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Willie Moll

Denison University

John Barrington

Denison University

Arthur Ward Lindsey

Denison University

John Stewart

Denison University

Allison Phillips

Denison University

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Willie Moll, John Barrington, Arthur Ward Lindsey, John Stewart, Allison Phillips, Lindsey E. Yoxall, Adela Beckham, Brooks Fields, Dorothy Deane, Duke Smith, and David Timrud

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Chas. Jones H. Dippery

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At random . . .

DURING the past month the thundering war drums of World War II have penetrated even the tranquil isolation of Granville. For most of us the years spent in Granville have made the affairs of Europe and the remainder of civilization seem far remote. But we have suddenly come to realize that epochal history is in the making and beyond the beauty of a lazy spring at Denison and the contentment of the ideal life we lead, the kettle of world affairs is boiling and bubbling with war and unrest.

With Father Time's amazing alacrity, another school year has drawn to a close. All of those very green freshmen now seem an essential part of the scene, and they are finding themselves astonishingly acclimated to this world. Seniors no longer leave schools with a tear in their eye, but at least they still leave with realization that they have experienced a delightful and incomparable sojourn. Juniors are amazed to find themselves administering half the things they once thought unattainable. Sophomores sight new hope from the present slump. Athletically, socially, and scholastically it has seemed a good year.

Progress is inevitable, as philosophers have told us. And just as we find ourselves developing through our years here, so does the school itself change and evolve with the passing of time. New structures spring up to replace the older ones; new faces appear among the faculty; new ideas take hold. On the departure of the Shaws we look with reluctance and sincere best wishes, and on the coming of a new personality to our helm, we look with eager anticipation. "Thus runs the round of life."

A campus organization which has unfortunately lapsed into obscurity during the past decade is Franco-Calliopean. Franco has had an interesting and absorbing history on the campus; its decline is to be attributed greatly to the slow incorporation of its former functions by newer organizations. The new officers and members are hoping to reshape it into an active and contributing group. It seems apparent that this should not prove impossible, for certainly there is a sufficient number of students interested in establishing an exchange for ideas and opinions, literary and general.

The very substance of education is in comparing ideas, weighing this against that, discussing and evaluating, and eventually, it is hoped, arrive at some concrete conclusions.

The existence of a literary magazine is justified by more than a desire for entertainment and more than by being simply an instrument of those feverish few who must needs see themselves in print. One of the greatest achievements of college men and women is learning to express themselves, for there is no field in which this is not essential. Short stories, verse, articles: all can prove more than the product of mere whim, but can be the concrete expression of conceived ideas.

In this issue we have made an attempt to bring you something in humor; comments are anticipated. The articles seem radically varied in style and subject. Dr. Lindsay and Willie Moll have revealed themselves as complex and fascinating characters through their autobiographic contributions. John Stewart's poetry (D. U. '38) is somewhat different in that it is not simply lyrical.



Holiday

Lost Beauty

"My hands are wet and sticky again"

Anonymous

With the coming of night a mellow haze settled over the teeming street and gave it its lone touch of beauty. The harsh glare from the pavement faded, and the street became a dim passage, lighted spasmodically by yellow lamps. The ugly structures towering on both sides of the street lost much of their grimness; purple touched them and glossed over their hideous appearance. The windows in the tenements were open wide to let in fitful breezes. Radios blared, and small children screamed, and cooking odors hung about the street, but it was evening, and the day's work was done, and it was pleasant to watch the street attain its glimpse of beauty.

Now it was night, and the girl walked down from her tenement room to the steps jutting out on the sidewalk. She sat there in comparative darkness, a tiny figure seemingly detached from a busy world. This hour was hers to enjoy and cherish. Previously, in her room, she had taken great pains to arrange her hair becomingly, fluffing it out to broaden the thinness of her face. Moderate dabs of rouge helped to conceal the paleness of her skin, and the latest shade of powder effectively covered the dark circles beneath her eyes. Pirouetting before the mirror, she felt almost gay for the first time in years. She had sedately applied the merest touch of perfume to her hair, and the cloying fragrance of it now enveloped her. All in all, she felt remarkably youthful, like a schoolgirl with her first love affair. And why not, she told herself, this is my first real love affair. She wondered what the girls at the factory would say if they knew she was in love. Probably joke among themselves about plain little Sylvia being in love. Then, with their first surprise over, they would ask, Who is the guy? And Sylvia, on the worn steps, tried to imagine what she would say to that. Well, she might begin, he's tall, and sort of blondish, and he's very strong. That would be enough to say, because if the girls could imagine a tall, blonde, strong man, they could certainly expect him to be handsome in the bargain. Sylvia smiled in the darkness. How surprised Borif would be when he learned that the girls at the factory thought he was a "swell-looking guy"! Then Sylvia thought of the girls' next question, and her smile faded. What does he do, they would

ask. Is he rich? (knowing all the time that he wasn't). And Sylvia wouldn't know how to answer. She could be truthful, and say Borif works in a slaughter-house, but that would never do. The girls would either die laughing or turn away in disgust. And one of them, probably sharp-tongued Yetta, would ask slyly, "What does Borif do at the slaughterhouse?"

There, in the darkness, Sylvia felt a chill creep over her. Yes, that was the question; what did Borif do at the slaughterhouse? He never had told Sylvia, never had hinted as to his type of work. She thought back to that night several weeks ago, when he had taken her to a confectionery for sodas. In the brilliant light she had noticed his reddened, unbelievably clean hands.

"What have you done to your hands, Borif?" she had asked. "Did you try to scrub the skin off?"

She had said it half-jokingly, but Borif had grown pale and clenched his fists.

"It is nothing," he said. "I like my hands clean. If you did the work I have to do, you would scrub your hands, too." Then abruptly he had stopped talking, and scanned the menu.

Sylvia looked up and down the street. There was no sign of Borif. Suppose he doesn't come, she thought, suppose something has happened to him! For a moment panic overwhelmed her; then she realized that the evening was still young. Of course he will come, she told herself, he loves me. He will come, and talk of the stars, and paintings, and opera music, and things I don't know anything about. Yes, Borif will come. He loves me, and he knows that I love him.

Borif came slowly down the ill-lighted street. He was a tall, heavy-set man, with huge shoulders, and long arms. Sylvia did not see him until he was half-way down the street and had passed beneath one of the lamps. All about him small children were playing, running and screaming in joyous abandon. Borif put his hand into his suit pocket and drew forth a handful of candy. Quickly the children surrounded him and took their share. When he had given away all the candy, Borif moved on. He came near to Sylvia and removed his hat.

"Good evening," he said in a husky voice.

"Hello, Borif," Sylvia answered. "Won't you sit down?"

Borif seated himself next to Sylvia. For awhile, both were silent, gazing into the blackness around them.

Borif cleared his throat. "It's a nice night, isn't it?" he said.

"I think it's swell," Sylvia answered. "There's a cool breeze coming in from the river. When you think of it, Borif, we'll have a lot of cool nights from now on. Summer is almost gone."

"Yes, Sylvia, in a few weeks autumn will be officially here. I'll be sorry when the long winter days come."

"Not me, Borif, these summer days are killers at the factory. Oh, but it was hot there today!"

"You shouldn't have to work in a factory," Borif declared. "You're too small. You can't stand that hard work."

"What else can I do?" Sylvia asked. "I can't get

work in an office. You know, I never got past the eighth grade."

Borif looked up into the sky. "But don't you want to improve yourself?" he asked. "Don't you want to get an education?"

"I can't, Borif," Sylvia replied. "I'm just not smart. I guess—I guess I'm what you might call a dunce."

"No, Sylvia you're no dunce. You're wiser than I am. Tell me, can you see any beauty in this street?"

"Of course, Borif. Just before you came I was watching the buildings turn gray, then a deep blue, then purple."

"You are different from me, Sylvia. You can see beauty in a place like this, while I must turn to books and paintings. I have to be different. My very life depends on it. Sylvia, can a person in my line of work be a true lover of beauty?"

But why worry about it, Sylvia was tempted to say. And you never have told me what your work is. How can I know what you are talking about?

Sylvia felt a wild desire to clutch Borif by his shoulders and shake him as she might a child. Then her longing passed, and she felt a new emotion, one of understanding. He wants to be cultured and gentlemanly, she told herself, but his work keeps reminding him of what he really is. She tried to look into his face, but he was a shadow in the darkness.

"Couldn't you get some other work?" she asked softly.

"No," came back his answer.

Sylvia felt the despair in his voice. He's in a rut like I am, she thought. He really doesn't have any more ability than me, but he tries to think he has. Borif, she wanted to say, get down to earth. Stop reaching for the moon.

Borif was silent. All that day he had been thinking of things he would tell Sylvia, and now that he was close to her, no words would come. The street in approaching night was beautiful to Sylvia, and Sylvia, with her innate sense of loveliness was beautiful to Borif. How could he tell her that he loved her, that he was a butcher in love with beauty?

"I want to get ahead like other men," he finally said, "but I guess I have more brawn than brain."

Oh Lord, Sylvia was thinking. Here I want him to come down to earth, and when he does it makes him seem common.

"Of course you will get ahead," she spoke aloud. "A man with your love of the finer things will never have to worry about success."

"Yes, that's it," Borif said eagerly. "That's why I read good books and listen to the best music. It sort of puts me on a level with cultured people. If I didn't love fine things, well, Sylvia, what would I be but a common butcher? Tell me, did you see me give those children candy when I came along the street?"

Sylvia nodded, happy that Borif was becoming more talkative.

"I did it," he continued, "to prove to myself that I am kind. If I didn't do these things, oh, Sylvia, life wouldn't be worth living!"

Sylvia felt confused at first. Then she thought of

what Borif had said. Why can't his life be simple? she deliberated. Mine certainly is. Why does he worry so much about a love of beauty? Can't Borif take his beauty in sunsets, and changing colors? He's reaching beyond himself. She longed to comfort him, but she knew that words of advice would serve only to disillusion him.

A dreary hour went by, with occasional remarks from Borif. Gradually the street cleared of children. One by one the lights in the flats were extinguished. Borif moved restlessly.

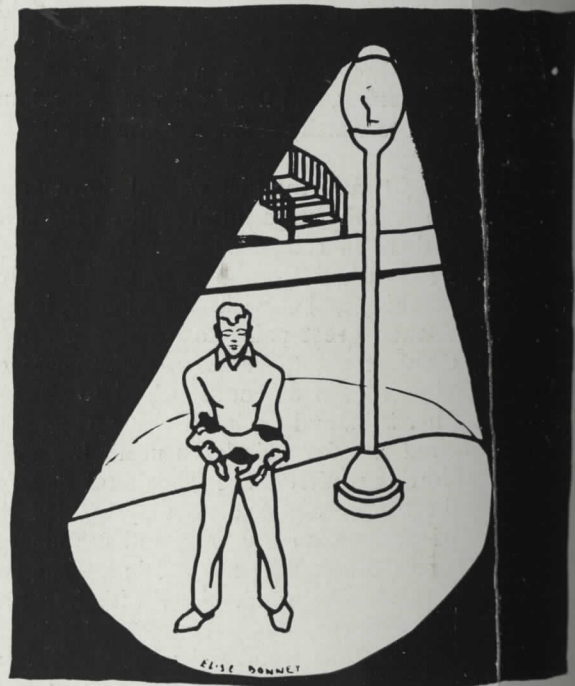
"I must go," he said. "It is late. I have to go to work tomorrow. I have spent a beautiful evening, Sylvia."

Sylvia lowered her head. Oh Borif, she thought despairingly, you imagine it was a beautiful evening, when really you have had a miserable time.

A small dog came near to Borif and muzzled his hand. "He's a pet of the kids around here," Sylvia explained. "They call him Mike."

"I love dogs," Borif said, fondling Mike's head. "I love all dogs and cats. They are such intelligent animals. Look, Mike, where you going to sleep tonight?"

"He sleeps anyplace around here," Sylvia answered.



"Lots of times when I go to work in the morning, I find him lying in the hallway."

Mike suddenly ran across the street and disappeared into an alley.

"He's spied a cat," Sylvia guessed, "but he'll be back in a minute."

A car swerved wildly around a far corner and started at a perilous rate up the street. Its headlights threw the narrow way into stark relief.

"Borif!" Sylvia gasped. "Mike's coming out of the alley! Oh Borif! He'll be killed!"

(continued on page 16)

I Was in Kitchener Camp

"Some were like children, just happy to be alive"

WILLIE MOLL

I stood in a long row, waiting for an interview with one of the officers of the Refugee Committee in London. I had been in London quite a while; I was not allowed to work and I was hungry. It was very cold and wet, as it always is in London in winter. And now I stood there, waiting for relief together with many others. After four hours, my name was called. I faced a tall, thin man who looked at me severely.

"The Committee has taken over the old barracks of Lord Kitchener Camp, which are going to be restored for 3,500 refugees direct from Germany and Austria. We cannot support you here in London; you will go to build up to the camp. Next!"

A few moments later I was pushed out of the door, and before two hours had passed, I was sitting in a big bus, together with other refugees, on the way to "Kitchener Camp."

* * *

When we arrived there, we saw a vast field on which about 35 to 50 stone barracks were standing. They were in rather bad shape. There were no roofs, no windows, no floors, and the ground was so muddy that we could hardly walk. About three barracks had already been restored, and a young Englishman led us into one of them. There was a stove burning; the walls were painted; a phone was on the wall. Our small group stood in one corner of the big building when a man entered. He wore riding boots and had a brown mustache. "I am Director M.," he said. "It is your first duty to obey our laws. We undertook the task (by "we," he meant a staff of several German and English officers of the Refugee Committee) to build up this camp for other refugees. You will start to work tomorrow. You will get six pence a week (enough to buy ten cigarettes) and food. Now, you will follow Mr. K., who will show you your barrack; afterwards you will go to dinner. You are not to leave the camp!"

I was so tired that I did not speak much. We were led by Mr. K. through the mud to a barrack which was filled with supplies. There we got towels, blankets, overalls, and a pair of gum-boots. It was impossible to walk through the mud without boots. Then we saw our barrack. It was a big, stone building where 36 bunks stood, side by side, with a small space in the middle. The roof was leaking and the wind blew horribly through the room. We were shocked. This was the place we had to live in! "Where is the washroom?" we asked. "Over there, opposite the dining hall," answered Mr. K.

We went over. The washroom was even colder than

the barrack, and the water was so cold that nobody touched it. "You'll get used to it," Mr. K. said, and he smiled.

Then a whistle blew. It was just 6:30 P. M. From all sides of this vast campus, men came in blue overalls with shovels and all kinds of tools, trying to struggle through the mud. They were Prussian refugees who had been sent to the camp a week before. They were all craftsmen, big, rough men, the future foremen of the camp. We spoke to them. They said the conditions were terrible. They were kept like prisoners, and had so much to do. But they did not seem to like us. Our group was nearly all Viennese. Prussians and Austrians do not like each other. (Not even refugees!)

We all sat down at long, wooden tables in the dining hall. A few refugees, who were cooking the food under supervision of an astonishingly fat cook, filled our plates with cabbage and potatoes. The food was so bad that I could not eat a thing.

Then we went to bed. I did not sleep long when I woke up and found snow on my blankets and on the floor. The wind blew terribly; I put my head under the blankets for it was too cold to do anything.

At six o'clock a voice shouted: "Get up!" We got up and put on our boots. We had slept in our clothes because it was too cold to undress. The bunks were covered with snow. We walked to the washroom but did not touch the icy water. Then a staff member faced us. It was Mr. G. and he was from Berlin. After breakfast, which consisted of cocoa and porridge (without sugar or milk) and two slices of bread with margarine, he sent us to work. A doctor had to dig a ditch; a lawyer was sent to pull old fences down; a musician had to carry bricks. I was very fortunate. I had told Mr. G. that I was very experienced in office work, and as I spoke English, I was sent to the office. There it was not so cold and Mr. K. was the office "foreman." Day by day I had to register names, type letters and answer phone calls. It was not a bad job and everybody called me lucky.

After a week we became acquainted with each other and were used to the cold weather. We numbered about a hundred and fifty men, and everyone worked very hard.

In the morning everybody had a hard time getting up; it was so cold. When at 6:20 P. M. the work stopped, all were so tired that they fell in their bunks, exhausted. The Prussian craftsmen lived in one barrack, we in the other. We were a mixed crowd, from all parts of Germany and Austria, young and old of

all classes. We had doctors, salesmen and students.

Life was very monotonous. We could not do much after dinner and if we could, we would have been too tired. Later, we were allowed to leave the camp to go to the near-by village, Landwich. There we got to know some English people and we tried to speak some English. Only a few had ever spoken any English. Even Director M. was understood by only a few. If he did not talk to other English staff members he seemed to talk to the walls. When he once asked a Prussian what the time was, the answer came back: "Thank you very much." An English woman was quite bewildered when she asked a fellow how he liked Landwich and the answer was that he was not hungry at all. When we entered a shop to buy something, we pointed at the article we wanted.

The new fellows arrived from Germany and Austria and the camp seemed to grow quickly. Huts were restored; electricity was supplied, and water pipes laid. Our barrack was now filled with 72 men. Most of them had been in concentration camps and had shaved heads. In the bunk above me slept a young man from Frankfurt. His first child had been born while he was in the concentration camp. He used to ask us: "Do you think I shall remember the face of my baby?" He had only seen it for a day and he was so terribly afraid that he would forget the face of his son. In the bunk next to me slept a young boy from Hamburg. He had red hair, and shouted in his dreams, and became quite mad at times. His brother had been killed in a camp and he could not get over it. In another bunk slept two middle-aged merchants from Cologne. I often heard them talk in the night. They said:

"I saw my wife for the last time three years, five months and five days ago . . . we had been married just half a year; now my son is already grown and I do not know him at all. . . ."

"Do you think they phone in Germany with the same automatic machines as in England?"

"Do you think that our wives can darn stockings as well as we do now?"

"Is it true that the English people, when they travel abroad, just go in a traveling bureau and do not have any passport difficulties? They say it is so easy here to get a visa. I cannot believe it."

One of my best friends was a tall student from Berlin. We called him "Jimmy." He was very optimistic and laughed about everything. "Pulling down fences is like playing golf," he used to say when we strolled to Landwich in the evening. We played cards and chess, and wrote letters. But the situation in the camp did not become better. Terrible punishments were given to people who broke the rules. The foremen had been promised that their wives would soon follow them to England, but they did not come. The food was terrible. Once when I came home two minutes late, I was confined to camp for three weeks, and I did not get my "salary" for this period. Many found the punishments too hard to bear and appealed to Director M. But he was not to be moved: "Discipline must be enforced."

And the food—the daily potatoes became tiring; the

tinned beef was as hard as leather, and the cabbage was always too salty. One day, when we were having fish, again improperly cooked, the blood of the fish filled the plate when we cut it, and the men jumped from their seats and shouted: "Hunger, hunger, hunger! Are we prisoners in a concentration camp?" Director M. said: "If you do not like it, go back to Germany!" Then everybody was quiet, but the men refused to work, and dark clouds hung over Kitchener Camp.

But time solved all problems. Spring had come; the sun shone and the men worked with bare chests. The mud began to dry up. Many men had become friends with the English people around the camp. They gave them money and food. Slowly things seemed to be getting better.

When the sun began to shine, I fell sick. I was so sick that I had to go to the "hospital." The "hospital" was a barrack with small rooms, separated by wooden walls. The doctor was an Italian who had a wonderful voice and sang to his patients. But he did not have the medicines to cure us properly. I do not know how long I lay in that hospital but I know that when I finally got up, I was only a shadow of my former self. The meadows were green then and I saw many faces I had not seen before. My friend Jimmy was sick, too. He had slipped on a long nail which had cut right through his boot and into his foot. He liked the hospital. "I shall stay here many months," he said, and long after his wound had closed, he refused to get up because he said his foot was still sore. I did not care to stay in this tiny room; I wanted to go out into the sunshine, back to the barrack and my friends. When I came back to my barrack-home, the men greeted me enthusiastically; I was happy in knowing someone liked me after all.

When the summer came, many things had changed. It was like a dream to me when I looked at the camp now and compared it with the camp of a few months ago.

Thousands of refugees from Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia had arrived. Whenever a transport of new men came, they were greeted by everyone. "We cannot believe that we are free," they said. Many still had their heads shaved, which meant concentration camps. They told us all about Germany and we were happy to be in England.

It was marvelous to see the camp grow. Under supervision of a few craftsmen, the same Prussians who were there before us, the camp developed from day to day. Thousands were busy working, now only seven hours daily, to finish the big camp. Hundreds of men who had never had a shovel in their hands in their lives were busily building roads and shelters. Three big motor trucks transported the materials. About two hundred men were busy working in the new large dining hall and kitchen. About four hundred worked as gardeners, planting trees and flowers. A staff of about fifty worked in a new big office. Carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, painters, electricians, and many more were busy finishing the camp.

(continued on page 24)

The Pledging of Homer McGurk

"There's always room for a good man"

John Barrington

It was one of those hot September days that make you wonder why you ever left the cool beaches and sea breezes to come back to school and a dusty fraternity house. Jack Loft lay sprawled on his stomach, the noisy vacuum sweeper beside him drowning his complaints as he cleaned up some sawdust which had dribbled from a rip in one of the sofas. Jess and I were shifting the radio to hide a tear in the wallpaper.

We hadn't tidied up after the first concentrated flurry of rushing without getting more than a little sullied by our toil. Consequently, none of us were overly enthusiastic at the moment about rush weeks in general and rushing chairmen in particular.

Just then we heard the front door screen slam. A moment later, Bucky Doyle sauntered into the front room, whistling "Oh, Johnny!" and looking like the essence of carefree college days and Indian Summer rolled into one lanky package of saddle shoes, spotless slacks and sport shirt. The fact that Bucky appeared as cool as the swim we were all wishing for didn't increase our cordiality. The looks we cast at Bucky must have been what the short story writers would catalog as "venomous."

"Greetings, My Brothers," Bucky said airily, not the least bit daunted by our scowls.

His nonchalance was too much for Jack. "Well, well, if it isn't our rush chairman!" he exclaimed caustically, turning over onto his back and groping for the switch of the vacuum with one foot. "How nice of you to drop in on us in the midst of all this grime and filth."

"Quiet, Menial," answered Bucky, "while you lads have been fretting over these minor details, I've been taking care of the finer points of our rushing program."

I turned to Jess and Jack. "Maybe someone ought to explain to Brother Doyle that our rushing program is only supposed to concern itself with freshman men," I suggested.

"Why, Bob," the great Doyle rejoined, affecting an injured air, "you aren't accusing me of skipping out on work to have a date this morning, are you?"

Then, without waiting for the answer, Bucky plunged

into a detailed explanation of the benefits to be derived from getting the coeds on your side. "Besides," he finished, ignoring our discourteous doubts concerning the value of his missionary work, "although you birds may not realize it, we are at this moment at the point where we can sit back and take things easy—thanks, I might add, to the efficient planning and management—"

"Yes, we realize how well you're running everything," Jack interrupted, "but I don't quite follow your reasoning about quitting when we've only half our class pledged."

Bucky smiled indulgently and began to explain. "I know we have only eight boys pledged now," he said, "but we have two more legacies whom we have to take whether we want to or not. And since we agreed beforehand that we wanted only fourteen this year, that leaves just four to go. We'll want Easton and Foster because they're good football men, and from our other prospects I've selected Stan Wilson and Joe Netting as the best two."

"Wait a minute!" Jess howled. "What about my boy, Leonard? You know I worked on him all summer."

"I know, Jess," Bucky answered, "but you know we have to take the best four—"

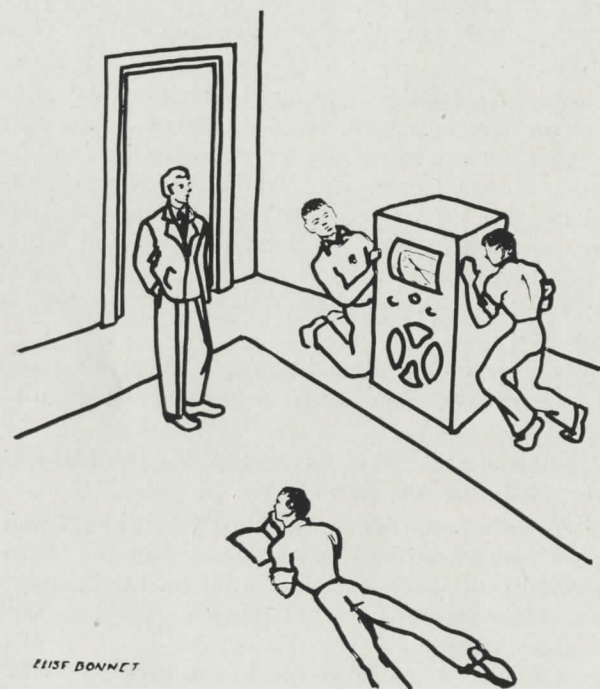
"Now look here, Bucky," shouted Jess without waiting for him to finish, "Leonard's old man has lots of dough, and the kid's got quite a bit on the ball—and besides, if we pledge him, I'll have a ride home with him every vacation."

The sound of the telephone in the back hall broke into Bucky's elucidation of the necessity of rounding out the pledge class with "smooth" boys since we already had athletes, scholars and monied men. Going into the back hall to answer the phone, I wasn't at all surprised to hear a feminine voice ask for Bucky Doyle, although I couldn't quite decide whether this was one of the old familiar voices or a new addition to Bucky's string. That was why I lingered a moment after calling him. When I heard him say "Hello!" and then, more sweetly, "Why, Lynn!" I left the door open so that we could hear Bucky's half of the conversation from the front room.

Lynn Curtis was just about the only girl who had ever made Bucky pause more than casually as he went his carefree way, but it was only natural for it to be Lynn who did stop him. She was small and blonde and cute, but she had a way of managing things and getting what she wanted. Many a time I had listened with acute suffering while Bucky extolled the apparently endless charms and virtues of his most current fancy, but his eulogies had been without any variety of subject ever since he had met Lynn. I knew Bucky had a line, but when he began to rehearse it (endlessly) in our room at night, I could tell things were different. In fact, I was pretty certain that Bucky would have given Lynn his pin in a minute if he had been able to make her see things that way. The way she managed him was a standing joke among us, and by the sound of the present telephone conversation,

she didn't seem to have wasted any time getting him back into line.

Bucky was putting up a struggle of sorts, but we could tell it wasn't doing him much good. Then, after a bit we began to feel apprehensive as he kept repeating feebly that our pledge list was pretty full, and that it was rather late to look over new prospects. Finally he came back looking worried and uncomfortable, and we knew even before he spoke that he had lost.



"Holy smoke," he groaned, "Lynn has a cousin of hers all lined up for us, and she'll never speak to me again if we don't take him."

"Hold on," Jess growled, still rankling over what he regarded as the railroading of his own prospect, "don't forget, we're all set; we can't even consider anyone else."

But Bucky had already recovered his cocksure manner, at least so far as outward appearances went.

"There's always room for a really good man," he said, and then added, "besides, fellows, you can see the spot I'm in. You just can't let me down."

We did hate to think of getting Bucky into the doghouse with Lynn. However much he might irritate us, he was really a pretty "swell" guy. Also, the idea of giving a sweetheart serenade for Lynn appealed to us. Still, we objected to letting personal feeling dominate our rushing, mainly because of the speeches Bucky himself had made on the subject. We suspected that Lynn's protégé might not be quite the perfect prospect, too. She had pushed him a bit too hard to suit our cynical and suspicious minds, hardened as they were by previous strenuous rushing campaigns. Remonstrances did no good, however, for Bucky had already swung into high gear and was outlining a plan of action.

"I'll take Joe McNally's car and meet him at the 'dorm,'" he told us. "If he's a good boy, I'll rush him

right down—and if he should happen to be too bad, we can always get rid of him somewhere—probably."

I was getting dressed for supper when Bucky showed up again, and it wasn't difficult to see that he was less jaunty than usual.

"Bob," he moaned, sinking down on the spot where he judged a sofa should be hidden beneath a pile of newspapers and old clothes, "this McGurk guy is worse than even your pessimistic mind could possibly have imagined. I've peddled him around to all the other houses hoping I could lose him somewhere, but even the Rho Dents scattered when I took him in there."

That was an all too clear indication that Homer McGurk was going to prove a distressing article. When the Rho Dents don't try to pirate a prospect, it is time to worry. It's campus tradition that the Rho Dents would pledge a stray dog if they could find a place to fasten their pledge button.

"Why don't you let Teegarten and McGill entertain him?" I said, referring to a couple of "baddish" legacies from last year's crop. "They're guaranteed to chase anyone away."

"I'm way ahead of you, Son," Doyle returned, making a half-hearted effort to regain his old self-assuredness. "Teegarten and McGill have already been led forth from their place of banishment in the basement, but I'm afraid that was a mistake. I think McGurk likes them."

My curiosity getting the best of my apprehension and discretion, I decided to venture down and glimpse the horrible McGurk from a safe distance. Just as I entered the back hall, two fleeing figures passed me so rapidly that I could scarcely identify them as Teegarten and McGill returning to the sanctuary of the cellar. Then, before I could backtrack, I stood face to face with a creature who was unmistakably Homer McGurk.

My first reaction was amazement that a "smooth" number like Lynn could possibly have acquired a cousin as "sad" as Homer. With gaping mouth and sagging spirits, I wilted beneath the glassy stare that peered from behind a huge pair of spectacles. Although those glasses looked more like two misplaced telescope lenses than anything else, they needed only hornrims to seem right at home on Homer. I wasn't surprised, either, by a convulsive Adam's apple, nor by the fact that his voice had never quite negotiated the transition to the lower registers of man's estate.

Pretty soon I saw that I had been left with Homer on my hands until supper time at least. Fraternity brothers undoubtedly have their values, but it is strange how many things they can invariably find to call them elsewhere at a time like this. I showed McGurk the house, just to take up time—showed it to him from furnace room to attic, not neglecting to point out such features as the leak in the "dorm" roof and the missing step in the basement staircase.

Finally we went to supper, and I steered our problem child to the chair beneath the spot in the ceiling where the plaster was loose. I am sure it was only coincidence that caused a pair of the brothers to miss supper

in order to jump rope directly above that spot. But even a coating of plaster dust failed to discourage McGurk, who observed that he didn't mind because the doctor said he needed more starch in his diet.

Right after supper I made an enemy for life of one of my best friends, but I can only plead a desperation so great that I considered any sacrifice worthwhile. I was just at the point where I was seriously considering the murder of either the McGurk, myself, or both, when I walked unsuspecting Dick Perry, who had been away from the house all day. Being something of an opportunist, I quickly introduced the delighted Homer to Dick, whom I described as one of our best athletes. Before Dick, whose most strenuous exercise is turning his head to look at a pair of pretty legs, had recovered from his astonishment at this flattering misstatement, I was far away.

Homer was similarly shunted from brother to brother during the hectic days which followed. All this time, everyone felt that we were merely postponing the inevitable, but no one was quite sure just what course the inevitable might take. While we hardly intended the affair to end with Homer sporting a pledge pin, we were all loathe to take the lead in blasting Bucky's amiable relations with Lynn Curtis.

As for Bucky Doyle, he was looking bad these days. He wore a hunted look, and gone was every vestige of his old commanding air. For him the issue was one of either betraying the chapter or sacrificing his heart on the altar of fraternalism.

"Why the devil don't we give him the boot?" Joe McNally growled in a bull session one night near the end of the week.

"Yeah," said Jack Loft, "I'm afraid he's driving our other prospects away. He's underfoot so much everyone thinks he's a pledge."

Much more was said, a good deal of which wouldn't bear the ordeal of being put into print. In fact, it almost seemed that to pledge Homer might be to split up the chapter. At last Bucky spoke up with all the appearance and sound of a drowning man who is about to go down for the proverbial third time. For what was probably the first time in his life, he had a pleading note in his voice.

"Fellows," he muttered, "I know Homer's a sad apple, a complete cipher, and everything else you've called him. But can't we hang on just a little longer? Surely something will turn up."

"Yeah, maybe he'll go Alpha," Jess snorted, referring to our strongest rival.

Naturally, that statement was merely meant for sarcasm, but Jess suddenly turned out to be nearer right than any of us would have suspected. I don't know what would have happened to Homer if we hadn't discovered that the Alphas were rushing him. It developed that one of the big shots at the Alpha house was also a candidate for Lynn's favor, and there was another angle as well. Jess, hitherto the strongest opponent to Homer, brought it up himself just when we were all heaving sighs of relief and laughing at the Alphas.

"Wait a minute," Jess broke in, "what about this angle? We may think we're getting the laugh on them, but what if they take Homer? They'll tell the campus they took him away from us, and they'll say that, if we can't hang onto a Homer McGurk, we'd have a fat chance of keeping a really tough prospect if the Alphas wanted him."

Jess's logic was stunning, especially coming from him. Amid great consternation, we began to see that we were really on the spot. No matter how proud, we had to get him now to save our faces. And suddenly it began to seem that we had waited too long. After being around continually for a week, Homer became all at once the object of great demand and attention. With the Alphas in the field, other groups were drawn in as well, and we began to work on this valuable misfit as we had never done on any other prospect. We finally had to use the "sweat box" and practically give him the keys to the chapter room to boot before we finally rescued him from the vicious circle of fraternities, none of whom wanted him any more than we did, but all of whom had to think of their reputations.

As for Bucky, he was just plain lucky, we thought. While he had got us and everyone else into the mess, he had managed to "sew" Lynn up and yet escape responsibility for Homer's pledging. We could hardly blame him in light of the later complications, and so he began to enter the house without slinking. The day Homer was pledged, Bucky was away until evening, and I was preparing for bed when he did enter.

"Boy, what a gal!" he effused as he came in. "Man, oh man, Bob, she's got everything! So help me I'll never look at another girl. Lord knows I've played around with plenty of others in my time, but I swear I never knew one who came close to her!"



"Well," I observed, "I take it you are really in with Lynn now."

"Lynn?" Bucky asked blankly, "who said anything about Lynn? Why this baby I met this morning has Lynn beat a mile. I tell you this one's really queen of them all."

Without bothering to stagger to the couch, I collapsed.

In Time of Death

Chorus: Lo, who are these that shatter with rude steps
the night-drowned stillness of the crumbling Halls of
Death?

Boys: Nay, we come in awe, we children of the Day,
with hesitating step now velveted with sorrow.

Chorus: Whom bear ye to this muted dwelling place of
endless Sleep?

Boys: A weary playmate, she we bear to you, to lay
among the perfumed dead; that she may rest until
the dawn when songs dazzling joy shall lift the mist
of sleep from her sightless eyes and fire in them the
rhythm of golden living-light.

Chorus: Tired flower, broken in the blooming, these do
we welcome. Away, ye children, for may no youth,
no virgin follow her. Unto the aged, submissive and
composed, we gather this first child; unto the solemn
company; no light-stepping boys may enter here.

Boys: Are we to leave her thus? Surrender carelessly
our precious friend? Ah, with hesitation brought we
here the softly dreaming girl. And is she to remain
with you? Then we must linger, too. We must pass
the days in weeping. Nay, perhaps, perhaps she only
pauses in our play, that she may leap and laugh with
more abandon. Let us stay.

Chorus: Yet look upon her still wind-ruffled wings,
strong with the sturdiness of joy; and look to the
air-fresh, limpid robe, fairer for its single stain of
green; how simply fashioned is her golden head-band;
and see the exquisite grace, the flowing life that
pauses only for the flicker of a moment . . .

Boys: Ah, but the wings do not raise her; the robe is
sculptured in the marble immobility of Death and
may not move in the frolic of our game. Where are
the roses that burst in the sunlight of her smile when
we were tangling them within her hair and she
looked kindly on us?

Chorus: Cast forth the spirit's eye? Awaken in the wan
gray desert of your souls the fecund stream which
carries on its warm-embracing breast what is fairest,
what is highest, Life, away beyond the stars, beyond
the tunnelled void of Death.

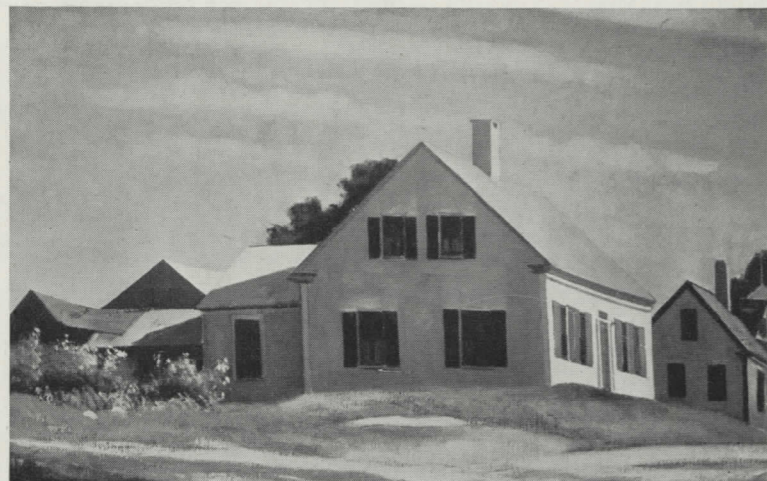
Boys: But now we find her not; in the heavy-humming
garden, in the lightly singing meadows where flowers
bent to offer up their riches no longer will she wan-
der. Let us weep, for we were leaving her. Let
us weep and stay by her.

Chorus: Children, cease. You desecrate our tombs. Turn
back to life. Flee before the raven wing of night.
Daylight and joy of long continuance are to the liv-
ing; rest unto the dead. Face into the proud wind
that rushes clean from the harshness of the sea.
There is life and hungry warmth to suck away your
tears! Go!

Boys: Forth to the torrent light of day! Creep from
the silence into life! For there the tasks, the games
stand waiting with rebukes. Hence to the day, until
earth draws sun and us to sleep. To the games, ho!

Chorus: Hasten, hasten, for there is Love, dressed in the
limpid veils of Beauty waiting to crown you with
Laurels of Immortality, and brush from your hearts
the last faint memory of this receding silent place.
Hasten to your forgetfulness.

The boys depart. The burial proceeds.



ROBERT O. CHADEAYNE
Courtesy Col. Art Gallery

By JOHN STEWART '38

Retrospect

"There are so many interesting things to do"

Arthur Ward Lindsey

Here in the quiet of my library I look back through
the years to ask myself: *What have I done that is
worth mentioning here? What in my life has made me
what I am, assuming that some of my students care
enough to know?* And a cynical thought: *What of it
all?* is drowned out in the memory of clean winds
rippling the prairie grasses of western Iowa, of the
hot bright sun, and of hills beckoning in the distance to
the unknown beyond those open spaces. For there is
something honest and forthright in the prairies. Their
sharp contrasts, their starkly open reaches, do not
favor cynicism nor devious ways.

It was only a few years to the end of the last cen-
tury when my parents moved to Sioux City, at the
westernmost point of Iowa, from my birthplace, Coun-
cil Bluffs. The virgin prairie still flourished over thou-
sands of acres of hills, where the land broke sharply
into the bluffs of the Missouri. Partridge pea still
blossomed in the vacant lots, and *Liatris*, and puccoons,
and the first warm days of spring took children after
school out to VanDerBurg's hill for May flowers, not
the arbutus of eastern woods, but the beautiful laven-
der pasque flowers in their silky jackets, thrust up
among the tufts of grass in advance of their leaves.

Before long I was learning the names of the birds
and, unfortunately, shooting a few of them and making
a collection of eggs. With a congenial friend this in-
terest lasted a few years, to be supplanted by the fasci-
nating possibilities of photographing birds. Then my
own love of nature turned to the study of insects.
With the two compatible interests we ranged far be-
yond the hills where we lived to the wooded valleys
up the Big Sioux River. When possible we camped
for a week-end, learning how to be fed, if not well fed,
on very meager supplies, and how to get enough rest
even on hard ground. Automobiles were not yet avail-
able. Where we went, we walked, and the toughening
miles piled up to develop an endurance that was a valu-
able asset. It was not uncommon for the two of us to
cover twenty-five miles on Saturday, visiting prairies

and woods and sloughs and lakes to see as many things
as possible before the next week of classes.

The entertainments for young people were less nu-
merous then than now. Automobiles and movies and
scouting were in their infancy and parents were just
beginning to talk about self-expression and to go
lightly on the paddle. As a result we had plenty of
time and freedom, in spite of school and chores and
paper routes, for the enjoyment of life. We found a
wealth of beauty and interest in the grassy hills and
the few wooded valleys that was not shown to us nor
easily discovered. We plodded through mud and
sweltered in summer heat and ate our sandwiches stiff-
fingered on many a winter field trip, but to see downy
little gallinules swimming near their nest, to find a
fresh luna moth clinging to a tree trunk, to see blue-
birds against a snowy background on Christmas day,
and to go home tired and hungry and happy were re-
ward enough.

Life does not stop at childhood, however. Respon-
sibilities creep up on us and interests must drop back
into the category of avocations or be made the basis of
one's life work. A botany course in my sophomore
year in high school was the turning point for me. My
lingering boyish dislike of school then gave way to a
firm desire for a scientific future. My father, a build-
ing contractor, had seen that his none too willing son
learned something of the trade of carpentry in his sum-
mer vacations, a gift that the son has since appreciated.
But father had not encouraged me to follow his life
work. Instead he wisely gave me the opportunities
that he could and left the choice to me. And college
began to loom ahead.

Before college my home was broken up by my
mother's death. With the loss of her gentle selfless
devotion the full responsibility of life became very
real. I worked for a year in a branch store of the
Eastman Kodak Company, learning much about pho-
tography and much about casual meetings with human
beings, and in the fall entered Morningside College
in a suburb of the city.

The next four years could be described by any
American boy who has earned his own living in college.
A combination of scholastic interest, insufficient time,
and financial worry, its end was far more a goal gladly
won than a loss to be regretted. But in the meanwhile
I had spent portions of two summers at the State Uni-
versity laboratory at Lake Okoboji, in the beautiful
lake district of northern Iowa, and there I had known
intimately, before I knew enough about him to be
awed by his greatness, Dr. Thomas Huston Macbride,
the famous mycologist. This silvery-haired old gentle-
man, a gentleman and scholar in every sense, could
make a deep impression even on an unimpressible
youngster. How those summers stand out in memory!
I had passed the distant hills. The world beyond was
in sight. Men of science were real beings, and only
work and time were needed to bring me also to the
cherished profession. Time, precious time, for the

necessary education, and work. Work partly, to be sure, to gain some recognition in the scientific world, but far more because it was so fascinating to find out about the living world.

At last college ended. The valuable contacts of a fraternity house and of glee club trips, the class scraps, the social affairs and debates and games faded easily behind as I plunged into the first year of graduate study. They had done their part, as far as they had parts to play.

Without any expectation of continuing beyond the year I entered the graduate school of the State University of Iowa and there found H. F. Wickham, my major professor of entomology and one of the outstanding authorities of the world on beetles. Professor Wickham, of English birth, was a quiet man of whimsical good humor, as modest as his attainments were great. The head of the zoology department was C. C. Nutting, an authority on the brittle-stars. These men, the rotund botanist, Bohumil Shimek, and the eminent psychologist, Dr. Carl E. Seashore, then dean of the graduate school, were my chief contacts with the faculty. All but Dr. Seashore are now dead. My regard for them is best expressed in my loss of any wish to leave the university after the one year.

Two summers of that period were spent with the Bureau of Entomology of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Then we entered the war and even professional interests lost their savor. At the death of my father I enlisted in the balloon division of the army air service, then part of the Signal Corps, and with many other young men settled down to marking time until I could get into active service. A few weeks of summer school intervened, then a few weeks as assistant to the State entomologist of Iowa, and in September I reported at the Fort Omaha Balloon School instead of the University. The training of a flying cadet was intensive. Between classes and drill and many miles of marching it was difficult to find time to write a letter, but for those of us who were called into the service so late, it was not to last long. The armistice was signed and, in the pink of condition, with sixty welcome dollars from Uncle Sam in my pocket, I went back again to study.

A graduate fellowship, a small reserve from a legacy, and summer earnings had made the graduate years secure and pleasant, and had enabled me to accumulate material from various parts of the world for the study of the taxonomy of the Hesperioidea. These insects are a very difficult group related to the butterflies. They had never been adequately studied and they presented some attractive problems. I had chosen as a subject for my doctoral dissertation a revision of the limited North American portion of the group, but unfortunately, even in a group of limited size, one cannot always secure the specimens that he needs just when he wants them, and this difficulty had left some important gaps in my thesis. I could not register for a few weeks so I went to Decatur, Illinois, to examine

the missing species in the world-famous collection of Dr. William Barnes. Dr. Barnes, a wealthy surgeon, had built up as a hobby the finest collection of North American butterflies and moths ever formed. Since his death it has gone to the National Museum, but while he lived Decatur was a Mecca for lepidopterists and the curatorship of his collection was regarded as the finest opportunity of its kind in the country.

The visit was a fateful one. I had wanted to be a museum curator but when, a fortnight later, I received an offer from Dr. Barnes asking me if I would care to take the place of his curator, who was leaving to take charge of the Canadian National Collection, I would scarcely credit my good fortune. Who would not have taken the position! For the rest of the semester I shuttled back and forth between Decatur and Iowa City, completing my thesis, completing my work in botany, doing what was necessary in the museum, and enjoying life to the full. At last I too was to take my place in the scientific world! The years of dreaming were at an end; realization was at hand.

In June many things happened. Like so many of my students today I had discovered that there were also girls in college and that Winifred Wood was one girl who liked birds and flowers. What a girl! We went on long walks and I took her out on a day that even congealed our words until we cooked some hot food in the sheltered valley where the great horned owls were nesting. Though we have since covered many miles together from the Pacific to the Atlantic and beyond, that frigid visit to the owls' nest was enough of a recommendation! In June we were married, to go back at once to the University for Commencement. With the diploma for my doctorate tucked away, we then went on to Decatur, to the cherished curatorship, to new friends and new scenes, to the making of a home.

But events do not always develop as we expect. The museum was extremely confining after years of strenuous activity out of doors, so after a few years I left it for teaching. By that time I had contributed two major studies and a number of shorter papers to the knowledge of the North American Lepidoptera. I had retained my collection of Hesperioidea and felt that in teaching I could find a better balance with still some opportunity for research.

In the summer of 1922 I found a long-cherished opportunity to do some field work in the far west. My wife and I decided on the remote northeastern corner of California where little entomological work had been done, and there in the Warner Mountains by beautiful Davis Creek we camped for six weeks. And while my wife fed me royally—including fudge—in spite of miserable equipment for cooking, the two of us caught approximately 14,000 specimens of insects. We then went down through California to Los Angeles and back to Sioux City, whence we came at once to Granville and the professorship in the Denison department of zoology.

The insects have not been forgotten in the intervening eighteen years, but after all, one's profession is a profession and one's chief allegiance cannot go to his avocation. The department at Denison was in an unhappy state that fall because of the dismissal of a fine professor who had been very popular with his students. A period of adjustment was inevitable. The next year saw the enrollment increased and now it is more than doubled, and the professor in charge has found it necessary to be more a zoologist than an entomologist!

The chief result of the metamorphosis has been expressed in writing. First a *Textbook of Evolution and Genetics* published by the Macmillan Company in 1929



* * *

Arthur Ward Lindsey

His life: a collection of treasured memories

* * *

met a need felt in teaching. A leave of absence that fall was spent in Princeton University, and resulted in a small volume, *The Problems of Evolution*, published by the same company in 1931. In 1932 a *Textbook of Genetics* appeared, in 1937 an animal biology text, *The Science of Animal Life*, was published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, and in 1938 D. Van Nostrand and Company issued their *Scientific Encyclopedia*, for which I had written about 200,000 words as contributing editor of the zoology section.

This vocational interest has also demanded some practical work, hence summer trips to the Rocky Mountains and to Iowa for insect work, and entomological appointments with Ohio State University and the Ohio Biological Survey were supplemented in 1931 with a trip to the newly established Bermuda Biological Station for Research. Aside from the opportunity for the study of a wonderful variety of marine life, the islands offer a unique vacation spot, savoring of the Old World yet with their own characteristic insular qualities. Much of the work of the laboratory was done in shallow waters and about the coral reefs, but a high light of the summer is still the deep-sea towing on the tug, *Gladisfen*, used by William Beebe while he kept up his laboratory on Nonsuch Island. Bringing up abyssal animals from a mile beneath one's keel, from a world unknown to man even through the bathysphere, is a real adventure, and contact with the unlimited enthusiasm of William Beebe is an uncommon privilege.

Of necessity a number of summers have been spent in writing, and after three particularly intensive years of book-making, the happiest use for a leave of absence in 1937 seemed to be a trip to Europe. Early in February Mrs. Lindsey and I sailed for Sicily. Ten stormy days and three pleasant ones brought us to Naples and the next morning we awoke to see Monte Pellegrino out of the porthole. The sunshine of Sicily and the early flowers, the cheerful *Buon giorno, Signore!* of the peasants and their ready smiles in spite of meager living, all furnish a happy environment. A month of it was rejuvenating. Many of you know the rest: a succession of cities and cathedrals and museums, ancient ruins and incredibly beautiful mediaeval architecture, along with much that is less beautiful, a chain of trains and hotels and taxis. From it emerges in time a collection of treasured memories of paintings and sculpture, priceless because they are superb, of hearing *Die Meistersinger* in its native setting at Nurnberg, and of persons who, peasant or monarch, are much like ourselves in graciousness or kindness or less pleasant qualities.

* * *

• But that was not so long ago! A few more years have passed, bringing another problem in the classification of the insects with its renewal of the old interest. With it the number of published articles, mostly on this general subject, has grown almost to fifty, and material has begun to come in again from the four corners of the world for identification and study. No; let's say two corners, for this problem is limited to the northern hemisphere. But wherever you go, from the shining glory of the Himalayas to your own back yard, there is something alive and interesting.

These last few years have also brought the discovery that there are bass in Ohio streams, and that a fly rod offers one of the finest sports. They have also revealed that the defects in photographing landscapes can easily be corrected if one paints his picture instead of using a camera, so the writer dabbles in paint when he can spare the time. And lovely flowers bloom in the garden to be cared for now and then. There as so many interesting things to do!

Last of all, another metamorphosis has taken place, making the professor of zoology a professor of biology. Its chief effect should be to bring into his teaching a little more of the early interest in living things, and that will be a pleasure, for they reward one generation as richly as another. And if anyone else finds as great enjoyment of life as I have found, either in what he sees of birds or flowers or butterflies, in the fish that take his lures, in the pictures that he paints or the flowers that he raises or in anything that he may do, and above all in the work that he chooses as his vocation, I promise him a happy life.

Blue Moon

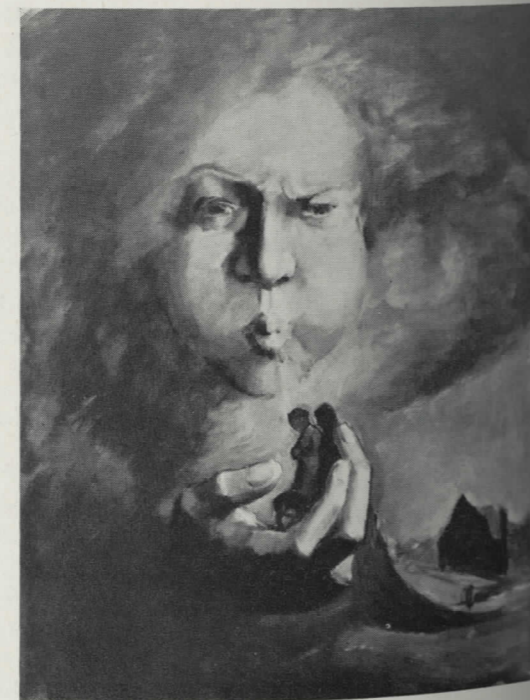
By

ALLISON PHILLIPS

A blue moon rose from the willows,
And sorrowfully hid in the clouds
That scurried in veiled apprehension
Like murmurous, star-caught shrouds.
A circle of red bound the blue moon,
The willows were trembling with fear;
I sat on the bank with my loved one
Unmindful but that he was near.
But the moon was eclipsed by the dark clouds,
The stars were blown out in the gale,
A torrent swept out of the black sky,
The rain like a cold, lashing flail;
The willows were toppled about us,
The river rose up in a flood,
The bank where we sat sank beneath us
In tree roots and grasses and mud.
The wind and the rain beat our bodies
And blinded our eyes as we lay
And crouched by the trunk of a willow
Half-buried in torn leaves and clay.

They found him next dawn down-river
Swept out of my arms in the night;
Wet and still he lay on the branches,
Cold and white in the pale new light.
And I watch each night by the willows
Lest a blue moon rise through the clouds
With luminous red encircled,
Blood-crowned by the swift, sighing shrouds.

Sorrow burns a single star
That luminous through drifting mists
Glows down ethereal.
A frosty necklace loops the sky,
But this star hangs memorial
So low it cools the petals,
Purple chiffon petaled poppies,
Drowsy blooms that bow to pungent earth . . .
'Tis these that drug and dim my agony.



ILLUSTRATION

—Courtesy Col. Art Gallery

Pro Patria

"They were all sportsmen"

Lindsey E. Yoxall

The split that divided the family started the night the twins came home for the Christmas holidays in 1932. The twins had quarreled the whole term, but not being prolific letter writers, their family knew nothing of the situation until that evening.

The chauffeur had driven down to Eton for them, and they had left shortly after lunch, stopping only for tea at Stratford. They reached Brandon in time for an early dinner.

After the first greetings were over, Colonel Tibbetts asked if they were both on the first Rugby team. Edward said that he was playing right wing three-quarter, and had got his Colours after the game against Wellington. Then the fatal question came.

"And Peter?"

"I didn't play Rugger this term, sir."

"You didn't play Rugger this term!" the Colonel sputtered.

His family: mother, father, and younger sister, were stunned. It was unheard of. Impossible! They were all sportsmen; all their friends took part in some sport. Colonel Tibbetts and his wife hunted fox and otter, in fact, the Colonel was Master of the Hunt. They played golf and shot. The Colonel had played cricket and Rugby football for the County, and had been the English Rugby captain for two years. The twins had been brought up in the family tradition; both good athletes, they would play country house and county cricket, and get their cricket and Rugby Blue at Oxford. Then they would play Rugby for Warwickshire, the all-star Barbarians, and for England. Then they, as "chips off the old block" would follow in their father's footsteps and go out to India, to work in the Indian Civil Service, finally becoming colonels.

Peter knew that none of the family would understand or sympathize with him, but he had revolted against this clear-cut destiny. The revolt started that summer when he had had concussion. The doctor had visited him frequently and told him a great deal about the medical profession. Peter was fascinated by his stories of bone-setting, inoculations, brain surgery, and medical research. The doctor, realizing that Peter was

keenly interested in learning more about medicine, advised him to study science at Eton.

So Peter returned to Eton that Autumn and took Science instead of Classics. To work in the Science department he had to spend all his afternoons in the labs., instead of on the playing field with the athletes, who took Classics, to the last man. Knowing that the family would be angry, Peter tackled his work seriously, and by working hard, made very good marks at the end of the term.

This, however, did not appease his parents. After many violent scenes, and only at the Headmaster's recommendation, they came to a compromise. Peter could study science at Eton, only on the understanding that he should accompany his brother to the family college, Magdelene, at Oxford, and there take up athletics again, or be cut off without a penny.

The next two years were very difficult for Peter. His brother made a name for himself in athletics and became school cricket and Rugby captain. His parents boasted about Edward to all their friends and ignored Peter. His brother became more and more embittered against him, until it reached the point where they only spoke to each other when it was absolutely necessary. Peter could not make Edward understand his love for medicine and science; Edward could only think that Peter had turned "sissy" and was no longer the sportsman that he had been when they went through prep school together.

The final break with his brother came during their final year at Eton. Edward had been elected to Pop the previous year; Pop, that supreme governing body of England's most exclusive and aristocratic school. Peter's name was brought up as a candidate for Pop, by several of his schoolfellows, as he was still popular with the majority of them.

Every member of the society has to vote on each candidate, and two negative votes exclude the candidate. The votes were all affirmative for Peter except that of his House Captain, who had voted negative because he did not think that he was a sportsman. Edward was the last to register his vote. It was up to him to make the decision for or against his brother. He remembered the enmity that had arisen between them. He remembered that Peter had failed in all his ideals of manhood and sportsmanship. With the eyes of the assembly on him, he arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I do not consider this candidate, my brother, worthy of election to Pop."

So Peter was the only member of his family, who had gone to Eton for centuries, to be excluded from Pop—by the vote of his brother.

The only pleasure he found was in his work. By his great enthusiasm, and by dint of very hard work, he got very good marks at graduation, and won the highest scientific prizes awarded.

His masters advised him to continue his work at Christ's Hospital. He asked for permission to study at Christ's, but his father, still unappeased, clung to the compromise, and said he went to Oxford, or supported himself.

Peter, driven to desperation, went up to London and took Christ's Hospital's scholarship entrance examinations. He waited impatiently for a fortnight for the results. Finally he received a letter notifying him that he was one of three recipients of a Christ's Hospital scholarship.

After summoning up his courage, he entered the library and handed his father the letter. His father read the letter, suddenly turned crimson, swore at his son, and told him to leave the house forever.

Upon leaving the library, Peter packed his bags, bade farewell to his mother, brother, and the staff, and left for London the same evening.

For six long, hard years he studied medicine at Christ's. He had to work even harder than he had at Eton, and had no time to play Rugby for Christ's. He had, however, watched his brother play several times at Twickenham. This was the only link that he had had with his family, since the day that he had left Brandon. He had written several times, but none of his letters had been answered.

In September, 1939, he graduated, and as a reward for his good work and obvious enthusiasm, he was sent with five other graduates, on Christ's Hospital's Medical Unit to France.

Edward, meanwhile, had done well at Oxford and was in the public eye. He had won his Rugby and cricket Blue against Cambridge. He had captained the Oxford Rugby team. He played and captained the Warwickshire County Rugby team, and was well known in first class, and country-house cricket.

Finally, in March, 1940, he was to captain the English Rugby team against Scotland. The game was to be held on the famous Twickenham ground in the presence of the King and Queen.

(continued from page 4)

Her last words were almost drowned in the roar of the approaching car. It was about ten yards from the alley when Mike emerged and started across the street. There was a piercing screech from the brakes, then a thud as the car hit Mike. The automobile disappeared into the blackness.

Sylvia remained on the steps with tearfilled eyes, as Borif walked over to Mike's sprawled form. Borif lifted the tiny dog from the pavement and carried him to the light of a streetlamp. His searching hands told him what he had expected, that Mike was dead. Borif gently placed the dog on the sidewalk and returned to Sylvia.

"He's dead," was all he could say.

A great noise filled Borif's head. The streetlamps began to dance in wild abandon. The black pavement rose and fell in undulating movements. A tremendous dizziness clutched him. He leaned weakly against the tenement and passed his hand over his sweating forehead.

"My God, Sylvia, did you hear what I said? He's dead! He's dead! Sylvia! I felt no pity for Mike!"

A cold chill swept over Sylvia. An ominous dread

Colonel and Mrs. Tibbetts came up to London for the day. They watched the King and Queen come onto the ground and speak to the two captains, and then saw their son, in front of thousands of spectators, introduce the members of his team to their Majesties.

The game was one of the most exciting of the season, and after a long, hard struggle, with an even score, Edward broke away and scored the winning try in the last ten minutes of play.

At the closing whistle the spectators swarmed onto the ground, stampeded the players, and bore Edward on their shoulders to the Royal box, where the Queen presented the Caledonian Cup to him—the cup that Scotland had held for the last three years.

After congratulating Edward, his parents returned, rejoicing, to Brandon. They were absolutely thrilled, and in their pride gave no thought to Peter in France. Their son, Edward, had led England to victory. They saw on all the newspaper placards, notices of him and of the game.

"Great English Victory"

"Magnificent Try by Tibbetts"

"Tibbetts Leads England to Victory"

They reached home late that night and found a telegram waiting for them. Mrs. Tibbetts began to open it, saying: "How nice, it must be congratulations from someone."

She read:

"The war office regrets to announce the death of your son stop he was killed in action yesterday dying in circumstances showing conspicuous bravery leaving his medical unit and rescuing six men from barbed wire in no man's land stop his majesty wishes you to receive the victoria cross reward to Peter Steven Tibbetts posthumously stop."

sputtered out of the blackness and dropped a net of fear about her. "Oh Borif," she whispered. "Don't spoil it all now. It just had to happen this way! Mike was meant to die. The children will mourn him. He was their friend, but you, Borif, you hardly knew him. You have pity in your heart, Borif!"

Borif stared into the darkness. "I wonder," he said with desolate tone, "if I have been fooling myself all these years. Sylvia! My hands are wet and sticky again!"

"It is sweat, Borif. Please calm down!"

"I must know if it is, Sylvia. If it is blood from Mike's body, I can never wash it off, not even if I scrub away the skin! Then, Sylvia, I lose my ideals, I lose my beauties. I lose you. When that happens, my life is not worth living."

He stood up, breathing heavily, and walked to the street lamp. There, in the pale yellow glow, he unclenched his fist and peered into his hand.

The night wind blew against Sylvia. I must go on living, she thought, but this street will never again be beautiful and purple at dusk.

Her dark eyes watched Borif disappear into the night.



HAMLET

On May 25th and 27th, Masquers presented Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, on the South Plaza. Don Bethune filled the role of Hamlet. The play was staged on a series of platforms constructed by Jesse Skriletz; Barbara Walker designed and made the majority of the costumes used in the play.

Recently initiated into Masquers were Steve Minton, Alison Ewart, Marjory Larwood, Peggy Collins, Elizabeth Van Horn, Barton Walker, Judy Bateman, Barbara Anderson, John Moore, Phyllis Stacy, Bill Wilson, and Roger Reed. Jean Koncana, this year's only junior member, was elected president for the coming year.

Wind---Dreams

By Adela Beckham

HELOISE

This tall cool wall
Holds the deep quiet of tonight.
This hall
Is purple in
The shadows,
Silver where the light
Of yonder moon
Spills at my feet.
How wildly sweet
The wind about me slips,
Caressing as it sips
The passionate honey
At my breast.
This austere wall,
This purple hall,
Are swept with wind-dreams
Lost, unblest.

ABELARD

Look at me.
I see it in your eyes—
That honesty,
I love it where it lies
In your white breast.
And it is flesh to love
Your breast like
Some wild dove
That flutters in my hand.
Honor, that be all my life.
What then can mean
This surging strife
That shrieks your name?
All yourself takes hold of me
As your warm throat
Does hold a cherished mole.
I kiss you there,
And this be all my shame . . .
I can forget your soul.

ANNE BOLEYN

Below me in the street
A peasant's cart
Trundles past the grim,
Blood stained block.
My slender throat does ache,
And there's my heart
That pains me so
And will not break.

But I am not afraid
To taste the dust.
To grind old bitterness
Between my teeth.
The earth and I are kin,
And pain's a crust
To dull the appetite
For sin.



LANDSCAPE

—Courtesy Col. Art Gallery

THOMAS WYATT

This April bark beneath my hand
Is rough and black.
So like her hair loosed
From its band
Of silver lights,
And blowing back
Into the wind.
Her hair—
Made of a thousand nights,
Black as a dove
That sinned in love,
Rough as the sea,
Sweet as the bark
On this young tree.
Her hair—
So dark
On the heart of me.

The Doctor Takes a Trip

"Rock Williams, retired plumber"

BROOKS FIELDS

(Editor's Note: Friend of all and foe only of disease and ill-health, genial campus physician, Rock Williams, set out this year to realize a much-earned vacation. Typical of Rock, he chose not to spend it at some conventional resort, but boarded a tramp steamer alone, destined for South America.

We intend not to give you any sort of travelogue or detailed description of the trip, but thought you would enjoy Rock's comments on the trip, in an interview with Brooks Fields.)

Scene: Telephone between the Kappa Sigma house and Rock's office.

Brooks Fields: Rock, how about letting the world in on your recent cruise?

Rock Williams: Nice trip, Brooks. Gone about three months. Spent too much money. Glad I'm back. Look, feller, I hate to rush off, but . . .

Brooks: Hold the 'phone, Rock. This is only a matter of moments . . .

Rock: Well, I left the Licking Hills about the twelfth of February. I boarded the tramp steamer, "Santos", in New York, with Buenos Aires as our first destination. An odd lot there was on the ship—an Argentine woman and her two sons (they were enjoying their summer vacation which began in December and terminated in March); an anti-social exporter from New York; and a young piano player from Buffalo and his wife. A cargo of automobiles, airplanes, tobacco, steel and myself concluded the list. The crew consisted of 32 Norwegians.

Brooks: I suppose you were plagued with the "doctor in the house" phrase at frequent intervals?

Rock: That is one thing I did anticipate. I registered on the passage list as "Rock Williams, retired plumber." Fortunately enough, there were no serious accidents. One sailor mashed his finger and I did take care of that for him. After this the sailors figured I was a "right guy" and treated me like one of the boys! The only other illness was seasickness, but I could only recommend the usual treatment—isolation!

Brooks: Did you travel alone most of the time?

Rock: For the most part I was on my own. On shore leave all I had to do was to keep up with the boat schedules. I accompanied the young couple from Buffalo quite often, but steered clear of any of their social parties. My brother, who is affiliated with the National Geographic, took an identical trip last year for his firm, and so had made quite a few connections along the way. His acquaintances included those "in the know" at the American consulate so I was able to visit a few of the places I would otherwise have been unable to see.

Brooks: How did you like Rio?

Rock: Rio by the sea? Glamor town! The place thrives with night clubs, beaches, dance halls. I rather enjoyed watching the adagio dances!

Brooks: No active participation in night life, I take it?

Rock: Oh you know me, feller! Bed at nine, up at six—and a run around the park before breakfast.

Brooks: Incidentally, Rock, what did you do for exercise—tennis? golf? wrestle?

Rock: The boat was hardly a cabin cruiser. No deck-tennis, shuffle-board, etc. No, I'll have to admit the most strenuous exercise I did on the whole trip was shake salt on my meals.

Brooks: For the benefit of the Spanish Club, the history department, and the international relations club, what are the sentiments in South America about the European situation?

Rock: Neither the South Americans nor I gave much thought to the war. In spite of the fact that the United States is only fourth in the amount of investments in S. A. (with Britain, France and Germany preceding her in that order) the United States is still looked upon as the fair-haired child of the universe by the S. A. people. Roosevelt and Cordell Hull, the president of the Pan-American Union, are especially popular with these people.

Brooks: While you were on shore, how did you travel—on motorcycle or horseback?

Rock: I can't give their public transportation utilities too much! The streetcars they have were very popular in the United States—about 1910! The cars drive on the left-hand side of the street. Buicks and Packards are the most popular private cars, while Plymouths monopolize the taxicab business. Small cars of foreign make are also very popular.

Brooks: Are the truck-drivers' unions quite strong in South America, too?

Rock: Labor conditions seem to be in pretty good shape. There are no apparent labor agitators, few Nazi organizers. The wages are small. On twenty cents an hour, many laborers live quite happily. While the standard of living seems to be a little lower there, all of the people are quite contented with life in general.

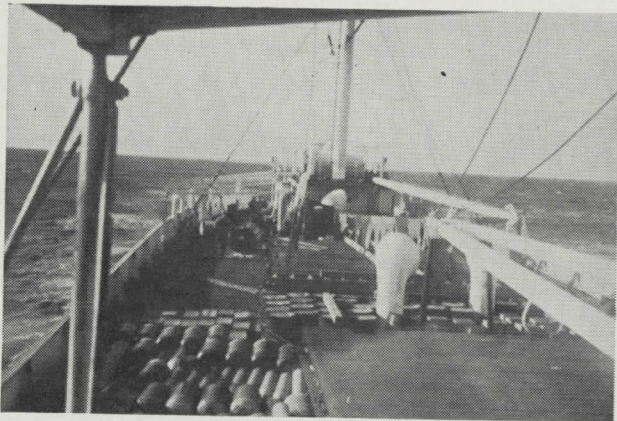
Brooks: Did you get to any ball games, bull fights, or bridge tournaments?

Rock: Bull fights have disappeared. Polo matches are extremely popular there and gigantic polo stadiums are being erected to accommodate the followers of this sport. One stadium is being built in Sopolo which will seat 100,000 people. Tennis matches are equally popular there. Swimming, however, is practically the national pastime. Strangely enough, people don't loll around on the beaches all week like they do here. Saw some beautiful fancy divers doing some beautiful dives from tower platforms. I was tempted

to do a few flips, but thought of "woman and children" at home and decided against it.

Brooks: Did you happen to miss any Sundays at church while you were gone?

Rock: Harrumph! Church! I had a little trouble getting to church at first, but on Good Friday I attended church at a local mass. I couldn't distinguish the Latin from the Spanish ritual, and couldn't understand either one of them anyway. I am afraid it was a total loss to me. However, the churches there are very pretty. They aren't as ostentatious as some of the ancient European ones, but they are, nevertheless, very beautiful. In the lower part of some of the churches are buried famous men in South American history—bishops, presidents, assassins, etc. The Catholic Church is by far the most predominate religion in South America.



Brooks: What would you say were the most interesting little facts you learned on your trip?

Rock: I was a bit disillusioned with some of our local florists when I saw orchids advertised for five cents apiece. And it's been quite a while since I've been able to eat a roast beef dinner for two-bits. I noticed that men cut their lawns with a curved scyth instead of a lawn mower.

Brooks: Did you say you couldn't speak any Spanish?

Rock: Yes, great sport calling those natives every name in the books and having them just beam and nod their heads obligingly.

Brooks: Did you travel at all into the interior of South America?

Rock: No, I'm sorry I didn't get to go further inland than I did. I did not see any wild life to speak of, but at Marajo Island, at the mouth of the Amazon River, I saw evidences of primitive life when some of the inland inhabitants made their annual trip to the famous place. By listening to some of the local men I learned that the further you follow the river, the wilder life gets. Civilization has not completely reached the innermost points—culture decreases gradually as you go deeper into the mainland. I didn't get a chance to visit the West Coast, just the East Coast as far down as . . .

Brooks: Did you visit any educational institutes?

Rock: I was very interested in their schools, but I didn't have much time to visit them. Education is stressed more than any other public service. School is compulsory until high school age. I did visit the Ward College near Buenos Aires. It is a denominational school of some sort, but I don't know of just what religion. It had an enrollment of about 900 people. The students all dressed the same, the girls wearing white coats, the boys wearing an equally distinct attire. The governmental budget always includes

a high specification for education.

Brooks: How did you find Trinidad?

Rock: In Trinidad I saw the largest conglomeration of people of different races that I have ever seen. White, black, yellow. And it was the first time I ever saw the gruesome product of a marriage between a Negro and a Japanese.

Brooks: Do the South American tradesmen attempt to exploit the tourists?

Rock: I'll have to admit that the Spaniards have got it all over the other countries when it comes to politeness to tourists. There is no great display of begging, no pressure to buy tourist souvenirs. And the South Americans don't stare in astonishment at Americans. They just take them as a matter of fact. Funny thing, but whenever an American spots another American he rushes up and shakes hands with you just like you were one of the old "circle."

Brooks: Is crime equally rampant in South America?

Rock: No. There is little or no publicity given to the criminal. Law and order seem to prevail without supervision. There seem to be no severe national crimes and if there are, the newspapers do not give them the publicity that ours do here. The policemen who patrol the corners seem to be there more as a service to the tourist and to the citizens than a safeguard against crime.

Brooks: Is the driving a bit erratic in South America?

Rock: I don't want to be plugging this place as a Utopia, but their motor conditions seem to be very good also. All drivers must pass rigid driving tests before they are allowed to drive alone on the streets. Some people have to wait as long as a year before they are even granted licenses. This naturally helps keep the traffic tragedies down. Bicycle riding is nearly as popular as automobile driving.

Brooks: Well, Rock, I suppose you're about ready to tell me about the trip home. What were the gruesome details. As I recall it, you were just starting back when you heard that Norway was involved in the war. I suppose some of your hearty Scandinavian sailors decided to "take a powder" about this time?

Rock: With Norway in the war, our ship out of Oslo, originally, became a belligerent vessel. I began to perk up for a bit of excitement when the Norwegian flag was painted out on the boat. Next, the radio wires were cut and black-outs at regular intervals were enforced. Life boats were made ready for instant use, and temporary structures were formed into rafts in preparation. In Trinidad we were called into the British consulate and advised on the route. Precautions were taken to steer clear of any declared war zone. Just to be on the safe side, three of the passengers left the boat at Trinidad to wait for the American vessel to come through. But all our worries were in vain.

Brooks: Weren't you giving a little thought to G'ville about this time?

Rock: When we reached the maximum distance from home, which was only 7,000 miles, I began to think about home. Seven thousand miles from home and we were cruising back at the maximum speed of ten miles an hour! After leaving the last port, it seemed like we would never arrive.

Brooks: Good man, Rock. Just a family man at heart. Who was on the reception committee?

Rock: Mrs. Rock and Betty met me in New York. They had arrived a week early. They managed to take time off from shopping long enough to pick me up. It was a swell trip but it was sure a grand and glorious feeling to get back!

Brooks: Well, Rock, it's been a pleasure to have you . . .

Sten.: Dr. Williams, you're wanted on the hospital phone.

Rock: Here we go again.

Books

Review of New Books

DOROTHY DEANE

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY. By Richard Llewellyn. 494 pp. New York. The Macmillan Company. \$2.75.

How green and beautiful was Huw Morgan's valley in the mining district of Wales when he was a boy, and how black and desolate was it when he, an old man, finally left it. Richard Llewellyn's first novel is the story of how industrialism and labor trouble brought misery to the proud singing Welsh in the latter part of the nineteenth century. But this book is much more than a social document. The history makes a dynamic and significant background for the story of a sensitive youth who lived to see the fall of a golden age.

The story moves along at a leisurely pace. It seems to take on the rhythm of life itself, moving swiftly when situations are tense and important, and then pausing, taking time out to climb a mountain, or to sit quietly to snatch an unwary trout from the clear cool waters of a sparkling mountain stream. The book is a series of incidents. There is little real plotting, but interest is sustained throughout. The chil-

dren of the Morgan family grow older, and one by one are swallowed up by the ever threatening, ever growing slag pile until only Huw, who is telling the story, is left all alone.

Huw's is a story of nostalgia. It tells of old times that are gone forever. Only in dreams can they come back. Huw escapes from reality by retreating into the past, re-creating his dream world, and then sadly contemplating its passing.

How different is the atmosphere in this new Welsh best seller from that of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*. Both deal with unsatisfactory social conditions. Both novels have a strong emotional appeal, and both authors use detail effectively. Steinbeck's novel is propaganda, while Llewellyn is more interested in a beautiful past and how it was shattered. He is pointing no moral, giving no point of aim for social action. It is a sad, beautiful story of long ago and far away. Sentimental? A little, and justifiably so.

Huw Morgan says what is in his mind, and the way he says it is pleasing. There is music in the rich, color-

(Continued on page 24)

Music

Review of New Recordings

DUKE SMITH

It has so happened that every time this year that I have had to write my column for PORTFOLIO, I have come across at least one record that I think dominates all others for the month, and that is the case again this issue. Father Hines and his orchestra take top honors for their recording of *Boogie Woogie on St. Louis Blues*. His piano, of course, adds tremendously to the rhythm section as well as being showcased alone. The part of this recording that I feel is the best is the Hine's rhythm section, which never before has sounded so potent. The reverse side is *Number 19*, which is only fair.

I have heard much talk around the campus lately about the record that Erskine Hawkins has started on the road up, and after my first listening I agree with all the critics. *Gabriel Meets the Duke* and *Whispering Grass* (Bluebird 10671) are the two sides, with *Gabriel Meets* being by far the better of the two sides. The record starts off with some fine piano playing of Averi Parrish's and then follows up with the entire band really making the record "jump." *Whispering Grass*, on the other hand, is a ballad that has a catching

tune, but the vocals are executed so horribly that it spoils the side.

Larry Clinton steps in again with his version of *Ten Mile Hop* and *The Lady Said Yes* (Victor 26575) and the only thing that keeps the whole record from becoming boring is the fine clarinetting done by Steve Benoric, especially on *Hop*. *The Lady* is only mediocre material with the repetition of words used for "unusual effect."

I feel that I must say a word or two at this time about the new Artie Shaw outfit that is creating such a hit. In reviewing his *Adios, Marquita Linda* (Victor) I could not help but think about the varied musical life this young man has had. When he first came into the business he caused a sensation by his ad-libbing in front of some of the biggest names in jazz. This idea was used in trying to build up a band with the classics used as a basis of swing, but the whole plan fell through. Artie, still as sure of himself as he ever was, then saw the possibilities of a swing band which he formed, operated successfully for two years, got

(Continued on page 23)

Refugee

"All I've ever had is lost"

David Timrud

This gray Atlantic. What sorrows are drowned in it! When I was a little girl I used to bathe in these same waters on the shore of Long Island. Do you smile because I mention so distant a thing? It's strange here, isn't it? I never would have believed anyone who told me I should one day be a refugee. But one can't account for the ways of love, can one?

Oh, that's all right. I don't mind your not answering me. I know part of your face was shot away. It's only that you understand English. I need someone to talk to—someone who thinks in the rhythms of my own tongue.

Look at that woman nursing the child over there. Did you ever see such hopelessness on one face? Oh—I'm sorry. I forgot that you were blinded too. Here! Don't try to smile again. It'll take longer for the tissues to heal if you strain them. Your eyes look as if they're all right. Is there any chance of them ever healing? There—just nod or shake your head. That's the only answer I'd like—if it doesn't tire or hurt you to do that.

You would like to know what's about us, wouldn't you? You can feel the sand beneath your feet, and hear the sea. We're fenced in here by the French. They feel they can't allow us to run all over their country. All my papers are lost. I couldn't get out of here if I wanted to—and I don't want to.

... Over there, at the next fire, are some young men about your own age. The sad mother and two old men are there too. They don't talk. No one around here, except me seems to speak. Do you suppose it is because I was brought up an American? Americans do talk a lot. But here, peoples' lips seem shut.

There is no place for our needs. The only needs the French recognize is food and water. It is not because

you are blind that you have been led down to the sea. They have provided no other place for us. Even the women have lost all modesty. We have had to. There was nothing else to do.

All day long there's nothing but sand and sand, salt and salt, and an eternal waiting. But I might as well wait. Without Fernando there is nothing else. Even those black Senegalese guards don't frighten me any more. I am becoming more like your countrymen and women—so dead, so lifeless.

Do you mind if I speak of other places and things. It will take our minds across that fence. Thank God they can't do much to our thinking what we like.

When I was eighteen—I say that as if it were a long time ago don't I? It's only six years. When I was eighteen I was going to Art School in New York. I met Fernando Cassos. In a few months we were married. He received an inheritance from his estate down in the south of Spain. After we graduated we went to live in what I call "my castle in Spain." All our castles have come tumbling down, haven't they? Fernando was doing well as a painter. Even before we left he had been asked for some of his river scenes by two different exhibitions. Those were glorious days! I never even missed my family. They think I am dead now. It's just as well.

I'm afraid you have difficulty following me. My mind hops and my words jump after it. But what I say is not important. So it doesn't matter, does it?

We had two children. They were both killed one night by a bomb, when I was away to get some food for them. But I will not mention them again. They shall always be part of those sunny days. What days they were! It is not often that a woman is able to find a man who does not laugh at her efforts to develop her own talents. Fernando did not laugh. Even though my skill at the palette could never equal his own, he made me think that I was far better, that my work just hadn't been recognized.

The war caught us up like it caught all the others. After our home was destroyed, burned, I followed his division. He used to make maps, and didn't engage in much of the actual fighting. At least that is what he told me. One day his comrade who was always assigned to work with him returned alone. He told me how Fernando had fallen from a sniper's bullet, and showed me how he, himself, had been wounded. I went to look for the body of my husband, but I couldn't find the place. The soldiers sent me back to the city again . . .

What's the matter with me? Here I try to forget all this horror, and I only make it worse by speaking of it. Perhaps it would be better if I, too, kept my mouth shut. You shake your head? All right. But I shall speak of happier things. Tap me on the arm when I wander off, will you?

There is the grey sea out there. I don't know why I call it the "grey" sea. It's quite black now. Perhaps it was that I used to read so much of Walt Whitman

when I was younger. He lived not far from us, and used to wander often upon the beach when a child. He always seemed to be trying to capture the song of the sea, its whispered words. One of the things he wrote will always haunt me—"Out of the Cradle, Endlessly Rocking." Do you know it? No? It's about a bird, whose mate has been lost, wailing desperately as it flies up and down the beach. Is it any wonder that it should haunt me? You're tapping my arm? Oh, yes! Thank you—I keep forgetting. Oh, I'd better stop talking. I'll only come again and again to the same thing. I don't care—yet I do.

If only you could see these pitiful people who come constantly into the light of our fires. They're looking for their mates, for their children, for their parents. The French are trying to help us out in that way. They print pages of personals for us every Thursday. I never look at them. All I've ever had is lost in the soil across the border. Perhaps you have friends who are looking for you—perhaps you have loved ones you seek? Shall I get the paper? No?

It's just as well you can't see. Here comes a young man to our sad mother's fire. He even looks like my Fernando did. He peers into the group. Perhaps he will come to our fire too. I should like to see him. He's got his back to the fire now. I can't see his face. He seems to be looking at me. He's running!

Oh no, no, no, no! It can't be!

Fernando!

Two Poems

TRYST

High on a jaded hill we lay,
Close in my arms were you; the day
Was caught and held in a revery
Of cobweb cloud and sky.
What did we dream that day, my dear?
You smiled, I know, at the clear
Blue beauty up above the silent leas,
At the chattering jay high in the trees:
All little bits of heaven. You and I
Were still that day. Why
Did we lie so silently?
Why did we whisper then so gently?

Because 'neath that summer spell,
I felt I had no right to tell
My love for you. Because you feared
That I might say it. Neither dared
What was singing in each heart . . .
Because we knew that we would part
With love untold, that hearts could not assay
To share, and tongues would never say.

EPITAPH

Think of me, love. Wait for the hushed dread
Of night to come, when earth no more need strive
In pain along lost paths. When all is dead,
And just one cricket keeps the world alive.
Think then of me, love. Think: his was a heart
That never learned to hate; he knew that men
Were bitter, strangely ugly—but this apart
From fundamental souls, that were again
Thrust strangely full of loveliness and truth—
A lad who failed, and yet could sing,
Who lost his fame and fortune. Yet say: a youth
Full proud of life, who loved each God-made thing!

When I am gone, love—think well of me,
In the night, in the hushed dread of mystery.

DUKE SMITH

(continued from page 21)

tired of and abandoned out on the west coast. The next thing was his coming back to his original idea of a dance orchestra, and his modified version of this idea. Thirty-one men now call themselves members of the Shaw orchestra, and how long this venture will last, few know. He deserves the right to be a success, but paying salaries to thirty-one men every week is something, too.

Tommy Dorsey puts out another one of the tunes that has been responsible for his slipping in the last few months, and please don't kid yourself into thinking that he has not been slipping. *Polka-dots and Moonbeams* (Victor) is the example that I am thinking of. The words are just silly enough to fit the tune, and if it were not for a good tenor sax solo by Babe Russin I am afraid that the recording would be of little value. Never has Tommy had such an outfit that he has now. The musicians are there, but they do not seem to blend like they should. It really seems a shame, too, because he is one of the most amiable leaders in the orchestra world, well liked and highly thought of by his fellow workers. I hope he begins to produce soon.

Here I am at the end of my restricted number of words again, and have not mentioned very much about records this time, but have endeavored to give you a little light on the bands as I see them. Next year I hope to be writing a little different style of column, devoting more space to the mechanics of the various orchestras. Until then, here's to better listening.

(continued from page 6)

Director M. took care of the social life. A movie house was built and pictures could be seen once a week. A large orchestra and a jazz band were organized by the men. Actors gave plays, and others entertained themselves in sports such as table-tennis, chess, soccer, track, and boxing. The camp teams challenged all the local teams around Kitchener Camp. It was interesting for us to find how the good weather influenced the minds of these poor refugees who had lost all. Some were like children, just happy to be alive.

Jimmy and I felt happy, too. We went swimming in the sea and hitch hiked to the near-by summer resort, Raussgate, where bands played frequently. On sunny days we could see across to France. We made many acquaintances, too. Several English men found our company enjoyable, especially Jimmy's, as he spoke eight languages and had studied in Berlin, Vienna, and Paris; and invitations for supper or dinner were not infrequent.

The population of small Landwich seemed to like the camp men very much, too. A shopkeeper once said to me: "That they let you go from Germany is inconceivable to me. I have never seen such hard-working men."

Six months after I had come to the camp, we numbered a hundred. Now we were 3,500. One day a letter was brought to me, written by the home office, London, giving me permission to work as an apprentice in a factory.

I think now that I felt happy about it although I liked the camp very much. But I am fond of changes and new experiences. To work in an English factory was something new to me. So I decided to leave; I said farewell to all my friends. Director M.'s letter gave me an excellent reference.

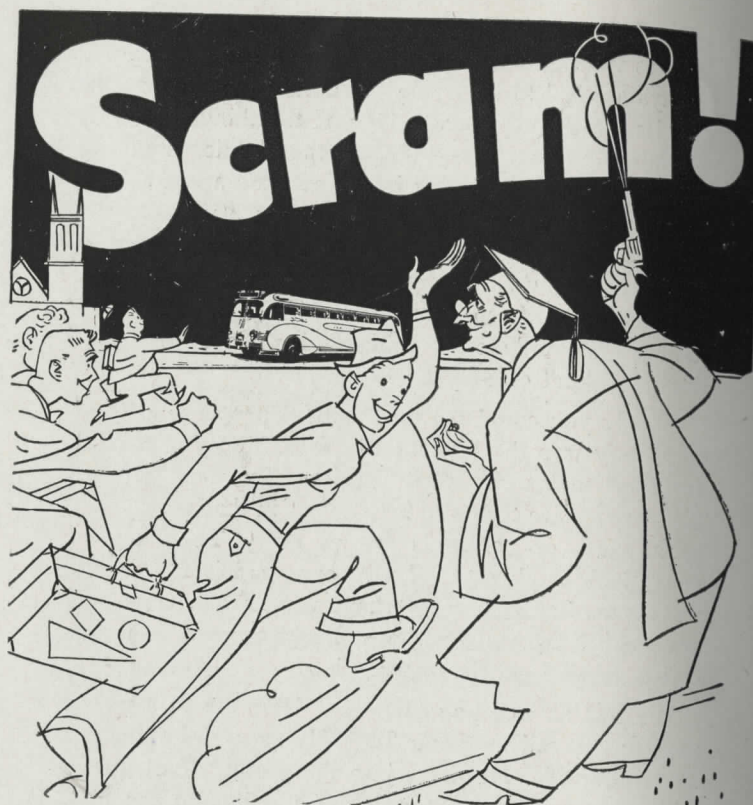
When I left for the last time through the gate, I looked back once more to the refugee town: Kitchener Camp. In the small gardens in front of clean barracks the flowers were blooming—in these barracks people lived, breathed, and worked. I felt a bit homesick for the young, working refugees there—those of tomorrow.

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ful lines of Welch dialect. There is color and imagery in the lines

"I remember how cold was the green down there, and how like a patchwork counterpane with all the browns of the plowing and the squares of the curving hedges. The farms were small as white match-boxes and sheep were like little kittens. Indeed, if they kept still they would look like little rocks."

It is a subjective story, a history of emotional experience. Huw says, "Nobody knows how I feel but me." Through his experience the reader comes to know and respect Huw's father, love his mother and sister-in-law, and understand his impetuous brothers. *How Green Was My Valley* is a story of realism told in a romantic way. This rather novel approach gives the story a freshness that is not found in much of the realism of our day.



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