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The Story Behind the Copy

We might have kept in step with the times and propagated this issue of PORTFOLIO so that its coming would have been anticipated for weeks. We could have gone about with a smirk on our faces disclosing the fact that we knew when the PORTFOLIO was coming out, and that, therefore, we knew something that you didn't know. As a matter of fact we weren't sure ourselves, what with finagling around trying to put out a good issue and still stay within the budget.

As it is, we've quietly smuggled this issue into the fraternity house and the dormitories, and to you we merely say, "Here it is; we hope you like it."

One glaring departure from other issues is the inclusion of a two-color fall scene which appears on page three. If it had not been for the trouble connected with getting the plates for this picture, we could have gone to press two weeks earlier, but we think that you'll agree that it was well worth the delay.

Perhaps the outstanding story in this issue is the graphic narrative "The Dance," by Margaret Shields, class of '44, who, unfortunately for us, did not return to Denison this year. She has treated a delicate subject in a manner which should bring her nothing but praise.

Alison Phillips' article on Mexico, appearing on page ten, wins a blue ribbon for reader interest, and should bring forth many a chuckle. The very appropriate illustration for this article was picked up by the editors in a fly-by-night trip which took them over three hundred miles, but which was worth the effort.

Virginia Benson stamps herself as a future contributing bulwark for the poetry section, and Pat Brannon also breaks into the first issue.

Scotty Pruyn does an about-face from his usual humorous self, and gives us a very vivid picture of the horrors of the battlefield. It strikes home, coming as it does in the midst of rising war clouds over the United States, and so near the celebration of the Armistice of the First World War. "Lest We Forget."

We had to squeeze in the Duke's section on the latest news from the jazz world, but we'll try and make up for it in the next issue.

Don't forget: It's your PORTFOLIO—so if you ever let your hair down and dash off a bit of poetry or prose, give it to one of the staff members. You might be hiding a literary genius underneath that exterior.

sincerely,

the staff
AUTUMN burst in a crescendo of color, a shower of beauty, that covered the earth with a many hued mixture, and then faded away like a shell's burst of light. No more the brilliant glare of a summer sun, but instead a softer touch of slanting rays against a hillside's burnished woodland.

Comes now the season of uncertainty. The air may be soft, and mild as a day in early June: or it may be harsh, and stormy as a day in mid-December.

It is the most beautiful season, and also the most unattractive. In its first stage colors are masterfully blended together to form a tapestry background for the pattern of the trees... In the second stage the trees stand alone against a silent, barren landscape, their dark branches reaching like ungloved fingers into a grey, sullen sky. Beauty is gone until the first, fresh snows of Winter bring the scene into harmony again with a striking black and white contrast.

The first light of dawn shows the mist; cold, white... clinging close to sloping hills. And then the red haze streaking the east, and an angry sun peering over the earth's rim with blood-shot eye.

Before the sun, the mist becomes a moving, life-like thing... smoke-like; rising slowly, lazily into the sky... twirling, climbing, turning... On the ground white frost still clings tenaciously to grass blades... soft, clean, dew frost making morning fresh and clear.

At mid-day, shadows seem too long... and as each hour goes by they lengthen into grotesque, unfamiliarities which seem to reach infinity. The sun, riding low, dives for the horizon with appalling speed... the chill wind blows... the mist descends, twisting... turning, as Night falls... An Autumn day is over.
Sometimes life is just too much

The girls at the high school wore sweaters—not sweater that she had bought for her. Inez would be pleased; Inez liked sweaters. Inez said all of the girls at the high school wore sweaters—but always she was more interested in Inez's social life than in her straight "A" grades.

"Why don't you ask some of your girl friends in tonight?" she suggested. "You could make cards and play cards and listen to the radio." "Oh, they'll all be at the dance." "What dance, dear? Aren't you going?" "Hardly. No one asked me." "Well, why not ask them?" "Our freshman class." "Then can't you go alone? Everyone won't have dates, will they?" "No—o, but I haven't anyone to walk down with."

"Oh, don't let that bother you. Once you get there, you'll have a good time." Inez looked unpersuaded and sat about clearing the table, but her chin quivered. Anna noticed it. "What does she want a fence for?"

Anna drove home from town fast. She was anxious to show her daughter, Inez, the new sweater that she had bought for her. Inez would be pleased; Inez liked sweaters. Inez said all of the girls at the high school wore sweaters—not any of the elaborate alks that Anna bought for herself. Why, even to their parties, they wore sweaters, and never high heels or silk hose. Anna found these young fads strange, but anything to make Inez happy—and to make her acceptable to her classmates, anything to give her the schooling Anna never had.

The glaring white sedan swerved into the driveway. Anna turned her head. Inez knew she was home. Anna liked the horn; it was loud and melodious. She parked the automobile outside the garbage where it was visible from the street and ran into the new frame house she had built last year. It was a nice house—one of Anna's few possessions which was not outrageously extreme. It was painted cream and had a green room (so many people had remarked, "It should be red."). Around the house was a large, green lawn enclosed by a white picket fence (so many people had remarked, "What does she want a fence for?").

A young girl appeared through the kitchen doorway. She was small and slender, with hair similar to her mother's; but her face was without rouge and her skin was firm and clear. She held her shoulders a little too stiffly and her finely chiseled chin was tilted a little too rebelliously.

"Hello, dear," Anna cried. "You didn't need to get dinner. It is already cooked. And they both laughed. They aurned back to the window and all that painted, artificial Anna could see of them was their fur coats and their smart permanent.

The light changed and the car went on, through the business district, through the factory district, to a narrow, dreary street near the river water front. The auto slowed and stopped in front of a dark, square house that was built flush with the sidewalk. It was only one house in a row of similar dilapidated, crowded buildings. Anna parked her car, sat still for a moment, took a deep breath, and walked into the dark tenement—the tenement where all the shades were drawn—the tenement where only one light gleared over the doorway—the tenement where the well-known white sedan was parked each night and where the jaded, well-born members of society sometimes drove past in morbid curiosity to note sneeringly, "Well, Anna is at work."

Inez sat at home by the fire reading the evening paper. The radio was turned on to some popular music and Inez's mind drifted to the freshman dance. Inez loved dancing, and this was the first school dance of the year. Maybe her mother was right, maybe if she went down alone, she would have a good time and find someone to walk home with. Lots of boys go stag and then take a girl home. Inez wasn't bad looking, and with her new sweater—why, she was bound to enjoy herself. But if no one asked her to dance? Oh, but they would! She was a good dancer, having had a private teacher. Throwing the paper aside, Inez raced up the stairs and began changing clothes. In the shower she sang in the well-trained, clear soprano which Anna loved. Suddenly the evening was young and alive and sparkling.

It was late when Inez entered the gymnasium. She had walked the mile to school, and her cheeks were flushed by the crisp October air. She felt conspicuous checking her coat alone, as if all eyes were turned upon her. But then, raising that pointed chin, she turned and sauntered casually towards the orchestra with a slight smile parting her lips. A group of girls near the band-stand turned in a body to stare at her.

"Why, hello, Inez," said Lucy Morris in surprise. "I didn't expect to see you here.

"Hello," Inez hesitated only until Lucy's eyebrows had returned to their normal place, and she had turned back to her friends. Inez walked past. The band started playing hot. She leaned against the stage and watched the couples surge onto the floor; bright, pert young girls with laughing lips and teasing eyes; tall, gangly young boys with dark hair and gallant manners. The band was good. It was black. A couple stopped before Inez. Helen Sanderson leaned toward the girl who stood apart.

"Why, Inez," she gushed. "Why aren't you dancing this one?" And then she whirled on.

"I—I just got here," Inez apologized to the empty air.

More couples twirled in front of her; and more; and more. It was hard for her to keep her smile natural, her expression unperturbed. Was she the only girl in the room not dancing? No, there were others. But she was the only girl standing alone. The music ceased with a clatter of cymbals. Tim Rodgers took his girl back from Roy Burch. Roy feigned importance. Casting around the room, he noticed Inez standing apart.
“Hello,” he called loudly, swaggering over. “Having a good time?”

“Why, yes. Yes, of course. Wonderful band isn’t it?”

“Yes, sure. Best in the Valley. Hot, too.” Roy wiped his forehead with a neat white handkerchief which his mother had arranged in his pocket. Everyone was looking at him, Roy noticed. Evelyn Westfield skipped lightly towards them. Evelyn was an orphan, but she lived with her aunt and uncle. Her aunt had been reared on a farm and had once flunked out of the University, but people obligingly forgot it when she contributed so generously to all community fund drives.

“Oh, Roy,” Evelyn squealed. “Did you hide the bottle-opener in your pocket? Why, hello, Inez. Roy, we can’t find it anywhere, and I can’t get my ‘coke’ opened. Come on, honey, and help a poor girl in distress.” She tugged Roy across the gym. “Darling,” she whispered behind her smile, “you don’t want to talk to her. Think of her mother. Why, we’ll not be allowed to have any more dances if the likes of her comes” And then to the crowd they joined she bragged, “Well, here he is. The nasty thing”

“Nice work, Ev.”

“Talk about cave women.”

“Ooh, do it to me, will ya, Ev?”

It was the longest evening of Inez’s life, and she hurried out before the crowd attacked the cloak room. It was nice to feel the October night around her, not to have to smile and nod and aun nonchalantly and pretend so fiercely. Inez walked swiftly. Thank heavens, her mother would never know. But what was wrong? She was as pretty as most of the girls who had danced all evening. Her sweater and skirt were as nice. And she was a better dancer than any more dances if the likes of her comes” And then to the crowd they joined she bragged, “Well, here he is. The nasty thing”

“Welcome to cave women.”

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denly, I can not say how it happened, a small weather-buffeted Eskimo stood, slightly swaying, just inside my door. From his fevered gibberish, I finally deduced that the most distant of my rural clinics had been stricken with a devastating epidemic of diphtheria. The messenger was also suf-fering from this malady, for it was evident from his speech and actions that he was running a high temperature. I hedged him down on the operating table for the night, and administered the necessary serum.

When I arose at six the next morning, the storm had abated somewhat, but my Eskimo friend had fallen, a victim to the unseen killer. His body bore mute evidence of his struggle with the deadly disease: swollen lips and tongue, wild, staring eyes, and a throat as black as soot. With the help of a friend, I dragged his body out to the edge of town, and there buried him in the deep frozen snow. Returning from this disagreeable task, I loaded my sled with serum, hypodermics, and other necessities, borrowed a team of dogs from my neighbors, and started off for the colony.

Although it was then nine o'clock, the sky was as at night, and the completeness of the early morning silence was almost tangible. All around me the ponderous cold of the Arctic winter lay like a thick, oppressive blanket of frozen air. About ten the sun rose but did nothing to lighten the drab dreariness of the landscape; it hung like an unspeakable drowsiness stole over me. I crawled up on to the sled, and went to sleep.

When I awoke, it was with a sense of dreamy unreality. I was staring straight into a velvety emptiness, a jet-black void that stretched to a nearly tangible infinity. At first I thought it was snow-blindness, but as the drowsy comfort of awakening wore off, I realized more fully where I was. You fool, get off your back, and stop staring up into the sky. You've got to get back to town. Reluctantly, I rolled off the sled, and went up to look after the dogs. They were not to be found! The devils had chased themselves loose from the traces, but, worn out from their long trek of the morning, had probably burrowed into the snow nearby to sleep. So I stomped around, testing the frozen crust for the tell-tale break. While I was thus engaged, I heard shouts, faint and indistinguishable, and the frantic barking of dogs. Perhaps a half mile off to the east were three men and a team. Far enough away, yes, but thank God they were coming toward me. I stood silently, near my sled, and a feeling of gratitude and relief flooded me like a soothing balm.

As the men approached, I shouted a greeting and ran to meet them. They paid me no more attention than if they hadn't seen me, and drove their cutters up to mine. Silently, they stood around my sled. I remained where they had passed me by; stunned, hurt, and embarrassed by their complete remoteness. Suddenly, and as a man, they bent and strained at an object on my sled. Curiosity consumed me, and I drew nearer to investigate, and offer my assistance if needed. Then I noticed that they were dragging from my sled the stiff and lifeless body of another man. I glanced at the frozen white features of the corpse, and a No-man's Land a tomb.

As we all charged carnage-bent.

As we craved for more to kill;

As to others that I'd slain,

We continued the slaughter still.

As we all charged carnage-bent.

The time was nearing four o'clock—

That fatal hour of doom—

Where most of us were soon to make

A No-man's Land a tomb,

The whistle blew a sharp tattoo,

And over the top I went

Where the seconds seemed like hours

As we all charged carnage-bent.

I saw one grab his belly

As his head careened about;

Another bent as though in prayer

While his slimy brains oozed out.

Some others fell amidst the wire

Their bodies gushing red

While their constipated entrails

Festooned the strands o'erhead.

One lay mute across his limbs

His side a yawning pit

But still we butchered, slaughtered, killed,

Yes, killed for the hell of it.

The dead lay heaped about our feet

As we craved for more to kill;

With the victory cry of "Onward men!"

We continued the slaughter still.

Soon we battled man to man

Twas then that hell broke loose

To fight and kill like n'er before

Or to be killed, we had to choose.

As time sped on and ruin raged,

Fate determined I should fall;

Some sneaking sniper took his aim—

I went down amidst it all.

For it happened just as quick to me

As to others that I'd slain,

And there in the sticky muck and ooze

I lay doubled up in pain.

The blood and gore of that early dawn

Should be remembered well;

It was then we left our trenches

To frolic there in hell.
with an outside reading book on constitutional
after such a visit, but certain impressions are
hardly fair to draw conclusions about a country
breathlessly divided among dozens of things and
alarming jumble if the time spent there was
workup a good lather and a cloud of
happy you plunge into the shower, and when you
kicked into the shower, and when you
haunting mixed with the mixture of
and tomatoes, tequila,
who have arrived, and quite unshaken by the nar-
and men; when they speak of the food
the natives are nearly asphyxiated by the fumes of
the fumes of
expect to stand in open mouthed awe at Guada-
and serapes and baskets. When you have
subdivided the salesmen in front of the church adjacent to
wonderfully, the salesmen in front of the church adjacent to
may be a slick jazz palace
you are nearly out of towels. Using the
sign language of rubbing your face and hands,
you more or less convey your needs to the hotel
maid. She hands. "Si, si!" In half an hour she
harbors back to back. You smile feebly
appy eater, you are delighted to find that you must allow
at least an hour and a half per meal in your order in a
restaurant. Barring that, you can use packing crates for furniture. If you can
work up a good lather and a cloud of
idea all at once intersection is an experi-
patches to siesta the days away. Tomatoes, tequila,
fish, and frijoles are cheap down there, and you
can use packing crates for furniture. If you can
stand the gnats, they can stand you, and there
is always a good market for papayas.
Efficiency is a word, or should I say a point of
view, not indulged in by Mexicans at large; it is
much too disconcerting. The philosophy of ma-
ñana (always put off until tomorrow what you
do n't feel like doing today; or if you must do it
today, for goodness sake take your time about it)
is much more pleasant. If you are a pokey eater,
you are delighted to find that you must allow
at least an hour and a half per meal to your order in a
restaurant. If you have had any Spanish at all, you are just
dying to do some interesting horse-trading, for the
natives are nearly asphyxiated by the fumes of
health and vitality, you can use packing crates for furniture. If you can
work up a good lather and a cloud of
and roses marked
made in Italy.' At Tepotzotlan you discover a

NOVEMBER, 1941

PORTFOLIO

Pronounced
"Mexico"

Memories from a trip through the
land of cactus, contentment, and
chili-con-carne—by

Enrique S. Philipo

as a trip through the land of cactus, contentment
and chili-con-carne.
MATTER OF OPINION
A rare old ballad with chorus refrain
You may have your days of chivalry,
When manhood bold did flower.
You may have your damsels meek and fair;
I'll take a nice hot shower.

Choose if you will the dragon fierce,
The medieval spire, and tower
Live in a castle dark and tall;
I'll take a nice hot shower.

You can chase the holy grail,
Or hide in a willing maids' bower,
And steal a kiss when the lord's away;
I'll take a nice hot shower.

Be a minstrel of bygone days,
Tell of heroes that never cower.
Sing praises of your knights of old;
I'll take a nice hot shower.

It's not because I'm frail of heart,
Or proud or bitter or sour.
But after all, what good's romance
Without plumbing?

AUTUMN ORGANIST
Down the white stone steps
Drifted curled brown leaves,
Thin memories of laughter
That summer alone weaves.

As the breeze stirred, they skipped,
Clustered in corded heaps;
As the breath blew strong they scattered,
Clearing tiers in fearful leaps.

Suddenly I saw dark fingers,
Light, fantastic, quick,
Playing music on a great white organ
Of sand and stone and brick.

First the song was soft and tranquil,
Gentle rustling notes
Of distant lands, lost peoples
Sailing in forgotten boats.

Then all white traces sink into the deep endlessness.
—Even the ash tumbles off—forgotten.

Odd what thoughts come
When a cloud pulls her feathery skirt
Over the moon's edge.

CLOUD SHADOWS
The moon is blowing smoke rings tonight,
Grey wispy circles that mar the mirrored sky for a moment
And then float listlessly away,
Dissolving into the cool black like thin froth
On a dark sea.

The heavens are meditating,
Fashioning hopes and castles in the silver and infinitude
Of soft space.

Smoke shadows of the future rise listlessly outward,
Veiled milky shreds foretell fortunes on star paths;
Then all white traces sink into the deep endlessness.
—Even the ash tumbles off—forgotten.

A DREAM
The moon glows softly on twisted strands of wind—
Combed clouds.
The stars are metallic glow worms that blink as stray locks pass.

And the night of mystic infinity lies black
Against the dome of the sky.
The wind moaning lowly in the barren boughs
Harmonizes with the silent roar at the midnight pitch.
The rim of the sky rests in the wall of silent trees where
Moon light filters to abyssmal catacombs.

As I lie within this catacomb
Moon threads on my face
There comes a dream whose setting
Is not sleep, but shadows leafy lace.

There, in the stillness of the night,
Came before me
And smiled, shining in the light,
Your face.

And shown red in the light that rested there.

A vision
A prelude to heaven
A dream.
FAR away in a town of India, named Darjeeling there lived an old Tibetan rug-maker. Her hair was braided into 331 tiny braids and bound with shells because it was the custom for women since the Dalai Lama had decreed it long ago. She lived near the bund, and day by day as she sat weaving rugs she watched the varied throngs cross the bund, and she longed to give an exciting life like theirs must be. The only thing she knew how to do was to weave rugs.

But one day the old rug-maker fairly quivered with delight. She had suddenly remembered an old formula, a charm which her great grandmother, who was also a rug-maker, had whispered in her ear when she was a very small child. Right away she went into her little clay house and picked out her most brilliant silks and sheep's wools and her favorite dyes. Then she sat down again and started weaving the most beautiful design she could think of—all the while chanting to herself the fifth chapter of the Koran, the seventeen least known names of the third Dalai Lama, and the melty menny menee moe.

When she had finished, she was a little frightened. She realized the thing she had done. It was the most gorgeous rug she had ever made. It glowed and shimmered like the Peacock Throne. She decided to test the magic spell she had cast. She rolled it up, tucked it under her arm, and started walking down the bund. She could see the thing that frightened her becoming a child. She decided to show him how to do rugs.

The old rug-maker rose and bowed to her. She showed her the rug.

"Very pretty," she said. "Would you buy it?"

The English lady pretended not to be interested but after a half hour of happy haggling they parted, the English lady with the rug, the old Tibetan woman with twenty rupees and an easy conscience.

The English lady did not keep the rug very long. She sent it to her sister in England for Christmas. There it was put in a corner of the parlor where everyone could see it and no one walked on it.

If it had not been for Grandma and Toby the Third, probably no one would have ever discovered the rug's peculiar properties. Grandma was the lady's mother in law, and Toby the Third was the lady's two year old son, who couldn't say very much yet. Grandma was always playing with a child. She loved to play games and act silly; so whenever Toby did something naughty, Mother said that he probably got it from Grand- ma, and why wasn't Grandma a better example.

The two of them were very interested in the new rug, because it reminded them of a magic carpet. It was when they were playing Sinbad the Sailor and Scheherazade one day that they discovered the secret of the Tibetan rug. Toby had sat on the rug while Grandma was waving at him from the castle. The castle was the sofa. Grandma nearly fell out of the castle when she noticed that Toby had disappeared before her very eyes.

"She kept her wits together. "They went to the castle and the castle's magic carpet..." she said, keeping her voice very calm. ""Sure" answered Toby, from where he didn't seem to be any more. He appeared again soon after he said that. Grandma told him what had happened. They decided then and there not to tell anyone else about it, since it would be so much fun to play with the rug in the front room when none was around.

One day they were in there playing when Mother pushed open the door and said, "All right, Toby, cut you go. I'm going to clean the parlor."

Please turn to page 19
Mr. Doakes Almost Goes To Washington
A presidential candidate from a typical midwestern state

Charles Jones

WELL, now that the elections are over with, an’ we got a new president, I guess I can tell you this here story. Maybe that I should keep my mouth shut, but there’s some things the public oughta know, to my way of thinkin’.

To all you Republicans Joe Doakes is the typical American man, but to me he’s jist the guy I play crillicage with in the back room of the hardware store every Friday afternoon and the guy I go fishin’ with in the spring down on Yellow Creek. Some says ya can’t see the greatness in those that ya know real well. Well, maybe that’s right, but Joe still ain’t the guy for the White House.

Readin’ all this you’ll all think that Joe an’ me grew up jist like the resta us boys here in the town—went to schools here all the year through high school an’ even went to the University of Education, an’ that ain’t political. That was just a member of the Presbyterian Church, a director in the Hardware Association, an’ a member a the Chamber a Commerce an’ the Rotary Club. ‘Course, he wa’n’t no big wind in any of these—jist a member.

Joe wa’n’t no great shakes in politics ever, I guess. He always voted the straight Republican ticket, same as any other person in Middletown does, but he never held no office, except the Board of Education, an’ that ain’t political. That was about the most he ever went into politics.

Then last year, one Friday afternoon, as we was playin’ crillicage in the back room a the Hardware, he tells me that he’s goin’ to try to go to the Republican National Convention in Cleveland as a delegate from Buchanan County, the next July. When I asks him how, he says that he has always wanted to go to Cleveland, an’ he figures here’s a chance with all expenses paid. Well, I don’t say nothin’, but I figure he don’t have a chance. Frank Galloway, the chairman a the Buchanan County Republicat Committee, was probly goin’ as the delegate. It turns out, however, that we was both right. Calloway gets to go as delegate an’ Joe as his alternate. I think that Joe was a little puttin’ up his expenses an’ probable would gripe him as he is a little chloride with his money. Just the same, Joe was plenty anxious to go an’ could hardly wait till July. Then, four days after he got his assignation, he gets dreadfully sick with the mumps down to Sumatra Junction, an’ Joe gets to go as full delegate, free.

Well, Joe was pledged, as was all the state delegates, to Sam McButt, from the great an’ glorious state of Ohio. ‘Course, he was a favorite son an’ all that, but he had a purty good chance fer the nomination, an’ all our delegates was instructed to vote for him until they see he didn’t have no chance to be nominated anymore, then they’d vote fer those that they wisht.

‘Part a the rest a my story, ya probably heard over the radio, so I’ll take it kinda easy-on it.)

The first couple days there wa’n’t much goin’ on at the Republican Convention, and as there was a Hardware Association Convention goin’ on, too, Joe spent most a his time there.

Then on Wednesday night, bout twelve o’clock, just as Joe was gettin’ ready to go to bed, the convention delegates, big shots in the convention, come to his room an’ tell him he has been selected to interduce a resolution on Thursday. (This is the Republican Convention I’m talkin’ about now.) The resolution has to do about the rules regulations about the nomination of a candidate, it really wa’n’t a very important job, but in the light of future happenin’s, Joe sure made it important. These fellows tell Joe that all he has to do is to read the resolution when the chairman calls on him the next day. Joe, quite flattet (he says), says o. k., he’ll do it.

Puttin’ two an’ two together, I can see purty well how it went that job. At one a them committee meetin’s, they didn’t know who to give the job to, feared a slightin’ somebody or other, then their eyes light on the name a a Doakes, an’ apparent insignificantly insignificient an’ person, an’ so the possibility wa’n’t there, so they wa’n’t afraid nobody. That’s the way I sees it anyway.

The next mornin’, Thursday, Joe goes up an’ goes to the Hardware Association Convention. The day he was gettin’ ready to go to bed, he figures he wa’n’t gonna do nothin’ but put in gas pumps out in front. He’s been taken sixteen times in fact, an’ it was now a chance to get rid of his political baggage. The damn fool has fergot all about his interduction, an’ the convention besides Joe, either McButt er Smith wouldn’t be nominated by one vote. Well, that’s how things went, ya know.

I guess I don’t have to tell ya much about the rest a my story, you probly all heard it over the radio. On the nineteenth ballot the count was McButt 559, Smith 559, Doakes 2—1! It has been, and always will be, probly, a great mystery how it was that Joe was nominated. Joe admits he voted for himself, not intentionally, but by default. Think of it, the nomination of a candidate from a typical midwestern state.

After the convention I didn’t see much a Joe. He went on campaign trips, makin’ a fool outa himself all over the country, makin’ speeches an’ such. Then jist afer the election last month, Joe came back. I ain’t never seen sech a change in a man in all my life. He was nervous an’ kind a skinny, an’ practically hid from everybody, even our Friday afternoon crillicage games stopped. Then, the Friday afternoon after elections Joe came down an’ we played crillicage, but mostly we talked. Joe looked much better, an’ he tells me that he is greatly relieved, an’ that he’s glad he ain’t elected. (You know, he only carried Nevada with two electoral votes.) He says to me that he

Please turn to page 19
ONE of the historic landmarks of this little village, the Opera House, is located at the corner of Main Street and Broadway—right above the Grille. It is the place where you see Clark Gable and Lana Turner and Mickey Mouse and Mr. Fitzpatricks Travelogues. It is also the place where, five times each year, the Denison University Theatre puts on a play.

But this amazing wooden structure is by no means vacant when neither a movie nor a play is going on. Stop in some Saturday, and you'll see for yourself. At first sight you may be convinced that those strange figures clad in odd sorts of clothes and slipping paint on flats, on the floor, dressed as often as not, on themselves, are undergoing some kind of psychotherapy, and have escaped from a nearby mental hospital. But pray be patient.

Soon you'll notice that they are truly enjoying themselves. Dirty hands, smudged noses, torn hosiery, plumes, hodge-podge hairdos, seem not to phase them. They'll smash a finger with a hammer or cut a hand on the saw blade—and seem to love it. You'll further notice that they have become insensitive (almost) to the powerful odor of burning glue. They enjoy mixing bucketsful of it! You'll even notice that they have become habituated to its strong odor, and that they will clean up their tools and equipment with it. You'll hear them commenting on its wonderful drying properties, and box office work. He's been seen going through the theatre books seeking the names and addresses of possible theatre patrons, licking several hundred stamps to put on the circulars he had prepared. We can guarantee that it's no easy job to manage the business end of the Theatre.

Judy Bateman has charge of costumes, Marjorie Larwood of make-up, Peggy Collins of properties, and Gene (we just call him "Inky") Wilson of lighting. Director Edward A. Wright and Technical Director Bernard Bailey are the faculty members of the board; and Steve Minton and Byron Goodell represent Masquers and University Players.

So that's "What's coming off at the Opera House". It's a busy place, you'll see. But let me give you a final warning. If you walk in there and ask the question: "What play is Mosquitoes giving first", you will be severely chided for your ignorance. You will have been a victim of that popular misconception that the honoraries, Masquers, and University Players, produce the shows. You may even have labored under the illusion that the casts were picked from these groups. You will soon learn, if you have expressed these beliefs, that a definite requirement of hours' work is set up for entrance into University Players and Masquers. The only requirements made for membership in the D. U. Theatre, and participation therein, are the two qualities—interest and diligence. If you have these—come on down; you're always welcome.

TIBETAN RUG

(Continued from page 16)

"Oh cat my kittens!'' thought Toby to himself, his tail was stuck out on the rug. He had time to get off and materialize again afterMother opened the door. He kept still, though, until Mother lifted up the rug to take it outside and shook it. Then he got a little excited.

"Oh, Grandma, Grandma!" he shouted. They were all the words he could think of, he was so worried.

"For goodness sakes, be quiet," said Mother. "Grandma had a cold, she wanted to sleep upstairs."

"Oh, Grandma, oh Grandma," moaned Toby quietly. Then he became interested in what was happening. Mother had hold of the Tibetan rug by a corner, and he could see the wind blowing. It was cold and the wind was chilly and he was chilly, too. He could see the red and white colors of his rug as it was lifted. Whoosh—crash!—there it went, high into the sky. Up and up it went, sailing like a kite. He saw her waistband, mouthed, and Toby started to cry. He cried all that day.

"Grandma is probably trying to sleep upstairs."

"Oh Grandma, oh Grandma," moaned Toby. He didn't explain at all where she had been, or how she happened to be on the rug. He only knew that the rug was blown up and she had tried to find her way home, and ignored his tearful explanations.

"Oh, Grandma! Grandma!" shouted the children. They were all the words he could think of, he was so worried.

"For goodness sakes, be quiet," said Mother. "Grandma had a cold, she wanted to sleep upstairs."

"Oh, Grandma, oh Grandma," moaned Toby quietly. Then he became interested in what was happening. Mother had hold of the Tibetan rug by a corner, and he could see the wind blowing. It was cold and the wind was chilly and he was chilly, too. He could see the red and white colors of his rug as it was lifted. Whoosh—crash!—there it went, high into the sky. Up and up it went, sailing like a kite. He saw her waistband, mouthed, and Toby started to cry. He cried all that day.

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were you," the voice said, while two puffy hands ran over her tense body. "You're not going to get hurt, and there's no one to hear you around this place, anyway. All I want is a little thanks for the lift I gave you, and then I'll take you home, see?" The hands continued to paw. "And of course, your mother won't do anything about it. Everyone knows your mother. And your father? Well, I don't think he'll even know." His laugh was even more foul than his words. Inez tore one hand free and slapped him across the mouth.

"Oh, so you're a fighter, are you?" the voice cried. And the hands grew rough.

It was very late when the car stopped before the ordinary cream, frame house. A small, slender form slipped out and stumbled toward the door as the car drove on. There was no gaudy white sedan in the driveway, no light other than the lamp Inez had left. She breathed a sigh of relief that her mother was not home—that no one would know. She crawled into bed and lay sobbing for a long time. She was still awake when a car grated in the driveway and a painted, frizzed figure wearily climbed the back stairs. Inez always got her own breakfast and left for school long before Anna was up. But today Inez lay still, staring at the ceiling. When it was almost noon she bathed, dressed, and began getting lunch. The aroma of coffee and bacon reached Anna's bedroom. Stepping into her housecoat, she descended to the kitchen.

"Why, Inez, dear. What made you come home for lunch today? Is there no school this afternoon?"

"Yes. But not for me. I didn't go this morning."

"Oh, darling. What's wrong? Are you sick?"

"No. I've just decided I don't want to go to school any more." The girl examined her coffee cup minutely. "Not go to school any more! But we had decided. Don't you remember? After high school, a music school. Don't you remember how you were going to stand in Carnegie Hall some day—all dressed in white—and sing to me? You can't ever do that without high school first." Anna was trying to calm her own fears, but she grew suddenly frantic. There was determination in her daughter's face.

"I went to that dance last night," the young girl informed. "And I'm never going to step into that school again."

"Oh, the dance!! Well, then you are just tired. I guess any girl can take a holiday after dancing half the night. You just rest this afternoon." But Anna wasn't fooling anyone; that look was still on the girl's face.

"I'm never going to school again."

It was a stormy day inside the nice frame house on the hill. It was a stormy week, and a long month. And it was much longer than a month before two figures rode in the white car to the waterfront each night. That took a little time.

PRONOUNCED MEJICO

(Continued from page 11)