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The Story Behind the Copy

PORTFOLIO is late. There is no doubt or no denial. And we can’t exactly blame it on the paper shortage. Rather it was a combination of some sort of priority on material, and procrastination. At any rate, every available bit of usual material has been used and there remains another issue yet to be written which will have the editor down on his knees begging Allah for assistance. So along with your contribution to the Red Cross drop a few articles for the PORTFOLIO.

We picked up a little dash of color in the spring scene on page 3 to liven things up, and added illustrations by George Stearns, who very capably filled Jerry Athey’s shoes after the latter’s induction into the Army.

Wilhelm Moll further proves his versatility by coming through with a story, tragic but realistic, and Virginia Benson does some serious thinking about the war. Ed Wright, Denison’s director of dramatics also contributes an articles on the theatre.

Usually the poetry contributions alone would fill a volume, but perhaps we will have to wait till Spring settles down in earnest before there are any inspirations. At any rate the poetry is confined to one page, although Marilyn Koons leads off this issue with “America Is”, a cross section of personalities, and my old sidekick Maurice Tolan, who by now may be along the Irrawaddy River in Burma, left me “Hands At Midnight”, a poem based on the WLW radio program Moon-River, and which was at one time read on this program. The surrealism on the same page was conceived by Tolan and reproduced by Stearns.

From the way things look there will only be three issues of PORTFOLIO this year, a feat which has not happened since Jimmy Overhals edited the magazine some years ago. I repeat, however, that one does have to sleet material for the magazine, and when a bottleneck arises it is rather hard to overcome, unless the editor takes up his pen and fills the pages himself, which is probably legal grounds for homicide.

At any rate, we’re glad that the non-appearance of PORTFOLIO cause the comment that it did because it goes to disprove some thoughts that the students of Denison aren’t interested in student literature. It is too bad that the interest arose over the absence rather than its presence, however. With the money that was saved by the absence of one issue perhaps the next editor can afford to buy a few stories from budding young authors, or put in a four-color shot of Lana Turner. It’s an idea anyway.

The Editor
In any other year of our lives the picture on the next page would mean little to us, other than the fact that it is a scene in Nature—a rather beautiful scene that reminds us that Spring is here again.

But look, and think carefully! It's not to be pessimistic, but rather to be truly appreciative of the beauty that we still know. For Spring is universal in this hemisphere, and it is coming not just to Denison, but to ice-locked Norwegian ports, to tensely expectant trenches on the Russian front; from the wooded slopes of Licking's Hills to the shell-smashed jungle of the Bataan peninsula.

How much would the boys "over there" give just to be able to be in a peaceful setting such as we are in—just for a few moments to clear their heads of hammering and thunder of the artillery, the gunfire, and the whine of a bomb, with those awful, sweating seconds waiting for it to burst.

Let's live Spring at Denison to its fullest—but while we live it, let's be thankful.
WASHINGTON and Jefferson, Lincoln and Lee—empty hands
Uncle Sam.
Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus, Clark Gable, Mayor LaGuardia,
sure, but willed by the people;
Laws and by-laws, amendments and repeals—slow and unreaching toward liberty and justice for all;
and the reticulate highways below;
jury of peers;
Justice in marble—black-robed judges, pleading lawyers, the library;
ning and laughing;
The flow of life and wealth along the invisible air lanes above
and elevated;
Homes at dusk—lighted windows, terraced lawns, smoking chimneys;
Blocks of tailored brick houses, subsidized to chase squalor from the city;
Small-acre farmer with a leathery face, two calloused hands, a heart filled with pride in the corn and potatoes springing from his soil;
Middletown editor splashing out in printer's ink the convolutions of the world;
Women with perfume . . . dreams . . . babies;
Children—skipping rope, shooting marbles, flying kites, running and laughing;
The reluctant school boy with his ruler and pencils; the graduate scholar nestled midst books and pamphlets in the public library;
Justice in marble—black-robed judges, pleading lawyers, the jury of peers;
The flow of life and wealth along the invisible air lanes above and the reticulate highways below;
Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and Lee—empty hands reaching toward liberty and justice for all;
Laws and by-laws, amendments and repeals—slow and unsure, but willed by the people;
Mickey Mouse, Santa Claus, Clark Gable, Mayor LaGuardia, Uncle Sam.

It's a land,
It's a people,
It's an idea.

AMERICA IS

by
Marilynn Koons

"We the people of the United States"—white and black, Baptist and Catholic, Pennsylvanian and Texan;
Humanity in blue overalls—ham-roll sandwiches, black coffee, the five o'clock whistle, the hurry-scurry by subway and
and elevated;
Homes at dusk—lighted windows, terraced lawns, smoking chimneys;
Blocks of tailored brick houses, subsidized to chase squalor from the city;
Small-acre farmer with a leathery face, two calloused hands, a heart filled with pride in the corn and potatoes springing from his soil;
Middletown editor splashing out in printer's ink the convolutions of the world;
Women with perfume . . . dreams . . . babies;
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Nothing but the Best

by
J. G. RUCKER

An amusing story about a man who would take only the best that life had to offer him

JOE GLEASON was packing his trunk—silk socks, shirts of the finest pattern, expertly tailored suits, ties of superior quality (Nothing but the best). All these he put carefully into place.
Everything had to be just right—Joe was definitely not coming back.

Joe had finished his business the night before and now he was going to take a trip—a trip with a one-way ticket. You see, Joe had to leave England. He had to leave in order to use the jewels which he now slipped into the lining of a suit as he packed it carefully into his trunk. The gems represented careful planning on his part, and everything had worked out as he had planned.

Night after night he worked on the scheme, developing—slowly, cautiously. The risk was too great to attempt without careful study.

How often he had talked it over with Jerry, a fellow boarder. The trouble with Jerry was his honesty. Joe, too, had been told how wrong crime was, this being the only time; and after reaching America he would have a quiet peaceful life. All he needed was a chance, and this had come.

After establishing such a fine record in the jewelry house he would never be suspected until he was safely on his way. Five years Joe had worked in the department. He had received increases in salary—had even been promoted to assistant jeweler, but he never forgot the reason for his taking the position.
He had often been tempted to remain at the jewelry house and continue his normal existence. But Joe fought off the idea. Why should he spend the rest of his years working, while at the same time he might be taking life easy? The time to enjoy life is when one is young. With this in mind Joe had made up his mind to carry out his plan.

His wardrobe was bought piece by piece in order not to arouse suspicion. One day he knew he would get his chance. Nothing but the best for Joe Gleason.

The room was carefully inspected—to make certain that nothing was forgotten. Joe glanced at his watch. It was time for the boat-train; his cab was waiting in the street below. The housekeeper's husband helped him down with his luggage.

"The Missus says you're takin' a little trip. See trip, ain't it?"

When the old man closed the cab door, Joe shoved a five pound note into his hand. "Something to remember me by, Featherton. It's all right. Nothing but the best for Joe Gleason."

The cab took him to the station where he boarded the boat-train for Southampton. As he felt the train slowly move out of the station, bearing him farther away from London with every turn of its wheels the burden of worry that Joe had carried for the past 12 hours began to lighten.

Escape—freedom—safety. Never again would Joe return to England. He had planned it that way, there could be no returning now.

He glanced out the window; the coach slipped past the green countryside of the southern England that was basking in the warm April sunshine. He chatted with his fellow passengers—ladies with their long dresses sweeping the floor and their pink parasols resting beside them, men with their bowler hats, cuffsless pants and patent leather shoes.

They, he thought, had all worked for this journey and had come by it the hard way, while he in a single night had made a coup equal to most of theirs. It was as he had often told Jerry when they talked over his scheme. People work a lifetime to get a fortune and by that time they can't use it. It was going to be different with him. Joe had got his while he still could use it.

All were talking about the ocean voyage, most of them planning to return to England. But not Joe. Joe would never return.

Joe felt the rolling motion of the giant liner moving out into the deeper channel, and as he stood at the rail he watched the receding cliffs. Somehow, they seemed symbolic of Joe's past as they grew smaller and smaller in the distance. After all, he said to himself, "what matters one's past?" The future is of chief importance, and Joe's future was secure. Joe looked for the final time at the rocky coast to which he could never return.

He sauntered down to the bar and ordered a drink. Now he would enjoy life. Didn't he have one of the most luxurious staterooms on board ship? The liner was new—"better and finer than any boat on the seas," the captain had boasted. Joe chuckled. "Nothing but the best for Joe Gleason!" Why, he was on the finest ship in the service—The Titanic.
PRINGLE

By

JOHN WYMAN

Ponce de Leon searched for the Fountain of Youth and Pringle for "jwadevivere"

Mr. Pringle admitted that he was an inhibited man, but in his own quiet way he managed to get a big kick out of living. He was particularly fond of Nature, as men of his type usually are, and in one year of diligent college French he had founded his philosophy of life—"Joie de vivre." Until two weeks ago, Mr. Pringle was very satisfied with his life, but upon thinking of what he might be missing, he came to breakfast one morning and spoke to his wife:

"Madeline," (her real name was Mary, but Mr. Pringle had preferred Madeline for reasons he never divulged) "Madeline, I haven't 'vivered' enough in my life—one day I must go out and find some 'joie.'"

At first, Mary, or Madeline, had been very confused as to the meaning of this statement; and driven by her womanly instincts, she asked Elsa, the maid, if the phase 'joie de vivre' was by any chance Norwegian— or even Swedish. Elsa thought, personally, that it might be a magic sign, and in that case Mrs. Pringle ought to get a divorce from Mr. Pringle right away. Although she hated situations and usually let Mr. Pringle handle these sort of things, Mary immediately dismissed Elsa. Mary had great respect for Mr. Pringle and his education.

However, when Mr. Pringle had not come home for three days and three nights, Mary began to suspect the true meaning of her husband's philosophy, but like the long lists of history's faithful wives, she continued to keep the grate fire burning. She even puttered in Pringle's garden by the side of the house, pulling at the scattered wild mustard and pig weed that had sprung up over night. Only once did she feel like using the telephone, then she dialed the county morgue. No one answered. Somewhat comforted, Mary sat down to wait Mr. Pringle's return home.

At 3:30 that same afternoon, Mr. Pringle came in with the family doctor—or rather Dr. Blaugh came in with Mr. Pringle, for he was laid out on a stretcher supported by two large attendants. There was a very realistic dead look on Pringle's face.

"Oh," gasped Mary.
"He is not dead, Mrs. Pringle."
"Oh," said Mary, master of the situation.
"He has had a severe heart attack—I have administered a sedative."

"Where has he—" Mary felt a nasty situation rising. Dr. Blaugh's look cancelled the question.
"You see Mrs. Pringle—Mr. Pringle must have absolute quiet and is not to move or be moved after my treatment begins" Dr. Blaugh led the way into Pringle's bedroom. "We will be intravenously fed for one entire week. Of course, all this time he must be under—er-sedatives. In one week's time, Mr. Pringle, his heart will have caught up with the rest of his body."

Mary pondered over this fact. 'Was that good or bad?' It was one of those times when she wished that she had been born on her mother's side of the family, where the brains seemed to be hoarded.

"You must remember," cautioned Dr. Blaugh, "he is a very weak man in this condition—a mere vegetable in our hands which we must make flourish. A mere vegetable—a rather neat analogy, I might add."

Without customary warning, Mary thought of Pringle's carefree days in his own vegetable garden and how concerned he became when the smallest brown leaf or parasite plant appeared among the green foliage. 'Pringle had been almost too exacting with his plants,' thought Mary, 'and now he's being classed as a garden variety himself.'

"Sach is the price of 'jwadevivere'" she said gallantly.

"..."

For seven days Mr. Pringle rested in this state of botanical bliss and although he was unconscious of the fact that he was being nurtured, he heard things once in a while and quite often felt the presence of someone antiseptically clean leaning over his bed. This being appealed to Pringle even though it did have a tendency to be magnificently mysterious. Like a bad dream asking for something to be done, but never telling what...
STEAKING on a moment’s notice, handling interviewers, teaching classes, boosting college attendance in general and Denison in particular, signing autographs and being a steady conversationalist are but a few of the side lines for the Shakespearean Repertory Company. But all these were found to be in the day’s work during what most students call the between-semester vacation. Not to this company of 21 Denisonians who, after two most difficult performances the evening before, gathered shortly after 6 on a cold January morning, had their cup of coffee, and then scurried off in the three converted hearses.

Two hours later these somewhat odd conveyances came to a halt at what seemed to be just another central Ohio high school building. But new experiences awaited the company, some of whom had already said on previous occasions, “Now I’ve seen it all.”

While the technical crew made the stage ready for the 9:30 performance of “The Dream”, an interview with the local superintendent brought forth the real purpose of the engagement. He summed it all up in these words: “We’re glad to have you with us today, and are looking forward to seeing your performances of Shakespeare’s plays but if that were all you were bringing to us we wouldn’t be as interested. I want your players to mingle with, talk with, eat with, and live with our students. Any one in our school with an interest in drama and demonstration by Judy Bateman on “Stage Costuming—Greek and Elizabethan Styles” and an informal talk by Steve Minton on “The Present Theatre Season in New York.” This was followed by “Demonstrations on the Art of Stage Makeup” by Roberta Johnson, Marjorie Larwood and Steve Minton. Each of the three chose a high school pupil and made him up on the platform, explaining the process as it was done. The remainder of the morning was spent in various discussions with the audience divided into smaller groups, each being led by some member of the company.

Then came the lunch hour which, to many of the group, was only a myth, for even then the local superintendent brought forward the real purpose of the engagement. He summed it all up in these words: “We’re glad to have you with us today, and are looking forward to seeing your performances of Shakespeare’s plays but if that were all you were bringing to us we wouldn’t be as interested. I want your players to mingle with, talk with, eat with, and live with our students. Any one in our school with an interest in drama and demonstration by Judy Bateman on “Stage Costuming—Greek and Elizabethan Styles” and an informal talk by Steve Minton on “The Present Theatre Season in New York.” This was followed by “Demonstrations on the Art of Stage Makeup” by Roberta Johnson, Marjorie Larwood and Steve Minton. Each of the three chose a high school pupil and made him up on the platform, explaining the process as it was done. The remainder of the morning was spent in various discussions with the audience divided into smaller groups, each being led by some member of the company.

The program thoroughly spontaneous, began with a talk by Bernard Bailey on “Scenery—Its Construction and Purpose,” followed by a discussion and demonstration by Judy Bateman on “Stage Costuming—Greek and Elizabethan Styles.”

**All in a Day’s Work**

By **EDWARD A. WRIGHT**, Director of Drama

**Now Is the Time**

By **VIRGINIA BENSON**

**Women’s place used to be in the home, but this author has different ideas on that score**

Political science with a definite aim toward holding public office may be as worthy a profession to study in college as medicine or law. Why not? Supposedly public officers get respect; why then should it not be as respectable for a boy to begin his mature training with the fixed idea that these certain courses would be ones that would help him when he became state senator. We’re lifting the taboo off sex—why not take it off politics?

The war is giving women a firmer backbone too. They’re being gone at a terrific rate these past and present generations (because they had so far to go, I will admit), but the need for their services in a war-time society is going to be a great stimulus to their development. Just create the need—women will be found who can ably fill it. It’s astounding how many of the bridge-playing, Grille-hounding, lovable but unnecessary females are settling down to hard thinking these days.

What’s more the war’s doing things to our families, our communities. Dad enrolls in the volunteer service in a war-time society is going to be a great stimulus to their development. Just create the need—women will be found who can ably fill it. It’s astounding how many of the bridge-playing, Grille-hounding, lovable but unnecessary females are settling down to hard thinking these days.

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"To Denison we raise our fair college on the Hill"
throw the fascist government over. With guns, expecting to find many who would join their group. whom you were one of the bravest, wanted to
attitude. named Josephine, and Walter, a young journalist—a general without a commission, a young widow
among others. He was the great love of his life. Desire, passion, and a deep melancholy were in his gaze as
bent over your body with the open wound in your shoulders.
Josephine came into our circle. An aunt of hers had bought a villa near ours, so began friendship and love. Josephine stepped between us. Hardly 17 years of age, she came to us with her small step and soft movement. She could not ride or swim, she was afraid of the sea, and she cried for help whenever a big wave rolled towards the shore. But there stood Walter next to her and did not leave her side; his strong arms supported the timid, trembling, slim body of the girl.
She had always been his only love, but she never cared for him. Her blue eyes looked cool and sure under her long lashes. When she was just 18, she married a rich industrialist who was quite a bit older than she. He was killed one day in an automobile accident. For two years she had been a widow and Walter courted her with hopeless passion. Already they spoke of a rich American who was willing to give his fortune to her, and they said also that Josephine would not marry.
When I leaned forward, I could look at her lovely face. She supported her head with her hands as she listened to the theories of the general. She said, “Fascists or Monarchists, I can’t see the difference.” The general disagreed violently.
Her face seemed even paler in the dim light. She never used rouge, and painted only her lips. Her long lashes threw dark shades on her blue eyes. The long black hair laid loose on her shoulders.
One spoke about politics. It was dangerous, you had to be extremely careful in arguing on political subjects in a public place. The prisons were crowded with political prisoners. Often these conversations ended fatally and fights were started between friends. Many former socialists had changed their opinions and had adjusted themselves to the fascist regime. In this category was the lawyer who sat at our table. He argued about the newly established idea of the regulation of free speech. He led the conversation again and explained the new idea objectively and logically. Nobody could answer him, and we all listened silently.
The gypsies played the “Blue Danube,” and our glasses were filled with pure Tokay wine which had been recommended to us by the Hungarian maître d’hôtel. You thought you were far away from the city, in this quiet suburb under the big trees with the soft harmonious music. We were the only people in the restaurant as it was not well-known as yet. A strange noise at the entrance made us listen. In the doorway appeared seven or eight men who held their pistols directly toward us. “Quickly”, they cried, “waiter, we want to eat. We are unemployed and we are hungry.” We looked at the threatening guns and horrifying faces. The waiters ran to fetch wine, bread, and other food which one of the men put into two big bags while the others remained in their threatening positions. Suddenly, one of the men advanced to Josephine and tried to grasp her diamond bracelet. With one jump Walter stood next to her and removed, with a quick movement the pistol from the hand of the burglar, and put his arm around the girl. In the same moment, we heard a whistling which sounded like a warning. The men looked at each other, grabbed the bags and jumped over the wall which surrounded the garden. In marched the police. One of the musicians, as we heard later, had left the room undetected and had phoned the police. We came to ourselves slowly. The wife of the lawyer burst into hysterical laughter.
Josephine was near a breakdown, and I passed her some Cognac. Outside the horn of a car sounded. It was Josephine’s chauffeur who had come, as ordered, to take her home. She put her hand into Walter’s to bid him good-night.
“Thank you”, she said shortly. When his eyes tried to catch hers, he saw that she looked aside, confused and indifferent. She had never loved him.
Months have passed since this incident. Much has happened since then. Walter is dead. The playing of my happy childhood is gone with him.
I was sitting alone when the bell rang. Josephine came to me with her small steps and her swinging movement. She dropped her fur coat on the chair, and sat down next to me. The short handshake was followed by a long silence. She crossed her shapely legs and her fingers with their red-painted nails held a cigarette.
“Speak to me of Walter she said. I looked at her furtively. “Why?”, I asked, surprised.
Then she lifted her lips, the cool blue of her eyes darkened and a tear dropped on her hand.
“I miss him”, she said softly, and it was as if she spoke to herself. “I miss his great, unselfish love. I was always his, and I overlooked it unmindfully. Nobody shall love me so much—ever.”
ESCAPE
Standing in a meadow there
Face careworn by dawn’s dump air
With weary eyes I looked around
Where a patch of blue was found;
Embraced in folds of mist’s diffusion—
Violets grew in great profusion.
Gonfletting to the scene
Perverse hands touched blue and green.
Fingertips cooled by drops of dew
Tears falling on the mass of blue.
Escape from memories which I fought
The scent of earth and violets brought.
Marga Klammt

PARTING
A sidelong glance—a hurried word
A quick sharp hurt, and no amends.
And hearts are closed and no more stirred.
We parted forever who might have been friends.
Kind words left unspoken, kind deeds left undone.
Indescribable shyness that cuts so deep
A lost and hurt feeling when left out of fun.
A moment of pain, and it’s locked in to keep.
Who knows but in hidden years all this will pass.
The old nameless sorrows, the hurts and the fears
Will all disappear like some unwanted chaff.
When the past is forgotten through the mist of our tears.
Marga Klammt

FANCY'S FLIGHT
Is it that you have lain awake at nights
To view procession of celestial sights?
Then perhaps you too in mystic thrill have felt
When pondering, staring at Orion’s Belt,
Or any other sparkling eyes of night
That do your fancy fain thus delight.
When in the clutches of the spell you’re caught,
That insecure reality is naught.
You’re off in a rocket ship to distant Mars,
Or perhaps to Jupiter you fly through space,
When in the clutches of the spell you’re caught,
That insecure reality is naught.
Alice Rolph

APLOGIES TO KILMER
I think that I shall never see
A Girl whose eyes aren’t ever fixed
A girl who always keeps her date
And is on time and never late.
For Girls are made for fools like me
‘Cause who in the hell wants to kiss a tree.
Mary Vercoe.

BENSON—JUNIOR MISS
HERE's a book with a flavor all its own—a
spicy homey flavor. Its chief ingredient is a thir¬
ten-year old Miss called Judy Graves. Judy is a
naive, unspoiled, highly imaginative young per¬
son whose chief ambition is to grow up. The other
characters in Sally Benson’s Junior Miss are Lois
Graves, the sophisticated prim sixteen-year old sis¬
ter. Mrs. Graves, a mother versed in modern
trends. Mr. Graves, a pop with a Wallstreet back¬
ground, and, oh yes, Fuffy Adams, Judy’s best friend.
Natureliness is the outstanding quality of this
book. Its rich humor seems to come out of your
next door neighbor’s home. Miss Benson has an
uncanny knack of presenting everyday situations
with just that certain twist that makes chuckling
a foregone conclusion.
For instance, in the first story, appropriately
titled “Junior Miss,” Judy has been promised a
new coat with a fur collar and is valiently trying
with just that certain twist that makes chuckling
a foregone conclusion.
Terry, in the climax of the book came in “Acqui¬
erement.” Judy tries her hand at the stage
with so much bravado as the roaring drunk of the
show. Mother is frightened, but father almost so
What is sure must be copying him!
The book concludes with a selection called the
“Promrose Path,” This is Judy’s first date. She
envoileges the boy into taking her to the party by
promising him a rip-rowdy evening which would
include throwing water out the windows, tipping
chairs over backwards, and so forth. But when
her date arrives Judy soulfully floats down the
stairs fully bedecked with lipstick, nailpolish, and
cologne. He has entered the “adolescent” stage.
Mr. Graves is astounded. All he can say is, “Can
you beat it. She sold him down the river. She
washed his shirt. He sold him down the river.
She killed him. Henry Pulham, his hero, is a mem¬
ber of this class. So the character is finally
drawn. One feels he is an intimate combination
of all the author’s college friends. Henry is a
product of his environment. His mother strived
to give him all the things the little Vanderbilt
boysreceived and in the maze of dancing classes,
tennis lessons, and exclusive schools forgot
mother love, guidance, and understanding. So
Henry grew up to be a conforming society son.
Perhaps he’d never have wandered from his
prime rose way but the first World War came along
this and Bill King jarred him into realizing
that life was greater than a Boston afternoon
feet. He was a complete individualist, a realist,
a boy who grew up before his time. He had a
radical’s clear insight into school clubs, school
sentiments, school traditions—knew them for senti¬
mental junk. His bitterness, utter wordliness, is
sometimes exasperating but nevertheless, shock¬
ingly refreshing.
In complete contrast is Henry’s other school
friend, Bo-Jo Brown. There’s a Bo-Jo in every
college, even Denison. You all know the hale and
hearty politican athlete who blows about every¬
thing, heads all committees and always passes
out the work to his underlings. And unfor¬
tunately, every book is Bo-Jo (that’s a given
nickname from childhood) never gets over his
education. He is the eternal Joe College.
But getting back to the plot. Coming home from
the war, Henry meets Bill King and the lat¬
ter offers him a job—a job writing advertising
soap! There at his desk he sees Marvin
Anonymous

The Bookshelf

PORTFOLIO
APRIL. 1942

H. M. PULHAM, ESQUIRE

OH delicious social satire, thy muse is John P.
Marquand. Jane Austin did it for the nineteenth
century; now Mr. Marquand does it for the twen¬
tieth. For in his book H. M. Pulham, Esquire, he
takes us behind society’s screens and shows us
what makes the Four-hundred club exclusive.
Mr. Marquand graduated from the 1915 class
of Harvard. Henry Pulham, his hero, is a mem¬
ber of this class. So the character is finally
drawn. One feels he is an intimate combination
of all the author’s college friends. Henry is a
product of his environment. His mother strived
to give him all the things the little Vanderbilt
boys received and in the maze of dancing classes,
tennis lessons, and exclusive schools forgot
mother love, guidance, and understanding. So
Henry grew up to be a conforming society son.
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this and Bill King jarred him into realizing
that life was greater than a Boston afternoon
feet. He was a complete individualist, a realist,
a boy who grew up before his time. He had a
radical’s clear insight into school clubs, school
sentiments, school traditions—knew them for senti¬
mental junk. His bitterness, utter wordliness, is
sometimes exasperating but nevertheless, shock¬
ingly refreshing.
In complete contrast is Henry’s other school
friend, Bo-Jo Brown. There’s a Bo-Jo in every
college, even Denison. You all know the hale and
hearty politican athlete who blows about every¬
thing, heads all committees and always passes
out the work to his underlings. And unfor¬
tunately, every book is Bo-Jo (that’s a given
nickname from childhood) never gets over his
education. He is the eternal Joe College.
But getting back to the plot. Coming home from
the war, Henry meets Bill King and the lat¬
ter offers him a job—a job writing advertising
soap! There at his desk he sees Marvin
Anonymous

Please turn to page 19
To his comrades, Stubs was just another peddler, but they did not hear the song in his heart.

STUBS carried the bag of the jungle and let it go at that. They just accepted him as a member of their circle, and they were as clean as those of any other trade. Every Sunday afternoon he would die from his sun-scorched body, and he was not afraid that the others would take anything because they had a gentleman's agreement among themselves.

Dan showed a few watches and rings accumulated in his day's work. The others exhibited their spoils of glittering jewelry, stacks of bills, conversation drifting from one topic to the next.

Finally, the mist followed the path of a passing breeze, and up above, the street lights of heaven came on one by one.

"It's gonna be a good night to sleep," said Dan, yawning and stretching his arms.

"Let's turn in," replied Louie.

One by one they shook out their moth-eaten blankets and rolled themselves up near the fire, that is, all except Stubs. He waited until regular heavy breathing told him that they were asleep, and then he pushed his little platform toward a clump of dark trees about ten yards away. With trembling hands he withdrew a package wrapped in newspaper, which was hidden among the roots, and quietly tore off the wrapping disclosing a most interesting and unusual feature. It was Stubs, beggar by profession and on them, and they were as clean as those of the mechanized city.

As the smoke of the center fire mingled with the fog, now and then a log snapped, and a glare of sparks spurted into the darkness, illuminating the faces of those squatting on the ground. Lying above the others sat Dan, king of the petty thieves, with his puffed cheeks and tiny rat-like eyes. Next came Lanky Louie, a pick-pocket of long standing with an old mangey hound at his heels. His crooked nose was the result of a scrap with an officer-of-the-law who had accused Louie of lifting a man's wallet. That made Louie quite indignant; so he took a poke at the cop. Two small fat figures completed the circle. They were Hank and Slats the best safe-crackers that ever hit a stick of T.N.T.

On the fringe of the group, almost enveloped in the mysterious vapors huddled a short, dark figure. Sitting on his small wheeled platform which served as his legs, he was one of those seldom-noticed men who sell pencils or flowers on the corner sidewalk of some large city. He wore a faded blue shirt, a torn brown sweater, and a pair of dark and worn corduroy pants. A faded grey cap obscured his shiftless eyes and the lower part of his grizzled and weather-beaten face. His most interesting and unusual feature was his hands, long and slender, with not a scar or mark on them, and they were as clean as those of a doctor. This was Stubs, beggar by profession and the quietest person in the jungle.

Stubs never told anyone where he came from or how he had lost his legs. No one ever asked him. When he first joined the jungle, the others had speculated and guessed, but now it was just a discarded mystery. They never knew him to do anything dishonest, and he never missed a day away from his corner, no matter what the weather. Every very day afternoon he would disappear for a few hours, but no one ever asked or dared where he went. No, they didn't bother about Stubs. They just accepted him as a member of the jungle and let it go at that.
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Myle is a typical post-war girl. She has intellect, spirit, and ambition. Yet perhaps she wouldn't fit too well into our Denison atmosphere. I'm afraid she wears her sweetness a little too short and a little too thin. But Henry falls in love with her. It was inevitable. She was the first really alive woman he'd ever met.

Yet they came from diverging streams of life; an intellect, spirit, and ambition, yet perhaps not to maliciously tease—and then seduce him back. "Pringle," she called. "Are you there." There was no answer.

Mr. Pringle stumbled across the gravel drive. He stumbled into the bed of the dead patch and collapsed. After a minute lying there, his breath came back and the constant throbbing in his head began to diminish to a dull shimmer of pain.

Continued from page 6

the something was. At any rate, by the seventh day Mr. Pringle was certain Antiseptically Clean was outside his window and that it looked a lot like Dr. Blaugh. On Wednesday, the eighth day, Mr. Pringle opened one eye and found it looking out over his garden. He thought he smiled.

"How's our little vegetable, today," said a voice pleasantly.

"I'm fine," Mr. Pringle said weakly. The reflection of Dr. Blaugh on the window smiled down on him. Mr. Pringle felt suddenly very empty, but not from hunger. 'I don't think I'm anything any more,' he thought, 'I don't feel fine either—how peculiar. I feel like a vegetable.'

When Dr. Blaugh had left, Mary made an attempt to smooth her husband's pillow, feeding it the weary clumps into his old worn groove. The free life leaves him; he is worn down, and bullets in his soul—an aching homesickness that cross but once, for when Henry's mother dies, the son is called back home. And when in his reveal.

Mr. Pringle, seeing the feet hanging out the side of the bed, sat up slowly in order to scrutinize them better. He shook his head—it seemed Antiseptically Clean had nothing else to do but to work out his construction plan ahead of time.


On the road from the middle of October to the middle of March, the troupe fulfilled 40 engagements and played to over 20,000 students and adults. While on route to these various performances the troupe looked like a rolling advertisement for some funeral home, but the three hearses served the purpose, any rate.

Perhaps the most unique thing that has happened in the theatre this year or in years gone by is Jerry Cowles' original play entitled "It Shall Come to Pass." The original script, if it could be published alongside of the finished play, would look like shock troops of chickens had squired across the pages. Typical of work that goes into any production, the cast showed up one night for rehearsal and found that the ends of acts 1 and 2 had been entirely changed. Even action, or "business" as it is termed, had been revised.

"Such revamping of the script is exactly what every writer must do before his play is ready to go for a trial run on the road. The plays that generally come to the Opera House are already the finished product, and thus very little of the worries and headaches that accompany the birth of a script find themselves in the college theatre. It is a tiresome, exacting, difficult task that requires the utmost in patience and perseverance.

"Add to these troubles, was the inavailability of the Opera House for a performance. The very nature of the play demanded the electrical set-up found there.

"Finally, the date was set for March 31, and the performance went off as scheduled. Judging from the curtain calls and the manner in which the audience received the somewhat "different" type of play, Jerry's play-play made a four-star hit look like a farce. After the performance, Mr. Ward, Mr. King, and Miss Shannon took part in discussing "what was wrong with it."

So while the rest of the world goes on fighting and conserving we will spend our time preparing performances for your pleasure.

THEMES! An old saying in the theatre regardless of any calamity, "the show must go on." While the rest of the campus is busy doing red cross work, first aid courses, 4 hours of "concentrated" Japanese, 8 o'clock math courses, and courses in navigation, the theatre group is continuing their work truly believing that in a world torn with distraction the human being needs an escape, entertainment, in short plays to conform to a stratified society needs an escape, entertainment, in short plays to conform to a stratified society.

Maxwell Anderson's "Winterset" took the prize, however, with its scenery. Everyone agreed that the setting, especially the street scene, was the best that the Opera House has seen in many years. All credit for the success of the technical end of that production should go to Bernard Bailey and George Stearns who designed the back drop and the bridge abutments. The "bridge" was the first part constructed. The week after the set for "I Killed the Count" was torn down, Bernard Bailey and his crew of back stage hands started to work on 14-foot abutment. All work on the interior set had to be done on paper before a hammer was even dropped. The screen caused the difficulty. Seeing that all carpentry had to be done while the screen was in position, Bailey had nothing else to do but to work out his construction plan ahead of time.


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So while the rest of the world goes on fighting and conserving we will spend our time preparing performances for your pleasure.

Street Scene — "Winterset"

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Mr. Pringle stumbled across the gravel drive. He stumbled into the bed of the dead patch and collapsed. After a minute lying there, his breath came back and the constant throbbing in his head began to diminish to a dull shimmer of pain. A lone, wild onion plant lay crushed underneath the quilt—just two knobby bumps where his knees were and another pair of lumps where his feet pointed upwards. Mr. Pringle at this moment felt an urge to move his feet, and Mary watched, fascinated by the two ridges moving towards her. As a matter of course, Mr. Pringle's feet emerged from under the covers and Mary opened her eyes. She was glad that the bed was still warm.

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HOW TO KNIT A SWEATER, OR, EIGHTEEN HOLES

One day I went into a knitting ship and said to the lady, "I wan'na knit." She shoved a ball of yarn and four needles in my hand, handed me a long list of instructions and said, "Go to it." I went to it and it was the best movie I've ever seen. I always like Clark Gable. Speaking of Gable, I have a brother who has enormous ears. He has just an awful time wearing hats. Aren't the women's hats foul this year? All silly little feathers and birds perched in trees. Trees is a poem of verdent splendor and a symbol of how truly beautiful life can be for those who wait, if they wait long enough. There is nothing I hate more than boys who are always late. I wait and wait and chew off my lipstick and wait and wait. Wait a minute, isn't your face familiar? Fresh thing! To get back to people again, have you met Virginia Hamm? She's from Grosse Pointe. Oh, lost my pen point, and also the point of this story. Anyway, to get back, bright red lipstick is far more fascinating than anything. "Anything Goes" was the name of a New York play a few years ago, but the actors I don't seem to recall. Recall is a form of detention in my brother's school. My brother has big ears. They look like Clark Gable's. Gosh he's wonderful in the movies. Saw a movie the other day and he was wonderful, just wonderful in it. Reminds me, the nicest lady in a knitting shop told me to go to it and I did.

Sweaters can be made by following the directions carefully. Let this be your motto, ladies, when you knit, "Remember Pearl Harder!"

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