

1938

Portfolio Vol. II N 3

Ira Price II

Denison University

Harry Clement

Denison University

Robinson Jeffers

Denison University

Bill C. West

Denison University

Robert Maxwell

Denison University

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio>



Part of the [American Popular Culture Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Price, Ira II; Clement, Harry; Jeffers, Robinson; West, Bill C.; Maxwell, Robert; Hanna, Stanley; Shaw, Avery A.; DeWeerd, H.A.; Saunders, Paul; Smith, Robert; Bailey, Bernard; Bethune, Don; Mitchell, David; Bethune, Meridan; Wager, Dick; and Martindale, Virginia (1938) "Portfolio Vol. II N 3," *Portfolio*: Vol. 2 : No. 3 , Article 1.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio/vol2/iss3/1>

Portfolio Vol. II N 3

Authors

Ira Price II, Harry Clement, Robinson Jeffers, Bill C. West, Robert Maxwell, Stanley Hanna, Avery A. Shaw, H.A. DeWeerd, Paul Saunders, Robert Smith, Bernard Bailey, Don Bethune, David Mitchell, Meridan Bethune, Dick Wager, and Virginia Martindale

DENISON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Denisoniana

PORTFOLIO

LITERARY MAGAZINE OF DENISON UNIVERSITY



VOLUME 2, NUMBER 3

MARCH, 1939

FOUR ISSUES IN THE YEAR FOR ONE DOLLAR



The Drag

Phil Brown

MARCH, 1939

3

The Rains Fell

"Then Suddenly, Quickly It Came"

By IRA PRICE II

Heat, heavy, stifling heat, hung over the country. Dust, thick brown dust, covered the grass and fields as far as the eye could see. A silence, the silence of the graveyard, hung over the farm of Thomas Gregory. Where were the pleasantly lazy noises of the cattle moving about the fields; where now was the small, wave-like voice of the wheat as the breezes of cool air pushed the stalks from side to side? Thomas Gregory asked himself the question, and the fierce heat and the rolling dust carpet brought him the spiteful answer. Covered and drowned were these sounds under the weight of the dust storms. And stifled and nearly drowned was Gregory, as he walked across the barren farm yard, returning from the cow shed where he had poured several buckets of precious water to the animals. His shoes sank deeply into the fine texture of the soil, and small puffs of brown followed him as he walked back to the house, and Anna. It seemed that the dust, too, had managed to filter into the body of Thomas, and had begun its terrible work.

Thomas entered his house and let his weight settle slowly into his favorite chair—the curved-backed one that he had bought in the town last June. He kept his eyes lowered to the floor. He could not let Anna see the weariness of his eyes. Then his wife entered the room and stood for a moment watching him. Small she was, frail, but strong. "Come, Thomas, supper is ready," she said, and together they went to the table.

Thomas mumbled a short prayer of thanks and they began to eat. Thank you God—what a bitter lie, thought the man. Thanks, God, for the heat and the sun and the dust. Yes, and thank God for the misery that was all around them, and for the sand and dirt that had squeezed itself into the food. Thank God—what a terrible joke!

Thomas ate several forkfuls of potato and chewed the food slowly. He felt the grit of the dust in his mouth. As he looked across the table at his wife, he knew that her patience and love had alone sustained him thus far. But now he

was tired, weary of the long fight against nature to destroy his farm and the Gregorys. He laid down his fork, and said softly to his wife, "What's the use Anna, of trying to hold on here? We've lost our crops and the cattle can't last much longer with no water. We should pack our things and go with the rest of them; go north and leave this cursed Kansas for good."

"Hush, Thomas," Anna replied. "That's no way for a Gregory to talk. Why, you know we can't up and leave this country just because of a little dust. Mr. Barnes told us there'd be times like this before we came out. Thomas, we've got to stay and beat this thing."

Yes, Thomas mused, Barnes had told them there would be seasons of little rainfall and drought. That had been five years ago. He and Anna had left their small store in Indiana and had come West to set up in farming. And at first they did quite well. The hours were long and the work was hard, but Anna and he soon came to love the farm. The hard working man, the helpful woman, had never been so happy as they were before the drought. And as husband and wife sat together before their log fire during the long evenings of winter, after a hard day in the wheat fields, they learned what a real love was.

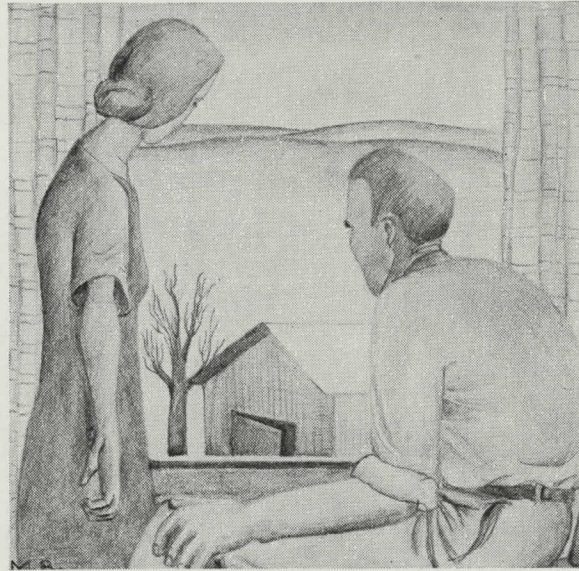
At the end of the second year Thomas had completed the payments on their four room home, and the big shed had been built and painted a deep red color. The Gregory farm was growing and became noted in the country for its fine grain. There had even been an article in the Farmers' Bugle, the county farm magazine, telling of Farmer Thomas Gregory's system of spring wheat sowing. When Anna saw the paper, she took the Ford and went to town directly to buy a dozen copies for their friends in Indiana. And later the same year there had been the baby girl that died at birth, and Anna's terrible grief when the doctor told her she could never have a baby. That had been their first great sorrow in Kansas. But the next year the rains almost refused to come, and it was as if some great hand had turned off the faucet of the skies. The wheat began to dry in the fields, and now and then a whirlpool of air would lift the rich soil and hurl it over the country. This was the beginning of the dust storms for Thomas and Anna.

And now this, thought Thomas Gregory. He turned his head and looked out the smeared windows, to watch again the banks of dust leaning against his grain shed and stretching in all directions. His crops were somewhere out there, he thought; the dust was now hiding the crops of the Gregory system of planting. He saw the trees bare and unfamiliar looking as they stood near the great shed in their stupid positions, like scarecrows, stripped of their clothing.

Thomas cleared his throat and spoke to his wife. "Be sensible now, Anna. Is it right to stay on here when everything we have is smothered

and dead? Do you want to stay 'til we are the same?"

His wife reached out her hand to grasp his, and said, "But Kansas has been good to us, Thomas. You've said so yourself. We can't leave now even if the dust has ruined the wheat



crop and most of the cattle." And she covered her mouth and coughed, because the dust had gotten into her throat.

Her husband rose from his chair, and spoke in the quiet tones he always reserved for his wife. "But, Anna, the rain is *not* coming. Can't you see that, my dear? There isn't going to be any rain. The dust has driven out the water for good, as far as we are concerned. John McDuff and his family left this morning; said he was going north to the Platte country in Nebraska. I told them we'd be following shortly."

Night came, and the man and his wife sat on the porch; she knitting, he whittling a piece of wood. This ceremony they had followed every night for the past month. They would sit there—she in the creaking rocking chair, he on the bottom step—watching the sky. Watching, and hoping that a cloud would form to disfigure the terrible clearness of the night, to blot out the moon and bright stars that meant more heat—and dust—tomorrow. They sat on the porch for a long time, saying nothing; just watching the sky and hoping.

Then Thomas got up from the bottom step and kicked at the thick, heavy dust. A great brown cloud formed above the spot and floated upward. And more dust poured into the hole that his foot had made until the surface was even again. "See that, Anna?" Thomas said, his voice low and without hope. "Our right to live in this country went up with that cloud of dust. We can't hang on here any better than the hole can keep from being smothered by the dust. If we stay we'll be

smothered the same way. No, it's no use. It's best that we begin getting our things together. Are you agreeable, Anna?"

The frail woman looked at the hardened face of her husband. She noticed that the pores were clogged with the dust, the lines were heavy with despair. Perhaps the brown dirt was entering and smothering his body, just as it was entering her own. "Yes, Thomas, we'll begin packing in the morning," she said, after a pause.

Then silence and the clear bright stars shone down.

That night as she lay next to her husband in the firm, oak wood bed Anna prayed. She recited not the eloquent prayers that the young preacher said each Sunday morning at the village church, but small prayers, short prayers. "Dear God," the tired woman repeated, "bring us rain. Give us sweet rain, wet rain, God, and we'll be thankful." She fell asleep, still muttering the pitiful prayer, "Wet rain, sweet rain." Thomas heard her, lying there next to the woman, but said nothing. He had prayed too much, and hoped too long.

But perhaps God had heard the prayer, too.

The red ball of fire, the Kansas sun, forced its hot way into their bedroom early in the morning, and the Gregorys arose. Water was scarce and they did not wash; just wiped their hands on a towel and sat down to a meal of fried mush.

Thomas and his wife ate slowly and said little. Each knew the other's thoughts: thoughts of the happy days, of the days of rain, when the wheat reached up as if to meet the sky, and the noisy cows and pigs moped about the pasture or rolled in the wet mud of the pens. Yes, they thought of the happy days; how long ago they seemed now. And then came new thoughts: Thoughts of the misery and ravages of the dust storms, as they threw their billions of particles against the barns and over the fields, and finally choked even the life from the flowers in the pots on the porch. They thought, too, of their neighbors leaving, of the weeping of babies and of old women, who weren't strong any more. They, too, would be going soon. But they had tried with all their courage to fight the dust and to remain on the farm. They had failed and would be going soon.

Thomas pushed his chair from the table. "Going out to water the cows, Anna," he said. His wife nodded and the man walked slowly out into the heat.

He drew two buckets of water from the tank and carried them to the beasts, huddled piteously together in the shed. One of the cows he found to be dead, and dragged her carcass from the shed, laying it in the dust outside. Thomas went from one beast to the other, allowing each to drink only a little, and then dipping into the bucket he passed his wet hand over the cracked faces of the animals. The beasts lay passively on

their sides, as if they did not care whether they lived or died. Perhaps, Thomas thought, we can take several of them with us to the Platte River country of Nebraska. There would be plenty of water there—and no dust.

Thomas was walking across the barren farm yard to get some feed from the stock room, when he saw John McDaniel and his family. McDaniel and his wife, with their four children, had come to Kansas before the Gregorys, and the two families had become fine neighbors. Now they, too, were leaving their farm and the terrible dust. Their time-worn Ford seemed stuffed full with dirty-faced children, who sprawled one on the other in the back seat. John was behind the wheel and his aged wife sat next to him. Great bundles of clothing and bits of furniture were tied to the car's roof, or spilled clumsily over the running board. They were ready to leave the dust behind.

Thomas walked to the spot where the Ford had stopped on the dirt road, to say goodbye to his neighbors. "Well, Thomas," John said shortly, "we'll be paying you our respects now before we start on. We thought we could hang on 'til a break in the weather came, but it don't look like this damn desert will see any water for a long time to come."

"That's right, John," said Thomas in reply. "When it gets so even the food tastes of the stuff, it's time to leave the land to the buzzards. Goin' up to Nebraska, are you?"

"Yeah, goin' up to Mary's old farm that her father left in the Platte Valley. We'll start from scratch but the river is big there, plenty of water for the crops. Expect to send for the furniture soon. When you and Anna leaving?"

"Pretty soon," the man on the outside replied, "maybe tomorrow morning. I hope we run into you up there."

"Hope so too, Gregory," the man who was leaving replied. "Well, we'll be starting on our way. Say goodbye to Anna for us—and get out before it's too late."

Now the ancient car started its snail-like pace down the road, throwing up dust on all sides. Thomas stood in the dust road for several minutes, watching the Ford push its heavy way along the path. Now they had gone, too, and only the tired man and Anna remained. We'll leave in the morning, Thomas thought. Then he remembered that Mary, John's wife, had been crying softly into her handkerchief, as he and McDaniel had said goodbye. It would take more than tears, though, to wet and kill the thick dust.

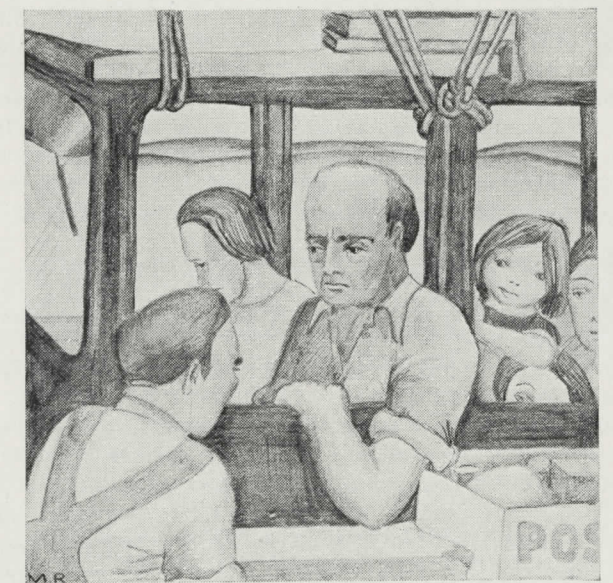
The weary man, victim of the dust and the Kansas sun, found his wife slowly, carefully packing their clothes and silverware. Anna worked with an effort as she fingered each article, then dropped it into the biggest of their trunks. "Well, Anna," her husband said, "John McDaniel

and his family just left for the north. I said goodbye to them just now."

The tired woman looked through and beyond the man, and at first said nothing. Then finally, with an effort, she managed, "Yes, Thomas, I saw them from the window." And then, as if to joke, she added, "But if they get to Nebraska that rattle trap Ford will be tired 'til death. If it gets there it will have earned its keep."

The red ball of the Kansas sun had passed its zenith point, and its rays were now less burning than in the morning. The afternoon had come, and in the house Thomas and Anna were nearly finished their packing and bundling of objects. . . . And then slowly and quietly the first breezes came. The cool air pushed its way hesitatingly among the dead leaves of the trees, swaying them crazily and pushing the leaves into preposterous positions. Thomas, wrapping and tying together the dishes in the kitchen, heard the leaves flutter. But it meant nothing to him now. The dust was too thick, the water too dear, to go on living here. The breezes would bring nothing but more dust storms, the man thought. No, there was no hope, and the man kept on working.

Anna, too, had seen the leaves fluttering, and she began to hope. Slowly from the tired lips again came the prayer: "Dear God, bring us sweet rain, wet rain." As she looked up into the clear sky, Anna saw a small cloud faintly gather itself together. Then, as the foolish soldier marches into the very mouth of the giant enemy, the little blotch began to float across the blue ceiling toward the sun. Soon other clouds took



form before the woman's eyes, and they, too, began floating toward the blazing ball. As the woman watched, nearly hypnotized by the wonderful spectacle, she suddenly cried to Thomas, "Oh, look, Thomas! It's going to rain. There

Continued on page 21

Robinson Jeffers

From *The Beaks of Eagles*

"An eagle's nest on the head of an old redwood on one of the precipice-footed ridges
Above Ventana Creek, that jagged country which nothing but a falling meteor will ever plow; no horse-man
Will ever ride there, no hunter cross this ridge but the winged ones, no one will steal the eggs from this fortress.
The she-eagle is old, her mate was shot long ago, she is now mated with a son of hers.
When lightning blasted her nest she built it again on the same tree, in the splinters of the thunderbolt.
The she-eagle is older than I; she was here when the fires of eighty-five raged on these ridges,
She was lately fledged and dared not hunt ahead of them but ate scorched meat. The world has changed in her time;
Humanity has multiplied, but not here; men's hopes and thoughts and customs have changed, their powers are enlarged,
Their powers and their follies have become fantastic,
The unstable animal never has changed so rapidly. The motor and the plane and the great war have gone over him,
And Lenin has lived and Jehovah died: while the mother-eagle
Hunts her same hills, crying the same beautiful and lonely cry and is never tired; dreams the same dreams,
And hears at night the rock-slides rattle and thunder in the throats of these living mountains.
It is good for man
To try all changes, progress and corruption, powers, peace and anguish, not to go down the dinosaur's way
Until all his capacities have been explored: and it is good for him
To know that his needs and nature are no more changed in fact in ten thousand years than the beaks of eagles."

From *Give Your Heart to The Hawks*

"...
Fayne saw old Fraser, crooked and black against the light cloud,
Totter up the hill-top and drop himself down
By the new name-post, but he stood up again
Before Lance and Fayne came. He screamed, "Keep off,"
And picked up clods of the herbless earth and threw them,
But Lance went up without noticing. "What must I do?"
He prayed, "I cannot live as I am." Old Fraser
Suddenly kneeling covered his face and wept,
And said, "What has God done? I had two sons and loved them too much,
And he was jealous. Oh, Lance, was there no silence in the streaming world
To cover your mouth with, forever against me?
I am not. Not hangman. Tell your story
Where it belongs. Give yourself up.
Must I take you?" "That's what I thought of at the very first,
But have been deluded awhile," Lance answered quietly,
And turned to go down. Fayne cried, "What good is this? Oh, but how often,
Father, you have spoken of the Godless world: is that what Lance is to go to for help and punishment?
When they came to put a serum into your cows, what did you say? You would not trust an old cow to them,
Will you trust Lance? If he were as red as Cain . . . when hunters come and break down your fences here
Do we run to the law? Must we run to it
For a dearer cause? What justice or what help or what understanding? I told him to give his heart
To the wild hawks to eat rather than to men." Lance gripped her elbow with the tips of his fingers,
And pointing at the empty air past the old man: "See, he looks pleased wi' me,
And happy again." She looked first at Lance, then at the vacant air. "How could he help but forgive you,"
She answered, "he knows it was not hatred but madness. Why must you punish yourself, you loved each other"; and to the old man: "Is God's hand lamed? Tell Lance
To lean on your God; what can man do for him? I cannot remember," she said trembling, "how Cain ended . . ."

These excerpts are from the recent Random House publication *The Selected Poetry of Robinson Jeffers*. Mr. Jeffers' style is so forceful that the reader is at times agonized with its power. Picture two naked giants grappling to death on a high ledge above the sea, with the towering waves spraying them with spume, while sea-birds wheel shrieking overhead; and you have, perhaps, the epitome of the hammering forcefulness of his imagery. Mr. Jeffers is spoken of as the Poet of Despair, and yet, there always seems to be an undercurrent of eventual triumph to soften the unrelieved fatalism of his narrative verse.

Mr. Bigger
Tries Faith

"It Will Carry Me Through"

By HARRY CLEMENT

Reverend Biggers was a sinful man. Not that he had any delusions about it, but simply had his life hooks deep in humanity's frivolities. How could he forget where he sat on God's lap?

He walked over to the window, pulled up the shade, and looked out into the fifth day. It was just the same as any other Ohio day except that he hadn't eaten since Sunday, and this was Saturday.

The pious man rubbed his hands together in a weakened, ecstatic joy. "Biggers," he was saying, "you're a sinful man, but we're at the end of all that now." He stretched his great frame in a satisfying yawn that arched his back and threw back his head.

It was getting lighter. The hills ten miles away hunched down and eyed the minister at the window. Out of the paler sky, the sun propped itself up to look at the man who was better than he really was, stronger than himself, master of his body.

Biggers thought about this as he angled himself onto a stool; he faced the opposite corner of the room and began watching the shadows rise from the floor cracks to the ceiling.

"I am like that," he told himself, "and the shadow is like me: it comes from the hell whence I came, and just as I have purified myself, so it runs along the cracks in the floor, and up, up, onto the clean, white wall that the Lord God has built. Pushing itself, piling forward with irresistible power it will surge to the top, and then—"

Mr. Biggers was standing in the center of the room in oratorical pose. His mental congregation before him looked on fixedly, hanging on his words, his next thought. He was pleased with the idea. It reminded him of last Sunday when he had risen to the height of his satisfying career, and it was easy to remember just how he had finished, just how he had ended that startling revelation that would mean his new beginning.

"My friends," he remembered it perfectly,

"need I say that all of this bantering about the scientific approach, the technical viewpoint, and the deistic attitude of some few of our misguided members is pure and impractical poppycock? I believe that any man, have he faith enough, can survive any crisis or bondage that the rules of a methodical nature may have placed upon him!"

No matter how many times Biggers had said this over to himself in the last six days, it still seemed impregnable. Yet, when he had spoken of the heroic efforts of his Tennessee brother colleague to prove his point, he remembered how his people had started up, and he sensed all over again that cold feeling of indifference.

"After all," he confided in himself, "all great men, even martyrs, are doubted before they succeed. They believed me when I said that faith would stand by me in any case. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that faith cannot do. It will clean the foul, heal the sick, feed the hungry, and now, dear God, it will carry me through!"

He felt better. Several times before he had doubted himself, especially during the second and third day when the temptation of hunger was almost overbearing. But he had withstood this temptation so that now he could stand before himself, still right that faith alone can conquer all—even hunger.

He sat down on the bed, his hands fervently clasped between his knees. For a long while he sat so, his drawn face apparently studying the pattern in the rug under his feet. At last, he raised his head, and stared fixedly at the ceiling.

"Oh, God, can you hear me now? I have sinned and repented. I have given faith, and I am true, but, dear God, when I come to those empty moments, I grasp too frantically for what You have given me. Only the memory of that night I dreamed, of the moment I found the thought that drove all the others before it: Like a great light, all at once, I saw that which was never in me, and You and I, God, were close. You took me in the palm of Your hand, and I looked into your face, felt the warm breath from Your nostrils. When you looked back at me, You were big and small all at once; Your face might have been any face with You looking out from behind.

"Then You said to me: 'Jonathan, here's what you need. This one little phrase will blow you out like a ripe blossom.' That, God, was when You stood over me; I looked up and I knew that we were one, that You might be me, just as if I were suspended over myself, looking down and thinking, 'He really wasn't such a bad fellow, after all.

"As I watched You, You became a kind of undulating movement that swelled and sighed. All the time, You were smiling a smile that filled me all the way up because I knew then what You really were, how You wanted me to feel about it all. I was on a hill looking down into the stom-

ach of things, and I saw the only end. I was so happy that I cried inside, and I knew I had the faith.

"But now, God, unless I can fight this all the way out, I'm lost. Oh, I still have the faith, but it's blind, and I'm staggering around under it. Why have You taken that thought from me? Let me have it back for a moment; let me feel it, play with it, roll it around in my bare hands. I'll



throw it back again, my God, but now, I'm falling away from it, my hands have gone numb. Maybe I never saw it at all. I dreamed, and, God, You were listening to me and wondering how I knew."

His earnest tones softened to whispers and died away into thoughts. Weak as he was, he began to pace the floor, speaking to himself again: "Perhaps, if I could just talk it out with myself, just be frank. Too deep, now, too deep to ever get out of it. How did I get in except by faith? That's it! Faith is right, but what about me? I'm a fine example to hold up when even now I'm so damned weak that I think I'm seeing things."

He sank heavily into the chair in the corner by the wash basin. Placing his head in his hands, he bent far forward while the room angled itself off in circular motions, in great spirals.

Slowly, he moved now; from his shoulders he straightened up until his head was directly fixed on the corner opposite. At first, he dreaded to look, but he knew too much about the whole procedure to be afraid. In the opposite corner,

wedged in a chair in the same position as himself sat a figure, exceedingly hazy and indefinite in form, but so identical to himself that he felt almost as if he were there and the figure were where he himself sat. The fact that he knew the doors and windows to be locked, that no one could possibly enter or be in the room before himself signified nothing.

Immediately, he felt himself sliding backward, making a great void between himself and the figure, which had deepened into a formless shadow. Uncontrolled, his eyeballs rolled upward, and his ears began to ring but not to drown out the other voice: "Didn't you want to talk to me?" it said.

He tried quickly to answer so as to show that he was as keen as the other, but the words rolled out slowly: "You must not take advantage of me now. I am right and you know it. I will not be dissuaded.

"How can you explain away the failure of the other man, the man from Memphis who last year swore off for so long that he nearly died? How would you like to die now, Biggers, with what you have on *your* mind?"

Biggers moved slightly, but evidenced no great change. "I'm not afraid to die, but I won't have to, you see, because I have faith."

"Damn you, Biggers! You're a hypocrite! You just told God you'd forgotten your great thought!" Then, more slowly: "Besides, you've forgotten what your flock of worshipping congregationalists is thinking of you. They won't forget what happened to the others who tried the faith-for-food idea, and they never really believed your foolish prattle, anyway!"

"Please don't come at me so fast." The humped-over man in the chair was weakening. "I'm so tired that I can't think straight; it's not fair to beat me so. I matched you easily enough before." He was complaining.

"Well well, Biggers," it was the voice all over again. "I'm getting fed up trying to help you along with your stubborn nonsense, but I really don't mind because, you see, I won't have to come around any more. You're shot, Biggers, you're through! You never were strong, anyway and it's not six days at all any more. It's twelve days, it's three weeks! It's a month, Biggers, since you've eaten, a month! You're not nearly as big as the Tennessee fellow, and he keeled over in two weeks! Ha, ha, Biggers, I won't have to come around any more!"

"Wait a minute! Please! Please, wait." The man had staggered to his feet now. "Don't go! I want to tell you something!"

"Tell it to Jo, your wife." The voice was fading. "You locked her out four days ago, but she'll come if you just call. She'd *love* to hear your confession! You can tell her all about it."

Continued on page 23

Students of Denison

"I think well of them all."

By DR. A. A. SHAW

I have been asked to write of the boys and girls at our school. This is not hard, for I think well of them all. Yet these young folk are not of one sort, and to be fair I should think and speak of each one as I have come to know them.

On the whole, I would say that these young folk rank high as we see them by the side of those in schools like our own; while one by one, there are those who stand high, there is a large group of those whose work rates well up in the scale, and there are a few who have to strain their eyes to see "the heights by great men reached and kept."

A few years past, the dean of a strong school in the East classed the young folk in his school as: "Super-kindergartners, bread and butter students, and real scholars." If funds could be found, he would like to build a school for each of these groups. It is clear that he would like to be the head of a school made up of the last group.

No doubt in most of our schools we would find the same groups. We have them here: the play boys and girls, those who want to get and hold a good job, and those who reach out to know and be and do the best in life. Here with real joy we have seen "play boys" grow to be full grown men and maids with minds and hearts tuned to the best. We have seen those whose first thought was of a job, come to see that to do what is most worth while in life, one must be worth while, and we have found that not a few of those whom the good dean classed as "real scholars," had hearts and souls that were in need of all in the school that would help growth in these high parts of their life.

It will not do for us here to make a rule to take cast offs from schools whose work they could not or would not do. Yet we have had some boys—and now and then a girl—come to us who have not done well in the schools where they made their first trial, who yet had it in them to make good, and here have proved it to their joy and

to ours. Their first task here was to beat down an urge to quit—"I have failed,—what's the use?" Then came an urge to try once more. They came to see that the fact that a man fails need not count. What counts is what one does when he has failed. Then on this solid base they have built well a trained mind and a life schooled in the best things.

Here at our school with its growth from a fine past, and its hope of as fine days to come, while we will need to bar those who it is clear will not make good in their work, we should set as our goal to get a group of boys and girls who come from all ranks in the life of our land. While here we should all strive to be made fit to take a real place, to lead and to build, in the life out of which we have come, and to set a pace for self and for all on the path to the high ends of life.

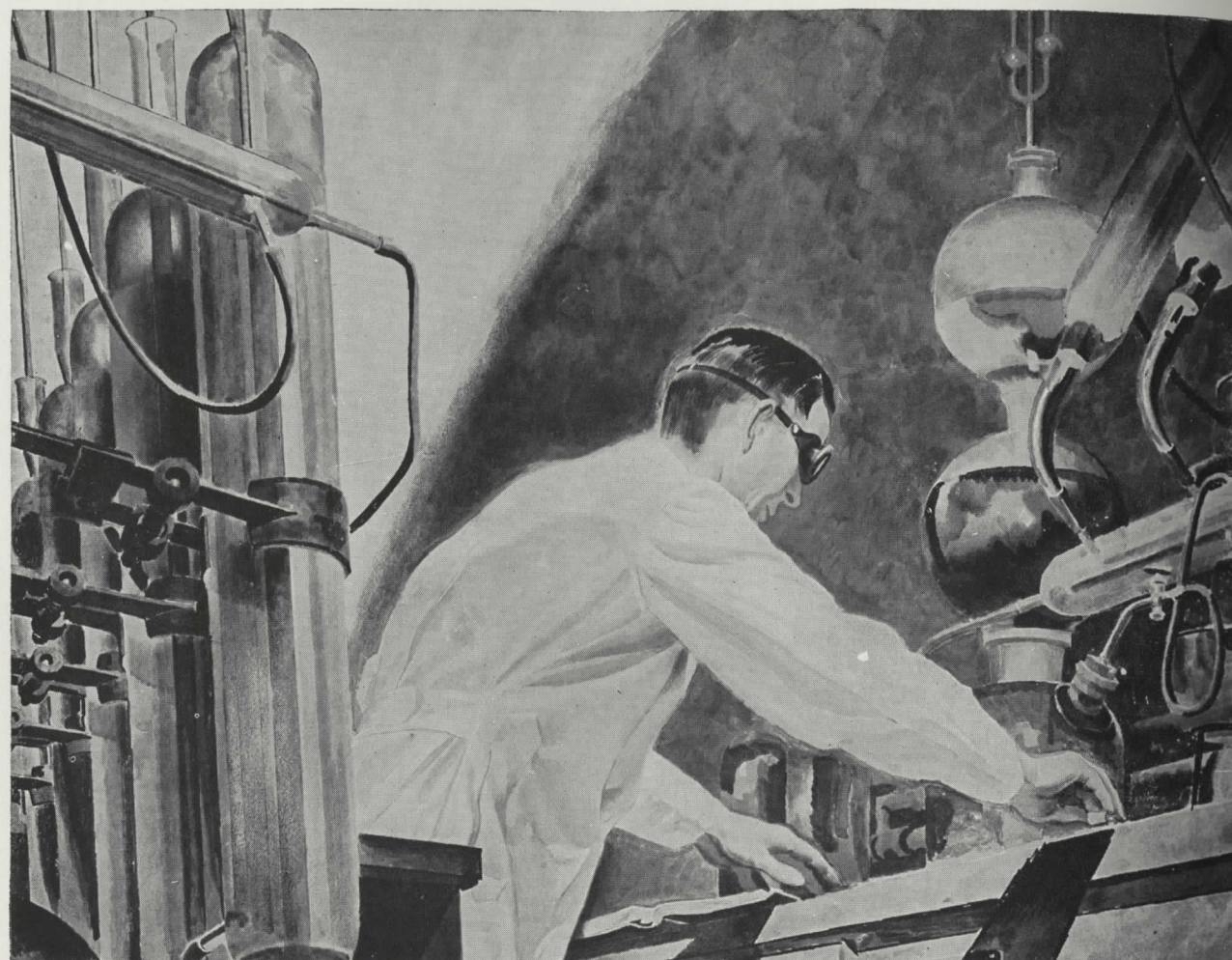
If I may yield to the urge to preach, may I come to an end, as I plead that here in our school we are now a part of the life that is to be; that here we strive to help, to build, to look for the best and to be glad to see it, to be glad to do our share to help "each for all and all for each."

Here and now is life, life that may be made more fine, more full, in all ways more worth while.



Dr. A. A. Shaw

NOTE: The author offers a copy of one of his books to the student who first reports to him the chief literary peculiarity of this article.



IF HE'S LUCKY, A MILLION MEN WILL DIE!

HE WAS TOP MAN in his class when he graduated from college. It was predicted he'd have an exceptionally brilliant career. And here he is, on the way to fulfilling those predictions. Do you know how? *By working on the development of a more deadly and inhuman poison gas!*

He might have been the scientist destined to find the cure for cancer. He might have held the key to the discovery of a preventive for infantile paralysis. He might have saved millions from agony, and heartbreak, and twisted limbs.

But the world couldn't spare him for that. He's needed to make poison gas. If he succeeds, a million or more men will die horribly when the next war comes.

Behind the lines, planes will zoom over cities and towns, and children will fall down strangling from one breath of air that a second ago had been clean and sweet. Death will have the greatest picnic of all time . . .

. . . when and *if* the next war comes. Will it? That's largely up to you—you and all the other decent people of the world. You'll have to fight hard to preserve peace. You'll have to keep your wits about you in order to resist extremely clever appeals to your emotions, and extremely ingenious propaganda. You'll have to throw the weight of aroused public opinion against the handful who want war. So far, in the world's history, this handful has had things entirely its own way. And in the future ???

What YOU can do about it—

World Peaceways is a non-profit agency the purpose of which is to solidify the desire most people have to abolish the whole silly business of war.

We feel that intelligent effort can AND MUST be made against war and toward a secure peace. If you think so too we invite you to write to World Peaceways, 103 Park Ave., New York.

New German War Prophets

"The Hardest Hearts Will Win"

By DR. H. A. DEWEERD

Madame de Stael once observed that "thinking calms men of other nations, but it inflames the Germans." Such, at least, seems to be true of thoughts of war. In the same century when Thomas Carlyle condemned war as "futile transitory dust-whirlwinds stilled in blood," as "extensive fits of human insanity," certain German philosophers actively praised the grandeur and virtues of war. Of these men Heinrich von Treitschke was the most ardent and outspoken. Certain gems from his works have such a present-day glitter that they may serve as an introduction to the new German war prophets. In his famous *Politik*, Treitschke wrote:

"War is political science *par excellence*. Over and over again it has been proved that it is only in war a people become in very deed a people—

"Just where, to the superficial observer, war appears as something brutal and inhuman, we have learned to discern its moral force. That, for the sake of their Fatherland, men should stifle their natural human feelings, that they should murder one another—at first sight, this seems the revolting side of war; and yet therein consists its grandeur. A man must sacrifice not only his life, but also the profoundly just and natural impulses of the human soul. He must renounce his whole ego for the sake of a great patriotic idea. Therein lies the moral sublimity of war—

Not only did Trietschke glory in the war-readiness of the Prussians of the 19th century, but like his present-day prototypes he could not resist the temptation to belittle his neighbors. North Germans he found were more civilized than the South Germans. He scoffed at the materialism of the British whose Manchester School of thinkers "regarded man as a biped whose chief vocation was to buy cheap and sell dear."

Today, when sober men elsewhere are appalled by the futility, horror, and brutality of war, new prophets in the German Reich are again

preaching the glories and virtues of war. It has been reported that men of military age in Germany have already been provided with detailed instructions to be followed upon receipt of mobilization orders. This readiness for war in the material realm has not blinded the leaders of the Third Reich to the fact that moral readiness for war is equally important the Realm leader himself has declared:

"The question of how to win back German power is not: how can we manufacture arms? Rather it is: how can we create the spirit which renders a people capable of bearing arms. When this spirit dominates a people, will power finds a thousand ways, each of which leads to a weapon."

Some nations, despairing of peace through pacts and negotiations, are now feverishly preparing for peace through material readiness for war. Germany, however, is proceeding simultaneously with moral as well as material preparation for war. The democracies of Europe may spend billions on the machinery of war, but they do not have a population morally prepared to glory in the harsh tasks of war. England, it is said, cannot find recruits to man her new war machines. She may be forced to adopt conscription in peace time. No one acquainted with the French people can justly describe them as "feeling a joy in arms." The disadvantages which face the democratic nations of Europe in the coming war with Fascism are numerous, but the moral unreadiness for war on their part, and the moral enthusiasm for war which seems to dominate their potential adversaries may well be a decisive factor in the struggle. How has this moral enthusiasm for war been created? It has been the subject of special concern to the leaders of the Third Reich and is based upon time-honored slogans and a knowledge of the psychology and idealism of the German people. In common with its love of "cosmic grandiosity," German idealism has always stormed against the "spiritless and exhausted ages which have played with the vision of perpetual peace." Bause, Göering and Hitler, the present-day prophets of the armed dogma of Nazism, take much of their inspiration from former thinkers. In doctrine as well as the program the Nazi party is marked by the influence of such men as Comte, Maurras, Houston Chamberlain and others. The present exaltation of war draws heavily upon the doctrines of Clausewitz, Treitschke, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. "Against the slack-lipped individualism of the West," these thinkers advanced the glories of war and preached of man's supreme duty to the state.

Then, as now, the German war prophets occasionally got out of hand, and their discourses had to be "watered down" for foreign consumption. Such was the case of the erratic Nietzsche, who, with an irony impenetrable to the Prussian mind, described the Prussian as a "blonde beast

avidly rampant for spoils and victory." In recent years the written works of Professor Ewald Banse, and Hitler have had to be withdrawn from foreign circulation as "too strong for English stomachs" or expurgated into harmlessness. At home, however, these works are deemed to be the very wellsprings of German thought.

What have these "New Messiahs" been teaching the German people? In September 1932,



DR. H. A. DE WEERD
Associate Professor
of History
Denison University

Professor Ewald Banse published his famous work *Raum und Volk in Weltkrieg* (People and Territories in the World War). The extremely frank revelation of Nazi military ambitions and program might well have been discredited as the isolated work of a fanatic had it not been for the fact that Professor Banse occupied a position in the Nazi state similar to that of Heinrich von Treitschke under the German Empire. Banse was an authority on political geography and the author of two other books: *Wehrwissenschaft* (Military Science) and *Geographie und Wehrwille* (Geography and the Will for Defense). So alarming were these books to foreign readers that two of them were withdrawn from circulation. This was done, however after their doctrine became known through the publication of an English edition of his *Raum und Volk im Weltkrieg*. Far from discrediting Professor Banse, the German government appointed him to the first chair of military science established under the Third Reich. To make doubly certain that his doctrines would have wide currency, the German Society for Military Policy and Military Sciences was established in April, 1933, with the avowed purpose of realizing the "essential ideals of Professor Banse."

What were the ideals of Professor Banse? They were the formation of military spirit, the mobilization of the best minds for the national defense, the systematic training of the German youth to bear arms, the inculcating of a fighting spirit, and the extermination of pacifism. Convinced that "preparation for future war entails spiritual as well as material factors," Professor Banse declared that the time has come for the sword to assume its ancient place of honor. In one of the strongest passages in *Raum und Volk im Weltkrieg* he gives a new version of Bismarck's "blood and iron" speech. He writes:

"Strong Empires are not built on treason or business activities. They arise only out of the song of the sword. The Third Empire as we envisage it—from Flanders to the Raab, from Memelland to the Adige and the Rhone—will only be borne through blood and iron. Thought, armies and labour must march and die before the Third Empire will raise its proud head on the fields of the West."

Observers with a humorous turn of mind will admit that thought has already marched and died in Germany, but the implications of these striking phrases are too sinister to be dismissed with a quip.

After having cataloged Germany's neighbors, Professor Banse makes it clear that in the next struggle no sentimental restrictions must hold back the triumphant rush of the German armies. He stresses the advantage of an attack upon France through the territory of Germany's small neighbors. He concludes:

"A future war with France could only be under favorable conditions if we took occasion or had permission to march through Belgium and Holland in the North and Switzerland in the South."

With France disposed of, the mind of Professor Banse leaps across the Channel to the conquest of England. He admits "It is an attractive prospect for us to imagine and sketch out the downfall at some future time of this proud and secure people." Toward this end he draws plans and maps for the invasion of England in conjunction with attacks from Ireland aimed at the Liverpool-Manchester industrial area. "Once this area is in possession of an invading army," says Professor Banse, "the backbone of England is broken."

The German professor is honest enough to admit that these extensive plans as well as the inevitable war with Russia will call for extreme exertions. But the "hardest hearts will win." He puts the situation clearly.

"Nobody must doubt that between our present distress and our coming happiness stands war. But war today is a bloody fight—it is gas and pestilence, it is terror of tanks and air, it is hunger and poverty, it is meanness and lies, it is renunciation and sacrifice.

"Only such a people can hold out to the end in which each individual knows for years and is convinced in the depths of his soul that his life belongs to the state, and only to the state, and again and again to the state."

It is the function of education "to pour steel into the nerves of the German people" so that they may measure up to the demands of war. In August, 1933, Professor Banse contributed an important article to the chief magazine of the teaching profession *Die Deutsche Schule*. In this article he insisted that the German youth should be taught about the blood and tribal origins of the German people. They must become ac-

quainted with the "German will," with the necessity for National unity. Sports must attain a definite military character. Students must master close and open order of march and formation in the face of an enemy. Banse held that:

"This methodical instruction could begin in the 11th or 12th year and must take one or two hours a week. A place for it must be found. There is nothing more important than education to military consciousness and the necessity of national defense. This period of Military Science must and must be established."

Thus, with many a repetition, but with true German thoroughness Professor Banse makes himself clear.

Sober students of history who attempted to discount the effects of Allied propaganda hostile to Germany during and after the World War often found that the arrogance, chauvanism, and wild talk of the German spokesmen were the strongest obstacles to the removal of prejudices. Typical of these damaging outbursts of German spirit during the war was Major-General Ditfurth's article which appeared in an issue of the *Hamburg Nachrichten* in November, 1914. He was explaining the necessity for bombarding the cathedral at Rheims and wrote:

"It is of no consequence if all the monuments ever created, all the pictures ever painted, and all the buildings ever erected by the great architects of the world are destroyed, if by their destruction we promote Germany's victory over her enemies. The commonest, ugliest stone placed to mark the burial place of a German grenadier is a more glorious and perfect monument than all the cathedrals in Europe put together. Let neutral peoples and our enemies cease their empty chatter, which is no better than the twittering of birds. Let them cease their talk about the cathedral at Rheims—these things do not interest us."

Such eloquence in 1914 might be laid at the door of soldierly feeling, but the new war prophets in Germany are operating in time of peace.

If the over-ardent chauvanism of lesser officials in the Nazi state is to be discounted, no such allowance can be made for the statements of its highest officials. In his long and rambling discourse *Mein Kampf*, Herr Hitler gives what must be regarded as the official attitude of the Nazi party on the subject of war and peace. *Mein Kampf*, formerly available in a very much abridged English edition, is now published in a complete translation in the United States. It should be read by every student.

According to Herr Hitler the duty of the German Reich is to embrace all Germans and lead them slowly to a position of dominance. The German frontiers of 1914 are not desirable, indeed, it would be nothing short of treason to advocate them. Germany must have room for economic expansion and for strategic security. Hitler makes it clear that such expansion cannot take

place in some far off place like the Cameroons "but is today almost exclusively possible only in Europe." If Germans think of new soil, Hitler says, "we can but think first of Russia and her subject border states." Since the acquisition of these border states cannot be attained without a war against Russia, Hitler turns to the field of foreign relations. "Alliances," says the Realm leader, "are only made for fighting." The reader will, therefore, know how to interpret the recent German-Italian-Japanese alliance

"Peace and humanity," continues Herr Hitler "may be quite good after the supreme race has conquered and subdued the world in such a manner as to make him its exclusive master." Peace cannot solve the problems of the German state. "If the German people had possessed (presumably from 1914-1918) that safe instinct (for war) based upon blood—the German Reich would probably today be mistress of the globe. Then perhaps we could have attained what today so many misguided pacifists hope to get by whining and blubbering; Peace—upheld not by the olive branches of lacrimonious hired female mourners, but established by the victorious sword of a master-nation which leads the world to serve a higher culture." Herr Hitler's style may be a little bumbling but his meaning is clear. So well established is this hatred for pacifism in the German Reich that Herr Hitler's government has recently decreed that in the future no German will receive the Nobel peace prize.

Some apologists have asserted that the endorsements of war cited above no longer represent Herr Hitler's views. They declare that they represented Hitler's justifiable wrath when writing

Dr. De Weerd, author of this article, is a member of the American Historical Association and is an associate member of the United States Naval Institute and of the United States Infantry Association. Dr. De Weerd is also editor of the *Journal of the American Military Foundation*.

Mein Kampf in prison at Munich smarting under the French occupation of the Ruhr. Unhappily for all concerned, the second volume of *Mein Kampf* which contains these appeals to the sword was written after the evacuation of the Ruhr and after Herr Hitler had left his flower-decked cell in Munich. His views on war may be a little embarrassing but they cannot be described as out of date. No less an authority than Dr. Alfred Rosenberg proudly announced in the *Volkischer Beobachter* for July 19, 1935, that "*Main Kampf* represents for all future days the unshakable basis of National Socialist feeling and thought." So it appears that the war doctrines of Herr Hit-

Continued on page 24

Poetry by West

DILEMMA

There's savour in expectancy that breathes
Alone the perfume of a mistress' hair;
Or reads the masked acquiescence in
Her whispered 'No . . .'; then touches casual lips
To casual lips, and dramatizes all
This amorous monotony with a tear
And lover's platitude . . .

There's stranger spice
In coquetry that is but counterfeit;
That hides its passion in much teasing and
A smile's too studied ambiguity;
That fleetingly will make confession—in
A gesture's inadvertence or the eyes'
Dark verity—of all the heart's pretense
At apathy: and so surrender to
The old exquisite sophistries of love.

—Bill C. West.



Dancer and Gazelles
A Sculpture
By Paul Manship

—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

REPROACH

It must be something strange in woman, makes
Her worship this man's dross, and quite disdain
This other's gold, who'd dream a goddess of
Her bright mortality, and shape his love
Into a deathless diadem . . .

So much proud beauty there, in eager thrall
To love; such pure divinity, to play
The brazen coquette for HIS kiss; and see,
Those haughty goddess-eyes (that glimmer through
My dreams, and are the flame-dark altars of
This soul's idolatry) so palpably
To woo HIS smile. Ah, bitterly I read
Them all: the old, old genuflexions that
A woman's passion plays, the futile sum
Of her love's wisdom when a man's perverse.

Now if you worshipped me . . .
—Bill C. West.

Books

Review of New Books

PAUL SAUNDERS

In his preface to Knud Merrild's *A Poet and Two Painters*, Aldous Huxley speaks of the failure of previous biographers of D. H. Lawrence because of their tendencies to assume an air of ownership toward Lawrence. Mr. Merrild certainly does not err in this direction.

There are few people with such a right to publish a biography of Lawrence as Merrild, who with Gótzsche, lived with Lawrence all of one winter on the Del Monte ranch in New Mexico. His experiences and recollections of conversations with the English writer now fill in a gap in our fund of Lawrenceana.

The two Danes rattled into Taos, New Mexico, after a transcontinental jaunt in their battered Model T. Soon they had met Lawrence, and despite their own individualities, were mutually attracted. The following winter, at the invitation of Lawrence, they went to the ranch to stay. As is inescapable in such close companionships they had emotional and intellectual experiences, and

came to know Lawrence with enviable intimacy. Without effort they drew from Lawrence his ideas on life and on his art. It is significant that the Danes do not think of Lawrence as a tin god, but as a great man with an idea.

If you can take an idealistic view of the Spanish Civil War, that is to feel that the Loyalists were fighting to oust foreigners from their lands and to stamp out a revolt, you should read André Malraux's *Man's Hope*.

This book is undoubtedly the literary thesis of the Spanish revolution. Men like Spender have written about the personal lives of the revolutionists, but Malraux has written a document, expounding the psychology and idealism behind the war, and more significant, the reasons for which the intellectuals of Spain joined the ranks. The plot of the book is impossible to describe because of its unique frame-work. The novel is divided into three parts and deals with about that number of main characters.

Music

Review of New Records

BOB SMITH

For this issue's record review column I have chosen to review two brand new record albums that have just recently been released for those record collectors, and others, who wish to learn of the versatility of the two bands that made these records; namely Bob Crosby (Decca) and Artie Shaw (Victor).

In the Bob Crosby Album there is the finest selection of tunes to show the vast versatility of the band, starting out with *Summertime*, which is well known to Bob Crosby fans as one of the best recordings of George Gershwin's classic.

My greatest "kick" came, however, when I heard Bob Zurke play *Honky Tonk Train*, for here is a Negro "blues," written by that past master of the art of Boogie-Woogie, Meade Lux Lewis, that Zurke may well be proud of. On the reverse side of this record is that catchy instrumental novelty that you are well acquainted with by this time, called *Big Noise from Winnetka*. In this record there are only two instruments in use; Bob Haggart on the string bass, and Ray Bauduc handling the drums. Other records in this album include *My Inspiration*, written by

bass man Haggart, which displays some good clarinetting by Irving Fazola; *I Hear You Talkin'* and *Call Me a Taxi* by four members of the band, (Zurke, Haggart, Miller, Bauduc) does little more than show off the instrumental ability of each musician, but they do have some refreshing ideas that make this disc a success. *I'm Free* and *Swingin' at the Sugar Bowl* are full orchestra, and finally *Speak to Me of Love*, *The Big Bass Viol*, and *Loopin' the Loop* feature the Bob Cats in some first class Dixieland swing.

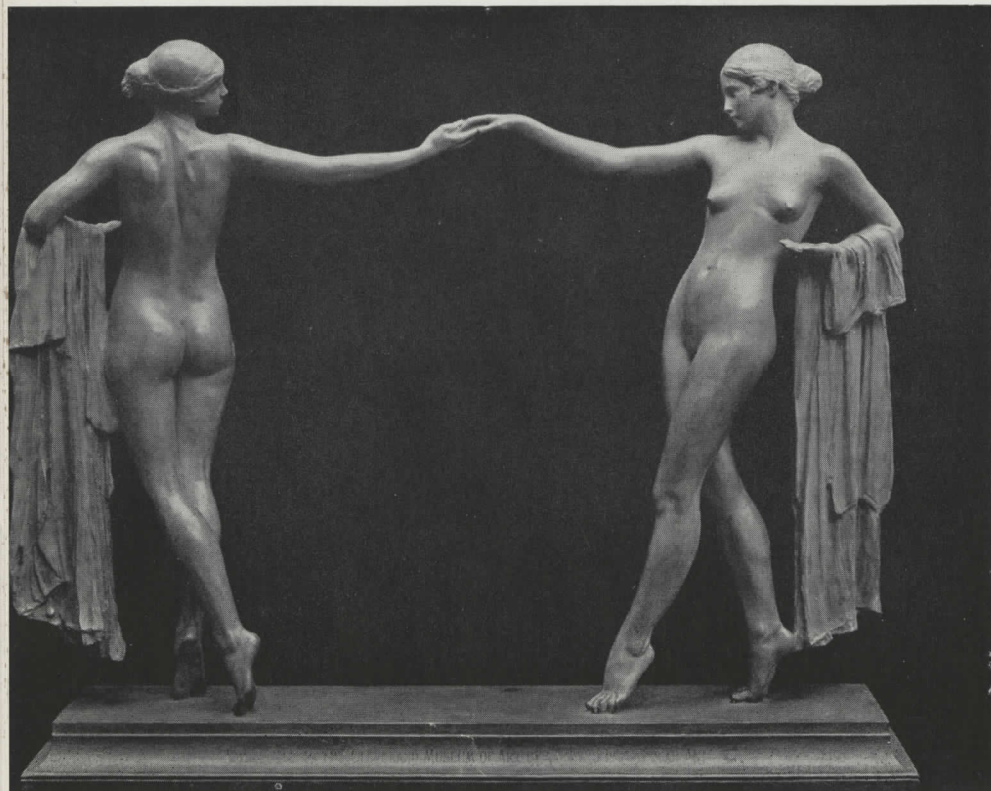
In Artie Shaw's Album there is some of the best arranging that can be asked for. It seems to me that much of this band's success is due to the fact that his musicians and arrangements are superior to those of other bands that are sharing the same spotlight with Shaw. The instrumentation in *Donkey Serenade* is unique, but at the same time the band hangs onto the solid rhythm that the piece affords. This is one of the best records of this new album. An interesting fact about the Artie Shaw Album is that it contains all music written by American composers. *Carioca* is another favorite that is well equipped to become a swing choice.

Art

To the right is the Nude (Pink), a water color painting by Pablo Picasso. The work of Picasso is highly controversial, perhaps after looking at the Pink Nude you will know why.



—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.



The Andante by Mario Korbell offers a contrast to the Picasso above. Both are to be found in the Cleveland Museum of Art, to whom we are indebted for the loan of these illustrations.

—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

Drama

Review of "Susan and God"

DON BETHUNE

Here is something new in the line of smart, sophisticated comedy—a comedy with a moral. Underneath all of the flippancy and the farce, the author has written, *Susan and God* to be a play having social significance. The moral might be stated as follows: The reforming spirit is a good thing but reform should be started at home and should not be carried to extremes.

Briefly the story runs like this: Susan is the acme among social butterflies; her husband is a drunk and the two don't get along together; her little child has proven to be just an obstacle in the way of Susan's having a good time and has therefore been sent away to a boarding school; and all in all, Susan as we see her at first is arrogant, flighty, unprincipled and almost utterly worthless. Of course if events continued to follow this course there would be nothing to write a play about, but fortunately for everyone con-

cerned the situation is altered when Susan, while traveling in England, runs across the Oxford movement. The reform spirit of this movement completely captivates Susan and she immediately bounces from her former unprincipled self to the very opposite extreme and becomes a rabid reformer. The rest of the story deals with the gradual modification of this radical reform spirit to reformation more compatible to her own nature and to the disposition of her friends. Eventually all is well: her husband is no longer a drunk, her little girl gets the benefit of a real home experience, and Susan matures into the ideal wife and mother.

Susan and God, while it is good entertainment, does not appear to be a truly great play and we will be surprised to see it attain anything but temporary success.

Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" Reviewed

BERNARD BAILEY

Imagine entering a huge theatre, replete with plush seats, side boxes, orchestra pit, carpeted floors and all the baroque fineries of the late Victorian Age, and suddenly being confronted, not with the usual voluminous curtain, but a completely bare and open stage; sans curtain, sans set, sans centuries of tradition!! In one fell swoop, Jud Harris' unique production of "Our Town", starring Frank Craven, has blasted away centuries of tradition and we wonder what has become of the legitimate theatre.

As the time for performance drew near and the houselights dimmed and the foots came up, I began to muse as to the possible attention factor that this nude stage produced on the minds of the audience, merely through suggestion. Shhh!! A man is walking about the stage. From stage left he brings out several chairs and a table, and following considerable jockeying on his part he has arranged two tables; one each, at stage right and left respectively and downstage past center to allow for a row of chairs clear across the upstage area. Very calmly and in an unhurried fashion he walks to the proscenium arch, lights his pipe and in an invigorating and extremely conversational tone begins to tell us about the play and the characters. This is Frank Craven.

We find that this chair and table represent the

home of the village physician, his wife and son. Directly adjoining their property is the home of the town's newspaper genius, the editor of the weekly paper. Then lo and behold, the characters appear and pantomime their way into your hearts. There are no loopholes. From the milk bottles jingling in the milkman's imaginary basket, to the buzzing whirr of the editor's lawn mower, you are never once in doubt as to the significance of each move.

After you have become acquainted with the characters of this Lilliputian village, you are abruptly reminded by Mr. Craven that this is the end of the first act and you may now retire and smoke.

And so we dream and are wafted through the second act and the wedding of the neighbor boy and girl, and are fairly imagined into the church by a curious interplay of overhead floods that completely desecrate a church; yet there are no outlines. And light of light, that third act will always remain indelibly inscribed on my memory!

In deathless silence we view the dead in lively communication with one another deploring the fact that they who have lived, "Do Not Understand." Every line breathes the utmost subtlety into the mood, the reactions, the theme and the idea—it is completely beautiful and moving.

Reflections

By

ROBERT MAXWELL

So many times I bowed my head,
And with my heart I softly said:
"Dear God, I am prepared to die";
But that was when the eve was nigh,
And in the morn I heard the lark:
Gone my resign, and gone the dark.

"Just one more day," I whispered low,
"Once more among the field to go;
Perchance today I'll find a bird
I've never seen, a song unheard."

And that day passes quickly by;
I whisper, "I am resigned to die.
But just— just one more day
Give me, before I go my way."

"Oh, God . . .
Thrust quick, smother my cry!
I shall never be prepared to die."

Once in the night I stole upon a sight
Of loveliness, an etching of rare beauty.
The moon engueue basked in her light
Of sapphire jewels, the polish of eternity.
And autumn earth with his long,
Bare, leafless fingers pled and reached in vain,
And offered up his lover's windy song,
And pledged his troth with cry of anguished pain.

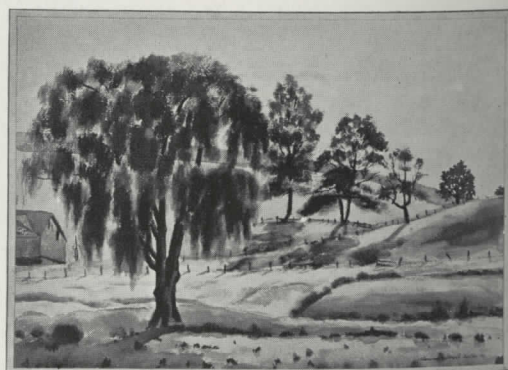
Silently I watched this courtship deed,
Awed by the moon's exotic charm, and earth's great
need—
And suddenly moon's matron did the lovely sight erase,
And tucked the lady in with sheets of pure cloud lace.

I am not far from happiness;
Only the length of a word away,
A single glance, a touch, a kiss.
Rapture in whatever you might say;
Peace if you would but look at me;
Trembling if you would brush me lightly;
And your kiss: all heaven's ecstasy.

Not far from happiness?
Oh, God . . . infinity!

Lost 'neath some seething unmarked billow,
In a land I will never know
Half sunk in the depths of muddy sand,
Two hearts lie—flung from her hand,
Cast as the boat glided—
And softly shimmering to the sand,
As the lapping surf subsided,
They shone in ephemeral moonglow on the strand

And Orion saw two tiny hearts ashine:
One, a golden ring; the other mine.



—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

July—water color
Clarence Holbrook Carter.

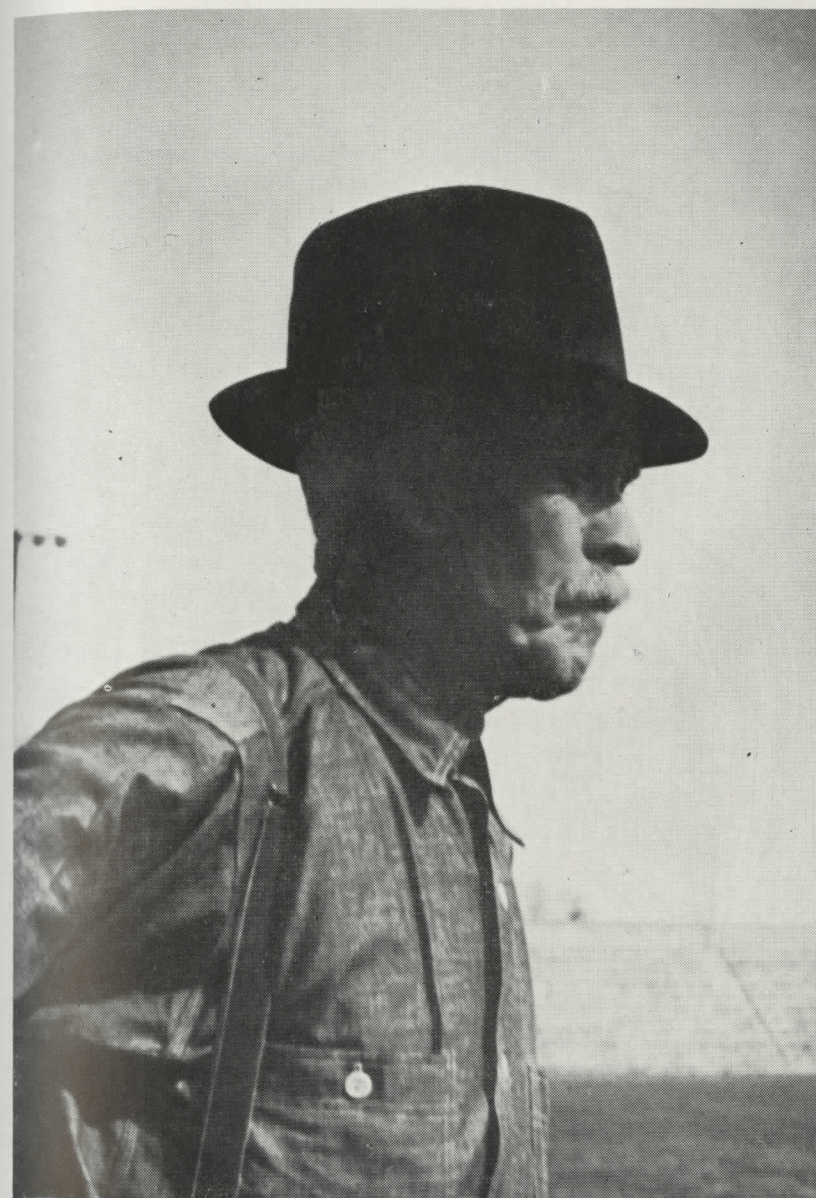


Photo by Phil Browne.

A Faithful Servant

You know John. Of course! Every Denison man and woman since the class of '26 has seen this figure bending over one of the thousand and one tasks connected with the maintenance of College grounds. What you didn't know about John, perhaps, is that he has a history.

John is a Welshman, as are all of the Jones, in the vicinity. He was working hard in the Welsh coal mines by the time he was 14. Since coal mining didn't offer the kind of future that John visualized for himself, he left Wales when he was 17 to swing his pick into American coal. He first worked in California as a "hard rock miner and

driller" at the quartz pits. Later when an "itching-foot" compelled him to move, he found his way into Newark, Ohio, where at various times he has worked as a postman, as a laborer in the rubber factory, and at Wherles'. Finally in 1926 Denison "discovered" him and ever since he has graced our campus.

John is now 70 years old. His figure is spare and bent, but his eyes, though faded, continue to reflect his internal good nature. The next time you see John stop him and, if you have not already done so, make his acquaintance: you both will profit from this experience.

Verses

By

STANLEY HANNA

JAZZ

Muted brass on a single note
 Syncopation in a fierce crescendo
 Howling horns and dancing valves
 Straining faces and sweat-stained shirts
 Up come the trumpets
 Five in a row
 Up come the slip-horns
 With a trombone smear
 Up come the saxes
 With a mournful yowl
 Up come the clarinets
 With reeking reeds
 Dread is the rhythm
 The incessant beat
 The awful throb
 Of the twanging bass
 The deathly rattle
 Of the drummer's snare
 The dismal thud
 Of drumming feet
 The clashing chord
 On the grimy keys
 Dread is the rhythm
 The incessant beat.

M. A.

A QUEEN you say—but whisper very low,
 A shadow moves across the milky skies
 At noon, a pallor hides from common eyes
 The furtive wrinkle on a laughing brow;
 That rosy hue is but a brief glow
 Upon the cheek, that marks the sudden rise
 From Austria to the palace of Versailles—
 A crown will hide a girlish heart below.
 A queen you say—who dares to breathe it now?
 A single gleam reflects the knife, the symbol
 Of revolt is raised above a little girl
 At play with greater things, a gentle tremble
 Grips her broken frame . . . a whirl—
 Nay, not a queen—a simple, loving soul!



—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

Rotherhithe—etching
 James McNeill Whistler.

MARCH, 1939

THE RAINS FELL

Continued from page 5

are great clouds all over the sky. Come here, Thomas, and look!"

Then quickly, like the strike of the rattlesnake, the roar of the thunder and the flashes of lightning filled the sky, breaking the stillness of the desert. Anna and Thomas stood together on the



porch, watching the strange spectacle, both staring above—and waiting. And then, as the woman watched and hoped for rain, a great drop of wet struck her cheek, then crawled slowly down to her mouth. It was the sweetest water the woman had ever tasted. At first slowly, then faster and thicker came the rain, spattering upon the dust and disappearing quickly into the parched soil.

The weary man and the tired woman said nothing, just watched the fantastic rainfall as it formed little pools in the yard. Thomas put his arms about his wife and drew her to him. "We're saved, saved, do you hear, Anna, saved by the rain! We can stay on now and help the wheat grow." Anna, the woman who seldom cried, sobbed softly on his shoulder.

The happy man took his wife's arm and led her into the falling rain. They stopped now and then to reach into the mud that had been dust, and to press the wet substance to their faces. They stood in the farm yard and let the cold water strike their bodies and drench their clothing.

Then, suddenly, quickly it came. The lightning struck, not slowly as the dust storms had come, but quickly like the first drop of rainfall on Anna's cheek. The hissing sound of burning timber burst forth, and great flames shot high into the sky. A terrible roar of the lightning striking the home had shattered the melody of the rainfall, and their home was in flames. The man and his wife turned to see the great flames dart-

ing upward from the roof, where the fierce bolt of electricity had struck and ignited the tinder wood. The storm that had broken the drought was destroying their home.

Thomas and Anna stood in the falling rain and watched the huge flames crumble their home to the ground. Everything that they possessed—all they had brought from Indiana, all they were going to take to Nebraska—everything, was in that blazing inferno. Their home—the one possession that the dust could not destroy—the blessed rain, "the wet, sweet rain" was now destroying. Thomas, the man who was weary once more, put his arm about Anna's shoulder and led her to the shed. The dust and heat of Kansas had defeated them. That was all that mattered, and now, crippled and tired, they were leaving.

Thomas backed the ancient auto from its place in the barn, and helped the silent woman to the seat beside him. The weary lines of heat and hope and prayer became deeper in their faces as Thomas guided the old car down the road of dust. They were going north to a new home now, going before the thick dust had buried them, like the wheat, under its heavy weight. The ditches beside the road were filled with running water now and the rain had stopped. Far off to the west, Thomas and his wife could see gleams from the red light of the sun break through grey-black clouds. Clouds—whether of rain or dust—they could not tell.

PORTFOLIO

is published by

THE F. J. HEER PRINTING
 COMPANY

○

COLUMBUS,
 OHIO

Poetess and Poet

BLACK

Soot is swarthy; pitch is too.
Dragon's blood has not the hue
Nor this infuscation.
The ace of spades or oily tar,
A coal mine floor, even charcoal are
Not this denigration.
Jet nor printer's ink
Nor ebony I think
Could be quite
As black as
I tonight.

Dick Wager.

RUTHLESS

He loved his Ruth dearly, but
His love seemed oh! so fruitless;
So one fine day he shot his Ruth
And went on living Ruthless.

Dick Wager.

TRAIN

I look down the track
And wonder how much longer
I'll have to wait here . . .
A deluge of cars yet . . .
New York Central . . .
Northern Pacific . . .
Old Dutch Cleanser . . .
Cars and cars of
Pennsylvania coal . . .
Sante Fe . . .
Armour Brand . . .
Sinclair Oil . . .
Automobile body frames
(I wonder what make of
Car they'll be . . .)
New York Central . . .
And finally
The caboose . . .
No one on the back
Platform tonight . . .
Too cold . . .
The gates go up
And the lights of
Another train
Are lost in the storm . . .

Dick Wager.

SONG OF A CYNIC

Into your cradle and get to sleep,
Cuddle the blankets around your feet,
Daddy's away at a poker game . . .
So drunk he can't remember his name.

And I sit here in a horrible stew
All the time knowing if it weren't for you
I'd have gone to the game with him
And I'd be drunk on too much gin.

Virginia Martindale.

PLEA

Won't you give me your heart to keep,
And weave me a dream in fancy steeped,
Sing me a song to bring me cheer,
Tell me a story each day of the year.

That is all I ask of you . . .
That is all you need to do . . .
more . . .

Oh, wait . . . I'm sorry . . . there's one thing
When you go out, don't slam the door!

Virginia Martindale.



—Courtesy Cleveland Museum of Art.

RUSSIAN DANCERS

By Alexander Blazys.

MR. BIGGERS TRIES FAITH

Continued from page 8

He was alone again. The room was hung heavily with silence, interrupted only by an occasional flapping of the window shade. He wanted to get up to stop it, but he felt too weak to try.

The magazine he had thrown under the bed two days ago was looking out at him. It was all up in a heap, badly rumpled, but the whites edges still looked cool and good. He knew that on page fifty-seven there was a large, full-colored photograph of a dripping, roasted turkey. On the side cover was an array of luscious toasties that could be made from a bag of white flour. Infinite taste sensations drew up his mouth, but the thought of a mental hell all over again fastened him in his chair; he gripped the edges of the seat, and noticed that his fingers felt fleshless and hard.

"Mother!" he said to himself, and suddenly wondered why he had said it. The pain in his stomach had elongated itself into a tubular ache that stretched from his groin to his back and up through his head. He murmured again, but his lips felt puffed, and he sensed that he was beginning to swell around the midsection. Once he remembered, he had seen a picture of a starved child. The body was bloated to an unrecognizable form, and the legs were like pegs shoved up into the swollen stomach.

A stretch, he thought, might ease the tension. With one hand braced against the wall, he moved slightly, and noticed that it had become dark again. Whether or not it was the same day, he couldn't tell, but he was acutely aware of a heavy drowsiness that sank down about him. The gloom of his deepened vision crept further away from him until he was aware that his spirit of consciousness was breaking up and being separated from purely theoretical thoughts as he would have preferred.

Muddled and confused sensations of past experiences rushed past him, and he was grasped in an overpowering desire to free himself. He waited and his past sensations grouped themselves into pictures that slowly approached.

Deep eyes opened before him. A woman's shoulder slipped close, coaling his body to a great ache. He sank deep and was softly enfolded while the rhythm of glutting himself curled in his ears.

Searing thoughts of his past whirled up and met him, revolved conspicuously and in detail, twitched, and faded back, far back into unknown depths. From the sullen blackness squirming hands caught him in a whirl of aching which drove itself harder and harder, deeper and deeper into his body until he clutched outwards and gasped in acute pain.

And from the very core of all this, there appeared a revolving beam of light which quickly expanded and grew as it spun madly about him. Heaving and straining, it burst upon him in a torrent of strength.

He was standing in the middle of the room but he could not see. Only the voice came to him, screaming each hard note on his ear drums, vibrating and revibrating to the tune of the ache that held his body.

"Biggers, you jackass! Biggers, you fool! Do you hear me? Wake up! Wake up! You'll never get through another one like that! Do you hear me? You'll die, Biggers, you'll die, and you'll not have faith, or your dreams, or your congregation, or your life! Biggers! Biggers! Call your wife, Biggers! She's waiting downstairs for you to call her. She'll get a doctor, Biggers, a doctor, and save you! If you die with what you've got on your soul, Biggers, you damned fool, you're through! Call your wife, you fool, your wife!"

It all fell away from him, and he could see now. The room was darkened, and the shade was still flapping idly. He turned drunkenly around staggered to the door, flung it open. "Jo!" he called, "Oh, Jo!"

THE SWEENEY AND WISE COMPANY

PLUMBIING and HEATING
CONTRACTORS

CLEVELAND,
OHIO



Contractors for new women's dormitory

NEW GERMAN WAR PROPHETS

Continued from page 13

ler cannot be explained away on the basis of chronology.

Since nearly every outstanding German of letters with the exception of Gerhardt Hauptmann has found it expedient to leave Germany, it is to be anticipated that those who remain must be more or less in sympathy with the war program discussed above. Alfred Rosenberg arranged a conference in October, 1936, called "War Literature Week" with meetings in the Nazi Chamber of Culture. To the sixty odd "writers" present who had written some fourteen pro-war books, Dr. Rosenberg exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, we thank you! When in 1918 desperation ruled Germany, you cherished our great heritage. When cowardice was in the ascent you continued to sing of the German man's eternal heroism. At a time when men without honor ruled (presumably Ebert, Luther, Stressemann, Hindenburg) you stood for German honor."

Typical of the "literary men" present was obscure Wilhelm Kohlhass, who had described an ideal type of young military officer in his work *The Officer and the Republic*. He writes: "His voice had the right tremolo for midnight excitement, for the fortunes of Pride and defiance of Death; the jubilant joy of Death with the Weapon in one's hand." Less mystical and more direct was Ernst Jünger whose consistent battle lust has survived a harsh war experience. He reaches the Nazi ideal of thought and expression in his *Inner Experience of Battle*. His doctrine is that "All freedom, all greatness, all culture are only maintained and spread aloft by wars." With unmistakable pride he asserts, "Today in Germany we write poems in steel and symphonies in ferro-concrete." These are the "writers" who have replaced Remarque, Feuchtwanger, Vicki Baum, Arnold Zweig, and Thomas Mann.

If results of the war doctrines of the Nazi state need to be pointed out they can be found in the failure of Mr. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, in the terror of the small neighbors of Germany, in the repeated breach of promised word to respect territorial boundaries of states which happen to be in the path of the German *Drang nach Osten*. Thus far the territorial gains of Germany have been made by bloodless conquest, using a new technique of undermining the morale of a country by threats of overwhelming military force, followed by an invasion "by invitation."

While many sober students of international affairs sympathized strongly with Herr Hitler's efforts to restore many of the rights of the Fatherland taken from her by the harsh treaty of Versailles, most of them feel that the methods employed to restore these rights are destined to plunge Europe once more into war.



You Pick The Spot
We'll Take You There

AT $\frac{1}{2}$

THE COST OF DRIVING

Whether you're heading for the old old homestead, honoring the room-mate with a visit, ducking down South, or do the Big City, we've got a bus that's going your way! Another nice thing about Greyhound—our fares don't look big, even to a college-educated pocket book. You'll have more fun the Greyhound way—and you'll find plenty of places to spend the money saved.

Sample One-Way Fares

Buffalo, N. Y.	\$6.05
Cincinnati, O.	2.75
Cleveland, O.	3.25
Dayton, O.	2.40
Detroit, Mich.	4.20
Indianapolis, Ind.	4.35
Lansing, Mich.	5.90
Pittsburgh, Pa.	3.50
New York City	9.85
Philadelphia, Pa.	8.60
Springfield, O.	1.90
St. Louis, Mo.	8.70
Syracuse, N. Y.	8.40
Richmond, Ind.	3.00

Big EXTRA Savings on
Round Trip Tickets

Taylor Drug Store

GREYHOUND TERMINAL

Phone 8229



GREYHOUND
Lines