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## Portfolio Vol. IV N 1

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*Denison University*

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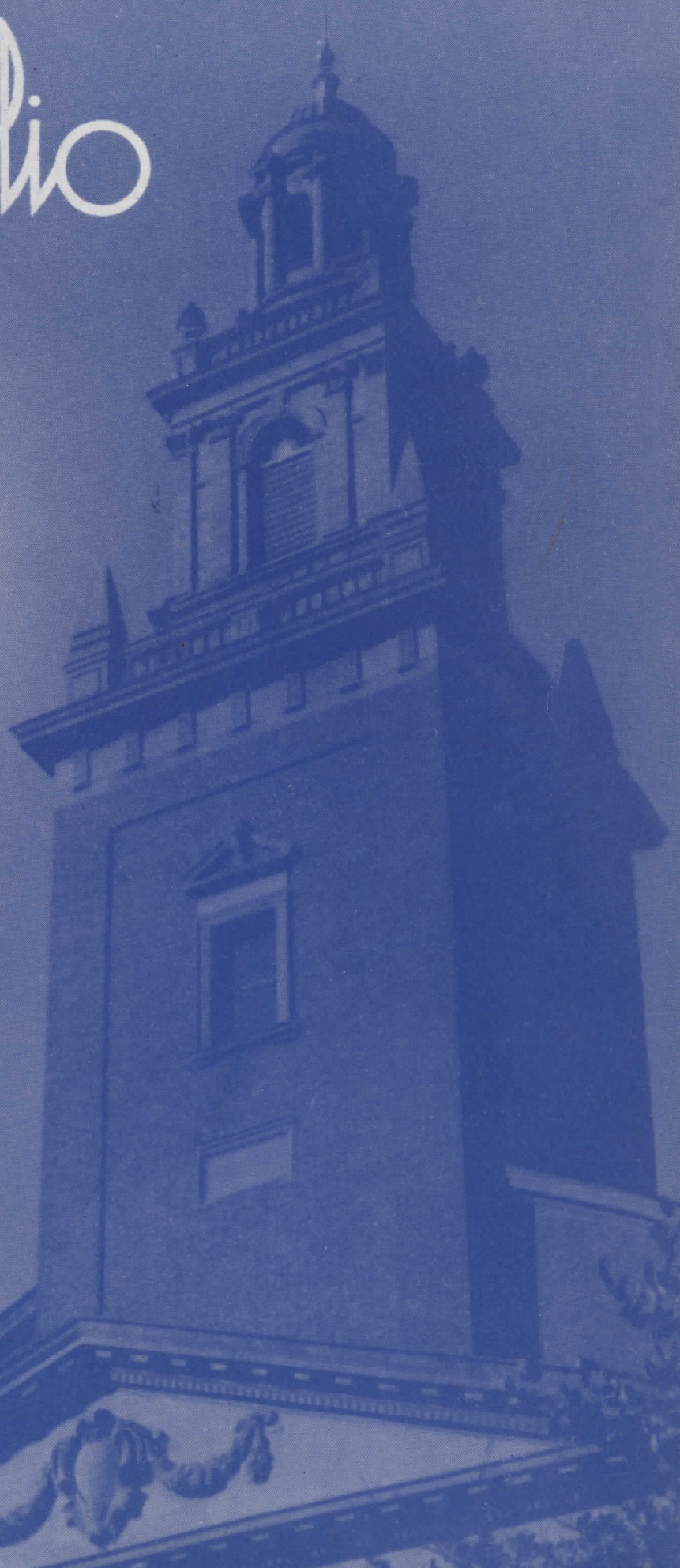
## Portfolio Vol. IV N 1

### **Authors**

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# Portfolio



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# Portfolio

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

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## Literati . . .

AUDREY and Joseph Auslander are a charming couple. Their type of symposium, which turned out to be simply easy and delightfully informal talk on many subjects, can do far more for stimulating literary interest among college groups than other literary bombasts.

Joseph Auslander, Consultant of English Poetry at the Congressional Library, is a slightly bald man with a dapper mustache who displayed an excellent sense of humor. He stood at the rostrum and easily reminisced on Harvard days, relating anecdotes of Amy Lowell and the Harvard Poetry Society. His mastery of language was particularly striking. Slang phrases were frequently interposed but with a deft, serious twist, he could immediately throw clear-cut, lovely imagery before your eye.

Dark Audrey Wurdemann, in a black, gold-trimmed evening gown, sat quietly in perfect composure as her husband talked. Mrs. Auslander is, interestingly enough, the great-great-granddaughter of Shelley, and like him seems to create songs with amazing ease.

The fact that Prexy Brown and

Mr. Auslander taught together in Harvard just after the last war, made for an even more informal, comfortable atmosphere, for it was "Kenneth" and "Joe" between the two. Both entertaining conversationalists, the Auslanders chatted continuously with students and faculty at the short reception given them.

But it was during the ride back to Columbus, late that night, that my companion and I really got to know the poets. Mr. Auslander referred to himself and his wife as old troopers, playing one-night-stands, barnstorming, and eating hot dogs in diners. But we were struck with their freshness and sincerity. We forget momentarily that these were outstanding, widely-famous personalities. They talked eagerly and freely to us. We talked of Amy Lowell, of A. E. Housman, of Rupert Brooke and numerous others. "Amy Lowell is not a great poet," commented Mr. Auslander. Then we launched into Housman and Rupert Brooke; these deserved to be among the greats. During the conversation, Joseph Auslander stated that he believed that he held the most extensive collections of rejection slips in the

country. We discovered later that he actually held one of the finest collections of original manuscripts, including works by Maxwell Anderson, Walt Whitman, and A. E. Housman.

"Poets," he suddenly said, "always hate each other." That to us seemed quite a paradox, for here beside us were two first-rate poets and yet a couple most happily in love.

We talked of many things: of poets and judgments on them, of people and places, of trips and plans, of Denison, of New York—"the perpendicular town", of all sorts of things. They were honestly enthusiastic; poetry and speaking of it was nothing old nor stale to them; they loved it and talking of it as much as we did.

When we reached their hotel we said goodnight, shook hands, and wished them luck on their trip which would take them in a few weeks to remote Hawaii.

*It was the inspiration of personality rather than of the poetry which struck us, and impressed those who heard them. It will do well for the college to offer more of this sort of thing as a part of a liberal education.*

## Reflection

Alison Phillips

### RECONAISSANCE

The thin sickle moon sheds faint sheer light  
Like radiant gauze on the garden path  
That leads to the sea through the long still night,  
With blue hyacinths bordered and tulips white.

At the end of the slate flagged path, the sea,  
The cold distant waves, white-capped and dark,  
Beyond the garden the murmuring sea  
Which holds so much that is dear to me.

And I walk the path in the chilling air  
Between tulips and hyacinths down to the sea;  
But halfway I stop, and failing there  
Return whence I came with a bitter prayer.

Some night when the sickle moon rides high  
And the sea clamors darkly beyond the path,  
I shall walk to the shore where the white gulls fly—  
Where the sickle moon sinks and waves lap sky.

### MUSICIAN

Music like liquid aquamarine  
Flows from his fingers,  
Dancing and clear as a cold glacial stream  
It shivering lingers.

Brittle and tinkling with diamond-like chords  
Like a chill necklace;  
Brilliant crescendos are moon-silvered swords  
Gallant and reckless.

I was a fool to believe that his heart  
Could warm to my own;  
He and his love were as cold as his art,  
A pale precious stone.

### RAPTURE

Once I knew dark rapture,  
Sable velvet, pearls and candlelight—  
Rapture heavy as drugged sleep,  
As ponderous as silver.

But now I know bright rapture,  
Sunlight, crystal water, garnet, fruit—  
Rapture translucent as pale amethysts,  
As light as song.



THE ACCUSED—JOHN ROOD  
—COLUMBUS ART GALLERY

## Red?

Mike discovers this color scheme  
all depends on your point of view

JOHN HAMMER

### Part I

MIKE GUNSHERSKY sat with one leg dangling over the edge of the loading dock; the other, doubled up beneath him, was a sort of rest for a drooped arm. In the hand of this arm was one last stub-like bite of a sandwich. Mike's hand moved up and stuffed the rest of the sandwich into his mouth, then dropped down and began to wad up the piece of wax paper it had been wrapped in.

It was quiet, it was hot, and it was noon. The other truckers of "Hatch and Hatch, Wholesale Grocers," reclined about the warehouse dock against cases and barrels that were too soon to fill orders. The pop of the wadded paper as it hit the dirt below, seemed to break Mike's lassitude; he turned toward the rest as if to speak. Some of the men began to stir around and leave.

He was a young man of large physique and swarthy features. His passive face revealed a self-confidence, a certain wise-to-the-world appearance. There was something sharp in his manner that hardly fit a warehouse dockhand. Mike couldn't help it if he had to do such things as tote case after case onto a truck. He knew he was capable of more than that. It was the system, that was it, the whole system.

He had explained it often; he didn't need to show a card; the men all knew he was a "red." Hadn't he told them about his views until they were sick of hearing them, about Marx and Lenin? Hadn't he told them how, for example, he'd be an engineer under the theories of these men, instead of just a dockhand, as he was? Hadn't he even been arrested on the repeated charge of disturbing the public peace? The others were tired of it; they wanted to hear no more, so they left Mike alone.

They all knew Mike; they had ever since he was a kid, when he and his brother used to hang around for samples and broken cases. They knew Mike's old man too. He had been the trouble hub of a nasty mess at the mill. Mike might have turned out differently, some thought, if he hadn't got so bitter about his old man getting shot in a strike riot, even though it was a rotten affair. Most of the truckers felt sorry for Mike, a little; but they thought it was his own fault. If he'd keep out of demonstrations and "red" meetings, he might get a break. No employer wanted a trouble maker drawing pay on him.

Joe Sefero, one of the drivers who had known Mike longest and had always been more friendly, stopped and squatted down beside him.

"What's eatin' you, Mike?"

"Nothing."

"How long've you worked here?"

"Three months—maybe more. What of it?"

"Been in any trouble?"

"No, but they'll find something soon—"

"You talk too much, that's all."

"So what! It's true, ain't it?"

"Look Mike, it's none of my business about what you do, but Jim says I get the new truck they're putting on. Somebody gets my old one; now if you could manage to stay out—"

Mike broke in. "I ain't asking no favors, and they wouldn't give me a break anyhow!"

"Shall I speak to Jim—or not?"

Mike paused and picked at a button. "O. K. go ahead—speak to anybody you want to—but I ain't thanking you yet."



## Part II

THE order office, a little place adjacent to the loading dock, was very rushed. Mike barked away fiercely into his little megaphone. "One case each, Red Rock Del Monte. Two each, Posts and Quakers, July consignment. Rush it on truck eight and tell Joe Sefero to stop by for the paper."

A factory whistle blasted out its daily call to lunch. Mike looked up surprised, put a weight on his orders and stepped out of his cage-like sanctum.

"Lunch, Mike?" It was Jim Hatch speaking, who had just come back from the front office. "Let's try 'Ma's Pantry'—here, meet George Carson. You know his stores out at Fort Worth."

"How do you do, Mr. Carson. —Yeah, Jim, be right with you. Wait till I wash—" Mike hurried away.

"You know, George, there's an exceptional man, —you'll enjoy talking with him—. Five years ago I was ready to fire him; now I'd as soon cut off one arm. He used to be dynamite to have around, has a lot of "red" ideas and used to parade and picket with the worst of them. I needed a man bad one day; so I took him out of the warehouse and put him on a truck. It was the first half-decent job he ever had, got him out by himself and gave him a chance to meet a lot of different kinds of people. He was too busy for "red" activities and then, too, he must have done a little thinking. Anyhow, he turned into the best order man I've ever had."

"Sorry to keep you waiting," Mike interrupted.

"Well, I hear there's a yard strike out at Fort Worth."

"Yes, it was pretty bad for a while; it was all over the layoff of some dishonest section men. The union got in a big hurry to strike and as a result everybody lost a lot of money and nobody won a thing."

"I read about that; it's the sort of thing that is making it tough for labor, wildcat strikes; they give even a just grievance a dirty appearance. I ought to know, I was in enough of that stuff."

The three men slipped into "Ma's Pantry," a few doors up the street, and lost themselves completely in a conversation that made lunch and a cigarette become a mere reflex submerged in talk on "the rights of labor." Jim Hatch, the small employer, said little; it was Mike and Carson who argued. Mike was earnest, he was excited, he framed each sentence with a gesture.

"It's wrong," he was saying. "Men should not have to join unions and strike to get what they earn. Sure! it's a waste, but it's the only way a working man can get what he needs. Labor has to fight for everything it gets. Take my father; he was a roller in a steel mill, a good job, he got enough to live on; the men below him did not. The union called for a strike. In the course of the picketing against company scabs, my father was shot by a mill policeman, in the back, at that. Why? Because he was just a picket in the way? NO! It was because he was a spokesman, he had dared to suggest a compromise, he had been a threat to the continued high dividends for the corporation. People say that this was an extreme case. Sure! but there are many other extreme cases. It is why I sometimes think that capital should be taken completely out of the hands of individuals. Maybe it wouldn't work; I don't know."

Jim Hatch pushed back his chair; the others automatically followed him. On the way out he remarked casually, "Mike, you're losing your fire. Five years ago you were ready to go to Moscow."

## Part III

THE sign was very neatly designed. On a black glass background were large square white letters that were meant to inform all who passed the row of swinging metal doors below, that this was "GUNSHERSKY BROTHERS, SUPER MARKET."

Inside, swarming customers beamed in the refracted light that everywhere glanced from white enamel showcases, white enamel shelves, and white enamel counters. People milled through a long maze of counters and displays, each customer pushing a small wire-basket cart. There was a force of slender boys, wrapped in long white aprons. Each was equipped with a smile, a black

(continued on page 26)

# The Christmas Guest

A strange tale of unwavering  
faith in the coming of Christ

KENNETH I. BROWN

THERE are times when a man yearns for his home and the companionship of his friends. I had reached such a state of mind after four months in South America in search of flora for my botanical museum. . . .

I lay back in the native dugout, lost in pleasant thoughts of home and a land where Nature was tamed. Pedro, a native Carib guide, between the lazy strokes of his paddle, had told me, in a lingo of distorted English and incomprehensible Spanish, of Cispatia, a tiny Carib town inland on the Mulatto River which he knew, of the villagers' "heart warmness," and of their isolation. If I understood him correctly, no white man had visited them for 20 years.

"And this is the day before Christmas," I mused. "We shall spend Christmas Eve at Cispatia; I shall be their Christmas guest." The thought was ironical, and I smiled bitterly.

It was approaching twilight when the village came into view. It consisted of a score of small huts with novel grass-roofs, many of them built on sticks for protection against the attack of wild animals. . . . An old man espied us and stood as if rooted to the spot, staring intently at us. Then with a wild shout, such as I have never heard, he cried: "*Hombres, hobres! Venid!*" and straightway running from the huts came men and women. They stopped abruptly when they saw us; with one accord they fell upon their knees and bowed their faces in the dust, all the while making a rhythmic moan, strangely beautiful.

I knew not what to make of this strange performance and my guide offered no information. As I stepped ashore, not a person stood, nor even peered at me through half-closed eyes; evidently that which I had taken for a moan was a prayer.

"Tell them we want to spend the night here," I said to my guide. No sooner had he spoken than they rushed toward me. In no human eye have I ever seen expressed such emotion as was written in theirs. Their eyes scanned my face with a hunger and avidity quite disconcerting. When I raised my arms to them to signify that I would be their friend, they fell at my feet; they even kissed my sandals. . . . The entire performance was incomprehensible to me. Amazement at the presence of a white man hardly accounted for their apparent worship. Presently I strolled down

to the bank of the stream and sat in wonder, while the shadows of twilight thickened.

I could see the *hombres* and *mujeres* in the distance. They were talking in soft tones. Suddenly one of the *muchachas*, young and slender, came toward me. She walked with difficulty, leaning heavily upon a staff at each step. Apparently her left side was paralyzed. Her foot dragged as a leaden weight, and her arm hung useless. No one moved among the group in the background, and yet I could see they were watching her intently. The young girl was trembling violently. I rose, wondering what was expected of me, and even as I did she stumbled. Her staff fell from her hand and she pitched forward. I caught her easily, and held her trembling body for a moment. Then, with a cry of ecstasy, the young thing leaped from my arms and flew back to the shadows. As if waiting for this moment, her friends raised their voices with hers and there arose a solemn chanting, crude, yet beautiful in its sincerity and resplendent in its recurring note of joy. I longed to know the secret of the mystery.

The *muchacha's* staff lay at my feet. Could it be that these poor people, hearing of our progress in medicine, believed in the white man's miraculous power to heal? Faith is the ability to believe the incredible, I had heard it said.

I was so astounded at what had taken place, and so disconcerted by the plaintive chanting, that I hurried to the old father and made signs that I would retire. He understood and led me to the largest hut, where they had prepared a spreading of fresh palm-leaves with a blanket covering—the choicest sleeping accommodation the camp offered, I knew—and I accepted with a gracious heart.

It was dawn when I awoke. Christmas Day—and yet how unbelievable. What was Christmas Day in a land of wilderness and black folk? What could it mean to these Carib Indians? It was with a feeling of wretchedness that I recalled past Christmases. . . .

The dream was dispelled as I became aware of the voices which had awakened me, yet they stirred something within which quieted the loneliness of my heart. There about the hut were gathered the inhabitants of the camp, with their arms laden. At sight of me they bowed them-

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## Two Poetesses

### Irony

I read the papers where ugly staring words  
Shouted "WAR," and saw behind the stiff word-line  
Flesh-torn men, screaming bombs and screaming men,  
A woman clawing warm ashes for her missing child.  
I shuddered and closed my thought-door with a bang.  
Only the wind breathed through the tree;  
My lamps were rosy; my fire was warm, and my little son  
Was sleeping with moist curls pressed against his chubby  
face.  
All was safe—it couldn't happen here.  
With a smile I reached for a grubby paper  
And read, "Dear Santa, please bring me a gun."  
—Mary Virginia Lay

### Hope

I cannot bear to lose this, Lord.  
And yet I must.  
The fall is coming with dead leaves:  
Green velvet turned to dust.  
I can't afford to lose this, God.  
It leaves my life but empty air;  
It leaves my heart a lump of stone  
And melancholy everywhere.  
It cuts me, Lord, to lose this thing,  
But then, perhaps, another spring . . . ?  
—MARGARET SHIELDS.

### Not Know God?

Not know God,  
Running with the voice of the sea,  
Running until trees toss and creak,  
Running with the clouds across the black cave-sky  
And hearing Him speak, thrill not to power and ecstasy?

Not know God,  
And feel Him and His peace  
In the quiet, deep pools of silence.  
Silence of quiet beauty,  
Silence after pain,  
Silence of peace?

Not know God,  
And see His beauty,  
Beauty of stardust on the grass,  
Beauty of sky-kissed hills,  
Beauty in the face of a child?

Not know God,  
And feel His love  
In a smile,  
In the clasp of a hand,  
In the soul of a friend?

—Mary Virginia Lay



BACK COUNTRY—DEAN CLOSE  
—COLUMBUS ART GALLERY

## Football and Education

—in which Tom Rogers discusses  
the real purposes of the game



TO MANY PEOPLE football is just a game—a thrilling game, an exciting spectacle, an afternoon of recreation or play, but after all only a game. To others it is more than a game; it is a vital force affecting the lives of hundreds of thousands of young men. I am one of this last group. Therefore I decided to write something of the benefits I believe boys derive from the game and the part it plays in the education of young men.

If football is just a game, it is questionable whether or not it is worth the time, money, effort and physical danger involved. To many of us who have been closely associated with football, it is well worth the cost because we believe it to be a definite factor in the education of young men who are physically able to take part in such a rigorous activity. Football, correctly conducted, encourages and develops all that is finest in character; it begets courage and establishes principles of fair play, fortitude and sportsmanship; it puts a premium on stamina and spirit; it engenders a respect for loyalty and team-work that remains with a man through his lifetime. With the world in its present chaotic state, with the development of class hatreds and the destruction of so many ideals that have made life worth while, it would seem more than ever that it is well for the minds of our young men to be occupied with an activity which is democratic and which requires loyalty to a cause.

The foundation of our present American civilization was laid by those who had the courage to dare the unknown; the power to overcome trials, hardships, discomforts and fatigue; the patience and determination to succeed in the face of discouragement, disappointment and defeat from the elements, the soil, and from enemies. Consider the boy whose grandfather walked for miles in all kinds of weather to go to school, and then spent the balance of his time at hard work on the farm. Gone are the woods in which the fuel used to be gathered. Gone are the frontiers and the self-sufficient family in which existence required that fortitude and independence be the first steps in the education of youth. Gone is that great institution that aided so much in the maintenance of parental discipline—the old woodshed. How dif-

ferent from today's life of comparative comfort and ease, which makes for softness of body and mind.

Our young men require some substitute for these former privations to give them the qualities necessary to a strong, virile race. Football, artificial though it is, more nearly fulfills these needs than does any other experience which is open to thousands of our youth.

Although they cannot be found in any text, there are many lessons to be learned from football which are just as much a part of education as the accumulation of facts concerning the division of Gaul into three parts. The development of will power certainly is an essential in education. Will power—the will to win—has not been very accurately defined by our psychologists; our knowledge of how to develop it is rather meager; here possibly modern education falls short. We are inclined to think of will power as being connected with inaction, with control: to refrain from doing something may be more difficult and require more will power than to act. But, it is significant that will power is more often connected with action. A thought that does not lead to action and to accomplishment dies. To bring out this natural expression, to act, demands will. To constantly respond under difficult conditions develops the will. No activity connected with our educational process gives such rich opportunity for such development as does football.

Life for most of us is a matter of competition. We must compete whether we want to or not, if we are to make our way in a civilization that does not reward the second best. It has long been recognized that in each individual there are great reservoirs of power which remain largely untapped. Our problem is to learn how to release these hidden resources. Most of us do not have the incentive and are not willing to pay the price. We are too lazy. We can't compete. A great urge, purpose or ideal is required—a real "kick in the pants." To rise to the heights of possibility there must be real emotion. In this age when there is little loyalty to anything and little incentive or necessity for really extending oneself, is it not per-

(continued on page 22)

## Thomas Carlyle-Political Reactionary

An excerpt from the Chamber's Memorial prize essay  
showing Carlyle's ideas of especial interest today

IRA PRICE III

THOMAS CARLYLE'S bitter denunciation of democracy in principle and in practice is one of the most important and striking of all his philosophies. It is the central theme behind *Past and Present*, *Charterism*, and *Hero-Worship*. "To Carlyle democracy was equally abhorrent in theory and practice, idiotic in idea, and in fact inexcusable." To Carlyle the democratic philosophy was contrary to the law of nature and the law of the universe. He hated it instinctively. Let us listen to the great antagonist speak: "Democracy, which means the despair of finding any laws to govern you, and contented, putting up with the worst of them—alas, see how close it is to Atheism, and other sad 'isms'." Although he had an unwavering interest in the poor, Carlyle came to regard the bulk of men as children requiring not only help and guidance but control. Democracy failed, thought Carlyle, because it caused men to put their faith for a better life in the hands of men themselves, rather than in the grace and powers of an omnipotent God.

Every stage in his political development is marked by a growing distrust in the judgment of the multitude. It was deplorable to Carlyle that common man should be given the power to control equally common men. This distrust is set forth in the following passage from *Past and Present*:

"There is a divine message or eternal regulation of the universe. How find it? All the world answers me, 'Count heads, ask universal suffrage by the ballot box and that will tell'! From Adam's time to the present the universe was wont to be of a somewhat obtruse nature, practically disclosing itself to the wise and noble minded alone, whose numbers were not of the majority. Of what use toward the general result of finding out what it is wise to do, can the fools be? . . . If of ten men nine are recognized as fools, which is the common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of ten men? . . . Only by reducing to zero nine of these votes can wisdom ever issue from your ten. The mass of men consulted at the ballot box upon any high matter whatsoever, is as ugly an exhibition of human stupidity as the world sees. Cease to brag of American institu-

tions. On this side of the Atlantic or on that, Democracy is ever impossible. Democracy, take it where you will, is found a regulated method of rebellion, it abrogates the old arrangement of no-government and *laissez-faire*."

Carlyle refused to put his faith in the Parliament of England because he believed that by finding members who were more and more the image of the people, the total wisdom of Parliament would be cheap with mediocrity. He blasted the usefulness of Parliament with all his satire and vehemence, and said that not the smallest gleam of intelligence had been thrown on any matter earthly or divine, by the members in the last ten years. "Our reformed Parliament cannot get on with any kind of work except talking, which does not secure much. It is really pathetic after a sort, and unless parliamentary eloquence will suffice the British Nation, and its business and wants, one sees not what is to become of us in that direction."

Again, Carlyle attacks universal suffrage, for in his words from *Parliaments*: "Can it be proved that, since the beginning of the world, there was ever given a universal vote in favor of the worthiest man or thing?" He stressed the opinion that although hundreds of men vote, in the end only a few would be "in the right." Carlyle shows in his discussion of negro and slave suffrage a lamentable short-sightedness and lack of understanding. "Whom Heaven has made a slave, no Parliament of men nor power that exists on earth can render free. No; he is chained by fetters which parliaments with their millions can not reach. No real slave's vote is other than a nuisance." This passage I think is a fine example of the lack of clear logic displayed by Carlyle in his thinking and his writing. Of course, the striking fallacy in his "slave doctrine of suffrage" is that he errs when he states that Heaven has made a slave of man. It was and is man that has put his fellow brothers in bondage, through a superior strength and indifference to natural laws of decency and equality. Further, if we admit that obvious fact, we must also admit that it is up to Parliaments and voters to free the slaves they have made. Clearly, Carlyle wavers from the path of truth and clear thought in this article of *Parliaments*.

Along with his denunciation of democracy as a miserable government of the ignorant masses is Carlyle's absolute belief in strength and his utter disbelief in "collective wisdom." The application of the maxim, "Might is Right" as a theory of government was forever upheld by the Great Reactionary and he preached the goodness of dictatorship to all who would hear him. To adopt this Machiavellian view of political government is to place the supreme power of a state in the hands of a single ruler, usually not answerable to the people. Obviously such a concept of political theory is far from the democratic ideal of delegated powers and the rule of the people.

Carlyle's undemocratic feeling set him aside from the current movement of the time. For instance, there is a striking contrast between Carlyle and Emerson, who was saturated with democracy. Ralph Waldo Emerson extolled freedom and liberty as the basic necessities of a full life and a wise government. The American author even went so far as to call Napoleon Bonaparte the "incarnate Democrat." For, according to Emerson, "Bonaparte was the ideal of the common man because he had in transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men." Contrast such a feeling for the democratic principles with Carlyle's opinion of freedom:

"In freedom for itself there is nothing to raise a man above a fly; the value of a human life is that of its work done; the prime province of law is to get from its subjects the most of the best work. The first duty of a people is to find—which means to accept—their chief; their second and last to obey him. We see to what men have been brought by 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' by the dreams of ideologies, and the purchase of votes."

Carlyle combats the *laissez-faire* or "let-alone" doctrines of the classical political economists. This theory of the government's or state's wielding but a minimum of restrictions and impositions upon the people is part of the democratic process. Its virtue lies in its absolute reliance upon the judgment of the people to govern themselves wisely and well. But this Carlyle would never admit. To him *laissez-faire* was "false, heretical, and damnable." The lower classes must be taken care of by the higher; the laborer has a "right to that guidance and government which he cannot give himself." It is at this point that Carlyle differs from Emerson and other contemporaneous exponents of democracy. "Carlyle hears from the multitude the inarticulate prayer: Guide me, govern me, I am mad and miserable, and can not guide myself." Surely, of all the rights of man, this right of the ignorant to be guided by the wiser, to be gently or forcibly held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest."

### Hero Concept

This reliance upon strength and disbelief in democracy gives us the key to Thomas Carlyle's

political philosophy. He looked about him and saw the terrible social and economic conditions that the Industrial Revolution had brought to England. In his *Past and Present* Carlyle points out the fact that "England is full of wealth and human labor but is dying of inanition." He saw two million workers, sitting in workhouses and prisons, ready and eager for work, but empty with starvation and full of despair. What is to be done about this sore condition? Carlyle gives us the answer: "What England needs is a strong man, a morally gigantic Hero to lead them to the right path." This, then, is the answer to the question: "What shall we do?" Furthermore, it is the essence of his famous "Hero-concept" and "aristocracy of talent."

Carlyle's hero-worship was based on an excessive admiration for individual greatness and a deep reverence for the Past. The Old and Middle Ages according to his view, had their chiefs and kings, and progress had come with the people's dedication of obedience and loyalty. Democracy was a new force in his time and the Great Reactionary cried out that it must be dominated by powerful leaders. For the will of the hero is always to be followed over the arbitrary will of the people. Carlyle believed implicitly that the powerful ruler—the Napoleon and Cromwell—had been divinely sent to lead the ignorant masses out of the valley of despondency to the prosperous mount of hard work and truth.

The hero or strong leader had been Heaven-blessed with superior judgment, Carlyle tells us. Here was the answer to the problems that slow-moving, dull-witted democracy had proved incapable of solving.

The Hero, to Carlyle, was an *original* man, coming to the people first hand, a "messenger from the Infinite Unknown with tidings to us." The ordinary man's sincerity is loyalty to the best he can perceive above him—namely, a Hero. Thus, the sincere man is an obedient man. Another characteristic of the Hero is his superior *insight* into things,—he can look through what *seems to be* and find the essential truth. The Hero will not merely be directed by the desires and pressures of men, but by the great, unseen mystical need of men.

Along with the Hero concept of Carlyle is his theme, "Might makes Right." The force of the Great Reactionary's man of genius comes from the Machiavellian doctrine. Carlyle explains his doctrine by showing that only the Right can possess Might, for only the Hero can know the right and noble action to take. Having that unique power, the Hero will go ahead and exercise it through measures that will give his followers—the common people—the most and best enduring benefits. The Hero will lead, the people will follow, and the resulting benevolent and wise rule will be many times better than the dull-witted government of democracy.



# Greater Love Hath No Man

John's voice called her, but there was another  
calling her, someone she had almost forgotten

BETTY TINNERMAN

Oh let me come and find content among the kindly hills,  
Where I may stoop to pick the gold from burnished  
daffodils,  
And listen to the startled call of turkeys in the pass,  
Who see the sliding shadow of a bird's wing on the grass.

Oh let me come and watch the mist drip from the morn-  
ing sun,  
And see each hillside sink to sleep after the day is done.  
And I will gather from the earth a riches that mankind  
Living in his lowland fields cannot hope to find.

To watch the spring approaching o'er the mountains from  
the south,  
To see her violet colored eyes and smiling cherry mouth;  
To stand and watch the waking earth hold out an empty  
cup,  
To see it filled with fresh warm rain that growing life  
drinks up.

And then to pass the summer in the depth of forest shades.  
And see the heat waves dancing through the distant Ever-  
glades.  
To watch the thirsty leaves of corn and heads of waving  
grain  
Lift phantom arms toward the sky to catch the falling rain.

And when the summer passes and the green turns red and  
gold,  
To stand with soul exalted in the glories that unfold,  
As to sublimate the picture the autumn sun distills  
The primary color landscape to a purple haze of hills.

And then when all the beauty fades and glory's in its tomb,  
Through the darkened forest faces to behold an after-  
bloom,  
And in the falling snow to find a solace for each sorrow,  
As through the blackness of their grief we see a white  
tomorrow.

That spreads celestial radiance across a lifeless earth,  
And whispers in each sunken grave the promise of rebirth.  
And so all roads lead to the hills, for there man finds  
release,  
For all the sadness in his heart and for his soul—a peace.

## The Hills

ANONYMOUS



### A Shakespearian Sonnet

Warm with welcome comes the autumn night  
To distant field, far city, and the town;  
And all the land enthroned in lilac light,  
Is lost in dreams as darkness settles down.  
And Zephyrus searching for his hidden love,  
To us is but the winds susurrus low;  
As when from pink the paling skies above  
Grow blue, and faintly stars begin to show.  
The heart of man in secret 'oft will burn  
As he recalls some fair September flower,  
In breathless scenes of autumn that return  
With one glad memory of a twilight hour.  
There is no man who cannot help but own  
His soul has yearned for scenes that he has known.

THE sound of her plane's motor pressed soothingly against her eardrums, filling them, as her mind and her heart were filled, with a sweet, cool serenity. It was as if she ceased to breathe, as if her senses were pleasantly dulled to pain for the moment. Even the sharpness of the wind, the intense blue of the sky, and the vivid brightness of the green and brown earth below her seemed blended in a vague mist of calm.

For the first time in three days she felt free. Eternity was hers to do with as she pleased. She flew somewhere between earth and sky, between heaven and hell, and infinite space wrapped her in the protection of complete nothingness. She was free of the low, earth-born sobs of white-faced women, the heavy odor of funeral flowers, the sight of the unliving body of John, her husband. She had heard him calling to her from up here in the blue emptiness. She was going to him. She would find him here, somewhere between earth and sky, heaven and hell.

Her hand tightened on the stick as she guided the silver plane upward, ever upward to where she would meet him. In her mind she saw him, strong, with the look of ages in his eyes. A surging ecstasy filled her being, tightened her so that tears of pure joy filmed her eyes. Soon! Soon! They would be together again. She remembered him when he laughed, when he smiled, when he wept, but she no longer felt a sense of loss, because now he was near. This had been their real home, the Sky. This was where they belonged. His mangled body had been found in the wreckage of his plane on a mountain peak, but his spirit, his life, was up here somewhere. She must find him, join him in his departure from terrestrial ties.

Always she had been with him, following him in mind and body as the lesser light of a comet's tail follows the glorious blaze of its master. Theirs had not been only love. It had been something beyond and greater than love, a sublime oneness of thought and action and a mutual feeling of humility toward Sky, their Master. Earth had parted them, but once again Sky would unite them in its bonds.

She had no fears for what she was about to do. John would understand and be waiting to help her when she needed him, when she exchanged

her former life for a new life. Life! What was life? The poor, weighted existence below her no longer had a name. It was not life. Above, ever above, life called. Soon now she would enter it with him.

Suddenly nausea gripped her, reminding her that soon she would have borne his son, borne a new lover of Sky to replace the old. How would she tell John of the little, lost son who was begging for birth? But that didn't matter—nothing mattered but being with John again. It would be very soon now, she was almost high enough.

He could have flown, that little son. He would have lived as they had lived. But she mustn't let him turn her thoughts from John. She could hear John's voice. It was stronger now. If only the thought of that minute life within her would leave. It pricked her consciousness, sent small pains coursing through her brain. She must find John quickly, quickly.

A sudden penetrating fear contracted her heart. Where was he? Thoughts of that little soul within her was driving him away. She mustn't think of it. She sped after him. Nothing on earth could keep them apart. That small bit of life couldn't be as strong as their love. She could hear John call again. He was just beyond her. But another voice interrupted him. It was the voice of Sky, the power above earth. It called to her, too. "Your son, never to fly, never to live, never to look down upon the red blaze of sunrise, or to be caressed by eternal wind." She tried desperately not to hear. She cried out in anguish, "John! I'm coming to you. I'll come. Call me again. I can't find you!" She thrust the stick forward bringing the plane into a powerful dive. It circled, spun dizzily toward the earth.

"Call again! I can't find you!"

But the power above earth was drowning out the voice of John, demanding a new disciple. "Your son, his son, to be forever a lost dream, a life suspended, never living, yet never dead."

"No! No!" It was her right to be with John. She would refuse to give him up.

"John! I'm coming. Nothing can stop me, if you call!" She heard only the voice of Sky.

A fragment of an old quotation whirled into her mind. Was she beaten? Was Sky stronger

(continued on page 26)

## Gentlemen - -

Two noble champions of oppressed man rise to oppose the tyrant female. Jim Hall sketches the fall of man, as Ira Price plots a plan whereby man may be master in affairs amorous



Woman has long been considered by the ill-informed to be the curse and the blessing of man. True, the dear creatures have served a definite purpose in the perpetuating of our civilization but if allowed to follow their present trend the destruction of man is inevitable, and I might add welcome as the lesser of two evils. I have long taken a firm stand on this proved theory and if my readers (I trust I may safely use the plural form) will bear with me I will point out several flagrant examples of female inconsistency or the degradation of the great.

Since time began and fish jumped out of the sea to stand on their posteriors and become "man" there have been women to plague us. The principle difference between women then and women now is as great as the difference between Roosevelt and Willkie. The women of those so-called primitive, dark, and unknowing ages knew that indeed fortunate they were to have a man. Personally I believe those ages were the enlightened ones. The women were reared to serve man and that remained their prime purpose for living. As cooks they were unexcelled and never did the men come home from a hazardous hunt to find a meal that was conspicuous by its absence because wifery saw fit to spend the afternoon gossiping over the bridge table concerning the mere trivialities of her sex. A woman thought always to please the man and would think nothing of bravely stalking a rabbit in order to get the tail and make her husband a full dress suit. Nowadays a woman begrudges her spouse a new pair of shoe strings as she thinks he is spending too much for clothes, and besides she needs a new sky-blue pink veil (would that they were solid black) to match her grass-green, red violet fish net hose.

Yes, those truly were the bright days and the men were appreciative of woman's silence and what they did for them. The years were rapidly rolling by and everything looked bright until a few smart girls like Cleopatra developed a distracted opinion of themselves and led our men astray. The trouble was that the men believed the sweet tid-bits of love that the girls imparted to them and before long had fallen headlong into the clawing, clammy clutches of the women. Thus chivalry was born and what a sad thing it was and perhaps still is. Women developed such exalted opinions of themselves and became so domineering, that if a man didn't come at top speed from a distance of ten miles to open a gate for

(continued on page 26)

## To Arms!

There is nothing so important to a successful love affair as the correct and strategic technique. However, let me immediately hasten to make clear the fact that our discussion of technique in the amorous art is restricted to male readers. Our friends, the women, have created and spun such a web of tricks of the trade that the strongest men have fallen before them. Since Eve condemned mankind forever by coaxing Adam to pick forbidden fruit, the male species has been on the defensive in relations with the cunning sex. Therefore, there is a real need today for instruction in offensive warfare, to be followed by the disconcerted species in the great game of romance.

Briefly there are four main approaches for the would-be-lover to follow if he would emerge the winner of the tug-of-war called the love affair. These phases of the technique are as follows:

- 1—The Masterful Man
- 2—The Casual Man
- 3—The Big Brother
- 4—The Poetic Soul

Each of these approaches differs from the rest and should not be mixed or compromised. Furthermore, each of the above requires specific skills and certain qualities; the aesthetic man will do very poorly at playing the masterful role, and the Big Brother done correctly has no place for the casual manner.

The first approach which we have called the Masterful Man, requires the qualities of determination, firm will power, and an absolute confidence in oneself. The Master gives orders when he knows he will be obeyed and his attitude is always strong and final. He answers the need of the lady for protection but does it in a way which makes protection not only necessary but desirable. The Masterful Man may also be called the Swash-buckler; he pretends to be a man of the world and has seen and felt everything of note. By treating his lady a bit roughly at times he gains her respect; the little kindness that he bestows upon her at great intervals is magnified many times by the recipient and he finds that inevitably he will get much by giving little. The Masterful Man approach will release the iron collars from the necks of males and will replace them with the affectionate arms of the softer race.

The second approach is probably the most diffi-

cult to carry out because it requires a great muffling of personal feelings. The man who is successful with the casual attitude must cultivate the qualities of indifference and unconcern. He may feel but he must not show it. He is tender at times with his lady, but always he knows when to follow his hat homeward and leave her wondering about his interest—or lack of it. With wonder comes doubt, followed swiftly by hope in the heart of the lady. The male is now a geometrical problem to be solved, but before the solution comes submission. It is taken for granted that the man following the casual approach will throw off his role long enough to take advantage of that submission.

In the attitude which we have called the Big Brother it is necessary that the male cultivate the qualities of sympathy and tenderness. These are the props upon which his entire case rests in the pursuit of his beloved. His shoulders are broad enough to stand as a weeping wall for his lady, and his heart is big enough to digest any concoction of misery, disappointment, and sadness. The Big Brother begins his game by pretending to be a counselor; he never lets down the bars long enough to expose his true motives. He stands as a friend until he is an indispensable part of her life and sorrows. It is, of course, necessary that the woman have a load of woe if this approach is to be successful. But where no troubles really exist, the Big Brother can manufacture them by such subtle means as hanging her mother, poisoning her husband, and other legitimate ways.

The final phase in the working technique of the successful lover requires the aesthetic touch and has been called the Poetic Soul. The Poetic Soul combines the ethereal with the practical. He is an expert at pointing out and emphasizing the so-called divine qualities of his partner, and he does it in a free, easy manner which dispels doubt and inspires confidence. The Poetic Soul loves nature and has memorized enough of other poets' descriptions of pastoral scenes that he can carry the ball smoothly. His hope of success lies in impressing his lady that he carries a divine spark within him; he is refreshingly different from other men she knows. He is tender and always impractical until he finds the appropriate time to make two sparks out of one. When he has done that, he may throw away his books of poems and settle back into the character he gave up for the toga of the poet.

# Drop That Hammer

!

VIRGINIA BENSON



A CARPENTER wended his way through a Chicago office building, a short ladder under his arm and a quart of red laquer in his hand. Behind him stood an open office door. Through the door a gaudy semi-modernistic room came into view, its baseboard conspicuous in its new coat of fresh red paint.

Jim Bradley gazed at it disgustedly. "Where Charlie gets his taste in color, God only knows," he remarked in a low, rough voice. Just then Charlie Garrett appeared in the doorway. He was a small man, thin, dark, with a pair of queer intense eyes that had the ability to arrest attention. People kept turning back to look at him after he had passed them on the street. Not the sort to run a second-hand photo studio, but work was where you found it in 1939. His study of lights had led him into a very unusual field—hypnotism. He was good at it, too. Somehow the knack of subconscious power seemed to fit into his personality. When business was slack, he and Jim fooled around with it. Their favorite subject was a male middle-aged stenographer across the hall. Ed Linden was a rabbit-like creature. Watery grey eyes, hair combed to hide a bald crown, and small nervous hands seemed to be his most distinguishing feature. He looked hen-pecked, and from all accounts of office gossip, he was. Anna, his wife, wore the pants, vest, and whole suit of the family.

Late in the afternoon Charlie began to get restless. He rearranged the photo file. He turned flood lights on and off. Jim knew the symptoms.

"Want to give Ed a workout?" he asked in a nonchalant manner.

Instantly Charlie's restless finger tapping stopped. "Might be a good idea—he's always good for a laugh. It's almost closing hour anyway. See if he has gone through that mountain of letters of his, and if so, bring him over."

Jim left the room, crossed the hall, and entered a similar office, but it was shockingly drab after the color of the first. An ordinary brown, windowed door stood at one end of the room with the pathetic words, "Typewriters Repaired and Sold," printed on it in large black letters. In front of the door a scratched walnut desk was placed, and behind it worked a little worried man, Ed Linden.

"Hey," called Jim, "Charlie wants to try a 'sleep' on you. Come on over." Ed responded eagerly. His eyes lit up. He liked being hypnotized. As he tried to tell his scoffing wife, it gave him a sensation of freedom—complete irresponsibility. Everyday cares and troubles pressed too heavily on his weak shoulders. The brief respite in hypnotism was a substitute for getting drunk.

Shuffling the letters he had sorted into neat piles, he picked up his coat and hat and recrossed the hall with Jim.

"Glad you put those damn letters down, old kid," Charlie swore. "Been getting the stuff set up. Sit here, Ed, in this straight chair with your hands folded. Look into my eyes and watch the reflection in them from the light of the photo flood. I'm going to count to ten slowly, and when I reach the last number, you won't be able to get your hands apart." Slowly and steadily Charlie began his counting. By the time he had reached eight, Ed's mind was completely in his power. He had to tell Ed that he had the ability to release his hands because as long as Charlie concentrated on folded hands, Ed's stuck fast together. Stunt after stunt was tried, and Ed responded with the willingness of a puppet on a string.

Then Jim piped up, "Tell him to do something after we wake him up. It's always a riot the screwy reasons he gives for doing those silly things."

"Good idea, but what?"

Jim's glance went around the room and stopped. In one corner lay a hammer on the floor, forgotten by the absent-minded painter who had tacked down a few warped places in the floor board. "Simple," Jim cried. "Tell him to pick up that hammer and then drop it. The noise will be terrific and he'll have no plausible explanation."

Charlie looked deep into Ed's eyes. The photo flood flickered its glaring light momentarily, casting a warning shadow across the room. "Listen, Ed. I'm going to bring you out of this in a minute. A little while later pick up that hammer over there and drop it—hard and loud. Got that?" Ed nodded a submissive, comprehensive nod. "O. K. Snap out of it, Ed." Charlie's fingers snapped several times. "That's all, Ed. Get hold of yourself."

Ed jerked his head. Slowly reason flowed back into his blank eyes. He wiped his forehead where beads of perspiration hung in moist drops. He gave a feeble little laugh and was himself again—the nervous wrinkle returned between his eyes. His glance went around the room and out the window across the street to the bank clock. The black hands pointed to five-fifteen. "My heavens, boys, I had no idea it was that late. I must catch the five-twenty. Anna has fits if I'm not home in time for supper." With that Ed picked up his coat and dashed for the door.

"Hey," yelled Charlie, "wait a minute. We're not finished yet."

Ed paid no heed. He ran down the corridor out into the street and caught a south-bound bus.

Up in the office Jim shut off the lamp. Charlie gestured futilely. "Oh well, maybe we can get him to do it tomorrow."

On the bus headed for home, Ed sat on the hard leather seats and gazed out the window. Suddenly every nerve tingled. He felt a great urge to do something, but what, he had no idea. Three times on the homeward bound trip he felt that same surge of desire in his blood, but each time it abated.

He stepped off the bus at his stop and walked the four blocks to his suburban house. His head felt dazed and light. Slowly he opened the front door and stepped into the harsh brightness of his electrically lit home. Anna had just finished setting the supper table. "There you are," she yelled in a shrill voice. "It's about time you got here. I want you to hang some curtains for me before supper."

Something within Ed revolted. He hated doing household duties, but long years of domination kept him silent. He got the ladder from the basement and placed it before the barren front living room window. Anna came in with the rods, nails, curtains, and hammer. Draping the curtains across the couch, she handed the other articles to Ed. "Now be sure you get those rods straight. You should at least be able to do that right."

Ed's hand closed on the hammer. The cool steel prongs seemed to burn into his flesh. His fingers slipped down to the handle. Somehow it felt good—he knew it was right that he should have it. Back in the depths of his mind an impulse began to stir. His blood came pounding to his ears, and with rhythmic throbs it seemed to beat, "Drop-that-hammer - drop-that-hammer-hard-and-loud!"

Anna looked up at him, a puzzled, angry expression in her eyes. "What's wrong with you? You didn't stop at Joe's for a couple of beers, did you? That's how you spend our money while I scrub at home. For God's sake, get those rods up, so I can get the supper over with."

Ed summoned all his will power and concentrated on the rods. Slowly he took a nail from the box; he raised the hammer and started to tap it into the wall. The urge came back. "Drop-that-hammer." His hands trembled, he fumbled with the tack, and the tiny piece of metal slipped from his grasp.

Impatiently Anna blazed at him. "You fool, you idiot, can't you even handle a tack? God, I wish I knew why I married a nit-wit like you." Then stooping over, she reached for the tack on the floor.

Then the climax of the undefinable power in his blood reached Ed. Just below him Anna, the hated tyrant of his life, stooped, her head downward. In his hand he held a hammer, and every sense cried, "Drop It!" Slowly his hand came back, a fanatical gleam glowed in his eyes. They took on a depth, a light, that they had never before held. As Anna started to get up, the hammer flew from his tense fingers. It made two grotesque turns in the air and struck her. The pronged ends dug deep into her forehead right at the top of the hair line. She crumpled to the floor, and blood gushed thickly from her head, forming a creeping dark stain on the carpet. Slowly Ed came down from the ladder. He looked bewilderingly at the stiff form. Then a triumphant expression crept across his face, his lips parted in a sneer. He knew Anna was dead. She wouldn't nag or pick or irritate him again. A weight seemed to be lifted from his mind. He was free and strong. He felt he had fulfilled a life-long duty. Determinedly he squared his shoulders, walked slowly across the room, and dialed operator. "Give me the police station," he replied to her polite inquiry.

The Morning Daily's headlines screamed, "HAMMER MURDERER CONFESSES SLAYING WIFE IN MOMENT OF MADNESS." In a gaudy semi-modernistic office two men gazed in horror at the shocking words. Slowly their glance wandered to one corner of the room. There, a forgotten hammer lay, its upward turned prongs lacquer-stained a brilliant gory red.



## The Bookshelf



THOMAS WOLFE—VOLCANO

"In a way this . . . summed up all he had ever learned."

To the minds of many of the outstanding literary critics of today, Thomas Wolfe was well on the way toward becoming the outstanding writer of our time. His death two years ago at the age of thirty-seven was indeed a tragic event in the world of letters, for his works showed a power and virility which was unequalled among his contemporaries. At the time of his demise, he had had published the first of his best known novels, *Look Homeward, Angel*, and left two completed manuscripts, *The Web and the Rock*, and *You Can't Go Home Again*, both of which have been released posthumously to the public.

Wolfe himself was of the opinion that an author's writing, to achieve enduring power, should be taken from his own past experiences; for this reason, all of his works are of an intensely autobiographical nature. Yet he had the faculty of looking at himself objectively, so that what he wrote, aside from its supposedly fictional nature, achieved a universality which is the mark of a truly great novelist.

The first of his books, "Look Homeward, Angel," is not actually to be included in the series; for the characters with which it deals, although holding with the autobiographical vein, are dissimilar with those in the later volumes. It concerns itself with the early life of one Eugene Gant, his adventures, trials, and triumphs; and served more or less as a proving ground for Wolfe, for his theories and ideas of novel writing. The tremendous response given this book by the public proved the excellence of his work, and paved the way for his last two masterpieces.

These last two novels deal with the life of George Webber, who is Thomas Wolfe as in the preceding volume. Here too the work takes the form of the life story of a man; the first, "The Web and the Rock," tells of his boyhood and college days, a tempestuous love affair and early literary endeavor. The second, "You Can't Go Home Again," which gets its title from the last sentence of the preceding book and is an immediate continuation of it, depicts his life as a writer, struggling for recognition and the fame which he feels is his due. It is particularly in the latter that we come to a full realization of the really magnificent power of the man, for this, his final effort, is the epitome of his theories and ideals.

What makes Thomas Wolfe a great writer? There are many things. His uncanny ability of description which makes one think and feel the

very things the author feels; his great passion for detail which, far from boring the reader, only augments the fullness of the lines; his superb knack of transfixing a scene, whether a casual incident or a momentous one; and the soaring passages of poetry without which Wolfe's novels would not be complete; all of these things reveal to us a man whose ability and genius were utilized to the utmost, a man who had found himself in relation to life, in relation to his time.

—William Wilson

TRELAWNEY. By Margaret Armstrong.  
369 pp. New York. The Macmillan Company.

This is the biography of an individual who lived a life such as few men lead. Not only was Trelawney a fascinating character in his own right—a man whose very background contained the embryo of a scintillating personality and whose vibrant youth struggled through strange scenes and situations, but he fulfilled the promise of his destiny. He became a member of that charmed circle of friends that included Byron, Shelley and Fanny Kemble in its galaxy.

It is this that makes the book really worth while. Miss Armstrong sees the dramatic potentialities of Trelawney's youthful days and tries to paint them in all their startling color. We follow Trelawney as an unhappy schoolboy, a headstrong admirer of DeRuyter "the man of mystery," an adventurous pirate, an unpredictable lover, and a handsome socialite. Yet all this, though it enthralls us with a nostalgia for things adventurous is not what makes the book important.

The biography of Trelawney will be remembered because of the friends he attracted to himself. He knew both Byron and Shelley intimately, saw them meet each other, and felt the impact of the inspiration that came inevitably with the meeting of two great personalities. Trelawney loved and was loved by Shelley the man. It was he who engineered Shelley's funeral and comforted his wife, Mary, in her desolation. He was with Byron not long before that hero's death and knew him well enough to search below his outward grace and discover some of the base metal in his makeup.

Surely we will feel with Miss Armstrong the force that such a man must have had to draw such brilliant figures to him. However, one cannot help asking, "Why not reprint a copy of Trelawney's own book *Adventures of a Younger Son* with the addition of a few relevant letters of Byron and Shelley and be done with it?"

—Leslie Seagrave

## Keeping the Records Straight

Duke Smith has the latest on Bob Chester, gives you the best buys in records, and covers the jive world pretty thoroughly



Bob Chester

RECENTLY I had the chance to hear the Bob Chester band for the *n*th time at a local dance hall and I was really astounded at what I heard. The man really has a band that is shaping up into a fine organization, and since he played our Junior Prom last year he has one of the most improved bands in the business.

His brass section bites into its parts of the numbers in fine style with the reeds clinging to the Glenn Miller style, but at the same time this Miller style does not get boring for the listener because of the great amount of versatility that his band puts into its other numbers. Such tunes as *Chester's Choice*, with a fine piano solo by Buddy Brennan, *Pushin' the Conversation Along*, with tricky Delores O'Neill vocals, etc., make this band an interesting one to listen and dance to.

Almost all of his ballads feature the voice of Delores O'Neill, and this alone would put any tune across. A typical example of what I mean can be found in *We Three*, Bluebird 10865, for in this record you have more than just good background, but it is backed up with a really grand voice, a combination that is hard to find nowadays in the band business. For his novelty stuff, Chester uses Al Stuart on the singing end, but his type of voice is not out of the ordinary.

As far as individual musicians go, there are many in this bunch that are destined to go places. Buddy Brennan exhibits some of the best piano that I have listened to for some time, but it is rather irksome to think that he does not get more chance to show off his ability, which I assure you is really something to hear. Bobby Dominick is the guitar man in the outfit and can be definitely classed as one of the strong men in the rhythm section, but as in the case of Brennan is handcuffed and gets little chance to offer anything outstanding. Chester, himself, makes a fine appearance in front of his band, but as a tenor sax man he relies on good tone rather than a hot style. As a whole I certainly classify this band as one of the top bands in 1940.

For those of you that like pleasant vocals may I give you the name of a comparatively new singer

to the realm of records. She is Virginia O'Brien, and her rendition of numbers like *Two in a Taxi*, *Clear Out of This World* and *I'm an Old Jitterbug* have started her on her own as a satirist of song. They are very humorous and deserve a listen from you.

As far as albums go there are some that are well worth mentioning at this time. Eddy Duchin has made one that is outstanding in its phrasing of favorites, and is all piano solos, with the exception of a couple that have orchestral backgrounds. *April in Paris*, *The Way You Look Tonight*, *Why Do I Love You?*, *Lovely to Look At*, *Time on My Hands*, *Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans*, *Easter Parade*, Chopin's *E Flat Nocturne* and *Lover Come Back to Me*. Here is a series of songs that will be popular as long as music exists, and therefore the skill that Duchin has used in making these recordings will keep them at life long tempo.

Decca has issued an album of all Count Basie pian styling; they are the identical records that were issued separately some time before. If and when you listen to these records you will probably note the neatly executed right hand that Basie stresses in most of his work. All these records are the typical Kansas City style, which places emphasis on the bass, and which the Count is so deft at turning out. I sometimes feel that Basie is too much "rubber stamp", but I still agree, however, that he is one of the foremost jazz pianists. Give Decca a gold star for putting out this album.

Will Bradley, with his already famous *Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar*, follows up with a couple of sequels in *Scrub Me, Mama*, *With a Boogie Beat*, *Rock-a-bye the Boogie*, and *Scramble Two*. All of these records are plenty honky-tonky, but if you want to hear nice trombone (Bradley), piano (Freddie Slack), and drums (Ray McKinley) get them, for they are definitely top drawer material.

Among more entertaining music of name bands there are releases such as John Kirby's *Zooming at the Zombie*, Jimmie Lunceford's *Minnie the Moocher Is Dead*, coupled with Morton Gould's

(continued on page 22)

## By Audrey Wurdmann

### I

I know that true love comes, when it must come,  
Not like a comet's blaze, a meteor,  
A storm-lashed window, a storm-shaken door,  
But quietly, as tired folk go home;  
Like finding bread and milk and honeycomb  
Quite confidently where we found before;  
Like hearing music all men else ignore,  
A magic flute or a magician's drum.  
Such love is not a sop to wounded pride,  
A poultice on the shoulder of despair,  
A secret jewel jealousy will hide  
To soothe the heart on some dim attic stair;  
But song and rest and strength beyond our wishes  
That double like divided loaves and fishes.

### II

This is my testament of love, wherein  
Each of your various virtues is named over.  
Yet I would have you not as other men,  
Praised by a casual paramour, a lover  
Who with a vulgar tongue must ravel out  
Your wit, your beauty to parade a rhyme,  
Assume your goodness for her own, and shout  
To get herself a narrow niche in time.  
Almost I would your name were never told,  
Or else I might tell of some misdeed only,  
Because, my dear, when we have both grown old,  
And are heartsick, and not a little lonely,  
Let you not turn to me, read my verse clearly,  
And ask, "Who was this boy you loved so dearly "

### XLIX

You say you love my hair, (that soonest fades  
Of all our features), that you love my eyes;  
These will be glazed; the body that parades  
Firm flesh turns flaccid, making love all lies.  
Pray, do not even love my ivory bones,  
When both of us lie underneath the grass,  
Although they seem enduring as the stones,  
For skeletons as well in time must pass.  
Make, then, an image in your mind of me,  
Some moment when you love me most, and give  
It name and color, lip and hair and eye,  
So by the pattern of it I may live  
Unchanged and young, whatever snows descend,  
However Time betrays me at the end.



## ... and Joseph Auslander

### These Are The Wounds

These are the wounds that bleed forever:  
The trampling of a dream in dust;  
The fettering of free endeavor  
By fear and hate, by pride and lust.

These are the wounds too deep for dying:  
The strangling of the storms of youth;  
The first that strikes an infant crying;  
The laughter frozen on the mouth.

These are the wounds that will not alter,  
Though frightened tongue and hand submit:  
The spirit broken to the halter;  
The freedom roped into the pit.

These are the wounds too strong for stopping,  
These are the wounds that must not heal:  
The heart's blood of the martyr dropping  
Under the tyrant's chariot wheel.

### Christmas Encyclical

When nations at their Christmas Feast  
The Prince of Good Will consecrate,  
Whilst the Apocalyptic Beast  
Rages in horror and in hate,  
How shall they reconcile these two,  
If two such can be reconciled:  
How seat the Gentile with the Jew?  
How feed the Chinese—and the Child?

Oh, how, upon the holy plate,  
Between the candles of the Lord,  
Shall we commingle Love and Hate?  
How carve His banquet with the sword?  
Or by what self-deception mix  
Water with blood to mimic wine?  
What lies can cleanse the crucifix  
To stop its dripping on the Shrine?

Let no tongue of the Jesu prattle  
Or sprinkle sugary condiments;  
Not when our very windows rattle  
With bombs that slaughter Innocents.  
Not in such fashion dare we burnish  
A single straw to ease Her head,  
Who by Her love alone did furnish  
The stable God inhabited.

There is no middle course to follow,  
No clever furtive compromise;  
The Christmas Carol rings too hollow  
In dead men's ears, at dead men's eyes:  
Either we stand with Christ in hell,  
And His faith brevets our behavior;  
Or muffle the drum and drape the bell,  
And perish, Christian, with your Savior!

### Encounter With Keats

One afternoon the poet found  
That brief retreat where Autumn kneeled,  
Burning as on holy ground,  
Naked in a stubblefield,  
Her forehead with the poppies crowned,  
The great sun-dappled breasts revealed.

Autumn with hot coppery hair,  
And heavy lids and heavy mouth,  
And sunburnt throat and bosom bare  
And brown and bright as the breasts of Ruth,  
Still kneels in that corn-dusty air  
And shades a gold-flecked longing south.

And Keats, to whom the sun confides  
Her single truth, her simple trust,  
In her pavilion still abides,  
His eyes still dazzled with her lust;  
And he shall sing her vesperides  
Till song and sun alike are dust.

*Acknowledgment is made to Harper's for permission to reprint from Miss Wurdmann's Testament of Love (Harper's, 1938). Also to MacMillan Company for permission to use poems from Auslander's Riders to the Gate (MacMillan, 1938).*

# Backstage at the Opera House

with JEAN KONCANA

E. A. W.—Edward Arlington Wright—the forgotten man—the director is always the forgotten man. Every University Theatre production bears the stamp of this personality and yet he is not a dictator. He welcomes creative work from all his people—the actor, the scene designer, the costume designer and the electrician. It is his belief that because this is Denison's theatre it should be built by the efforts of Denison students. This is the end toward which he has been working—teaching us to cooperate with one another, teaching us that the perfect product is the result of unity, the synchronization of all the departments. Mr. Wright's position is that of a teacher, a guide, and a master artist. And do not think this is the easy choice for the least complicated move he could make would be to take complete control of the reins in his own deft, capable hands. The student would then become a cog, merely taking direction, doing no creating or thinking on his own. The quality of the productions issuing from this theory would be excellent there is no doubt, for Mr. Wright is a master in his field—but the student would contribute little of his own personality and ingenuity—he would be a marionette instead of an actor. The creed of cooperation, good management, hard concentrated work and artistic honesty transcends the realm of the theatre into life itself. The dramatic student receives not only a training for the theatre but also the world of which it is a part. Think that over, those of you who consider the theatre an empty indulgence, a luxury of the aesthete.

It takes a brave man to put a person into a part whose voice is as flat as the plains of Kansas. However, by the time the show is given that person has developed a greater speaking range. That is an achievement for that person will be more pleasant to listen to in ordinary conversation and will be better able to express his ideas. Another instance is to put a person into a part who looks as though his bones and muscles were made of tapioca and Scotch tissue. He will gain grace and coordination. He will learn that his hands and feet need not be wandering minstrels but con-



trolled, poised instruments of carriage and bearing. Mr. Wright works with the less experienced and gifted student to draw him out and permits the more experienced, talented student great freedom of interpretation.

No, the workers in the theatre, or the "theatre crowd" are not shifting and aimless as sand bars. They have a purpose. I don't imagine many of you know that the Rockefeller Foundation will give financial assistance to those theatre groups which show merit. They must display creative work, good quality, and must draw audiences from outside the confines of the school as well as from the University itself. This is an aim well worth working for. It is natural that those of you not closely connected with the theatre do not realize the improvements that have been accomplished behind the scenes. In prospect the innovations seem endless—however, the theatre board or governing body seems a fundamental place to begin. This board is composed of the heads of the departments—costumes, lights, props, makeup—the business manager, Mr. Wright and the presidents of University Player and Masquers. It is their duty to guide the policies of the group and iron out the inevitable difficulties. The job of business manager is singular—he has no other task outside of advertising, ticket sale and the box office. He chooses his own staff of workers and himself is chosen by petition. Several applicants present their campaign plans to the theatre board and the most suitable one is chosen. All the heads of the departments are training apprentices to step into their places.

Next comes the strange and beautiful changes found in the building itself—the Opera House. Bernard Bailey instigated the revolution and just look at the results. The switchboard on the Baptist side of the stage has been caged off and there

(continued on page 27)

# Ward Seventy Tonight

Even in this ghastly sphere of inverted values,  
he found a presence of truth, beauty and sanity

DAVID TIMRUD

Now in the darkness, while the bus crawled away like an injured firefly, the supervisor's words echoed hollowly, turning slowly round and round in my inner ear, acquiring twisted, sardonic meanings he had never imbued them with. All he said was, "Ward seventy, tonight." What I heard was, "Tonight you go to the 'syph' ward; you listen to the grinding teeth of the paretics; you change patients reeking with gangrene; you sit in a dormitory with hundreds, thousands, millions of syphilis spirochetes crawling all over the floor, floating around in the putrid air, filtering into you as if your skin were a sieve!" I shook myself as I walked and quickened my stride. Abruptly I slowed down. Why hurry to get into the hospital? I had eight hours of it coming. Rather look at the lights lining the bridge—rather hear the night sounds of the river: the throb of the tugs, the mournful hoo-hoo of a lonesome freighter; rather stop and be very still, and hear the city—a compost of sound that neither rose nor fell at this midnight hour, just hung still and unnoticed, like a cobweb in an unseen corner.

The Island church struck the first of the midnight bells, and I raced to get in the ward in time.

Once I had changed into my uniform, and put a clean gown over myself, I did not feel so pregnable to the spirochetes, which, I imagined, filled the ward where I had to keep watch; germs which I knew actually were as distant as Pluto, if I were careful in what I touched. But why fear? The first time I was sent to the violent ward I had no such fears. The other attendants had told me stories of the horrible manglings attendants received from assaultive patients, of the death stalking behind one every time he turned his back upon a patient. But I didn't hesitate to work in the violent ward as I did in this ward. Perhaps it is the contrast between the danger you can see, or at least arm yourself against, and the danger that you can neither see nor feel nor hear.

The charge nurse was telling me about the various patients in the dormitory, giving me something of their hospital history, and illuminating their faces with a flashlight as he spoke. One character stood out particularly. "That fella," he said, turning his light on a huge, staring negro, "has killed a guy right in this chair. Must have been about two months before you came on the

job. Anyway, he's due to go on the bat any time now."

"Well, why don't they take him to hydrotherapy?" I asked. "He's manic, isn't he?"

"Yeah, he's manic all right, and assaultive too, but they won't stick him into the tub until he's swung right to the top of his cycle."

"What's the sense in giving him treatment at all, if they wait that long?"

"Hell, I don't know! I'm not running this joint. Maybe they haven't enough tubs to take care of 'em all. You know damn well they need dough here."

I knew all right. On this ward with us there were supposed to be at least three more attendants according to the law, but they couldn't be accommodated on the budget, so we shifted as well as we could. I took care of the dormitory in which we were standing. It held sixteen patients who had to be watched all the time. The charge nurse took care of the rest of the ward. His was somewhat the easier work physically, because the rest of them were on the road to recovery, and seeing the end of their hospitalization they were naturally cooperative. He gave me the keys to the linen room, said that a few of the better patients would be up to help me make the beds in the morning, and strode off.

The room was lit by a pale blue night lamp, giving it an eerie, sinister appearance. I slumped wearily into the seat. I was very tired, for I had not slept in almost thirty hours, and the still, oppressive air lulled me like an anesthetic. But each time my eyelids would start to drop, I'd imagine I felt the eyes of the huge negro grow brighter and brighter, until when he knew I was asleep he would crash a table over my head! Immediately I'd snap back into full consciousness, trying to devise some occupation for keeping awake. All I could do was revert to my usual practice of trying to project myself beyond the wall of sanity, into the sphere of inverted values.

I flashed my light on the first man to my left. He had a long eagle's beak of a nose, no teeth, and a sharp jutting jaw. In his eyes were lines that made him look a little startled, others in his brow that showed his confusion and inability to control or call forth thought. I knew that in the morning,

when and if he opened his eyes, they would be bleary and inutterably blank.

Glancing to the next one I saw a face like a shovel-blade. His lips seemed to be opening and closing in a rhythmic order, different from that rhythm of his respiration. I strained to hear if he were mumbling. Over and over he intoned the chant:

"De la hara; de la teera;  
De la poora, eela, forma, taira."

It was much like one of Chopin's piano etudes. Strange it was, unreal, to hear Chopin from the lips of one almost a corpse.

The one beside him moaned in darkey-preacher fashion, drawing out his syllables and modulating them like song. With words stretched out like lumps of dough pulled long and thin and laid in a line, he chanted, "They took my house—they took my stove—they took my wife—they took my bed." And with the last phrase his voice snaked down an entire octave. His jeremiads never varied.

I wondered what in insanity makes a man so repetitive? Is it that the one little set of words he cherishes he must continually roll on his tongue, sipping it like wine? Is it that the one phrase is seeking escape, and if it could climb those awful barriers walling out the world of sanity it might lead his thoughts over to the sunshine of coherence? Or is it the last function of the human state that is left him? There was no answer.

Even in the bed next to him there was something of the same, for a parietic was grinding his teeth in the manner common to all in the last stage of syphilis. It is an eerie sound, midway between the creaking of leather and the rasping of a file. "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" . . . "Stop it!"

But even had he understood me, there was no answer to that—only a crunch, crunch! Crunch! CRUNCH!

In the last bed on that side a man lay looking out the screened window. His eyes were wistful, and I felt impelled to try to speak to him.

"Good evening, lad," he said, as I approached his place by the window.

"Good evening," I replied, a bit surprised. "Looking at the lights on the water? Like long candles, aren't they?"

"Yes . . . And behind them are houses, with families, sleeping." The voice was tinted with tragedy, and I feared I touched on some sensitive reminder of the past. Trying to carry the subject away from himself, I said:

"It seems almost a shame to sleep on such a beautiful night."

He replied in soft and wistful tones:

"When one is secure one sleeps well; there is a freshness to the limbs on awakening, and sleep, and the beauty that all unknown might have surrounded it are forgotten." Those words I felt I had heard before.

He looked at me, suddenly, it seemed, and then asked me to bring the chair closer, so we might talk without disturbing the others. What he wanted, I understood: an ear that would hear and apprehend. I had no need of saying a word. As he spoke he sank back upon his pillow, and his voice became dimmer and dimmer. By the time the crepuscular light brimmed over the east he had stopped—but only in sleep. Yet there, immersed in the malodors of gangrene, the omnipresent threat of the spirochetes, the incessant crunching and babbling, I felt for the first time that I had caught a glimpse of beauty, had seen a ray of the white radiance of truth. And that from the words of someone in an inverted sphere.

"Ward seventy, tonight" rang differently from that evening till summer's end. Disease and insanity had lost their terrors.

### FOOTBALL

(continued from page 7)

haps one of the great contributions to modern life that football, even if it is sometimes overstressed and occasionally too intense, does give a boy something for which he will work, train, sacrifice, and brave danger? Fighting for "Old Siwash" may be the bunk to the young sophisticate or to the cynical Joe College, but not to the boy who has learned to throw himself wholeheartedly and without conscious effort into such a battle. When he does so, he is on the road to the realization of his full powers. Countless illustrations show that such a man, later facing situations which demand his best, gives "all he has."

These briefly are a few of the reasons why I believe football has a definite place in education. I believe that the day will soon come when more educational institutions, instead of curtailing the football program, will enlarge and broaden it as many schools, particularly in the east, are now doing. Perhaps when Denison's ship comes in we can have lightweight teams and a junior varsity with equipment and competent instructors for all boys who are physically fit and who want to play the game.

### DUKE SMITH

(continued from page 17)

*Pavane*, and a reissue of Duke Ellington's *Sophisticated Lady* and *Stormy Weather*.

All in all, the type of records that are being put out now are far superior to those that were issued a few years ago, and I feel that the reason is because the public is becoming more educated to good jazz with the issuing of every record. It is getting so now that the big record companies can not afford to put out inferior jazz at thirty-five and fifty cents a disc for the simple reason that Joe Record-fan knows what he wants and whom he wants to play it.

# Wedding Bells

A play written for radio—the old triangle in clever, modern dialogue

MARGARET ROACH

Sound of noise and confusion and in the not too far distance the sound of music playing Mendelssohn's Wedding March. The music stops and repeats, perhaps a violin squeaks more than usual. There are the sounds of hammers pounding . . .

Workman: Hey, Joe, hand me one of those nails, will you?  
Joe: Right . . . catch . . . good shot . . .

Workman: Thanks.

Joe: Aren't you putting the nails in the wrong side?

Workman: Well, they're going to cover these boards with something anyway, aren't they? . . . I hope.

Joe: Well, in all this excitement no one is going to notice the nails anyway, I reckon.

Workman: Yep.

Joe: Just as long as the Missus don't see 'em.

Marie: Say . . . Has anybody seen Mrs. Morrison? . . . I want to know where to put these flowers.

Workman: Kinda early to put flowers up, ain't it; the wedding's not taking place for a couple of hours.

Marie: Well, she asked me to get them to see how they were goin' to look.

Joe: All this fuss the Mrs. Morrison is making you'd think it was her that was getting married instead of her daughter.

Workman: Well, I heard that the last time her daughter got married she up and skipped off and the old lady didn't get a chance to have a big weddin' so she's makin' up for it now.

Marie: Well, when a girl is going to marry a couple of millions, you have to make some fuss about it.

Joe: Well, they aren't exactly in the poor house themselves, are they?

Marie: Pooh, Mrs. Morrison isn't worth more than a million . . . why, J. P. Peterson is worth several, at least . . .

Workman: Listen to the big talk for one of her size . . .

Marie: Shhhh. Here comes Mrs. Morrison . . .

Workman: Oh . . . (pounding of hammer more vigorous).

Marie: Oh, Mrs. Morrison . . . I got these . . .

Mrs. Morrison: Hello, Marie. My word, what a commotion!

Marie: About these flowers . . .

Mrs.: Did you get those rafters started? . . .

Workman: Yes, mum, I'm working on them now . . .

Mrs.: Good. Marie, do you know where my daughter is?

Marie: Upstairs in her room, ma'm, I believe . . .

Mrs.: Oh, of course, her dress fitting . . . Well, here's a telegram that came for her . . . oh, never mind, I want to go up and see her, anyway . . . I'll take it . . .

Marie: Yes, ma'm. Now . . . about . . .

Mrs. And when Mr. Morrison comes . . . take him up to get dressed . . .

Marie: Well, ma'm . . .

Mrs.: I mean, tell him I said to go up and start getting ready . . . you know how long it takes him . . .

Marie: Yes, ma'm, I'll tell him . . .

Mrs.: Oh, yes, the telegram . . . I'd better take this up now . . . I hope it's nothing that's happened to J. P. (As Mrs. Morrison talks the commotion and music fade slightly and even more so until she reaches her daughter's room.)

Mrs.: Now, let's see . . . the rafters . . . you know, I'm surprised no one has made a pun about bringing down the rafters . . . (giggle) that's rather good, I must remember to make it myself . . . and the lunch is taken care of . . . and . . . oh, my, the flowers . . . I'll see about those in a minute . . . I wonder how Christina, the bride-to-be is getting along . . . Christina, Christina . . .

(Door opens and closes.)

Christina: Oh, hello, Mother . . .

Mrs.: Christina, darling . . . Oh, the dress is lovely . . .

Christina: The dressmaker phoned to say she can't be here for another hour or so, but I thought I'd try it on anyway . . .

Mrs.: Oh, it is lovely, Christina . . . Now, let me see . . . that hem sags just a bit . . . and . . .

Christina: Mother, will you sit down and relax? You're getting so excited about everything . . .

Mrs.: But J. P. is such a nice young man, Christina . . .

Christina: So was Ralph . . . but you never seemed to get excited about him . . . at least, not until after we were married . . .

Mrs.: Excited about Ralph . . . well, I almost had heart failure when you announced your marriage . . .

Christina: Yes, I remember what Ralph said about you (giggle).

Mrs.: What's that?

Christina: Hmm. Oh, nothing, I was just remembering something funny Ralph said . . .

Mrs.: Oh. Well, you can be thankful that you divorced a man like him . . .

Christina: I didn't divorce him, darling . . . remember, you had it annulled . . . I wasn't eighteen then . . .

Mrs.: Oh, yes, of course, well, I knew you weren't still married to him anyway . . . But, J. P. is such a fine man . . . much older and definitely more respectable . . .

Christina: Respectable! How do you know . . . he can't be awfully much so or he wouldn't want to marry a . . . a divorcee, would he?

Mrs.: Well, you aren't exactly a divorcee, are you, Christina . . . I mean, they're only people who have been divorced . . . and you weren't divorced . . . oh, dear,

I wish I could remember for sure if you did get annulled . . .

Christina: You can be sure, darling. I remember it only too well . . . even if you don't.

Mrs.: Yes, of course . . . You always did have a good memory for things, didn't you, Christina . . .

Christina: Uh . . . huh . . . But, Mother, isn't this all a bit silly . . . all this fuss?

Mrs.: What?

Christina: Well, last time, it was all so simple . . . and everything . . .

Mrs.: Christina, dear, you mustn't think of that dreadful last time. What a horrible time you must have had . . .

Christina: Horrible? Everything was wonderful until the police you sent after us arrived and dragged us before the court . . .

Mrs.: Oh, dear . . . I'll never forget the newspapers . . .

Christina: Speaking of papers . . . you're doing all right by the one you're squeezing in your hand.

Mrs.: This . . . or, my . . . oh, this is a telegram that came for you . . . My, I almost forgot to give it to you . . .

Christina: Don't worry about it now . . . I've got it . . . Oh . . .

Mrs.: Is it from J. P.? . . . I'm afraid . . .

Christina: Afraid he's going to back out, Mother? . . . No such luck, though . . . you see he's to respectable . . .

Mrs.: Well, what is it . . .

Christina: Nothing terribly important . . .

Mrs.: Chris, dear, you look pale . . .

Christina: It must be the dress . . . it's rather tight . . .

Mrs.: My word, Chris . . . what is it?

Christina: I didn't want to tell you Mother. I'll only upset you . . . but it's . . .

Mrs.: Yes . . .

Christina: It's from Ralph . . .

Mrs.: Oh . . . A . . . er . . . wedding congratulations, I guess . . . rather thoughtful . . .

Christina: Apparently he doesn't know I'm going to be married . . . Listen to this . . . "Darling, let's try it again. Just discovered I can't live without you. Arrive today . . . P. S. Are you eighteen yet, I hope?"

Mrs.: Well, for goodness . . .

Christina: Twenty-three words . . . Silly Ralph, he's always so impracticable . . .

Mrs.: A wonder it isn't collect . . .

Christina (humorously musing): Yes, it is . . . he must be making money again . . .

Mrs.: Well, goodness . . . this is most embarrassing . . . oh, dear, will we have to ask him to the wedding . . . I'm afraid J. P. won't approve . . .

Christina: He wouldn't stay . . . if there was only some way of letting him know. He'll be so embarrassed . . . Let's see, I could say he was my cousin . . .

Mrs.: Yes, on your father's side. He isn't a bit like the Hamiltons . . .

(Door knock.)

Christina: Come in.

(Door opens and closes.)

Marie: I'm sorry to bother you, ma'm, but there's a gentleman downstairs to see you . . . he says it's most important . . .

Christina: Oh . . . no, it couldn't be . . .

Marie: I don't know, ma'm, but anyway he's there . . .

Christina: What will I do? . . . I can't go down like this . . .

Mrs.: Well, it isn't right to have him up here . . .

Christina: Well, didn't you tell him I was getting married, Marie?

Marie: He didn't seem much interested . . . Said something about it being a good idea to bring down the rafters as they wouldn't be needin' them, he thought.

Mrs.: Oh, dear, and I wanted to say that . . . did many people hear it, do you think, Marie?

Marie: I don't know, ma'm . . .

Christina: Mother, I'll just have to have him come up here . . . Let me talk to him alone and I'll explain everything . . .

Mrs.: All right . . .

Marie: Mrs. Morrison . . . about the flowers . . .

Mrs.: Goodness, the flowers . . . excuse me a minute, Chris . . .

(Door opens and closes.)

Christina: Of all the times to come . . . Uh . . . I wonder if my hair is all right . . . the imbecile to try to see me at a time like this . . . Oh, my nose needs powdering . . . I wonder what he really meant . . .

(Door opens and closes.)

Ralph: You don't need to bother . . . You look gorgeous enough . . . But I appreciate the effort just for my sake . . .

Christina: Ralph . . . what do you mean by . . .

Ralph: Ummm . . . A lot of commotion going on downstairs . . . someone's wedding, I hear . . .

Christina: Someone's wedding. Ralph, you know perfectly well it's my wedding . . .

Ralph (none too convincingly): No?

Christina: Yes.

Ralph: Don't approve . . .

Christina: Well, of all . . .

Ralph: I mean of the big wedding. All mine have been quiet ones . . .

Christina: Well, your last one wasn't quiet very long . . .

Ralph: Oh, yes . . . I remember . . . the sirens and the motorcycles . . . really exciting . . .

Christina: Hmmm. I suppose that's all you remember about the ceremony . . .

Ralph: I haven't forgotten a thing . . . although it wasn't very pleasant to step out of the parson's home and be greeted by seven policemen . . .

Christina: Oh, darling, why didn't you write? . . .

Ralph: Write . . . I kept the air busy with special deliveries and telegrams . . . and tried to call you . . .

Christina: But I never heard a word . . .

Ralph: I gathered as much finally . . . but when your Mother kept telling me that you refused to speak to me . . .

Christina: But I never knew anything about it . . . honestly, I didn't, Ralph . . .

Ralph: That's what I finally decided . . . but by then, I was half way to South America and couldn't turn around.

Christina: South America . . . That's where we were going on our honeymoon . . .

Ralph: I know . . . so I thought when you wouldn't see or speak to me . . . I'd go by myself just for revenge . . .

Christina: . . . Was South America fun?

Ralph: Terrible. Of course, it may just have been that I was getting over the pangs of unrequited love . . . which, incidentally, I never got over . . . but I didn't enjoy myself much . . .

Christina: That's too bad. I didn't have much fun either.

Ralph: Funny how things work out. Me arriving on your wedding day. Almost a coincidence, isn't it?

Christina: Uh-huh . . . just like fate . . .

Ralph: You know, Chris, I'm surprised at you. I thought you disliked big weddings . . . you used to . . .

Christina: Mother's idea . . . the whole thing . . .

Ralph: Ah . . .

Christina: To impress J. P. or something, I guess . . .

Ralph: J. P.?

Christina: Yes, that's whom I'm marrying . . .

Ralph: Oh . . . nice looking? . . .

Christina: Not particularly . . .

Ralph: Witty and intelligent?

Christina: Sort of . . . when he isn't talking business . . .

Ralph: Tsk! tsk! That's too bad. Means he'll be gone most of the time . . .

Christina: Gone? Where?

Ralph: On business. After all, if he has a career, he has to devote some time to it . . .

Christina: But he'll take me too, won't he? I mean, he won't leave me alone all of the time . . .

Ralph: All depends.

Christina: Gosh. I didn't know that's what business men did.

Ralph: You mean he never told you about . . . his . . . his . . . business . . . how he would have to be gone so much . . .

Christina: No . . .

Ralph: It's time you knew, Christina. It isn't fair to you not to know . . .

Christina: Gosh!

Ralph: It's a shame. Frankly, I think there's no business or career more important than you.

Christina: Really, Ralph . . .

Ralph: You don't love him really, do you, Chris?

Christina: Well, he's awfully nice and Mother likes him . . .

Ralph: Ugh . . . your mother . . .

Christina: She never liked you very well . . .

Ralph: I gathered as much . . . Damn it, why didn't you tell me that you weren't eighteen at the time?

Christina: You never asked me how old I was . . . and I looked almost eighteen . . .

Ralph: Uh-huh, to everyone but the judge . . .

Ralph: Chris, you're not really serious about getting married, are you?

Christina: Yes, I think so.

Ralph: Why not tell your parents that the marriage was never annulled? . . .

Christina: What?

Ralph: Yes, didn't you hear. I contested it and the judge nullified the annulment.

Christina: You don't mean it, Ralph.

Ralph: I wasn't going to tell you about it, Chris. I wanted to see first if you were really going to be happy. If so, I would have left it stand and withdrawn my pleas.

Christina: You would have let me marry J. P.?

Ralph: No one would have known about it if I didn't say anything.

Christina: But why did you tell me?

Ralph: I don't think you're going to be really happy, Chris . . .

Christina: You mean with J. P.?

Ralph: Yes.

Christina: Darling, I'm so happy you came. Honestly, I couldn't have gone through with it. I couldn't have married J. P.

Ralph: You'll remarry, me, Chris? Oh, say you will . . .

Christina: If you really want me to . . . oh, Ralph . . .

(Door opens and closes.)

Mrs.: Well!

Christina: Mother, you remember Ralph . . .

Mrs.: Yes, and as I remember he hasn't changed greatly . . . What are you doing here, young man?

Ralph: I just came back to see my wife before she made a big mistake and became a bigamist . . .

Mrs.: A . . . a . . . what? . . .

Christina: That marriage . . . mine, I mean, Mother . . . the one we were worrying about. I just found out it was never annulled.

Mrs.: It what? . . .

Ralph: That's right.

Mrs.: Well . . . what can we do? . . . J. P. . . .

Christina: J. P. will be glad he's found it out this early . . .

Mrs.: Oh . . . yes . . . I must let him know . . . Gracious . . . the rafters and the guests . . . what will I do? . . .

Christina: I know what, Ralph. Just to help Mother out, we'll be married again so she can have her wedding plans go through.

Mrs.: Oh, would you . . . I mean, it's legal and everything, isn't it?

Christina: Uh-huh . . . I think it'll be much more legal any way you look at it . . .

Ralph: Darling, you're not nearly as dumb as I thought you were . . .

Mrs.: What will we tell the guests . . . I mean about there being a different bridegroom?

Ralph: Tell them the other one is ill; so he sent a substitute . . .

Mrs.: Oh, gracious, that wouldn't sound very good, would it? J. P. might not approve . . .

Christina: Mother, I'm not marrying J. P., so we don't care whether he approves or not.

Mrs.: That's right . . . Oh, I know what. We'll send your father down to tell the guests and no one ever listens to your father when he's talking; so no one will know the difference.

Christina: Probably not even father . . .

Mrs.: Oh, goodness . . . oh, dear . . . this isn't a bit the way I expected things to be, but then, I suppose I should be happy. We are having a wedding although the same people aren't getting married . . .

Christina: That's right, Mother. Everything is going to be the way it should be.

Mrs.: Well, now you both get ready and . . . or, dear . . .

Christina: Ralph, darling, you'll have to get your clothes and everything . . .

Ralph: They are all right downstairs. You know me, always prepared for emergencies; even one like being a bridegroom . . .

Christina: Ralph, do you mean you anticipated this? Well, of all the conceit . . .

Ralph: But, darling, I'm only prepared for emergencies . . . and . . .

Christina: If you think that you can just walk in here any time and . . . well, of all the . . .

Ralph: Mrs. Morrison, you can have my bags sent up . . .

Christina: You needn't bother . . . Maybe J. P. isn't so bad after all . . . at least . . .

Mrs.: Oh, dear . . . I wonder how the rafters are getting along? I do wish I knew whether they should be put up or brought down . . . oh, goodness . . .

(The arguing fades and once again rises the sound of hammers pounding and music . . . which has improved slightly since last hearing.)

Joe: Hey, Mike . . . that guy's been up there a long time, hasn't he?

Workman: You don't think that's J. P. do you?

Joe: Naw . . . ain't the type. Might be, though . . .



Workman (one loud bang): Well, I think that this is just about finished . . .

Joe: Good.

Workman: Well, hope the old girl likes it . . .

Joe: I doubt it. Hope she doesn't notice the nails . . .

Workman: Me too.

Marie: Say, has anybody seen Mrs. Morrison? . . .

Joe: Haven't you found her yet?

Marie: Off and on but I've still got the flowers . . .

Joe: Speaking of . . . here she comes . . .

Mrs.: Well . . . of, are the rafters finished? . . .

Workman: Yes, ma'm. What shall I do with them? . . .

Mrs.: Goodness. I don't know. Put them somewhere.

(Joe chuckles).

Mrs.: Joe. Take those bags upstairs . . .

Joe: Huh . . . oh, yes, ma'm. Where shall I put them?

Mrs.: Oh . . . in one of the vacant rooms. There must be some . . . Ralph is marrying my daughter . . .

Joe: Oh, Ralph . . . I always wondered what J. P. stood for . . .

Mrs.: Oh, that's a different one. The youngsters changed their minds. J. P. isn't marrying Christina . . . I mean, she isn't marrying him . . . she's marrying Ralph . . .

Joe: Oh!

Marie: Huh . . .

Workman: What? . . .

Mrs.: Oh, but don't worry . . . we'll be needing the rafters for something . . . oh, dear, I wish I could remember what I wanted them for . . .

## RED?

(Continued from page 3)

leather bow tie, and a pencil on his ear. They were all in a cheerful hurry to help, in one place twisting off vegetable tops, in another stretching for the highest box on a tower of Pipsy Crispies. The line of carriage-pushing customers wound its way toward a turnstile exit beside which was a battery of cash registers and adding machines.

Here, like a general, stood small swarthy George Gunshersky, Mike's brother. Like a field general, he efficiently directed operations on the floor. He saw to it that every customer was satisfied and each received a little of his never-ending attention.

Mike did the buying; he stayed in the office, that little mezzanine-like box near the ceiling, way in back behind the long row of inverted metal mushrooms that were the lights. Here Mike was busy checking over invoices. Now and then he would make a phone call to, perhaps, Jim Hatch. It had been a big day and the store needed stock.

Late that night the two brothers were getting ready to leave the store. Mike sat at his desk with his hat on and pulling on a cigar. George was busy closing the safe. He picked up two papers. "We better take these down to the bank soon." One was a deed, the deed to the market; the other, a mortgage, and down in the corner of it was the signature of James Hatch. Mike looked at the papers and then handed them back to his brother.

"You know, George, I'm even beginning to feel like a capitalist."

## GREATER LOVE

(Continued from page 11)

than she, stronger than John? The quotation revolved in her brain, "Greater love hath no man . . . !" Her heart seemed to burst, her brain clouded as she realized! She must live. Oh, God! She must live! Always she would be bound to an unlife-like existence on earth. She must breathe and walk and talk without John. Their son must know the thrill of living; she must know the agony of death, John's death.

Gradually she pulled back on the stick. Slowly the plane came out of the spin and leveled off. She must give life. "Greater love hath no man . . . !" She must live to give life to a being yet unborn, and, in so doing, give up the life with John that waited in the sky.

Perhaps, though, the power in Sky hadn't meant it that way. Perhaps it was just for a short time. Suddenly she knew! John would be waiting. One day, after she had given Sky a new follower, she would be allowed to find John again. Certainty flooded her mind. John would wait! In time she would come to him again. What blazing beauty they would know. What unearthly dreams they would have.

She felt strong again, almost cheerful. She could wait, too. The silver plane circled against the setting sun. John was there in the red haze watching, she knew—watching and waiting.

## GENTLEMEN—TO ARMS!

(Continued from page 12)

some sneering, sniping, barking female he was sure to be socially unaccepted. Men finally saw the error of the whole scheme of things and decided to change their ways. The obstacle was too great and as yet has not been surmounted.

Women fought and gained suffrage for themselves and men, ever considerate and thoughtful, allowed it to be imposed on them. Women have pushed and penetrated into all fields and today we have such fine personalities as Madame Perkins and our great chief's wife, Eleanor, disseminating culture to the masses of bowing, unknowing men. All this because man allowed his sentimental to rule his practical self.

Gentleman, don't be gentle! This is an appeal. Have we no common sense? Women have taken our jobs, spent our money, retarded our progress, and they call themselves our equals. Yet we go on blindly being chivalrous. Must we continue to lay down our coats for the pretty, petite female feet? Must they always go first? Must they take our seats as we go to and from work? Must we always pay their way for pleasure and for play? Must we raise our hats? Must we light our cigarettes for these human smokestacks? All this contradicts their theory of equality. Why should we do all these many things and receive in reply, "You men are so inconsiderate?"

## CHRISTMAS GUEST

(Continued from page 5)

selves to the ground; then slowly, one by one, they came and laid their offerings at my feet. I stood as a man in a dream. At the foot of my ladder were heaped great skins of tiger and lynx, bananas, curiously carved images, and a reed basket woven in intricate design.

I did my best to express my thanks by smiles and gestures, but my confusion was turning to puzzled incredulity. I wanted to question my guide . . . They brought me food; and when I had eaten I sought my guide. "Pedro," I said, "we must away, at once."

He went to my host with word that we were going. The old man hurried to my side and through Pedro and pantomime begged me to stay. Then, seeing I was resolute, he motioned me to remain for a moment while he called the villagers together. Grouping themselves about me, they fell on their knees. By frantic gesticulations my host endeavored to communicate an idea to me. "Bless," said Pedro. They wanted me to bless them. I, an old, homesick botany professor! I lifted my hands and repeated the words: "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." Then, turning to my companion, I entered the dugout, and we pushed off . . .

"Pedro, what did it all mean?"

He looked at me with eyes filled with amazement and doubt. "You know."

"I don't know; tell me." He hesitated; but at last he spoke.

"Christ come." No white man uttered words with deeper reverence.

"Christ come!" I echoed, as I remembered their greeting and the incident of the night before.

"Yes, old miss'nary tell—Christ come. He come day 'fore Christmas; come up river at shade-time in dugout with hombre. He stay all night at Cispatia. They know at Cispatia."

I sat stunned by the thought. This then was the reason for their reception and their gifts; this the reason for the muchacha's confidence.

It was an idea which made me tremble. How inconceivable their childish faith, how perfect their adoration!

The canoe moved on. In the distance I heard music. It was the solemn chant they had sung for me when I came; they were singing it again as I left them . . .

Pedro leaned toward me. "It is true, *no es verdad?* You are, you are—He?"

Acknowledgment is made to the Atlantic Monthly for permission to reprint this story. It appeared originally in December, 1924.

## BACKSTAGE

(Continued from page 20)

is a mirror set up so that the electrician may easily follow the movement of the play. Carpeting has been put on the dressing room stairway to deaden unnecessary sound and in collaboration with this a telephone system has been installed to call actors from the dressing rooms five minutes before their entrances, thereby eliminating noise and milling around back stage. The phone found on the Episcopal side of the stage is also connected with the box office and has a buzzer in the grill for gathering in the wayward sheep. The entire stage area has been completely cleared of all debris and the tool cabinet has been systematically organized. The dressing rooms have been practically rebuilt and incredible as it may seem, painted a nice clean Dutch blue. The lighting system has been regulated and improved. Boxes have been built around the ceiling lights—notice them some time if you can get over the feeling that the ceiling is sprouting upright pianos. There is a call board backstage with all announcements concerning the shows. The old Opera House has really put its hair up in paper curlers.

The costuming department could easily be called the insane ward. Being head of costuming is the kind of job that involves hair tearing and finger-nail biting. This not-so-easy-on-the-nerves task belongs to Judy Bateman. Judy has followed the lead of Barbara Walker and order has come to the costume department. A good set of Shakespearean costumes have been made which are extremely flexible in design and can be reconstructed and used over and over again.

You might think that with this policy of student participation and student criticism and government Mr. Wright would lose control of his actors, but just the opposite is the case. Because he is fair, just and considerate he has his students ready to put on a circus for him if they must. One time a mouse with nails for eyes was made of some dough used in a play. The little beastie was brought on during a dress rehearsal and the result was hysterical laughter breaking up the show. Mr. Wright didn't say a word. The silence hammered at our ears and we all looked for the nearest crack in the floor to jump into. The worst thing any of us could do would be to disappoint Mr. Wright.

The program this year as you probably know is "First Lady," "Tobias and the Angel," "Elizabeth the Queen" and the annual outdoor Shakespearean production which will be "Midsummer Night's Dream" this year. The last production will combine the work of the dramatic, music and dancing fields. I hope you are beginning to feel that the theatre people aren't altogether insane and that the plays will bear the mark of the work behind them.

# Portfolio of Contributors

**John Hammer**—whose “Red?” won him the Ray Sanford Stout short story contest and a check for \$25 last spring. A senior majoring in English who plans to enter commercial advertising upon graduation; already he has considerable contact with his chosen vocation as he is usually swamped with the latest material and developments in that line. Thinks “vignette ideas” most essential to the advertising writer. Considers one of the difficult problems of writing, the projection of “gestures” into the printed page. Thinks American Magazine stori-ettes particularly good and finds it interesting to try them himself. His talent for drawing will aid in advertising work. A glance at his book-laden desk reveals among others, copies of *Writing for Profit*, *A Thousand Ways to Make a Thousand Dollars*, *Mein Kampf*, and *Portraits from a Chinese Scroll*. He hails from Mansfield, Ohio.

**Allison Phillips**—won first prize in the MacNeile poetry contest last spring which makes her poet-laureate among students. She began scrawling poems at an early age which she calls “agonized bits of plagiarism.” Then came a novel, a lengthy tale of life, death, immortality, and love—which at thirteen she thought she knew a great deal about. Her first poems appeared in a religious young people’s magazine which puffed her with pride. “Nothing too violent or thrilling has ever happened to me. Grammar school, a girls’ school, Monticello for two years, then here to Denison.” She writes on anything: “The desert buttes of Wyoming, picture on the cover of a French children’s folk song book, April night, Mussolini, tiger lilies, or just vagabond day-dreaming.” She observes Lew Lehr’s philosophy in reverse, her version being: “People is the cwaziest monkeys.”

**Virginia Benson**—or “Benny” hails from Garfield Heights and rates as the first of the class of '44 to contribute to Portfolio. Her story was conceived following the current rage in the psychology department on hypnotism. Favors Ogden Nash in the literary line. Majoring in dra-

matics with a minor in journalism and hopes to write advertising copy upon receipt of the A.B. If not this, she hopes to go on with work in dramatics and end up as a teacher of such, high school preferred. “Benny” can be characterized as effervescent and of a likable forward personality. Her impression of Denison? “Tops!”—when not homesick.

**Tom Rogers**—well known and well liked Denison football mentor. Does not endorse Wheaties, Chesterfields, Vitalis, or Colgates, but turns out enviable teams anyway. Quiet, well-mannered, and seldom if ever ruffled, he carries these attributes to the playing and practice fields. Wears typical college clothes and seems as young and dapper as any underclassman. His fairness and amiability can be attested to by those who have played under and for him. While enrolled at D. U. he was one of the outstanding backs of the state and has been affiliated with the school since then. He has the knack of keeping spirit high and of bringing out latent talent. All who know him agree that it is an education just to be associated with him. His contained article voices his larger views on football and its place in modern education.

**David Timrud**—whose Adonic figure is well-known on campus, has shown versatility in many fields. He reads a great deal of any and everything, writes both verse and short story and has recently completed a full-length play, based on Mann’s “Joseph in Egypt.” He has been prominent in dramatics also, starring in “Taming of the Shrew”, “Hamlet”, and “East Lynne” and will soon be seen in “Tobias and the Angel.” He is adept at gymnastic stunts and an accomplished diver. Other interests lie in music, art, philosophy, and a little of everything. Originally from India, he hopes to return there as a doctor-missionary following completion of his medical training. He was the strongest man in his class as a freshman, and at present calls New York home.

**Kenneth I. Brown**—known as “KIB”

to his brothers in Delta Upsilon at the University of Rochester not many years ago. His accomplishments are too numerous to list in this limited space, but among other things, he has authored several books, including “A Campus Decade”, and has compiled and edited into book form, the letters of a conscientious objector in the last war, called “Character Bad”. The article enclosed was originally published in the Atlantic Monthly in December of 1924. It was later reprinted in the Reader’s Digest and this year again appeared in the new “Reader’s Digest Reader”, where many “big” names in the literary world appear. He has a penchant for giving his sons (2) quaint sounding Dutch names. Strides about the campus with an enormous knobby hiking stick.

**G. Robert Smith**—who due to his fondness for and familiarity with “boogie” orchestras, is better known as “Duke”, can be found wherever there is a name band playing. In the summer he frequents the “Cozy Corners”, a disreputable Detroit jive-dive. Also frequents summer school in summer to make up for time spent at keyboard during school hours. When he isn’t listening to an orchestra, or playing himself, he’s usually working out on the track where he is an integral part of Livy’s team. Is always prepared to express an opinion on anything whether or not he knows whereof he speaks. He is the proud possessor of a good sized collection of modern records, and can tell you anything about anybody’s band, or individual “jive” artists.

**Ira Price III**—appears twice in this issue, in two very different veins. He won the Chambers Memorial Prize for his essay on Carlyle. His other piece deals authoritatively with the question of love-making. Asked which of his four categories he himself fell into, he immediately replied that he was capable of all four. Athlete, student, orator, Ira has garnered numerous honors while in college. He plans to go into law. He holds the enviable distinction of being a three-letter man, football, baseball, and track.