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Portfolio





Photo by A. J. Bellavia

Spring

Revenge

"He could see Margo standing alone"

By Alison Ewart

Lars sat in his window looking over the valley. But his thoughts were not with the view his eyes saw. He thought only of Margo. She had been his girl. She had gone walking with him on Sunday afternoons. But of late, she had refused all his invitations. Lars was more hurt when he had learned that it was with Tor she walked on Sunday afternoons.

Sitting there in the window he thought of Tor. Tor was his friend. It had been he, Lars, that had introduced Tor to Margo. Also it had been Lars that got Tor his job in the munitions factory. Lars was jealous. He was so jealous that he hadn't slept nor eaten for nights and days. Night after night had been spent in gazing out the window, and looking across the valley. Lars felt he was looking for something. But he knew not what. His nights were spent in this endless search. His days at work were nightmares. Work! It wasn't work! If it didn't mean his life, he wouldn't watch the cogs. He would just sit there and think. Machinery, cog fitting on cog, wheels turning, the endless turning, the constant humming, the buzzing of the mixer above. The noise filled Lars' head, and he felt he was going to be crushed by the sound. He thought of the hours spent in watching them. He had to work, he had to work there; it was his livelihood.

Work! Six days a week. Watch the wheels, the cogs, they must be even and smooth, they must fall one on the other. No slipping or there would be no Lars left nor anyone else. The thought raced through his head again! No one left. A cog had slipped. The wheels hadn't gone around! The thought was screaming through his head, now. One cog could slip, that's all it needed. "My God!" he muttered half to himself. Here was what he had been looking for. The plan, the idea, that was all he had wanted. He would avenge himself on Tor. He would end the ache in his heart. There would be Margo left, alone. Alone for him.

Morning found Lars asleep on the window sill. His head was resting on his now folded arms. As the early rays of the sun slanted across the valley, they awakened him from his slumber. Instantly he was afraid. Afraid he had overslept. Afraid it was too late. He had planned

to stay awake all night, but remembered how he couldn't last any longer, so he finally dozed. It seemed to Lars that since he had found a way he was not troubled as he had been. His thoughts came easily and clearly. He even felt slightly hungry.

Rising from his chair, he looked at the clock. It was five o'clock. He had half an hour. Half an hour before he did his work. He thought he would eat. He got bread from a box and milk from another box. He chewed a piece of the bread, but it tasted like pulp in his mouth. Taking a huge swallow of milk, he washed the bread down, but the milk was tasteless, too. Why couldn't he eat? Why was he so nervous? Why couldn't he eat? Then the thought finally struck him. He was going to kill his best friend. His friend, that he had gotten a job for. His friend Tor. One of the best friends he had ever had. Yet hadn't Tor taken his Margo? Certainly, he had taken her from Lars, and Tor should die. Yet to Lars a friend was a friend. No wonder he couldn't eat. No wonder he was hot, then cold, and nervous. He was going to kill his friend.

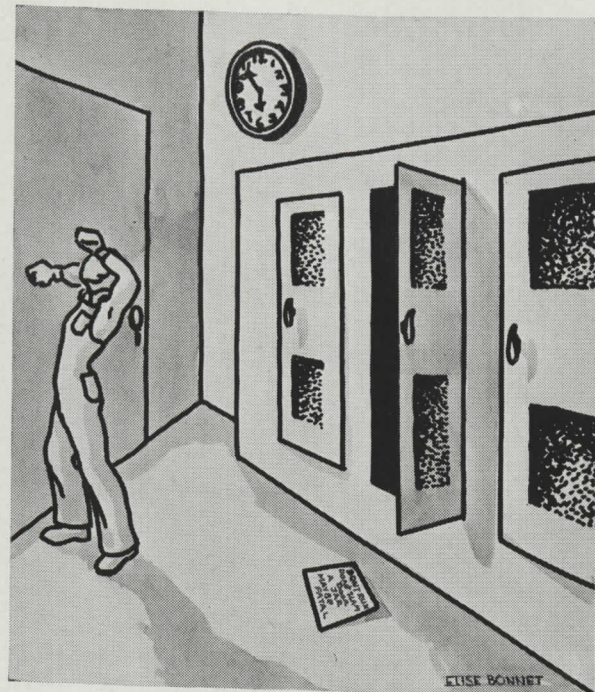
A half hour later Lars walked to the factory. He looked haggard and worn out. His face was hollow at the cheek bones, making him look thin, very thin. His step dragged. But there was a glint in his eyes and he knew what he was going to do, and he was going to do it. Tor wasn't a good friend if he took your best girl. Thus Lars was just killing a man, not a friend.

He was going down the hill, now, to cross the valley floor. Below him lay the factory, nestled in the fold of the hills. There in that one end of the factory, he could see his wheels, and his cogs. Above his wheels and cogs, stood Tor's mixing machine. There all the chemicals were mixed at a minute movement, for fear the explosives would mix too rapidly and go off. Today he looked at his factory in a new light. He wondered how funny the buildings would look, if that wing of his were blown off. He tried to visualize it, but he could see nothing. He had reached the bottom of the hill, and had passed through the gate.

He passed a few of the men coming off night shift, but nothing was said. The night shift men were usually tired, and besides there was little love between the two groups of men. Lars walked along in silence. He knew that no one would notice him, for he often came this early. He was beginning to get more nervous, and his breath was coming in pants, now. He could only think, "Nothing will go wrong. Nothing can go wrong." And he would set his shoulders as if all was okay.

He walked into the changing room, at his end of the factory, and put his lunch in his locker. Taking out his heavy coveralls and gloves, he put them on. He had everything timed. He knew how long it took him to walk over, and how long it took him to change into his clothes. He had the hardest time trying to keep from rushing and making a mistake. For he knew that a cool head was what one needed in this kind of business. He was now all ready for his work. He looked at the clock on the wall. It was seventeen minutes of six. He had ten minutes of hard work and the rest was the time he needed to get away in.

He reached in his locker and brought out a heavy metal file and put it in his pocket. He walked over to the other door, and into his room where the wheels and cogs were. The room was quiet. The wheels and cogs were motionless and did not move. He was alone, and he could take ten minutes to do the work. But he



had to leave by six minutes of six, for it was at six o'clock that the wheels rolled this morning, and he must be finished by then.

He began working on one of the cogs with his file. He could see Margo standing alone. Then he saw himself walk over to her, but before he could touch her, his picture of himself faded, and only Margo stood there alone. Lars wondered about this picture for a moment. But he quickly put it aside, for he must finish his work. He rubbed the file harder against the metal. Tor would soon come in above and by six o'clock the wheels would begin to turn. Lars must hurry. The heat of the file on the metal could be felt even through his glove. His heart began to pound again, for his mind had flashed another picture of Margo, standing there alone waiting for him. He must hurry. Time was going by.

There that would do it! He put his file in his pocket, and the gloves back on. Looking at the wall clock he had exactly six minutes left. He could change without hurrying, or couldn't he? This moment of doubt that flashed across his mind, caused him to halt in his walk to the changing room. He mustn't stop, he must keep going. He walked into the room filled with lockers. He put his file in its place, and then took off his gloves. His eyes were glued on the hands of the clock on the wall. The hand moved. He had only five minutes in which to change. Suddenly his fevered mind thought that the wheels would move today a little earlier than six. He must hurry. He looked at the clock, and then at the door to the outside hall. He wouldn't change. He wouldn't bother. He would run for the

door now and get out!

Lars ran towards the door, and as his locker swung shut, the sign "Don't run—Don't slam doors, a JAR may be fatal" . . . fell to the floor. Lars looked back with fear written on his face. His hand was on the knob. He tried to turn it. It wouldn't turn. He looked around for some other means of escape, but all he saw was the other door to the room with the wheels and cogs in. He was afraid. His forehead was wet with beads of sweat that stood out upon it. He tried the door again. It couldn't be locked! He'd just come through that way! It was unlocked then. Crash! Lars almost fainted. It was only his locker shutting. He ran a trembling hand over his forehead. He looked at the clock. It was three minutes of six. He turned towards the door again. He threw his weight upon it, but the massive structure held. He tore at its steel surface with his fingernails, till they were all broken. Then through his panting and his fevered brain, he heard something. He didn't stop to find out what it was. He knew! He knew! The wheels were moving, he could hear their humming. He had been fooled. It wasn't six o'clock. When would the filed cog slip? How long?

"Oh, God!" Lars screamed, "let me out, let me out!"

He pulled at the door, and he screamed at the top of his lungs. Then suddenly there was a roar. Lars yelled no more; he tugged no more.

* * * * *

Silence had settled over the factory. The men standing around the debris of the left wing, began to go back to their own places. The entire structure was a mess of broken bricks, splintered glass, and powdered brick. An ambulance came screaming up to the edge of the wreckage.

"Hey, you guys sure have fun out here," said the driver. "Don't you know enough not to play with dynamite?"

"Not much you can do now, Joe," said the foreman as he walked over to the ambulance driver. "There were only two fellows in the wing at the time."

"What the devil happened?"

"I guess one of them jarred the building," the foreman answered. "We weren't going to work those machines till afternoon today."

"Say, who were the—"

The driver's speech was broken into by a girl running and calling to the foreman. She came up panting and flushed.

"Who was hurt? Tell me quickly! Tor is in that wing! Who was hurt?" she almost sobbed in the men's ears.

"A couple of men, Miss," the driver said. He looked at the foreman to finish.

"Yeah, he's gone, Miss. One of them was careless."

"One of them?" she questioned. "Who else?"

"Lars, too, Miss."

The men, the driver and the foreman walked off to the ambulance. The girl stood there and began to cry. "Oh, Tor! Oh, Tor! Poor Lars, too, I liked him once!" Yes, Margo was alone.

Christ in Cleats

"In my eyes Christ became a man"

By BOB MAXWELL

It took me long years to discover just who this man Christ was. To be exact, it took me eighteen years. I was stuffed with the deceptions and the distortions of the Sunday School portrait of the Nazarene, just as most of the youth of today is. I had a sickening vision of a pathetic, lily-skinned and soft old man, with sad eyes, who said things that were true enough but somehow passive and unimportant. As a boy, I knew secretly that Christ was no more than a sissy; people just hated to admit it.

One day I read Bruce Barton's "The Man Nobody Knows". This started a long period of thinking; then slowly I reshaped the vision of the man. I began with the physical Christ. I went over in my mind the old stories I had heard impatiently as a child, and gradually I discovered a physical ideal here. Christ had been a carpenter of Nazareth. I pictured the long, capable fingers working the awl and the chisel; I saw the strong muscles of his back outlined as he sloped over his work. I remembered then the other tales of the physical man. He had driven the surly, grasping money-changers from the temple, lashing them not with the whip of words but by the strength of his own arms. I remembered that he was a man who commanded the respect and love of men and women alike. How, I wondered, could a preacher and a lowly man achieve this? And slowly I discovered that there was a physical power in this personality that I had utterly missed. The vision of a strong and well-shaped man, broad-shouldered and erect, was now mine.

When I was eighteen I went out for football. There I discovered something. I found that I had in my mind a fine ideal in this man but that I had failed to make him an integral part of everyday life. So I gave Christ a football uniform, complete with helmet, cleats, jersey, shoulder pads and all. And I sent him in as quarterback.

I was amazed at what I saw. I saw him crashing the line with power-driven legs, passing and kicking with a peculiar, accomplished grace and tackling with hard, clean viciousness. So in my eyes Christ became a man.

Later I found he was equally at home and equally accomplished in everything I knew and did. He sat with me in bull-sessions and talked of the lowly as well as the lofty, the common and the uncommon. He danced and talked, ate heartily and laughed frequently and deeply. He read books and poetry, walked and studied.

I released the bonds of my imagination and saw in him the elements of mortality, saw him fail and fall, work and win, fight and conquer a hundred different problems. And yet I kept in him the element of immortality, the fire of something divine. But I worked him into my life.

A hundred different arraignments could be and are cast on this earthly consideration of what is to be Man's salvation, the Christ. I make no great defense for it, for this is not a religious conviction nor a concept of how to preserve religion; it is only an idea. It is simply one way of dealing with a problem, a way of avoiding rank stagnation and repugnance toward false ideals and a hypocritical church.

How could such a concept of Christ be a driving force and how a lasting ideal? The first was immediately accomplished. He was no longer a Sunday-idol but now a companion and a knowing fellow comrade. This is certainly what I needed, and this is what I believe most young people need and want. Make Christ a living thing; make him the best of humanity, but bring him down to earth.

This Christ, as a lasting ideal, I knew would grow with time, reshaping itself with the years. For though I began with the physical Christ, I knew that with the years the deep echoes of his wisdom would find new responses in me. No longer just an immortal angel, the man and his words now rang with experience and life, and I listened. With growth and age, more and more, the now meaningless passages would become suddenly lucid, and with my own experience and development, he too would grow in my mind and become a clearer, lasting vision.

Somnolence

By VIRGINIA MARTINDALE

"LOVE-DEATH"

A moon mist hangs on mouldy rocks,
A moth flies low, then drifts away . . .
The night, it seems, in slumber locks
The dimming stars and sea-blown spray.

A wind-swept bird on timid wing
Flutters low and rends the air
With cries, and tries to take the thing
That floats among the breakers there.

The salt spray blinds the white bird's eyes,
The sea sucks down the floating thing,
Thus, helpless now, the white bird dies
And mournful songs the breakers sing . . .

The tragic death of a lovely bird
That sought and found; then lost too soon
Is like unto a farewell word
That haunts this night and dims the moon.



—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

Isolt

By ERWIN F. FREY

MOON SILVER

Softly on waxen petal plays
A dancing silver moonbeam sprite.
On slender stems the blossoms sway;
A silver shawl enshrouds the night.

A strand of song re-echoes still,
A shattered chord hangs sad and sweet,
And shadowed dreams again I fill
With sounds of silver-slippered feet.

Honey-suckle, narcissus blooms
And sleepy songs of silver birds,
Fill again deserted rooms
With still-resounding, farewell words.

Thirteenth Hour

"He couldn't go on living like that"

By Harriet Puffer

Allen's mind was in a whirl. He thought back, not a little perplexed. That feeling of guilt which he had had for the past few months was augmenting itself, minute by minute. He had never really been afraid, but now that it was only a matter of days before it would be over he felt tense, yet easier.

His stalwart figure swung down the dirt road, and every once in a while he hopped lightly over a deep water-filled rut. His brown pants were muddy upon close observation, but the crease was there. The hands, hanging loosely beneath a clean but well-frayed cuff were darkly tanned, and the muscles stood out as veins stand out in ridges on an old man's hands. But as he neared Forest Grove his stride became more intense, slower, and his toes sought out stones to kick before him.

He was Larry's friend. Larry had told him to come and see his sister, and how she was getting along. So he had come. That would be his story. He had figured it out on the train, and it rang true. Larry was his friend. He winced slightly as he repeated that to himself. But why, why was he here, really?

Forest Grove lay before him; acres and acres of trees in a sunken valley with a small white house as the nucleus. Allen paused and looked down at the building which appeared scarcely larger than a doll's house from where he stood. A dot of bright yellow moved back and forth across the small yard. That was Alice. She always wore bright colors. He remembered that. Allen sat down by the roadside and lowered his face in both hands, contemplating, motionless. There was something about Forest Grove that got under your skin. It wasn't the only spring-fed valley in Kansas, but those huge trees, that bit of a house, and Alice.

The sun was still hot though it was five hours past its zenith. Allen stood erect and wiped the perspiration from his forehead before replacing his hat. His face was sober now, and his eyes seemed to stare through the dirt beneath his feet. Could he? No, it was too late to turn back now. He slowly descended into the domain of Forest Grove.

The atmosphere was at once perceptibly cooler, and his spirits rose. The tall evergreens and spreading maples seemed to form a roof over his head, and the soft ferns and mosses put springs into his feet. Everything was so still, so clean and pure that he felt as if he were a trespasser. He glanced at his feet. He hadn't noticed how very dusty they were. Everything was dusty up on the road. Stopping, he brushed the dust off his shoes with a handful of ferns, and gave his pants a few brisk strokes with the palms of his hands. There.

Alice Madden paused in her walk. Someone was coming. Nicky was sitting on his haunches, looking into the forest instead of walking with her. When Nicky was still it was always a sign. Who could it be? She turned and quickly entered the house. She hung her apron in the kitchen and looked fleetingly into the glass before she heard a soft rap on the door.

"Yes?" She looked into the eyes of Allen Balfour. "Why, Allen Balfour! I haven't seen you for months. Come in."

"Thank you, Alice. Larry sent me, I mean, that is, Larry told me yesterday that he wanted me to come and see if you were all right. Are you?"

"Yesterday?"

"Yes, I went to the prison to see him, and he wanted me to see how you were."

"Yesterday?"

"Yes. He gave me this to give to you."

"A bracelet? Out of wood. I didn't know Larry carved."

"He learned it—in the prison, that is."

"Well, thank you for bringing it to me, Allen."

"That's all right."

"What was he doing yesterday—when you saw him?"

"Just sitting in his cell. I see the peonies are blooming."

"Yes, they came out a few days ago. They were Larry's favorite flower. He loved them. That—that terrible day they came and took him away he was down on his knees, picking off small immature buds so that those left would be larger when they bloomed. They just took him, Allen. Why? He wasn't bad, and he didn't—he didn't."

"I know he didn't, Alice."

"But they didn't know. They didn't."

"No, but the evidence was too much against him."

"But couldn't they tell just by looking at him that he couldn't do a deed such as that? Why, it would take a—a hardened criminal to do it."

"Not always, Alice. Men do things in a moment of anger. Things they regret so much afterwards that the mere memory of it burns their minds to the extent that they almost lose their mind."

"But a man such as Larry, or myself, or you; we just couldn't do anything like that."

Allen sat silently. All he could see were Alice's pleading eyes and her earnest face. Even when he

Selling Denison

"Building for a greater Denison tomorrow"

By JAMES COX

What is the nature of the work carried on by the Alumni Office of Denison University? *Portfolio* Editor Don Bethune, ever searching for interesting copy for the campus literary magazine, asked us to write a few words in answer to this question for the benefit of undergraduate students who will join, in a short time, some five thousand Denisonians making up the Society of the Alumni.

First of all, this voluntary association of Denison graduates and former students was founded in 1846, and is one of the oldest organized alumni groups in America. At the time of its founding our alumni body numbered but thirty-one graduates. It now embraces a membership of over five thousand.

The purpose of the Society of the Alumni is to create, maintain, and develop an effective interest in the college. Every graduate and former student is invited to unite with us in achieving these ends.

What of the work of the executive offices of the Society located in the Downtown Office Building of Denison University? George Eliot once said that "The reward of one duty done is the power to fulfill another". Today, the Alumni Office centers its interests in three fields—alumni work, new student work, and publicity.

The staff consists of three: John Bjelke, executive secretary of the Alumni and field representative of Denison; James Cox, director of publicity, assistant alumni secretary, and assistant field representative; and Mrs. Frank Miller, office secretary.

Compare most any college of like size and you will find a much larger staff carrying out the duties of these three departments instrumental in the welfare of an institution. Our staff can be so concentrated because we have organized and do receive enthusiastic support from our Alumni Clubs and from individual members of the Society.

The staff is employed by the Alumni Council, a governing body composed of 18 members who are elected by the alumni. President of the council this year is Ford R. Weber of Toledo. The Society of the Alumni also has the power to elect from its membership a certain number of outstanding men or women to serve on the University's Board of Trustees.

It is the work of the Alumni Office to organize and direct the activities of Alumni Clubs scattered throughout the country. To this end, Mr. Bjelke has done a most creditable job in the fifteen years he has served in the capacity of executive secretary. An Alumni Club is, in a sense, an arm or extension of the Society and it must represent the aims and ideals of the University

in the community and keep the name and prestige of the University before the community.

The Alumni Office assists the various clubs in every possible way, and the club assumes certain responsibilities. The club may assist the college through the medium of group expression in formulating policies of the school. It may interest prospective students in the university. It may develop some form of continuing education for alumni. It may provide unique social activities for its members.

The executive secretary invites presidents of all Alumni Clubs to meet with him here in Granville each fall. The President of Denison, the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, the Business Manager, the Dean, and the Registrar are invited to present informative talks about the Denison of today. Mr. Bjelke presents the aims and ideals of the Society of the Alumni, and outlines a uniform program of club activities for the year. To aid the president of each club, the Alumni Office recently prepared a promotion kit consisting of 26 pieces of literature ranging from departmental pamphlets to a history of 110-year-old Denison University.

Many and varied are the projects carried out by the office staff. Lack of space prohibits describing at length any particular project. Therefore, we touch but lightly upon some of the major phases.

It is not amiss to call attention to certain routine duties which occupy much of the time of the secretary and his assistants—routine such as preparing, editing and mailing of the "Denison Alumnus" (five issues annually which total 22,500 copies). Aside from this, the office mails annually some 7,000 copies of the college catalog, over three thousand pictorial bulletins, and hundreds of departmental pamphlets.

The routine also includes daily correspondence with alumni on all matters pertaining to the college and the Society of the Alumni, and this correspondence is probably the heaviest of any department in the institution.

A job in itself is the matter of alumni records. This entails keeping up to date the addresses of 4,500 alumni—all changes of address must be made on class, alphabetical, and geographical files. Not long ago a questionnaire was mailed to each alumnus and the information thus gained was transcribed upon the individual record cards.

The Alumni Fund, directed by the alumni office staff, involves the organization of the classes under class agents who voluntarily cooperate with the executive secretary in circularizing classmates and in secur-

closed his own eyes he could see that face. God! Why had he come?

"I must go into the kitchen and tell Delia there will be another member for dinner. You will, won't you?"

Allen started. "What? Oh, yes, that would be marvelous—if it's not too much trouble." Allen rose to his feet as Alice disappeared.

There was Larry's picture on her desk. He looked so young, and so terribly innocent. His eyes were those of Alice's. No, Alice was right. He couldn't possibly have done the deed, even though Allen knew he hadn't. There was a neat pile of letters beside the picture, all written on prison stationery, and on top of them lay a dead peonie. Allen moistened his lips. Above the desk were two rifles. One, a twenty-two, and the other a more deadly repeater. Larry had outgrown the one, and the other he would never use again.

"No," Alice murmured as she came up silently behind him. "The man wasn't killed with a gun." She shuddered perceptibly, and then in a lighter strain asked her guest what he had been doing.

"Oh, a little of everything, and much of nothing. I worked a week in an office, but it seemed to stifle me. I couldn't stand it. Then as a lumberjack, but the steady thud and ring of the axes and the rhythmic grate of the saws drove me away from that. Since then I've had sundry jobs, but I can't keep my mind on them, no matter how easy they are. If only I could concentrate."

"But you used to do so well, Allen, I can't understand it. We all agreed that you would be the success of the Balfour family."

"I've failed. Guess I'm just the black sheep of the family."

"Don't say that, Allen. Never give up. Look at Larry. No, don't stop me. I love to talk of him to one who knew him so well. He was going to be a lawyer, remember. He worked at school, and during vacation he found jobs to make enough money to take him through. That is what he wanted, and nothing daunted him. And he was, was so terribly brave. Look, here in his last letter he says, yes, right here: 'And I don't want you to grieve for me when I go, for I shall always be near you, dearest sister. It will all be over in a minute, so I shan't suffer. Keep the old chin high, and let Kansas stay as dry as it is now. I want it that way, dearest little Alice.'" There were two bright tears in Alice's proud eyes as she looked up. But she promptly blinked them back. That was the way Larry would have it.

Allen sat down to dinner quietly. The red glow from the sunset fell across the table in the shape of a bar. It seemed to separate them, for neither could speak. Delia moved about the room as softly as a feline. That bar of sunlight separated Alice from him. It seemed to signify not separation from Alice alone, but from mankind; peace. Peace. Ha! You can't have peace when there is a gnawing at your heart. You can't sit back with a sigh of contentment when you bear the burden of the world, seemingly, on your shoulders. You might be happy with a weight heavier than eternity

weighing on your mind. All right! He killed a man! He was to blame, but he stood back, the silent spectator, and watched another in *his* place get what he should have had. A sentence of death. Would not death be more pleasant. At least it would be more peaceful. Those eyes of Alice's, piercing his soul. What was Larry thinking? He could save him. There was still time unless the date had been changed. Tomorrow was the time. Time. Yes, time was all that mattered now. He hadn't seen Larry the day before. That was just part of his story—to see Alice. He had seen her. He knew that she would show him the way. She wouldn't let him turn down a cross-road. She would keep him on the straight road. These months of mental torture, they were torture, would soon be over, then, wouldn't they. He couldn't go on living like that. He could never rest if the innocent man died in his place. God! he hadn't rested for months. He would never rest until his conscience was clear. But how could he tell Alice. She would be glad—for Larry, but what would she think of him? That would hurt the most. Oh, Alice, I must tell, I must, and yet—losing your respect means more than everything else. Allen pushed back his chair and stood before the window. Peace. Peace. Peace he must have, not the hell he had been living in. Alice had arisen and the red sunset seemed to form a halo about her dark head. She looked pityingly into his eyes. He couldn't stand that.



"Alice. Alice, I killed the man. It was accidental, believe me, but I killed him. I—I want to give Larry back to you. I want to take my rightful place." He couldn't look at her, and yet he felt those eyes searing deep into him, holding him in a vice. The color was gone from her face. Her eyes were horrible. Her hands clenched the edge of the table and her fingers dug in deep.

"My brother was executed last week."

ing funds for the college. The recording of contributions received for the college and the organization work connected with securing the financial support of the alumni is more routine for the office staff. In connection with the alumni fund, some 20,000 letters are addressed and distributed from our office.

In addition to routine duties, the staff gives considerable time and effort to new student work for which the alumni office has assumed responsibility. Executive Secretary John Bjelke has so organized the various Alumni Clubs that they aid materially in this new student work. Throughout the school year Mr.



JAMES COX

Director of Publicity
Denison University

Bjelke and his assistant, Mr. Cox, travel extensively in visiting high schools and in interviewing prospective students.

For this type of promotion, the Denison movie was prepared and is kept up to date under the supervision of Mr. Cox and it is used most extensively in new student work and in alumni work. During the past year the film was shown in fifteen states—before alumni clubs, high school students, and service clubs from California to New York.

Above we presented but few of the phases of the work carried on under the direction of the alumni office. There are many other phases, to be sure.

As for the publicity office—the work therein covers a wide range of activity. The office is under the direction of the Society of the Alumni, and the director of publicity divides his time in publicity work, alumni work, and new student work.

In its broadest terms, the objective of Denison's public relations program is to make the educational aims, accomplishments, and traditions of the school a matter of increased understanding and interest to the public at large. That is, to secure and keep the widest possible good will, so that the college may prosper and better fulfill its educational functions.

There are a number of specialized channels for the long-range publicity program: For the alumni—the Alumni Magazine, the college films, and college speakers; for the students—the Denisonian, other undergraduate publications, and speakers; for prospective students and secondary schools—descriptive literature, go-to-college displays, college films, college speakers, and alumni representatives; for the college and the alumni—a calendar of concerts, lectures, plays and all the public program for the year; for parents of students and general visitors—the Granville Inn and the college guide service.

Publication of the combination view-book and catalog, publication of the Denison calendar, supervision of movies of Denison used in promotion work, supervision of advertising—these are but few of the duties assumed by the office of publicity aside from routine duties.

The public of the college is reached through such general media as the newspapers, magazines, and radio. It is through these channels that the most effective work can be done. The director serves as correspondent for the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service. Aside from supplying the wire services with general news as it arises, the director of publicity is notified in advance as to how many words to send to the Columbus bureau on any intercollegiate athletic contest or on any event of state or nation wide interest which takes place in Granville.

In a certain sense we are correspondents for some 350 newspapers, in that the Denison student body represents as many cities in these United States and the office strives to send each year at least two stories about each Denison student to his or her "hometown" paper.

Some metropolitan newspapers, such as the Cleveland Plain Dealer, will select an undergraduate student as their correspondent and depend upon him or her for full coverage as far as local news is concerned, the paper reimbursing the student for his or her services.

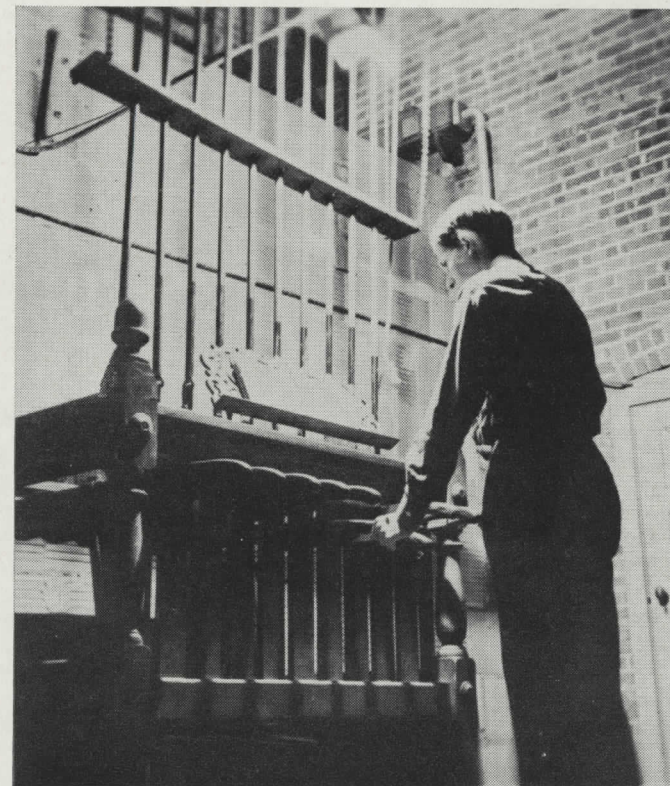
The publicity office must keep well-informed as to "what is going on" at Denison—from the office of the President down through every department of the school. In order to provide better coverage of the school, the office inaugurated this year the plan of sending weekly memos to each faculty member and administrative office, the memos to be returned with notations of any "news" pertaining to the individual or the department.

Among the files which must be kept by the publicity office are individual record cards of each student, faculty member, and administrative officer; individual photograph files of each student, faculty member, and administrative officer; individual record card and picture of each Denison athlete participating in any intercollegiate sport; a photograph file of views of the 27 major buildings and 17 fraternity and sorority houses; extensive files of views of general campus scenes; a photograph file of recent Denison graduates as well as photographs of prominent alumni.

All newspaper cuts, mats, and plates used in university and campus publications are centered in the publicity office. These files, consisting at the present time of well over 2,000 cuts, are placed at the disposal of the editors of various publications.

There. In a few short paragraphs we related the activities of the Alumni Office Staff. Not particularly interesting reading, but from the above account one can surmise our main objective—ever striving for a better Denison today and building for a greater Denison tomorrow.

VIRTUOSO



The resounding carillons which emanate from proud Swasey's spire have become a daily routine, quite taken for granted. But there is a man behind the bells and there is a very necessary art involved. The above photograph reveals to you a glimpse within the very heart of Swasey, into the niche in which the bells are rung.

Each morning the bells assure us with a bit of an ironic smile that eight o'clock has rolled around again. At ten o'clock they sound the call to chapel. Days in Granville can never end without the official proclamation of mellifluous, late-afternoon bells. Victories of Denison athletic teams are proclaimed by the shouting voice in the chapel tower.

Roger Reed, who is now bell-toller, has a varied selection of pieces in his repertoire. Fraternity and sorority songs frequently fill the afternoon air; popular music is tendered, as well as the classic and the hymnal.

Unlike Quassimodo who swung on his ropes or kicked the bells with his feet, the bell-toller of Swasey is equipped with a convenient set of levers which when

properly manipulated, produce harmonious chords. The bells are hung in the highest part of the tower over the ringer's head. Both hands and feet are used in playing the bells and contrary to common conception, the process involves considerable exertion.

Few of us think as we listen to the familiar chimes what time and what preparation is involved. Few of us picture a figure pumping heartily at the complex keyboard. Simple arrangements must be made for each selection.

The bells are capable of many moods and in the virtuoso's hands lies the ability to fit them appropriately to the occasion. Since the chapel was first constructed in the early twenties, the chimes have proclaimed victory and defeat, winter and spring, morning and evening. The melodies entwine themselves into college life, bring back memories, romances, and dreams. They are a peculiar but a full, rich beauty of the college on the hill.

May Swasey's chimes ring loud and long under the deft touch of the virtuoso of the bell tower.

ADMONITION

By Adela Beckham.

THE ENCHANTED TREE

Up we went
To where the folk
Had seen the tree
Bound all in smoke.
Guarded, unlovely,
Almost bare,
It caught my heart
And held it there.

Down we came
And never spoke
Of that old tree's
Wild, misty cloak.
And I have not returned
To see
Where hangs my heart
From a witching tree.

Watching the Breakers

By WINSLOW HOMER

OPTICAL DELUSIONS

A man who flirts
Through double eyes
Has trouble making family ties—
And if bifocals—that poor chap
Might just as well not have a lap.

ADMONITION

Do not light a taper
To the dead . . .
For they have passed
Beyond this waxen shell.
Heaven is light.
They will not miss
The flame in hell.

Burn a candle
For the living man . . .
His is the darkness,
And enduring pain.
He gropes for peace
And curses, falling
In the rain.



—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

The Snake Tree

"I had seen things that could not be"

By Chester Varney

The railroad is almost finished. Another month should see the inland mines connected with the broad Pomonga River. After the completion of the railroad, I can return to the States if I desire to. But I don't believe I shall return, even though at times I hate the jungle, hate it for its own power. When such a mood steals over me, and jungle shadows are creeping along the ground, I think back to events of two years ago. There are events, and people, that one never forgets. A native ritual was one of these events; Saunders was the person I shall never forget.

I am foreman of a native construction gang. We are building a four-hundred mile railroad from the Kallah Mines to the Pomonga River. Most of the roadbed is constructed in open country but some of it, unavoidably, leads through the jungle. Between sickness and the rainy seasons, it has been a long, hard job. Last year I contracted malaria, and was laid low for many months. I had no doctor, or white companion. I was the only white man in that entire region. My sickness brought home to me in a very poignant way the value of having an assistant to fall back upon. So I dispatched a letter to the nearest seaport, via native help, asking my employers to send down an assistant; someone whom I could train, and count upon. Three months later, just as I was on the road to recovery, Saunders arrived from New York.

He was tall, slender, rather good looking fellow, and he took to the African climate like a duck does to water. In about one week I believe I understood him perfectly, especially so because of information my firm had sent me concerning him. They had a long treatise written about his personality. Reading between the lines, I discovered that Saunders was not the exact type of person the company desired to send, but he was the only one they could hire for a position in Africa.

"Saunders is abnormally inquisitive", the letter stated. "Keep his mind occupied with his duties. In college he was an excellent student, but antagonized his professors by telephoning them in the middle of the night for answers to questions that had puzzled him . . . We are sending him because we feel that . . . his alert mind will be of great value in technical prob-

lems of railroad construction, and psychological problems of crew management."

My employers had misjudged Saunders when they believed that he would turn his attentions to problems of working. He was as active as he had been up north, but his activity was not confined to proper channels. Africa was fertile ground for him. He had never before been south of West Virginia, and this was an enchanted world. For days at a time I would not see him about the camp. Then, when I least expected him, he would turn up, sweaty dirty, totally exhausted, but always happy in the fact that he had seen something unusual. I never asked him where he had been; that was unnecessary. He would tell me of his explorations by the hour.

I had given him complete charge of the natives while I was recuperating. But Saunders' attitude frightened me. He did not seem interested in the natives' welfare, preferring to go off by himself in the jungle, rather than watch over the construction gang. The natives required special handling and I tried to impress Saunders with that fact.

"Treat them easy and fairly, and you won't have any trouble with them", I told him. "But once antagonize them and you're done for!"

He paid little attention to my directions, but I did not learn of his actual disobedience until several weeks after his arrival.

"How is the work progressing?" I asked him one day.

"Fine!" he replied. "We're almost up to Kenobell ridge!"

I looked at him in amazement. Saunders had covered more ground in the three weeks of his seniority than I had been able to cover in two months of bedside directing. I did not question Saunders further. I determined to find out things for myself. My opportunity came the following week, when I was sufficiently recovered to make the five mile journey to the railroad activity. Rather shakily, I must admit, I set out with La-Ali, my personal servant. It was forenoon when we left, and terrifically hot. Saunders was not with me; to tell the truth, I did not know where he was; probably in the jungle on one of his explorations.

Our path led us through dense jungle. The thick foliage admitted only a small amount of light, and it seemed as though we moved through a nether-world. Animal cries and bird calls filled the air with haunting noises. Only the monkeys' chattering was friendly to us; partly because we could see them, whereas we caught only glimpses of more deadly animals. There was life all about us. It was so abundant that it seemed to close in, and stifle us. Although we did not often see the larger jungle animals, because of the dim light and the animals' wariness, La-Ali and I could feel their presence. Toughened footpads pressed on spongy soil, and sleek bodies mingled with the forest growth. But we were not disturbed in our walking. The heat had infected the animals and had made them as lethargic as we were alert.

La-Ali was in front of me, his sandalled feet traveling lightly over the lush path. I looked at his feet, protected only by a thin slab of wood, and marvelled at his native courage. I never ventured into the jungle without putting on my high-top, thick leather boots, as protection against snake bites. La-Ali always smiled when he saw me in them.

"Do not be afraid of snakes on ground, bwana," he would say to me. "They will strike at me first." Then his black face would become deathly grim, and he would point to the vined trees.

"It is the snakes in the air who are all-powerful!"

The snakes in the air! Involuntarily, my finger caressed the trigger of my rifle, and I looked upwards into the thick tropical growth. It was faintly green, where the few rays of sunlight came through. The leaves were motionless, for the mid-day lull had stilled the hot wind. I would see no lurking danger, no hint of sinuous, coiled body. The trees were peaceful, but there was mystery about them. They stood as tremendous, brooding powers, guarding from human sight the living bodies that coiled among them.

In all the years I have spent around the jungle, I have never ceased to wonder at the strength of the jungle trees. They shelter in their dimness so much life of every description that the human imagination may become staggered at its magnitude.

As we progressed further, my eyes were riveted to the overhanging branches. They looked innocent in their green splendor, but I knew that their innocence covered repulsive death. There was somnolent life in those trees, life not a part of the tree itself. La-Ali once turned and saw me peering into the shadowy tree-tops. A faint smile came over his black features.

"No look for big snake in air, bwana. You no see. Only La-Ali see. Snake in air his god!"

Here was something to excite Saunders' curiosity. These superstitious natives worshipping the python. To them, the python is no coiling constricting monster, but a symbol of graceful power. Why do they worship such a god, when the tiger, and the lion, and the harter-beast roam the nearby plains. I do not know. They will kill a tiger if they can get within shooting distance of it; they would not put up the least struggle against a python enveloping them with bone-breaking coils.

La-Ali suddenly halted, and in my abstract mood I bumped into him. He touched his hands to his lips and pointed into the foliage of a gigantic tree. At first I saw nothing. Then, along one of the branches, I saw an undulating motion. It was extremely minute activity. I thought my eyes were causing the branch to contract and expand in accordance with my expectations.

The movement became more pronounced and I saw the python in all its deathly motion. Slowly, ever so slowly, it glided along the branch. I could see the motion because it was so much in contrast with the surrounding stillness, but I could not clearly see the snake itself. Then quickly the motion became more intense. The body slipped down the side of the branch

and swung out into space, projecting itself towards a lower branch. For a few short seconds I witnessed the breath-taking move. I caught a glimpse of a ghastly head leading a twisting, extraordinarily thick body from one level to another. It was accomplished almost in an instant, and with no more noise than a barely perceptible rustle. I strained my eyes and saw a weaving tail disappear into a mass of jungle growth. Try as I could, I was not able to follow the snake's progress. There was not so much as a flickering leaf to denote his movement. Perhaps, even, and this thought caused me no little apprehension, the python had stopped up there, and was looking down at us from his overhead perch. I motioned to La-Ali to continue on his way. He looked at me, and the reverence in his eyes told me that I could expect no help from him if the snake did drop on me. He started reluctantly on.

La-Ali and I reached the railroad camp shortly past noon. The camp is made up of two large buildings and one small one; the larger ones being the natives' dining-halls, and the smaller one, my office. This camp is located about half a mile from the actual railroad construction, and La-Ali and I came into it immediately upon leaving the jungle.

The heat was overwhelming. Years of exposure still had not rendered me immune to the awful heat, so I immediately ventured for my office, half-expecting to find Saunders there. I opened the door and stepped inside.

Saunders was not present. For a moment I was angry at his absence. Why couldn't the fellow stick with his job for a change, instead of going into the jungle? I poured myself a glass of water and leaned back in my chair. My anger diminished. Perhaps I was too hasty. I would pass judgment on Saunders when I learned how his work was progressing.

It was very warm in the office. Heat waves danced about the window sill and distorted the view seen through the screen. I looked out into a lonely camp. Strange, I reflected, none of the natives are around, and this is their lunch hour!

The buildings shivered in the heat waves. I saw a dark form coming towards my office. It was La-Ali, who evidently had been on a little tour of inspection. He entered my office, and I questioned him about the natives.

"They working, bwana," he replied quietly.

I set the glass of water on my desk and rose from the chair. "Working!" I exclaimed. "In this heat? Why, this is their rest period, their lunch hour!"

La-Ali nodded unhappily. "I know, bwana, but master Saunders make them work. He give them half hour for food this afternoon, make them work till sun is low. They very mad, bwana, but master Saunders not know this. They kill him if he work them much more without rest. I know them, bwana. They kill him!"

I sank into my chair, and felt the anger of a previous moment returning. Saunders would have to be

fired. He was not meant to work in a place like that. I would have to get him out of the jungle for his own good, as well as for the good of the company. In heaven's name, why hadn't Saunders applied a little of his innate curiosity to the natives, and learned that they can be dangerous beneath their docile exterior? I looked at La-Ali standing in front of me. I looked into his dark, expressionless face, and experienced a chill. There was something mystic about those broad features. His staring eyes looked into my own and told me nothing. I felt baffled at my lack of penetration.

"La-Ali," I said, not unkindly, "how long have you worked for me?"

"Eight years, bwana," he replied.

"Eight long years," I mused, "and I don't even know where you live. Where is your home, La-Ali?"

His face broke into a smile, and he waved a bony arm in the direction of the vast jungles. "Out there, bwana, where no white man can see." His voice dropped to a whisper. "No white man dare come near our village. No white man able to find us!"

In spite of his grim seriousness, I had to smile. What a secretive devil he was! Holding on to his little knowledge like a drowning swimmer to a spar of wood. Then he grinned at me, and my own smile faded in the presence of his. I arose from my chair and went outside. Even the throbbing heat seemed a relief after the cold mystery of La-Ali.

La-Ali came out after me, once again his unobtrusive self. I looked at the deserted lunch buildings. Ordinarily, they would have been crowded with native workers; and those who had finished eating before the others would be sprawled on the porches, and on the ground, contentedly smoking their powerful weeds. But that day, and doubtless for many preceding days, the grounds were void of human life. I turned to La-Ali.

"We are going to the railroad," I told him.

He nodded, and assumed his usual position in front of me. Once again, after a brief pause, we were on the march.

Our path of an hour ago led us through cozing jungle. We now traversed the rocky plain. Where the jungle had been a recess of dim mystery, the plain was a region of blinding glare. We passed under no shade trees. The going was easier here than in the jungle. Ahead of us lay the rolling plain. It was like a tremendous field of still wheat, with only a narrow path to break the yellow monotony. As we walked along, the grass on each side of me brushed against my waist. I no longer looked upwards as I had done in the jungle. There were no snakes in the air to fear. But my trigger finger was alert and I gazed searchingly into the thick grass. This was lion country, but there was consolation in the fact that the lions were taking their noon-day siesta from the blazing sun. The path stretched ahead, leading to the top of a slight rise. It was a half mile walk across the plain to the termination of the path. La-Ali slowed his pace to ac-

commodate my flagging energy. Great drops of perspiration stood out on my head and arms. I told myself that I was a fool to venture out in such terrific heat, but I was determined to investigate Saunders' actions. The trek up the rise, slight as it was, nearly finished me. I stood at the top, and leaned wearily on La-Ali's shoulder.

Between the ridge on which we were standing, and its twin about three hundred yards opposite, there was a barren gully. It was through this natural protected site that the railroad was being laid. Almost below me the natives were at work. I could see the muscles of their black, glistening arms tighten and loosen with the efforts of their labor. Much track had been laid since my last visit. Saunders had gotten more work out of the natives than I had ever been capable of, but I wondered at what price he had done it.

La-Ali and I slid, rather than walked down the sandy hill, and approached the workers. They were moving slowly, almost mechanically. As I walked past, some looked into my eyes. Many of these natives had been my workers for years, and they, more than all the others, looked at me uncomprehendingly. I stopped a towering black who had paused to take a drink of water. His face was sleek with perspiration, and I could sense the exhaustion in his body.

"Sit down for a while," I told him.

He looked at me gratefully, and dropped down to the railroad tie. I seated myself opposite him. This native had been working for me almost five years and never before experienced such treatment as compelled him to work during mid-day. Not knowing for certain whether I still possessed his confidence, I began talking to him as I might have talked to La-Ali. At first he was evasive, but gradually I worked him to a conversational point. I learned that Saunders was working them twice as hard as I had ever worked them, and they were showing signs of rebellion. The railroad was coming along excellently, but such hard labor could not last much longer.

Now that I had regained his confidence, I led up to the question which was paramount in my thoughts. "Where is master Saunders?" I asked as casually as I was able.

The native shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "I not know, bwana," he replied. "He maybe in jungle, see what make tiger roar!"

In spite of the gravity of the situation, I had to smile at that knowing comment. These native workers had Saunders typed perfectly. And it was a bad situation, because he obviously was not commanding the natives' respect. My observations were cut short at that instant by the sight of my native converser leaping to his feet and resuming his work on the rails. All along the section the workers had snapped into alert action. I did not have to question why. Saunders had suddenly appeared at the top of the ridge, almost directly above me. He waved his hand in greeting, then proceeded to slide down the incline. Dusty, sunburned, but still flashing his irrepressible grin, he landed be-

side me and grasped my hand. I tried to shake his hand with civility, and yet with just enough "coolness", if that term may be applied to handshaking, to inform him that all was not well with the world as far as I was concerned. I was successful, for his grin faded almost immediately.

"Anything wrong, Carruthers?" he questioned anxiously, peering into my face.

"There is a great deal wrong," I answered. "Suppose we move along out of hearing of these natives."

I began walking away from the construction activity, with Saunders closely following me. When I had reached a position definitely away from the blacks, I halted and sat down on a broad, flat rock. Saunders seated himself at my side. It was up to me to begin the conversation, for my "construction engineer" was staring moodily at the ground.

"How do you like Africa?" I asked him.

He raised his eyes towards the burnished sky.

"I like it," he replied, "like a partly blind person must like that which he cannot clearly see."

His energy got the better of him, for he rose and paced the ground in front of me. "I know you think I'm queer in a lot of ways," he exclaimed, "and I guess I am. But I can't help it. I guess Africa is the worst place in the world for a fellow like me. It's too mysterious! I can't even begin to understand its simplest mysteries!"

Something of the mystery of Africa that had gripped Saunders now clutched me. I spoke in a low voice.

"At this moment, here in the blazing sunlight where all things are exposed to the searching glare, you and I are the superiors of the natives. But this day, like all others, must end, and when night falls you and I are children at the mercy of the jungle. At sundown, when the first long shadows plunge the region into grim darkness, and the clammy mist begins to spiral upwards from the soil, I feel that the jungle and all it stands for is crushing in on me with a force that is infinitely greater than any force you and I might exert over our native charges. The natives are the real masters here. You haven't learned that yet, Saunders. They must be treated with deference. You can't come into this place and inject your philosophy into an unwilling strain. Things are done differently here. You must realize that by now. Why have you forced the natives to work, when they should be resting and eating? La-Ali tells me they are rebellious and I can't blame them. I'll have to take charge before anything serious breaks."

I paused to let him get in a few words if he so desired. Some of the eager light had gone out of his eyes.

"You're right, Carruthers," he replied heavily. "I've got to leave Africa. I'm not fitted for this life. There's too much about it I can't fathom."

At this point he lost himself in the puzzle of nature, and all I heard for the next five minutes was a recital of the jungle mysteries. It was useless to talk to him. No living being could ever change him. In Africa or

at the North Pole he would have to delve into something that aroused his interest. I arose from the rock and started walking towards the native workers. Saunders called after me.

"Don't leave, Carruthers. I have lots to say to you."

I turned and faced him. "Come back to the clearing with me. We can talk more freely there."

I waited for him to join me. Together we approached the natives.

The natives had gathered into a compact group, sitting on the hot ground with their backs to us. I stared at them in amazement. In all the years I had been in Africa I had never seen the natives do a thing like this. La-Ali was sitting in front of them, with his eyes riveted to the earth. The other natives also stared at the ground, as if to draw some secret out of its baked surface. None glanced up as we approached near to them. Our feet made plenty of noise, but the natives did not hear us, or pretended not to hear us.

La-Ali mumbled something. Immediately the natives begin a strange, low chanting. I tried to grasp the meaning of their weird song. It was chanted low, and secretively. The words tumbled on top of one another in such rapid confusion that I could not distinguish whole phrases. On and on the chant went, and gradually I discovered that every third exhortation was identical.

"Snake tree, snake tree, snake tree!" The words pounded on my brain and struck a responsive tissue.

Of all the black mystery that the jungle held, the mystery of the "snake tree" was blackest. Dormant memories awakened, and I thought back to that night several years ago, when I had an unexpected visitor.

In the middle of the night frantic pounding on the door had awakened me. I lighted an oil lamp and opened the door. A wreck of a man stumbled into the room and sank into a chair. He was trembling fearfully, and kept jerking his gaze from my face to the door through which he had entered. I tried to calm him, but to no avail.

"What is it?" I had asked. "Is someone after you?"

He mumbled scattered words; the only ones of which held any meaning for me were "snake" and "tree". But he continually ran these two words together, and I thought, at the time, that he must be out of his mind. There were no snake trees in Africa.

I left the room for a minute to get my early morning visitor a glass of water. When I returned with the water, the front room was empty, and the door was swung wide open. I stepped out into the night air. There was a full moon that night, glowing in all its splendor above the dark mass of the jungle. By its pervading glow I saw my brief visitor running across the clearing towards the jungle. He reached the dense growth and plunged into it. That was the last I ever saw of him. The following day, the preceding events seemed more like a nightmare than an actuality.

It was strange how the sounding of two ordinary words, placed side by side, could produce such a dis-

(Continued on page 23)

Books

Review of New Books

DOROTHY DEANE

KITTY FOYLE. By Christopher Morley. 340 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.50.

Guilty of being human, of having human desires, and needs, and hopes; no more coarse and vulgar than others, only rash enough to tell her thoughts; happy only when making someone else happy; that was Kitty Foyle. In his novel, Christopher Morley fulfills George Salisbury's requirements. He shows the results of the working of the heart and brain of the body, soul, and spirit of a very possible human being.

Kitty Foyle is more than possible; she seems actual. She is the product of the social, economic, and industrial life of twentieth century America; and no matter how her actions may jar nineteenth century morals, no one can help loving Kitty Foyle.

Kitty tells her own story simply, frankly, and effectively. Hers is a simple story. Kitty grows up, falls in love, goes to work, learns to live with zest and a broken heart, and then decides to get married. It is a familiar story, a terribly familiar story among white-collar girls. When Kitty tells it, it becomes a

beautiful story. A love like Kitty's can never be ugly or cheap. It is too deep, too real, too human.

Kitty tells her story naturally, and with a surprising kind of feminine beauty. "I can still see the trees along the pavements, and maple seeds lying there like little dress hangers." "The trees looked surprised, they got caught by summer before the leaves were ready."

"It's a beautiful world if your nerves aren't too close to the surface." Kitty has a knack of saying a whole lot in one sentence like that. Her book was full of little short sentences, epigrams. "Kidding the world is a lonely kind of business. I don't think women are exactly cut out for it."

Kitty once said that sometimes when she was curled up with a book she ran on to some philosophy about women and behaviorism, and she wondered where those writers got their ideas. She said she guessed no woman ever bothered to put them wise, and that men are pretty good at Telling the World, but pretty often some women whispered it to him first. One can't help wondering who the woman was who bothered to put Christopher Morley wise.

Music

Review of New Recordings

BOB SMITH

There seems to be a definite up-swing in recording publications of record series in album form, and one of the very finest of these that has been made to date is the recent *New Orleans Memories* album, which consists of five records of "Jellyroll" Morton's piano solos accompanied by blues singing. It depicts the New Orleans school of jazz in a true manner and by a true master of that style, and should be a "must" on every record collector's list. It is published under the General Records label and consists of *Mamie's Blues*, *Michigan Water Blues*, *Don't You Leave Me Here*, *Winin' Boy Blues* and *Buddy Bolden's Blues*, of which the last is by far the best executed.

Jan Savitt records another one of his smash tunes in *Tuxedo Junction*, backed by *Kansas City Moods*, Decca 2989. On both sides of the record, trumpeter Johnny Austin gets a chance to show off with startling effect. It does not detract from the sparkling work of Al Leopold, however, who plays one of the clearest trombones I have ever heard. Listen to his work in *Moods*.

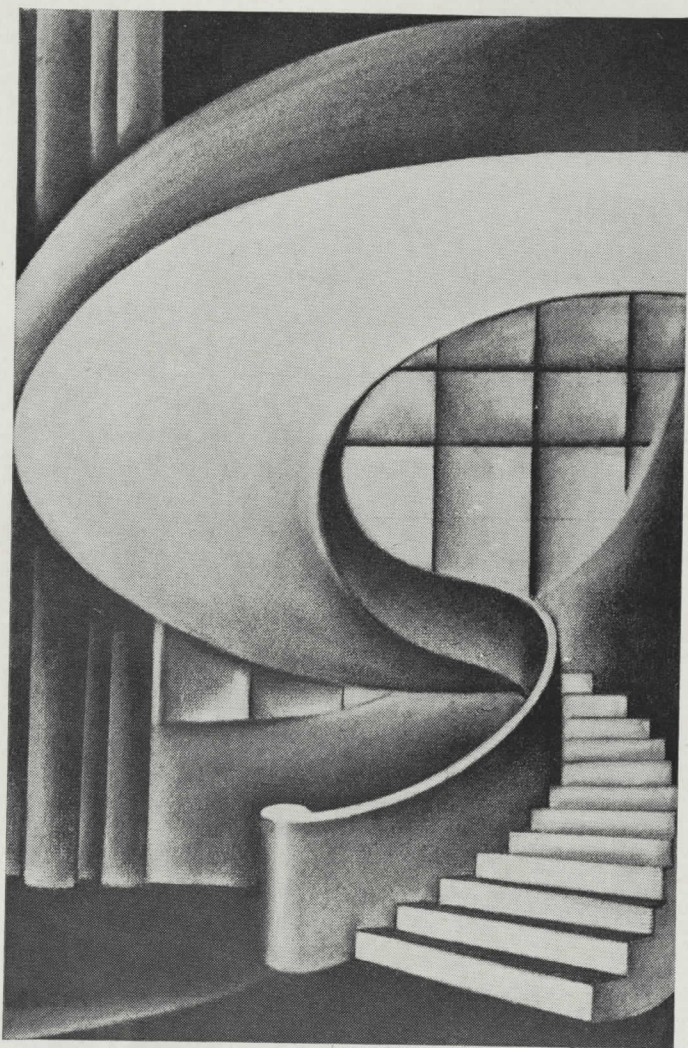
Air Mail Stomp and *Ooh What You Said* (Decca 2992) by the Crosby band, has a brilliant assortment of soloists, but the rhythm section offers a poor base for the others. Irving Fazola and Billy Butterfield take

top honors with their clarinet and trumpet respectively.

Charlie Barnet waxed *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie* and *Southland Shuffle* (Bluebird 10602) but both arrangements sound too much like Basie for comfort. Outside of the fact that it sounds too copied, Barnet does some very unusual things with his tenor and alto in *Shuffle*. His first trumpet man, Bob Burnet, also takes advantage of the recording date by playing some neatly done passages on both sides of the record. A very worth while job by Mr. Barnet.

I was both surprised and delighted to hear a recording of *Lament* and *I May Be Wrong* (Vocalion 5356) by an almost unknown band to persons from outside the Detroit area. Sonny Burke, is the young leader's name, and he is backed by a band that I feel is destined to fame if he continues to issue recordings such as this first one of his. His piano player, Wayne Herdell, gets the applause on this disc with his intricate stylings.

Woody Herman stamps two records that are recommended. *Peach Tree Street*, *Give a Little Whistle*, *Isle of May* and *East Side Kick*. (Decca 3008, 2993) Neal Reid's trombone and Herman's clarinet are the top solo instruments, balanced by Woody's blues singing on *Street*. Both are of high calibre arranging.



The pictures above are pieces of Abstract Art which were done by two freshmen art students. Abstract Art is coming into its own more every day and even though it is now recognized as one of the more important forms of creation I still feel that the above productions should carry some note of explanation.

It is rather hard for the average person to understand Abstraction as being any form of art at all. But before I go too far let me define in some manner what Abstract Art is. The abstract picture combines harmonizing themes almost to the point of free creation, but includes suggestion and reminiscence of some material, earthly object to satisfy those who still look for one. Those who are looking for this in a picture must have something of this type to give the picture some reason for being. Abstraction is unconsciously educating the eye for the beauty of motives in themselves, making us forget the object. It does not rely upon the reproduction of nature's forms but rather upon space relationships and rhythms combined with a complete understanding and clever use of color.

An Artist Prepares

Try selling your personality along with your work

By DAVE TAYLOR

You are now in some phase of your college career. Have you thought about the chances for success in the field which you are studying? Probably the question has come to your mind: Is the training which I am receiving adequate? This might be answered by either a flat yes or no. If the training is not, in your opinion, adequate enough perhaps it's because you are not adequate for the training offered you.

I speak of success in a strictly economical sense of the word—in other words—your ability to buy bread and butter with what you have learned in school. There are, as we know, many different kinds of success which are not monetary in character and which enrich one's life; but the primary thing, and the main reason that most of us are in school, is to learn how to put groceries into our mouths and shirts on our backs. So with that idea of success in mind let's see how a student in fine arts, who has been filled to the brim with high ideals and aloof artistic feelings in school, would proceed to crack the hard-shelled business world with his portfolio of pretty drawings.

There are two approaches which you, the beginner in an already overcrowded art field, can take. The first of these is to take a job as a staff artist. This in your mind may not be your idea of a release for a bursting soul which is wanting for expression and needs time and inspiration, but you will learn how to create, in a minimum of time, something which even though it doesn't come up to your hoped for standards will satisfy the public eye. If you do not place yourself on the staff of an agency, magazine, or newspaper there is always the direct assault from the outside, by the free-lance. And when a free-lance sells some work to anyplace where there is an art staff in operation, it must be some unusual thing that the staff itself isn't capable of doing.

Who buys art and why? The average artist and particularly the beginning artist will sell to the commercial company and not to the collector who is buying pictures to hang on his wall. The artist who sells to the collector has spent years making his reputation and perfecting his work, and his is a well earned reward of having the market come to him. Certainly it is sane to assume that business isn't buying any pictures to hang on the wall.

This is why every beginning artist needs to find out all he can about who buys art and what is bought. Too often he goes out with the assumption that since his work in school was good and the stuff he has in his portfolio is good, he will have no trouble in selling either the work or his ability to do it. But do not

forget that the Art Director has had many experiences with artists new to the field and has to be practical.

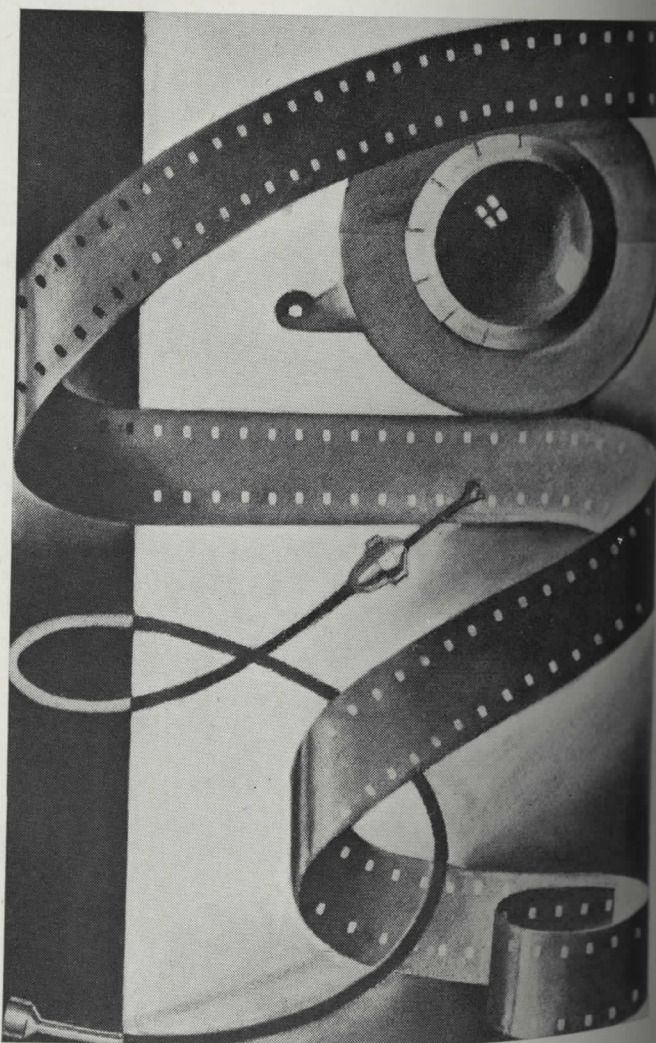
Most of the varied work that is done through advertising agencies is done by free lance artists. The agency staff seldom attempts to do any finished art work for reproduction. It is kept very busy making layouts, both rough and finished, either for the agency's clients, or to be quarrelled over in agency conferences. Thus your job on such a staff would be routine work doing layouts and lettering. This may seem a bit stifling to you but with a little addition of imagination the work can be made interesting and given a personal touch. And the experience received will be invaluable to you as a beginner. The job of finishing the layout will in all probabilities be given to a free-lance artist because it needs to be good professional work, particularly if it is for a big national campaign.

The best thing to do if you are out of school and hunting for a job is to go after the smaller stuff. You might have aspirations to do double page magazine spreads for large companies, but you will have a much better chance of getting a small account for a bit of newspaper advertising. By doing these small pieces of work you will become acquainted with the field and with the Art Directors. Do not forget that a mean job willingly and well done will often get you a second job in a short time. You must realize that smaller bits of work at smaller prices are better than no work at prices which you cannot command.

If you are a free-lance artist; you will have the problem of soliciting your work. In doing this you must canvass the field of Art Directors with your big black portfolio and display to them the contents; hoping that something inside will please them and you can make a sale.

No matter how critical the prospective customer may be about your samples you yourself ought to be even more critical. For one thing, the merit of your samples is more important to you than it is to anybody else in the world. They represent your only chances of getting your first assignment, and often your later ones as well.

Above all do not think that you can go through life with an "art for art's sake" attitude. On the contrary, your art is for business' sake and you must keep it down to earth along with yourself. Try selling your personality along with your work and you will get farther. A stable business-like attitude will do a lot towards getting yourself on the reliable list of the Art Director and the assignments will come faster and not so few between.



POEMS

ENCOUNTER

I sat alone. My mind
Was deep in thought;
No sound endured, and
Stillness grew supreme;
Though vague, the answer
To all that I sought
Crept near; existence
Seemed less like a dream,
And life threw off
Its cloak of secrecy.

"Reap Beauty, both in mind
And body—laugh at Hate
And worldly Scorn," Life said,
"Enjoy the brevity of Being—
Weep not for those
You say are dead, for they
Are with you ever—
Heaven is now; nor is
There Hell, hereafter!"

I revelled in Life's
Confidence, and
Was astounded at the
Mimicry I showed. "Life itself—
Sublime simplicity!"—I knew,
And ventured forth with,
"Life, tell me of Faith,
What Piety there is. Why
Am I here?"

Life looked at me,
At first in sharp surprise,
Then deep regret,
And resignation.

"Why?"—I ventured once again,
But life had vanished,
As an instant.

LOST EMOTION

O little fly,
Thou art not half
So miserable as I.

Struck by
A folded paper, you
Pull in your limbs and die,

But I, struck by
The force of Love,
Can only sit, and sigh.

Damnit!—Why?

CLOUDED PAGEANTRY

A fatiguing dullness ensnares the
Workings of the mind until at last,
Weary and overwhelmed with struggling,
Thoughts mechanically cease their labyrinthical
Weaving, until even the last thin threads are
Engulfed within a vortex of exhaustion.

The moon's mad spinning and
The distant, melancholy measures
Of a tower bell imprint a pattern
Upon the clouded pageantry of the mind—
But the beat of life seems broken, unsure
And hardly fit to compete with
Time's immeasurable weavings.

Margaret Gratza



—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts.

Landscape

By LYDIA REEDER

YOUTH HOSTELS

To lead the youth of the world back to nature

By JOE ROYCE

"The thrill of new trails". Yes, the thrill of new trails, the thrill of aimlessly wandering over unexplored regions, the thrills awaiting the carefree cyclist, sniffing the cool, exhilarating air of fresh countryside, the thrill of striking out on your own, of being independent. Heavy-soled shoes, bare brown legs, shorts, a small knapsack—maybe a feather in a battered, jaunty cap: these are the badges of the hiker and cyclist. Whenever I think of the hosteler and Youth Hostels I think of the many times I have traveled the seven seas from continent to continent, how I've jumped from mountain to mountain, how I've dreamed, and rambled, and explored—in more than one National Geographic Magazine. I grapple with the magnificent Fujiyama with Richard Halliburton; I sheepishly follow Byrd to the Poles; I hide behind trees in the African jungles for fear of Akeley, and breathlessly hold tight with Villiers as we round the Horn; but, most vividly of all, I ride joyfully with Fred Birchmore on his trip "Around the World on a Bicycle". We climb the Matterhorn, bike and all, swish and slide past drenched shores, fly onward, onward for 25,000 miles, 25,000 miles on—a bicycle—alone!

Yes, I'm dreaming, but now of something that was almost reality. I think now of how near I came to travelling abroad, an ambition I have ever striven for. Many a day was spent in pushing and shoving, eagerly clambering over a seemingly impregnable wall of salty, weatherbeaten men—men who were "real" sailors, men who knew the reality of the sea. But I still clung to the adventurous side of the water, and finally emerged with my Seaman's Papers and the possibility of a job. Finally, my chance—I was hired as a mess-boy on a "work-a-way". Though I had no money, I had intentions of cycling the European continent, using the hand-out technique of Rousseau, but conversely, believing in the intrinsic goodness of people. As was to be expected, my life long ambition, soon to become a reality, was frustrated once again. The biggest seaman's strike ever staged wrought havoc not only to the entire shipping industry—but to me. Everything was bottled up, not a ship left the New York harbor. And I was to continue working at my monotonous job at the Manufacturers Trust Company, rather than foolishly forget realities and make the world my fatherland.

My ambition is now shelved; the present War may keep it shelved for four, five, or many more years. But, like any other temporary situation, it is susceptible to sudden and unexpected change; some day I'll ruthlessly knock the supports from underneath and "go", regardless of impending dangers. I now realize how much better it is that events have worked out the way they did. This is particularly true because I have learned of a way to solve part of the wanderlust urgings that are constantly suggesting irresponsibility and apathy to duties. The Youth Hostel movement has bridged the 3,000 mile gap, and is now extended over eight regions throughout the United States. While Europe is again at war I can wait, and in the meantime "see America first", the way I want to—and cheaply!

Though I have not hosted as yet, I have visited a few hostels. Imagine yourself now in the home of some kindly farmer and his wife, houseparents, who have graciously turned over their property for use by hostelers. It is early evening, the sky is cool and soothing, and the surrounding New England countryside is at rest. We have been singing together—the boy from Seattle, the girl from St. Louis, the college professor from Florida, the clergyman from Tennessee, and the group of high school students from Denver, having their first taste of hosteling in America before sailing away to spend two months wandering and hosteling in Europe. The room is dark, across a screen moves a procession of the hostels of the world, all of them our hostels, as this one is. We have only to enter at the door of any one of these hostels and show our passes (passes cost \$1.00 for those under 21 and \$2.00 for those over 21) and we shall be at home among friends. At 4,500 doors, in 20 countries, the Triangle hangs, as a sign of welcome to all hostelers. For the Youth Hostel movement does not belong to America, nor to any country; it is international.

Now I think it proper to state, as they have it in the annals of their original plans, the purpose of this noble group; that is, the ideal purposes of the Youth Hostel movement: To lead the youth of the world back to nature and a natural life—to help them discover the particular joys of the leisurely modes of travel, hiking and biking, skiing and flatboating. Moving slowly through their own country and other lands

they have time to observe the beautiful details of landscapes which are a swiftly changing blur to the traveler by train or automobile; they can study the plants and birds of the countryside; they can become acquainted with the people who live in the places they travel through. To train youth in self-discipline and independence. The hostellers plan their own trips, manage their own finances, do their own marketing and cooking, and share the work about the hostels. To prepare youth for universal brotherhood and peace. In his own country and in other countries, the hosteller finds himself, after his day's journey, one of a group of young travellers gathered in the common room of the hostel. Folk songs are sung; there is dancing and story-telling—and talk, the exchanging of ideas and experiences.

In these ideal purposes, which invariably work out in practice as well as in theory, I believe we have struck the keynote of modern education. Not only is the individual placed in positions that force him to think for himself, but there also exists the intrinsic interest in the individual to want to do and think out these problems for himself. Another factor, I believe, which adds to the learning situation, along with the enjoyment of the trip, is the learning by doing technique which is further engendered by the presence of people—in other words, there is a socialized world surrounding the education of individuals. Be these ideas of mine as they may, there is one purpose of the Youth Hostel movement, as just stated, that is worth noting. Consider the first statement—To lead the youth of the world back to nature and a natural life. That, it seems to me, is a recapitulation of the ideas of Rousseau upon which our modern educational systems are finally beginning to base their methodology. Thus, I believe the Youth Hostel movement not only fosters a direct answer to the somewhat vain efforts of present-day educators, but it also offers it in the most desirable medium that a youth could want. This technique could not practically be used in all manner of teaching of course, but, for more than one type of instruction it is more than practical, because not only does it work for the teacher, but for the student as well—and that after all, is, or at least should be, the criterion for judging the results of educating.

Allow me to refer once more to this original purpose of Youth Hostels—to lead the youth of the world back to nature and a natural life. One of the most interesting and highly mentally fascinating books I have ever read is Dr. Alexis Carrell's "Man the Unknown". Dr. Carrell is a scientist; he has studied man scientifically for years; he has even ventured to lengthen the life span of man; with the aid of Colonel Lindbergh he has developed an artificial heart. Consider only one of many statements and ideas that he propounds in his highly significant book: "Men need a way of life involving constant struggle, mental, and muscular effort, physiological and moral discipline and some privations. Such conditions inure the body to fatigue and to sorrow. They protect it against disease,

and especially against nervous diseases. They irresistibly drive humanity to the conquest of the external world." Carrell might almost be lauding the most rigorous of hostel experiences when he says: "The exercise of the adaptive functions appears to be indispensable to the optimum development of man. Our body is placed in a physical medium whose conditions are variable. The constancy of our inner states is maintained through ceaseless organic activity . . . *"Man attains his highest development when he is exposed to the rigors of the seasons, when he sometimes goes without sleep and sometimes sleeps for long hours, when his meals are sometimes abundant and sometimes scanty, when he conquers food and shelter at the price of strenuous efforts."* Seasoned hostellers who have ventured on high mountains and in remote regions know the verity of Carrell's words.

Yes, progressive educators stress the importance of knowing by doing, stress the importance of stripping away all falseness, all shields and props. They feel that the greatest good a young person can have is to be a part of life. Hostelings gives youth that opportunity! The hosteller laughs at his losses, laughs at difficulties. And, the hosteller meets people of other nations and other creeds, people with other types of thinking; he sees the other side of life; he lives; he laughs; he loves, learns to love; he learns how to live, he does become a part of life.

If you are still somewhat wary as to the possibilities of this idea, consider the reaction of a girl who spent one summer in Europe in the Youth Hostels and another summer in their counterparts in this country: "When I think back to that farm experience, I just wonder if I ever would have understood what farming is from reading and hearing about it. Because I did have the experience I can more fully appreciate why such things as the A.A.A. are in existence. And so it is with everything one does in hosteling. After my summer abroad, I wanted to learn more and more about the things I had seen."

For an objective insight into the type of thing the hosteller meets on his jaunts consider a few pertinent facts from an article in the Literary Digest: "A hostel may be an abandoned railroad station, an old mill, a castle on the Rhine, or an old blacksmith's shop; a few are especially built. Youth Hostels are something new in the great American out-of-doors; made-over barns, cabins, or cozy farmhouses where trampers or horseback riders can stop over night for twenty-five cents, cook meals at a common stove or fireplace and find adventure, East and West. Each hostel has sleeping rooms for boys and for girls, a common room for singing, reading, cooking, perhaps a store for supplies. Hostellers bring their own "sleeping sacks" (the English call them "sheet-bags"), find rough beds, plenty of blankets. Drinking and smoking is not allowed in hostels and lights must be out early, for most hostellers are away by eight A. M."

(Continued on page 28)

THE SNAKE TREE

(Continued from page 16)

turbing effect on me. I had heard La-Ali and the natives chanting about the snake tree, and my mind had picked up the memory of that man from the jungle. There was mystery surrounding that man, but until now it had seemed a fragmentary mystery, something manufactured by the grim jungle with no proof to convince me that I had not been dreaming.

"Snake tree, snake tree, snake tree!" I thought of how I had walked through the jungle only a few hours ago, and had seen the python project itself from one branch to another. La-Ali had gazed at the snake with



reverence; my visitor of years ago had muttered the words "Snake tree" with awful horror. Only the natives know the mystery of the jungle. La-Ali must have known, and yet, in all the time he had been in my employ, he had never mentioned the snake tree.

And here he was, before Saunders and me, in glaring sunlight, chanting words that held the secrets of dim jungles. I looked at Saunders. His head was inclined to one side in an effort to discern the natives' phrases. His eyes had their usual, excited glint. His lips formed words, and he whispered, almost with awe, "The snake tree!" He forgot silence, forgot everything except that which now had seized upon his curiosity.

"Carruthers!" he shouted to me, "they're saying 'snake tree, snake tree!'"

The natives stopped chanting. A deathly silence prevailed in the gully. La-Ali rose to full length above the squatting natives, and looked into my eyes. There was something in La-Ali's eyes that defied me more insolently than words. Then, an apologetic smile came over his face; the insolent light faded from his eyes.

I felt miserable. The workers had defied me, and La-Ali had been their leader. There was no hope of further efficient work that day. I dismissed the natives. Shortly thereafter, Saunders, La-Ali, and I started back to my clearing.

The mention of the snake tree had aroused my curiosity because I was able to connect it with the memory of a dim happening. I was interested in the snake tree for its relation to that early-morning visitor who had mumbled only two intelligible words—"snake tree". The ritual of the natives earlier that afternoon had been in worship of the snake tree. But why should the natives chant in the presence of white men? Their rites were always held deep in the security of the jungle. The only time I ever knew that they were conducting a chant and ritual was around midnight, on the night of the full moon. On such nights, the unearthly, haunting boom of the tom-toms floats out of the black jungle into my bedroom.

I had been in Africa for eight years, and knew it was best for my health not to pry into the natives' secrets. But Saunders was of a different temperament. The jungle baffled and lured him. Where I would hesitate, Saunders would plunge in. On our way through the jungle I could hear Saunders holding low, excited conversation with La-Ali. Few words reached my ears, but those that did were more than enough to give me the trend of their talk. Saunders was bursting with curiosity about the snake tree. Did La-Ali know where it was located? What was it? Did the natives worship it? Saunders plied question after question to La-Ali, but the native remained silent. His immobility only made Saunders the more questioning. Finally, so it seemed, La-Ali's patience was snapped. He turned to Saunders and me.

"Would the two bwanas like to see snake tree, from far away?"

Saunders nodded violently, and clapped La-Ali on his shoulder. I nodded, also. The snake tree was alluring by its very name.

We walked on for perhaps ten minutes. Then La-Ali halted beside a gigantic Taloah tree. There was nothing to distinguish it, outwardly, from any other tree. La-Ali guided us from the path to the back of the Taloah.

Evenly spaced holes extended from the base of the tree up to where the first branches jutted out. Here was a means of climbing the tree that was not apparent to the uninitiated. La-Ali went up first. By grasping the tough vines which infested the tree, and hoisting ourselves from one indentation to the next, we were able to arrive at the lowest branches. From then on, climbing was easier. Up and up we went, until I felt that I should become dizzy from such a height. La-Ali finally came to a stop near the peak of the tree. I was exhausted. Saunders was, also, but he was too intrigued with La-Ali's secret to notice his condition. La-Ali was standing dramatically in a thick limb. So far we could see nothing, except the leaves bunched all around us. Then La-Ali pulled apart the branches, so that we might gaze out into a fascinating world.

The leaves no longer restricted our view. We were high in the air, looking across the jungle that lay slightly below us. It was a jungle such as I had never before viewed. The trees were outrageously thick and

luxuriant at their tops, forming green swells that extended in unbroken arches to the very horizon. The entire spectacle was one of rounded trees, closely crowded upon one another. But something was out of order. The pupils in my eyes contracted, and focused on a spot half-way between me and the horizon. It was a great way off, that thing which broke the harmony of the leafy carpet. I knew, without asking La-Ali, that it was the snake tree. It was taller than the other trees, and such a weird shape as it possessed likened it to a stiffened reptile. It was absolutely bare of branches; that was its first distinguishing point. No wonder the natives called it "snake tree"! There was something brazen, unearthly, about the way it stuck up among the other trees. Even in the glare of the afternoon sun, it looked deathly and all-mysterious. I wondered how it looked under the pale light of the full moon. I thought back to those moonlit nights when I had been awakened by the muffled boom of the tom-toms. I visualized natives at the base of that gigantic tree; chanting, dancing, beating time, perhaps, even, offering up sacrifice. . . .

My speculations ended. La-Ali had let the branches come back into their proper place, and our view was entirely shut off. Then sensation of finding myself in the part of the forest I knew best produced in me a reaction of comforting solace. I was high in a jungle tree. A few minutes before I had been gazing at a scene unfamiliar and frightening. I had looked into another world, and had seen an object that dominated even the tremendous jungle trees. La-Ali, merely by pulling aside one or two branches, had opened a visionary gateway to the world *he* knew best.

La-Ali said not a word as we slowly descended the tree. We reached the ground with no accidents, and continued along the path. Saunders tried to engage La-Ali in conversation, but the native was deaf to his questions. Only once did La-Ali speak on our way to the clearing. After Saunders had aggravated him beyond human endurance with his prying questions, La-Ali stopped and faced him.

"White man only see snake tree from long way off! It black man's secret!"

Strangely enough, La-Ali's words quieted Saunders, and we finished the journey in silence. We made our way to my cabin. When we were inside, I noticed that La-Ali had not followed us. I stepped out onto the porch, and looked about the clearing. La-Ali was nowhere to be seen. His disappearance troubled me. It was a bad sign when a usually obedient servant began to take matters into his own hands. I returned to the interior of the cabin. Saunders was seated in my office chair, leaning far back, with his feet propped on my desk. I pulled up a chair beside him. At first he was preoccupied with his own thoughts, gazing intently at the blotter on my desk. He looked so youthful, so eager, that my heart went out to him. The jungle was no place for a mere boy like Saunders. I determined to send him back to the United States within the next week. He became aware of my presence, and removed his feet from my desk.

I started talking to him about his plans for returning to New York. Perhaps I would go back with him. It would be pleasant to see my native state again. Africa had no hold on me. Once back in New York, I could probably get an office job and take life easy.

The longer I talked with Saunders, the more sympathetic I became with his curiosity about native secrets. My mind harkened back to that night when a man had run out of the jungle, then had slipped back into it. I had heard tom-toms that night, but they were so much a part of the ghostly night that I had scarcely noticed them. And other nights, always on the night of the full moon, the tom-toms had come out of the jungle into my room.

The native rituals were associated in my mind with darkness, and inaccessible places of the jungle. The superstitious, secretive natives; the dark, brooding jungle. They went together. They could not be separated. The natives guarded their secrets with life itself! In my eight years of African residence I had been able only to guess at their rituals. And La-Ali was the most secretive one of the entire group. He was my personal servant, and yet I knew no more of him than I knew of his "snake tree"!

My colleague was again staring fixedly at the blotter. I thought that his mind was a thousand miles in fancy from the room, when he said, quite calmly, "You know there is a full moon tonight, don't you, Carruthers?"

"Yes," I replied, "of course there is."

The words had slipped out of my mouth automatically. I said them evenly, with no trace of nervousness, simply because I had felt that I was answering a routine question. It was after the words were spoken, and I thought of the implication of Saunders' question, that the importance of this phase of the moon struck me.

"The natives will be busy tonight," I said. "This is their night for ceremonies and rituals. If you're awake along about midnight or thereafter, you'll hear the weirdest noises you ever heard in your life."

"I'll be awake," Saunders replied, matter-of-factly. "*But even more than that, I'll be near to the natives, watching them!*"

I do not know exactly why, but Saunders' words did not greatly surprise me. Perhaps I had learned to expect the unusual from him. He had said that he would be near to the natives, watching them. I did not argue with him. Argument would make him obstinate, and obstinacy would make him all the more determined to get to the native rites. I had to use strategy in keeping him with me until the time he should leave for the seaport.

"How would you like to stay with me tonight?" I asked Saunders. "I find it rather lonely in this cabin after the sun goes down."

His own cabin was not twenty yards from mine, but I wanted him to stay with me, so that I could keep a close watch on him. To my surprise, he agreed.

"I'd be glad to, Carruthers," he answered. "And what do you say to having La-Ali sleep on the porch of my cabin. Kind of watchdog, you know, in case the natives get worked up."

It seemed like an excellent plan, so I nodded my head in agreement.

"But La-Ali has disappeared," I said. "There's no telling when we'll see him again."

A black shadow fell across the screened window. I looked up, startled. La-Ali was outside, grinning at Saunders and me.

"Your faithful servant back, bwana," he said quietly. "Me sleep on front porch tonight!"

I looked at Saunders with a meaningful glance. La-Ali had returned. Evidently, he had not been far away during our conversation.

For some reason, my thoughts during the remainder of the afternoon were troubled and fear-ridden. All about me, there penetrated a mysterious atmosphere. There was tension creeping out of the jungle into my clearing. I had looked at the barometer. There were no hints of an impending storm. The sky was cloudless, and the sun dropped behind the trees in all its colorful magnificence. In a way, I was happy to see the sun go down, and purple dusk come on. I wanted to feel the security of my cabin as I had never felt it before. The events of that day had shown me the cleavage between my ideals and those of the jungle. It was as I stood by the front room window and watched the night blackness saturate the jungle, that I determined in my heart to leave the jungle forever and accompany Saunders back to the states.

Saunders and La-Ali stood by me as I watched the moon rise above the jungle. It was as full a moon as I had ever witnessed. Saunders gazed at it with morbid fascination. La-Ali was unfathomable. I could not tell of what he was thinking. His face was as unresponsive as the moon. The clearing became more visible. Now I once again could see the outline of the near jungle, and the long, black shadows surrounded by dim light. The air was filled with a haze that softened the objects we looked upon. I felt a cold chill, although the night was very warm. The rising moon carried with it all that was able to strike fear into me. I turned from my position by the window, about ten o'clock, and announced my intention of retiring.

Together Saunders and I set up a cot in my room. I gave Saunders the use of my bed, and arranged the cot for myself. La-Ali betook himself to the hammock on the front porch of Saunders' cabin.

Our oil lamp was turned out, and the entire cabin was in darkness. For awhile, Saunders and I talked, mostly concerning the African jungle. I tried to explain to him why he was not happy.

"You can't solve the African mystery," I told him. "The natives will never tolerate you. If you expect to return to America alive, you must return without knowing any of their secrets."

Saunders turned restlessly, and I knew he was staring out the window at the full moon.

"I could return," he said deliberately. "I could return tomorrow, if I had to. But there is one thing I must know before I leave. I just can't go without learning its secret. Ten thousand miles from here I would still be haunted by its mystery. I must learn about the snake tree!"

He sat up in bed. "What is it, Carruthers?" he asked excitedly. "You've been here eight years. Do the natives worship that ungodly tree? Do they have sacrifice there? Why did the natives chant about it in broad daylight?"

What could I answer except that I did not know.

"Those natives had a reason for holding a ritual in our presence," I retorted. "They've never done a thing like that before. They're clever, Saunders, very clever!"

Suddenly, like a flash of intense lightning in the sky, I realized the import of the natives' action. Now it was my turn to sit up in bed.

"Saunders," I pleaded. "Keep out of the jungle altogether between now and the time you leave. The natives know about your curiosity. They hate you because you worked them so hard. La-Ali knew what he was doing when he showed us that snake tree! He knew that you would be consumed with a desire to learn its secret!"

My thoughts grew more composed. Saunders was with me, in my very room. La-Ali must be asleep, not twenty yards from us. There was not a sound to disturb the night air. The moon was a friendly beacon in the sky. I thought of the moon rising over the hills near to the farm where I was born. Memories flooded over me, and I lost myself in the past. As in a dream I heard Saunders talking. . . .

"I'd like to take an axe and chop down that damn tree. . . !" but I took no heed. Sleep, velvety, omniscient, delightful, had invaded my senses, and I did not resist its mellow force. . . .

I struggled to free myself from a tight grasp. I was in a detached world, a world of half-being, where sleep and alertness battled inside me. I tried to remain fully asleep, but something foreign roused my mental powers, and I suddenly awoke. For a few seconds my mind searched itself for the cause of my awakening. Then I heard the throbbing that pulsated out of the jungle into my consciousness. It was the haunting beat of the tom-toms. It drummed in rhythmic monotony and pounded on by eardrums. The beat was low, and scarcely a part of the night, but it was an all-pervading noise that had roused me out of a sound sleep. The moon shone through the window and partly illumined Saunders' bed. I was shocked to see that it was empty!

"Saunders!" I called. "Where are you?"

There was no reply. I threw back my light covering and got out of bed. With trembling fingers I lighted the oil lamp. Its small flame threw a dancing glow on the room. I was the only inhabitant. Saunders had disappeared!

A thousand wild fancies rushed through my brain. I could not think clearly. The beat of the tom-toms

had become less regular. Its thud was unevenly spaced. My imagination pictured a gigantic black huddled over a tight drum, working from the low beat that I had first heard, up to a frantic, staggered thumping. In a few minutes I was dressed. I took my flashlight and went through my silent cabin. There was no hint of Saunders' presence. I stepped outside. The clearing was luminous. The moonlight, at once ghostly and revealing, outlined Saunders' cabin. I walked noiselessly over to it and shone my flashlight about the porch and interior. La-Ali was gone! Gone as mysteriously as Saunders. A cold dread swept over me and I longed for human companionship. The night closed in on me. I was deathly afraid. The tom-toms were rising in force. The boom, boom, boom, came out of the jungle and fixed itself in my brain. I stood outside the empty cabin. Events had moved in a horrible nightmare. I was alone on the night of the full moon!

The beat of the tom-toms was alive and pulsating. It reached out to me. Like a man in a hypnotic trance I turned from the cabin and walked towards the jungle. As I came near to it, it did not seem forbidding. Its very fertility signified life and power. At the edge of the jungle, I hesitated. But the tom-toms called me with a force and maddening beat that I could not resist. I plunged into the jungle!

Armed with nothing more than a flashlight, I stumbled through a region that held stark terror for me. I followed a hundred different paths, guided only by the sound of the tom-toms. My flashlight beam cut a wide arc through the blackness. I could not see to the side, or in back of me. Only forward did I look, and with each step the tom-toms grew nearer. I do not know of what I thought that night. I was impelled by a call that gripped me with its awfulness. My face and hands were bleeding from contact with thorny bushes. I forced my way through tall grass, and brushed aside rope-like vines dangling from black trees. I lurched over roots, and sprawled in the moist earth. And all the while I heard the tom-toms. I felt the presence of unseen bodies in the gloom, but my mind dispelled all thoughts except one—to follow the beat of the tom-toms until I had discovered its source. I knew, somehow, that when I reached that point, I would find Saunders.

On and on I went, 'till time seemed to halt, and the earth slip back a thousand years. I crawled, I ran, and my breath came in agonized gasps. But even a nightmare must come to an end. The trees were diminished in number. Patches of moonlight filtered through the overhanging leaves. I felt a cool breath of air that betokened a break in the forest, and stepped into a tiny clearing.

The beat of the tom-toms was deafening. They were very near, and for the first time since I had begun my hazardous journey, my mind reverted to complete normalcy. And little wonder! For all that I dreaded, all that contained the unfathomable mysteries of Africa, were unfolding like a chamber of horrors, that night. I had stepped out of a jungle into a clearing. About two hundred yards from where I stood, rose another

wall of trees. Between these, and the ones behind me, was a level section of land. I stood in the shadow of the jungle and looked across the clearing. My eyes were drawn irresistibly upward, and I gazed with fascination at the closeness of the snake tree!

It was just beyond the trees rising across the clearing, and I could not see its base. It stood perfectly erect, like a tapering smokestack. The light was revealing, but from where I stood, I could see nothing more than a black, monstrous shape etched against the sky. There *was* something unearthly about that tree! Not a branch grew out from it, and yet I had the feeling that it was not dead. No wonder the natives called it the snake tree! It was thick and round, and brazenly poked itself above the other trees!

A dim figure detached itself from the gloomy forest and came near to me. I stood paralyzed with terror, not knowing whether to fight or run. The figure was very close to me. I threw discretion to the winds and shone my light directly on the figure.

"Well, I'll be . . ." I exclaimed, "Saunders!"

I switched off my light.

"Yes, it's I," Saunders replied in a whisper, "and you're no more surprised at seeing me than I am at seeing you. Good Lord, Carruthers, I never expected to find you in this devilish spot! What are you doing here?"

I told him of my awakening to find him and La-Ali gone; of my fright at being alone in the clearing; and of my weak resistance to the hypnosis of the tom-toms.

"But you've got to go back!" he told me. "These natives have worked themselves into a frenzy. The Lord only knows what they'll do if they find us here!"

The natives' shrieks cut through the air, almost drowning out the tom-toms. I was eager to see what was happening, and motioned to Saunders to continue on our way. We were still in the jungle. It was dim, and ghostly, where the moon shone through small openings. We moved like two shadows until we came to the edge of the jungle.

"Get down!" Saunders ordered. "If they see us, we're done for!"

I lay on my stomach in the tall grass. Then, when Saunders and I were more or less settled, we cautiously brushed the grass to one side and looked out on an amazing scene.

The snake tree was in the very center of the clearing. With no bark and no branches, it rose up out of the bare ground like a gigantic pole. It was tremendously thick and smooth, tapering slightly at its pinnacle. I had never seen such a tall tree. Its height was accentuated still further by its starkness, and the grim way in which it dominated the entire jungle. The moon was almost over it. The clearing was bathed in a weird glow that served to distinguish dark figures from the jungle background. There was a kind of haze in the air. It gave a deathly effect to the entire scene that was not lost on me.

My gaze traveled from the base of the tree to its summit, and back down again. It repelled me, even filled me with terror, but I could not deny its latent

force. No wonder the natives worshipped it! They had gathered, some two hundred of them, in a crowded circle about the snake tree. They were seated on the ground, most of them beating upon their tom-toms and screaming wild shouts to the tree and the moon. Never had I witnessed such a detached spectacle! I say detached because it was more like the unreality of a dream, than an actual occurrence.

The beatings of the tom-toms grew more fierce. The natives swayed in their awkward positions, and chanted their beastly ritual. Then gradually, almost imperceptibly the chanting became less noisy. The beat of the tom-toms died down. The natives stopped swaying, took their hands from their drums and sat rigid.

One of the natives slowly rose from the huddled group and dramatically pointed to the sky. My gaze followed that of the natives. I saw the full moon glowing like a white lantern directly over the snake tree. An excited murmuring passed among the natives. They all arose, and likewise pointed at the sky. Then the one that had first arisen lowered his arms and began walking towards the far side of the clearing. His followers trailed slowly after him. In silent procession, like a squad of militant shadows, they filed away from the snake tree and into the blackness of the jungle. Saunders and I were left alone. What once had been a noisy gathering was now a deathly loneliness. I felt the same emotions that I had experienced hours ago, on discovering that I was by myself in the clearing.

"Let's get out of here," I whispered to Saunders, "the ritual is over."

Saunders twisted around, and removed something from his belt. The object glistened in the moonlight. It was a hatchet, of the type that is conveniently carried on one's belt. Saunders must have felt my unasked question, for he said, quite calmly, "I'm not sure that the ritual is over!"

Then he became very excited and gripped my arm. "Carruthers, for God's sake, look at that snake tree and tell me if I'm crazy!"

I stared at the tree. It was the only living thing in the entire clearing. I *knew* it was living. There was a vital force irradiating from the tree that belied its stark appearance.

I stared. Were my eyes playing tricks on me? I thought I saw a slight ripple, a tiny shudder pass from the top of the tree to its very base. I shut my eyes, then reopened them, to look once again at the hideous apparition.

The same quiver spread over the entire tree, like a ripple across the surface of still water.

"Saunders!" I whispered hoarsely. "It looked like it moved!"

Saunders gripped his hatchet and rose to a standing position. He did not seem to remember my presence. Like a man in a dream, he stood there. The illusion, or was it an illusion, appeared to have unbalanced him. He strode deliberately out of the jungle into the moonlit clearing.

"Saunders!" I called, terror-stricken.

He did not heed me, but walked nearer and nearer to the snake tree. I was rooted with fear to the ground. I could not rise. I watched Saunders approach the snake tree. But my muscles had failed me. All I could do was stare at the tree.

Suddenly, the quiver in it became a definite motion. A tremendous shudder bulged up and down the snake tree, and distorted it at all points. The very top of it came to life. It bent ponderously, and arched downward to look upon the ground. In the unreal light it looked like a gigantic shepherd's crook growing out of the soil. I could not cry out. There was no tree. This was a dream that would end with daylight. Saunders! my whole spirit called. Come back!

He was at the arched mystery now, a tiny man beside a jungle monster. My eyes strained. I saw the reflection of his hatchet as he drew it back, and I heard a dull thud as he plunged it into the base of the tree!

A wild scream split the air. The tree waved back and forth with a loose, undulating motion. Its top half circled wildly, all the time emitting screams that froze my blood. Like an overpowering snake affixed to one spot it convulsed into pliant coils, and once again arched its tip downward.

It was looking at Saunders. I could see no eyes on the monster, but I knew it was looking at Saunders. For twenty seconds it hung over him like a baleful avalanche. Then Saunders drew back his hatchet, and once again plunged it into the body. That same weird scream filled the air. The snake tree shuddered violently. The arched tip swooped downward with lightning motion directly on Saunders!

The awful scream died away. The snake tree very methodically raised its arch, assumed its usual, straight position, and stood once again a rigid monster. It was very tall, and smooth. There was nothing except its unusual appearance to distinguish it from other trees.

My heart beat wildly. I could not see Saunders. The clearing was deserted. A ghostly quiet covered the entire jungle. I lay flat on my stomach for what seemed hours. The darkness terrorized me. I could not move. I watched the moon fade, and the first streaks of dawn appear over the jungle trees.

In the grey light I found new courage, and stole into the clearing. I stood beside the snake tree and looked up at its mammoth length. I could not find Saunders. He had disappeared completely. My eyes had seen his fate, but my mind refused to believe it. I had seen things that could not be. I put my hand to my head and trudged wearily back through the jungle to my cabin.

Another month should see the railroad finished. When it is done, I can return to the states. But I don't think I shall. I could forsake the jungle, but I could never forsake its memories.

That is why, no matter where I might go, I could never forget that grey dawn when I stood by the snake tree and saw blood coming out of its hatchet wounds. . . .

YOUTH HOSTELS

(Continued from page 22)

You may say—fine, that's very lovely, but anything as good as this must involve quite a handsome sum of money—unbelievable as it may seem, there's no great difficulty here either. It's a mode of travel the poorest of the poor may enjoy, and it's fit for a king. Last summer a young student bicycled for seven weeks through fourteen countries in Europe, staying in Youth Hostels every night and buying food in the villages to cook at the hostel, for a total cost of \$21 for the entire trip! With the first demonstration loop of Youth Hostels ready for use through the mountains of New England, it is estimated that a vacation of two months may be spent in the same delightful way for less than \$50."

The more I think of this type of education the more I think of John Dewey with his ideas of Education and experience. He would probably point out how these youngsters would have to learn how to plan—how they would have to plan to spend so much for food, so much for hostel expenses, so much for this, etc., as the fellow in the above illustration had to. Yes, and they'd have to learn how to plan good meals on a minimum supply, and it can be done—because it has already been done by more than one person. And he would probably point out the insight into human nature that could easily develop from rubbing elbows with other people. Though I know Dewey did not write this article, consider the far-reaching faith the author of an article in Parent's Magazine has in this movement: "This movement has another contribution to make in promoting a better understanding between younger people of different classes, opinions and nationalities. Young people representing every shade of opinion—students, artisans, tradespeople, clerks, scholars from every kind of school, girls as well as boys come together. All have the same aim: to enjoy the out-of-doors with the natural enthusiasm of youth. Arrangements are made whereby youths of other countries are welcome. Surely there is no greater safeguard against strife in the future, whether international or industrial, than the deep-seated friendships between different kinds of people which can be begun in the freedom of the open air. Often last summer, as we cycled through England as Youth Hostel members, this very point was discussed. Of all the English youth to whom I talked not one failed to mention the value of the contacts made in this casual and congenial way. And the spirit of comradeship and informality prevails to make these newly won acquaintanceships lasting."

Be you as apathetic to new ideas, or to experimental ideas in the educational field, as humanly possible, I believe you must conceive of the possibilities of Youth Hosteling in educating, though your approval will naturally vary in greater or less degree. The American Youth Hostel is young; maybe some day the schools will consider it, or maybe it will consider the schools.



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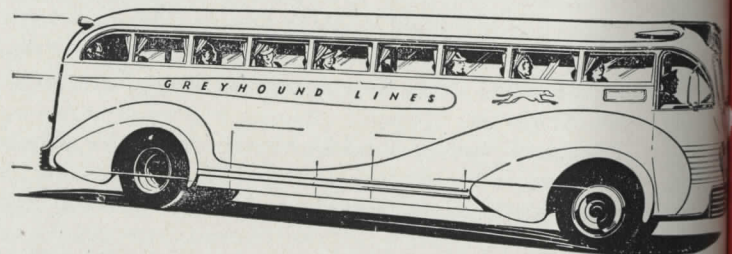
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