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Portfolio
A random...

During the past month the thumping war drums of World War II have penetrated even the tranquil isolation of Granville. For most of us the years spent in Granville have made the affairs of Europe and the remainder of civilization seem far remote. But we have suddenly come to realize that the actual history is in the making and beyond the beauty of a lazy spring at Denison and the excitement of the ideal we lead, the battle of world affairs is building and building with war and tension.

With Further Time’s amazing alacrity, another school year has drawn to a close. All of those very green freshmen now seem an essential part of the scene, and they are finding themselves strangely alienated. The new faces are a part of the story, but at least they still have the realization that they may have experienced a delightful and incomparable time. Juniors are amazed to find themselves administering half the things they once thought unattainable. Sophomores are braving life from the present clamp. Academically, socially, and scholastically it has seemed a good year...

Progress is inevitable, as philosophers have told us. And just as we find ourselves developing through our years here, so does the school itself change and evolve with the passing of time. New structures spring up to replace the older ones; new faces appear among the faculty; new ideas take hold. On the departure of the Shaws we look with reluctance and sincere best wishes, and on the coming of a new personality to our helm, we look with eager anticipation. “Thus runs the round of life.”

A campus organization which has unfortunately lapsed into obscurity during the past decade is Franco-Calliopean. Franco has had an interesting and absorbing history on the campus: its decline is to be attributed greatly to the slow incorporation of its former functions by newer organizations. The new officers and members are hoping to reshape it into an active and contributing group. It seems apparent that this should not prove impossible, for certainly there is a sufficient number of students interested in establishing an exchange for ideas and opinions, literary and general.

The very substance of education is in comparing ideas, weighing this against that, discussing and evaluating, and eventually, it is hoped, arrive at some concrete conclusions.

The existence of a literary magazine is justified by more than a desire for entertainment and more than by being simply an instrument of those feverish few who must needs see themselves in print. One of the greater achievements of college men and women is learning to express themselves, for there is no field in which this is not essential. Short stories, verse, articles: all can prove more than the product of mere whim, but can be the concrete expression of conceived ideas.

In this issue we have made an attempt to bring you something in humor; comments are anticipated. The articles seem radically varied in style and subject. Dr. Lindsay and Willie Moll have revealed themselves as complex and fascinating characters through their autobiographical contributions. John Stewart’s poetry is somewhat different in that it is not simply lyrical.
Lost Beauty

"My hands are wet and sticky again"

Anonymous

With the coming of night a mellow haze settled over the teeming street and gave it its lone touch of beauty. The harsh glare from the pavement faded, and the street became a dim passage, lighted spasmodically by yellow lamps. The ugly structures towering on both sides of the street lost much of their grimness; purple shadows glossed over their hideous appearance. The windows in the tenements were open wide in lit three eyes. Radios blared, and small children screamed, and cooking odors hung about the street, but it was evening, and the day's work was done, and it was pleasant to watch the street attain its glimpse of beauty.

Now it was night, and the girl walked down from her tenement room to the steps jutting out on the sidewalk. She sat there in comparative darkness, a tiny figure seemingly detached from a busy world. This was hers to enjoy and cherish. Previously, in her first love affair, she had taken great pains to arrange her hair, tucking it out to broaden the thinness of her face. Moderate dabs of rouge helped to conceal the pallor of her skin, and the latest shade of powder covered the dark circles beneath her eyes.

Before the mirror, she felt almost gay for the first time in years. She had sedately applied the perfume to her hair, and the cloying odor now enveloped her. All in all, she felt self-satisfied, like a schoolgirl with her first love affair. She told herself, "This is my first real love affair.

She wondered what the girls at the factory would say if they knew she was in love. Probably joke among themselves about plain little Sylvia being in love. Then, with their first surprise over, they would ask, "Who is the guy?" And Sylvia, on the first question, would be enough to say, "It is nothing," she said. "I like my hands clean. If you did the work I have to do, you would scrub your hands, too." Then abruptly he had stopped talking, and walked on.

Sylvia looked up and down the street. There was no sign of Borif. Suppose he doesn't come, she thought, suppose something has happened to him? For a moment panic overwhelmed her; then she realized that the evening was still young. Of course he will come, she told herself, he loves me. He will come, and talk of the stars, and paintings, and opera music, and things I don't know anything about. Yes, Borif will come. He loves me, and he knows that I love him.

Borif came slowly down the ill-lighted street. He was a tall, heavy-set man, with huge shoulders, and long arms. Sylvia did not see him until he was halfway down the street and had passed beneath one of the lamps. All about him small children were playing, running and screaming in joyous abandon. Borif put his hand into his suit pocket and drew forth a handful of candy. Quickly the children surrounded him and took their share. When he had given away all the candy, Borif moved on. He came near to Sylvia and removed his hat.

"Good evening," he said in a husky voice.

"Hello, Borif," Sylvia answered. "Won't you sit down?"

Borif seated himself next to Sylvia. For awhile, both were silent, gazing into the blackness around them. Borif cleared his throat. "It's a nice night, isn't it?"

"I think it's swell," Sylvia answered. "There's a cool breeze coming in from the river. When you think of it, Borif, we'll have a lot of cool nights from now on. Summer is almost gone."

"Yes, Sylvia, in a few weeks autumn will be officially here. I'll be sorry when the long winter days come."

"Not me, Borif, these summer days are killers at the factory. Oh, but it was hot there today!"

"You shouldn't have to work in a factory, Sylvia," Borif declared. "You're too small. You can't stand that hard work."

"What else can I do," Sylvia asked. "I can't get..."
work in an office. You know, I never got past the eighth grade."

Borif looked up into the sky. "But don't you want to improve yourself?" he asked. "Don't you want to get an education?"

"I can't, Borif," Sylvia replied. "I'm just not smart."

"No, Sylvia you're no dunce. You're wiser than you imagine."

"But I guess I have more brawn than brain."

"Of course, Borif. Just before you came I was watching the buildings turn gray, then a deep blue, then purple."

"You are different from me, Sylvia. You can see beauty in a place like this while I must turn to books and paintings. I have to be different. My very life depends on it. Sylvia, can a person in my line of work be a true lover of beauty?"

"Why does he worry so much about a love of beauty? Can't he take his beauty in sunsets, and changing colors? He's reaching beyond himself. But she knew that words of advice would serve only to disillusion him."

A dreary hour went by, with occasional remarks from Borif. Gradually the street cleared of children. One by one the lights in the flats were extinguished. Borif moved restlessly."

"I must go," he said. "It is late. I have to go to work tomorrow. I have spent a beautiful evening."

"Some were like children, just happy to be alive."

"I loved dogs," Borif said, frowning Mike's head. "I love all dogs and cats. They are such intelligent animals. Look, Mike, where you going to sleep tonight?"

"Sleep anywhere around here," Sylvia answered.

"I can't, Borif," Sylvia replied. "I'm just not smart."

"But really doesn't have any feeling for his things."

"I want to get ahead like other men," he finally said, "but I guess I have more brains than brain."

Oh Lord, Sylvia was thinking. Here I want him to come down to earth, and when he does it makes him seem common."

"Of course you will get ahead," she said aloud. "A man with your love of the finer things will never have any worry about getting ahead."

"Yes, that's it," Borif said eagerly. "That's why I read good books and listen to the best music. It sort of puts me on a level with cultured people. If I didn't love fine things, well, Sylvia, what would I be if I had a common butcher? Tell me, did you see me give those children candy when I came along the street?"

Sylvia felt confused at first. Then she thought of what Borif had said. Why can't his life be simple? She deliberized. Mine certainly is. Why does he worry so much about a love of beauty? Can't he take his beauty in sunsets, and changing colors? He's reaching beyond himself. But she knew that words of advice would serve only to disillusion him."

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"Mike's coming out of the alley! Oh Borif! He'll be killed!"

(continued on page 16)
John Barrington

It was one of those hot September days that make you wonder why you ever left the cool beaches and seas to come back to school and a dusty fraternity house. Jack Loft lay sprawled on his stomach, the noisy vacuum sweeper beside him drowning his complaints as he cleaned up some sawdust which had dribbled from a rip in one of the sofas. Jess and I were shifting the radio to hide a tear in the wallpaper. We hadn't tidied up after the first concentrated fury of rushing without getting more than a little smelled by our toil. Consequently, none of us were particularly enthusiastic at the moment about rush weeks in general and rushing chairman in particular.

Just then we heard the front door screen slam. A moment later, Bucky Doyle sauntered into the front room, whistling, "Oh, Johnny!" and looking like the carefree college days and Indian Summer. The meadows were green then and I saw many tall, blonde and cute, and she had a way of managing things that way. The way she managed him was a standing joke among us, and she might not have an idea about quitting when we've only half our class pledged. I might add, to the efficient planning and management.

"Wait a minute!" Jess howled. "What about my boy, Leonard?" I left the door open so that we could hear Bucky's half of the conversation from the front room.

Locust, I knew he had a word for me, and then, more sweetly, "Why, Lynn!" I left the door open after calling him. When I heard him say "Hello!" and then, more sweetly, "Why, Lynn!" I left the door open after calling him. When I heard him say "Hello!"

Lynn Curtis was just about the only girl who had ever made Bucky pause more than casually as he swept by. He cleaned up some sawdust which had dribbled from a rip in one of the sofas. Jess and I were shifting the radio to hide a tear in the wallpaper. We hadn't tidied up after the first concentrated fury of rushing without getting more than a little smelled by our toil. Consequently, none of us were particularly enthusiastic at the moment about rush weeks in general and rushing chairman in particular.

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she didn’t seem to have wasted any time getting him back into line.

Bucky was putting up a struggle of sorts, but we couldn’t tell it wasn’t doing him much good. Then, after a bit we began to feel apprehensive as he kept repeating feebly that our pledge list was pretty full, and that it was rather late to look over new prospects. Finally he came back looking worried and uncomfortable, and we knew even before he spoke that he had lost.

"Bucky," he moaned, sinking down on the spot where he judged a sofa should be hidden beneath a pile of newspapers. "This McGurk guy is worse than even your pessimistic notion could possibly have imagined. I’ve peddled him around to all the houses hoping I could lose him somewhere, but even the Rho Dents scuttled when I took him in there.

That was an all too clear indication that Honore McGurk was going to prove a distressing Dansister. While the Rho Dents don’t protest the prospect, they don’t have the time to worry. It’s campus tradition that the Rho Dons would pledge a stray dog if they could find a place to fasten their pledge button.

"Why don’t you let Teagarten and McGill entertain him?" I said, referring to a couple of "baddish" legacies whom Bucky had already seen be forth from their place of banishment in the basement.

"I’m way ahead of you, Son," Doyle returned, making a half-hearted effort to regain his old self-assuredness. "Teagarten and McGill have all already seen me forth with no more luck than I’ve had in persuading minds to get back into line. Then, before I could backtrack, I stood faced to face with a creature who was unmistakably Honore McGurk."

My curiosity getting the best of my apprehension and discretion, I decided to venture down and glimpse the horrid McGurk, and McGill returning to the sanctuary of the cellar. Teagarten had entered the back hall, two fleeing figures passed me so rapidly that I could scarcely identify them as Teagarten and McGill as they disappeared from my sight. They had been hidden beneath the plaster dust. "Wait a minute," Jess broke in, "what about this likely McGurk?"

"Unless you feel a nervous attack is likely to strike you, you’d do well to stay up," Jess said more needl than in his diet.

"Right after supper, I made up my mind that if I could only plead a desperation of one of my best friends, I could get him to reconsider his decision. I was just at the point where I was seriously considering the matter when the McGurk, myself, or both, walked unexpectedly into Dick Perry, who had been away from the house all day.

Being something of an amateur expert in the art of pleading with McGurk, I described him as one of the worst bushwhackers. Before Dick, whose most strenuous exercise is turning his head to look at a pair of pretty legs, had passed from his astonishment at this flatteringly misstatement, I was far away.

Bucky was similarly shunted from brother to brother during the hectic days which followed. All this time, everyone felt that we were merely postponing the inevitable, but to have just one bit of news, to have some proof that he was on his way, would have been like discovering the proverbial needle in a haystack. Whilst we desired anything but the McGurk, we all were looking forward to any kind of news that might take. While we hardly intended to involve anything but the McGurk in the affair to end with Homer sporting a pledge pin, we were all but to make the lead in blasting Bucky’s unlike relations with Lynn Curtis.

As for Bucky, he was looking bad these days. He wore a hunted look, and gone was every vestige of his former gaiety. For him the game was one of either betraying the chapter or sacrificing his heart on the altar of fraternity.

"Oh, well, you give us the boot?" Joe McGrawly nodded in a hollow session one night near the end of the week.

"Yeah," said Jack Loft, "I’m afraid he’s driving our other prospects away. He’s underfoot so much every one thinks he’s a pledge."

McGrawly, who was said, a good deal of which wouldn’t wear the ordinary of his face, was as much as print. In fact, it almost seemed that to pledge Homer might be to split in the chapter. At last Bucky spoke up with all the appearance and sound of a drowning man who is about to go down for the proverbial third time. For what had been to him the first time in his life, he had a pleading note in his voice.

"Fellow," he muttered, "I know Homer’s a sad completes his pledge, and everything else you’ve called him. But can’t we hang on just a little longer? I don’t know when we’re going to be just a little longer! I don’t know what I’m going to do."

"But what is it going to do?" Jess asked, re- moving his highest satchel.

"Ick," Jess broke in, "what about this whole thing? We may think we’re getting the laugh on them, but what if they take Homer? They’ll tell the campus they took him away from us, and we’ll say that, if we can’t hang onto a Homer McGurk, we’ll have a fat chance of keeping a really tough prospect if the Alphas wanted him."

Jess’s logic was stunning, especially coming from him. Amid great consternation, we began to see that we were really on the spot. No matter how proud, we had to get him now to save our faces. And suddenly it began to seem that we had waited too long. After being around continually for a week, Homer became all at once the object of great demand and attention. With the Alphas in the field, other groups were drawn in as well, and we began to work on this valuable misfit, none of whom wanted him any more than we did, but all of whom had to think of their reputations.

As for Bucky, he was just plain lucky, we thought. While he had got us and everyone else into the mess, he had managed to save Lynn up and yet escape responsibility for Homer’s pledgeing. We could hardly blame him in light of the later complications, and so he began to enter the house without sinking. The day Homer was pledged, Bucky was away until evening, and I was preparing for bed when he did enter.

"Boy, what a gal!" he exclaimed as he came in. "Man, oh man, Bob, she’s got everything! So help me I’ll never look at another girl. Lord knows I played around with plenty of others in my time, but I swear I never knew one who came close to her!"
In Time of Death

Chorus: Lo, who are these that shatter with rude steps the night-drowned stillness of the crumbling Halls of Death?
Boys: Nay, we come in awe, we children of the Day, with hesitating step now velveted with sorrow.
Chorus: Whom bear ye to this muted dwelling place of endless Sleep?
Boys: A weary playmate, she we bear to you, to lay here the softly dreaming girl. And is she to remain pauses only for the flicker of a moment . . .
Chorus: Hasten, hasten, for there is Love, dressed in t-shirts of东部, but too downy little gallinules swimming near their nest, to find a fresh luna moth clinging to a tree trunk, to see bluebirds against a snowy background on Christmas day, and to go home tired and hungry and happy were rewarded enough.
Life does not stop at childhood, however. Responsibilities creep up on us and interests must drop back into the category of avocations or be made the basis of one's work.

Retrospect

"There are so many interesting things to do!"

Arthur Ward Lindsey

Here in the quiet of my library I look back through the years to ask myself: What have I done that is worth mentioning here? What in my life has made me who am, assuming that some of my students care enough to know? And a cynical thought: What of all that is drowned out in the memory of clean winds wiping the prairie grasses of western Iowa, of the hot bright sun, and of hills beckoning in the distance to the unknown beyond those open spaces. For there is something honest and forthright in the prairies. Their sharp contrasts, their starkly open reaches, do not favor cynicism nor devious ways.

It was only a few years to the end of the last century when my parents moved to Sioux City, at the westernmost point of Iowa, from my birthplace, Council Bluffs. The virgin prairie still flourished over thousands of acres of hills, where the land broke sharply into the bluffs of the Missouri. Partridge pea still bloomed in the vacant lots, and Liatris, and puccoons, and the first warm days of spring took children after school out to VanDeerburg's hill for May flowers, not the arbutus of eastern woods, but the beautiful lavender-pink flowers in their silky jackets, thrust up among the tufts of grass in advance of their leaves.

Before long I was learning the names of the birds and unfortunately, shooting a few of them and making a collection of eggs. With a congenial friend sharply into the category of avocations or be made the basis of one's work.

and financial worry, its end was far more a goal gladly dreamed on than a loss to be regretted. But in the meanwhile I had spent portions of two summers at the State University laboratory at Lake Okoboji, in the beautiful lake district of northern Iowa, and there I had known intimately, before I knew enough about him to be spared by his greatness, Dr. Thomas Huston Macbride, the famous mycologist. This silvery-haired old gentleman, a gentleman and scholar in every sense, could make a deep impression even on an unimpressionable younger. How those summers stand out in memory! I had passed the distant hills. The world beyond was in sight. Men of science were real beings, and only those who have earned his own living can understand the full responsibility of life became very real. I worked for a year in a branch store of the Eastman Kodak Company, learning much about photography and much about casual meetings with human beings, and in the fall entered Morningside College in a suburb of the city.

The next four years could be described by any American boy who has earned his own living in college. A combination of scholastic interest, insufficient time, and financial worry, its end was far more a goal gladly dreamed on than a loss to be regretted. But in the meanwhile I had spent portions of two summers at the State University laboratory at Lake Okoboji, in the beautiful lake district of northern Iowa, and there I had known intimately, before I knew enough about him to be spared by his greatness, Dr. Thomas Huston Macbride, the famous mycologist. This silvery-haired old gentleman, a gentleman and scholar in every sense, could make a deep impression even on an unimpressionable younger. How those summers stand out in memory! I had passed the distant hills. The world beyond was in sight. Men of science were real beings, and only those who have earned his own living can understand the full responsibility of life became very real. I worked for a year in a branch store of the Eastman Kodak Company, learning much about photography and much about casual meetings with human beings, and in the fall entered Morningside College in a suburb of the city.

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neccessary education, and work. Work partly, to be sure; gain some recognition in the scientific world, but far more because it was so fascinating to find out about the living world.

At last college ended. The valuable contacts of a fraternity house and of club-club trips, the class scrapes, the social affairs and debates and games faded easily behind as I plunged into the first year of graduate study. They had done their part, as far as they had parts to play.

Without any expectation of continuing beyond the year I entered the graduate school of the State University of Iowa and there found H. F. Wickham, my major professor of entomology and one of the outstanding entomologists of the day. My mother had always taught me that knowledge would be a fine thing, and that whenever I could I should work for it. Wickham, of English birth, was a quiet man of whimsical good humor, as modest as his attainments were great. The head of the zoology department was C. C. Nutting, an authority on the butterfly. These men, the rotund botanist, Bohumil Skrines, and the eminent psychologist, Dr. Carl E. Seashore, then dean of the graduate school, were my chief contacts with the faculty. All but Dr. Seashore are now dead. My regard for them is best expressed by my wish to leave the university after the one year.

Two summers of that period were spent with the Bureau of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. There entered the war and every professional interests lost their savor. At the death of my father I enlisted in the balloon division of the army air force, and there found H. F. Wickham, my major professor of entomology, and the curatorship of his collection was regarded as the finest opportunity of its kind in the country.

The visit was a fateful one. I had wanted to be a museum curator but when, a fortnight later, I received a letter from Dr. Barnes asking me if I would care to take the place of his curator, who was leaving to take charge of the Canadian National Collection, I would scarcely credit my good fortune. Who would not have taken the position? For the rest of the semester I shuttled back and forth between Decatur and Iowa City, completing my thesis, completing my work in botany, doing what was necessary in the museum, and enjoying life to the full. At last I too was to take my place in the scientific world! The years of dreaming were at an end; realization was at hand.

In June many things happened. Like so many of my students today I had discovered that there were also girls in college and that Winifred Wood was one girl who liked birds and flowers. What a girl! We went on long walks and I took her out on a day that even concealed our words until we cooked some hot food in a sheltered valley where a brook was running and the birds were nesting. Though we have since covered many miles together from the Pacific to the Atlantic and beyond, that frigid visit on the only nest was the only chance I had for a recommendation! In June we went back at once to the University for Commencement. With the diploma for my doctorate tucked away, we then went on to Decatur, to the cherished campus, the campus of treasured memories of paintings and sculpture, priceless because they are superb, of hearing Die Meistersinger in its native setting at Nurnberg, and of persons who, peasant or monarch, are much like ourselves in graciousness or kindliness or less pleasant qualities.

But events do not always develop as we expect. The museum was extremely confusing after years of seren

ous activity out of doors, so after a few years I felt it for teaching. By that time I had contributed many papers, and was regarded with respect by American entomologists, and had retained my collection of Hesperioidea and felt that in teaching I could find a better balance between the two. And so I went back to the University for Commencement. With the diploma for my doctorate tucked away, we then went on to Decatur, to the cherished campus, the campus of treasured memories of paintings and sculpture, priceless because they are superb, of hearing Die Meistersinger in its native setting at Nurnberg, and of persons who, peasant or monarch, are much like ourselves in graciousness or kindliness or less pleasant qualities.

But that was not so long ago! A few more years have passed, bringing another problem in the classification of the group. A fly rod offers one of the finest sports. They have also revealed that the defects in photographing landscapes can easily be corrected if one paints his picture instead of using a camera, so the writer dabbles in paint when he can spare the time. And lovely flowers bloom in the garden to be cared for now and then. There as so many interesting things to do.

In the summer of 1922 I found a long-cherished opportunity to do some field work in the far west. Our wife and I decided on the remote northeastern corner of California where little entomological work had been done, and there in the Warner Mountains by beautiful Davis Creek we camped for six weeks. And we did! It was beautiful country; including that of the United States, but with flowers and miles of opportunities for collecting, the two of us caught approximately 14,000 specimens of insects. We then went down through California to Los Angeles and back to San Francisco, where we went on to Nevada to the Nevada Biological Station and the professorship in the Department of Zoology.

The insects have not been forgotten in the intervening years, but after all, one's profession is a profession and one's chief allegiance cannot go to his avocation. The department at Denison was in an un

happy state that fall because of the dismissal of a fine professor who had been very popular with the students. A period of adjustment increased and now it is more than ever felt. Yet the department, and the professor in charge has found it necessary to be more a zoologist than an entomologist! The chief result of the metamorphosis has been expressed in writing. First a Textbook of Evolution and Genetics published by the Macmillan Company in 1929.

Arthur Ward Lindsey

His life: a collection of treasured memories

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...
Blue Moon

Purple chiffon petaled poppies,
But this star hangs memorial
A frosty necklace loops the sky,
'Tis these that drug and dim my agony.

Drowsy blooms that bow to pungent earth
Glows down ethereal.

Wet and still he lay on the branches,
And I watch each night by the willows
They found him next dawn down-river
And crouched by the trunk of a willow
The bank where we sat sank beneath us
A torrent swept out of the black sky,
I sat on the bank with my loved one
A circle of red bound the blue moon,
That scurried in veiled apprehension
A blue moon rose from the willows,
And sorrowfully hid in the clouds
That scurried in veiled apprehension
A blue moon rose from the willows,
And sorrowfully hid in the clouds

The split that divided the family started the night
The twins came home for the Christmas holidays in 1932.
The twins had quarreled the whole term, but
not being prolific letter writers, their family knew
nothing of the situation until that evening.

The chaffeur had driven down to Eton for them,
and they had left shortly after lunch, stopping only
for tea at Stratford. They reached Brandon in time
for an early dinner.

After the first greetings were over, Colonel Tibbetts
asked if they were both on the first Rugby team.
Edward said that he was playing right wing three-
quarter, and had got his Colours after the game against
Wellington. Then the fatal question came.

“And Peter?”

“I didn’t play Rugby this term, sir.”

“Don’t you play Rugby this term?” said the Colonel.

“I didn’t play Rugby this term!” the Colonel
burst out of my arms in the night;

In thunderous protest high above my head.
I see a vengeful wrath above my head,
Across the crouching hills... . . . where there was hope
That vain destruction’s robot brain would cease
to throb... and there upon the sterile slope
Man rising to an everlasting peace!

A gawd of thunder rumbles in the North,
The rifted skies are stromy, gloomy blue.
A cold wind whips the brown trees back and forth;
Just now a twittering brood of sparrows flew
Across the bare fields to the tall known elms,
I see a vengeful wrath above my head.

Sorrow burns a single star
That luminous through drifting mists
Glowes down ethereal
A frosty necklace loops the sky,
But this star hangs memorial.

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Lindsey E. Yoxall
Peter, driven to desperation, went up to London and took Christ’s Hospital’s scholarship entrance examinations. He waited impatiently for a fortnight for the results. Finally he received a letter notifying him that he was one of three recipients of a Christ’s Hospital scholarship.

After summoning up his courage, he entered the library and handed his father the letter. His father read the letter, suddenly turned crimson, swore at his son, and told him to leave the house forever.

Upon leaving the library, Peter packed his bags, bade farewell to his mother, brother, and the staff, and left for London the same evening.

For six long, hard years he studied medicine at Christ’s. He had to work even harder than he had at Eton, and had no time to play Rugby for Christ’s. He had, however, watched his brother play several times at Twickenham. This was the only link that he had had with his family, since the day that he had left Brandon. He had written several times, but none of his letters had been answered.

In September, 1939, he graduated, and as a reward for his good work and obvious enthusiasm, he was sent with five other graduates, on Christ’s Hospital’s Medical Unit to France.

Edward, meanwhile, had done well at Oxford and was in the public eye. He had won his Rugby and cricket Blue against Cambridge. He had captained the Oxford Rugby team. He played and captained the Warwickshire County Rugby team, and was well known in first class, and country-house cricket.

Finally, in March, 1940, he was to captain the English Rugby team against Scotland. The game was to be held on the famous Twickenham ground in the presence of the King and Queen.

(continued from page 4)

Her last words were almost drowned in the roar of the approaching car. It was about ten yards from the alley where Mike emerged and started across the street. There was a piercing screech from the brakes, then a thud as the car hit Mike. The automobile disappeared into the blackness.

Sylvia remained on the steps with tear-filled eyes, as Borif walked over to Mike’s sprawled form. Borif lifted the tiny clog from the pavement and carried him to the light of a streetlamp. His searching hands told the presence of the King and Queen.

A great noise filled Borif’s head. The streetlamps rose and fell in undulating movements. A tremendous dizziness clutched him. He leaned weakly against the tenement and passed his hand over his sweating forehead.

“My God, Sylvia, did you hear what I said? He’s dead! He’s dead! Sylvia! I felt no pity for Mike!”

A cold chill swept over Sylvia. An ominous dread spurted out of the blackness and dropped a net of fear about her. “Oh Borif,” she whispered. “Don’t spoil it all now. It just had to happen this way! Mike was meant to die. The children will mourn him. If it all now. It just had to happen this way! Mike had to w

Proud and beautiful at dusk, she thought, but this street will never again be beautiful and purple at dusk.

Her dark eyes watched Borif disappear into the blackness.
ANNE BOLEYN

Below me in the street
A peasant's cart,
Trundled past the grim,
Blood stained block.
My slender throat does ache,
And there's my heart
That pains me so
And will not break.

But I am not afraid
To taste the dust,
To grind old bitterness
Between my teeth.
The earth and I are kin,
And pain's a crust
To dull the appetite
For sin.

HELOISE

This tall cool wall
Holds the deep quiet of tonight.
This hall
Is purple in
The shadows,
Silver where the light
Of yonder moon.
Spills at my feet.
Is rough and black.
This April bark beneath my hand
Rough as the sea,
Black as a dove
Of silver lights,
Made of a thousand nights,
On the heart of me.

By Adela Beckham

ABEARD

Look at me.
I see in your eyes—
That honest,
I love it where it lies
In your white breast.
And it is flash to love
Your breast; like
Some wild dove
That flutters in my hand.

That honesty
That shrinks your name?
All yourself takes hold of me
As your warm throat
Does hold a cherished soul.
I kiss you there,
And this be all my shame . . .
I can forget your soul.

THOMAS WYATT

This April bark beneath my hand
Is rough and black.
So like her hair loosed
From its band
Of silver lights,
And glowing back
Into the wind.
Her hair—
That simmered in love,
Rough as the sea,
Sweet as the bark
On this young tree.
Her hair—
So dark
On the heart of me.

The Doctor Takes a Trip

"Rock Williams, retired plumber"

BROOKS FIELDS

(EDITORS NOTE: Friend of all and foe only of disease and ill
health, genial campus physician, Rock Williams, set out
this year to realize a much-earned vacation. Typical of
Rock, he chose not to spend it at some conventional resort,
but boarded a tramp steamer alone, destined for South
America.

We intend not to give you any sort of travelogue or
detailed description of the trip, but thought you would
enjoy Rock's comments on the trip, in an interview with
Brooks Fields.)

Some: Telephone between the Kappa Sigma house and Rock's
office.

Brooks Fields: Rock, how about letting the world in on your
recent cruise?

Rock Williams: Nice trip, Brooks. Gone about three months.

Brooks: Spent too much money. Glad I'm back. Look, feller, I
can forget your soul.

Rock: Hold the 'phone, Rock. This is only a matter of
moments . . .

Brooks: For the benefit of the Spanish Club, the history
department, and the international relations club, what are
the sentiments in South America about the European
situation?

Rock: Neither the South Americans nor I gave much thought to
the war. In spite of the fact that the United States is
only fourth in the amount of investments in S. A. (with
Britain, France and Germany preceding her) the United
States is still looked upon as the fair-haired
child of the universe by the S. A. people. Roosevelt and
Cordell Hull, the president of the Pan-American Union,
are especially popular with these people.

Brooks: While you were on shore, how did you travel—on
motorcycle or bicycle?

Rock: I can't give their public transportation utilities too
much! The streetcars they have were very popular in the
United States—about 1910! The cars drive on the left-
hand side of the street. Buicks and Packards are the
most popular private cars, while Plymouths monopolize
the taxi business. Small cars of foreign make are also
very popular.

Brooks: Are the truck-drivers' unions quite strong in South
America, too?

Rock: Labor conditions seem to be in pretty good shape.
There are no apparent labor agitators, few Nazi organ-
izations. The wages are small. On twenty cents an hour,
many laborers live quite happily. While the standard of
living seems to be a little lower there, all of the people
are quite contented with life in general.

Brooks: Did you get to any ball games, bull fights, or
tournament?

Rock: Bull fights have disappeared. Palo matches are ex-
tremely popular there and gigantic polo stadiums are being
erected to accommodate the followers of this sport. One
stadium is built in Sao Paulo which will seat 100,000
people. Tennis matches are equally popular there. Swim-
ing, however, is practically the national pastime. Strangely
enough, people don't loll around on the beaches all week
like they do here. Saw some beautiful fancy divers doing
some beautiful dives from tower platforms. I was tempted
to do a few tips, but thought of "woman and children" at home and decided against it.
Brooks: Did you happen to miss any Sundays at church while you were gone?
Rock: Harumph! Church! I had a little trouble getting to church at first, but on Good Friday I attended church at a local mass. I couldn't distinguish the Latin from the Spanish ritual, and couldn't understand either one of them anyway. I am afraid it was a total loss to me. However, the churches there were very pretty. They aren't as ostenta-
tions as some of the ancient European ones, but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. In the lower part of some of the churches are buried famous men in South American history—bishops, presidents, artists, etc. The Catholic Church is by far the most predominant religion in South America.
Brooks: What would you say were the most interesting little facts you learned on your trip?
Rock: Here we go again.
Brooks: Well, Rock, it's been a pleasure to have you on the show. I hope I hear from you again soon.
Rock: I'll have to admit that the Spaniards have it all over the other countries when it comes to producing horsemen. There is a great display of legging, no pres-
sent of the pageantry is complete without the horsemen. The South Americans don't care in astonishment at Americans. They just look at them as a matter of fact. Fancy thing, but whenever an American, pods another American, you'll find these big hands with you just like you were one of the old timers.
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Refugee

David Timrud

This gray Atlantic. What sorrows are drowned in it? When I was a little girl I used to bathe in these same waters on the shore of Long Island. Do you smile because I mention so distant a thing? It's strange here, isn't it? I never would have believed anyone who told me I should one day be a refugee. But one can't account for the ways of love, can one?

Oh, that's all right. I don't mind your not answering me. I know part of your face was shot away. It's only that you know English, and I just want to get a chance to talk to—someone who thinks in the rhythms of my own tongue.

Look at that woman nursing the child over there. Did you ever see such hopelessness on one face? Oh—I'm sorry. I forgot that you were blinded too. Here! Don't try to smile again. It'll take longer for the tissues to heal if you strain them. Your eyes look as if I'm sorry. I forgot that you were blinded too. Here! Don't try to smile again. It'll take longer for the tissues to heal if you strain them. Your eyes look as if

I shall speak of happier things. Tap me if I wait. Without Fernando there is nothing else to do. I am becoming more like my countrymen and women—so dead, so lifeless.

Do you mind if I speak of other places and things. It will take our minds across that fence. Thank God they can't do much to our thinking what we like.

When I was eighteen—I say that as if it were a long time ago don't? It's only six years ago. You know. I was eighteen I was going to Art School in New York. I met Fernando Cassos. In a few months we were married. He received an inheritance from his estate down in the south of Spain. After we graduated we went to live in what I call "my castle in Spain." All our castles have come tumbling down, haven't they? Fernando was doing well as a painter. Even before we left I had been asked for some of his river scenes by two different exhibitions. Those were glorious days! I never even missed my family. They think I am dead now. It's just as well. I'm afraid you have difficulty following me. My mind hops and my words jump after it. But what I say is not important. So it doesn't matter, does it?

We had two children. They were both killed one night by a bomb, when I was away to get some food for them. But I will not mention them again, don't care—but I do. If only you could see those pitiful people who come constantly into the light of our fires. They're looking for their mates, for their children, for their parents. The French are trying to help us out in that way. They print pages of personas for us every Thursday. I never look at them. All I've ever had is lost in the soil across the border. Perhaps you have friends who are looking for you—perhaps you have loved ones you seek? Shall I get the paper? No?

It's just as well you can't see. Here comes a young man to our sad mother's fire. He even looks like my Fernando did. He peers into the group. Perhaps he will come to our fire too. I should like to see him. I've got his back to the fire. I can't see his face. He seems to be looking at me. He's running!

Oh no, no, no, no! It can't be! Fernando!
Director M. took care of the social life. A movie house was built and pictures could be seen once a week. A large orchestra and a jazz band were organized by the men. Actors gave plays, and others entertained themselves in sports such as table-tennis, chess, soccer, track, and boxing. The camp teams challenged all the local teams around Kitchener Camp. It was interesting for us to find how the good weather influenced the minds of these poor refugees who had lost all. Some were like children, just happy to be alive.

Jimmy and I felt happy, too. We went swimming in the sea and hitch hiked to the nearby summer resort, Raussgate, where bands played frequently. On sunny days we could see across to France. We made many acquaintances, too. Several English men found our company enjoyable, especially Jimmy's, as he spoke eight languages and had studied in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris; and invitations for supper or dinner were not infrequent.

The population of small Landwich seemed to like the camp men very much, too. A shopkeeper once said to me: "That they let you go from Germany is inconceivable to me. I have never seen such hard-working men."

Six months after I had come to the camp, we numbered a hundred. Now we were 3,500. One day a letter was brought to me, written by the home office, London, giving me permission to work as an apprentice in a factory.

I think now that I felt happy about it although I liked the camp very much. But I am fond of changes and new experiences. To work in an English factory was something new to me. So I decided to leave; I said farewell to all my friends. Director M.'s letter gave me an excellent reference.

When I left for the last time through the gate, I looked back once more to the refugee town: Kitchener Camp. In the small gardens in front of clean barracks the flowers were blooming—in these barracks people lived, breathed, and worked. I felt a bit homesick for the young, working refugees there—those of tomorrow.

(Continued from page 21)

ful lines of Welch dialect. There is color and imagery in the lines

"I remember how cold was the green down there, and how like a patchwork counterpane with all the browns of the plowing and the squares of the curving hedges. The farms were small as white match-boxes and sheep were like little kittens. Indeed, if they kept still they would look like little rocks."

It is a subjective story, a history of emotional experience. Huw says, "Nobody knows how I feel but me." Through his experience the reader comes to know and respect Huw's father, love his mother and sister-in-law, and understand his impetuous brothers. How Green Was My Valley is a story of realism told in a romantic way. This rather novel approach gives the story a freshness that is not found in much of the realism of our day.