoughts were not with the view his eyes saw. He thought only of Margo. She had been his girl. She had gone walking with him on Sunday afternoons. But of late, she had refused all his invitations. Lars was more hurt when he had learned that it was with Tor she walked on Sunday afternoons.

Sitting there in the window he thought of Tor. Tor was his friend. It had been he, Lars, that introduced Tor to Margo. Also it had been Lars that got Tor his job in the munitions factory. Lars was jealous. He was so jealous that he hadn't slept nor eaten for nights and days. Night after night had been spent in gazing out the window, and looking across the valley. Lars felt he was looking for something. But he knew not what. His nights were spent in this endless search. His days at work were nightmares.

Lars was going down the hill, now, to cross the valley floor. Below him lay the factory, nestled in the fold of the hills. There in that one end of the factory, he could see his wheels, and his cogs. Above his wheels and cogs, stood Tor's mixing machine. There all the chemicals were mixed at a minute movement, for fear the explosives would mix too rapidly and go off. Today he looked at his factory in a new light. He wondered how funny the buildings would look, if that wing of his were blown off. He tried to visualize it, but he couldn't see nothing. He had reached the bottom of the hill, and had passed through the gate. He raised a few of the men coming off night shift, but nothing was said. The night shift men were usually tired, and besides there was little love between the two groups of men. Lars walked along in silence. He knew that no one would notice him, for he often came this time he needed to get away in.

Machinery, cog fitting on cog, wheels turning, the endless turning; the constant humming, the buzzing of the mixer above. The noise filled Lars' head, and he felt he was going to be crushed by the sound. He thought of the hours spent in watching them. He had to work, he had to work there; it was his livelihood.

Work! Six days a week. Watch the wheels, the cogs, they must be even and smooth, they must fall one on the other. No slipping or there would be no Lars left nor anyone else. The thought raced through his head again! No one left! A cog had slipped. The wheels hadn't gone around! The thought was screaming through his head, now. One cog could slip, that's all it needed. "My God!" he muttered half to himself. Here was what he had been looking for. The plan, the idea, that was all he had wanted. He was going to kill his friend. He was going down the hill, now, to cross the valley floor. Below him lay the factory, nestled in the fold of the hills. There in that one end of the factory, he could see his wheels, and his cogs. Above his wheels and cogs, stood Tor's mixing machine. There all the chemicals were mixed at a minute movement, for fear the explosives would mix too rapidly and go off. Today he looked at his factory in a new light. He wondered how funny the buildings would look, if that wing of his were blown off. He tried to visualize it, but he couldn't see nothing. He had reached the bottom of the hill, and had passed through the gate. He passed a few of the men coming off night shift, but nothing was said. The night shift men were usually tired, and besides there was little love between the two groups of men. Lars walked along in silence. He knew that no one would notice him, for he often came this time he needed to get away in.

Rising from his chair, he looked at the clock. It was five o'clock. He had half an hour. Half an hour before he did his work. He thought he would eat. He got bread from a box and milk from another box. He chewed a piece of the bread, but it tasted like pulp in his mouth. Taking a huge swallow of milk, he washed the bread down, but the milk was tasteless, too. Why couldn't he eat? Why was he so nervous? Why couldn't he eat? Then the thought finally struck him. If it didn't mean his life, he wouldn't do it. Tor wasn't a good friend if he took your best girl. Thus Lars was just killing a man, not a friend. He was going down the hill, now, to cross the valley floor. Below him lay the factory, nestled in the fold of the hills. There in that one end of the factory, he could see his wheels, and his cogs. Above his wheels and cogs, stood Tor's mixing machine. There all the chemicals were mixed at a minute movement, for fear the explosives would mix too rapidly and go off. Today he looked at his factory in a new light. He wondered how funny the buildings would look, if that wing of his were blown off. He tried to visualize it, but he couldn't see nothing. He had reached the bottom of the hill, and had passed through the gate. He passed a few of the men coming off night shift, but nothing was said. The night shift men were usually tired, and besides there was little love between the two groups of men. Lars walked along in silence. He knew that no one would notice him, for he often came this time he needed to get away in.
had to leave by six minutes of six, for it was at six o'clock that the wheels rolled this morning, and he must be finished by then.

He began working on one of the cogs with his file. He could see Margo standing alone. Then he saw the ambulance. The girl stood there and began to cry. "Oh. Tor! Oh, Tor! Poor Lars, too, I liked him so." The driver's speech was broken into by a girl running up. "I guess one of them jarred the building," the foreman said. "What the devil happened?"

"Hey, you guys sure have fun out here," said the driver. "There were only two fellows in the wing at the time.''

"What do you mean?" Lars asked. "Two fellows?"

"Yes," the driver said. "Two fellows. One of them was careless."

Lars ran towards the door, and as his locker swung shut, the sign "Don't run—Don't slam doors, a JAR may be fatal..." fell to the floor. He rubbed the file harder against the metal. Tor would never see him! He put his file in his pocket and looked at the door again. It couldn't be locked! He'd just come through that way! It was unlocked then. Crash! Lars almost fainted. It was only his locker shutting. He ran a trembling hand over his forehead. He looked at the clock. It was three minutes of six. He turned towards the door again. He threw his weight upon it, and the massive structure held. He tore at its steel surface with his fingernails, till they were all broken. Then through his panting and his fevered brain, he heard something. He didn't stop to find out what it was. He knew! It was the wheels, moving, moving. Suddenly his fevered mind flashed: "Oh, God!" Lars screamed, "let me out, let me out!"

It took me long years to discover just who this man was. To be exact, it took me eighteen years. I was stuffed with the deceptions and the distortions of the Sunday School portray of the Nazarene, just as most of the youth of today is. I had a sickness vision of a pathetic, lily-skinned and soft old man, with sad eyes, who said things that were true enough but somehow passive and unimportant. As a boy, I knew secretly that Christ was more than a savior; people just hated to admit it.

One day I read Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows". This started a long period of thinking; then slowly I saw the vision of the man. I began with the physical Christ. I went over in my mind the old stories I had heard impatiently as a child, and gradually I discovered a physical ideal here. Christ had been a carpenter of Nazareth. I pictured the long, hard, clean viciousness. So in my eyes Christ became a man.
Somnolence

By VIRGINIA MARTINDALE

"LOVE-DEATH"

A moth mist hangs on moldy rocks,
A strand of song re-echoes still,
And安娜 songs the breakers sing . . .

The tragic death of a lovely bird
Thus, helpless now, the white bird dies
Is like unto a farewell word

The salt spray blinds the white bird's eyes,
With cries, and tries to take the thing
A wind-swept bird on timid wing

The night, it seems, in slumber locks
That haunts this night and dims the moon.

That sought and found; then lost too soon
And mournful songs the breakers sing . . .

The sea sucks down the floating thing,
That floats among the breakers there.

Flutters low and rends the air
A moth flies low, then drifts away . . .

— Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

MOON SILVER

Softly on waxy petal plays
A dancing silver moonbeam sprite.
On slender stems the blossoms sway;
And shadowed dreams again I fill
With sounds of silver-slippered feet.

Honey-suckle, narcissus blooms
And sleepy songs of silver birds,
Fill again deserted rooms
With still-resounding, farewell words.

By ERWIN F. FREY

Isolt

The atmosphere was at once perceptibly cooler, and his spirits rose. The tall evergreens and spreading maples seemed to form a roof over his head, and the soft ferns and mosses put sprigs into his feet. Everything was so still, so clean and pure that he felt as if he were a trespasser. He glanced at his feet. He hadn't noticed how very dusty they were. Everything was dusted up on the road. Stopping, he brushed the dust off his shoes with a handful of ferns, and gave his pants a few brisk strokes with the palms of his hands. There.

Alice Madden passed in her walk. Someone was coming. Nicky was sitting on the bench, looking into the forest instead of walking with her. When Nicky was still it was always a sign. Who could it be? She turned and quickly entered the house. She hung her apron in the kitchen and looked fleetingly into the glass before she heard a soft rap on the door.

"Yes?" She looked into the eyes of Allen Balfour.

"Why, Allen Balfour! I haven't seen you for months. Come in."

"Thank you, Alice. Larry sent me, I mean, that is, Larry told me yesterday that he wanted me to come and see if you were all right. Are you?"

"Yesterday?"

"Yes, I went to the prison to see him, and he wanted me to see how you were."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes. He gave me this to give to you."

"A bracelet? Out of wood. I didn't know Larry carved."

"He learned it—in the prison, that is."

"Well, thank you for bringing it to me, Allen."

"That's all right."

"What was he doing yesterday—when you saw him?"

"Just sitting in his cell. I see the peonies are blooming."

"Yes, they came out a few days ago. They were Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that Larry's favorite flowe

By Harriet Puffer

Thirteenth Hour

"He couldn't go on living like that"

Allen's mind was in a whirl. He thought back, not a little perplexed. That feeling of guilt which he had had for the past few months was augmenting itself, minute by minute. He had never really been afraid, but now that it was only a matter of days before it would be over he felt tense, yet easier.

His stalwart figure swung down the dirt road, and every once in a while he hopped lightly over a deep water-filled rut. His brown pants were muddy upon hanging loosely beneath a clean but well-frayed cuff that thatched among the breakers there. That salt spray blinds the white bird's eyes.

The sea sucks down the floating thing, that floats among the breakers there.

Flutters low and rends the air
A moth flies low, then drifts away . . .

Ts zenith. Allen stood erect and wiped the perspiration from his forehead before replacing his hat. His face was sober now, and his eyes seemed to stare through the dirt beneath his feet. Could he? No, it was too late to turn back now. He slowly descended into the domain of Forest Grove.

"Yes?" she heard a soft rap on the door.

"Why, Allen Balfour! I haven't seen you for months. Come in."

"Thank you, Alice. Larry sent me, I mean, that is, Larry told me yesterday that he wanted me to come and see if you were all right. Are you?"

"Yesterday?"

"Yes, I went to the prison to see him, and he wanted me to see how you were."

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"Yes. He gave me this to give to you."

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"Well, thank you for bringing it to me, Allen."

"That's all right."

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closed his own eyes he could see that face. God! Why had he come?

"I must go into the kitchen and tell Delia there will be another member for dinner. You will, won't you?"

Allen started. "What? Oh, yes, that would be marvelous—if it's no trouble." Allen rose to his feet as Alice disappeared.

There was Larry's picture on her desk. He looked so young and so terribly dead. His eyes were those of Alice's. No, Alice was right. He couldn't possibly have done the deed, even though Allen knew he hadn't. There was a need for the picture, all written on prison stationery, and on top of them lay a dead peonie. Allen moistened his lips. Above the desk were two rifles. One, a twenty-two, and the other a more deadly repeater. Larry had outgrown the one, and the other he would never use again.

"No," Alice murmured as she came up silently behind him. "The man wasn't killed with a gun." She shuddered sceptically, and then in a lighter strain asked her guest what he had been doing.

"Oh, a little of everything, and much of nothing. I worked a week in an office, but it seemed to stifle me. I couldn't stand it. Then as a lumberjack, but the steady thud and ring of the axes and the rhythmic grate of the saws drove me away from that. Since then I've had sundry jobs, but I can't keep my mind on them, no matter how easy they are. If only I could concentrate."

"But you used to do so well, Allen, I can't understand it. We all agreed that you would be the success of the Balfour family."

"I've failed. Guess I'm just the black sheep of the family."

"Don't say that, Allen. Never give up. Look at Larry. No, don't stop me. I love to talk of him to one who knew him so well. He was going to be a lawyer, so I shan't suffer. Keep the old chin high, and let him turn down a cross-road. He wouldn't let him turn down a cross-road. She would keep him on the straight road. Three months of mental torture, they were torture, would soon be over, then wouldn't they. He couldn't go on living like that. He could never rest if the innocent man died in his place. God! He hadn't rested for months. He would never rest until his conscience was clear. But how could he tell Alice. She was going to be a success for Larry, but what would she think of him? That would hurt the most. Oh, Alice, I must tell, I must, and yet—losing your respect means nothing more than everything else. Allen pushed back his chair and stood before the window. Peace. Peace. Peace he must have, not the hell he had been living in. Alice was chains and the red sunset seemed to form a halo about her dark head. She looked pityingly into his eyes. He couldn't stand that."

"Alice, Alice, I killed the man. It was accidental, believe me, but I killed him. I—I want to give Larry back to you. I want to take my rightful place. He couldn't look at her, and yet he felt those eyes searing deep into him, holding him in a vice. The color was gone from her face. Her eyes were horrible. Her hands clenched the edge of the table and her fingers dug in deep.

"My brother was executed last week."

The purpose of the Society of the Alumni is to create, maintain, and develop an effective interest in the college. Every graduate and former student is invited to unite with us in achieving these ends.

What of the work of the executive offices of the Society located in the Downtown Office Building of Denison University? George Eliot once said that "The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another." Today, the Alumni Office centers its interests in three fields—alumni work, new student work, and publicity.

The staff consists of three: John Bjelke, executive secretary of the Alumni and field representative of Deni-
sion; James Cox, Alumni secretary, and assistant field representative; and Mrs. Frank Miller, office secretary.

Compare most any college of like size and you will find a much larger staff carrying out the duties of these three departments instrumental in the welfare of an institution. Our staff can be so concentrated because we have organized and do receive enthusiastic support from our Alumni Clubs and from individual members of the Society. The staff is employed by the Alumni Council, a governing body composed of 18 members who are elected by the alumni, and wields another in its place what he should have had. A sentence of death. Would not death be more pleasant. At least it would be more peaceful. Those eyes of Alice's, piercing his soul. What was Larry thinking? He could save him. There was still time unless the date had been changed. Tomorrow was the time. Yes, time was all that mattered now. He hadn't seen Larry the day before. That was just part of his story to Alice. He had seen her. He knew that she would show him the way. She wouldn't let him turn down a cross-road. She would keep him on the straight road. Three months of mental torture, they were torture, would soon be over, then wouldn't they. He couldn't go on living like that. He could never rest if the innocent man died in his place. God! He hadn't rested for months. He would never rest until his conscience was clear. But how could he tell Alice. She was going to be a success for Larry, but what would she think of him? That would hurt the most. Oh, Alice, I must tell, I must, and yet—losing your respect means nothing more than everything else. Allen pushed back his chair and stood before the window. Peace. Peace. Peace he must have, not the hell he had been living in. Alice was chains and the red sunset seemed to form a halo about her dark head. She looked pityingly into his eyes. He couldn't stand that."

By JAMES COX

What is the nature of the work carried on by the Alumni Office of Denison University? Portfolio Edi-
tor Don Bethune, ever searching for interesting copy for the campus literary magazine, asked us to write a few words in answer to this question for the benefit of undergraduate students who will join, in a short time, some five thousand Denisonians making up the Society of the Alumni.

First of all, this voluntary association of Denison graduates and former students was founded in 1846, and is one of the oldest organized alumni groups in America. At the time of its founding our alumni body numbered but thirty-one graduates. It now embraces a membership of over five thousand.

The Alumni Office of Denison University?

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Public relations operations are divided into four main fields:

1. **Publicity Office**
   - Focus: Creation and distribution of publicity material to raise awareness and interest in the college.
   - Includes: Distribution lists, press releases, articles, and advertisements.
   - Goal: To promote the school and its achievements.

2. **Alumni Office**
   - Focus: Engagement with alumni to foster community and support.
   - Includes: Reunions, publications, and events.
   - Goal: To encourage alumni involvement and contribute to the college's future.

3. **Student Office**
   - Focus: Support and engagement with current students.
   - Includes: Orientation, programs, and student organizations.
   - Goal: To enhance the student experience and retention.

4. **New Student Program**
   - Focus: Transition and orientation of new students.
   - Includes: Welcome events, advising, and academic support.
   - Goal: To ensure a smooth transition for new students.

The Director of Publicity, Mr. James Cox, oversees these operations and ensures they align with the college's strategic goals.

**Publicity Programs**

- **Alumni Magazine**: Engages alumni with stories about current events and campus life.
- **College Displays**: Showcase art, photography, and student projects.
- **College Films**: Create promotional videos for the college.
- **College Speakers**: Involve alumni and experts to share insights with current students.
- **Alumni Representatives**: Act as advocates and recruiters for the college.

These programs are designed to:

- **Promote College**: Increase visibility and吸引力 among prospective students.
- **Manage Relationships**: Strengthen connections with alumni, students, and the general public.
- **Support College Goals**: Contribute to the college's educational mission and fundraising efforts.

**Student Support**

- **Digital Resources**: Provide resources for students to access electronically.
- **Personalized Services**: Tailor services to meet individual student needs.

**Conclusion**

By integrating these programs, Denison University aims to better fulfill its educational functions and support its educational mission.
OPTICAL DELUSIONS

A man who flirts
Through double eyes
Has trouble making family ties—
And if bifocals—that poor choice
Might just as well not have a lap.

By Adela Beckham.

THE ENCHANTED TREE

Up we went
Beyond this waxen shell.
Heaven is light.
And enduring pain.
And curses, failing
In the rain.

Burn a candle
For the living man . . .
His is the darkness,
To where the folk
And I have not returned
Of that old tree's
Wild, misty cloak.
And never spoke
Up we went
And never spoke
Down we came
By WINSLOW HOMER

Admonition

Do not light a taper
To the dead . . .
For they have passed
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La-Ali was in front of me, his sandalled feet traveling lightly over the lush path. I looked at his feet, protected by the leather of his shoes, and marveled at his native courage. I never ventured into the jungle without putting on my high-top, thick leather boots, as protection against the terrors. La-Ali always smiled when he saw me in them.

"Do not be afraid of snakes on ground, bwana," he would say to me. "They will strike at me first." Then he would become almost grim, and I would point to the vined trees. "It is the snakes in the air who are all-powerful!"

I saw him slip away, involuntarily, my finger caressed the trigger of my rifle, and I looked upwards into the thick tropical growth. It was faintly green, where the rays of sunlight came through. The leaves were motionless, for the mid-day toll had stifled the hot wind. I would see no lurking danger, no hint of sinister motion. The trees were peaceful, but there was mystery in them. They basted as tremen-
dous, brooding powers, guarding from human sight living bodies that coiled among them.

In all the years I have spent around the jungle, I have never ceased to wonder at the strength of the jungle trees. They shelter in their dimness so much life of every description that the human imagination may become staggered at its magnitude.

As we progressed further, my eyes were riveted to the turbulent green leaves. They looked innocent in their green splendor, but I knew that their innocence covered repulsive death. There was somnolent life in these trees, life not a part of the trees themselves. The trees were peaceful, but they were as tre-
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side me and grasped my hand. I tried to shake his hand with civility, and yet with just enough "coolness", if that term may be applied to handshaking, to inform him that all was not well with me as far as I was concerned. I was successful, for his grin faded almost immediately.

"Anything more, Carruthers?" he asked, anxiously, peering into my face.

"There is a great deal wrong," I answered. "Suppose we move out of hearing of these natives."

I began walking away from the construction activity, with Saunders closely following me. When I had reached a distance of several feet from the blacks, I halted and sat down on a broad, flat rock. Saunders seated himself at my side. It was up to me to begin the conversation, for my "construction engineer" was staring moodily at the ground.

"How do you like Africa?" I asked him.

"I'm queer in a lot of ways," he exclaimed, "and I'm not fitted for this life. There's something of the mystery of Africa that had gripped me. I used to think if I should ever get to the North Pole he would have to delve into some thing that aroused his interest. I arose from the ground,

"Don't leave, Carruthers. I have lots to say to you." I turned and faced him. "Come back to the clearing with me. We'll settle it there."

I waited for him to join me. Together we approached the natives.

The natives had gathered into a compact group, sitting on the ground, with their backs to the sun. I signaled them to remain motionless. In all the years I had been in Africa I had never seen the natives do anything like this. La-Ali was sitting in front of them, with his eyes riveted to the earth. The other natives also stared at the ground, as if to draw some secret out of its baked surface. No glance up, as we approached near to them. Our feet made plenty of noise, but the natives did not hear us, or pretended not to hear us.

La-Ali mumbled something. Immediately, exactly as it was said, the whole group of natives began a strange, low chanting. I tried to grasp the meaning of their weird song. It was chanted low, and secretively. The words tumbled on top of one another in such rapid confusion that I could not distinguish whole phrases. On and on the chant went, and gradually I discovered that every third exhalation was identical.

"Snake tree, snake tree, snake tree!" The words pounded on my brain and struck a responsive touch. All of the black mystery that the jungle held, the memory of the "snake tree" was blackest. Dreamy memories awakened, and I thought back to that night several years ago, when I had an unexpected visitor in the middle of the night frantic pounding on the door had awakened me. I lighted an oil lamp and opened the door. A wreck of a man stumbled in towards the room and sank into a chair. He was trembling, and the words tumbled on top of one another in such rapid confusion that I could not distinguish whole phrases. On and on the chant went, and gradually I discovered that every third exhalation was identical.

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The pictures above are pieces of Abstract Art which were done by two freshman art students. Abstract Art is coming into its own more every day and even though it is now recognized as one of the more important forms of creation I still feel that the above productions should carry some note of explanation.

It is rather hard for the average person to understand Abstraction as being any form of art at all. But before I go too far let me define in some manner what Abstract Art is. The abstract picture combines harmonizing themes almost to the point of free creation, but includes suggestion and reminiscence of some material, earthly object to satisfy those who still look for the object. It does not rely upon the reproduction of nature's forms but rather upon space relationships and rhythms combined with a complete understanding of color. The eye for the beauty of motives in themselves making the work can be made interesting and given a personal touch. And the experience received will be invaluable to you as a beginner. The job of finishing the layout will in all probabilities be given to a free-lance artist because it needs to be good professional work, particularly if it is for a big national campaign.

The best thing to do if you are out of school and hunting for a job is to go after the smaller stuff. You might have aspirations to do double page magazine spreads for large companies, but you will have a much better chance of getting a small account for a bit of newspaper advertising. By doing these small pieces of work you will become acquainted with the field and with the Art Directors. Do not forget that a mean job willingly and well done will often get you a second job in a short time. You must realize that smaller bits of work at smaller prices are better than no work at all. The job of finishing the layout will be given to a free-lance artist particularly if it is for a big national campaign.

If you are a free-lance artist; you will have the problem of soliciting your work. In doing this you must canvas the field of Art Directors with your big black portfolio and display to them the contents; hoping that something inside will please them and you can make a sale.

No matter how critical the prospective customer may be about your samples you yourself ought to be even more critical. For one thing, the merit of your samples is more important to you than it is to anybody else in the world. They represent your only body else in the world. They represent your only chances of getting your first assignment, and often your only ones as well.

Above all do not think that you can go through life with an "art for art's sake" attitude. On the contrary, your art is for business' sake and you must keep it down to earth along with yourself. Try selling your personality along with your work and you will get farther. A stable business-like attitude will do a lot towards getting yourself on the reliable list of the Art Director and the assignments will come faster and not so few between.

By DAVE TAYLOR

You are now in some phase of your college career. Have you thought about the chances for success in the field which you are studying? Probably the question has come to your mind: Is the training which I am receiving adequate? This might be answered by either a flat yes or no. If the training is not, in your opinion, adequate enough perhaps it is because you are not adequate for the training offered you. I speak of success in a strictly economical sense of the word—in other words—your ability to buy bread and butter with what you have learned in school. There are, as we know, many different kinds of success which are not monetary in character and which enrich one's life; but the primary thing, and the main reason that most of us are in school, is to learn how to put groceries into our mouths and shirts on our backs. So with that idea of success in mind let's see how a student in fine arts, who has been filled to the brim with high ideals and aloof artistic feelings in school, would proceed to crack the hard-shelled business world with his portfolio of pretty drawings.

There are two approaches which you, the beginner in an already overcrowded art field, can take. The first of these is to take a job as a staff artist. This in your mind may not be your idea of a release for a bursting soul which is wasting for expression and desire to create, in a minimum of time, something which even though it doesn't come up to your hoped for standards will satisfy the public eye. If you do not place yourself on the staff of an agency, magazine, or newspaper, there is always the direct assault from the outside, by the free-lance artist. And when a free-lance sells some work to a magazine where there is an art staff in operation, it must be some unusual thing that the staff itself isn't capable of doing.

Who buys art and why? The average artist and particularly the beginning artist will sell to the commercial company and not to the collector who is buying pictures to hang on his wall. The artist who sells to the commercial company has spent years making his reputation and perfecting his work, and his is a well earned reward of having the market come to him. Certainly it is sane to assume that business isn't buying any pictures to hang on the wall.

This is why every beginning artist needs to find out all he can about who buys art and what is bought. Too often he goes out with the assumption that since his portfolio is good, he will have no trouble in selling either the work or his ability to do it. But do not forget that the Art Director has had many experiences with artists new to the field and has to be practical.

Most of the varied work that is done through advertising agencies is done by free-lance artists. The agency staff seldom attempts to do any finished art work for reproduction. It is kept very busy making layouts, both rough and finished, either for the agency's clients, or to be quarreled over in agency conferences. Thus your job on such a staff would be routine work doing layouts and lettering. This may seem a bit stifling to you but with a little addition of imagination the work can be made interesting and given a personal touch. And the experience received will be invaluable to you as a beginner. The job of finishing the layout will in all probabilities be given to a free-lance artist because it needs to be good professional work, particularly if it is for a big national campaign.

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This is why every beginning artist needs to find out all he can about who buys art and what is bought. Too often he goes out with the assumption that since his portfolio is good, he will have no trouble in selling either the work or his ability to do it. But do not forget that the Art Director has had many experiences with artists new to the field and has to be practical.

Most of the varied work that is done through advertising agencies is done by free-lance artists. The agency staff seldom attempts to do any finished art work for reproduction. It is kept very busy making layouts, both rough and finished, either for the agency's clients, or to be quarreled over in agency conferences. Thus your job on such a staff would be routine work doing layouts and lettering. This may seem a bit stifling to you but with a little addition of imagination the work can be made interesting and given a personal touch. And the experience received will be invaluable to you as a beginner. The job of finishing the layout will in all probabilities be given to a free-lance artist because it needs to be good professional work, particularly if it is for a big national campaign.

The best thing to do if you are out of school and hunting for a job is to go after the smaller stuff. You might have aspirations to do double page magazine spreads for large companies, but you will have a much better chance of getting a small account for a bit of newspaper advertising. By doing these small pieces of work you will become acquainted with the field and with the Art Directors. Do not forget that a mean job willingly and well done will often get you a second job in a short time. You must realize that smaller bits of work at smaller prices are better than no work at all. The job of finishing the layout will in all probabilities be given to a free-lance artist particularly if it is for a big national campaign.

If you are a free-lance artist; you will have the problem of soliciting your work. In doing this you must canvas the field of Art Directors with your big black portfolio and display to them the contents; hoping that something inside will please them and you can make a sale.

No matter how critical the prospective customer may be about your samples you yourself ought to be even more critical. For one thing, the merit of your samples is more important to you than it is to anybody else in the world. They represent your only body else in the world. They represent your only chances of getting your first assignment, and often your only ones as well.

Above all do not think that you can go through life with an "art for art's sake" attitude. On the contrary, your art is for business' sake and you must keep it down to earth along with yourself. Try selling your personality along with your work and you will get farther. A stable business-like attitude will do a lot towards getting yourself on the reliable list of the Art Director and the assignments will come faster and not so few between.
POEMS

LOST EMOTION

O little fly,
Thou art not half
So miserable as I.

Struck by
A folded paper, you
Pull in your limbs and die,

But I, struck by
The force of Love,
Can only sit, and sigh.

Damn’d!—Why?

CLOUSED PAGEANTRY

A fatiguing dullness ensnares the
Workings of the mind until at last,
Weary and overwhelmed with struggling,
Thoughts mechanically chase their labyrinthinal
Weaving, until even the last thin threads are
Engulfed within a vortex of exhaustion.

The moon’s mad spinning and
The distant, melancholy measures
Of a tower bell imprint a pattern
Upon the clouded pageantry of my mind—
But the beat of life seems broken, unsure
Of a tower bell imprint a pattern
Weaving, until even the last thin threads are
Engulfed within a vortex of exhaustion.

Margaret Gratz

ENCOUNTER

I sat alone. My mind
Was deep in thought;
No sound endured, and
Stillness grew supreme;
Though vague, the answer
To all that I sought
Crest near; existence
Seemed less like a dream,
To all that I sought
With you ever—
And worldly Scorn,” Life said,
Crept near; existence
Seemed less like a dream,
To all that I sought
Were with you ever—

Life, tell me of Faith,
Reap Beauty, both in mind
And enjoyed the brevity of Being—

But life had vanished,
And resignation.
Then deep regret,
Life looked at me,
And ventured forth with,
Mimicry I showed. “Life itself—
Sublime simplicity!”—I knew,
Was astounded at the
Confidence, and
I revelled in Life’s
There Hell, hereafter!”

—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

Landscape

By LYDIA REEBER

YOUTH HOSTELS

To lead the youth of the world back to nature

By JOE ROYCE

“The thrill of new trials”, Yes, the thrill of new
trails, the thrill of aimlessly wandering over unex-
plored regions, the thrill of anticipating the carefree cyclist,
sniffing the cool, exhilarating air of fresh countryside,
the thrill of striking out on your own, of being in-
dependent. Heavy-soled shoes, bare brown legs, shorts,
a small knapsack—maybe a feather in a battered,
jaunty cap: these are the badges of the biker and cy-
dlist. Whenever I think of the hosteler and Youth Hostels I think of the many times I have traveled the
scenic seas from continent to continent, how I’ve
jumped from mountain to mountain, how I’ve dreamed,
and rambled, and explored—in more than one Na-
tional Geographic Magazine. I grapple with the mag-
nificent Fijiyama with Richard Halliburton; I sheep-
ishly follow Byrd to the Poles; I hide behind trees in
the African jungles for fear of Akeley, and breath-
lessly hold tight with Villiers as we round the Horn;
but, most vividly of all, I ride joyfully with Fred
Birchmore on his trip “Around the World on a Bi-
cycle”. We climb the Matterhorn, lake and all, swish
and slide past drenched shores, fly onward, onward
for 25,000 miles, 25,000 miles on—a bicycle—alone!
Yes, I’m dreaming, but now of something that was
almost reality. I think now of how near I came to
traveling abroad, an ambition I have ever striven for.
Many a day was spent in pushing and shoving, eagerly
clambering over a seemingly impregnable wall of salty,
weather-beaten men—men who were “real” sailors
men who knew the reality of the sea. But I still cling
to the adventurous side of the water, and finally
emerged with my Seaman’s Papers and the possibility
of a job. Finally, my chance—I was hired as a mess-
boy on a “work-a-way”. Though I had no money, I
had intentions of cycling the European continent, using
the hand-out technique of Rousseau, but conversely,
believing in the intrinsic goodness of people. As was
to be expected, my life long ambition, soon to become
a reality, was frustrated once again. The biggest sea-
man’s strike ever staged wrought havoc not only to
the entire shipping industry—but to me. Everything
was botted up, not a ship left the New York harbor.
And I was to continue working at my monotonous job at
the Manufacturers Trust Company, rather than
foolishly forget realities and make the world my
fatherland.

My ambition is now shelved; the present War may
keep it shelved for lost, five, or many more years. But,
like any other temporary situation, it is susceptible to
sudden and unexpected change; some day I’ll ruthlessly
knock the supports from underneath and “go”, re-
gardless of impending dangers. I now realize how
much better it is that events have worked out the way
they did. This is particularly true because I have
learned of a way to solve part of the wanderlust urg-
tings that are constantly suggesting irresponsibility and
apathy to duties. The Youth Hostel movement has
bridged the 3,000 mile gap, and is now extended over
eight regions throughout the United States. While
Europe is again at war I can wait, and in the mean-
time “see America first”, the way I want to—and
clearly!

Though I have not hosteled as yet, I have visited a
few hostels. Imagine yourself now in the home of some
kindly farmer and his wife, houseparents, who
have graciously turned over their property for use
by hostelers. It is early evening, the sky is cool and
soothing, and the surrounding New England coun-
try-side is at rest. We have been singing together—the
boy from Seattle, the girl from St. Louis, the college
professor from Florida, the clergyman from Tennessee,
and the group of high school students from Denver,
having their first taste of hosteling in America before
sailing away to spend two months wandering and hos-
teling in Europe. The room is dark, across a screen
moves a procession of the hostels of the world, all of
them our hostels, as this one is. We have only to
enter at the door of any one of these hostels and
show our passes (passes cost $1.00 for those under 21
and $2.00 for those over 21) and we shall be at home
among friends. At 4,500 doors, in 20 countries, the
Triangle hangs, as a sign of welcome to all hooters.
For the Youth Hostel movement does not belong to
America; nor to any country; it is international.

Now I think it proper to state, as they have it in
many hostels, the noble group; that is, the ideal purposes of the Youth
Hostel movement: To lead the youth of the world
back to nature and a natural life—to help them dis-
cover the particular joys of the leisurely modes of
travel, bicycling and hiking, skiing and flatboating. Mov-
ing slowly through their own country and other lands
they have time to observe the beautiful details of landscapes which are a swiftly changing blur to the traveler by train or automobile; they can study the plants and birds of the countryside; they can become acquainted with the people of other cultures and other lands they travel through. To train youth in self-discipline and independence. The hostellers plan their own trips, manage their own marketing and cooking, and share the work about the hostels. To prepare youth for universal brotherhood and peace. In his own country and in other countries, the hosteler finds his place, after his day's journey, among a group of young travelers gathered in the common room of the hostel. He is away by eight A.M.

"Man at-
I started talking to him about his plans for returning to New York. Perhaps I would go back with him. It wouldn't please him, I know, in case the natives got worked up. It seemed like an excellent plan, so I nodded my head in agreement.

"I'd be glad to, Carruthers," he answered. "And what do you say to having La-Ali sleep on the porch of my tent? He wouldn't like it, probably, but perhaps he wouldn't.

"We'll be awake," Saunders replied, matter-of-factly. "The natives will be busy tonight," I said. "This is the night blackness saturates the jungle. The night blackness saturates the jungle, that I determined in my heart to leave the jungle forever and accomplish the native rite."

Saunders and La-Ali stood by me as I watched the moon rise above the jungle. It was as full a moon as I had ever seen. I had forgotten La-Ali's words. La-Ali was unfavourable. I could not tell of what he was thinking. His face was as insomniac as the moon. The clearing became more visible. Now I once again could see the outline of the sky. The light was filled with a haze that softened the objects we looked upon. I felt a cold chill, although the night was very warm. The rising moon carried with it all that was able to strike fear into me. I turned to Saunders and glanced at the window, about ten o'clock, and announced my intention of retiring.

Together Saunders and I set up a cot in my room. I gave Saunders the use of my bed, and arranged the cot for myself. La-Ali betook himself to the hammock on the front porch of my cabin.

Our oil lamp was turned out, and the entire cabin was in darkness. For awhile, Saunders and I talked, mostly concerning the African jungle. I tried to explain the thing of La-Ali's head, that pulsed out of the jungle into my consciousness. It was the haunting beat of the tom-toms. It drummed in rhythmic monotony and pounded on my ear drums. The beat was low, and scarcely a part of the night, but it was an overwhelming noise that roused me out of a sound sleep. The moon shone through the window and partly illuminated Saunders' bed. I was shocked to see that it was empty!

"Saunders?" I called. "Where are you?"

"I fell asleep," he said. "I thought I heard something, but when I stepped out I found nothing."

I returned to my room, and found my cot empty. My lantern was broken, and I could not think clearly. The beat of the tom-toms was in my mind the entire night.
two hundred yards from where I stood, rose another hazard. My mind reverted to complete betokened a break in the forest, and stepped into a tiny earth slip back a thousand years. I crawled, I ran, the beat of the tom-toms until I had discovered its I felt the presence of unseen bodies in the gloom, but moist earth. And all the while I heard the tom-toms. I do not know of what I thought that night. I looked, and with each step the tom-toms grew nearer. Armed with nothing more than a flashlight, I was impelled by a call that gripped me with its awful I turned from the cabin and walked towards the jungle. As I came near to it, it did not seem forbidding. Its was luminous. The moonlight, at once ghostly and stilled terror for me. It reached out to me. Like a man in a hypnotic trance, I lay on my stomach in the tall grass. Then, when I could not rise. I watched Saunders approach the snake tree and saw blood coming out of its hatchet!

**MARCH, 1940**

force: No wonder the natives worshipped it! They had gathered, some two hundred of them, in a crowded circle about the snake tree. They were seated on the ground, most of them beauty of a dream. The beat of the tom-toms grew more fierce. The natives swayed in their awkward positions, and chanted their the chanting became less noisy. The beat of the tom-toms died down. The natives stopped swaying, took their hands from their drums and sat rigid. Saunders twisted around, and removed something from his belt. The object glistened in the moonlight. **Saunders** ordered. "If they see us, you're no more surprised at seeing me than I am at seeing you. Good Lord, Carruthers, I never expected to find you in this devilish spot! What are you doing here?"

"It's a tree," Saunders replied in a whisper, "and you're no more surprised at seeing me than I am at seeing you. Good Lord, Carruthers, I never expected to find you in this devilish spot! What are you doing here?"

Saunders gripped his hatchet and rose to a standing position. Saunders twisted around, and removed something from his belt. The object glistened in the moonlight. "Let's get out of here," I whispered to Saunders, "the ritual is over."

The natives twisted around, and removed something from his belt. The object glistened in the moonlight. It was a hatchet, of the type that is conveniently carried on one's belt. Saunders must have felt my unlooked for question, for he said, quite calmly, "I'm not sure that the ritual is over."

"Carruthers, for God's sake, look at that snake tree and tell me if I'm crazy!" Saunders turned, and removed something from his belt. The object glistened in the moonlight. I thought I saw a slight ripple, a tiny shudder pass from the top of the tree to its very base. I shut my eyes, then opened them, to look once again at the hideous apparition.

The same quiver spread over the entire tree, like a ripple across the surface of still water. Saunders, I whispered hoarsely. "It looked like it moved!"

The snake tree very methodically raised its arch, assumed its normal, straight posture, and stood once again a rigid monster. It was very tall, and smooth. There was nothing except its unyielding appearance to keep it from growing out of the moss. And ghostly, where the moon shone through small openings. We moved from one shadow to another, until we came to the edge of the jungle. The clearing was deserted. A ghastly quiet covered the jungle. I lay flat on my stomach for what seemed hours. The darkness terrorized me. I could not move. I watched the moon fade, and the first streaks of dawn appear over the jungle. In the grey I stared for a long time, and froze into the clearing. I stood beside the snake tree and looked up at its mammoth length. I could not find Saunders. He had disappeared completely. I turned to the snake tree. I had seen things that could not be. I put my hand to my bead and cradled wearily back into the jungle to my cabin.

**Another month should see the railroad finished. Why should I not make it? I could.** The darkness returned. I could not move. I watched the moon fade, and the first streaks of dawn appear over the jungle. In the grey I stared for a long time, and froze into the clearing. I stood beside the snake tree and looked up at its mammoth length. I could not find Saunders. He had disappeared completely. I turned to the snake tree. I had seen things that could not be. I put my hand to my bead and cradled wearily back into the jungle to my cabin.

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Another month should see the railroad finished. Why should I not make it? I could.**
YOUTH HOSTELS

(Continued from page 22)

You may say—fine, that's very lovely, but anything as good as this must involve quite a handsome sum of money—unbelievable as it may seem, there's no great difficulty here either. It's a mode of travel the poorest of the poor may enjoy, and it's fit for a king. Last summer a young student bicycled for seven weeks through fourteen countries in Europe, staying in Youth Hostels every night and buying food in the villages to cook at the hostel, for a total cost of $21 for the entire trip! With the first demonstration loop of Youth Hostels ready for use through the mountains of New England, it is estimated that a vacation of two months may be spent in the same delightful way for less than $50."

The more I think of this type of education the more I think of John Dewey with his ideas of Education and experience. He would probably point out how these youngsters would have to learn how to plan—how they would have to plan to spend so much for food, so much for hostel expenses, so much for this, etc., as the fellow in the above illustration had to. Yes, and they'd have to learn how to plan good meals on a minimum supply, and it can be done—because it has already been done by more than one person. And he would probably point out the insight into human nature that could easily develop from rubbing elbows with other people. Though I know Dewey did not write this article, consider the far-reaching faith the author of an article in Parent’s Magazine has in this movement: “This movement has another contribution to make in promoting a better understanding between younger people of different classes, opinions and nationalities. Young people representing every shade of opinion—students, artisans, tradespeople, clerks, scholars from every kind of school, girls as well as boys come together. All have the same aim: to enjoy the out-of-doors with the natural enthusiasm of youth. Arrangements are made whereby youths of other countries are welcome. Surely there is no greater safeguard against strife in the future, whether international or industrial, than the deep-seated friendships between different kinds of people which can be begun in the freedom of the open air. Often last summer, as we cycled through England as Youth Hostel members, this very point was discussed. Of all the English youth to whom I talked not one failed to mention the value of the contacts made in this casual and congenial way. And the spirit of comradeship and informality prevails to make these newly won acquaintanceships lasting.”

Be you as apathetic to new ideas, or to experimental ideas in the educational field, as humanly possible, I believe you must conceive of the possibilities of Youth Hosteling in educating, though your approval will naturally vary in greater or less degree. The American Youth Hostel is young; maybe some day the schools will consider it, or maybe it will consider the schools.