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Portfolio Vol. III N 1

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Portfolio Vol. III N 1

Authors

Carolyn Metcalf, Bob Maxwell, Alison Ewart, Alison Phillips, Adela Beckham, Don Bethune, Norman Nadel, Dorothy Deane, Bob Smith, Ruth Franke, and Jim Black

NOVEMBER, 1939

Portfolio



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Portfolio

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Volume III, Number I

November, 1939

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The Editors Say

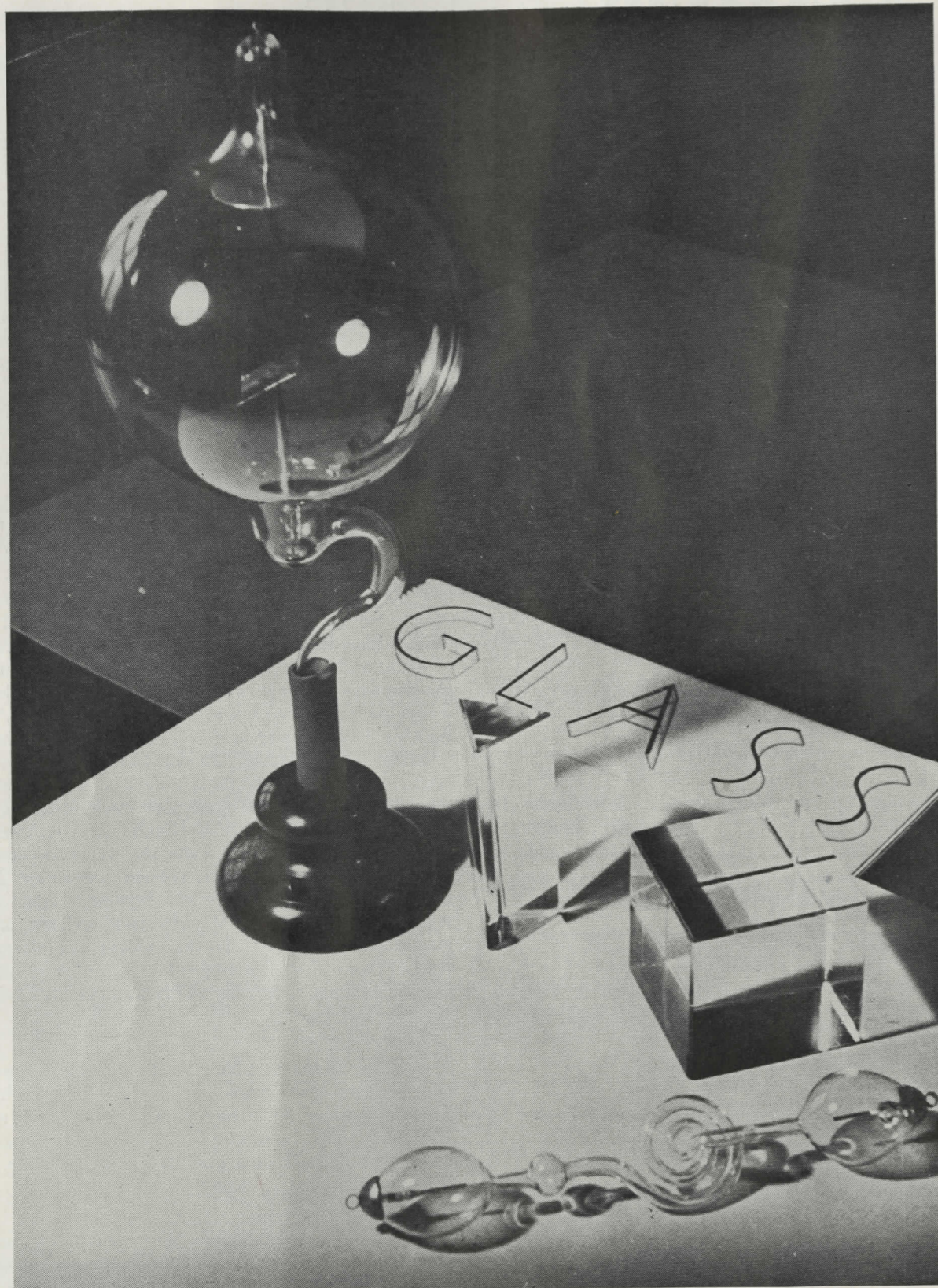
PORTFOLIO enters into its third volume this year. We feel that "progress" has characterized the development of the magazine during the past two years, and it is this progress which we are attempting to continue. In the present issue several changes have been installed and a number of new features presented, all with the ever-present concern to improving PORTFOLIO. Most apparent of the changes made in the issue is the new cover. The editors are highly pleased to present such an improvement to its readers, believing that they will agree that it is not only highly appropriate for a literary magazine but a fine piece of artistic work and distinctively modern. Credit for the art work goes to Gordon Wilson.

The contents of the magazine have been chosen with an eye to giving the readers variety. Several new writers have been brought to light in both departments of prose and verse. Carolyn Metcalf's *The Master of the World* is a highly original and imaginative tale, one which we believe will hold the interest of all. Alison Ewart's *Pious Fraud* is a contrasting story, light and amusing. The article, *Initial Plunge*, by Norman Nadel of the class of '38, is a first-hand statement of the adjustment college graduates must make as they leave the isolated world of Granville. It is written with a well-conceived analogy. In the verse department, three talented lyricists are present. Standby Adela Beckham writes again in her flowing, lyrical style. Alison Phillips and S. V., two new writers, present poems of high merit. In the student art department Ruth Franke deserves credit for her unusual original fashion designs, a feature which we hope will gain the favor of our readers.

Dorothy Deane and Bob Smith, reliable columnists, add to PORTFOLIO's variety in material with authoritative discussions on contemporary books and music. Jim Black's new departure in play review is an attempt to enliven analysis of a play by use of dialogue. We believe it worthy of praise.

As PORTFOLIO progresses, more and more material becomes available. This means not only an increase in quantity but as a result of competition, an increase in quality. PORTFOLIO's space is limited, and unfortunately many worthy pieces of writing must be omitted. But we hope and believe that this will not only urge students in writing to raise their own criteria, but will help us to maintain a high standard of literary composition.

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GLASS

A prize winning photograph by Horace King

NOVEMBER, 1939

3

Master of the World

"All was destroyed. There was no more to do."

By Carolyn Metcalf

All was destroyed. There was no more to do. The world was his as it lay at his feet, one vast expanse of barren, lifeless wastes. All, all this was his, even to the two children—insignificant bits of worthless humanity they were—which he had found in the ruins. He would make them his slaves, and there would be none to dispute his right to do as he wished. He had conquered even time itself and could live forever to gloat over his triumph.

The man picked up the children and took them to his stronghold in the mountain. Here beneath the earth's crust, far from the bleak view of utter desolation, the light, the food, the very air was synthetic. The man had demolished the former world and created one to suit himself.

He dropped the children into the slender arms of his daughter, Norn, the only other living being in the universe. Under her care, the luckless little scamps thrived and grew, in time, to sturdy young boys. But the man hated the sight of them. Norn saw fit to keep them hidden....

Once, as the man was making his solitary way through the vast hall of his world, he came across one of the youngsters scrubbing a floor. The man turned, with a scowl, to direct his footsteps elsewhere. But at that moment the youngster, all unconscious of not being alone, stood with his bucket, tottered a few steps, then sank in a weary heap.

"What ails you?" demanded the man harshly.

"It's nothing!" cried the terrified boy. "I— I slipped." He rose again with his bucket and turned to flee, but his wobbly knees gave way beneath him.

In a trice, the man was beside the boy and turned him upon his back. The unshorn locks were tumbled about the hot little face. The man hesitated. Then, more gently than one would have thought possible, he lifted the boy and carried him to Norn.

"You can destroy, but you cannot save," laughed Norn. "The boy is going to die."

"I can do *anything!*" roared the man. "I am master of the world. Nothing is out of my power!" Norn turned again and laughed to his face as though she did not believe.

Disgruntled, the man retired again to his laboratories. He was a scientist, not a doctor. But was he not master of the world? Was he not all-powerful? He set to work to prove to his daughter that he was not an idle boaster.

He installed the boy in his laboratories in order to observe the illness more easily. He tried medicine, he tried food. He tried this treatment and that, all to no avail. The boy, sometimes conscious, but more often not, made never a sigh.

Then the man took the boy upon his broad shoulders and went up into the open, out into the arid desolation of the world. The sun shone brilliantly down upon all, and the boy, who had never seen the sky before, raised his pale face and gazed in awe.

Before many days had passed, the boy's cheeks grew rosy, and his flesh a healthy brown. Strength was returning to his limbs.

"What is your name?" asked the man.

"I am Zah," replied the boy, as he danced to see his shadow.

"You are a brave boy, Zah. You would be worthy of being my son."

"What is a son?"

The man felt himself at a loss to answer this query, so he stated vaguely: "A son belongs to his father and loves him, and—and the father loves his son. Norn is my daughter and I love her."

"What is love?"

The man was well pleased with the boy. In time he took the child down again into his laboratories to teach him the wonders that were there. But the massive machines held small interest for the boy. Zah longed to go upward again, to the sun....

"Where is Zah?" cried Norn mockingly when she saw her father again.

"I have cured him, as I said I would," replied the man loftily, and turned his back to her laughter....

In the days that followed, the man derived great pleasure from explaining his works to Zah. He set the boy upon a stool and showed him that if you push *this* button, *that* will happen, although Zah could never quite understand why.

One day the man sent for the other boy, Naki. Naki proved to be a sullen, reticent boy, but Zah was so pleased to see his brother that the man let him stay. Then the man set out to teach them both, not only reading and writing—for these are insignificant subjects—but the deeper, more important studies of marvelous machines, machines which manufactured air and water, machines which could enlarge compounds until the very atoms were visible in all their startling properties.

Naki learned quickly. In a few months he knew, not only *how* to make the marvels in the laboratory work, but why what happened when. Good-natured Zah was unable to learn so quickly. His poor head would swim at the very simplest of problems which Naki could solve on the instant.

Naki, in spite of the fact that Zah was not quick to learn, fairly worshipped his brother. To Zah came all

of Naki's troubles and tales of woe. Zah was highly sympathetic. His cheerful consolations would immediately set Naki's moody spirits to soaring again. There were only three human beings in Naki's small life, but towards Zah he had a much warmer feeling than that he felt for either Norn or the man.

The man *also* adored Zah. He liked to think of the boy as his son. He tried to ignore Naki as merely a bothersome so-and-so who wasn't worth notice. Zah was a much more satisfying audience than was the un-



pleasant Naki, for Zah was easily impressed. He would sit by the hour with his eyes and his mouth wide open while the man demonstrated his wonderful inventions.

Thus grew a hatred between Naki and the man. Each would vie for Zah's attention. Then they would sit and glare at each other over Zah's bewildered head. The very air vibrated with hate. Zah liked them equally and impartially. In a quarrel, he would side frankly with whichever he felt to be in the right...

"Now this machine," boasted the man, one day, "could kill four thousand at a single discharge..."

"Kill! kill! kill!" cried Zah. "Don't you ever think of anything else? There are only four living persons in the whole world!"

"Right!" agreed the man calmly, "but there is still *That One*." Zah was alarmed for Naki and the man always referred to each other merely as *That One*.

"You shan't hurt Naki!" declared Zah firmly. "You *mustn't* harm Naki!"

The man held his tongue and his temper for, above all things, he didn't wish to lose Zah's admiration. Yet, whenever Zah was out of sight, the man wouldn't hesitate to box Naki's ears with enthusiasm...

At Zah's wish, the man set aside a number of rooms for Naki's personal use. In this way, weeks on end could pass without the enemies glimpsing each other.

Naki, in his retreat, proved himself a little genius. His slender fingers constructed machinery like nothing of which the man had ever dreamed. For instance,

he set up, several feet apart, hollow pipes of dengu, a metallic substance which the man had invented. Then he caused between the pipes a chemical tension so great that it formed an invisible wall of solid energy through which nothing could pass.

Well pleased with this contrivance, Naki set it before his door so that no unwelcome visitors might come to call. He could turn the current off at will, but this was only when Zah wished to enter.

Then Naki built a delicate machine, accurately tuned to the metabolism of the man, and so sensitive that its vibrations would increase noticeably at the man's approach. Zah was properly impressed by these wonders and by the many other ingenious inventions which Naki created.

Yet were Zah's troubles not over, for occasionally Naki and the man would chance to meet in some obscure corridor. On one such occasion, after ascertaining that Zah wasn't in sight, Naki seized the opportunity to apply the hard toe of his shoe to the man's shins. The man howled exquisitely. Then he whirled and delivered the little scamp such a dreadful blow that Naki, who had been with his back to a banister, was upset quite. His head went down, his heels flew up! There came a dreadful crash from below. Then... *silence!*

The man, feeling well pleased with himself, brushed his hands and turned to go. Still... *silence!* Suddenly he was shuddered by a chill fear. He ran to the banister. Naki was lying below, perfectly still, crumpled upon the stone mosaic. *What if Naki were dead!*

The silence hung like a heavy pendulum. Never a qualm had the man felt at killing hundreds, thousands. But, now...! Still... *silence!* His heavy veined hand quivered upon the doorpost. He shook himself and called Norn.

Naki wasn't dead, but he seemed to be crushed internally. Norn saw at a glance that the hopes for him could be but slim...

No matter what way the man turned, he met the mute, accusing eyes of Zah. On a stool sat Zah, making never a sound. But his eyes seemed to smoulder from the ceiling, from the walls, from the rows-upon-rows of metal-bound books by the door.

"Don't just sit and stare at me that way!" howled the man. "Say something! *Damn* you! say something!"

"*Naki is going to... die,*" was the husky answer.

"Nonsense!" choked the man. "Norn doesn't know what she's talking about. She said *you* were going to die, too. But did you? *Did you!*"

Zah's slow, honest reasoning was at work. "The man hated me," thought Zah laboriously, "until I was sick. He made me well; then he didn't hate me any longer... The man hates Naki... Naki is sick..."

The man went down into Norn's chambers with a heavy heart. Naki was tossing on a rug, coughing blood and moaning softly.

"You cured Zah," said Norn quietly, "but Naki, you cannot cure."

"I can, and I will," retorted the man fiercely. "I

am the master of the world, and I can do whatever I set myself to do." Then he set himself to curing Naki.

Zah, when the man had left him, quickly collected a little bundle of food. "I can stand between them," he told himself miserably, "so, until Naki is well, I'll go away and leave them to themselves." He shouldered his little bundle and found his way upward into the sweltering sunlight. Now, for the second time in his life, Zah saw the sky, but it was a pitiless, glaring sky.

Zah started out cheerfully upon his vagabond life and turned into the nearby hills. He could feel the heat of the parched earth through the soles of his sturdy boots. His tangled curls were hot upon his neck. At noontime, Zah needed to search for shade, which was rare indeed. But the night was cool, and the stars winked through the rising heat.

One day Zah found a little spring gushing from the rocks. Around it bravely waved some grass and a flower. Zah was delighted, and stayed by for several days.

He cut a tall stalk to use for a cane. But it was much too limber for a cane. He started to throw the stick away, but then he thought better of the matter. He carried it with him and played with it, poking under rocks to find gray beetles. He thought that perhaps the stick would be handier for this important purpose if it were bent instead of straight, so he stretched a string taut between the ends, thinking that this might serve to give the stick a permanent curvature. The string made a nice twang when he plucked at it.

Then Zah had a bright idea. He went back again to the small watered plot by the spring and cut himself sturdy stalks, lots of them. He fitted the end of a stalk against the string, then drew the string back. Sure enough! When he released the string, the stalk was propelled with great force. Zah bounded in glee.

"Now I'm an inventor, too!" he crowed. "I'll warrant that neither the man nor Naki has ever thought of anything like *this!*"

So Zah roamed for many months, learning to work his bow and arrow with accuracy, living on parched grass and herbs, and convincing himself that he was as good an inventor, if not better, than Naki.

From the hills, Zah watched the place where the man had built a hut of stone on the bare ground and was living with Naki. Naki was getting well, for Zah could often see him romping around the hut.

"I guess the man must be beginning to love Naki by this time. Soon I may go back," chuckled Zah, and shot a carefully sharpened shaft with perfect aim against a bank. Zah was growing eager to show his invention to the man and to *Naki*.

One sultry morning the man and Naki started out on an excursion from their hut. To Zah's delight, they turned their steps toward the hills. Naki was glad to be on his feet again, and was trying to match his strides with those of the man.

Zah, sitting on a cliff which surveyed the naked valley, watched their progress with growing excitement. "Soon they'll be in my hills!" he crowed. "They'll truly be surprised to see me!"

The man reached a cliffside below the very shelf where Zah was crouching. Zah's heart began to pound furiously. He longed to call out, but he wished first to see if they would discover him. The man sat Naki gently on the ground and, with a dramatic sweep of his arm, cried: "There you are, my boy. As far as you can see! It is the world, and it's mine. All mine!"

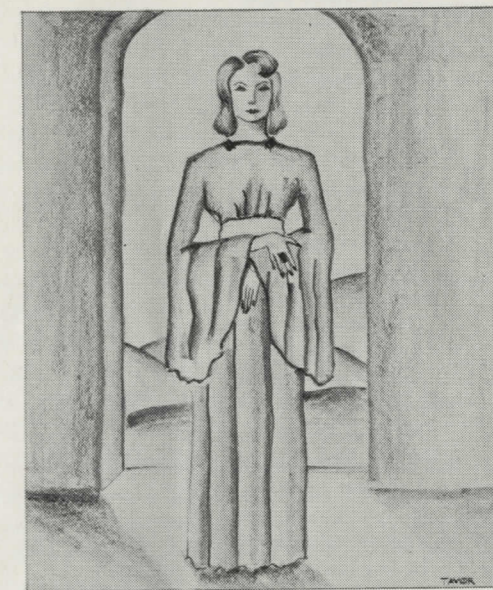
The bold face of the cliff swept downward to jagged rocks, far below. Not a tree, not a bush, nor a blade of grass was in sight. Naki shaded his eyes with his hand and looked afar into the dusty distance. Rocks and baked soil in one rolling, monotonous gray. There was nothing else.

"It's all right," sighed Naki. "I guess it's all rather wonderful." But he looked dubious.

A most startling change had come over the man as soon as Naki's back was turned. All the affected gentleness had dissolved into an ugly snarl. His face grew black with the accumulated hatred of months...

Naki yawned and rubbed his eyes with his grimy knuckles. His thin little shoulders drooped suddenly. "I'm tired," murmured Naki. "Let's go home."

"All right! then, go home!" bellowed the man savagely. He placed his thick boot to the small of the boy's back, and gave a violent shove. Naki teetered for a dread instant on the very brink of the cliff. Then, with a horrible scream, he vanished forever from sight. The man laughed to the sky like a madman. The bounding echoes snatched up the eerie sound and tossed



it through the barren gulches and canyons.

Zah caught his breath sharply between his teeth. Then he rose soundlessly to his feet. His heart trembled within him, but his hand was steady as he raised his bow and drew back the string.

* * *

His feet, as they pattered down the rocky path, seemed to whisper sadly, "Only two in all the world! Norn and me."

EULOGIES

By

ALISON PHILLIPS

AFTERMATH

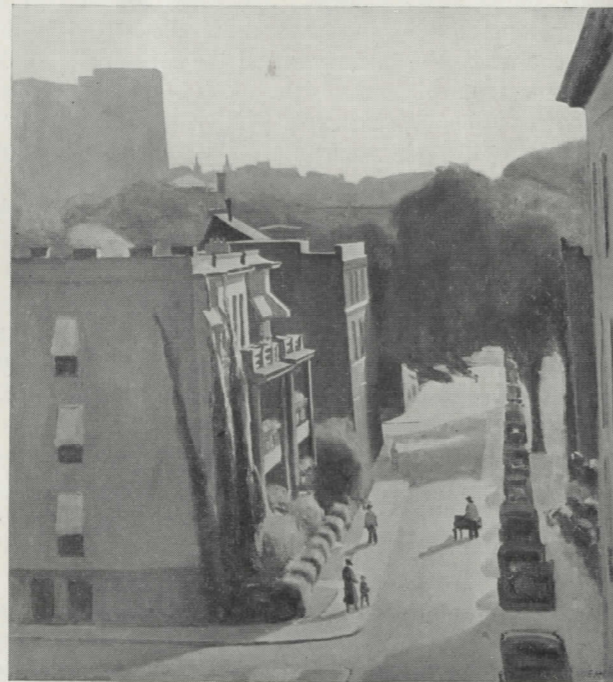
Chalky lilac sky,
Pinpoints of stars,
A thread of river
Winding far below.
A multitude sigh
Among the stars,
And solemn wraiths
Walk there below
By the river's shore.
(And the river is stained
With dark red blood;
And borne along
On the rushing flood
Are strange debris . . .
Of house, of man,
Of gun, of plane.)
The tumbling span
Moaning in pain
As onward rushing
To the sea
To be disburdened,
It rumbles through the fields.
And the spectres talk
In voices strange,
The sounds re-echoing
In the hills,
Immortalizing the brave death
Of a nation.
(And glassy eyes are staring
From space to space;
And speechless lips are sighing
For the destroyed.)

REQUIEM

They died in summer and were buried here
Deep in the warm, black earth that now is sere,
And tall dry grasses bend above each head
Where creeping vines of scarlet leaves have spread
And woven each a victor's wreath;
But he who lies there underneath
Knows not.

A little field mouse scuttles in the grass
Unseen by shivering sparrows as they pass
In twittering horde; the air is bitter cold
That whirls the maples' tattered leaves of gold
And scatters them upon each grave
Unseen by blinded eyes who gave
Their sight.

Deep drifts of snow have fallen overnight
And blanketed the earth with dazzling white;
Yet tips of scarlet leaves peep through and seem
Like drops of blood upon the broad pure gleam;
But he who lies there underneath,
Who wears the cynical red wreath
Knows not.



—Courtesy Columbus Museum of Art.

Oak Street

By ROBERT O. CHADEAYNE

Denisonism

"There is no School spirit at Denison"

By DON BETHUNE

"School Spirit" is an expression that is bandied about on all tongues. The lack of it is infallibly a matter of grave concern, and the existence of it occasions much feeling of well being and general self-satisfaction. In the belief that the "Spirit" of an institution is, to a majority of the students, just an abstraction—an intangible yet desirable goal to be eagerly sought after, I take this space to tabulate some of my own observations and conclusions which help to make "school spirit" a concrete reality to me. There may be any number of loopholes in my arguments. If there are, I invite criticism and comment. Perhaps a general discussion of the subject may make the abstraction become a well realized fact.

There is no school spirit at Denison. Before you bodily reject or accept this statement, let me clarify it by defining just what is meant by "school spirit". School spirit is an expression of the relationship between the individual and the entire student body—the degree of the spirit dependent upon the degree to which the individual feels himself an integral part of the whole. The more the individuals collectively identify themselves with the whole, the greater the resultant spirit.

But more than just an identification, the term implies collective action by the group working towards a common end along common lines; each individual striving to forward the interests of the whole and making his actions accountable to and acceptable to the whole. This unity of purpose—this unity of action and the resulting feeling of cooperative comradeship, is what we mean by school spirit; and this is what Denison students have not got.

By this definition we see that the problem of "spirit" is the problem of the individual. Upon each student rests the responsibility of developing that feeling within himself which when taken collectively is manifested in a harmoniously unified student body.

But what can be done to foster that feeling in the individual? It seems to me that the D. S. G. A. and its constitution is a worthwhile step in the right direction. That is, (and I hate to have to qualify my statement) if the D. S. G. A. and its constitution are accepted in the right light. Too many students look upon the constitution as a weapon which the student body can use in the "fight" with the faculty. They see two lines of trenches opposed to each other—in one line the faculty and in the other the student body—and each line "gunning" for the other. The sad part of this analogy is that even the leading exponents of the plan have used this "power politics" idea as their main argument to secure its acceptance by the students.

"More Power! More Power! and Still More Power!" has been the battle cry of the campaign.

While it is true that as a result of the constitution the students will have more power in that their ideas will be soundly and rationally presented, and therefore more likely to be accepted; still this is secondary in importance to the unifying effect that the opportunity for concerted action which the constitution affords, will have in crystallizing student opinions and creating a general feeling of kinship of purpose among the students. It essentially follows that out of this will be born a real and vital school spirit.

Just how is this new idea going to differ from the present student government (or more correctly, lack of government)? Let us look at the situation as it exists today. Today you have two students, the president of D. S. G. A. and the president of W. S. G. A. trying to act as spokesmen for the student body, and acting as go betweens for the faculty. In other words, they are quite literally walking on a fence between the two groups. A difference of opinion arises, and these two representatives have to take a stand. There are two forces influencing their decision: on the faculty side of the argument they see a strongly unified, well thought out point of view; and what have the students got to oppose this—at the most there is just sporadic expression of the sentiments of a few individuals, usually with no constructive thought behind them. In the face of this, what could be more reasonable than for the student representatives to cast their lot in with the faculty point of view, and the lethargic students have one more point scored against them. It is important to note that it isn't the fact that the students haven't enough "power" that defeats the student body. What really gives the faculty the edge is their unity of thought and action.

To be specific, let us take a look at the regrettable incident of the petition for a Thanksgiving recess. On the surface it appears that the faculty simply put their foot down on what appeared to be a genuine expression of sentiment on the part of the students. If this were indeed the case, then the faculty is guilty of killing this show of a little school spirit before it had a fair chance to get started. Since I, personally, don't picture the faculty as a group of malicious ogres viciously stamping out the fire of student sentiment before it has been fairly kindled, I looked about to see if there wasn't some good reason for their action. The answer came to me from a member of the faculty committee which was appointed to consider the petition. As this committee sat down to decide what was to be done with the petition, they had behind them a knowledge of all

of the reasons causing the abolition of the recess in the first place. Consider then their natural reaction to this loosely knit plea which offered no constructive reasoning to recommend it. It just said, "we want", and this is not a reasonable nor commanding recommendation. Had the students, in their petitioning, given the faculty some valid arguments or alternative, the faculty would have been just as happy to take a vacation as would the students. Now—if that petition had been born out of the students, carried to a student senate and there the pro's and con's discussed and incorporated in the statement of the petition, then signed by the students and the resulting thoughtful expression of sentiment, been presented to the faculty for their consideration—you can bet your bottom dollar that you would eat your Thanksgiving turkey at home.

Kindly note that here again it is not a matter of "power" that decided the issue, but unity and group spirit on one side and the lack of it on the other. What seemed to be unity on the part of the students was real unity only in that all of the signers saw an opportunity to get out of classes for a number of days. The leaders of the movement, if they had valid reasons, kept them in the shade and by so doing lost their cause. This "mushroom" type of group expression, which springs up over night, is too easily put down and real organization must be established if any student cause is to be successful.

Another situation has raised a bit of noise around the campus. For some time there has been a feeling among students that the Deans of Men and Women are being exceedingly arbitrary in their treatment of student questions. Please remember before you condemn the deans too heartily, that it isn't their fault that they are able to ride rough-shod over the student body. They cannot be cursed solely on the grounds that they happen to be the sort of people that feel that the best way to control the horse is to keep a firm grip on the reins. And furthermore, they are entirely justified in instituting all of their "parental" control measures and reforms until such a time as the student body shows by its unified spirit and intelligent group action, that it is ready and fully able to step out from under the paternal wing and determine for itself the conditions under which it functions.

And don't you think for a moment that rational student action won't prevail against unwanted measures of the deans. The deans are appointed by and responsible to the president of the college. Though it is true that all of these administrators are finally responsible to the Board of Trustees, the measures they choose to put into effect are based to a large extent upon their own discretion. When the spirit of the student body develops to the point where each individual is constantly thinking in terms of the good of the whole, and the individual is represented by a *responsible* government; then and only then can we, as students, fight and put down the petty disciplinary and control measures characteristic of the present paternal administrative method. If there comes a clash between what the students think is right and what the adminis-

tration thinks is right, then the students must be prepared to present their side of the argument as a consensus of *responsible* student thought. Under these conditions we will prevail, because, after all, students are a necessary adjunct to any university, and our continued good nature is of utmost importance to the general welfare of the school.

No discussion of the School Spirit of Denison would be complete without some reference to the relationship between fraternity spirit and school spirit. Is strong fraternity feeling detrimental to the establishment of a unified spirit of the whole university? No! Rather should strong fraternity ties serve as a substantial beginning of the movement. When the campus is fully organized, that organization will be all the stronger because of the bonds among fraternity brothers. And all it takes to make the campus fully organized is the creation by the students of a government big enough and influential enough to make the smaller unit, the fraternity, subordinate to it. It doesn't follow that the fraternities will be noticeably weakened, but only that something bigger than the fraternities will have been created.

The fraternity set-up at Denison is ideal. In the past it has been of inestimable value not only in providing fraternity men with splendid living quarters and good companionship, but in many cases it has been instrumental in bringing the student here in the first place. Nothing should be allowed to weaken it or to destroy it altogether. At present, it is true, the tendency towards cliquishness among the social groups, breaks the campus up into seventeen non-unified bodies and seriously hampers the development of any lasting spirit. The blame for this cannot be placed upon any cause inherent in the system. The fraternities will cooperate when there is some worthwhile organization strong enough to command their cooperation.

Possibly, in visualizing an organized campus at Denison as ideal as these pages would suggest, this article has been guilty of looking too far into the future. Doesn't it stand to reason, though, that if such a spirit is to be realized at any time, we must begin now to build the foundation for it? Full realization will come only after the spirit and the unity of the group has made the student body able to assume its rightful responsibilities. The sooner we get under way, the sooner this day will come. There may not be any school spirit at Denison right now, but the potentialities are here and it is up to us to start realizing our potentialities.

This article does not, of course, reflect the editorial policy or opinion of Portfolio. It represents, however, the observations and opinion of one student, and the staff would welcome any criticism or comment from readers of the magazine.

My Star

"I knew that Pat had come back."

By Bob Maxwell

Pat and I grew up together. She lived just across the street, and as far back as I can remember, she and I had spent most of our lives together. She was a funny little girl, always vitally alive and eager, as though there were some spark inside her that wouldn't let her relax. From the first day we caught each other's eye in a neighborhood game of "fox in the morning," though we didn't know it, we were bound together by some unseen intuitive tie.

I have always thought that the friendship that we knew was far rarer and far deeper than any that you might casually pick out. We were not unusual persons; perhaps we thought and walked and dreamed a little more than our friends did, but for the most part we were very ordinary. We played all kinds of games in the street in the afternoons after school, and in school we worked and worried and had fun. And as time started to rush along, we grew with the rest, and went to dances and to church, and began to read books. We went through an awkward stage when arms and legs wouldn't do what they were supposed to, and later we immured ourselves in young sophistication. We grew and were foolish and wise as the rest, and we were never persons whom one would particularly remember or remark upon.

And yet between us there grew something that gave us a bond that few have ever known. For we used to walk together in the early evenings after the games were over. And how we wandered over all the town and countryside. There's something, I think, about walking that correlates two minds and hearts, something that reveals inner ideas and ideals, and links two personalities. Pat and I walked many, many miles in our youth and childhood. Sometimes we just walked, silent, and sometimes we laughed and talked of what had happened in school that day; other times we were serious with the dead earnestness of youth. There are few places about me that I see, that I don't remember walking there with Pat; every street and busy avenue, every path and quiet lane, and all the hills and leas beyond the town. We talked of many things, Pat and I. Of the loveliness of the countryside, of funny things

people did, of books we read, of what we liked, things we hoped to do, and sometimes we talked of God. I am sure that my belief and understanding of God, and the conception of religion that I have now, I owe to Pat. For though she was gay and lively through the day, when we took our twilight walks, she spoke of things so sincerely and somehow wisely, that her words became truth to me. We built many dreams together—ideals and standards for the world, aspiring hopes for ourselves. We took the hills and the flowers, the paths and the sky, the world about us, and made it ours.

Later, when years had swept by, and we walked again, we talked of the things we had done when we were very young, and laughed at our memories. And often we talked more practically of what tomorrow and tomorrow would bring. We exchanged troubles too, and learned to help one another in the situations that faced us. And we kept the world ours.

But many times we quarreled, of course. And then I walked alone, and I've always wondered if she walked by herself then too. We did almost everything together but there were the petty jealousies I had, and the arguments I caused just because someone would borrow my Pat for a while. Then I would be ashamed of my selfishness, and she would understand.

We learned to love a lot of things together. Sometimes I would tell her a little poem I had written and she would listen carefully and then tell me quietly that it was good, or that she thought it could be better. And I learned to see that her criticisms were my standards. Often she would tell me of some song or symphony she had heard, so quietly and vividly that I could hear it myself.

I remember one spring evening when there was a sort of mist covering the countryside. The landscape about us was strangely ambiguous and all the familiar landmarks lay cryptic in the fog. All we could see as we walked along that evening were myriads of stars blinking at us from a cinereous, cloud-laden sky. We didn't walk far that night, but stood together and watched the patterns of light above, picking out the figures of the constellations. Pat showed me one lone star that kept winking down at us as though trying to catch our attention. It wasn't very bright and had no conceit of its importance in the great sky, but looked rather lonely. But Pat saw it and pointed it out to me. Laughing, half-jokingly I told her that I would give her the star for her own if she wanted it. But she grew solemn and eyeing the little star, said:

"Let's always keep it as our very own. You've given it to me and I'll give it to you. And wherever we go, whatever we do, it will be with us; it can always be a memory of all our days together, one that won't change, and one we can both always share."

I was surprised at how serious she was, but before we turned to go, I had marked well on my mind's map that little blinking star. And in all the days that followed it became our constant comrade.

When you are young the days of childhood and youth seem forever endless. And then one day you look up

and glance about and you discover that they are gone, and without knowing it, you have grown up. And so it was with Pat and me. Two—four—six—eight years



slipped by like eight grains of sand in an hourglass, and the pleasant routine of our life was interrupted. I was to go away in the fall to the university while Pat had another year at high school to finish. So we determined to make it a glorious summer before we parted.

But the happier the days, the quicker they seem to fly. And our happy summer soon burned into the end of August. September meant college and saying good-bye to Pat, not forever, of course, but it was hard even thinking of drifting apart for a while.

The last day we had together, we drove far out into the country, and rambled for hours over verdant hills and vales. At last we found a great aspiring peak that reached, it seemed, half way to heaven. And here we sat and laughed at tiny toy farms below, and made funny little figures out of daisies. The world was glorious; the sun flamed wildly in the sky, and we talked and laughed and then grew silent. For we knew that every laugh laughed, every flower picked, every word spoken, was just a measure of our precious time gone. And I remember then how we talked quietly about the university and what I would do there, and how she would work hard in school and make good grades, how we would write often, and of the dances she would come to soon. But we couldn't talk too much, and we sat silently again, thinking how strange it was that all our days could end so suddenly, thinking how like a dream it was, our parting.

Suddenly Pat took a small jade ring from her finger and turning to me, put it on the little finger of my left hand where it fit tightly. Looking down at it, she asked me if I would keep it when I went away. I could only clasp her hand firmly, almost severely. Then with a sudden motion, I bent forward and picked from the ground between us three four-leafed clovers which had

caught my eye, clustered there together. Perhaps they were put there just for Pat. I smiled at her and said: "This is all I have to give you. But maybe these will bring you a little bit of the happiness and luck you deserve. (I paused.) I'll miss you, Pat."

She took the clovers and I could see a little tear slipping down her cheek. It was the first time I had ever seen Pat cry. And it was then that I knew I loved her. Always before, we had been such comrades, such friends; we had been together so long that I failed to see that love had grown up too.

I worked down a lump in my throat and turned to her.

"Pat."

"Yes, Jim."

"Pat, I—"

But suddenly I was thinking. I had no right to tell her such a thing. And perhaps it was so foolish—perhaps Pat would laugh at me. Probably she liked me as a friend; we had always kept it that way, and maybe she would forget me quickly. Maybe I was just a habit with her. No—I would wait until we had been apart, and see if she forgot me. Then I could come back and tell her. And I could offer something then.

"Yes, Jim."

"Pat, . . . will you miss me?"

The brilliance of the sun was eclipsed for a moment by a brief argent cloud, and a sudden shadow dropped across Pat's face; her eyes seemed sad. I was frightened momentarily; I don't know why, but at the time there seemed something ominous threatening. Then the resplendent sun reappeared and Pat was smiling.

"It's getting late," she said, "we have to go." So we trudged down the hill, hands locked together.

Pat died in November. It was like a great rock hurled out of a bright summer sky upon me. I did not even know she had been very sick, for her letters were always cheerful and happy. One week-end I had an opportunity to get home and when I arrived Pat had been dead twelve hours. One swift chill of death had swept down on her and taken her. They had tried in vain to get in touch with me, to bring me to her side.

At first I felt nothing. There was a numbness that filled me, and arms and fingers did wrong things; words lay helpless within me. It was only that I did not understand. I had seen others die: friends, relatives, grandparents, but I did not recognize Death this time. I heaped banks of roses into the house, and little bunches of wildflowers I placed beside her like those we had picked on country hills. I stood near her through the rituals and did not shed a tear, for I never understood.

When they put her away from me, the whole thing broke upon me. Pat was gone . . . dead . . . dead . . . dead . . . DEAD! Pat! Pat!

I did not go back to school but walked for days among the streets and paths that Pat had loved so well. I never slept, never ate, but kept wandering, pausing

now and then in a spot to recapture some memory of my Pat. I would clench my hair, dig my palms into my eyes, and sob my heart out. I was alone in my despair, alone in an ashen, dead world. Pat was gone!

At length I collapsed. Lack of food and sleep and the terrific strain broke me and I was forced to bed. For months a coma possessed me and I lay in a state of partial delirium. Death did not come near me but I was helpless. But slow nursing and long hours of care began to bring me back.

Through those long weeks I relived every picture and memory of Pat that I had. Every corner of the world that we had shared, every moment, every feeling and word that was ours repeated itself over and over, haunting me, searing itself into me, so that nothing else existed. And I kept remembering that I loved Pat and she had never known it—and that last day kept coming back to me, the day I had discovered that I loved her. Over and over again I lived that day, changing it, forming the words that might have told her. I was ghastly sick in my mind, but slowly, slowly they nursed me back to consciousness and things began to take shape before me.

It was one twilight that Pat came back to me. It was growing slowly dark in the garden with the dusk that I loved to see. Mother had brought me some soup, and I could hear the clatter of dishes in the kitchen. There was the slow, incessant ticking of the clock across the room. I saw a jay skip down the walk on his way home. I looked down at the small jade ring on my hand and fingered it.

Then suddenly everything was hushed and still. There was no sound beyond the room; I am sure even the clock had stopped. A whispering zephyr stole up the walk and softly rattled the unlatched French windows. They looked like long, haggard faces in the dusk. A mist of nothingness seemed to settle over everything and I was filled with wonder. I heard a sighing in the trees and out beyond the garden wall, hanging low in the evening heaven, I saw a quietly blinking star. I knew that it was Pat's and mine, and a sobbing burst inside my heart.

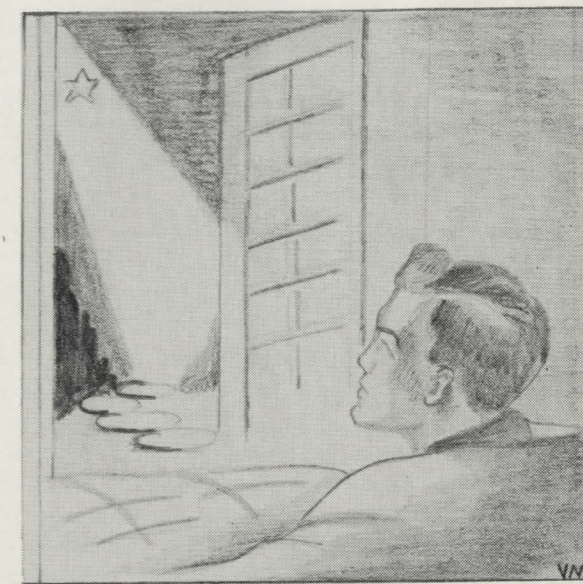
And then Pat was there—suddenly out of that sky, coming perhaps out of infinity on the golden light of that star, perhaps down the shadowed walk through the swaying doors. Dear Pat, in all her loveliness, such loveliness that I had scarcely noticed before—Pat with her deep brown eyes, black hair that tumbled carelessly, and a smile on her dear lips: my Pat. She was in the room beside me, even though afterwards it seemed dream-like.

Could I ever tell you of that moment? Could I ever put into the narrowness of words, all of the beauty and the glory of that twilight? Pat came to me then. We talked without words, saw without eyes, and Pat made me understand. I could never tell you what she said, but I knew that she was happy and that she was telling me to live for both of us, to keep our ideals and dreams and to find our hopes.

"Pat," I whispered, "I love you."

"Pat—Pat, I love you. Do you understand? Pat, I never told you—I love you."

She did understand, and I felt her answering words settle in my heart, there to remain forever.



"I love you, Jim. I always have."

I held her close in my arms and felt the clinging sweetness of her lips on mine. And there were four-leafed clovers in her hair. "Pat— oh, Pat."

In that brief nothingness we relived a million memories, ran back to every day we had loved so. And there is a memory of Pat trying to tell me of something ahead. I did not understand but I knew that I was not afraid now of Death nor anything.

Mother had her hand on my forehead and was talking to me quietly.

"Jim, are you all right?"

I looked at her unbelievably and sank back on the pillow.

"Yes, mother. I'm all right."

"You were mumbling so about Pat. Try to get some sleep now, will you?"

I closed my eyes and murmured reassurance. She went out of the room.

I lay there a while, wondering if all of it were a dream. Had Pat really been with me? It was so unreal and strange; I tried to brush away the web that clouded my mind. Had our love been strong enough to bring her back?

And then I was filled with peace and quiet in my heart and I knew that Pat had come back; I was filled with a happiness once more, happiness I had thought forever gone, and a feeling of strength and determination suffused through me. I knew that from somewhere out of the infinity of sky that covered the darkened garden, from somewhere out of measureless space, perhaps a million light years beyond our tiny pin-point orb, Pat had come back to me. I fell asleep watching a lonely blinking star out on the deep purple sky.

POET PHILOSOPHER

By S———V———

THE SOUND SPRITE

Into the portal of my ear
A magic sound sprite flew,
Cavorting in its labyrinths
With antics strange and new.

It whisked a set of China glass
From somewhere in my head,
And tinkled each transparent piece
With tunes that had been dead.

It gravely struck an aural bone
Like Moses struck the rock,
And subterranean melodies
Gushed sunward with the shock.

It never leaves the labyrinth
(For I have closed my ears),
But makes sweet music in my head
And purifies my tears.

FOR LOVE THE LEANING GRASSES

A blade of grass when stepped upon
Will supplely spring erect;
A tree scarred by wind's winter whip
In spring is flower-decked.

But love is not a blade of grass
To crush beneath your shoe;
It reassumes a lesser pose
For having bowed to you.

And love is not a windgashed tree
That hides its scars in leaves;
With hope's crushed face and memories wrench
Each sequent season grieves.

PLEADING EYES

Your trembling lip, the pleading light
Within your eyes is not as bright
As is the metal harbinger
Of plighted love—the ring finger
I hold. Some other's now the trust
Which I, naively, gladly thrust
Upon a bosom hard beneath
Its surface flesh. With what false breath
Did you avow your love to some
Unseeing fool? Is there a crumb
Of joy for him whose own, in fact,
You'll never be? Your every act—
The lip, the eye, the pressing hand
Each serves to make me understand
(As these have ever done for you)
The fiery need that leads you to
A static hearth, a curtained pane,
A pillow sheltered from the rain.

You could have sailed in all the seas,
And camped beneath the jungle trees!

Oh well! The home has an allure
For you that I could not endure
At all. A kiss? Of course. Embrace
For this last time the form, the face
That evermore will symbolize
Lost freedom to your pleading eyes.



—Courtesy Columbus Museum of Art.

Landscape

By CLYDE SINGER

Pious Fraud

"Savior: Am ready, same place. Me."

By Alison Ewart

Margery sat down at the secretary with a decided thump, and sighed a definite sigh. "What can I do? Here I am again in this blasted hotel. Yet all I have to do is put two lines in the newspaper and he'll come running. Do I want that? Is life worthwhile with him, or is it better without him? Should I try to change him, or not. OH! What can I do!"

Putting her elbows on the desk and her chin in her hands, she sat there and gazed at his picture, muttering, "Harold, you are a lovely creature, and I love you terribly. But I absolutely refuse to put the notice in the paper till you see my point. This is the third time this has happened. Dear, you must get it into your numbskull that I will not come back till you have made up your mind not to bother with other people's affairs."

She picked the picture up in her hands and holding it out at arm's length, scrutinized it carefully. She had done this many times before, and looking at the picture, now she thought, "You really aren't bad looking, fellow, and somehow I get a pulling at my heart every time I look at you. Gosh, but you'd be really smooth if you had a stronger chin. But thank God, you don't have a cleft. That's all I can remember of that quash from Colgate. Oh, darling, I can't seem to find anything wrong with you, except you needed a hair cut when you had this picture taken. I'll have to get a new one."

She placed the picture back on the desk. Heaving another sigh, she got up and walked over to the table. She took a cigarette case out from among the debris in her purse, opened the case, took out a cigarette, and lit it. Dragging on the cigarette she became annoyed. More annoyed than before. In fact she was talking aloud. "Damn! Damn! Damn! If life was only a little easier. Poor Harry in jail again and here I am in this beastly place. Why the devil he can't live like Dick does, I don't know. Oh, it would be lovely to be in Joan's shoes. There they are happily married with two darling children, all living in a little white house.

If Harry would only stay still for two minutes I might be able to get my life organized. But no! He must dash off to someone's rescue." She determinately snuffed the cigarette out and went back to the secretary. She sat down and picked up the worn scrap of paper lying on the blotter. "Oh! Hell! I can't send it and yet I can't wait forever. Life without Harold would be so boring. Yet I am so tired of dashing around from one place to another."

She rested her head in her hands and sat staring at the scrap. On it was carefully lettered in ink:

SAVIOR: Am ready,
same place. ME.

The same old thoughts went through her head. "Oh, why do you drag me all around? The time before, I was a bushy-haired Red's wife. I can see it all now. Your loyal fraternity brother was getting entangled with some Bloody Wench you decided wasn't good enough for him. Well, you certainly fixed that, darling. I can still see the surprised look on Jeff's face. It was a quiet gathering, with her mother and her aunt who had invited us to tea. You certainly have a wonderful mind, dear. Who would have guessed why you let your beard grow. Who would have guessed why you made that odd remark about don't mind anything I do or say, today. Now I am beginning to suspect things are going to happen whenever you say that. Now I can see why everyone was really floored when we stormed into that gathering of clans! The Wench said 'Oh'; Mother Wench dropped her tea cup; Aunt Wench looked down her nose, first at you, then at me, and finally, oh, what a look, at Jeff, who turned green then went white. A most trying time, until you gave way. Then everything was ruined! Reds from Union Square had nothing on us. We did better than the biggest Red of all. Personally I think the downfall of capitalism came when you used the teatable for a soapbox. But why you had to drink from your saucer is beyond me. No wonder Jeff's Wench broke their engagement. Darling, you don't know how hard it was for me not to laugh, and to make excuses for you. Of course I didn't think the Wench was very hot, so I didn't try much. Once, Aunt Wench asked me if you were very eccentric. I didn't think I should say too much, so just answered to be polite, that you weren't and added how you sleep in the bathtub, because you think the laundries make too much money. After that she didn't speak to me again. Personally darling, I enjoyed watching you. You were so funny! Aunt Wench could certainly snort; and was the Wench in a rage! Jeff really had the tough time, though. I could see he was dying to laugh, but didn't dare with them there. Oh, Harold, you are so wonderful! I can't help but love you. I do wish I'd sent the notice this morning... NO I DON'T! No, sir, not after this last episode. Listen, Savior, I'm not coming back till you fill that sandtrap with a little sense. Yes, I mean it this time!"

She pounded the desk a mighty pound and the picture of her lovely creature fell over with a ping. She

gave it a look that almost melted the frame and stomped over to the table. Taking a cigarette out of the case furiously, she ripped it in half, and flung it on the floor, defiantly. Then more calmly she took another cigarette out and lit it. She paced the floor and smoked violently, till the room was filled with a blue haze. She became angrier. In fact she was muttering to herself again. "Look at me. Just look at me! A wreck! An utter wreck! Smoking like a chimney, about to foam at the mouth, and gnashing my teeth till there isn't an edge left on them! What a wreck you've made of me. I hope you are having a horrible time in that jail. I hope you are uncomfortable as hell! Look at me!"

At that she stopped in front of the mirror and looked. Was she a mess! Her hair was flying out at all angles. This thought flashed across her mind, and quickly she took her comb out of her purse and went to work. Her blouse was out of the top of her skirt, giving a more foreign look. During this time she was mumbling, "Oh, what a wreck, what a wreck! There now at least my hair doesn't look so bad." As she stuffed the blouse back inside her skirt top, she stepped back and surveyed herself again. "If Harold were here he would appreciate me. He always loved this suit and blouse. I always wear it for you too, darling." With that she was back at the desk, holding the picture before her. "You lovely batty individual. I do love you and I'm going to send that notice right now." She placed the picture back on the desk and picked up the scrap of paper. Something inside her clicked. "What did my roommate say many years ago in college? Something about never being in a hurry. That was it. Men like it best when they are kept waiting. Especially when they are waiting for a letter or an important notice. That's it." Margery turned back to the secretary, placed the picture on it face down, and went over to the window and sank into the easy chair beside it.

For a while she sat there trying to think of nothing in particular. But even though she strained her gray matter, she could feel it slipping back into the groove set aside for thoughts of Harold. "Why my husband can't behave like a normal human being is beyond me. Here I am in this damnable hotel room again, and it has been only three weeks since that last escapade. I certainly hope he is suffering. It was only a miracle that I wasn't jailed with him. It's a good thing, because the first time that happened, we almost took the bars down, between the two of us. And what a mess that got me into! Married for six months and ending up in a cell was too much for the old folks. I am glad I convinced the Judge I'd never seen Harold before in my life. Ye gods and little fishes, why Harold had to go and get into a mess like this! Sure Sorel is a good friend of ours; so are fifty million other people. She's always getting into trouble, and always needing someone to help her out. But she isn't married. She doesn't have to live with a man who is the national and international go-between for every lost soul on the streets of New York. Her house isn't Grand Central Station for every train of humanity that has no

other place to stop. She's lucky she isn't married! Why everyone must count on The Savior for everything, is the blight of my present status quo. The one man I've ever really fallen for. Damn, he would be like this. But this last event was the end. I can stand impersonations, plan ordinary cutting-up just to cause some one some hard feelings, but when it comes to playing cops and robbers with real cops, I'm through!"

She sat there for a moment racking her mind for the details of this last and most fateful escapade. Slowly it all came back. "Why did we go to Lynwood? What did Sorel want? I can't think of a thing. Well, let me see. She usually needs money; then sometimes she has a bug for auction sales and if people won't let her buy something, she'll get it anyway and resell it. I think we were looking for a chair. Yes, that's it. Sorel was worried sick about some old



chair that her uncle had and wouldn't part with before the sale. I never knew a woman who could imagine more things than she can. You might think everyone was lying in wait to steal her treasured possessions or near-posessions. I have to laugh now that I think of it. The Savior took her case pretty seriously, too. I don't know why he has to go into so much mystery and silence when he's working on a case. If he'd only tell me a few things now and then, I might be able to find an easier and quicker way to act. Now, darling, you know you don't. You just say something like: 'Stand around dear, you can help if need be.' What do you think I'm made of? That's what makes me so mad! You know darn well you couldn't have done any of these things without my help, yet you hardly ever take me into your confidence. When something important comes up you go into a trance and mutter to yourself, and make everyone talk in a whisper. Just as if you were a second Sherlock. Holy terror, darling, I'd love to help you out if only you'd let me in on the inside of these things. There we were all of a sudden

whipping out to Long Island to visit Sorel. You and she in those heated discussions, while I sat around as if I were a fashion model. I know you think I can tell what's going on by just looking in your eyes. Well, sweets, I see plenty in your eyes, but never any of these unexpected trips we take. That day we spent on someone's lawn measuring the distance from the front door to the road. And how we had to creep up to the French Doors that night timing ourselves. Of course it was I who held the watch, but it was you who knew the score. Then whispered conversations at the breakfast table between you and Sorel. You wonder why I'm here? You wonder why I haven't called Clobber to get you out of jail? Well, as far as I'm concerned I'll let you rot in jail before I call Clobber for you and definitely before I put that notice in the paper!"

The afternoon sun was slanting through the tall building, casting shadows over the lower ones down below her perch. Looking into the shadows on those buildings, her mind went back to thoughts of that night out on Long Island. "It was a shadow exactly like that one, in which we hid. I could have told you Harry, that we were too early to do any robbing. Yes, darling, I finally caught on to your visit. I'd have to be awfully dense not to know the reason why you tried the French Doors. If anyone wanted to get into a house that's about the best way to do so, for those doors are very seldom locked. Yes, that shadow is the same. But we should have stayed in it longer. If we'd stayed there longer all this wouldn't have happened. You wouldn't be in jail and I wouldn't be here, wracking my brains for something to do. No, you, the great thinker, had it all planned. We wait in the shadow, and then suddenly dash for the French doors, sneak into the drawing room and proceed to look for that chair Sorel wanted. Why she had to get you on the trail of that chair is beyond me. In fact, I still don't know what the thing looks like. Maybe that night will teach you to tell me a thing or two before we go off on a 'Savior Trip'. How was I to know those three thugs that came in through the French doors five minutes later, weren't helping us? You certainly appeared to know what was going on. You even understood their lingo. Of course, darling, you looked mighty professional, too. I really don't blame that big brute for getting mad at you. He thought you were on the 'inside' and I can see why he'd be sore at you for taking his territory. But if you'd told me something about this escapade, I might have been of some help. Oh, darling, you are so deep, sometimes. I can't guess your intentions when you're like that. I really don't mind these sudden spurts to everywhere, but I would love to know what they're about. The big brute certainly frightened me when he started threatening you. I really was petrified. I was about to scream at the top of my lungs, when you brought out that gun. That surprised me so I couldn't do anything but gasp. In fact I was scared. But you looked so brave, and you were so daring, to jump in front of me. That gun really did the trick. The big brute stopped in his tracks. He didn't think you'd shoot. I was hoping you wouldn't because then you'd be up for murder. I no sooner thought that

thought, than the brute was on the floor all bloody on his face. You certainly are brilliant, dear. I know I'd never have thought of putting a silencer on the gun. I can still see that picture: you with the gun smoking in your hand, the brute making a horrible racket on the floor, and the other two thugs standing there with horror and surprise written on their faces. Then came the biggest blow of all. Yes, and you had the nerve to shout at me in the courtroom, about not keeping watch.

"To this day I don't know where so many cops came from! No sooner had you shot the big brute, than in poured millions of brass buttons and blue coats. Yes, through your French doors that nobody ever thinks of locking! They ran all over the place making one heck of a racket. Finally their little wagon came and there I was in a courtroom again. What a mess! The big brute certainly yapped enough. At least that proved he was more alive than dead. Now they can't hold you for murder and I can get Clobber to plead 'self-protection' for you. Oh, Savior, I do wish you'd stop this damnable business of helping other people. But then you just make me so annoyed when you continue to get us into these scrapes, that I was bound not to stick up for you even in the court room. I have decided to show you just what it is like to be left out of things. And I hope this will make you sit up and take notice of me once in a while. You can just stay in your old jail till I feel like getting in touch with Clobber." This long session of thought was a little too much for Margery's brain, so she got up and began walking around the room.

She walked over to the phone and started to give the operator a number, when a tap came on the door.

"Come in," she said in a weak voice, for she had gone all soft inside. She even held her breath. For a fleeting second she thought it might be the police after her.

"Darling, darling! Oh, Harold!" She dropped the phone and ran into his arms.

"You are ready for me, aren't you, Margie?" Harold said, through her hair. "I just got out of jail and came straight over because..."

"Oh, Harry, I was just calling Clobber to get you out. Darling, I couldn't stand it any longer. I've been going slowly mad!" She looked him over from head to foot and then back up again.

"How did you get out, sweet? I was hoping they wouldn't hold you for murder," she said, straightening his coat collar.

"That's beside the point, now. We've got something to do!" Harold said with that glint of joy in his eyes. "Come on, sweets, let's step on it!"

Margery looked at him a minute. "Did you say we've got something to do?" she said, very slowly.

"Sure, sure, come on. We can't waste a minute. This is important!" he said quickly and definitely.

Margery just watched him pick up her things and as he handed them to her, she saw the picture on the desk. Turning to face him she said, "Savior, will you get me a new picture, tonight?"

Reflections

By ADELA BECKHAM

CALVARY

I met her today . . .
The woman you love.
She was wearing gray
Like a warm, young dove.
Her smile was slow . . .
God, she could see
I hated her so!
And she pitied me!



Portrait
By EDWARD VELICKA

—Courtesy Columbus Museum of Art.

HARVEST FIRES

Look, love,
To the fires upon the hill.
Be still,
And watch the leaves fall fast.
Speak not, for any word might kill
This flame that moves my heart
At last.

Look, love,
Into my eyes that weep.
Be still,
And watch the tears fall fast.
Speak not, my heart that was asleep
Sighs, then wakens to your love
At last.

DREAM

There was nothing in
The night.
There was blackness, but
That was void . . . There was not even
Moon to give it reason
Or stars
To puncture it with rhyme.
That nothingness
Like fingers at my throat was
Death—unblest.
For there had been my love
And it was more
Of nothing
Than the rest.

Books

Review of New Books

DOROTHY DEANE

CHRIST IN CONCRETE. By Pietro Di Donato.
311 pp. New York: The Bobbs Merrill Co.

A strange, new, rich voice has joined the chorus singing of America. It is the lyric voice of Pietro Di Donato, the American-born son of Italian immigrants. Like his father, the author is a brick layer. He writes about spaghetti-eating, wine-drinking Italians—dirty, sweating, dollar-a-day Italians. Mr. Di Donato's first novel, *Christ in Concrete*, is a striking book coming out of real experience. The presentation is graphic, dramatic. The theme is impressive. Mr. Di Donato shows the simple immigrant caught in the relentless clutches of "Job". There are men loving, laughing, horribly dying in the awful shadow of fear of unemployment.

Pietro Di Donato says he has written a novel. To be sure that no one will misunderstand him, he has put the label "A Novel" on the title page. And yet, it is hard to be convinced that the title page is entirely right. The story is highly autobiographical. There is no real plot, and little organization. It is a series of scenes, splotchy studies of immigrant life, showing

why the Italians came to America, their religion, their folkways, and how they have been affected by American culture, and, perhaps most interesting of all, how this immigrant group feels about the social, political, and economic life that is going on about them.

The story is told frankly, graphically, without sentimentality or subservience. It is of importance to social minded Americans. It has social significance.

Christ in Concrete also has literary significance. The author looks life, lowly life, in the face. He sees cruelty, horror. The pages seem to drip blood, gleam with shattered white bone. They stink, nauseate. And then the mood changes. There are men, little men, made big by their part in the creation of a new world. There are people, simple people, made happy by good food, red wine, and love. The strange garlic-flavored prose takes on romantic beauty and becomes more poetry than prose.

The book is a significant first-novel, and well deserves the attention that it is now receiving. Pietro Di Donato is a figure worth watching. It will be interesting to see how the success of this first book will affect the young author.

Music

Review of New Recordings

BOB SMITH

As I look over the situation for the month of November, I have found numerous recordings that will be liked by the swing fan as well as the "smooth swing" followers.

Bing Crosby has recorded a winner this month in *What's New*, on the Decca label. The melody (by Bobby Haggart) represents a pleasant departure from the conventional. John Scott Trotter's accompaniment is very fine as usual. While we are still talking about the Crosby family, it would be right to mention the Crosby band's recording of the same number. It has fine solos by Eddie Miller and Billy Butterfield that put the record over the top. This recording is backed by the theme song of the band, namely *Summertime*.

Harry James' trumpet is as spectacular as ever this month as he flashes it in *Vol Vistu Gaily Star*, and *It's Funny to Everyone But Me* (Columbia 35209). On the first record side I am sure you will like the way the saxes suddenly start riffing in a true boogie-woogie fashion. On the reverse side the whole James band singing in a glee-club fashion behind the vocal of Frank

Sinatra. This effect, for a band that has the reputation that James' has for his strict swing style, is poor, and about the only consolation I could find was that of his rhythm section which really clicks.

Tommy Dorsey came along with another recording of *Vol Vistu Gaily Star* (Victor 26363) and he seems to be again going in the right direction with his Clambake seven after the departure of Dave Tough and Bud Freeman. Tommy does some fine work on the trombone along with the solos of Babe Rusin, tenor sax, and Hank Lawson on the trumpet. Backing this record is *It's 100 to One*, but this does not show the Dorsey boys at their best by a long shot.

After too long an absence from the recording department, Benny Goodman has returned to the new Columbia label with *Comes Love, Rendezvous Time in Paree*, (Columbia 35201); *Jumpin' at the Woodside*, and *There'll Be Some Changes Made* (Columbia 35210). *Changes* is truly the best of all the sides. The band sounds relaxed and as though they were playing just for the enjoyment they were getting out of it.

STUDENT ART



ORIGINAL DESIGNS

By Ruth Franke

Showing Oriental influence in the interpretation of the Harem skirt and drapery created in the silk jersey. The change from evening to daytime wear is a change in the skirt and accessories.

R.F.

Drama

A critical discussion of a new play.

Compiled by Jim Black

(NOTE: This is purely an experimental project in play review. So far as we know, the idea of a commentary in dialogue is something new. However, a warning is necessary. This drama is not for popular consumption. The technical nature of the conversation will limit the readers to people who saw the play, "Key Largo", in performance and are interested in listening to a few more observations on it, or any lovers of the theatre whose background and interest will fill in the gaps.

Dedicated to: the hundred Denison students and faculty members who saw Paul Muni in Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo".)

CAST OF CHARACTERS

In Order of Appearance

- The English Professor.....Dr. J. L. King
- The Speech Professor.....Mr. Edward A. Wright
- Two Students.....Don Bethune, Jim Black
- The Hostess (silent).....Miss Louise Wellman

(The resemblance of any character in this play to any person, living or dead, is intended. The story is based on an actual incident of Tuesday, November 7.)

SCENE: The living room of Miss Wellman's tastefully decorated apartment. The lights are soft, and, as we intrude, the four speaking characters, lounged around the room, are wrapped in serious discussion. If they are aware that Miss Wellman is taking notes on what they say, they give no indication.

Don: Did you feel that there was too much talking and not enough action in the play?

Mr. Wright: Yes, from the theatrical standpoint, many of the philosophical speeches were too long. The presentation of Anderson's ideas was one of the finest things in the play, but at times it seemed as if he talked too long. There was a great appeal to the intellect, but that is not always good theatre.

Don: That's what I mean. I had a different feeling during this play from any other I have seen. I was always conscious of feeling for . . . and struggling with ideas.

Mr. Wright: And even though you were conscious of it, you did enjoy it. Please correct me if I'm wrong . . . But, the

Broadway audience will not accept too much philosophy, at least to the extent of slowing the play noticeably.

Jim: They are making changes constantly, and no doubt a balance will be reached before the play gets to New York.

Mr. Wright: Dr. King saw the first performance of the play and we who went to the Saturday matinee saw it the third time it was presented. While a new play is in the training ground, more or less on trial, changes are made daily in the action and dialogue.

Jim: Yes, some of the students tried to get back-stage Saturday, but Guthrie McClintoc had started a rehearsal as soon as the curtain came down.

Don: I talked to some of the people who saw the play on Thursday, and we found several places where the action had been altered between the performances. Did you find on Thursday night, Dr. King, that Muni seemed to stumble or miff some of his lines?

Dr. King: If he did, Don, I don't recall it. If he did falter, it was probably due to changes in the script. It will be interesting to study the play when it is in finished or polished form and make comparisons . . . As for Anderson's ideas as they came out in the play, there has been a great deal of campus discussion about them. As I see it, the situation is put forth vividly in the first scene, the prologue. McCloud made a serious mistake in not staying to die with the others, and the rest of the play deals with the question, "Can he live with himself when he has not lived up to his ideals?"

Jim: You say he made a mistake. The struggle within the man is between what his brain and what his ideals dictate, and he chose to follow the former in the crisis. Do you mean that he should have followed his ideals, regardless of his rationalization?

Dr. King: I mean that it proved to be a mistake in view of what came later. I knew that sooner or later, in order to redeem himself, McCloud had to come to the point where he was willing to die in a similar situation. He had to come right back to the situation he had refused to respond to. The play shows that a man cannot live a life of pure reason. In the first situation, in the prologue, he was following reason and common sense. After he acted on it, emotion began to play its part, and it conquered. The spirit became supreme.

Mr. Wright: I can't help but feel that McCloud still had his ideals when he left the battlefield of Spain. He still thought he was leaving for a good reason. He realized he had been fighting for Stalin, not what he came to Spain to fight for, but when he saw his comrades die and heard the reports, he began to see that it was all over. In the beginning of the first act he is disillusioned, staggering, hungry, weary of heart and soul, but he still has his ideal and can say, "I did right. Nobody will believe me, but I did right. A man isn't afraid to die if there's something worth while to die for."

Don: But wasn't he right only from the standpoint of his intellect? I feel that his ideals were tramped in the mud, and that he was spiritually dead. He rejected his ideals three times: once when he left his comrades, again when he turned and fought for the rebels, and last when he allowed the gangster to take his gun. Therein lies the conflict of the play—he had obeyed his intellect at the expense of his ideals, and, though he didn't know it, this betrayal of faith tormented him and drove him on, not letting him die although he had no reason to live.

Jim: Then he was groping around for something to restore his ideals. Finally he met a crisis when he saw that ideals are more important than intellect. Then he regained his faith and could meet the situation as a man.

Dr. King: It seems to me that you are pretty close to right. In the first act, when the two men had their guns out, wasn't it pretty clear that our friend had lost his nerve?

Mr. Wright: That's my point. He thought thirty dollars was not worth dying for.

Don: But he acted beaten.

Mr. Wright: He didn't know then that the gangster had his clutches on the house. Later when he found out, he was not reluctant to die.

Dr. King: Would you say he was true to his ideals when he turned and fought with the other side?

Mr. Wright: He fought with the other side merely to save his life.

Dr. King: One weakness of the play, it seemed to me, was that when he was finally in the position of facing death, the cause he died for wasn't noble enough. There was a lacking in dramatic justice.

Don: Oh, it seemed perfectly adequate to me. In fact, it was an exactly parallel situation to the one in Spain: instead of Franco, the gangsters; instead of the Loyalists, the Seminoles.

Mr. Wright: No, not the Seminoles, but the blind man and his daughter. Dying for the Seminoles would not have meant anything to them. Their lives weren't worth a thing once they got back into the hands of the law. Their chances of freedom were obliterated long before McCloud died. I felt he was dying to free the family of his best friend from the leech that had fastened itself on them.

Don: Didn't Anderson lose by stooping to the gangster to bring out the plot?

Dr. King: He was certainly catering to popular favor or to theatricality. The question is, how else could he do it?

Jim: He could have invented a more convincing and noble block to be overthrown. The whole gangster element seems ludicrous . . . if the by-play at the gambling wheel was comedy, and it surely must have been intended for that, rather than anything else, it was out of place . . . Anderson so often introduces a few earthy elements into plays which, otherwise, deal mainly with the metaphysical. Look at "High Tor"—the men caught in the steam shovel—such incidents are inconsistent with the play's theme.

Dr. King: When Anderson is at his best, he is conscious of the great Greek tragedies. At times he is almost too obviously trying to do for this age what those dramatists did for that age. Therefore, he uses common material of our day, namely, the gangster. We could compare the incident with Shakespeare. He used absurd tricks sometimes, very melodramatic situations. But Shakespeare was interested in the great fundamental problems and the powerful expression of certain minds. Anderson is trying the same thing . . . Did any of you catch the religious implications of the play? He definitely states, "God is dead. The old faith is gone." But that doesn't necessarily mean we must think religion is gone. Suppose the Supreme Being is dead,

what kind of religion is left then? Anderson echoed Bertrand Russell in answering that question: "A religion firmly founded in despair." In essence, he says, "Let God be dead. Nevertheless, there is something in man, some touch of nobility to believe in. If he doesn't believe in the finest things in himself, he turns away from the opportunity to die." The same statement is found in the closing speech of Esdras in "Winterset": "This is the glory of earth-born men and women, not to cringe, never to yield, but standing, take defeat implacable and defiant, die unsubmitting." We may have lost faith in the modern world, but we have to have some kind of religion even if it is only believing in the best in us.

Jim: You know, I can't help thinking that the acting weakened one of the potentially strongest elements of the play. The blind man and the girl failed to show the wound of losing their boy. I couldn't feel McCloud was achieving something in taking Victor's place.

Mr. Wright: That would make another play and would throw the emphasis if you allowed it. He was sacrificing his life. He felt he had done the man an injustice by leaving him on the battlefield and he made amends. There are many such implications in the play.

Don: But doesn't the fact that Anderson's attitude on so many issues is indefinite show either bad writing or poor acting?

Mr. King: No. That may be an indication of the greatness of the play. No one has ever conclusively analyzed "Hamlet".

Mr. Wright: It should have at least a moderate run on Broadway. The girl fell short somewhere. In the first act, she and her father showed by their acting the weight of years of suffering but in the second, the girl did not rise as she should have.

Dr. King: The peculiar quality of her voice seemed good at first, but before the play was over became monotonous and even straining. I thought the man who played the gangster lead was good.

Mr. Wright: Yes, he wasn't the typical stage tough. He did not bull-doze everybody. Some people felt that every time the tourists came in they were out of place. They didn't fit.

Dr. King: There is a real problem in the casting and directing of small characters. If too much importance is given to the minor characters, they catch attention, and if not enough importance, they clutter up the play and weaken it. What did you think of the sets?

Mr. Wright: I liked the last two better than the first. The setting for the prologue was impressionistic; for the acts, realistic.

Jim: I liked the setting of the prologue. It gave me a clear picture of a mountain top, from an impressionistic viewpoint, of course. I could almost see the shell-torn valley and distant lights beyond.

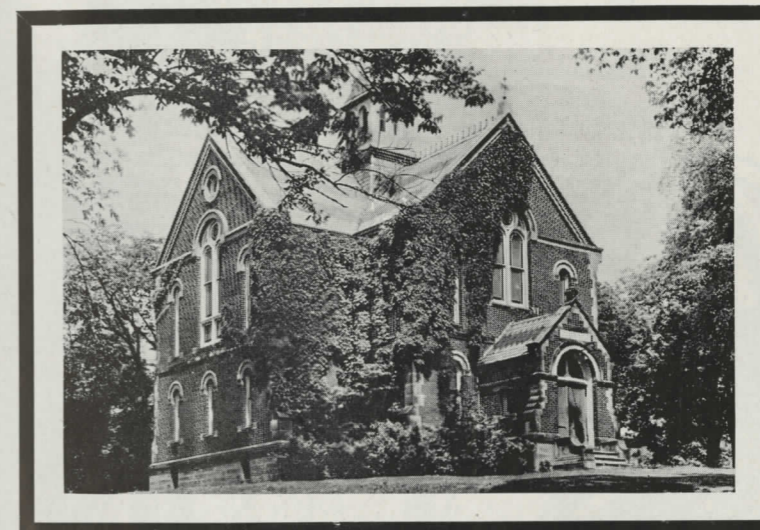
Mr. Wright: The lighting was good. The light on the straw roof in the first act was alive, and it was impossible to detect the change during the act, it was done so perfectly.

(A long pause.)

Dr. King: I certainly have enjoyed the opportunity to discuss this play with you gentlemen . . .

(And so the discussion, which we hope was stimulating and not pedagogic, began to break up, and the four actors went home to bed and left the tired little shorthand artist to wash the dishes.)

In Memoriam



DOANE LIBRARY, WILLIAM HOWARD I. Born 1879—deceased 1937. Sadly missed by friends who visited his musty archives and loved his ivy-covered walls and tradition-steeped past. Spent his entire life in Granville, residing on the hill at the site of the present library. Cost: \$10,173. Survived by one son, William Howard Doane Library II, aged two years, who replaced him at the same site. Cost: well over \$100,000. Friends of the deceased find William Howard II capably carrying on. To his progenitor who for fifty-eight years faithfully served Denison University, we dedicate this page in memoriam.



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In the World War, approximately 17,000,000 men were killed.

A few more million people—many of them children—died from starvation or undernourishment.

But more human things were killed than white crosses tell of.

The great things that millions of fine and promising young men might have accomplished had they lived were buried within their bodies.

The kind of hope that buoys men's hearts was, for many thousands, killed forever and replaced with bitterness and disillusion.

The Faith nations once had in each other was killed; culture and art

stood still, ideals died; truth was buried deep under lies and conscienceless propaganda.

And what did the world gain from this colossal sacrifice?

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If you feel in your heart as we do in ours—that another war would bankrupt America physically, morally, and economically, whether we won or lost—we urge you to sit down this minute and write to us!

† † †

Address World Peaceways
103 Park Avenue, New York City

Initial Plunge

"Impressions of a very green newspaperman"

By NORMAN S. NADEL

Seneca, largest and perhaps the most beautiful of the five finger lakes in New York State, has two unusual characteristics—its coldness and its depth. Natives of the region tell of subterranean channels to the ocean that account for the cold, but underwater springs, deep down, are the more logical explanation.

Not only is Seneca unusually deep for an inland lake (in many places the bottom has never been sounded), but the depth starts so abruptly that along much of the shoreline one can dive directly from the thin strip of beach.

And swimming there, because of all this, is a rare experience. Before you dive, you take a deep breath—really deep—because the shock of the cold will leave you little enough oxygen to live on until you become adjusted. The depth lends a thrill as you go down, and the underwater transformation of the light of day adds to the excitement. Then, swimming at the surface you become a part of an atmosphere of beauty. But with fatigue the thrill wears off, and you pull yourself out on a rock, or at a convenient projection of the shoreline, and resting, reach again an awareness of the loveliness of the setting.

Soon you become restless, so you take another deep breath, and plunge back in, because the cold and the depth are exciting.

* * *

We are warned, as seniors and graduates are everywhere, that we'd find the world hard, cold and cruel. Some of us had decided long before that life at a small college offered too much isolation from the rest of the world, though that in itself is an advantage in some respects, and had made a conscientious effort to maintain sufficient contact with actual living to develop a reasonably broad and cosmopolitan point of view. Even at that we were prone to look on labor troubles, international friction, home town elections and sex murders as unimportant in the lives that lay ahead of us. They seemed too remote. But we had at least prepared for a shock, taken a deep breath, and plunged.

Newspapermen I found, are too close to all phases of living to isolate themselves with a protective barrier of indifference. I started to see things vividly with my work of political reporting in the suburbs of a city of over a million people, and realized the near-impossibility of viewing drab and sometimes shocking situations as things that did not touch me. They did. They were sometimes frightening, and the deceit and dishonesty of some of the men I met did upsetting things to a trusting soul—a poor one for the profession. But there were, and are, the compensations, as of excitement, of being a part of things, of meeting people

worth knowing, of a wide variety of experiences, of seeing the effect of something you've written, of free tickets to shows and concerts.

I met politicians who insisted and often with reason, that everybody else on the local scene was a rat. I knew a man who could always be excited into circulating a petition against the mayor whenever I was hard up for a lead story. There was the mayor himself who would regularly tell me what a swell guy I was, thus invariably making me feel cheap for printing stories about the slimy side of his administration. He was a psychologist. There was the prominent politician who confessed he is a communist and tried to bring me into the fold. He is an intelligent man, and has since been elected to a highly responsible office he'd never have reached if his true political alliance were known. He had told me in confidence, a confidence I wouldn't betray, because it would have cost him his position, and while I disagree with his political theory, he was still the best man on the scene for the job. He is an opportunist.

Hard as it was to write things that I knew would hurt people, even if their behavior, as in trying to get away with a \$250,000 graft deal, deserved it, it became even harder when a woman—a charming woman—was involved. Thank Heaven it has happened only once to date, but there was the uncomfortably attractive person in a position of financial responsibility whom I had to oppose, because some things didn't look right. I still cling to the belief that Woman is fundamentally good, especially if she's pretty. That theory, in conflict with certain obvious indications that all was not right, took something of a beating, in the situation I was reporting, and so did I. I left every interview with her, during which she faced some embarrassing questions, feeling like a wifebeater with a conscience.

Going from suburban weekly reporting to the office of a large daily in another city, I began to feel a part of happenings of national and international consequence. It was in September, with the start of hostilities abroad, that the impossibility of isolation of self from the currents of humanity struck most forcibly.

One could not ignore the war, working in a newspaper office and being in close contact with it every day. And even if he were to try to dodge it by not reading the reports that came in regularly, he would feel like a coward.

For no matter what policy of neutrality or pseudo-neutrality this nation were to take, no matter how ardent a pacifist the individual is, he cannot, if he is a feeling being, remain emotionally aloof from the suffering and death that has become a daily, common

thing. My own sincere desire for peace, my hope of our ability as a nation to stay out of such a conflict accentuates the grief—for it amounts to that—for those who have seen such hopes vanish and with them so much of the substance of living. It could not—and cannot—be ignored.

This was the shock of an undercurrent of more intense cold, as my plunge carried me deeper into the lake. Other things had been happening to me; they were personal experiences and reactions. This, a thing apart, was the shock that has needed deeper breaths—reading, studying about international relations, trying to ease the emotional upset, not by self-isolation from a suffering humanity, but by seeking a vestige of hope for it.

* * *

Through all of this, fatigue has occasionally overtaken the swimmer, and he pulls himself out to rest, and looks over the scene as a whole, a complete and still beautiful experience. Along the shoreline have been friendships, detailed discussions about unimportant things, music, the glow of affection shared, Granville on a day off, and time delightfully wasted. But these, essentials in a way, are not ends in themselves, and the restlessness soon is felt again.

The lake, the shoreline and the horizon are even more lovely after these moments of rest, but the swimmer doesn't like to sit around all the time, because there is excitement in the elements of cold and unexplored depth. So again, he takes a deep breath...

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