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The literary magazine of Denison University

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PREVIEW OF SPRING

an editorial

Recently we enjoyed browsing through a number of dusty issues of "The Flamingo," once humor and literary magazine of Denison. Most of the humor was pretty badly dated, but we chuckled heartily at a number of items that caught our eye. Although we nearly succumbed to silicosis in resurrecting these ancient periodicals, we did find an article that seemed worth reprinting. Note the article on "The Pasquin" by William Mather. It tells of an interesting and obscure chapter of Denison history, which might be published as a part of Denison publications. Between the Pasquin and the Flamingo there were apparently other literary organs, from which we hope to bring you items later on.

We have said little or nothing concerning the Portfolio in this column this year. Probably this will be the last issue by the present editor. There have been a number of experimental changes made this year, some of which proved satisfying, others unfavorable. The issues have been released at erratic periods, chiefly because of the discourage-dearth of material. Manuscripts are unbelievably difficult to obtain or to evoke. There is a natural desire for light and humorous pieces, and while we have attempted to publish a few such, your editor is of the opinion that Portfolio is and should remain a literary magazine. Too many students think that this means morbid short stories and poetic flights of fancy; the thing which we most desire and which would prove most readable is a number of articles on subjects of general interest; student interests provide any number of subjects for exposition.

A number of resolutions are in the minds of the present and the new staff concerning the future of the magazine. First is a plan to make some definite efforts to obtain advertising for the publication, and thus to be able to give you a larger and more complete magazine for your money. In addition it is hoped that we may build up a larger extra-school circulation. We would appreciate your assistance in contacting persons interested in subscribing. Better art work and more photography are an additional aim.

Considering the size of the school and the money spent, our Portfolio is generally considered to be as varied and meritocratic a magazine as can be found.
REJECTED
The story of a manuscript imbued with the substance of two lives

VIRGINIA BENSON

SLOWLY John drew the envelope from the battered boarding house mail box. The letter was thick—much too thick. Its sides bulged disgustingly fat—in direct contrast to the thin pale fingers that held it. For a long moment he just held it, looking at it with a glance of disbelief. Then he began to mumble, "They can't do it; they can't send it back. They've got to print it. It's got my blood, my hopes, my sweat in it. It's got to feed me—they've got to print it!" The thin shoulders convulsed in racking sobs.

Then slowly his weary feet took him down the dirty shadowy hall to his room. He entered, and carefully and quietly closed the door. The landlady thought that he was still out. She must keep believing that, for the words that were to pay the rent, buy food, were no good.

He sat down before the cheap, tenement-house table with its chipped edges, deep cigarette burns, and scarred legs. As he flung the envelope on the top, his lips twisted into a bitter smile—a smile that held tears. "They didn't like it. My life—and they didn't like it. God, this is too much—if they only knew—if they could even half guess the suffering, the work that those typewritten pages hold. Even the typing was tedious—one finger job—carefully—painstakingly—page after page on the old machine with the broken keys—gummed ribbon—black smudges—type the page over—erase—type it over—over—over—my life—my love—Alice!

Alice... A bright summer day, the sun shining lightly through her warm brown hair, over the elfin tipped nose, bringing little flecks of color to the top of the delicate skin. Alice... Oh, the cottage in the summer, run down, in need of paint, but near the sea where the waves but clean upon the rocky shores, and wind swept all filth away until everything was sweet and fresh—like Alice. Yes, that was why he'd liked the cottage so well; it was like Alice with her faded dress and rumpled hair, but clean and fresh. He remembered it so clearly.

John wrote all days, nights too sometimes. But he was writing a great novel. That's what Alice Gersham told her neighbors. Oh, but she was proud of John.

At times he was gruff, even downright cross. But she never minded. It was only when an idea wouldn't come, when a half-formed impulse lay back in his mind, trying to grope its way out to become the black and white life of a printed page.

When his mind and body were quiet, they planned. What a glorious future they would share! She knew her John was good. And he was writing—writing—a life—a utopia on earth. He was putting their happiness, their ecstasy, in his work. Sometimes it drained all the physical life out of him—that driving force that made him write those searing, joyful words. Then they were quiet—just satisfied to sit close to each other and dream.

Yet they couldn't quite shut out the world. Foolish necessities of life brought troubles, worries—yes, even quarrels. But after disagreements they did not have to stay together in the cottage, antagonizing and irritating, for there was always the sea. The sea with its glorious refreshing spray—its relaxation—its temptation to swim way out into the blue oblivion...

It was well she couldn't see his face when they carried her in, that's what the neighbors said. She'd have moved heaven and earth to take that look away. But she lay there on the beach, her white arm curled gently under her head, her white body glistening in the late rays of the afternoon sun, suddenly grown harsh and garish. He just stood there and looked at her, they said. He made no move to touch her; just stood, his hands hanging limply and uselessly at his sides, the blood running thickly into the veins, his mouth slightly open, his eyes aching in their blankness.

He'd gone to the city then, closed the cottage, buried Alice somewhere. He never remembered where. His memory seemed to stop on the cold white beach. When his stunned reason had come to life he realized he'd been drinking for a long time. Slowly his desire to write started to flow back into his sodden body, and he knew he had to finish their story. Only in that way could he find himself. When he saw By Alice and John in people's hands, building others' lives, then he might be able to make something of his own. And so he had worked—God, how hard. The words were slow in coming at first; he'd been away from it for so long. But gradually he pulled his tor...
Seniors note—your draft papers are a ticket to a different sort of education—Here's army life!

TWENTY-TWO ounces of beer for ten cents, cigarettes for thirteen cents a pack, first run motion pictures for fourteen cents, hostesses in goodly quantity, and 21-30 bucks a month with no expenses! These are some of the thoughts that pass through the mind of you, the college draftee, upon receipt of the questionnaire notifying you that you have "made the team." True, a wave of righteous indignation may rise within your soul as you consider the uncompromising manner in which you are being torn from your well-planned future, and a few pangs of loneliness may pierce your heart as you contemplate the number of miles and months that are to separate you and the girl your buddies in camp will grow sick of. However, you realize that you are bred into him. However, you realize that you are the best fed in the world. Breakfast consists of grapefruit, toast, coffee, and plenty of bacon and eggs. Four or five of you ride the life out of the little redhead who sits across the table. He hasn't been around much, and his explosive temper gets the best of him when you criticize his provincialism; you thank Denison for the four years of fraternity life which have taught you how to avoid the mistakes made by the redhead and others like him.

Following breakfast, you begin the day's work in the branch to which you have been assigned, either the infantry, artillery, or mechanized unit. The officers during your six weeks period of basic training are continually on the alert for signs of unusual ability. If you are an infantryman whose marksmanship is outstanding, you may be trained as a sniper or a machine gunner. If you show unusual ability in the mechanized units you may be assigned to a tank. A high degree of physical and nervous stamina is necessary to stand the strain of handling these mechanical giants. The operators must be strapped into position, and a well-padded crash helmet lashed to their heads to prevent their being knocked unconscious by the terrific jostling, and to protect their ears from the deafening din. Great responsibility rests upon these men for the spearhead of any attack is the tank division. Nor does mental ability go un-rewarded in the modern army; there are many tasks for which it is a prerequisite. The army is making a concerted effort to break away from the traditional policy of Democracies toward personnel that of pounding square pegs into round holes. Thus far I have presented the lighter side of the draft. It is a situation of many facts, some of which are bitter pills to swallow, for example: drilling day after day, week after week, month after month, in the boiling hot sun, or in mud up to your ankles; the thought of having the course of your life altered without your consent; the not too unlikely possibility of your length of service being extended from one to three years; and the chance of actual combat. The college senior wonders if his contacts in the business world will still be good, or he worries about passing entrance exams if his contacts in the business world will still be good, or he worries about passing entrance exams to law or medical school after taking a year off. The Junior speculates as to whether he will return to school, or will he consider himself to be a hardened veteran—too mature for the rather cloistered life of Denison. Nevertheless, in spite of the far-reaching possibilities, we must face this inevitable issue squarely, and give it our wholehearted support. We must place our faith in the doctrine that our determination to safeguard and to enhance the well-being of our country will be in direct proportion to our sacrifices.
by Alison Phillips

What were the scattered thoughts
That made a certain Omar Khayyam
Write the wine but pessimistic Rubaiyat...

I wonder if it's because I'm in love
A masterpiece of beauty.

Tonight the air is wine,
That are magic,
Left it glistening wet and fresh;
The rain has washed the world,
Bright in every rain-made pool.

Omar drank a cup of wine and gazed upon the violet sky
In contemplation of those star-sewn regions far beyond the eye.

Omar lifted a Persian rose, but faded it crumbled within his hand.
Omar drank another cup and gazed on sleeping Naisapar
While roses dropped, a Sultan died, and one lute tinkled sweet allure.

MEDITATION BY A CERTAIN GREAT ONE

Omar drank a cup of wine and gazed upon the violet sky
In contemplation of those star-sewn regions far beyond the eye.

"Little there is of thee and me up there whence Dawn's fingers point to the Stars,
but there's a magic that's looking for thy name, and all the world's rushing to make it known.

Tonight the air is wine,
That are magic,
Left it glistening wet and fresh;
The rain has washed the world,
Bright in every rain-made pool.

LURE IN APRIL

Tonight the air is wine,
Rare and ancient, clear and cool;
Its sprayed star-bubbles shine
Bright in every rain-made pool.

The rain has washed the world,
Left it glistening wet and fresh;
A masterpiece of beauty;

Tonight the air is wine,
That are magic,
Left it glistening wet and fresh;
The rain has washed the world,
Bright in every rain-made pool.

LILAC

Omar drank a cup of wine and gazed upon the violet sky
In contemplation of those star-sewn regions far beyond the eye.

"Little there is of thee and me up there whence Dawn's wind-heralds blow...

Alas! we are but shadow-shapes moving on the earth below."

Omar saw the Hand of Fate tearing the pages from Life's slim book,
Considered the source of the hyacinths that raised red blooms by the shallow brook.

Omar was drunk with love and gazed at the Tower of the Stars,
Fingered his instruments tentatively, and stared up at Venus and Mars.

Omar lifted a Persian rose, but faded it crumbled within his hand.
Omar drank another cup and gazed on sleeping Naisapar
While roses dropped, a Sultan died, and one lute tinkled sweet allure.

WEDDING MORNING

They say it's bad luck for a groom
to see his bride before the wedding

MARGARET SHIELDS

IT WAS a perfect day for a wedding; the sun shining through the Venetian blinds made a ladder of light on the floor, and through the slats Ruth could see a blue-and-white patchwork sky.

Somewhere in the humming house a canary was singing. The clock said only 9:00, but already the atmosphere flaunted a hint of bustle and importance. The bride-to-be sat up, stretched, and then snuggled into her propped-up pillows, deliciously happy over the prospect of the day. She had heard married women say that until the moment of the ceremony they were undecided and afraid. None of that for Ruth; she was young, healthy, and oh, so terribly in love. Jimmy was truly wonderful.

At the moment Jimmy was feeling almost perfect, as his little blue coupe sped across town. He made a detour just to take the hill road and pass the gray church where the ceremony was to take place and to savor his happiness. As he drew up before the Harrington's house, a florist's truck was departing. Once inside the door, he found the excitement and industry of a household preparing to lose completely its only daughter. There was the aunt who had arrived last night, extra help all over the house, chairs borrowed for the reception, and flowers and gifts in every room.

Jimmy was undaunted. "Where's my bride?" he demanded.

"Why, I don't think she's up yet, Jimmy," Mrs. Harrington replied absent-mindedly. "And you shouldn't see her, anyway. It's bad luck to see your bride before the wedding."

"I'll be in no condition to see her after it. Come on, Mrs. Harrington, how about it?"

"Well, ask Nora. She can call her for you."

Nora was in the kitchen arranging a vase of roses. "No, suh," she refused, with all the authority of a family-long servant. "It's bad luck and I'se don' no such thing.

"O.K."

He was halfway up the back stairs before Nora could remonstrate further. Before a door that was just slightly ajar he chanted, "Here comes the groom. Up to your room.

"Jimmy!" Ruth was out of bed in a wink and, throwing her slight body against the door, she turned the key. "You can't come in here. It's bad luck.

"Come on out then."

"I'm not dressed."

"This is the last time you can use that excuse. Put a robe on.

"No, I'm going back to bed and just lie there thinking about today."

"Could't you think better if you saw me first?"

"Only about how our marriage was doomed because I saw you before the ceremony."

"Look here, you don't believe that silly stuff, do you?"

"Of course. It's tradition. And this wedding is going to be perfect."

"Sure it is. That's why I want to tell you first."

"Tell me what?"

"Come on out."

"No. Tell me through the door."

"That's no way to tell a girl you love her."

"It is on the morning of her wedding."

"Ruth, so help me, the first thing I beat out of you is going to be superstition."

"Do they give divorces in this state for wife-beating, darling, or is it just forty days in stocks?"

"We'll be needing stocks. Ruth, please come out."

He began to wheedle now; that always got her.

"Why?"

"I can't kiss you through the door."

"You can kiss me in three hours—no sooner. New go away and let me enjoy my last minutes of freedom."

"All right, if that's the way you want it. But don't be surprised if I don't get to your wedding."

With one ear cocked alertly he stomped down the hall. At the top of the stairs he stood still. A key turned and the door opened part way. Jimmy turned back, hopefully, but all that met his eyes was the empty hallway, its void broken by the door which was standing halfway open. His face expressed the disillusionment of a misled child. Then a voice issued softly from behind the door and Jimmy glowed.

"Honey,"

"What?"

"Here comes a kiss. Get it?"

"Yes."

"Now will you come to my wedding?"

"Pleasure."

"I didn't come here for remote control. Maybe I'll just be late, though."

"Don't be too late. I'm just wound up for twelve o'clock."

Ruth patterned back across the polished floor, slipped on the rag rug and jumped onto the bed. She crossed her legs, hugged herself delightedly.

(Continued on page 23)
And brings back a handful of stars,
Then reaches far, far out into blue nothingness
Holds life in its airy palm;
On which to pin its faith.

All the hope, the longing and the fear
That reverberating echo holds
Melting into the dark thickness
I have never heard
Than the echo of a muted, golden-mouthed trumpet
— Virginia Benson.
Gregory covered his face with his hands. Tonight the sound was too big—too intense. His mind seemed to distort the small. He shook his head, and as the organ settled down to its steady hum, he let his hands wander idly over the keys. The strong fingers led themselves into the Pathétique sonata and dreamily Gregory let himself drift happily along with them. The music soared up into nowhere in its desire to escape from Gregory’s hands, and then it fell tremulously into a soto voice eager to remain in the luminous warm depths of the foot pedals.

The door at the far side of the room opened and shut quietly. Gregory sensed the intruder but played on in the same sublimely hollow, footsteps of the man crossed the room and died away. The man stood at Gregory’s back reverently waiting. He coughed and this repeated itself mockingly off in one of the corners. Gregory knew who the man was. He smelled the strong antiseptic odor of the man’s body. Guard Trimkey. He had come to listen to Gregory play. The man slipped up to the bench and quickly sat beside the musician.

“Evenin’ Greg,” he said softly.

Gregory did not answer.

“B’cause it’s a lovely instrument—too good for Trimkey.”

Gregory’s music clashed with Trimkey’s reverie. It began with a trembling, childlike sequence which swelled upward on the organ, growing in intensity, mounting to a shimmering naissance, finally leading on the brink of an explosive transition. Trimkey sat transfixed, his hands grasping the bench tightly. The music subsided, cascading into a deep, throbbing tonelessness. Trimkey felt weak.

“Gee, what makes me feel like this,” he thought, “it wears me out. Doesn’t seem to affect him though—he’s just as calm. Wonder if anything ever bothers him. Maybe he’s had too much music. Maybe things would’ve been different if his sister hadn’t been so kind—”

Trimkey’s mind flashed back to the day when Gregory first came to the asylum. He was very ill then and needed music to quiet him. Trimkey had been on duty that night and Gregory raving in his sleep bitterly cried out against his sister. She had been driving the car that caused his blindness. He mumbled of shattering windshield glass and a scream punctuated by a blinding flash of light. Then, rest—complete rest. All the doctors agreed. Complete breakdown. His sister saying: “I’ll take care of him, good care of him. You needn’t worry.” Gregory was sitting up straight in bed and laughing. “She’ll take care of me,” he had said. “After what she’d done. Blind—I was blind, and she pitied me. But charity wasn’t enough. I could have been a great pianist, could have had the world. I could have strangled her—I tried, but she was stronger. She always was stronger than me. I hate her—” Trimkey had heard the whole story that had been hushed from print. He had seen the pathetic man going through his tortuous story only to fall back upon his cot. He had bent closely to Gregory’s lips to hear the whispered prayer: “Let me start again. Give me a new instrument to play upon—God’s instrument. An organ.” Trimkey also remembered the day when the organ arrived after his sister’s request. Gregory crossed the room silently, stood at the keys and began to play. He seemed to relax his whole body. Trimkey felt the surge of the great organ’s power penetrating each piece that he plays. If I could talk with him and maybe learn something, but he’s always so quiet. Gee, that’s beautiful stuff...”

Gregory had modulated into an impassioned Tchaikovsky theme and Trimkey felt a shiver run over him. The music was sheer beauty to him, and it seemed to relax his whole body.

Gregory’s eyes seemed different from the rest of them. When he’s playing seems like he’s able to see again. Yeah, there’s something in his eyes now that I’ve never seen in any other blind man’s eyes. Must be music that does it. I wouldn’t mind so much being blind if I was like him—Jeez, what am I saying—it’s that music makes me this way. Seems like he’s always figuring out what’s going on in other people’s heads, and sorts it keeping it all inside himself.

Gregory turned off the master key and slipped from the bench. Unguarded and unprotected he left the room.
My name is Ellen Monroe. Before I came to the Carolinas, I lived in a charming little town in Pennsylvania called Chambersburg. It lies just a few miles north of the border of Maryland and a few miles west of the little town that was to become famous—Gettysburg. It was in this pleasant mountainous country that I spent a happy childhood with my mother and father. Then one day Robert Monroe came to Chambersburg to visit. Robert and I were married a year later and he took me back with him to his home in South Carolina.

We had a lovely time together—Robert and I, and I grew to love the South almost as much as he. In the day the sun was bright and beat down with warm friendliness, and Robert would tease me because I wasn't as active as I had been back home. He said the Carolina sun was making me a lazy little Southerner. The evenings were filled with fragrance of jasmine and honeysuckle and with the song of the cardinal. In those happy times I grew to love all those about me—they were so like the people in the North! But our happiness was not to last!

Towards Spring in 1861 there were cries of war, and in June of that year the North and South were engaged in bitter conflict. The North and the South! My North and Robert's South! Surely it was a beautiful custom to establish! Then one day in late fall I heard heavy footsteps on my veranda and a knock at the door. It was over then. Robert had been killed. Robert had been killed fighting for something my heart had fought against.

I don't remember very clearly the days that followed. When I do try to remember, I can hear very faintly the helpless cry that echoed through the Confederacy—"If Sherman breaks through to the South, all will be lost!" Already hope was drained from eyes and despair had traced its paths across youthful foreheads. Poverty and ruin had gnawed to the core of everything. Sherman made his march to the sea—the South was lost. We had the United States again—but only in theory.

After the war, new and more bitter animosities grew up between the North and the South. Yes, the States were united again, but they were united in hatred. To be united in hatred is to be divided. I often wondered in those days whether or not our country would ever be one again—it seemed hopelessly impossible.

There was one great thing that helped save our nation. It was the sympathy that filled hearts for those who had lost loved ones in the war. The southern women had started the custom of putting spring flowers on the graves of the soldiers, and the northern women humbly followed them. Through this one small act Northerners and Southerners began really to see one another and to understand. Slowly the Mason-Dixon line faded from people's memories, and once or twice I caught a Northerner talking kindly with a Southerner.

It was the 5th of May, 1861, that John A Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, spoke to a large gathering in Washington. His speech was not a long one nor was it a brilliant one. It was not a dream, for these were not two sections but two nations. After the war, new and more bitter animosities grew up between the North and the South. Yes, the States were united again, but they were united in hatred. To be united in hatred is to be divided. I often wondered in those days whether or not our country would ever be one again—it seemed hopelessly impossible.

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The months that followed were long, dreary ones. I tried to forget my own empty feeling by making bandages, knitting socks and sweaters for the soldiers, and trying to comfort my neighbors who had lost their husbands and sons in the war.

Often I would go with a group of my friends to lay flowers on soldiers' graves. It had become a custom among the southern women to pay tribute to the soldiers at least once a year. I knew that sometime there would be no North and South—just the United States of America, and above there would be a flag waving with no stripe erased and no star obscured.
ANONYMOUS

That melts upon rust.
That shines upon dust,
But only the silver
That peace is not rest.

Such too is your quest,
Of time passing by.
But just the faint glimmer
No sound or a sigh,
No breath or a murmur,
And stillness remained.
Peace I have gained,
Peace I have sought for,
And soft as the halo
O'er the head of a saint.

Is sweet and is faint,
And the opium fragrance
As nectar distilled
On a white violet ground
Peace I have found,
Peace I have sought for,
It's not what you think it is, friend.

You came and asked for laughter
To fill your nights and days,
You came and asked for music;
My heart in song I raise.
You came and asked for trust and faith;
Those things I gave and others, too,
And deep within my soul you found
Some things I never knew.
You came and asked for little things—
Your asking made me glad;
And the load that I could give you
Was everything I had.

By Mab Parker

Black Girl

We're back in the days of the “Old Brown Sem” a white frame house west of the girls' gym will be all that's left of it in 1922, fifty years from now. The young ladies attend the “Sem”, which is privately owned by Dr. Shepardson. There are only three buildings on the Hill; the “Old Brick”, a frame building moved from the first location on the Columbus Road, and the residence of Professor Marsh. Professor Marsh's house stands now about where President's house will stand in 1922; by that time Prof. Willy will be living in it on the corner of Mulberry and Elm.

The Baptist Church is a frame building, mounted on a high foundation; in 1922 it will be called the Post Office in the daytime and the Strand Theatre at night.

It is springtime; warm, sticky Commencement time. The church auditorium is packed with people, and the graduating exercises are about to begin. The procession is at the door, and the audience, program in hand, sits expectant. Just as the music starts and the lordly marshal begins his dignified promenade, two boys sitting in the back rise and hurriedly pace down the aisles, distributing a quantity of folded papers. The surprised audience ignores the pompous advance of dark-robed Learning, in shocked contemplation of the hand-bills. They are fake programs of the exercises, a take-off on the faculty and students. Although full of ridicule and satire, they are cleverly done, and as each student comes forward to deliver his oration, the ordinarily passive audience is convulsed by the introduction and remarks about him in the fake programs. Truly, the customary dignity of the proceedings is lost.

Now begins a most interesting chapter of Denison history, the College authorities use every means in their power to find the students responsible for the programs. But their search is unsuccessful. The next year, at the same time, preparations are again made for the Commencement Exercises, and again the auditorium is full. Unless they have strict orders to confiscate instantly any fake programs before they can be distributed, but not a one has been seen. Again the procession moves down the aisle, and this time its members are seated in peace. The faculty breathes easier; so far, so good. But just as the audience begins to feel a little bit disappointed, someone yells from the center of the house, "Look under your seats!"

And there, stacked in bunches of three or four, at intervals under the seats, are copies of the "Pasquin", Volume I, Number 1.

It is a hot little leaflet of four pages, employing as its motto that line from "Macbeth":

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough'"

Unlike most of us who glibly chant that quotation, the editors of this paper do "lay on," cleverly, vigorously, and effectually. Not only are the faculty and graduating class attacked, but also the more well known students of the lower classes. The name "Pasquin" is most appropriate. There used to be a broken statue of that name in Rome, upon which satirical writings were posted; and if the dictionary tells the truth, the writings the Old Boys used to tack on the column were warm enough to melt the asphalt on the Appian Way. But they must have been pretty hot if they raised the temperature higher than this paper, for the subsequent investigations and controversies excited the whole town. According to its editorial page, it is published in "Room No. 40, Old Brick," by "Pasquin and Marforio", but the faculty finds that the room numbers don't run up to forty, and no one questioned has ever met friends Pasquin and Marforio. The lid of faculty supervision clamps down tight.

Lot's come back to 1922 and watch the explosion from a safe distance. The opinion of most of our Forever Young Alumni is that these first outbreaks of student opinion were comparatively harmless and really rather clever. Although perhaps a little boisterous in their humor and exceptionally keen in their sarcasm, they were not morally objectionable. However, the students fretted under the perhaps not altogether wise policy of insistent suppression and constant investigation, and as a consequence the moral level of their rebellious papers dropped. In fact, it just about hit the bottom. The editors one year were expelled two months before the close of school; not wishing to go home and let the folks know, they lived in a log cabin out in the Welsh Hills until Commencement. Needless to say, it was a scourging Pasquin that appeared that year.

(Continued on page 22)
always seemed to have an instinct for events. Still, sel waited restlessly under the screen-like canopy a remote and central range-finder, a device that a marvel of synchronized mobility and operation.

with his eyes. Automatically the things he saw he was restless. He wanted to shoot action, none back in Ohio. If it were not for the gun and two did everything but fire the weapon. This grim were being registered on film. 

now, the far-away sound of planes. The crew be- hay rick and ran to the gun. Bud could hear it whistle. The crew of four came out of a nearby phone, the other raised his glasses to the distant here for pictures and he meant to get them. 

of this routine stuff. "Bring on the fight and Even if some action did occur, it would probably ever sent him here, so far out in the country? 

smoke leap across the vision field. There was theprised and startled Bud, but the ever concentrat- 

bird and the silent sky seemed very remote from 

smoke filled the air toward the left rear. Bud 

The sudden report of the gun beside him sur- 

The camera hummed on. The three planes be- came, then nine, a dozen, fifty! Everything 

There was a second shock, a mighty eruption very near. The camera saw every detail of it but Bud did not. First there was a whining black streak, a falling object, and the great explosion just a few yards on the far side of the gun. The 

This clever camera could even discern that now there were two different kinds of streaks in the sky. They would direct traces of fire into each other. One of them would become still a third kind of streak, an orange tinted spinning trail of smoke. 

Bud was like a part of his humming compunc- 

The camera heard the crescendo of diving planes, the explod- ing of bombs, and all the minor noise of the battle. This clever camera could even discern that now there were two different kinds of streaks in the sky. They would direct traces of fire into each other. One of them would become still a third kind of streak, an orange tinted spinning trail of smoke. 

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Perhaps the camera knew before he did that the sky was empty, perhaps it was also ahead of him to notice the sudden silence. But when awareness perhaps did return to Bud, he dropped the sights of his camera to the horizon and scanned it. Behind were red columns rising out of Dover. Nearby was the demolished gun spangled with its crew. The camera missed nothing. It had within it a 

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Earlier in the year, drama critic George Jean Nathan, whose caustic reviews make playwrights and producers squirm, presented the literary world with a volume entitled The Bachelor Life. In it he sets down facts, articles of faith, refutations, bits of memory and malice, and a few coined words. Nathan asserts that contrary to the layman’s view, the bachelor’s apartment is neither a den of iniquity nor a refuge of peace, it is much as any other home. So he rebels against the common misconceptions and portrays the true “vagaries of the bachelor life”, the emphasis on food and drink, New York social whirl, life with other bachelors. All told, it is an amusing but biting, informative picture of bachelorhood. Jesse Zousmer, literary critic of the Columbus Citizen, expects the book to be eagerly read by those who knew John Marquand’s former books. It is expertly done, flowing easily and smoothly, revolutionary to say the least, Ulysses is a challenge to any reader, amateur or erudite. Since its publication there have been a number of analytic commentaries and syllabuses to guide the reader, and in truth it can scarcely be read without. Devoid of the ordinary literary devices it strikes out in a new vein, embracing all fields and all languages, probes into every stream of life and every emotion, despite the fact that its actual setting is in one character during the course of one day. Certain to be a pinnacle of modern literature, Ulysses already shows tremendous influence upon the writers of our day. * * *

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Concerning The Well-Known "Butch"

A "current event" discussion

ED STRANSKY

With all the discussion today about the Lease-Lend Bill, the courage of London citizens, British advances in Africa, and the possibilities of Bob Feller winning for the Cleveland Indians, I would like to touch upon a "current event" much closer to home. Although the fate of a nation doesn't depend on it, as it true of the aforementioned quartet of topics (with the possible exclusion of No. 4), my subject is very close to us all at "dear old Denison" because it concerns the unbeautifying but collegiate "butch" haircut. In case one doesn't recognize the term he may be more familiar with "heinie", "brush-cut", "crew-cut", or "burr-head". First, let us define the "butch". It may range from one-fourth inch to one and one-half inches long, depending on the type of hair and the sanity of the wearer. The true "butch" is bald or nearly so, to the scalp, and is uncombable. If the hair can be combed at all it cannot be classed as a "butch". How did those gruesome coiffures originate? This question is very difficult to answer as the historians have left us no data on which to base our suppositions. However, there are definite present-day ideas on the subject, some of which follow. Maybe they were invented by the Germans, as the term, "heinie", might imply. Then again, perhaps at one time or another a German youth, "Don't we ever stop—and take—a little rest?" some who orchestrate brilliantly, but at present most of their musical ideas seem of slight weight, with countless others is so tired of looking at that sonny boy is a veritable Frankenstein. She, along with the historian, is perhaps the most delicate situation of all. In this respect there are three types of mothers. They are:

(1) The "Never darken my doorstep again" type.
(2) The moderate or "I'll let it go this time" type.
(3) The "What have I got to lose?" type.

Perhaps these titles speak for themselves, but in case there is still some doubt I will explain further. The first is that melodramatic mother, strict and dominating. She is the one who threatens—"If you come home with one of those I'll; I'll—". The second mother in question is a happy medium. She boasts to her friends how well Johnny looks since he's back from school. "It must be that new haircut he has". But, in the care of her boudoir, or his boudoir, or somebody's boudoir, she tells him that it was a rather foolish thing to do, and advises him not to do it again. Then there's the mother type No. 3. She's a "killer". She's definitely not the mother referred to in the saying, "he has a face that only a mother could love", because evidently this mother respects the son's face. Y. M. C. A. sonny boy is a veritable Frankenstein. She, along with countless others is so tired of looking at that monstrously that any change, good or otherwise, is welcomed.

MODERN MUSIC

(Continued from page 9)

has certain limitations in tonality, using only a small part of the circle of keys. The monotonous regularity of the four-measure phrase prevents any eloquence of rhythm or artistic interest and the music literally goes "round and round". A very small orbit of fundamental harmonics overloaded with chromaticism which disguises this poverty somewhat. If these limitations can be surmounted we may expect movements of the American Symphonies which utilize sublimated jazz ideologies. John Alden Carpenter's "Krazy Kat" and Edward Burlingame Hill's "Jazz Studies" are steps in this direction. J. J. Robbins has just published variations of Stephen Foster's "Swannee River" by twenty-nine different composers of popular music, including Art Tatum, Spud (ele) Murphy, Bert Shefter, Vernon Duke et al. The harmonic vocabulary of this set indicates a remarkable mastery of chordal variety but one turns from the set with an increased respect for—Stephen Foster. We have many composers with technical facility and many who orchestrate brilliantly, but at present most of their musical ideas seem of slight weight, flippant, mildly cynical and superficial. We still await an authentic American music of high seriousness and artistic integrity.

WAS sitting quite still by the spring one morning. It was very early, before the birds had begun to stir—or lights had begun to turn on in my house on the hill behind me. There was a book with a blue cover lying beside me on the grass, but I let it lie there unheeded. For this was the hour when the elves and fairies were gayest and noisiest, and the air about me was vibrant with the hum of their gossamer wings and their tinkling laughter. I loved to feel them stirring about me at any hour when the elves and fairies were gayest and noisiest, and the air about me was vibrant with the hum of their gossamer wings and their tinkling laughter. I loved to feel them stirring about me at any rate, I was becoming rather exhausted, as we had not once checked our leaping. So I regretfully disengaged my hand, waved goodbye to the handsome youth and watched him leap over a fence and vanish at last around the side of a hill.

I sat down, breathless, on a large white stone to rest. I closed my eyes for only a second and the white stone I was sitting on gave a little lurch. "You've just been asleep," he smiled. "We've been out for a row and you dropped off. I didn't reply, but as it seemed the thing to do, I put my hand in his, and the stranger youth and I began to leap. At first it was exhilarating. We sprang through the flower-dilled valley with the grace of two woodland creatures. The wind whipped branches into my face. I caught the scent of peachbloom on the air. The very tangled branches clutched our ankles as we passed. It was only when the sun began to pierce the misty veil of dawn and my breath began to come in great gasps that I parted to the blond youth. "Don't we ever stop—and take—a little rest?" "Never," he replied firmly.

"Would you care to leap through the woods with me?"

"But isn't there anything else—yes—ever do besides—run, and enjoy—early mornings?"

"Why should I? This makes me happy. I always keep just a little ahead of the sun and thus my dawn of life stays forever fresh and undisturbed."

Of course there must have been a good deal to say for his point of view. I realized this. However, I certainly had intended to do more with my life than spend it in perpetual contemplation of beautiful, unspoiled morning. At any rate, I was becoming rather exhausted, as we had not once checked our leaping. So I regretfully disengaged my hand, waved goodbye to the handsome youth and watched him leap over a fence and vanish at last around the side of a hill.

"I'll try again with both eyes," I thought, and did it.

I discovered that I wasn't sitting on a white rock at all. No, on the contrary, I was sitting in the stern of a small green rowboat, rocking rather violently on a sapphire sea. And in the prow, watching me amusedly, sat another Strange Young Man. He looked quite nice. "Who are you?" I gasped. "And please explain just how I came to be here. I never saw you before in my life."

"You've just been asleep," he smiled. "We've been out for a row and you dropped off. I didn't
I do not know how I ever endured it until I burst. Cold fear strangled my heart and I screamed.

"Take it easy," said a voice. "You’re O.K."

But where are you? I can’t see you. I can’t see your face, and your missing hands, and your fat, already rejected manuscripts!

John knew the pink slip that would be enclosed with it, faded pink with the ragged letters, REJECTED, printed crazily across its face. There might even be an apologetic note of explanation. No need to open it. No, let its last failure die, undiscovered, with him.

Slowly he crossed the room to the single smoke jet. With a quick flick of his wrist he turned it on. As the sweet, sticky fumes seemed to fill the room, he wearily returned to his chair. Slowly the letter on the table began to fascinate him, and then to taunt him. It dared him to read it. He extended his hand, but, as his fingers touched the envelope, he drew back as though burned. Finally he could stand it no longer. With trembling fingers he tore it open and ripped it off. Focusing his blurred vision, he read, "Good copy . . . needs a more dramatic ending."

He had no strength left to reach the gas and turn it off. But as his limp figure sank to the floor, a faint smile of joy and fulfillment touched his lips, for he knew By Alice and John would live. . . .

THE PASQUIN

(Continued from page 15)

other year, one of the editors, now one of our most honored alumni, was suspended just at his Commencement, and he was not permitted to receive his diploma at his class. But he agreed to a certain arrangement drawn up by the Board of Trustees, and received his diploma the day after his class. The College wished to have a private presentation of the diploma, but the feeling among students ran so high that they had a Commencement parade with band and all the trimmings, and gave the student his diploma from the church platform without ceremony. But for nearly eight years, either a Pasquin or a program was ready for each Commencement.

One year the editors placed guards around the church for two days before the exercises but when the audience was assembled, a note dropped from the gallery into a girl’s lap. She opened it and read ‘Look under the cushions.’ She did, and there were several copies of the Pasquin. In a moment the entire audience had explored the hairpins, and peanut shucks under the cushions, and was reading the forbidden paper!
Leslie Seagrave — born in Baltimore, has called Namkham, Burma, "home" for most of her life. Returned to U. S. to spend the last two years of high school in Granville, went on to Denison as did her father. She is the second Seagrave to appear on this page, a letter from her father appearing in the last issue accompanied by a sketch about him. Present ambition of Leslie lies in the medical field, probably leading to nursing. Has definite literary interests and frequently writes of her early life in Burma. (Ed.: When Joseph Auslander was on campus he promised Leslie that if she wrote a book about her life in Burma, he would guarantee a publisher.) Talented artistically, she has already realized accomplishment of a literary nature, doing the illustrations of one of her father's books about "waist-basket surgery". Other interests include music, singing, dancing, out of doors, books, and bicycling.

Dorothy Hart—a freshman from Shaker Heights authored the historical sketch concerning the origin of Memorial Day. Dottie's interests include the various arts, namely: music, dramatics, creative writing, sketching; athletically she enjoys "attempts at tennis." Majoring in English and music, she aspires to a singing career. She insists that this sketch was intended for vocal interpretation, primarily radio, in order to achieve best effect, the Orson Welles fashion. We insisted however that it merited publication and read well. There is no doubt about the fact that Dottie is enjoying her first spring at D. U. and thinks it "almost to good to be true."

Margaret Shields—from down West Virginia way is a freshman with definite ideas about what she likes and dislikes. She lists the following among her likes: crowds, orchestras, writing, poetry, hills, West Virginia (loyally), and anything English. Her pears are sitting still, getting up and going to bed, people who take naps in the daytime, rubber bands, restrictions, and people who don't do anything. Wisely she is aiming at being good in more than one thing so that she will never get "in a rut." This red-headed, freckled West Virginian has contributed previously to Portfolio with poems and her sketch of "Mother Mac" (who is interestingly enough a real character) and it's safe to say that she will be seen in print often.

Clyde Williams — Better known to his Sigma Chi brothers and to others as "Smooch". He is an Economics major and hails from our neighboring city of Columbus. Does his writing under pressure, you might say, for the Creative Writing class. Hands in assignments similar to his article which appears in this issue. He thinks that no one's education is complete unless he has learned to speak and write well, a good idea for all Denisonians. He is frequently seen riding about in the Sig's "hearse" which was purchased in his name.

Karl Eschman — Known to all Denisonians and especially beloved by all those who have received musical training under his tutelage. Spent his youth in Dresden, Ohio, and came to Denison where he graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa. It is reported that he used to be seen, in his college days, walking up the hill with a book in one hand, studiously but hastily preparing his morning's assignment. He has been abroad, and also speaks three languages fluently. He has been a professor of music at Denison for twenty-seven years and has directed the glee club for eleven years. We know of no one better qualified to give to us the case for modern music.

John Wyman — started out in Los Angeles and then migrated to Cleveland, Ohio. Through junior high and high school he attended a different institution each year for six consecutive years. Spent one year at Northwestern, then settled at Denison. Primary interest and foremost ambition lies in the musical field, subordinating other interests of English and journalism. He has his eye on professional accompanying at the piano, radio, or concert work, and in addition would like to do musical composition, in which he has already dabbled. Likes either classic or jazz; enjoys writing when there's something to write about; likes swimming, tennis, and the Merry Macs; dislikes Henry Busset. He particularly enjoyed accompanying the glee club on their spring trip, and puts the stamp of approval on double features, Wednesday nights at the Midland Theatre.

Roger Reed—a junior from Springfield, Ohio. Has done considerable feature writing for the Denisonian, now contributes to the Portfolio for the first time. His foremost interests are in dramatics and radio. In both he has had appreciable experience, taking part in a number of the University Theatre productions, and in radio holding a "ham" license for local station W8VCX. At present looks toward a vocation in radio or possibly in the field of dramatic direction. Rog tells the amusing incident of calmly bashing a girl's head against a brick wall while in the first grade, and later, he himself made a consistent practice of falling down the stone steps in front of his home, striking his head; these facts, he adds, may be significant.

Ed Stransky—of the class of '44 is from Glencoe, Illinois, and is noted for wit and humor. Ambition at present is to go into advertising or biological research. His interests run from Poe's works in the literary realm to swing records and crossword puzzles. At the latter he modestly admits he is very good. Among his particular likes he lists the Chicago White Sox (present status fair), milk, saddle shoes, spring, and most athletics. Although Ed shows definite literary interests and shows a proclivity for writing, he expresses strong dislikes for writing letters and poetry. In addition he disdains plucked eyebrows, cokes, and "The Return of the Native." Avers that he never worries and points to grades as evidence.