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Dick Wager
Denison University

Toby Raymond
Denison University

John Wyman
Denison University

Virginia Benson
Denison University

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See next page for additional authors

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This Issue

With this issue the Portfolio successfully completes five years of publication. No longer is it a temporary or "baby" publication. Like the radio and automobile, we think that it's here to stay. However, though the darkest days are behind us, the future could hold more promise. Even the Portfolio would suffer should the prognostications of war be correct, for every phase of college life feels the weight of Mars in wartime. The one bright cloud on the editor's horizon is the fact that this issue is almost completely composed of freshman material, promising well for the next few years at least. It was not composed thusly with forethought, but it was entirely coincidental that all the freshman compositions were submitted and accepted at this time. The class of forty-four should be commended for their co-operation with this publication, as well as with others.

Virginia Benson is no new contributor. In recent issues her verse and short stories have been published and well received. Now from her prolific pen we have an article, "Lost Cause." In it she expresses sentiments that are well nigh universal with the college students of this nation, and she undoubtedly states these sentiments much more capably than many of us.

John Saunders and Ed Stocker are two more freshmen whose contributions should be well received. "Toby" Raymond again burlesques the classics in his epic, 'Lochinvar Rides Again.' John Wyman and Dick Wager both write on the timely topic of labor, but in different fashions. Unfortunately 'Collective Bargaining' by Dick Wager was a little too long to be printed without cutting some. We hope that the spirit and the style were not deleted.

Apparently the famous Granville Spring wasn't its usual self, for there was an unfortunate scarcity of verse. However Leslie Seagrave and Molly White ably handled their varied topics.

The student art pages appear once again, illustrating the work done in the art department by several of the art majors. Also incorporated are the prize winning photographs in the annual photography contest.

Rather than make the conventional plea for more material, we would like to ask for more student cooperation. The only way by which this publication can enlarge is by subscription, and as it has previously been stated, the Portfolio is definitely going to make an attempt to build up its circulation. You can help us by boosting the Portfolio. We also hope that by next Fall it will be possible for us to use advertising, thus enabling us to give you a bigger and better magazine.

If you have any constructive criticisms concerning the magazine, let us know and we'll attempt to make this a magazine to boast of.
Commencement

How are we coming, Bob? What does the meter show? Twelve hundred cans? That isn't bad for the first hour. Seems like we've been here half a day already. If we get this machine in order so we don't have more than a dozen break-downs every hour we might get 18 thousand cans out before we go home."

Bob and I were college sophomores home for our summer "vacation." This was the best job we could find in town. And while twenty-seven and a half cents an hour didn't seem like very much pay, eighty or ninety hours per week made a good addition to our tuition fund for school.

Our particular job was running a sealing machine, which sealed the cans after they had been filled with food. We had to feed the machine with lids, then take the cans off the track and stack them in a rack as they came out. It wouldn't have been such a bad job in itself if the machine wouldn't have broken down every hour or so. The cans would get caught in the steam chamber and he would have to stop the machines and pick the hot cans out with our bare hands. The temperature was kept above 250 degrees Fahrenheit in the chamber and our fingers would be blistered like soap bubbles from handling the cans. That was before we got tired of hearing the boss's promises to buy us gloves, and finally bought some ourselves.

As far as Bob and I were concerned, we would have liked to have had the conditions made better, especially have the pay increased. For, for our own benefit we would have more cash in the bank by the time school started. But there were a number of men in the plant who had large families. What they could learn here wasn't enough to keep them in decent living. But there was no fighting the conditions. To the Old Man we were a bunch of trained rats. He had no heart. It was impossible to threaten him with any effect. For every job in the factory there were two people on the outside waiting for a chance to take that job. And we knew it, let alone the Old Man's repeatedly telling us the fact.

But what conditions! For a canning factory of "high grade quality foods" this place was a farce. The company made no rules of sanitation for the employees. It was usually before midnight before we got out of the place on Saturday nights. Everyone was too tired by then to take a bath. But the sopping stink from the steam kettles perfumed any B.O. there might have been in the plant, that is, most of it.

No one, including the officials, seemed to care where they expectorated. One old boy after every meal used to rinse off his false teeth in the same water that he washed peas and corn that were eventually sold to some of the country's leading wholesalers.

Working such long hours would have been less unbearable had we been allowed longer meal periods. Fifteen minutes was hardly enough for anyone to go home for a meal, and one almost needed two dinner pails to carry enough for both lunch and supper. But fifteen minutes was long enough for Joe and Arby and Bob and me to talk. A union, not necessarily a C.I.O. or an A.F. of L., but just an organization of our own to stand together and demand higher wages and better working conditions would be a solution to our problem. Properly handled and carried out, we were sure it would work. Our discussion of plans would begin to get warm, and about then the whistle would blow and we would go back to our hell.

Then one afternoon in July two foreign looking fellows walked along the line and stopped to watch Bob and me work. They weren't watching what we were doing but seemed more interested in us. They walked on down the line without speaking. A minute or so later Bob nodded for me to look down where Arby was directing the strangers back to us. I looked at Bob questioningly and dropped another stack of lids into the magazine and looked up.

"How is it to work here?" one of the fellows asked.

Bob and I both wanted to answer, "Hell!" but restrained ourselves and mentioned casually, "Could be worse."

"Could be better, too, couldn't it?"

"Probably."

"You fellows ought to be pulling down at least forty-five cents an hour for this job."

Bob stuck his neck out by answering, "Yeah, but try and get it."

"You could get forty-five cents an hour if you went at it in the right way. What you need is a union in this plant."

Either these fellows were union agitators or just interested bystanders. Which, we were determined to find out, and find out suddenly, for if they were union men from the city they might have something to offer, and we wanted to hear it before the plant officials would eject them.
"Yeah, but getting a union in this plant is practically impossible. Anyway," I went on, "a union might cause disturbances that would make the factory lose money. Their heaviest crops are coming in at the last of this week.

"A union ought to be hard to organize in a plant of this size," the big fellow came back. "Out of three hundred workers we ought to be able to get seven or eight to join. But I'm all for it. Members the first day.

"Had we?" I questioned. The look on Bob's and my face must have been most favorable to the gentlemen, for immediately the spokesman pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket, C.I.O.

"What do you have to offer?" we demanded.

"Make it snappy before the Old Man catches you." We flew to the Local 114 in the city. We're interested in seeing you guys get a decent living out of this place. You all ought to have a pay increase of fifty percent. What a rat hole this has been told you boys are influential and hot for a union."

"Maybe you never heard of the Wagner Labor Act or the right of collective bargaining. You can't kick us out of here. The law says you can't."

"Act or the right of collective bargaining. You gotta do is get about twelve or fifteen other guys for and how to go about getting it. We tell you when to strike and how, see? Now all you guys like you what want a union, then we'll start."

"Sure," Bob explained, "we can get started to-morrow, and, like the C.I.O. organizers, said, 'we ought to have about seventy-five the first day.' If we can get ten or twelve of the key men in the plant to join right away, the others will flock in after them, especially after the hours get longer and conditions get more acute these next few days. Then with a hundred and fifty (a hundred and twenty-five would be enough) we can tell the Old Man what's what. And what can he do when he has seven tons of corn waiting to be canned, and his workers go on strike?"

"What if I am? So what?"

"Either get the hell out, or I'll call the sheriff."

"Cut out the soap. Tell us what you want before we leave."

"We're from the Local 114 in the city. We're interested in seeing you guys get a decent living out of this place. You all ought to have a pay increase of fifty percent. What a rat hole this has been told you boys are influential and hot for a union."

"What kind of a union?"

"For the most part there was little burning enthusiasm. We were encouraged indeed, with a couple more days of 'rushing' we could have enough to start business. We had the packing room and the corn gang pretty well. The fellows working on the beans were excited over the union idea, but the tomato room wouldn't have anything to do with us. They were a bunch of WPA farmers and retired ditch-diggers who were too proud of their present positions to risk joining a union. They were 'Company Men' and proud of it."

"But there was one thing that still made us dissatisfied. While we had some interested members, for the most part there was little burning enthusiasm that would be necessary later to put our purpose across. We left our meeting with a hope and prayer that a real emotional interest would grow.

"Eighteen more were signed up the next day. On Wednesday we got twenty-one, making a total of ninety-six. A couple more days, we were sure, would put us over the top."

(Continued on page 23)
LCCHINVAC RIDES AGAIN
TOBY RAYMOND

Have you ever stopped at a fork in the road, Staggering under a heavy load, And felt that you needed a good stiff goad To keep you carrying on?

If so, then may this be your inspiration; To keep you carrying on?

And dares not face the new dawn. If so, then may this be your inspiration;

If you put up with toil, and triumph in strife, Living on nectar and silver moon beams;

For a man is as dead without aspiration, As for me, I'm going to sit down in the road;

For our hero, it seems, had been slow on the punch; And finally, when Lochy's poor charger was spent,

Without even so much as the clergy's consent; And back into the west together they went.

The wedding had started, and he was too late. Upon their pursuers Loch fell.

So he rode through the castle and snatched up the bait (If you'll pardon the reference to El).

(Continued on page 22)
morning that he had ever gotten up without waking her. It had been fun getting his own breakfast—gave him the strange passion for flowers is not planned and constructed the whole thing. Putting the lilies now firmly fixed on the bar held their ancient virtue where the crane was operating, hoisting the form was jerked upwards by a grinding pulley. Joe looked down at his former co-workers, and Big Wop stepped off onto the girders and balancing themselves against the protecting sides. Joe and Big Wop were there last week—in front of all sorts of queer things were happening. Joe felt the full force of the sun. It was hot.

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The conductor's head appeared suddenly at the door shouting: "Dee-ston Street", then disappeared. The train definitely stopped to take on new riders. A thin woman slammed on, then a tall man with seedy face and bulging paper sack stepped into the train. He peered through the sooty window of Joe's car, pulled open the door and let it slam after him. He was a big man, but not in the flabby sense of the word. He sat down beside Joe and slapped him on the knee.

"Hiya, Joe," he yelled. The El had caught up its steed speed again.

"Hello, Big Wop," said Joe. There was something swell about Big Wop's bigness that Joe liked. Everyone liked Big Wop though. He knew how to handle men, in fact, he practically ran the construction work for the Boss. "He's sure in line for a foreman's job," thought Joe. "Funny thing, everybody realizes it but Big Wop. Probably next year you'll be a beautiful day for Joe, catching rivets in his work with Big Wop, and wot—okay, Joe—let's get up on the job." He dismissed Pietro with a wave and reached into the tool cabinet for his own tool belt. Joe automatically picked up his riveter's bucket. The cool handle felt good in his hand after the rough wood of the hod and wheelbarrow. He wished he had had time to call Minna and tell her his good luck, but by lunch time he would be able to do it. He followed the lift and stood holding onto the side rope while the platform was jerked upwards by a grinding pulley. Joe looked down at his former co-workers, and then up his new station on top. It was going to be a beautiful day for Joe, catching rivets in his bucket for Big Wop. The lift banged against the top of the open shaft and hung there swinging against the protecting sides. Joe and Big Wop stepped onto it then began talking themselves, walked over to the north side of the structure where the crane was operating, hoisting the steel bars into place.

"Great day," said Big Wop.

"Yeah," answered Joe, "gonna be hot, too.

"That doesn't get you, does it?"

"Naw—it feels good."

"Okay then, get ready for the first one. Here she comes..."

As the morning passed, the two men high on top felt the full force of the sun. It was hot. Big Wop had already his perspiring face five or six times with his huge red handkerchief. Even in the heat of the day his work re-
TODAY everything is complex and confusing to me. My philosophy of life seems to have no foundation. I find no reason for my existence...as if I am nothing toward which to turn my energies, but my own selfish goal.

But I think, preferably to a lost cause. Something I must fight for tooth and nail, with every ounce of brain and strength in me, and something in which my own petty ambitions and selfishness can be completely subjugated.

Taking college seriously in a war torn world, somehow seems hypocritical to me. How can I sit in my own smug environment, worrying about little insignificant problems of dress and social life when the rest of the world is torn with suffering and heartfelt? How can I let myself become heartstruck over a low test grade when others are burying their entire families and still going on with steady chins? How can I pray to God for a full selfish Christmas when others are merely praying for the right to live? Still I do, as heartily as the poorest refugee.

Here I am in America, in a good college, with free parents, and opportunities for God knows what, and what am I doing with it? Nothing! In fact I'm not even happy. With everything life is supposed to be, and I sit and cry for no reason at all. I count the minutes until I can leave. Then I think of students in other lands who are going through Hell to get only a tiny part of the opportunity which I cast so idly to me. I know how she feels. Those things are stressed in America, at Denison, and they're really so unimportant. It's just because people keep thinking they are, that any significance is given to them.

Everyone complains about the Semn food, not because it's really bad, but because everything is too nearly perfect and there's very little else to complain about.

That's what's wrong with college and America — it's too easy and too nearly perfect. Most of us have never really faced any big sorrow, are not working toward any big goal or ideal. If I'm to stay in college, in fact if I'm going to keep on living as a useful citizen, I must find something to engross my energies. I've got to have something vital to do to take me away from my own insignificant worries.

My prayer is not for presents, dates, or renown — just ask God on my knees to please, give me something to justify my work — give me an objective to which I can be truly worthy.
Student Art

JACK  ....................... Ana Dorsey

OLD PETE  .................... Jim Schulke

JERRY  ......................... Sue Myers

CANADIAN FARMHOUSE  .................. Joan Rosenthal

MIRROR LAKE  ..................... Ed Deeds

TREES  ......................... Doris Peters
All their lives. Give their small bits of money to the rich people? And the reason these poor people. Only a little rice and tea. People who ate rice kernels and tea. Or maybe two. People who handled perhaps one piece of money. In a year. They came from Chinese in homespun blue rags. But the rich people don’t care. The coins are filthy with age. The coins are worn at the edges. Coins with holes in the middle. Old coins. Strange coins. Love with me the scent of new-mown hay. And whispers of the rustling corn. Love the land, knowing the promise of new-plowed earth. For someone who would love the hills and sunsets. I looked at the sky, its gray dipped down to meet my feet. I watched the raindrops stabbing sultry air. For someone who would love the hills and sunsets. I did not miss the beauty of the night. The thunder rumbled sullenly in the east. The desire to live life to its fullest and its best. I climbed a hill amid crashing thunder and zigzagged through the lightning. I suddenly returned to earth again. I did not miss the beauty of the night. The thunder rumbled sullenly in the east. The desire to live life to its fullest and its best. I climbed a hill amid crashing thunder and zigzagged through the lightning. I suddenly returned to earth again. I did not miss the beauty of the night. The thunder rumbled sullenly in the east. The desire to live life to its fullest and its best. I climbed a hill amid crashing thunder and zigzagged through the lightning. I suddenly returned to earth again. I did not miss the beauty of the night. The thunder rumbled sullenly in the east. The desire to live life to its fullest and its best. I climbed a hill amid crashing thunder and zigzagged through the lightning. I suddenly returned to earth again.
and me not havin' any son, we got kinda close to at Williams Creek. Him not havin' any father, we used to spend hours just talkin', and on some 'cept inside he was better. He always used to winnin folks that could afford it sent their laundry It weren't much, but they got along. Most all the to take charity. The community chest voted to give get along. Well sir, she started a little laundry business. Well, in '35 Joe graduated from high school. His mother was right proud of him and I can't say as I blame her. I felt pretty good myself, and I wasn't no relation or nothin'. The night after graduation Joe came over to my house real serious like, and do you know what that was? He'd figured up just how much it'd cost him to go away to college. He'd saved up 'bout a hundred dollars, and he figured he could make the red workin' while he was goin' to school. He told me he'd won one of them scholar- ship things and that paid his tuition. I was right proud of Joe then, just like he was my own boy. I told him if he wanted a good education that bad, nothin' could ever stop him.

Joe and me spent a many a night that summer just plannin'. We figured out this and we figured out that, and we had everything all fixed so's Joe could go. His mother helped a lot too. She worked harder than ever and saved all the money she could. Joe's mother was just plain happy. She was so proud of her boy she darn near bust. Mr. Doe told me he'd workin' at hard school just so his mother could be proud of him.

Well sir, Joe just kept actin' worse and worse. Joe's trouble started. He was workin' at his summer job waitin' on table and makin' beds in the boys' dorm. Even with all the extra work he did he got real good marks. His marks was so good he got another scholarship and he was elected to an honorary fraternity. The school got him a job in the summer where he could make a lot more than he brought in at Lem's. He didn't get home to see his mother or me, but we understood he was workin' hard so we didn't care none.

It was the summer before his senior year that all Joe's trouble started. He was workin' at his summer job just the same as he always did, but his mother died all of a sudden. The doctor claimed her heart had just plain give away on her. Well, Joe came right home, naturally, and he was awful broke up. He took it a lot harder than I figured he would and for about a week or so he wouldn't speak to nobody. Finally he came to me one day and told me he was goin' to quit school. He figured now that his mother was dead that there weren't nothin' he could do for her. He said he'd be workin' hard at school just so his mother could be proud of him.

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Well, I'm tellin' you, I had a job on my hands to straighten him out. I talked and talked and talked to Joe, tryin' to make him see some sense. I got him straightened out for a time and he was workin' hard at school just so his mother could be proud of him.

Well, Joe kept gettin' worse and worse, and one night he decided he'd try and escape. I guess he must 'a planned it for a long time, 'cause everything was all fixed.

He got out 'a his cell all right 'bout two o'clock one mornin'. He was real quiet and the other prisoners say he was smilin' all the time. Some 'a the guards was sent out to catch him, but he didn't do it but 'twenternobody that would believe him.

Well, I told Joe as he'd got me a good lawyer and help all I could, but he wouldn't have none of it. He told me as how he were innocent and he'd prove it himself without no help from nobody.

I went to the trial every single day and it sure was shocking made me mad. Joe talked and talked, and yet nobody'd believe his story. The other guy, the guard who'd guarded the cell block, had some fake story, and Joe didn't get to first base. They sentenced him to two years in the state prison and I was mighty glad. If you could 'a seen the expression on Joe's face when they told him, like as not you 'felt like cryin'.

Well sir, the first year Joe were in prison he was just as good as could be. He figured like if he was good they might parole him after a year. He didn't get what he were told and never talked back or nothin'. I went to see him whenever I got the chance and we were bound and determined to get that parole. Joe was a lot like me, he couldn't do no wrong. I felt mighty bad. If I had known that Joe didn't do it, I would have none of it. He told me as how he were innocent and
The long drive back to the coast with the emigration of Baron Joist Heydt from Germany was the locale of the latter part of Rainier's life. A strange, charming love story is the narrative of his return. James Hilton has done something different here. It is not the idea behind the book that fascinates us as in his other novels. It is the clever way in which the story is told. The story of Charles Rainier, who was shell-shocked during the last war by a bomb dropped at random. When he regained his memory, he could not account for two years of his life. Yet always he was disturbed by the feeling that he had seen or done certain things before. We wonder with Rainier himself about things that might have happened during those mysterious two years. As each incident opens the door of memory a little wider, we anxiously piece together his scattered life. A life, strange, charming love story is the means that finally closes the gap in Rainier's life, that ends the random years, that joins the past and present.

As a psychological study there is a touch of genius about the book. The human mind is a difficult territory to explore, and the world that it inhabits does not fit snugly into any other world. Yet we can experiment with Charles Rainier the inner numbness and impersonal objectivity that followed awakening from a blank two years long.

Once he has begun the book, the reader must finish it or wonder forever about the divided life of Rainier.—Leslie Seagrave.
Jeff.engers calm above all. The ship's filling up fast, no one is left below. Have some men prepare the around him. The captain, followed by a dozen or coiled running rigging was a tangled mass around shot a hasty glance around the slippery deck, two went below, leaving Jeff alone on deck. He seaman repeated what he had told Jeff, and the Just then the captain appeared beside them. The the two men and pouring into the open hatch. Get the pumps going. Take charge 'till I get

"Summon all the passengers at once. See that the ship, they had taken along nothing but the

"I couldn't make exact approximation of our bearings, Mr. Cotter," returned the captain dryly, "but I believe these are the islands I had in mind. Approaching them carefully, he called, "Look for sand bars or reefs. The boats are overloaded as it is, and we don't want to swamp any of them."

The three boats approached slowly with a thud in the bow of each, sounding the depths with an oar. Suddenly the sounder of Dan's boat, which was in the lead, shouted, "Backwater! Quick! Reef 'bout a foot under. Can't make it."

The boats then began to encompass the small isle, about a half mile at its longest stretch. As they rounded the south side, they saw that it was not one island, but a long string of ghostlike islands, looming out of the darkness ahead of them in the moonlight, and seeming to stretch out endlessly. They found an entrance to the first isle on the north-east side. Although it was now dark, they could see a faint light of an occasional star in the diffused moonlight. As far as could be seen the island was barren of growth except for a few bushes and a few quite a thriving, fruitless coconut palms.

The entire party disembarked, and, after safely reaching the boats, bobbled stiffly ashore. They all three themselves on the still wet ground. The captain lighted a lantern which he took from his pocket, and set it down on the ground. He then spread out a sea chart, and pondered over it for a long time, trying to determine which was the best and quickest route to take. The crew and passengers were talking together in complete silence, save for the shifting of the oarsmen and the complaints of the cold by a few of the passengers which could be heard, the clouds thinning out around 10 or 11 o'clock. The sea was still choppy, and water kept entering the boats. sailing along in the lead, shouted out,

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him draw it out and look at it thoughtfully. He
snatched it from Jeff and started to hurl it out to sea with his
whole might.

"Ain't we ad enough bad luck from this? I'm
gettin' rid o' ya right this minute!"

Jeff had to take it away from him forcibly.

"You needn't argue or try to reason with me,
with our only chance of being saved? Give it to me,
please.

Everyone looked at Jeff in amazement. What
did he mean, . . . "our only chance of being saved"?
He then thrust the mirror up under the boat to the
next island just to make sure that there was nothing of use to be found. The sea was a little
rough, and as the little boat left the isle to return,
it was carelessly ridden up on a hidden reef, and
before it could be taken off, it was badly thrown around.
A good thing happened, however, in the bottom,
notching itself to the boat that he had made for
himself on the lowest palm on the island.

It was an impossible thing. You . . . "Her heart was
beating faster than she could think.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"A ship, blarst it all, a ship! Can't make out its
shape. Ye didn't see anything near us, but I
thought I saw a treetop? Ye didn't make a sound,
yet ye must have signaled the bloomin' boat some'ow."

He was taking off his clothes, Dan spoke to Jeff in a bewildered tone.

"But why? What does this mean?"

"Oh, but, certainly that would be impossible.
That is unless . . . Oh, but, certainly that would be
impossible. You . . ."

It was a long moment before she could answer him, and with her lips trembling with the excuse
she could not speak. She blurted out, "I think I should love to have dinner with you.

"Well, that's better," he said, and as they rose
from the bench together she took his hand, for
you, see, was blinded.
remained steady. He seemed to get a kick out of fighting anything stronger than himself. Joe had been struggling to keep up with him, and had, to his own satisfaction. He felt his face and arms being burned but didn't mind. It was so very healthy up on top, so much healthier than hauling bricks.

There was a familiar yell from below and Joe expertly reached up and caught the thrown rivet in the cone-shaped bucket, placing it for Big Wop to solder. The sharp smell of steel stung Joe's nostrils. It hurt but it cleaned out his head. "I guess I like it, too," Joe thought. Big Wop crossed the girder. Hanging on to a span, he leaned over. "Hey, Pietro," he called, "tell 'em to step it up on those girders. We can't wait all morning up here in this heat!"

Joe was suddenly attracted to his flowers, for one lily had drooped forward leaning its head out into space, while two others had slipped to the side still clinging to the denim. Joe shook his head. "Heat's too much for the little things—all the sun and all the solder—all too hot." He rested his pail on a cross beam and began to unfasten the safety pin. "I'll have to move 'em."

Big Wop turned and grinned at the man, but his eye was attracted by the whirl of a rivet flinging upward, thrown too high—too hard. "Look out, Joe!" shouted Big Wop. He steadied himself and tried to get quickly to Joe's side. There was a dull thud of metal striking a forehead and Joe cried out—surprised. He teetered on the edge of the girder but Big Wop's strong hand clutched him by the overall strap. Then with a sharp cry of pain, Big Wop let go, and Joe's body went hurtling downward through the span of girders. Big Wop grasped his own throbbing wrist. Piercing the palm of his hand was an open safety pin and dangling from it were four white, wilted lilies.

* * *

JOE

(Continued from page 17)

just about the time Joe was startin' to scale the wall. By the time they'd found out where he'd gone to, he was half way up the wall. He was just goin' over the top when one 'a them wall guards got his light on him. Quick as a flash the guard shot at Joe and hit him right in the chest. The guards claim as how Joe let out one long scream and dropped back into the prison yard—dead as a doornail.

Yes sir, Joe go some tough breaks. He weren't bad though. Folks just thought he was.

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