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Portfolio Vol. IV N 2

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NUMBER of years ago there appeared a slim volume with the brief title, Larry. It was perhaps a sentimental and ideal picture of a young man, but it is to be treasured as an honest and convincing picture of a college man who knew what he wanted, and who bent all his efforts toward attaining it.

Likewise when we read the original manuscript of Robert Bridges's Design for Life, (originally I Want to Live) we were impressed by the strength and beauty of this man's plan for life.

Few of us seem to know what we want or where we are going; and strangely enough, the years of college seem to increasingly disrupt us more often than they solve our problem.

Religious Emphasis Week too has shown us how little we know of ourselves; our religion has been a vague, undefined thing; our aim in life an ambiguous one. Surely these leisurely years are the ones for consideration of ourselves and what we believe; the years after graduation will be few enough for work and achievement.

Members of Philosophy 431 were asked this year, to write for their final examination, a philosophy of life. Most of them discovered it an extremely difficult but enjoyable task. Many were surprised with what they learned of themselves. It is true that at our age we cannot hope to know and understand the complexities of life, but we can, at least, begin to discover by what code we are and what we desire to live. We can begin to form a credo.

Recently a campus honorary spent an evening discussing what a graduate of Denison was prepared to do. Many felt that we became nothing more than a hodge-podge of facts, plus the memory of a wonderful vacation. And alas, this is often true. It was quickly pointed out, however, that an excellent preparation is possible. It is necessary first to determine upon a field of interest, upon a view of society, and a desirable goal; then one can integrate his entire life here at Denison so that he or she feels and sees progress. In curriculum, extra-curricular activities, social life, athletics—in every way we can move ahead, not pleasantly mark time.

Here at the crossroads of college, we can choose a future way, and then happily and diligently pursue it. With a design for life we will become stable, interesting, capable, and important personalities.
War Sonnets

DANNER L. MAHOOD

To FRED LYE, Esquire,
Spring Mount,
Oakenrod Hill,
Rochdale,
England.

Rochdale's no place that men will write about,
And yet for four score years it was your home;
The grime and smoke of chimneys put to rout
All thoughts of poetry, still I seem to roam
In thoughts to Spring Mount once again. You told
How here cooperatives had their start,
And here when Lancashire was hungry, cold,
Our Lincoln sent you corn to ease the smart
Of famine. Memory lets me see again
Your pride in benefactions done for peace—
Now on your Shakespeare garden bombers rain
Their deadly shrapnel. When this war shall cease,
We'll count the flowers, as I did with you,
And pick a rose—and just a sprig of rue.

PERGE!

TO HERMAN BAER

They tried to teach the craft of death to you
At Fussen where the magic lights of lakes
Reflect the towering Zugspitz. You could view
The fairylike Neuschwanstein where it makes
The mind of man forget the toil of camp
And tanks and cannon—Mad they called the king
Who built it, but you thought he had the stamp
Of genius in his hate of war, that spring
When we joined minds in thoughts of peace, goodwill,
And freedom of the future. Who could see,
Those few short years ago, your country thrill
To war on all that's dear to you and me?
Where are you now? Warsaw, Dunkirk, Ostende,
Or gone
Ad Astra? . . .
still, you are my friend.

My Grandparents lived in Boise, Idaho,
for the past 50 years. They watched it
grow from a typical early western town to the
charming little city it now is, half hidden in trees
in the fertile Boise Valley.

Grandfather had mining property in the region
of Thunder Mountain and as a child I remember
the most exciting days were when grandfather
started off with his pack team for the mountains.
There was such a bustle for days before the great
event; grandmother putting up provisions and
finally the thrill of crawling out in the summer
dawn, watching wide eyed as the men assembled;
the horses pawing impatiently, the low voices of
the men in the half dark. Grandfather would al-
ways swing me up on his saddle and I would ask
the same question: "Can't I go this time grandpa,
please?" but always would come the same answer:
"Afraid you'll have to grow some to stretch those
legs over Jo's sides—then maybe." I lived for
the weeks to go by when grandfather would come
back with strange stories of his adventures. How-
ever, it was not until years later that I found the
following story among some other diary accounts
of his experiences that grandmother gave to me
to read. I had grown up in the meantime but it
was too late to go with grandfather into Thunder
Mountain for as he would have expressed it, he
had "gone over the Great Divide." From the
very first sentence of the story it sounded just
like grandfather talking and so I settled myself
for the strange story of Thunder Mountain:

It was not as if Jack and I were school boys
who laughed nervously at a coyote's howl. We
were no tender-foot trailer for we had seen many
strange exhibits in untamed nature. For twenty
years now we had taken our pack teams together
to Warren. This town was the last outpost of
civilization before going into the wilds of Thun-
der Mountain. We had seen the silent mountain
lion spring on the back of a poised deer, seen the
white throat turn scarlet with blood; hacked and
jagged under the power of those claws. We had
seen, too, animal-men with the same maddened
lust in their eyes, spring and close their fingers
around the throat of their victim and then reach
for the gold nugget in the limp hand. Yes, we
had seen all these but we accepted them as part
of the civilization they represented, where men
leave formalities and conventions behind with
their white collars and razors, and where prim-
itive animal power is not to be viewed from be-
hind iron bars by amused Sunday afternoon vis-
itors.

After spending several days in Warren's one
hotel while our horses rested and we re-supplied,
we finally swung up into our saddles and started
slowly down Warren's one street. All along the
way interested spectators appeared to see us off.
The saloon doors were swung wide and the bar-
tender stood wiping his hands on the dirty rag
tied around his middle while a few early custom-
ers lifted their glasses in farewell.
"Good God, what is it? I told you there was something queer about this place."

As if to confirm his statement, the fiendish laughter came back again, this time right at my shoulder. I whirled but there was nothing there only blackness laughing horribly. I jumped to my feet and drew my gun and cried into that other world:

"Stop that! Whoever is out there come here or I shoot!"

I told Jack of what had just happened and I

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denied to form:

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The cheerful greeting came from the butcher who was hurrying down the street to open his shop in time for the early morning customers. The person spoken to was a middle-aged German Jew of rather slight proportions. Otto, as the little Jew was usually called, was out in front of his small shop fixing the awning over the sidewalk. The awning was a bit tattered and he had to spend several minutes adjusting it in order that the torn places didn't show quite so prominently. Otto was known throughout the neighborhood and, in fact, had almost become a part of the atmosphere for those living in this part of New York, often referred to as the lower east side. His small violin shop boasted of little more than a small display room in the front and a somewhat dingy workshop in the rear.

On the front window of his shop was the inscription “Violins Expertly Made and Repaired.” Small gold print in the corner of the window named the proprietor as Otto Kroll. Few knew just what Otto had done or how he had gained his reputation, other than the generally conceded idea that he was naturally gifted in violin construction. Well dressed men in swanky cars would visit the shop to order a new violin or to have a valuable creation of an old master restored after some accident. These occasional visits that the upper strata of society paid to the shop were a very real tribute to the little foreigner’s skill.

While Otto’s adult friends throughout the neighborhood were numerous, his greatest pleasure seemed to come from his association with the children of the community. Small boys were often to be found sitting on packing boxes in the rear of the shop, watching with childish admiration the shaping of a neckpiece, the planing of a fingerboard, or the intricate designing of a bridge. While part of this childish interest naturally accompanied watching such careful and painstaking work, the bulk of the interest came largely from Otto’s willingness to answer questions and explain things to the children. Of course any work that was as unusual as that of violin making was subject to a flood of childish questions.

“What are those little stakes in the middle for?”

“Why do you have to paint ‘em?”

“Why is a fiddle shaped like that?”

Without a trace of irritation Otto would point out the use of each part and the need for exact work. He occasionally told some of the older boys about the material he used. He knew the details of violin making back through the centuries—how the Tuscany maple had been destroyed by a blight, why American maple had too much sap in the wood to be used, about the Pernambuco wood used for the finer bows. Occasionally he would take out an old faded map and point out the sections of Austria where the Tyrolean spruce he was now using was found. The children often asked him to play for them on one of the numerous violins in glass cases around the walls. Only twice had Otto been known to play, in the presence of anyone. Both times it had been for the entertainment of the children. While but few had actually seen him play, members of the neighborhood had more than once been stopped while walking down the street in the evening by the sound of a Russian lullaby or a haunting Italian sonata. The music never continued for long at a time but those who had listened felt strangely quieted.

One afternoon in response to the demands of a little visitor, nine year old Bobby Taylor, Otto played for a short time. The beautiful tones swayed even the imagination of the youngsters.

“Otto, I couldn’t hate anyone and still listen to that.”

“My child, people who have known great music seldom hate at all. Music is the thing that you have that’s the same as some little boy in Europe. You may not know what he says, but you both enjoy beautiful music.”

Bobby Taylor was one of the Jew’s juvenile admirers. He probably spent more time at the shop than any of the other children since he lived but two blocks away. Bobby had started to take violin lessons and Otto had done much to encourage him during the first two years that were so trying.

No one knew the complete details of Otto’s background. Many knew small fragments of his past which if pieced together would have made a most interesting story. Seldom did Otto talk of his past, but his face showed the reserve of one who had seen and felt much. When people heard the haunting tones of his violin from the street, they had no way to know that they were listening to the former protegé of the great Russian violinist Wieniawski. No one knew of Otto’s hard work and long hours of preparation for his first concert tour through Europe. Then the first few performances,
the thundering applause, the praise of the critics, and then—the war. How he had been called back to the front lines because of the wound in his shoul-
der—being rescued from no-man’s land. How a
timely operation saved him the use of his arm but
should not have got him the chance of being a concert
artist. Those terrible months after the war try-
ing to get started again doing something—any-
thing. He hoped for a new start. Then his decision to go to America and make violins. He
would open up shop and have a business in New
York of which he had dreamed for so many months. Then
the first two years when he nearly starved to death
to serve in the trenches—the wound in his shoul-
der—being rescued from no-man’s land. How a
windmill. Otto softly hummed to himself as he
removed the instrument from its case and examined
"Himm, it’ll take several days for the glue to set.
How about dropping in the first of next week?"
"O.K., I’ll drop by tonight. What time?"
"Anytime after 10 o’clock tonight. How’s business these days? Many people
would consider this instrument of their dreams. It
would be as perfect in every detail of
making the best instrument that he had seen.
"This war won’t last very long, Otto. You can
be on your way. I’ll get you your money in a
month."
"Good morning, Otto, just thought I’d leave the
kid’s fiddle here for you to fix when you get
time. She stumbled down some stairs and dropped it,
and cracked the top of the fiddle."
"I am Mr. Kroll, sir," the Jew replied quietly.
"I am Mr. Kroll, sir," the Jew replied quietly.
then asked permission to play on it. Otto gladly consented, so the artist
rechecked the measurements that they might be
exactly, he kept the violin in a compartment where
the violin; occasionally he would check on the
varnish, and setting aside some gut of the best
fashioning a new scroll or turning a tailpiece, he
would examine it closely in order that he might
such as Elman. He had tried the violin for
after calling and no one answered, he
reopened, apparently through some sudden jar,
for something else seemed to
reconnected with the pictures in the paper, that the per-
son before him was none other than Mischa Elman
himself. The stranger spoke quickly, identified
himself, and then stated his errand.
"The taxi I was in had an acci-
dent. The foolish driver tried to run a light and
another car hit our back end. Look at my violin
burden."
"So you see, it sort of looks like I won’t make
any special woods to be sent out of the country.
I could not make much money now and with the
same thing been said about the last war? If
the government was not allowing
the work he had waited for so long
explain it."
"When he finally began to repair the three-
his friends. It would be as perfect in every detail of
material, wrote, saying that he could not fill my last
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requirements, his unerring eye would
would be busy fingering an edge, cutting the supports for
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FEBRUARY, 1941

I could borrow another one, but I hate to.

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then asked permission to play on it. Otto gladly consented, so the artist
rechecked the measurements that they might be
exactly, he kept the violin in a compartment where
the violin; occasionally he would check on the
varnish, and setting aside some gut of the best
fashioning a new scroll or turning a tailpiece, he
would examine it closely in order that he might
such as Elman. He had tried the violin for
after calling and no one answered, he
reopened, apparently through some sudden jar,
for something else seemed to
reconnected with the pictures in the paper, that the per-
son before him was none other than Mischa Elman
himself. The stranger spoke quickly, identified
himself, and then stated his errand.
"The taxi I was in had an acci-
dent. The foolish driver tried to run a light and
another car hit our back end. Look at my violin
"I could borrow another one, but I hate to.

We would open up shop and have a business in New
York of which he had dreamed for so many months. Then
the first two years when he nearly starved to death
to serve in the trenches—the wound in his shoul-
der—being rescued from no-man’s land. How a
windmill. Otto softly hummed to himself as he
removed the instrument from its case and examined
"Himm, it’ll take several days for the glue to set.
How about dropping in the first of next week?"
"O.K., I’ll drop by tonight. What time?"
"Anytime after 10 o’clock tonight. How’s business these days? Many people
would consider the instrument of their dreams. It
would be as perfect in every detail of
making the best instrument that he had seen.
"This war won’t last very long, Otto. You can
be on your way. I’ll get you your money in a
month."
"Good morning, Otto, just thought I’d leave the
kid’s fiddle here for you to fix when you get
time. She stumbled down some stairs and dropped it,
and cracked the top of the fiddle."
"I am Mr. Kroll, sir," the Jew replied quietly.
"I am Mr. Kroll, sir," the Jew replied quietly.
then asked permission to play on it. Otto gladly consented, so the artist
rechecked the measurements that they might be
exact...
Still the Echo

ADELA BECKHAM

The ivy wrote in fire
Upon this tree,
But that was time ago
And now in me,
My heart that lay
And only dreamed of pain,
Is sheathed in ice,
Like trees in freezing rain,
The night winds shake.
My cold heart dare not yield,
Lest it should break.

Mark me no crosses
On the wall;
Tear a bright flower
And let it fall.
Scatter no blessings
On my head;
Nor pry my stiff lips
With blood and bread.
Cry me curses
In your sleep;
Wake before morning
And hear me weep.

I lie, and never mind the bullet here,
That closes off my heart-beat and my breath,
But God eternal, take away the fear
Of constant thunder intimate with death.
My blood goes warm into the broken ground,
But still the echo shudders after sound.

Oh, why do you seek
For the wind’s wild bride,
While I walk here breathing,
Warm at your side.
And why do you
Cherish a yellow leaf?
While my red mouth hushes
My angry grief?
Twilight and after,
A fabulous moon,
You shall go lovely,
And you shall go soon.
But I must go laughing,
My soul apart,
Shaking and dying with
Tears on my heart.

I have a plan for life. I made the first sketch of it while I was yet a boy, and now as a young man I have drawn it up for consideration. It is a plan, founded by a desire to live abundantly, conceived in the ambition of a youth to whom all things are possible through faith, animated by sacrifice of meaningless activity, fostered by love for the task, and disciplined by the fear of an uninspired life. It is not a way to make money. It is not a way to spend eight hours a day after another eight has been sacrificed to the god of Waste in misapplied labor. It is not a method of spending the paycheck for which worshippers of this god live. It is a plan for living every moment of a life sacrificed to the God of Truth in an armor of love. * * * As a boy I felt that my labor of love should be architecture, and that became the dominant feature of my plan. I had no contact with the architectural profession. I knew only that my greatest pleasure was found in poring over plans of homes and in catching something of my dreams with pencil and paper. As a young man, a student of architecture, I am not greatly concerned that I know little about my chosen profession as such. I do know that I love to create a design which is a sincere and logical answer to the imposed conditions of building, as a mathematician loves to search out and record a logical solution to his problem. I long to express human qualities of understanding in physical forms—to create a building which will not only serve man but will inspire him. I want to translate thoughts into forms, giving life to the lifeless. * * * Imparting life to others is a minor element of interest in my plan. The glimmer of light that I have caught in my worship of the God of Truth overwhelms me with the smallness of the necessary self-sacrifice and the greatness of the reward. My joy makes me eager to give of myself that others might be led toward the light which I have glimpsed. Sharing one’s joy with others magnifies one’s own experience. Is not self-sacrifice the greatest selfishness? * * * Occasionally, this element of human relationship has been about to take on major interest, but I believe it must be a strengthening member for the dominant—architecture—if I am to express by whole self. I love to contact people and find interest in them worthy of appreciation: As an architect I should be able to design with people as well as for them. Yes, I can fuse my love of human relationship with my love of architecture to create a stronger design. * * * There is another element of interest in my plan. It is there because of another love—that for music. A vital part of my design, it is a large section of the background out of which I should draw inspired thoughts, as one draws faith from a fine friendship. * * * I am trying to acquire a fine background in the belief that a fine design might be drawn thereon. My life has been filled with rich experiences and friendships of real beauty. I pray that I may be worthy of men. The fool stands in the presence of beauty unmoved. The wise man bows in her presence inspired to express his appreciation. * * * The love of beauty inspires the soul. The love of God energizes the will. Appreciation of beauty is a definit-
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ear children: I did not write last week. After reading Mother's letter, if it ever got through, perhaps you will forgive me this time. My mind is still more or less in a bombing. All I know is I was due to go over yet. I can't remember the incidents before the planes in my sleep changed to a nightmare of me. I guess she was pretty fed up with me by Japanese bombers, but I had previously had such yelled at that stupid Hkam Gaw to grab the kids the motor road towards Muse and were heading dream and I couldn't realize she was really calling at me from the bathroom, it all fitted in with my Saturday, some ten days ago, and I went to take a nap before leaving. When I went to sleep I could hear a couple of training planes which had just been made at Loiwing, being flown around. Just about time to get up, the sound of those planes in my sleep changed to a nightmare of Japanese bombers, but I had previously had such a nightmare so when mother started screaming at me from the bathroom, it all fitted in with my dream and I couldn't realize she was really calling me. I guess she was pretty fed up with me by the time I woke up with one gll.t. at them. They had come over Burma about 6 or 7 miles up the motor road towards Muse and were headed straight towards us like a couple of gll.t. at them. I yelled at that stupid Hkam Gaw to grab the kids and run for the jungle and I made enough noise to be heard in Loiwing but though she was only thirty feet from me she was so scared she claimed she had been attacked. John and Sterling were just standing there admiring the pretty planes. They finally started dragging them out and I yelled to mother to be quiet herself and run to start the car to the hospital to get loaded with operative stuff for Loiwing. I made it in 35 minutes, ten minutes faster than the time before, and completely ru...
On March 6, 7, and 8 the Denison University Theatre will present Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen*. Jean Koncana will portray Elizabeth the Queen. Technical director, Bernard Bailey, has constructed the revolving set, the most interesting. Intelligent appreciation, with real delight in the Chinese drama, will come only when a knowledge of the basic principles has been acquired. Its bewildering peculiarities give it its charm and individuality. Its symbolism appeals to the imagination, which is the ideal aim of the theatre anywhere. Its absence of scenery only enriches it by rendering the stage infinitely flexible. Its stylized pantomime fails not to awaken the senses of even the most discriminating.

The Chinese drama with its attendant ceremonies and conventions which govern the Chinese stage. The above are but a very few of the countless conventions which govern the Chinese stage. The actor must accomplish the motions of mounting and dismounting the animal as the occasion demands. Through the physical actions and facial expressions of the actor, the spectators visualize the temperament of the horse and the rider as well as the terrain through which the rider is traveling. Two flags, each blazoned with a wheel, held horizontally by an attendant represents a vehicle; the occupant walks between them. If a high official enters this carriage, an attendant will lift a make-believe curtain for him. A chair covered by a black cloth may be a city wall, a moat, a well, a river, an ocean, or a bushy forest; only a sign being needed to indicate what is represented. On the other hand, the same chair lying to one side, but uncovered, may be a stove, a sewing loom, or a stone by the roadside. An oar is used in circular movements to suggest rowing in a boat. The passengers of the boat must keep close to the oarsman so that the vessel does not seem to alter its size during the progress of the journey. Colors express a variety of characteristics. Red is the happy color of the Chinese people. When used on the stage, it denotes virtue, honesty, or youthfulness. White, on the other hand, is the mourning color. It is the symbol for misfortune or evil characteristics. The beloved historical figure, Kuan Yun-chang, is always portrayed by an actor with a vermilion mask painted on his face; whereas the crafty and treacherous T'ao T'ao, wears the "full white face." Often the degree of wickedness of a character is in direct proportion to the amount of white paint employed. Thus, the "number-two-white-face" is a character usually subordinate to and less evil than the "great-white-face." He is the equivalent to the "stooge" of the Occident. The "white-nose" is the petty rogue, the perennial pest of womanhood. The white nose is usually in the shape of a butterfly painted on the nose, thus showing the flippant character of the wearer. The "black-face" is an honest straightforward person. The "gold-face" is a god-like being; the "green-face," the devil or an evil spirit. The above are but a very few of the countless conventions which govern the Chinese stage. The subject dealt with is very intricate, yet exceedingly interesting. Intelligent appreciation, with real delight in the Chinese drama, will come only when a knowledge of the basic principles has been acquired. Its bewildering peculiarities give it its charm and individuality. Its symbolism appeals to the imagination, which is the ideal aim of the theatre anywhere. Its absence of scenery only enriches it by rendering the stage infinitely flexible. Its stylized pantomime fails not to awaken the senses of even the most discriminating. The Chinese drama with its attendant ceremonies and conventions is the reflection of forty centuries of civilization. To view their theatre is to know, in no small way, the Chinese people.
"My Name Is Aram" is a light-hearted, humorous book. William Saroyan, who has so successfully crashed the field of playwriting recently (topping it off by refusing a Pulitzer Prize) has gone back into his own childhood for the anecdotes of this thin volume of sketches. He portrays himself in the role of Aram Garoghlanian, an amusing, mischievous little Armenian boy, a modern Tom Sawyer who runs the gamut of crazy boyhood experiences.

Unlike Thomas Wolfe who, in retrospect caught situations in absolute detail, Saroyan is gifted with the simple and rare ability to pick out the mood and humor of experiences as they pass. Most of these sketches in this book run over twenty pages; the margins are wide and the print large. In a few words he is able to give you a complete story, and it is always an amusing, novel one. It would be difficult to review the many and diverse stories. A brief excerpt, however, might serve to illustrate the simplicity and easiness of style, and the humor of the book.

We find young Aram undergoing a physical examination given by the school authorities, designed to investigate the health status of the children of the slums:

"I began to inhale. Four minutes later I was still doing it. Naturally the examining staff was a little amused. They called a speedy meeting while I continued to inhale. After two minutes of heated debate the staff decided to ask me to stop inhaling. Miss Ogilvie explained that unless they asked me to stop I would be apt to go on inhaling all afternoon.

That will be enough for the present, Mr. Rickenbacker said.

Already I said. I'm not even started.

Now exhale, he said.

For how long? I asked the staff. Am I in pretty good shape?

You will make no comment. Not to be unmentioned are his descriptions of the battles of Bunker Hill, Long Island, and from that time on the boys have been pretty well's betrothed. These exaggerations might be intentional, however, to get the point across, and to counteract the propaganda of one hundred and fifty years. The rebels appear to be the radicals, or have roots of the Colonists led by the arch radical and demagogue, Sam Adams. A starting parallel can be drawn between these Colonialicals and those of today. One wonders if Roberts is attempting to sound a tocsin; if so, it is obscure.

One of the chief flaws of the book is its alarming simliarity in structure to Mr. Roberts novel, "Northwest Passage." Although the characters and period are different, the similarity still exists. Oliver Wiswell is a student at the Princeton, from a fairly well-to-do Massachussetts family. Both Wiswell and Towne find their traveling companions and bosom friends in older men—Langdon Towne in Hunk and Minimer, and in Buck, the insectile jack-of-all trades, who also sounds like an artist and is the colonel of the Colonists led by the arch radical and demagogue, Sam Adams. A starting parallel can be drawn between these Colonialicals and those of today. One wonders if Roberts is attempting to sound a tocsin; if so, it is obscure.

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It rained.

It was during the anthem that he crept up the stairs and perched on the edge of the top step, peering around the baluster at the congregation, the vested choir, the rows and rows of partly empty seats. No one paid much attention to him. No one except a few of those in the back rows even knew that he was there. So the little black boy stayed, taking up a little floor space as possible and listening to the choir. At a time when bombs were falling across an ocean, at a time when two men were wrangling for the right to rule over 120,000,000 people, at a time when the peoples of the Orient were battling one another with ammunition made in a peace-loving country—a little black boy huddled on the landing of a small West Virginia church and waited for the sermon to begin.

And there he sat through an anthem, the responsive reading, the Gloria Patri. When Mother Mac turned and saw the child a few yards behind her, she thought only that he was uncomfortable. Mother Mac was not one of the pillars of the church. But Mother Mac was one of those priceless individuals who “make” churches and towns. She was secretary at the high school. She was friend of every young person in the town. She tried to imagine how happy he was, but the eyes were not anxious but almost expectant. And she wondered how he felt, to be so completely happy, to be so near to Death that he could put his gowns.

Her place was clean, smelled of pine; small but warm, and by the lone electric light bulb with its green shade I got my first good lock at her. God! She was just a kid! Couldn’t have been past her early twenties. She closed the door, took my coat, and motioned me to a chair. Then I noticed her hair. She moved about the room the single light shone on her well brushed hair, neat as could be; it made her face and white teeth stand out. Suddenly I realized she was beautiful, not like the rest of her type. Her cotton dress was clean and I could see the neat crease where the iron had left its mark. She sat down next to a negro boy in a white man’s vest and spoke to him in a way that made me feel I was intruding. She simply took him by the hand, and he forgot the words he meant to say, but so did she. And that is why they never said good-bye to each other after all this.

But when she knew she was weeping, she was not she had once been, but not now.

E was a poet and so was she. They were young and in love and they would have been in love except that he did not believe in love, and she had learned to believe only in him. When classes were through on the hill they walked together, and he often told her that he had longed to die, which harrowed her very soul; and in time she found an attract pattern of perpetual bewilderment in her mind, a pattern which drew itself like an evil veil across her eyes so that even the moon was not as it once was, but were anxious shadows on its placid face, and in the night where no shadows could be seen, there was suddenly, for her, a new treachery in the darkness.

Had she never been with another man who cared; he sometimes looked at her and thought how she would have looked with someone else. He sometimes looked at her and thought she would have been as beautiful as she was, but never as beautiful as anyone who would return her stare. I leaned back to me. I had met others like her—sure, she had met others like me. And that is why they never said good-bye to each other after all this. And enough people thought it good, though not everyone. But when she knew she was weeping, she was not she had once been, but not now.
The Courtship of Miles Standish
(with apologies, of course, to Longfellow and Miles)

Toby Raymond

Once, upon an autumn mellow,
When the leaves were turning yellow,
There lived a persevering fellow.

But Prudence said, "There's nothing doing."

When the leaves were turning yellow,
There lived a persevering fellow.

Thinking he was being cunning,
All my virile youth, and beauty;
Off to Alden's he went running.

I wish she'd be my sweet patootie.

While John was sitting in there wooing,
Miles was waiting outside, stewing.

Hastily he gave up, quite disgusted;
For this had been no spree.

"Sure thing, Miles, I'll go and do it,
And my friend, you'll never see it."

"Now hold on, John, don't overdo it;"
Leave her there for me.

This was heaven-sent.

(Toby)
The summation in the case of Modern Art does not constitute a defense. It is not pointed toward a view of the universe, but might rather be considered an extenuation through the recital of certain aesthetic theories which may be used as the basis of an argument. The final disposition of the case must rest upon the thoughtful dis-
crimination of each individual whose interest will allow him to accept the problem for consider-
ation. Movement and change form the essence of all things organic. Evolution is inevitable whether the changes wrought by its inexorable movement are in the direction of progress or decline. A living art, like a living organism, requires the fresh atmosphere of the new world in order to survive.

A particular investigation of man's progress in the problem of art, in fact, and it points also to the inevitable decline of culture when the heavy hand of authority attempts to force art into the stagnant air of an inert truth. From the begin-
ning of time the artist has borrowed forms from the "nature world" about him to endow them with peculiar significance derived from his "idea world." This composite structure of nature and idea in art was investigated by the Swiss psy-
chologist, Van der Waals, who identified a few terms: "physioplastic," that of the nature form, and "ideoplastic," that of the idea form. Pure nature art is the "physioplastic," as pure form, and the idea matures into pure expressions. Pure "ideaism" in art, on the other hand, permits only representation of identifiable physical forms in facsimile with no reference whatever to the power of idea or mental form as a reason for being. A casual Kodachrome snapshot of a scene without regard for the organization or distribution of the various elements offers the best evidence for this point of view. Pure "ideaism" in art, on the other hand, would permit only the interpreta-
tion of nature in terms of idea form without refer-
ence to nature and totally removed from the nor-
mal current of everyday life.

A rather more durable aesthetic theories seem to indicate that neither of these true pure expressions can awaken a satisfactory re-
response from the observer, either intellectually or emotionally. They are devoid of significance in terms of human experience and wherein physioplastic expression fails to excite the observer intellectually, ideoplastic expression has no normal emotional content. Early theories of beauty held that, "the beautiful is that which has specified form"; "any object which successfully imita-
ates another must be beautiful"; "beauty results from the successful exploitation of the me-
dium and the power which creates an illusion"; "beauty is pleasure, regarded as the quality of a thing. While all of these ideas indicate the normal "sense" quali-
ties in art, the ones which emphasize imitation and illusion rely heavily upon the conviction that the experience of recognition is an esthetic ex-
perience. Such a conclusion is incomplete and lim-
lits the greatness of art to the presentation of visible traits. Stated otherwise, a theory which de-
duces that dexterity and facility in expression alone are paramount in esthetic experience and it avoids the form and content concepts. Stated otherwise, the objects of purely sensual attraction may not be artistic.

A larger view of art suggests that beauty may be regarded as the effect produced when an ar-
angement of the elements makes the observer want to move with the work of art or feel for it. This is the theory of empathy, or "einfuhling," and the study of specific works reveals that each is endowed with a distinctive life of its own on a hill, and life is there on a spiritual hilltop where the student may breathe deep of the wholesome at-
mosphere that abounds. There I became a mem-
ber of a chapter of a fraternity which pledged itself to my betterment when I pledged myself to here—little knowing how significantly my offering should be in comparison with her lavish gifts of influence.

There I learned that sincerity is thrilling, whereas mechanical perfection alone is affected and ineffective. There my enjoyment of life was broadened, the vision of one who goes from the restricted city to the country hilltop with its broad natural vistas. There I learned to live each moment for eternity, as an actor lives his part mindful that a moment of interpretation comes—and is gone, ful-
filled or unfinished. Such lessons are taught in the technical curricula of a large University.

I have lived well as I have been making this plan for life, but now my whole being cries out for expression. If I have heard appreciatively, this means I have a vivid interpretation of his work. I will strive to live so that my soul may be stirred in peace—not killed in neglect. Unless a rose plant is cultivated to its wild state. The essence of beauty is there, but it is crowded out by the harder influence of common stock. Just so, one's life is possible—kept the soul will be stirred by the lure of an easy-going existence.

The gardener who labors over the cultivation of the rose plant, I believe in its full bloom—a thing of beauty for man to enjoy. The man who fails to develop his life is unhappy—unable to express the results of his wasted time. His neglect is sin of real con-
sequence. Beauty is a faculty of his soul that arouses knowledge in his life.

In connection with this article read the editorial on page one and the biographical sketch on page 21.
Portfolio of Contributors

Adela Beckham—or "Becky," the red-head who dares to wear red, is known to most Portfolio readers by her poetry. The short story in this issue is her first to appear in print. When she isn't writing, Becky cooks, reads newspapers and books, or walks. Gilpatrick thinks her resourceful and original menus suit them perfectly. She is always interested in budding authors and poets, and can usually find something encouraging to say about their efforts. She thinks it is more fun to be different than conventional, and plans to be a writer.

John Kinney—alias "The Great Stone Face" alias "The Sphinx." Has been known to laugh but once, then no one knew the reason. He is a pre-med student, hopes to specialize in some sort of medicine. Is a non-conformist and unconventional in many ways—takes solitary walks and runs around the campus during the wee small hours, when he has been studying hard. (Which he does perpetually.) Says it drives away brain-fag. Is a third generation Denisonian but a first generation Portfolio contributor, one whom we hope to read more of, if he can tear himself away from his science books. Dislikes swing, plays a decent violin, and, although he has not committed himself, is either afraid of women or dislikes them.

Danner Mahood—a familiar figure around the campus, and "The Grille." Attempts to make people believe that he is the world's greatest pessimist. Enjoys tearing down one's fondest theories and being a great pessimist. Enjoys tearing temps to, the dignity of a Southern gentleman, much to the disgust of freshmen, but as they climb the steps of learning they find it is but a front. Although he is a professor, he has to ask his wife (don't talk to her about the Civil War) how to spell.

David Ken Chin—one of the foremost interpreters of Chinese drama in the U. S. A. Born in China, educated at Leland Stanford University. Studied feminine parts for the Chinese stage, as these parts are taken entirely by men, but realized that he would be an old man before he would even be ready to begin, and gave it up to work at his present occupation. Mr. Wright of the Denison dramatic department just chanced to make his acquaintance several years ago while traveling through California. An interesting sidelight to the Chinese drama is the fact that to it goes the dubious honor of having originated the double-feature. One performance of a Chinese play lasts sometimes from twelve noon to twelve midnight.

Robert Bridge—Class of '33; a member of Sigma Chi and O.D.K. Part of the article printed in this issue originally appeared in a recent issue of The Alumni Bulletin; it is printed here in full for the first time. Upon his graduation Bridge became a draftsman for the city of Cincinnati, secretary for East High night school of that city, and an assistant in the mathematics department at the University of Cincinnati, all contemporaneously. In 1937 he became ill and was forced to resign his position. He died on April 5, 1940, and was buried in Granville.

Dave Siegfried—has done a bit of roaming prior to his entrance into Denison. Spent a summer in Bermuda before his senior year in high school, and after graduation decided to "follow his nose." He spent six exciting months in Mexico, and from there journeyed to the Canadian lake region where he vacationed for a summer with a wealthy Chicago family. His dad holds a position on the advertising staff of the Saturday Evening Post. Writes for fun and only when the mood hits him. He is a terrible speller by his own admission. When not writing he likes to philosophize, play bridge, checkers, or occasionally, study. He hails from Glencoe, Illinois.

Gordon Seagrave—decided to be a doctor when he was one of the few American boys in Burma, and came to Doane Academy, Denison and Johns Hopkins to do it. He was a truck man here, and has since become an architect, stonemason, teacher, author, electrician, plumber, mechanic — jack-of-all-trades. He runs a hospital, nurses' training school and mission at Namkhan, not far from where the Burma Road enters China. Inpatients come from hundreds of miles in all directions, while the number of out-patients is almost unbelievable. His hobby is dragging talented missionaries to Namkhan for vacations and getting them to assist him in his enterprises. Though swamped with extra patients from the recent Japanese air-raids, he finds time to write letters to America.

Mary Virginia Lay—is an A. O. Pi speech major from the windy city. Her hobby is a traditional Denisonian hobby, sleep. She had to be awakened to procure this interview. Likes poetry and historical novels. Has read most of Edna St. Vincent Millay's works. Doesn't know whether or not she will continue her writing after graduation other than as a pastime. She also plays a mean fiddle in the University orchestra, and leans toward the classical; she enjoys any and all music however. She likes to read plays and spends a good part of her time seeing theatre productions. She is a member of University Players.

Miner Raymond III—comes from down Cincinnati way. More commonly and surprisingly called "Toby." Modestly admits he can play the trombone, and also the piano with one finger. Next to this musical genius he turns out poetry similar to the poem in this issue. Started writing verse while in high school, where he and a classmate collaborated on writing items for the school paper. Admits that he never thinks seriously while writing, but is perfectly satisfied to turn out nonsensical "stuff." Doesn't look life a poet till he puts his glasses on. A Freshman, he is majoring in English.