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Portfolio Vol. I N 3

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PORTFOLIO

LITERARY MAGAZINE OF DENISON UNIVERSITY



VOLUME 1, NUMBER 3

MAY, 1938

FOUR ISSUES IN THE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR

PORTFOLIO

Published by and for All Persons Interested in the Literary
Activity of Denison University

Volume I, Number 3

May, 1938

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PORTFOLIO

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The Literary Magazine of Denison University

Volume I, Number 3

May, 1938

Portfolio Goes To Press

"The process of producing a magazine is an interesting one."

by HARRY J. SWEITZER

Amid the clamor and bustle of the composing room and the distant roar of the press room, Portfolio is being "put to bed". In other words our literary magazine is going to press.

The process of producing a magazine is an interesting one. Paper and type faces must be selected, and material must be gathered, read critically and accepted or rejected. The copy must be fitted tentatively into a rough draft. The copy is studied and a list of drawings is made and assigned.

The copy is sent to the printers and the drawings and pictures to the engravers, which brings us up to date. The printer's copy is proof read and fitted, along with the cuts of the pictures, into a fairly accurate "dummy" or copy of the magazine with places and space limits drawn up for all the material. Heads are written for the articles and proofed; then the head type and body type are locked into the forms and the magazine is off. After printing, it is cut into sheets, folded and bound. A quick trip to Granville and distribution by the business staff. By Friday, we hope. Then the process begins again.

In this issue we find a good short story by our former editor, James Overhuls, *Out of Himself*. Barbara Cronberger's story, *And the Years Go On*, was cut quite a bit to fit the page so if you don't like it, blame us. For comedy relief, read *The Saint in the Silo*, by George Baker, Denison '38; or Robert Shaw's story, *A Date for the Dance*. Bob is now at Harvard having graduated at semesters.

We like Norman Nadel's fantasy—*I Died Last*

Night, a bit sacrilegious but amusing. Charles Vincent's story is an account of an actual experience which occurred while he was a National Guardsman. Eugene Vodev also witnessed the occurrence which he describes.

We feel fortunate in the poetry of this edition with Pewilla Dick, Adela Beckham and Doris Flory returning again to our pages. Three newcomers, Stanley Hanna, Annie MacNeill and Don Bethune contribute much to the tone of the publication. Departments are handled capably by Norman Nadel, John Stewart, Dike Dwelly, Helen Clements, and Virginia Beck. We are indebted to Miss Bonnett and Mess'rs Whitehead and Mitchell for the line drawings. Credit lines are given for other illustrations.

We are hoping that the flow of usable material will continue and increase. This is the last issue this school year, but one is due out early next fall. Summer writing will help a great deal toward making it a good issue.

Short stories are always welcome as is poetry. Personal experiences, vacation or travel make good copy. However we don't get enough humor or satire, while interesting appraisals of the contemporary scene are entirely lacking.

It is hoped that Portfolio may come to be strongly representative of Denison both in a literary way and as a force in its life. Perhaps Portfolio in the future, with the aid of the student body, may become an organ for the expression of desirable and worthwhile changes and reforms in the present school life and administration.



William Howard Doane Library

Photo by Phil Browne

MAY, 1938

3

Out Of Himself

"H. J. was tired of it; he wanted a rest."

by JAMES OVERHULS

Tall and thin are the buildings of lower Manhattan, grey, stone towers checkered with glass. Crooked streets at which gargoyles stare, trying to pierce the dull shade. And hidden away near the top of one of these stone giants were the offices of JORDAN, HACKETT & MAILEY—SHOES—INC. with the smaller office of H. Jones Jordan, President.

The offices were spacious enough. Yards, it seemed, of asparagus green carpet stretched nicely between six typewriter desks and their attached stenographers in the large main office, back and forth, back and forth, to branch stealthily under the doors of Jordan, Hackett, and Mailey which stood around in a methodic square. The main strip led silently beneath the door of frosted glass and ended before the large mahogany fort of Hiram Jones Jordan. Hiram had been his father's name, but it had gone out of style long ago and had become now, plain "H." He had several other names: young, competent Mailey called him "Jones" as did most of his other business equals. In his youth this had been shortened to "Jo." Lucy still called him that in private, though at other times he was more formally "my husband." Once he had heard a whisper as he passed through the office of "the old man", but he promptly forgot about it. It was now a fact that "old H. J." was a name that was tossed out between gum-chewing jaws with comparatively little precaution.

H. J. Jordan was not a tall man, though he stood a good four inches above Lucy. And he was not a broad man, though piles of books and papers on his desk made this hard to ascertain. There were two things certain about him. He had quite gray eyes, and hair that was entirely gray. Sixty years showed plainly in "Jones'" tired face. Corners below his mouth were going to become as noticeable in the next few years as the lines which now ridged the sides of his forehead. But he was still plodding for all of that. H. J. Jordan had built up a great business. Jordan, Hackett & Mailey were well known in the shoe world. They had stores in every state, and seven factories. Yet H. J. was not a millionaire. J. H. & M., it is recalled, was incorporated and H. J. owned only a bare 51%. But he ran it, though it was beginning to tell.

Sick headaches came on more frequently now. They required a bottle of a white powder and a spoon to be kept ever-present in the top right

hand drawer of a nearby wall cabinet. They required care when he went out to eat a business man's lunch at noon time. "Jo," Lucy always said, "be careful this noon." And he knew what she meant. Day after day H. J. walked certainly into the office at nine and left it again just as certainly at four. But it was beginning to tell. Forty years in one business was a long time.

And H. J. ran the business well. Young Mailey kept the factories going. He seldom found time to sit at his desk in the home office. And pudgy, bald-headed, dull-moving Hackett held up his end of the firm too. He was in and out of Jones' office ten times a day with his pleading, questioning look seeking for advice on some affair. "Just as I had decided," he ended every conversation as he turned to shut the door behind him. Nevertheless, stogey Hackett owned a good bit of the stock; he came next to Jordan. Then came Mailey and several others. But H. J. ran the business.

Frankly, H. J. was tired of it; he wanted a rest. Rest. It had been five years since he had had a vacation, and it had been another five years since the one before that. Always something coming up; a new store to open in Ohio; one year that strike at the factory. No one knew the business like H. J. No one could take care of it as he could; he had it at his finger tips. No wonder there was no rest! Last year Lucy had packed off without him to Chicago to see their son, another "Jo", and Frances, his young wife, and their wonderful child. Just think, Jo had only seen his granddaughter once. His granddaughter! Jo had always wanted a daughter of his own. Just one son hadn't been enough. But somehow there never seemed time. That's what Jo had always lacked—time.

It was a hot summer day in late August, 1929. Men hurried by in the busy Wall Street around the corner. Newsboys shouted hoarsely as they walked the sultry pavements. It was hot; it was muggy, oppressive. And high up in H. Jones Jordan's office it was hot and muggy too. The large ventilator window let in useless heat waves mingled with the stench of fresh tar applied on some roof far below. Faint cries came up forty-three stories from the street. H. J. Jordan sat surrounded by work.

Since nine a. m. he had been studying. Reports, graphs, figures, plans, words, all blurred at him as he wrote, arranged, figured, and talked to himself. He must be ready for the board meeting at 3

o'clock. For the fourth time, Miss Wright, plain-faced secretary, marched in to remind him. "Board meeting at 3, Mr. Jordan," and she was out again. The "ratta-tat-tat" of six discordant typewriters came to him again and again as his door shut after her. His office phone jingled. ". . . Broker," came the voice from the switch-board outside. The market, the market, the market. J. H. & M. SHOES, Inc., was on the market of course. If Jo hadn't asked for that last loan for his real estate business in Chicago . . .

His face clouded as he bent lower over the desk. Earnings 1927, earnings 1928, earnings first quarter 1929, tax returns . . . was the Tulsa store worth while? . . . could Cleveland stand another store? . . . he crossed to the water cooler for the hundredth time; the water was tepid. As he wandered back slowly he gave a short smile to Lucy in a plain gold frame on his desk. His tired eyes wandered outside the dull window. Smoke curled through slanting light beams. The summer morning haze hung over the sky like a gray woolen blanket holding in the heat.

A little after one he was back at his post again. Dizzy spells were more frequent today. The white powder in the round bottle became a little mound at the bottom of the glass. What had he eaten? Pork! "Pork, the worst thing on a summer day," he could hear Lucy say. Well, what of it? Was he to be denied food too, as well as time and rest? For the past two nights he had tossed and turned. Dizziness, wild beating of the heart, and it had passed. These spells worried him. Yet nothing worried him as SHOES, Inc., did, as getting these reports ready for the directors, as the market. Strange quirks in the market, he thought he had noticed. It was August, 1929.

Again he walked to the water tank, and hurried back to his desk. It was always hurry, hurry, hurry till 3 o'clock. He had removed his coat now, an unheard of thing, and was working in his shirt-sleeves. His soft-starched collar topping the striped blue shirt, was all wilted now. Anxiously again and again he bent to the figures. He became an old man by what he saw. The work and the heat were pressing on his mind like a weight.

All of a sudden he felt a breath of fresh air. It seemed to come from within him; it lifted his mind vaguely away from the black figures before him. For a second a strange void feeling tore from his stomach to his throat, and went back

again. He had seen an item: Jersey factory . . . fire escapes . . . he was struck with the thought: If he could only escape from this burden. If he only could. If he could break away from these figures, this heat, this endless work. If he could get away. If he could get out of himself! Only for an instant, and his blurred mind was back at the desk before him.

Red graphs, black graphs, red graphs, figures, figures, figures, columns and columns of figures—reports—the letters blurred before his eyes. It had never been quite so bad before. Perhaps he needed glasses. Well, he wouldn't wear them! Hackett wore them sometimes when he was trying to be important. He wouldn't wear them! His head was buzzing strangely, someone's telephone was jin-

gling in his ear. Here was a beautiful modern office in a twentieth century skyscraper, far from the noise of the street, yet they allowed that whir of the elevator to go on all day. Heu-u-u-u—it grew louder and louder piercing his consciousness. Figures hardened in his mind; they refused to work for him; columns were going sideways; graphs shot down strangely. If he only had more time. The room was growing dim; the walls were tumbling back. If he had time. Time and rest. Rest. Time and rest. Time and rest. Time and rest. They ticked-tocked in his mind. Here was another dizzy spell. He tried to raise his head, there was an odd lump at the nape of his neck. A glass of water. The water cooler was so far away—over miles and miles of green carpet. His breath was coming in shorter, more labored, gasps. Perhaps he was fainting. Someone was pounding him on the back of the neck, forcing his head lower and lower toward the desk. He laid it there with a little sigh.

* * * *

H. Jones Jordan found himself in the street below. He was carrying his coat over his shoulder, no hat. H. J. Jordan with his coat over his shoulder! No one noticed. He was going down into the subway. He walked straightway through groups of men and women toward the station platform. Of course no one noticed. Past dirty benches, past broken vending machines, past grimy mirrors, past piles of papers, blown about by the hot ventilator fans, through the turnstile toward the station platform. He bought an apple from a machine. A train came roaring through the dark passages. He crowded on in the fifth



car from the front. It was hot and sticky.

It was crowded, and he had to stand up. H. J. Jordan with his coat over his shoulder, hanging onto a strap in a crowded subway train, and eating an apple. A big, bushy Russian, little darting Jews, and now and then a fat Italian woman jostled him almost as if they couldn't see him. One got up from the seat in front of him, knocking the apple from his hand. There was the juicy core lying on the seat. Another woman with a little child was about to sit down. "Madam," he began, "my apple—" She looked straight before her. Perhaps she was deaf. She sat down. He laid his hand on her shoulder; she made a little brushing movement with her hand, mumbled something about the flies, and turned to brush the yellow hair out of the child's face.

It was hot, and the smell of the air mingled with the taint of oil from the engines and the third rail was all that came in through the barred windows. Jordan jerked and swayed with the train. Person after person streamed by, all going somewhere. He was going somewhere too, though he didn't stop for the moment to think where. That apparently had been all settled. He looked searchingly into every pair of eyes that hurried past him, blue eyes, brown eyes, green eyes, grey eyes, and black eyes; all had for him a vacant stare. Stare. Suddenly a thought chilled him. Might it be . . . could it be? Quickly he thrust his hand upon the newspaper right before his eyes, of a fat man. The man gave no notice. The hand was invisible. No wonder people didn't notice him; they couldn't see him! The thought struck him queerly. First he shuddered; then he smiled. A low, funny chuckle played about his throat. It was funny, that's all it was; funny. Oddly, it didn't bother him anymore.

Up on the elevated track through Brooklyn, and past tenements and crowded second stories, through Flatbush to the end of the line he went. Here he took a street car, and rattled northward on Long Island. At a little crossroads he got off. There was nothing in sight but the tumble-down shed of the traction company and yellowing fields. To the left was a dusty macadam road which he followed.

People whirling by might have seen a dusty, middle-aged man walking aimlessly along by the side of the road. That is, if he could have been seen. The bloodless August sun beat down upon

his bare head without mercy, and he wiped the beads of perspiration away from his forehead with his handkerchief. He had lost his tie, and his shirt stood open at the throat. But he still carried his coat. Now he spied a rocky green pasture at his side; laboriously he climbed the fence, and in a minute was in the center of it, beneath a tree.

He jumped, he ran, he chased butterflies; he devilishly threw sticks at a cow nearby and shouted as she looked vacantly around for her tormentor. He sang, he whistled, he cut himself a willow whistle with the knife he had always sentimentally carried. He astounded himself that he could make nearly as perfect a whistle as he had made when a boy. He made such a nuisance of himself; it was lucky he couldn't be seen. Dignified sixty year old business men don't cavort in pastures on hot summer afternoons like crazy people. Methodic Hiram Jones Jordan would never have done it.

He saw a toad, and jumped up to chase it, lunging wildly after it. He would have caught it too, but he fell and cut his lip on a jagged stone. He lay there panting and gasping and laughing softly to himself. Then all at once it came to him that he was—free. He pondered on it a moment. Free! Yes, yes, quite free; but from what? It occurred to him that he had escaped,

had escaped some awful horror, something that had been closing in on him, cutting off his breath, weighing him down. But what? Yet here he was: Free.

It was not until he had been walking down the road again a mile or so farther on that he suddenly came upon a little sign tacked to a fence post. It read "Jordan, Hackett, & Mailey—SHOES—Inc." "That's me", he said subconsciously, and then it struck him. "SHOES, Inc.", that's where he

was supposed to be. But where was he now? Where was his desk? It was hot; where was the water cooler? Was he really free? Oh, but there wasn't any escaping SHOES, Inc. He knew that. He had been a prisoner there for forty years. It couldn't be true. No, this wasn't Jones Jordan; this wasn't he. For him there was a directors' meeting that afternoon. He was there now, wearily explaining why SHOES, Inc. had taken a drop in sales, explaining why SHOES, Inc. couldn't pay that extra dividend.

(Continued on page 23)



Portfolio with Denison's Poet Laureate Pays Tribute to
Dr. and Mrs. Shaw at the End of Their Tenth Year at Denison.

TO PRESIDENT AND MRS. SHAW

Ten years have passed—ten lyric Aprils and
Ten flowering Mays, since first you came among us.
Ten golden, red Octobers have come and gone
Since that high day when scholars, gowned and great,
Colleagues and friends and buoyant eager youth
Gathered in proud array upon this Hill,
To honor you as leader, guide, and friend.
Ten years since then—ten fruitful, happy years!
And every April since has brought its song,
With bluebird's beauty flashing from the firs;
And May has kept her flowery festival—
Crowds of pink petals and cool lilac blooms,
And sprays of blossoms whitening wood and hill.
Each year September's green has burned to gold,
The gold to brown—and then, December snow.
And you, each year, have plowed and sowed and tended,
Patient and tireless. By work and work and prayer,
By faith—in spite of hindrance bravely borne—
Winning the rich, full vastness of your sowing.
Long may you both together nobly strive
For ideals reaching to the distant years;
And if, some future day, your faith should falter
In your high "work of fine intelligence,"
Far off you may hear trumpets up and down,
Sounding the paean of your bright renown.

—Annie Marie MacNeill.

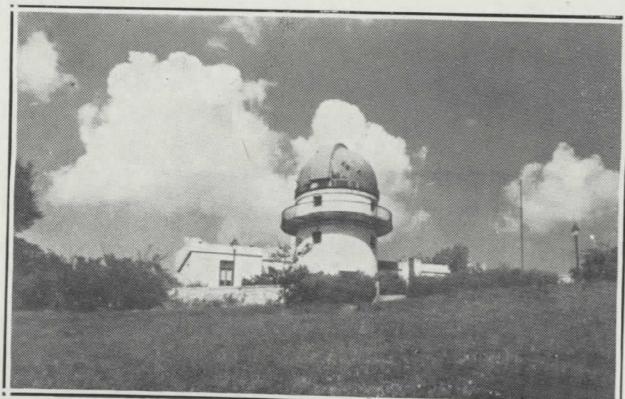


Photo by Richard Paxton

Saint In A Silo

"Things was a dern sight easier when yer gran'pappy was Napoleon."

by GEORGE BAKER, '38

When we first approached Gran'pappy a full ten years ago about going out "for a ride with us" it wasn't nearly so convincing as we wanted it to be, and to this day I think he knew all the time that we had the State Hospital in mind as our destination.

To tell the truth about the whole thing, Gran'pappy, who was forever the center of attention in the little township of Gill, was just a little more than "taiched in the haid". We first discovered him (that is, we of the younger generation) one morning during the threshing season when he was found sitting on top of the threshing machine directing the long blower which threw the chaff and straw onto the straw-pile over vast expanses of space, around and around, in the act of what he believed to be putting out the fires of hell but which the casual observer would describe as covering the strawberry crop. With his hat on backwards and a red bandana tied not around his head but rather encircling his waist, he held sway for nearly a quarter of an hour, directing tenants right and left to stamp out the blazes which sooner or later would most certainly devour them. But they were more inclined to roll through the blazes, doubled with laughter, as the fires grew worse. The climax came when the chaff began to fall into the stew which the women folk were making a full two hundred yards away, and with that Aunt Tessie brought him down with a well-thrown kettle, and he was beaten to sensibility with a wooden ladle.

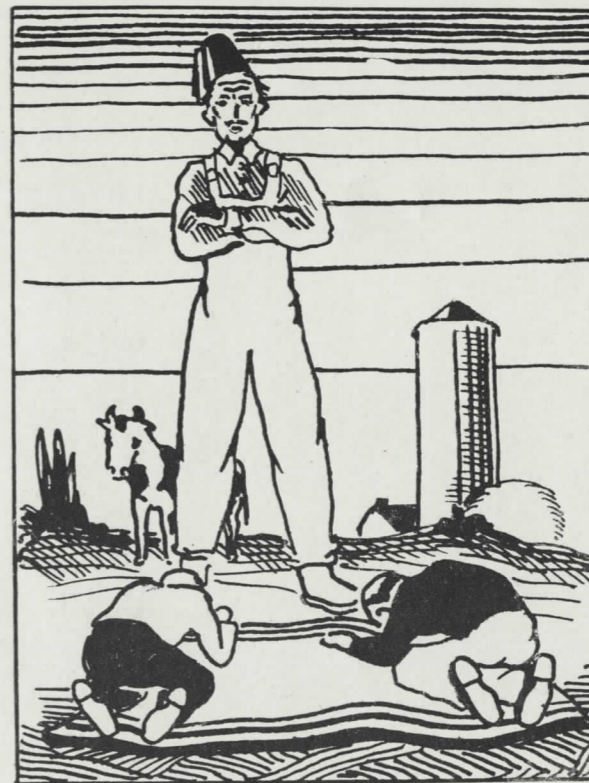
A few weeks later a book salesman stopped through on his way to Boston, where he was to employ the meagre profits of his sales in attaining an education. Aunt Tessie therefore decided that she might help the fellow should she buy a few of his less expensive volumes, and without wasting further time or thought she decided that

Gran'pappy's mind, such as it was, should be taken up with these fine books. Then came the French Revolution. There he was, whittling by the silo as the imaginary heads "kerplunked" into the basket. Every hour or so the basket would need to be emptied, and when darkness came Aunt Tessie would dispatch us to fetch the whittlings for the kitchen stove. So far there was no material wasted.

Aunt Tessie was a field marshal in charge of the mortar division, which consisted of the three churns we kept in the summer kitchen. I led the infantry, whereas Brother Dick was a spy. The general himself had the whole situation well in hand, and in the other hand, which was concealed beneath his coat in true Napoleonic fashion just as the encyclopediae pictures showed, we well believed him to hold a pint of corn whiskey. Then came the decisive battle of the war! On the north shore of the rocky ravine was assembled all the livestock. The hour for the charge had come, and upon the order from the general my brother and I forcefully executed "the Charge of the Light Brigade" . . . and into the valley of death rode the livestock! The results were that we shot one horse because of the pain he suffered from a broken leg and three more had to be re-shod. For a month

we had no eggs from the chickens and one couldn't blame the cows for holding back on the milk.

The next week I left for the city to take a small paying job in a fish market. Since then I have returned but once, and that visit will live forever in my memory. At four o'clock in the afternoon the progenitor of our family donned a fez, climbed to his position in the top of the silo, and called his masses to prayer; as Aunt Tessie and I knelt on the rugs which we had dragged from the parlor she whispered slyly in my ear: "Things was a dern sight easier when yer gran'pappy was Napoleon."



Presenting Adela Beckham In Moods

Poignant

This morning I
Saw a red bird fly
Out of the wind
That swept the sky.

Out of the snow
And the icy blow
Like the lyric words
Of a song I know.

At midnight I
Heard a bird voice cry
Out of the wind
That swept the sky.

The snow was red
Where the bird was dead,
And, oh my heart,
The song had fled.

Nostalgic

Somewhere now
The mignonette
Blows in the spring wind
Sweet and wet
In Garethy Street.

Somewhere a girl
In a scarlet coat
Watches the trees
With a laugh in her throat
In Garethy Street.

Walks the red bricks
With April feet,
Where the wind is song
And the song is fleet
In Garethy Street.

Bohemian

She sat on a stool,
Brush dripping black,
Hands on her hips,
Head thrown back.

His hands were strong,
And his face was set,
Then his mind went wrong,
And her breast grew wet.

They burned the stool,
The brush dripped red.
They folded her hands,
Covered her head.

He said he did it as a whim.
Did it because she laughed at him.

Whimsical

Let's take off our hats
To Denison's frats,
Those folks who live on the hills.
Where the boys are all brothers
Though they have different mothers,
And they send different fathers the bills.

That girl doesn't rate
Who can't get a date
With a "Lamb" or a "Fee Gee" or such.
If the guy's got a pin
And a house full of kin,
Who cares if you have to go "Dutch?"

He may not have a line
Or know how to "shine."
His face may be all a mistake,
But she doesn't care
If he gets in her hair
If he has a pin she can take.

And if she should catch
The man for a match,
And show me the girl
Who won't try.
It may be a shame
But she'll know who's to blame
If he calls the twins Kappa and Chi.

Incident of August 7, 1930

"They weren't firing blanks, those were real bullets."

by CHARLES VINCENT

A frightened moon clung to the heavy silver-edged clouds giving momentary brilliancy to the earth below and then disappeared. There was a hush in the air and a chilling dampness that seemed to have assembled from nowhere to hover over the rough uneven terrain. The only vestige of growth other than the parched stubble underfoot was the black outline of a convulsed tree, long dead, just in front of us and slightly to the left. Our hobnailed boots crunched along in the swing of tired bodies; the heat of the day had been terrible and the work tedious and long.

Behind us the lights of the infantry brigade had faded in the dark and the noises of a camp had died away. Ahead of us the green light of the medics showed the location of our own regiment, where awaited our cots and welcome sleep. Neither of us said a word, both munching on hazy thoughts.

By this time we were abreast of the old tree and I halted to light a cigarette. McMahan stopped a few paces farther on to wait for me. I fumbled in my pockets for several minutes before I found a solitary match and then in attempting to strike it, I dropped it. Cursing at my clumsiness, I stooped to feel the ground for it.

McMahan, impatient, came striding back to see what was wrong. He didn't have a match either and so he knelt to join my search.

A metallic clank from the direction of the tree caused me to raise my eyes just as a series of flames burst out with the tuc-a-tuc-a-tuc explosions of a machine-gun, directed at the spot where we had stood a moment before.

"What the hell," spilled out of McMahan's mouth almost with the first burst, and the firing ceased.

"Just some infantry out on night maneuvers," I whispered.

"Yeah, but even the wads in those lousy blanks can hurt. We're too close for comfort." And

with that since they had evidently seen us when they stopped their firing, we started to skirt cautiously around them.

We picked our way several yards and then tuc-a-tuc-a-tuc this time right at us. We flopped. "Watch out with that toy," I shouted, "You're going to hurt somebody."

Again the firing ceased and we started to crawl out of their line of fire. We succeeded in reaching a natural hollow about a foot and a half deep when they opened up a third time.

"If this is their idea of a joke I surer'n hell don't get." McMahan looked at me.

Tsing — tsing — and a fine shower of dirt whipped over us. That would be ricochets. My God, they weren't firing blanks. Those were real BULLETS!

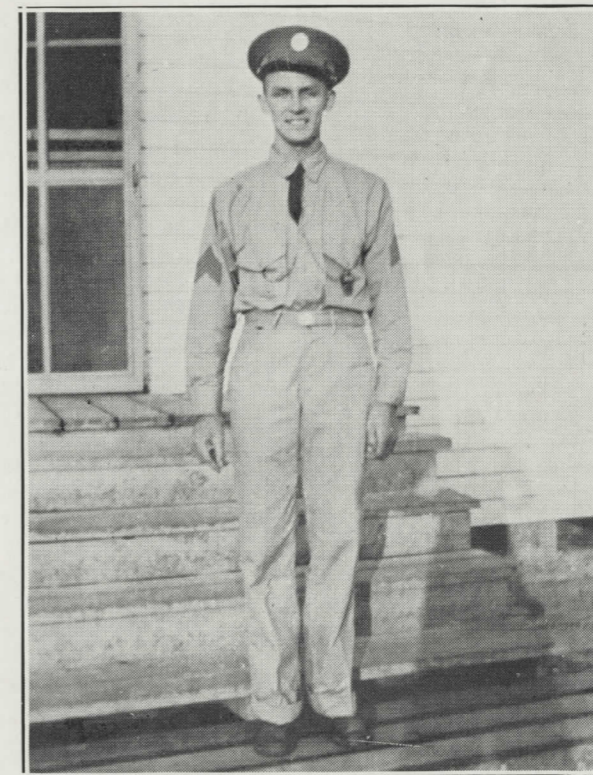
McMahan's face blanched a white that shone in the dark as the realization crept into him. Perspiration streamed off my forehead and got in my eyes. My back and legs were wet.

A wave of anger fused through me and I wanted to rush at our assailants yelling so loudly that they would stop and I could reach them. Then a swelling sensation of fear rose in my stomach and I felt powerless to move.

The machine-gun swept back and forth over us, at times high in the air, at other times churning up the ground around us. We lay there clutching the earth with our bodies, squirming when the shots were close, breathing heavily when they were farther away. It seemed an eternity, with an awful end possible at any one three-hundredth of a minute, while those bullets hammered away, stopping only intermittently for reloading.

The small hump of ground that protected us was being blasted away until that searching stream of steel jacketed lead felt like a cold wind over our backs.

Suddenly a shaft of stupefying light lit up the



scene, and the firing stopped abruptly. I looked up in time to see three men disappearing behind the tree, and then around at the source of the light. It was an armored car bearing down on us at full speed from our camp. I jumped to my feet, spit the dirt out of my mouth, and dashed up to the tree, followed by McMahon. A Browning automatic, several tins of ammunition, and a profusion of empty shells lay at its base. Our assailants had disappeared into the night.

The car rolled up, slowing only enough to see if we were all right, and then went on in search of the three. McMahon picked up the rifle and we started on toward the encampment of our regiment. I was shaking all over and felt so weak I wanted to sit down and rest, but the urge to reach the safety of our lines was stronger.

The guard heard us coming and came out to pick us up. We were hustled off to the guard tent and there Colonel McTammeney confronted us.

"Private Vincent, sir, Battery B."

Three Poems

by

Doris Flory

Opinions

He looked at me with lofty air
And said with great disdain,
"Know ye, young lass, that women fair
Are flighty, coy and vain."

"They never have a single thought
On problems of the day.
They never do the things they ought.
And must have matters their way."

I listened to this long discourse,
Then said, demurely, too,
"You never stopped to think, of course,
What women think of you."

"Private McMahon, sir, Battery B."

And then we sketched in our version of the event. It seemed the camp had been under fire also, those higher bursts reaching the outlying tents and playing havoc with a latrine and several parked trucks. The return of the armored car with one prisoner corroborated our story and cleared us of any complicity.

We were sent to the mess shack for hot coffee and told to report to regimental headquarters in the morning. Back in my tent, sitting on the edge of my cot, and removing my shoes I speculated on the happening. From the appearance of the man they had caught and what I heard while under guard, three Poles had stolen the weapon and either drunk or doped had tried to kill us.

If it hadn't been for that one match and our stopping to look for it, that first burst would have cut us down on the spot. As I moved to pull my shoe off, a box of matches fell from my shirt pocket.

Thoughts in Spring

With heavy heart I go to class
And stare with longing through the glass,
At strolling couples here and there
Who seem to have ne'er worry nor care,
And wish that I were smart like they
So I would not feel called each day
To go to class and fill a seat
And hear some teacher give off heat
Because the students do not come
To listen to his course so glum.
With anguish deep, I think, "Oh, woe!
Professor, dear, you do not know
The joy to linger in the Grille
And know they miss you on the hill."

Breakfast Scene

The curling smoke goes drifting up
Between the couple there.
He sits and stirs his coffee cup
And studies world affairs.
She reads the latest social page
And scans the fashion news.
Each seems to be within a cage
Safe from the other's views.
But suddenly they sniff the air,
Then, see the rolling smoke.
Tense expectation fills the pair
And then is finally broke,
When, waveringly, she mutters low,
"The toast is burnt again, you know."

A Date For The Dances

"I couldn't even think of asking anyone but you."

by ROBERT B. SHAW

Psi Upsilon
Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

October 15, 1937.

Miss Norma Blake,
Wellesley College,
Wellesley, Mass.

Norma, my darling:

It has been so long since I left you, that I can hardly study or anything. You know I love you more than anything in the world. Life would mean nothing without you. If I can't see you again soon I will die. What I want to ask you is, can you come down here for fall house parties the week-end of October 30. We're having a swell band. I couldn't even think of asking anyone but you. Please answer me as quickly as possible.

Yours forever and ever,
Tom.

* * * *

Wellesley, Mass.,
October 18, 1937.

Dearest Tom:

I just got your letter, and think it was awfully sweet of you to ask me to your party week-end. I'm awfully sorry, but you know I've been supposed to have my tonsils out for a long time, and the operation has been set at that date. You've told me so much about the dances that I know I'm missing an awfully good time. I do love you, Tom, and I want to see you just as soon as I possibly can. I'm awfully angry at these damn tonsils.

No end of affection,
Norma.

* * * *

Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

October 20, 1937.

Dearest Norma:

I'm busy as hell studying for an econ test, and only have time to write you a few words. I'm sure sorry about your tonsils. I was hoping that you could be with me for the dance. Since you can't come down here, I'll come up to Wellesley just as soon as I get a chance. Take care of yourself. I couldn't bear having anything happening to my darling.

Yours forever and ever,
Tom.

Wesleyan University
Middletown, Conn.

October 20, 1937.

Miss Alice Jackson,
Smith College,
Northampton, Mass.
Dearest Allie:

We're having our fall dances on the week-end of October 30, and I want you to be my guest. It's going to be a big time, what with the Amherst game, and a swell band. Ted is going up after Ruth, and perhaps you can come down with them. I'm very anxious to see you again, so I hope you will come.

Love,
Tom.



Smith College
Northampton, Mass.

October 22, 1937.

Dear Tom:

I'd love to come down next week and be with you. Ruth says I can ride with her and Ted, and so I'll arrive sometime Friday afternoon. I'm so thrilled at your asking me, for I'd even rather go to a Wesleyan house party than the Dartmouth Winter Carnival. You have always been so nice to me, Tom.

Love,
Allie.

Wellesley, Mass.,
October 25, 1937.

Dearest Tom:

I've just heard the best news! Dr. Simpson, who was going to remove my tonsils, was in an accident, and broke both legs. I won't have my operation this week-end, and can come down to Wesleyan after all. Can you meet me at Hartford? I will arrive there by train on Friday afternoon (will let you know the exact time later). I'm awfully glad this has happened, so we can be with each other again. I'll see you in only four days, dear.

All my love,
Norma.

* * * *

Hotel Tudor
New York City

October 26, 1937.

Dear Tom:

I'll bet you're surprised to get a letter from me from the city, but I got Daddy to send permission for them to let me off the rest of this week, and here I am.

I want to buy a new dress for the dances and do some other shopping. Instead of being with Ruth and Ted, I'll come up by train to Hartford. I'll tell you later what time to meet me there.

Love,
Allie.

* * * *

Telephone Conversations, Evening of October 27

"Hello. Is this the Sigma Chi House? Is Mac Dowds in? No? Well, who's this speaking? . . . Well, listen, Curt, do you want a date for the parties? I've got two girls coming and. . . You've got one. . . Wait a minute. What about Bob Throop? . . . Oh, he's got one too. . . Isn't there anyone there who wants one? No? That's all right, Curt. . . G'bye."

"North College? Is Bob Adams there? . . . Well, where in hell? . . . Oh, hello, Bob. Say, I want you to do a favor for me. You don't have a date this week-end, do you? Well, I've got a girl for you, and she's. . . You're going away over the week-end? . . . Well, can't you do that next week-end? . . . Listen, this is a swell looking girl, with a classy shape, and a swell dancer. . . Is that any way to treat an ex-roommate? I'm in a desperate situation. I told Norma to. . . OK, OK. Forget it."

"Alpha Delta Phi House? Is Dave McClelland there? . . . Dave? Listen, I want to do you a favor. I've got a. . . What? You can't take her either. How'd you know what I was going to ask you? . . . Oh. . . Yeah, I don't know what I'm going to do. . . So long."

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY OCT 28 1937

MR TOM DUNCAN
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
MIDDLETOWN CONN

MEET ME AT HARTFORD TOMORROW AFT-
ERNOON 4:37 LOVE ALLIE

WELLESLEY MASS OCT 28 1937

MR TOM DUNCAN
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
MIDDLETOWN CONN

WILL ARRIVE FRIDAY P M AT 4:41 EAGER
TO SEE YOU LOVE NORMA

MIDDLETOWN CONN OCT 28 1937

MISS NORMA BLAKE
WELLESLEY COLLEGE
WELLESEY MASS

AM IN THE HOSPITAL WITH PTOMAIN
E POISONING NOT SERIOUS BUT WILL HAVE
TO MISS DANCE CANT SEE ANYONE LOVE
TOM

WELLESLEY MASS OCT 29 1937

MR TOM DUNCAN
WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY
MIDDLETOWN CONN

TERRIBLY SORRY TO HEAR OF YOUR ILL-
NESS WILL COME TO MIDDLETOWN ANY-
WAY TO BE NEAR YOU CANT BEAR TO
THINK OF YOUR BEING SICK AND ALONE
OVER DANCE WEEK-END LOVE NORMA

* * * *

From the Wesleyan Argus, November 2, 1937

SOPHOMORE MISSING; LAST SEEN BY DR.
ARNOLD

HOUSE PARTY WEEKEND MARRED
BY DISAPPEARANCE OF PSI U. PLEDGE

The disappearance of Tom Duncan, '40, of Psi Upsilon, has been reported to local and state police, and a thorough search is being made. Duncan vanished sometime about Friday noon. It is believed that he might have become mentally unbalanced from overwork. Dr. Arnold, the last person known to have seen the missing student, reported that he came to the Davison Infirmary seeking admission Friday morning, but upon examination was found to be in perfect health. However, the doctor added, he seemed very nervous, and went off muttering to himself. His disappearance was first noticed when a girl called up the Psi U. house, the infirmary, the dean's office, and the Argus many times in succession, asking for him. Police have no clues. Duncan's parents have been notified.

And The Years Go On

"When I grow up I'll come and get you."

by BARBARA CRONBERGER

From the curb to the stores stretched six feet of dirty cement sidewalk over which scurried thousands of feet—back and forth, back and forth, in a ceaseless tread. The stores displayed their cheap, showy merchandise under painted signs and price marks. Here and there was an empty shop, its dust-streaked windows soap-streaked by ragged urchins. The steady upward crescendo of street cars mixed in with the rumbling of traffic, the honking of horns, the crying of vendors, and the commanding shrill of a policeman's whistle. Through the clamor of this downtown city street scurried and shuffled thousands of people—and two people. In opposite directions they passed, a woman and a man.

She walked with her head hanging slightly, as if from a great weariness. In the indifferent crowd she was indifferent also, moving preoccupiedly, stopping automatically at streets, crossing when others crossed. A few blocks farther on, she boarded a crowded street car and, clutching her purse in one hand and the ceiling strap in the other, braced herself for her homeward ride. Through the rear windows, she could be seen dimly, swaying with the movements of the car.

The man bought a newspaper at the news-stand, and stood waiting for a bus. He looked like a factory worker, his hands were grease-stained, with broken nails; his shoulders were powerfully developed, he stood slightly bent forward as if he were used to working at a machine. When the bus drew up, he entered, and slouching into a seat began to read his paper.

The bus circled around a block and turned toward the south end of town. The street car rounded the block and started toward the east. In turning, they passed again.

The woman put on an apron, and hands which had stitched dresses all day began to peel potatoes. They were hard-worked hands, the fingers needle-pricked and stubby, worn down by a succession of days which repeated themselves. Swiftly and unthinkingly she worked, for of late her thoughts had been turning back, often back, to the days of her childhood. In her memory she seemed to be standing, watching two slowly moving figures.

Moonlight, clear and white, poured from the inky sky and surrounded these two. Arching over the road at intervals, great tall trees, silver on one side and black on the other, threw an indistinct checkerboard of light and shadow upon the couple as they strolled along. And only the shrilling of crickets and the throaty croak of frogs disturbed the stillness of night-time. It was the girl who spoke first:

"I wish that we would always be together."

"But we won't."

"No."

"When I grow up, I'll come and get you."

"Yes."

"Did you tell your mother what I said?"

"She laughed at me, and said I was a child."

* * *

Later in the evening, the man was seen walking toward his home. There was no sidewalk, so he scuffed along in the yellowish dirt. It was dusk, and unwashed colored children ran in the street, determined to play as long as daylight lasted. Men, some colored and some white, sat on tiny stoops smoking cigarettes and talking.

The houses were all alike; the man entered his, which was fourth from the end. He heated some beans for his supper, and undressing, threw himself on the unmade bed. The night was sultry; he breathed heavily; he slept. In this man's life, every day seemed like the one before; sometimes he wondered, in a sudden thoughtfulness, just what the use of his life was to himself or to anyone. Then one day he stopped living.

Horribly mangled from an accident at the factory, he was carried to his poor home. The foreman inquired about him among the neighbors, but they did not know him. He had lived to himself. So it came that a small story about an otherwise unknown man was printed in the evening paper. No one claimed his body, and no one mourned his passing—except one person, perhaps. For the woman had seen his name in the paper, and had wondered if he were the boy she had known in her childhood.



THE BONEYARD

Introducing—

Stanley Hanna

REOLA, REOLA

The moonbeams were searing hot;
My thoughts were still icy and cool;
Fire gnawed at my sinewy limbs,
And ice crusted my leprous heart;
My body was molten like lava,
Yet I ceaselessly cried in my stupor:
"Reola, Reola, Torraine."

My raiment was smoking and black;
The moon was still scorching above.
My flesh became livid with heat,
Yet my mind remained frigid like glass,
And my heart was still frozen with fear,
Still I daringly cried amidst torture
"Reola, thou friend, Torraine."

I longed for the cool of the sun;
The moon doubled its vengeance with flames;
My bones were now cracking with fire,
Yet my heart was still icy with death
Once more did I wail in my horror
Once more came the mocking re-echo:
"Reola, Reola, Torraine."

My legs waxed stiff with the heat
My arms were fast crumbling to dust;
My eyes were like coals in their sockets;
From above came the flames of the moon,
Yet no oath did I cast from my lips
Save one I had heard in my coma:
"Reola O death, Torraine."

While I lay thus in fiendish furnace
From out of the night she came
And waited on flames from the moon;
Like a balm to my tortured soul;
She whispered with soul-soothing words,
And spoke to me out of the flames,
"Reola, I come, Torraine."

She rode on the smoking ether,
And snatched me from out of the fire;
She covered the moonbeams with dust,
And thawed the ice in my heart,
And her murmurings soothed my mind,
While she lulled me with accents soft:
"Reola, in death, Torraine."

The rocky cliff was wet with spray;
The waves broke way below;
The ghastly rocks around me lay,
And whited bones were in my way
To make my progress slow.

"Why came I here," I asked myself,
"Upon this barren crag,
Upon this windswept, lonely shelf
To wander freely with myself
Along this misty drag?"

"I came to lose the vain world's strife,
To ease my troubled heart,
To hear no more the drum and fife
Of this world's stern and rugged life
Of which I was a part.

To seek for peace among these stones,
To hear the booming surf,
To meet the burdened soul that owns
These sanctified, but ghostly bones,
To rest upon the turf."

With icy hands the pallid mist
Around my body froze;
No longer could I then resist
The sepulchre's repose.
MY BONES WERE ADDED TO THE REST.

THE DANCE OF THE KOBOLDS

They are skipping,
To the rhythm of a drum;
Some are dancing
Others prancing
In the moonlight, to and from.

Bodies swinging;
Bells are ringing,
While the drum is keeping time;
Hearts are throbbing;
Heads are bobbing
To the muffled distant chime.

Senses whirling;
They are hurling
In a wave of job sublime;
Pulses leaping,
They are keeping
Measured rhythm to the chime.

Slowly stopping,
Some are dropping
Overcome with weariness;
Drum-beats ending,
Bells are sending
No more chimes of happiness

All is over
'Neath the sober
Solitude of deepest night.
Hear the throbbing
Of the sobbing
Kobolds, lying in their plight!

I Died Last Night

"Heaven is swell, although it will probably prove disappointing to the average Baptist."

by NORMAN NADEL

And now, a scant twenty-four hours after, the sensations of being dead no longer hold any special thrill. Oh it is something different, and all of that, and I've had enough bewildering experiences to fill volumes, but there have been no very radical changes from my former existence. At first I was somewhat disappointed with the future prospects; it seemed that I should grow bored if I were not careful, though this particular locality in which I now find myself is supposed to be noted for its diversified activities and amusements.

It was with deepest regret that I found myself leaving the curricular and extra-curricular activities of my college. After all, I had a lot more to do than I ever accomplished. Few of my eminent contemporaries had ever considered any possibility of my retiring from the scene in this abrupt and—generally considered—painful way, but certain conditions far beyond the control of them or me govern these things, often, it is admitted, in a manner far past our stilted understanding.

Following the instant of death I settled back to consider the situation. It was something new and rather exciting at first. I was surprised to find how quickly reality—if that is what earthly life is—faded from my thoughts. Perhaps it was a good thing, because I don't think I could have stood the pain of seeing my family and few friends so hurt by my leaving; as it was it was no joke, and even now I feel sharp pangs of regret when I look back and see—well, Elaine, for instance—taking it so darned hard. If only I could convey to her in some way that I am in no discomfort, and that she doesn't need me. But she'll get over it—they always do.

For a while the vague mental ramblings of a fresh corpse amused me. There I lay being factual when I myself was no longer a thing that existed in the popular sense. Oh, my body was there, already starting to deteriorate probably,

but it seemed to have been replaced by another just like it, and to my surprise I found myself moving in a definite direction. As I said, my connection with earthly things and people had come to seem quite unimportant and I started to concentrate on my present state. I did take time to notice what a swell casket I'm to have at my funeral; we probably got it at a discount, but even so it seems an awful waste of money.

Heaven is swell, though it will probably prove disappointing to the average Mohammedan, Baptist or Calvinist, who is expecting the mythical gold street layout described by the missionaries

who converted them or their ancestors. When I was ushered in—by Saint Peter, of course, though he is known and addressed as Mister, or, by those who know him better, as Pete—I too was surprised, finding the scene similar to that along Michigan Boulevard in Chicago or West End Avenue in New York. The whole layout had the general appearance of any large city, except that there were none of the decrepit and obsolete buildings one invariably sees snuggling up next to the more modern ones. Peter—nattily dressed in a powder-blue gabardine suit, white tie and shoes, for it was a warm day—was very decent, considering how

busy he is, for he was perfectly willing to show me around and explain the situation. We got into a cab, and with gratifying speed were driven directly to the administration building, for registration, and so forth.

In the course of our passage through the different corridors and from office to office, Peter discussed Heaven with me and cleared up my questions about Heaven and Hell. "It's true," he said, "that you get what you want in Heaven, but the hell of it—no, I'm not being profane—is having to take the bad with the good. Thus, if a poor man should come here wanting to be rich, we make him rich, but he must accept with the



satisfaction of having plenty to spend the difficulties that accompany wealth. This is his hell, and is usually rationed out in proportion to the amount of evil he perpetrated on earth. We find that many people are satisfied upon learning of the system to continue in the line of work they followed on earth, in that they are acquainted, and thus better to cope with the accompanying drawbacks. Of course there are many fine points, and we do make exceptions of those who have been especially good or bad. One of our practices is to make each one of our population suffer the result of every evil thing he did prior to his establishing residence here.

Sort of an 'eye for an eye' philosophy. It is a good deal less cruel than the special case use of conscience, and has its constructive features. Eventually, of course, you realize by simple logic that the degree to which your existence here is happy or not depends directly on your behavior while on earth. Am I clear?" Too clear, I thought, but managed to keep from saying it.

The big event of the day, of course, was a short interview with God.

It was only by a coincidence that I was able to see him so soon after arriving, for he is tremendously busy, and in that he is so gracious, never rushing his guests, often falls weeks behind schedule. Especially after catastrophes. Peter had learned through Trans-Infinity telegraph that I played trombone, and as he is a brass instrument man himself he expressed an interest in my work, adding that God had been taking lessons for the past month or so, and had left orders to see all newly arrived trombonists, that he might keep informed on new developments in the art—if it can be called that. Even as we approached the entrance to his magnificent, though simple, Italian marble suburban home we heard the sonorous tones of a trombone playing a B flat scale. God was taking a few moment's relaxation by practicing. Simply from force of habit I made a mental note, "volume good, tone slightly nasal but otherwise satisfactory, intonation a bit off on the low notes." Then, realizing how sacrilegious my thoughts were, I began to sing Hosannas with every fibre of my being. Peter told me to cut the noise.

God hailed us with a cheery hello, then went on practicing. After waiting a bit Peter drew his attention to us, introducing me as an ex-trombonist. God was pleased, and asked if I thought

he'd ever be any good on the instrument. I assured him that he was perfect, but he replied that he knew that, being all-perfect, but he still had trouble trying to play Dorsey style—for his own amusement, of course.

After a bit more discussion about music, during which God explained, in answer to my question, that the harp was not in general use, except as a solo instrument, and that music in Heaven was for the most part on an organized basis. He dwelt with pride on the excellence of the various orchestras and choruses in the various cities, then went on to tell me about immortality, and its place in the Heavenly scheme of things.

"Immortality," he said, "is our big drawing card here. You can set your own age and change it as you see fit. Of course you just go on and on, but needn't fear boredom because there are so many people to meet. Your friends from now on will not necessarily be your contemporaries, but will be drawn from the past for the most part. We all keep up with the times in dress, art, music and architecture, so don't expect to see anyone dressed as they did dur-

ing their period on earth." With that he pointed into the next room, where George Washington, Leonardo da Vinci, Gladstone and Plato were playing bridge. All four looked like Esquire fashion plates, Washington in a checked bi-swing sport coat that would have stopped traffic in Harlem. He told how Heaven was always kept in good repair, how they have the buildings sand or steam blasted every year and how they had replaced all the lead plumbing with copper. "Right now we're having a bit of trouble with the sewage disposal plant, but hope to fix things up for both sides by raising wages and installing a better ventilating system."

And this is the first quiet hour I've had since I died last night. Life, as it is popularly conceived, seems so far away that I've almost forgotten. I still miss the family—and Elaine—but I've met new friends. After we left God, Peter took me to a tea, leaving me there meeting many fine people including my host, a French colonel killed the day his troops joined the mob in the attack on the Bastille, starting the French Revolution. Then there is Iphigenia, with whom I have a date for this evening. A charming girl—something like Elaine.

ADOLESCENCE

It's hard to think you're not a boy,
But a man with man's estate.
Inside the mind, man and youth
Are fighting for supremacy.
Now boy is victor, now the man
And people look at you and say,
"How inconsistent that chap is".

—Don S. Bethune.

The Black Day Of Bulgaria

"The smell of hot blood . . . was too much for me."

by EUGENE VODEV

It was a dark, gloomy day. There wasn't much sunshine and it got darker and darker as the day progressed. Nature seemed already to be aware of, and in ominous sympathy with, the catastrophe and carnage which were to close the day.

It was the day on which the funeral of General Georgieff, Bulgaria's greatest general, who had been assassinated the night before, was to be held. The whole nation mourned. High government officials were expected at the funeral and the King, too, of whom Georgieff had been a personal friend. An enormous crowd had gathered around the cathedral to pay tribute to its gallant general and to cheer for its beloved king.

The cathedral where the funeral was to be held was three blocks from my home. My mother had a premonition of what was to happen, as she gave me instructions before permitting me to go, insisting that I should watch out for cars and army cavalry and watch the procession and ceremony from afar.

Disregarding the advice of my mother, several friends and I set out, squirming through the crowd to a vantage position in the first line.

The procession was just beginning. We could see a detachment of cavalry escorting the casket, which was covered by the Bulgarian flag and carried on a caisson. When the casket passed by, everybody knelt down to show his respect for the great man.

On each side of the caisson walked a detachment of the king's personal guards, dressed in brilliant parade uniforms with feathers in their hussar hats. The cabinet ministers with high silk hats followed the relatives of the general and a military band, playing a funeral march, brought up the rear.

Everybody was disappointed at the king's absence, but word went around that he was coming later, so we stuck to our position. The service in the cathedral had begun and I, tired of waiting, thought I would walk for a while.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon. I was idly gazing around when I heard the deafening roar of an explosion and a few seconds later, another—the crashing sound of thousands of windows

breaking for about two blocks all around the church.

In a split second all was chaos and confusion. I was so stunned that I could not realize what was happening. Everybody started running; it was like a stampede of wild cattle. I could see whole bricks and stones falling, cavalry horses running loose, people rushing from the vicinity of the church with bloody faces, and people falling on the street, struck by flying beams or bricks.

I saw a whole wall crumble up over the heads of a great multitude. Instinctively I started running, but where I couldn't reason—just run. Running along I could hear people moaning, convulsed with pain. A flying brick struck the man just in front of me and he fell dead. In the great confusion, I stumbled over him, but before I had a chance to get up, several others stumbled over the man and fell on me. I began to get desperate, for the dust raised by the explosion was so thick I could hardly breathe.

Finally I got up, bruised here and there. I looked around and to my great surprise the whole square was almost empty and a death-like silence reigned. All about were the dead bodies of the victims, with a few injured trying to get

up, some unable to do more than crawl. Great clouds of dust were falling, swiftly, and it took only a few minutes to give everyone and everything an unreal and ghostly appearance.

Immediately there was a general rush to the church to free those who were inside, for the explosion had blocked the entrance. Now one had to climb over piles of

stones where once was a beautiful entrance. Beautiful mosaics were covered with pools of blood, excellent murals and ikons were shattered. People were crying for help; others were forever lost under piles of stones.

The smell of hot blood and the sight of broken and mutilated bodies was too much for me—I had to leave. Limping and worn out I went home. It was only twenty minutes past four—in twenty minutes 215 people died and twice as many were wounded. This was April 16, 1925, the Black Day of the Bulgarian nation.



Two Poems

By

Pewilla Dick

TO A WHITE VIOLET

Your sweetness shames my song and breaks my heart,

*Spontaneous beauty, beauty with no art,
Simple as air, ephemeral as breath,
Born of a fairy's death.*

*Drooping with coolness, quiet, dreamy-eyed,
Secret and soft as luna moths that glide
Between dark branches and the pallid moon,
And moth-like lost too soon.*

*Fragrant and veined as sensuous lips that close
On lover's lips and open and reclose
And drink soul-deeply, tremulous as the sigh
Of a low violin cry.*

AS WITH YOUR SHADOW

When spring comes back to star the wood with flowers

*And burst with honey-colored buds the boughs
Of silent trees and wake from winter drowse
The swelling meadowlands with dalliant showers:
When the red willow brightens in the stream
By smoothly gliding waters imaged,
And the arbutus from its mossy bed
Looks forth as something taken in a dream:
Under these skies, these outposts of the air,
Where tufted clouds steal by on sleeping wing
Into oblivion, what brighter thing
Need I than all of these, what form more fair?
Ah love, your lack is everywhere with me,
And barren is the beauty that I see.*



The Theatre

Of Mice and Men

REVIEWED by THORNDIKE DWELLY

Several years ago, "Tobacco Road" was hailed by thousands as the great American epic of the age. Today, however, a current Broadway production has jeopardized this position early in its first season. If acclaim by the critics, full-house performances, and widespread publicity in the country's leading magazines are any barometer of success, "Of Mice and Men" will surpass "Tobacco Road" in popularity. It is strange that Joseph Steinbeck's genius should be so instantly recognized by the general public. "Tobacco Road" played for months to half-empty houses before winning the laurels it deserved. "Of Mice and Men," however, has been popularly slated for greatness from the first.

Chief character of the story is Lennie, played in the original cast by Broderick Crawford. Lennie is a hulking young giant, good-natured and quiet, but a half-wit. George, his constant companion, is played by Wallace Ford, well-known for his trampish characterizations in Hollywood productions. In contrast to Lennie, George is quick-witted and agile. Uncouth in mannerism, George treats Lennie exactly like a great shambling animal, and Lennie aids the illusion by his dog-like loyalty to George.

Lennie's chief passion is fondling soft and fluffy objects. He eagerly pets mice, rabbits and pup-

pies, but in his zeal, forgets his own strength and crushes them to death. George, as the brains of this strange pair, devotes most of his time to extricating Lennie from jams occasioned by his imbecilic actions.

George and Lennie secure work at a California ranch. The wife of the ranch-owner's son (Clair Luce) is unfaithful to him, and her violent flirtations with "everything that wears pants" incite her husband to a jealous frenzy. She finally decides to run away, and tells Lennie about her troubles, just to be talking to someone. During their one-sided conversation, Lennie is attracted by her fluffy hair, and puts out a tentative hand to stroke it. She resists, and in the struggle Lennie breaks her neck. Animal-like, he flees and hides in the woods. George, who has been forced to join the pursuing posse, finds him, and realizing that he cannot save him from the vengeance of the others, mercifully shoots him in the back of the head.

This is obviously not a pleasant "sugar-coated" type of play. It is a dreary story, based on morbid situations, with gutter dialogue as the only light touch. Depth and power are responsible for its greatness. Its characters are paramount, and in presenting them, it is as much a cross-section from life as "Tobacco Road."

Our Town

REVIEWED by HELEN CLEMENTS

One of the high spots of the current theatre season is Thornton Wilder's latest brain product, "Our Town," now playing in New York. It is a startling innovation for the normal theatre-goer. Although it is not a pioneer in its field, its unique production seems particularly fitting for the play used with it. I say that, because through a great deal of the cycle, the play seemed secondary to the means.

The properties consist of two tables, about a dozen chairs of the commonest sort, two trellises, two ladders, and an ironing board. The properties are moved on and off the setting without benefit of a curtain. There is nothing elaborate about the production, yet it conveys an excellent atmosphere.

Thornton Wilder is, as usual, unusual. "Our Town" is just our town—a small village in New Hampshire with all the simplicity and peculiarity common to the first decade of this century. Frank

Craven stars as much as anyone, in his role of interpreter. He carries the audience from the present back to the year 1900 for a short glimpse into the activity of the town. He lounges around the stage, doing what he wants, saying what he thinks, seemingly impromptu and spontaneous. His son, John Craven, has the juvenile lead, and deserves commendation for his work. The ingenue's role is really more than that, and Martha Scott, who plays it, is doing very well indeed.

The play starts out to be local coloristic, lightly humorous and without plot. The character portrayals are interesting and well done. As the action progresses, however, it becomes rather serious, and philosophical, though a bit homely. Some of the incidents can easily hit home in their effect. In the last act, the ingenue, Emily, dies; retires to her grave, and there tries to relive one day in her life. It is a failure. A discussion on life and the living between Emily and the dead companions lying near her in the cemetery follows.

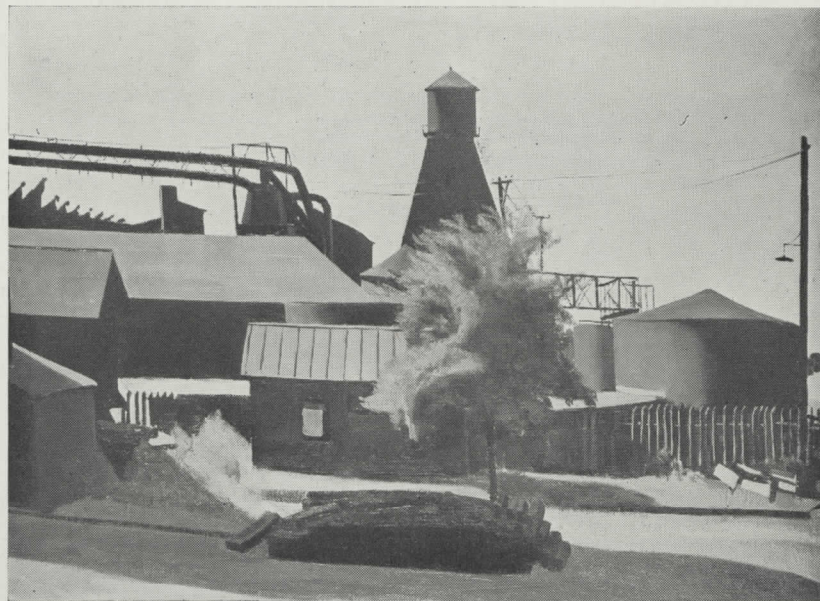
Art

Marion In An Old Costume
by Alice Schille

One of the foremost women painters of today is Miss Alice Schille, whose name is a byword among artists everywhere. Columbus is very fortunate to claim her as a resident of that city.



Courtesy of Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts



Courtesy of Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts

Factory
by Robert Chadeayne

Mr. Chadeayne is likewise a resident of Columbus where he is an instructor in painting at the Columbus Art School.

Music

Dmitri Shostakovitch

by NORMAN NADEL

Of all the fluctuating careers in music or anything else, few have surpassed that of the young Russian composer, Dmitri Shostakovitch, who, before the age of thirty-two, has been praised and panned by the world's best critics and both disgraced and acclaimed by his own government. The fact, that his music causes so much comment pro and con, indicates that this modern orchestral and operatic composer is worth looking at and listening to.

Dmitri Shostakovitch was born in Leningrad in 1906 and lives there today. He started writing while quite young, but didn't come to the attention of foreign audiences until this decade, when he made a generally favorable impression with his Symphony No. 1, opus 10. Like all Russians, Dmitri is a colorist, and this work shows it, being full of strange effects.

But it was when Comrade Dmitri was made official composer for the Soviet Government that the exciting part of his career got under way. He wrote some government-commissioned works—not especially good, but loud and pleasing to the Moscow audiences—then, in February of 1936 was suddenly attacked by the press, acting in behalf of the government. With that, his ballet,

"Limpid Stream," was pulled off the boards of the Bolshoi theatre, in Moscow, and the opening of his opera, "Lady Macbeth of Mzensk" was cancelled.

A modest, unassuming young man, Shostakovitch writes with a spirit and color that should earn him a prominent place among present-day musicians. He has the proper feeling for the theatre to qualify as an opera composer, though his use of the orchestra is anything but orthodox. In the third scene of Act I of "Lady Macbeth," for example, he has a symphonic interlude featuring trombone glissandi (slurs) while the stage action, which involves the lady and her lover, is carried on behind closed curtains. Though American critics thought "suggestive" as a descriptive term inadequate, and it certainly is an example of prostituting the Muse, the Moscow audience stood and cheered.

Comrade Dmitri is thrilling to listen to, colorful and sometimes refreshingly naive in his attempts to be profound and amusing in his subtle cynicism. We are convinced that if the Soviet music censors jump on him again, he will be welcomed in this country, where freedom to write to please himself without censorship of the state might be an aid in the development of his style.

Duke Ellington's Records

by JOHN STEWART

The attention of record collectors, who are after more than "somethin' with rhythm in it," is focused this month on my perennial favorite, Duke Ellington. None of his men, unless it would be Harry Carney on the baritone sax, is the greatest man on his instrument, but together they make up the finest band in the history of Jazz, and they play the most original, interesting, and controversial music ever put out under the incongruous title "Popular."

What are the qualities of Ellington's ensemble that shut out the general public yet win the unbounded enthusiasm of such men as Stokowski and Percy Granger? They are several. First, Ellington writes almost all of the songs that his band plays. These melodies are unique, refreshing, and thoroughly Negro. Sometimes the melodies he writes find quick acceptance and turn out to be tremendous money makers. "Solitude," "Mood Indigo," "Sophisticated Lady" are among

those. The second thing that makes Ellington's music so excellent is his arrangement of it.

Duke refuses to court popularity by pandering to the public taste. He goes his way, experimenting, improving, and composing. His music is set in the form and mood of true jazz, but it is often serious in nature. "Daybreak Express," "East St. Louis," "Lightnin'," and "Creole Rhapsody" are recordings of some of Duke's attempts at tone-picture. I recommend the recent: "New Black and Tan Fantasy," "Black Butterfly," "Braggin' in Brass," "I Took a Song Right Out of My Heart." Among the classics from the past are: "Moon-Glow," "Sophisticated Lady," "Saddest Tale," "Echoes of the Jungle," "Echoes of Harlem," "I Met My Waterloo," "Uptown Downbeat," "Harlem Speaks," and "Ebony Rhapsody." All of these records are distinguished by dazzling solos, strange, disturbing harmony, and unity of emotion.

Dance

The Dance As An Art

In modern dance there is no set code of movement.

by VIRGINIA BECK



Art is a continuous process—the desire to create is one with self-expression. The creative artist has a desire to convey an inner image of his imagination into an outward form: he gives us a personally translated experience.

The artist gathers within the frame of his canvass fragments from life that give great meaning to his composition. He arranges them for balance and unity in form, and gives them a likeness of mood, quality, and personality. In this way the artist's personality is made evident as it emerges through his medium.

The same is true of the dance; it is not an abstraction from life—it is life. The need to create something is basic in the human being. The dance in its truest form is a means of communicating to other individuals the emotions, feelings and inner experience of one's self through bodily action.

In modern dance there is no set code of movement. The dancer is free to experiment with movement and the results are pleasing sensations that become outward expressions of his inner images and feelings.

Rhythm in painting and sculpture is identified with movement in the dance if one has the "seeing eye." Art becomes a new experience when one realizes that there is art in his body—fundamentally the fingers of the painter dance over his paper in a costume of paint colors. Rhythm in art involves (1) recurring accents and stress of line, mass, color and light and shade; (2) suggestion of movement; and (3) fluency of design. Do not the same principles hold true in modern dance? All movement is meaningful to those who are sensitive to it and alert to nature and the world about them.

Dance themes may be depicted in art work—quality of movement may be expressed in dance figures; line is a part of form and gives form—

lines determine the quality and direction of movement; the dance figure should be designed according to idea, amount of space covered and type of movement in the dance. When the above elements have been considered, particular distinctive characteristics become evident in the dance figure.

In discussing briefly several dance figures on this page, many characteristics of art and dance come to light. Figure I is percussive in dance nature. The strong vertical line dominates the figure; the clenched fist suggests determination. This figure was developed from a dance composition entitled, *DISPUTATA*; its title identifies its nature—dispute. Figure II shows a dancer in a spiral turn. The body movement is sustained in quality and the brieness of art line lends to a continuous flowing quality in the movement. This figure is a study from a slow waltz, *DANCE LENTE*, by Debussy.

Figure III is a contrast to the previous sketches. The dancer is depressed, lost and dejected. The face concealed, and the arms raised and crossed over the forehead tend to express mental pain. The line of the costume is straight, lending rigidity to the type of movement. This sketch may give a parallel interpretation to the artist as it resulted from a study originated by a group of students who sought to depict the despair of refugees in the Far Eastern and European countries. Figure IV represents two gossipers—the upper left dancer is relating the "tale" to the lower right figure. The short, sharp, direct lines add humorous qualities to the figures and in turn to the dance theme. The exaggerated abbreviated lines of the figures make it necessary for the observer to use his imagination.

As the artist leaves it to the observer's imagination to feel and tell the story behind his painting, so do I leave the remaining sketches on this page.

He had come opposite a tiny country store when this thought possessed him. He slipped up the steps, through the screen door and to the phone which he readily espied in a niche in the wall. No need to ask, you remember. They wouldn't have heard him anyhow. Hazily he dialed a number, and waited until a cold voice answered at the other end "—SHOES, Inc.—". It was the ever-efficient Miss Wright.

"I wish—," he began steadily, and then stopped. "I wish to speak to Mr. Jordan, please."

"Mr. Jordan is in conference," came the uncondescending voice.

There of course; he knew it. To escape from SHOES, Inc. — How unthinkable!—What an imagination! But he must make sure. . . .

"Tell Mr. Jordan it is important—the bank," he said. It was important to him!

He would speak to himself; then there would be no doubt. He waited five minutes. When Miss Wright returned she acted very, very strangely. She groped for the correct words.

"Very unusual," she finally said, "office completely disorganized, Mr. Jordan suffered a stroke this afternoon—just discovered—dead." It was the only way she could express it. "However, Mr. Hackett—"

But Hiram Jones Jordan had hung up the receiver. DEAD. That was it. Couldn't he understand? He was dead. How else could he have escaped SHOES, Inc., the board meeting, stocks, shares, figures, graphs? He could escape only by Death. It shook him; it was so hard to understand. Of course people didn't notice him; he was a wraith, a ghost. But he was free.

"However, Mr. Hackett—" Mr. Hackett! What could he do. What did he know about SHOES, Inc. He couldn't run the business. Already, he probably was buying in the stock. But Mr. Mailey; young competent Mr. Mailey. Yes, SHOES, Inc. might be able to get along without H. J. Jordan, president, after all. He gave a little laugh as he thought of them. He had put it over on them; he had put it over on the board; he had put it over on SHOES, Inc. He was FREE! They were chained to their offices for the rest of their lives. Fortunate Jordan; there was no remainder to his life.

He glanced at the large wedding ring on his middle finger. LUCY! He had almost forgotten

about her. Dead men don't think of their wives. He wanted to tell her that he was free, that he had escaped at last. She would be interested, he knew. Lucy had often begged him to escape; they had often planned it together. He was always going to do it when he got time. Well, he had. He would call her and tell her about it now. He turned the dial once—but wait—he was dead. No, he wouldn't call and frighten her. He would wait, and do it later when she had gotten over the newness of his being dead. She should know.

Lucy could go and live with Joe in Chicago. He had planned that all out; they should be comfortable with the insurance. The money would

come as a big help to Joe in his real estate business. When Joe and his pretty wife, Frances, went somewhere at night, Lucy could stay with their child. He forgot and slammed the door of the tiny grocery as he went out. The proprietor jumped up to see who had gone out. H. J. Jordan by this time was down the road again. No one could see him anyway. He was dead.

Now he knew where was his goal. Without knowing why, all the long afternoon he had been traveling home. Fif-

teen years ago he had sold the property to the Northair Club, sold it at a good price, too, with a life membership in the club, if he had wanted it, in the bargain. But H. J. Jordan of SHOES, Inc. had never had time to play golf.

He wandered aimlessly into the inner precincts of the farm; a swift running brook was by his side. Presently he came upon a grove of giant birch trees. Through ferns and tall grasses he broke into the innermost glen. There as he had expected lay a pool, the deep pool that had been sacred in his youth. He rushed to it, flung himself down, and drank in deep draughts of the fresh water. Then he began to get ideas. He took off his shoes, and stuck his tired and dusty feet into the water. He chuckled because it was cold. It was late in the afternoon, and long strips of sunlight slanted through the quiet trees. It was restful here.

Crack! A golf ball, bounding through the trees, gave a little bounce and dropped plopping into the center of the pool. He saw it sink slowly, slipping from side to side through the ripples of its splash. There it was on the bottom, half hidden by the sand and the short moss that waived with the

DEATH

An empty nest in a lilac tree,
An empty harbor of the sea,
A house that no life stirs within,
A blackened sheep-byre fallen in,
A pine tree starving on a rock,
A wounded bird, a broken crock,
A stream no water trembles through,
My heart that had been full of you.

by Pewilla Dick

eddy current. It shone up at him whitely. All was quiet again. Suddenly he decided: He would get that ball for surely the golfer would never find it.

In a minute his clothes were off and he had plunged his tired body into the pool. It was cold; cold, much colder than he had thought it would be, but he squirmed joyously as he felt it cool his burning limbs. Down he sank, till he grasped the black roots of the trees which hung over the pool. Years ago those roots had been there; had been contests as to which fellow could stay down, holding on to them, the longest. Well, he could still stay down a long time. If only some of the others were there to see him now. It was so peaceful down there in that bed of roots and moss

and sand. The green water made a cool canopy above him, and the overhanging trees made a pattern with their leaves. He forgot to hold his breath; it came easily now, and as it rose in little white bubbles, flecks of sunlight burst it into a thousand shining pieces. Yes, it was peaceful there. He thought he never had been so peaceful before. He lay his head slowly back in the crook of a root and shut his eyes at the world outside. Here at last he was free. He had rest. He had time. A minnow rushed quickly by, a tiny crab stuck pink claws out from beneath a rock, and a waterbug skated home; it was late.

The golfer put down another ball. It was late. He was in a hurry. Business men didn't have much time for golf.

Some More Poetry

ON REFORMS

Reforms are fine. I am sincere.
But when you try to change me, Dear,
I always seem to lose my head
And see just every shade of red.
For if I need all these reforms
That you propose, and that I scorn,
It's inconsistent that you stay
To see my faults in rash display.
To change me, Dear, you are too late!

—Doris Flory.

THE LIE

He told me that
The stars were cold
That life meant death
And death was certain mould,
Then he spoke to me of love,
If the stars have lost
Their fire,
And eternity has died,
There is no love,
And when he said he loved,
He lied.

—Adela Beckham.

FUTILITY

Oh, Night, you defy my poor attempts
To print you on a page
My soul's not guide of my finger tips,
My feelings dare my tongue to speak!
Why is it that I cannot break away from restrictive ties?
I feel. I feel! I know I feel!
My soul's not bound by apathy!
Yet, where is my picture?

—Don Bethune.