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## Portfolio Vol. IV N 2

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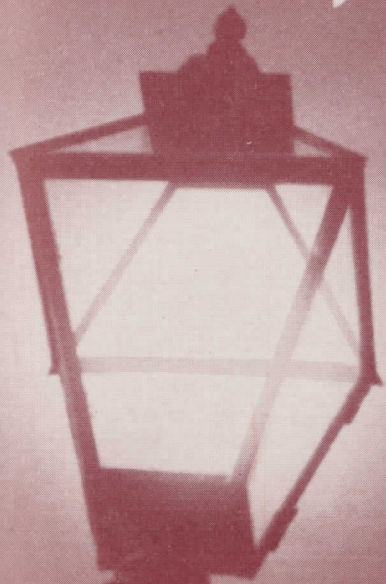
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## Portfolio Vol. IV N 2

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# Portfolio



# Portfolio

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

### SHORT STORIES

DAMNED LAUGHTER.....	MARY VIRGINIA LAY	3
THEY CALL IT LOVE.....	DOROTHY CARD	5
MAESTRO.....	JOHN KINNEY	7
IT RAINED.....	DAVE SIEGFRIED	18
MOTHER MAC.....	MARGARET SHIELDS	18
IF LOVE COULD BE.....	ADELA BECKHAM	19

### VERSE

WAR SONNETS.....	DANNER L. MAHOOD	2
STILL THE ECHO.....	ADELA BECKHAM	10
THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.....	TOBY RAYMOND	20

### ARTICLES

THE CHINESE DRAMA.....	DAVID KEN CHIN	15
THE CASE FOR MODERN ART.....	HORACE KING	21

### FEATURES

DESIGN FOR LIFE.....	ROBERT BRIDGE	11
LETTER FROM BURMA.....	DR. GORDON SEAGRAVE	12
STYLEGLANCE.....		6
ELIZABETH THE QUEEN.....		14

### DEPARTMENTS

THE BOOKSHELF.....		16
KEEPING THE RECORDS STRAIGHT.....	DUKE SMITH	17
PORTFOLIO OF CONTRIBUTORS.....		24

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## Crossroads . . .

A NUMBER of years ago there appeared a slim volume with the brief title, *Larry*. It was perhaps a sentimental and ideal picture of a young man, but it is to be treasured as an honest and convincing picture of a college man who knew what he wanted, and who bent all his efforts toward attaining it.

Likewise when we read the original manuscript of Robert Bridge's *Design for Life*, (originally *I Want to Live*) we were impressed by the strength and beauty of this man's plan for life.

Few of us seem to know what we want or where we are going; and strangely enough, the years of college seem to increasingly disrupt us more often than they solve our problem. A terrifying number of our graduates leave with no more aim in mind other than vaguely "a job," and with fewer convictions and ideas on life than with which they came. Everyone of us here at college needs a design for life.

We are an indecisive lot. We flit about from interest to interest without any more notion of where we are

going than a rat in a maze. It seems logical to suppose that we could in part avoid this wild confusion if we would but introspect and reflect and determine our goal; then adjust ourselves to accomplishing it.

Frequently you still hear the old cry of overorganization of the campus. This is absurd. It is no more so than is our curriculum. Both are a matter of selection, with an eye to interest, ability, and usefulness; it is not the campus but the individual that is chaotically overorganized.

Religious Emphasis Week too has shown us how little we know of ourselves; our religion has been a vague, undefined thing; our aim in life an ambiguous one. Surely these leisurely years are the ones for consideration of ourselves and what we believe; the years after graduation will be few enough for work and achievement.

Members of Philosophy 431 were asked this year, to write for their final examination, a philosophy of life. Most of them discovered it an extremely difficult but enjoyable task. Many were surprised with what they learned of themselves. It is true that

at our age we cannot hope to know and understand the complexities of life, but we can, at least, begin to discover by what code we are and we desire to live. We can *begin* to form a credo.

Recently a campus honorary spent an evening discussing what a graduate of Denison was prepared to do. Many felt that we became nothing more than a hodge-podge of facts, plus the memory of a wonderful vacation. And alas, this is often true. It was quickly pointed out, however, that an excellent preparation *is* possible. It is necessary first to *determine* upon a field of interest, upon a view of society, and a desirable goal; then one can integrate his entire life here at Denison so that he or she feels and sees progress. In curriculum, extra-curricular activities, social life, athletics—in every way we can move ahead, not pleasantly mark time.

Here at the crossroads of college, we can choose a future way, and then happily and dilligently pursue it. With a design for life we will become stable, interesting, capable, and important personalities.

# War Sonnets

DANNER L. MAHOOD

To FRED LYE, Esquire,  
Spring Mount,  
Oakenrod Hill,  
Rochdale,  
England.

Rochdale's no place that men will write about,  
And yet for four score years it was your home;  
The grime and smoke of chimneys put to rout  
All thoughts of poetry, still I seem to roam  
In thoughts to Spring Mount once again. You told  
How here cooperatives had their start,  
And here when Lancashire was hungry, cold,  
Our Lincoln sent you corn to ease the smart  
Of famine. Memory lets me see again  
Your pride in benefactions done for peace—  
Now on your Shakespeare garden bombers rain  
Their deadly shrapnel. When this war shall cease,  
We'll count the flowers, as I did with you,  
And pick a rose—and just a sprig of rue.

PERGE!

TO HERMAN BAER

They tried to teach the craft of death to you  
At Fussen where the magic lights of lakes  
Reflect the towering Zugspitz. You could view  
The fairylike Neuswanstein where it makes  
The mind of man forget the toil of camp  
And tanks and cannon—Mad they called the king  
Who built it, but you thought he had the stamp  
Of genius in his hate of war, that spring  
When we joined minds in thoughts of peace, goodwill,  
And freedom of the future. Who could see,  
Those few short years ago, your country thrill  
To war on all that's dear to you and me?  
Where are you now? Warsaw, Dunkirk, Ostende,  
Or gone *Ad Astra*? . . . still, you are my friend.



LANDSCAPE  
By EUGENE LENSER

—Courtesy Columbus Art Gallery

FEBRUARY, 1941

3



## Damned Laughter

A story of the supernatural, difficult  
to explain, and yet, 'strangely—true

MARY VIRGINIA LAY

**M**Y GRANDPARENTS lived in Boise, Idaho, for the past 50 years. They watched it grow from a typical early western town to the charming little city it now is, half hidden in trees in the fertile Boise Valley.

Grandfather had mining property in the region of Thunder Mountain and as a child I remember the most exciting days were when grandfather started off with his pack team for the mountains. There was such a bustle for days before the great event; grandmother putting up provisions and finally the thrill of crawling out in the summer dawn, watching wide eyed as the men assembled; the horses pawing impatiently, the low voices of the men in the half dark. Grandfather would always swing me up on his saddle and I would ask the same question: "Can't I go this time grandpa, please?" but always would come the same answer: "Afraid you'll have to grow some to stretch those legs over Jo's sides—then maybe." I lived for the weeks to go by when grandfather would come back with strange stories of his adventures. However, it was not until years later that I found the following story among some other diary accounts of his experiences that grandmother gave to me to read. I had grown up in the meantime but it was too late to go with grandfather into Thunder Mountain for as he would have expressed it, he had "gone over the Great Divide." From the very first sentence of the story it sounded just like grandfather talking and so I settled myself for the strange story of Thunder Mountain:

It was not as if Jack and I were school boys who laughed nervously at a coyote's howl. We were no tender-foot trailers for we had seen many strange exhibits in untamed nature. For twenty years now we had taken our pack teams together to Warren. This town was the last outpost of civilization before going into the wilds of Thunder Mountain. We had seen the silent mountain lion spring on the back of a poised deer, seen the white throat turn scarlet with blood; hacked and jagged under the power of those claws. We had seen, too, animal-men with the same maddened lust in their eyes, spring and close their fingers around the throat of their victim and then reach for the gold nugget in the limp hand. Yes, we had seen all these but we accepted them as part of the civilization they represented, where men leave formalities and conventions behind with their white collars and razors, and where primitive animal power is not to be viewed from behind iron bars by amused Sunday afternoon visitors.

After spending several days in Warren's one hotel while our horses rested and we re-supplied, we finally swung up into our saddles and started slowly down Warren's one street. All along the way interested spectators appeared to see us off. The saloon doors were swung wide and the bartender stood wiping his hands on the dirty rag tied around his middle while a few early customers lifted their glasses in farewell.

We reached our placer property the next morning. We were going to start work on it in a few weeks but we were having some trouble with another company over water rights so Jack and I spent all that first day checking over our land.

When we had finished our day's work we found ourselves in a region that seemed more remote and wilder looking than other sections we had passed through. There was a strangeness about this place, the strangeness of secretive houses. There brooded a restlessness that was not conducive to inner quiet and peace. The same water jumped and tumbled over the rocks below as it had further up the road but here the gurglings and moans of the water sounded almost human. The moans sounded as if something human was being pulled over the rocks by an unseen force. It was not a pleasant thought. We unsaddled the horses and while they wandered off for water we busied ourselves preparing dinner.

We laughed and talked more than usual, recalling incidents in Warren as we packed away the grub and rolled out the blankets for the night. Jack piled more wood on the fire as the red head of the sun slipped down behind the mountain, for here there is no pause between daylight and darkness. Tonight there were no stars and the darkness seemed alive as it settled down like black hands upon us. It was the blackness of deep wells; even the fire-light did not reveal the faint pencil line of the mountain ranges. The blackness seemed to breathe and have substance and its blotting out of the world beyond our small circle of fire made us feel that we were the only ones that existed. The river was groaning again, and again came that picture of the rocks. Our temporary light-heartedness was gone and that restless feeling was gnawing at us. Jack turned his weather-beaten face, which was already starting a small brush two days away from a razor, into that other world beyond our firelight and I could see a little flicker of a tightened cheek muscle.

"There is something queer about this place and I've got a swell case of the jitters. It is so damned quiet underneath that yelling river. Oh, well, if it's haunts we're disturbing, we'll be out of here in the morning and leave them in peace."

As his unassuring laugh died away there suddenly came another laugh from that outer world. I have heard the wild laughter of a mad man which turned me cold on a hot summer day, but never had I heard anything like this. It started high and eerie like a woman's thin shriek that was pregnant with terror and then it slid down in varying and more horrible degrees to the low, wild, uncontrolled laughter of a fiend. I felt as if ice-water was trickling down my neck with cold, wet fingers and I tried to swallow but could not. I could see Jack's eyes bulging with a primitive fear. When the laughter stopped Jack's lips coordinated to form:

"Good God, what was it? I told you there was something queer about this place."

As if to confirm his statement, the fiendish laughter came back again, this time right at my shoulder. I whirled but there was nothing there only blackness laughing horribly. I jumped to my feet and drew my gun and cried into that other world:

"Stop that! Whoever is out there come here or I will shoot!"

Still only blackness and laughter were there and my nervous finger pulled the trigger. The bullet cut through the air but there was only silence.

"Well, whoever was out there I guessed I scared away."

We sat around our diminishing fire for some time longer, waiting with tense bodies and roving eyes. There was only the sound of the crying water and at last we gave up our vigil and rolled into our blankets for the night.

I do not know how much later it was when I awoke from sleep. There was still only silence and yet I definitely felt a presence there in the darkness. The fire had gone out and for once Jack was not snoring and I felt completely alone with that presence. I had raised myself on my elbows and suddenly I felt something on my throat that pushed me back to the ground. It was a feeling of super human strength and coldness that closed around my throat until I could not even cry out to Jack. I fought the shapeless air with my hands and then came that wild laugh so close that it pressed down on my damp face. The pressure tightened on my throat and my lungs felt as if they were pushing through my chest. A shot sang over my head and slowly the pressure lessened and the laugh fled back into the darkness. Jack was bending over me and his lantern made a tunnel of light. I had to swallow several times before I could gasp:

"My God, Jack, that shot came just at the right time. I was being slowly but surely strangled."

I told Jack of what had just happened and I could fairly see the hair on his neck stiffen and rise as he listened. When I had finished he flashed the light on my neck and found that it was practically purple. Needless to say we spent the remaining hours of the night around a built up campfire, our eyes fairly burning into the darkness. But nothing further happened and as the first finger of dawn brushed the sky we were packed and ready to leave. You may be assured we left without a backward look at our camp site.

Our story might end here except for another event which occurred before we could ever most willingly turn our backs on that part of Thunder Mountain and forget that dreadful night. When the men began to work on the property a week later, the story of that night leaked out. Of course the major reaction was that of horror. However two of the men who possessed almost brute-like

(continued on page 23)

## They Call It Love

It might be Shaw, Sawyer, or Parsons;  
at any rate, it's dorm life in the raw

DOROTHY CARD

IT STARTS out with a buzzer every time. Well, no, not every time, but so nearly so that we can start that way.

She goes down stairs to the telephone after yelling "coming" at the top of her lungs. Everyone relaxes, because while someone's on the telephone, no one else will get a call, that's sure. Suddenly the quiet atmosphere is split wide open by the scream of, "Dee—it's him—he called!"

Everyone, without fail, jumps a good two inches from her chair, and then, if not a good friend, (or enemy), of the shrieking-goddess, sinks back for more "concentrated effort."

"Dee, he did call—he did," the voice, still screeching, comes lurching into the room. "Oh, God, darling! And I didn't think he would! Just think! Well, aren't you going to say anything? Aren't you thrilled? Just think, he called!"

By this time her breath is gone, thank heaven, and we ask politely, "Who called, darling?"

"Why, Jim, of course, who did you think?" the goddess answers with eyes wide open. "He called and guess what? Just guess what? We, he and I, are going out tonight! Isn't that just wonderful?"

Well, I suppose, if it were any other person in the world, it would be, but when you go through this on the average of twice a week, it gets rather boring.

"What color will I make my nails, darling. I know, I'll wear that subtle gray dress and my brightest red polish. That will be contrast, won't it. Oh! good gosh! What will I do if I don't get another date with him? I've just got to make him like me. I'd die if I never saw him again! Oh, Dee! What would I do if he didn't call—just what would I do? —There, that's done; now I'll do my nails—and—oh, Dee, can I borrow your gray shoes? You will let me, won't you dear? There, that's a good child."

Well, that goes on and on. It really does—for one solid hour. Jim finally arrives. Oh, and thank heaven he does, because we would all be raving maniacs if he didn't come soon.

Mary very quietly asks, "Who does she have a date with?"

"Jim—I don't know who," someone answers.

"Oh," Mary says, Mary has been awfully quiet lately. She hardly ever says a word. "Man-trouble" is the general difficulty when girls get quiet, but I can't imagine Mary ever having man-trouble, she's been going with a fellow for just ages, and so no one pays much attention to her.

At ten, the lights flicker. Downstairs we hear, "—had a wonderful time! Sure—give me a buzz—O. K." The door bangs and then "Dee—oh, Dee! God, darling, he's wonderful! Up the stairs comes the goddess, all breathless and excited. We lay down our books—not a chance to study now.

"Did you have a nice time?" I ask.

"Nice? Oh, Dee dar-ling! You just can't imagine. It was *su-u-per!* He's wonderful—he really is! Oh! I'm just crazy about him! We went down to Ted's and sat and just talked and talked for the *longest* time, and then he asked me if I wanted to take a walk. It's such a gorgeous night out. Have you seen the moon, Dee? Well, deary, it's just gorgeous, and he's so wonderful! Oh, honest, Dee, I'm really in love! I know it now! I've never in all my life felt this way!"

"Who did you go out with?" Mary asks quietly.

"Jim Brown," the goddess retorts. "Isn't that a wonderful name?"

"Oh—oh, yes!" Mary answers.

"And kids!" the goddess gushes forth again, "you haven't heard the *half* of it—Not even half! Do you know what happened? Well, as I said, we decided to take a walk. Oh, and the moon and stars were so beautiful! And we walked and walked, and then we stopped and looked at the moon. He was holding my hand and oh, it was so romantic and everything. He had been telling me all about when he went to Bermuda and everything, when all of a sudden—he kissed me. It was such a surprise! I couldn't do a thing about it. I was just stunned! And he's so wonderful! Well, going home, he told me that he'd been practically going steady with some girl named Mary—imagine a romantic soul like Jim going around with a girl with such a dippy-sounding name as Mary—well, anyhow, he said he didn't care if he never saw her again now that he'd met me. Oh, Dee, God! I'm in love—I'm in love!!"

The goddess sweeps, literally sweeps out of the room. Her voice trails back like the imaginary train that swishes behind her, and the room is again in silence.

"Well," sighs Joan, "thank gosh that's over."

"A-men," answers Mary, quietly. She said it with a funny voice. I looked at her and saw that she was awfully pale. She's been looking pretty awful all the way around lately—she's been studying too hard, I guess. Mary picks up her stuff and walks out. We start studying again.



Artist Joe Anstaett has pictured above John College as he might appear. The suit is of brown corduroy, both jacket and trousers. The jacket is cut long and full, with notched lapels and a three-button front. His shirt is white oxford cloth with button down collar, and the tie is regimental stripe in blue, yellow, and maroon. The shoes are brown with moccasin toes and thick, gum soles; the sox are wool with plaid design, in colors matching the tie. Also are shown a sandune shade oxford shirt with blue stripes, a blue foulard with white diamond designs, and a plaid brown and blue wool tie.

Most small schools the size of Denison live by the rule that what you want to wear is the right thing to wear. We fall in line with this maxim. Nevertheless an amazing number of men read the current fashion magazines and consult the brothers on proper color and pattern combinations. For this reason we include this glance at John College and one of the many fads in campus wear.

No, we're not trying to go high-brow on you or to make ourselves out as fashion experts. But we thought you might like a glance at what the well-dressed grille-sitter is supposed to be wearing these days. Out east undergraduates have been wearing corduroy suits for years, and these garments seem to have all the qualities which go to make up a useful campus outfit.

## STYLEGLANCE

# Maestro

There are many ways of serving;  
Otto found how to give his best

JOHN KINNEY

"HI, OTTO, great mornin', isn't it?" The cheerful greeting came from the butcher who was hurrying down the street to open his shop in time for the early morning customers. The person spoken to was a middle-aged German Jew of rather slight proportions. Otto, as the little Jew was usually called, was out in front of his small shop fixing the awning over the sidewalk. The awning was a bit tattered and he had to spend several minutes adjusting it in order that the torn places didn't show quite so prominently. Otto was known throughout the neighborhood and, in fact, had almost become a part of the atmosphere for those living in this part of New York, often referred to as the lower east side. His small violin shop boasted of little more than a small display room in the front and a somewhat dingy workshop in the rear.

On the front window of his shop was the inscription "Violins Expertly Made and Repaired." Small gold print in the corner of the window named the proprietor as Otto Kroll. Few knew just what Otto had done or how he had gained his reputation, other than the generally conceded idea that he was naturally gifted in violin construction. Well dressed men in swanky cars would visit the shop to order a new violin or to have a valuable creation of an old master restored after some accident. These occasional visits that the upper strata of society paid to the near-slums were a very real tribute to the little foreigner's skill.

While Otto's adult friends throughout the neighborhood were numerous, his greatest pleasure seemed to come from his association with the children of the community. Small boys were often to be found sitting on packing boxes in the rear of the shop, watching with childish admiration the shaping of a neckpiece, the planing of a fingerboard, or the intricate designing of a bridge. While part of this childish interest naturally accompanied watching such careful and painstaking work, the bulk of the interest came largely from Otto's willingness to answer questions and explain things to the children. Of course any work that was as unusual as that of violin making was subject to a flood of childish questions.

"What are those little stakes in the middle for?"

"Why do you have to paint 'em?"

"Why is a fiddle shaped like that?"

Without a trace of irritation Otto would point out the use of each part and the need for exact

work. He occasionally told some of the older boys about the material he used. He knew the details of violin making back through the centuries—how the Tuscany maple had been destroyed by a blight, why American maple had too much sap in the wood to be used, about the Pernambuco wood used for the finer bows. Occasionally he would take out an old faded map and point out the sections of Austria where the Tyrolian spruce he was now using was found. The children often asked him to play for them on one of the numerous violins in glass cases around the walls. Only twice had Otto been known to play, in the presence of anyone. Both times it had been for the entertainment of the children. While but few had actually seen him play, members of the neighborhood had more than once been stopped while walking down the street in the evening by the sound of a Russian lullaby or a haunting Italian sonata. The music never continued for long at a time but those who had listened felt strangely quieted.

One afternoon in response to the demands of a little visitor, nine year old Bobby Taylor, Otto played for a short time. The beautiful tones swayed even the imagination of the youngster.

"Otto, I couldn't hate anyone and still listen to that."

"My child, people who have known great music seldom hate at all. Music is the thing that you have that's the same as some little boy in Europe. You may not know what he says, but you both enjoy beautiful music."

Bobby Taylor was one of the Jew's juvenile admirers. He probably spent more time at the shop than any of the other children since he lived but two blocks away. Bobby had started to take violin lessons and Otto had done much to encourage him during the first two years that were so trying.

No one knew the complete details of Otto's background. Many knew small fragments of his past which if pieced together would have made a most interesting story. Seldom did Otto talk of his past, but his face showed the reserve of one who had seen and felt much. When people heard the haunting tones of his violin from the street, they had no way to know that they were listening to the former protégé of the great Russian violinist Wienowski. No one knew of Otto's hard work and long hours of preparation for his first concert tour through Europe. Then the first few performances,

the thundering applause, the praise of the critics, and then—the war. How he had been called back to serve in the trenches—the wound in his shoulder—being rescued from no-man's land. How a timely operation saved him the use of his arm but shattered forever his hopes of being a concert artist. Those terrible months after the war trying to get started again doing something—anything—to get his mind off of his tragedy. Then his decision to go to America and make violins. He would open a shop and have a business in New York of which he had heard so much. Then the first two years when he nearly starved to death trying to make a living, and finally his chance. It was the accident that had cracked the violin owned by Piastro of the Philharmonic, and Otto's careful work in restoring the violin. After that he was started. The fine job he had done on the aged masterpiece had given him a reputation which had constantly grown. It was then that he had come to the realization that while he could no longer produce great art in the form of his own playing, he could make great violins that would give his ambition realization in the hands of the great artists. That incident had been the turning point in his life; he could continue to give the world art but in a different way.

While he had continued his work since then, he had imported much wood and varnish, and other necessary materials. When he inspected shipments of merchandise, his unerring eye would pick a perfect piece of wood every once in a while. For years he had been watching and waiting, picking only flawless woods and laying them aside until he could no longer work at his regular business, and then he would have time to work on the instrument he had occasionally mentioned to his friends. It would be as perfect in every detail of material and construction as was humanly possible. Many times when sitting alone, quietly fashioning a new scroll or turning a tailpiece, he would consider the instrument of his dreams. It would be the crowning of his achievements. In it would be everything that he had wanted to leave to the world. He had kept the part sizes of an old Guarnier violin, which he planned to copy as closely as possible for his prize instrument. He had been selecting wood, keeping certain mixtures of varnish, and setting aside some gut of the best quality he could get. The one case that he kept under lock and key contained this picked set of materials. He seldom objected to the children picking up parts and tools in order to examine them, but he never permitted them to open this one case. Every time he would repair a violin he would examine it closely in order that he might get ideas of construction and design for his future plan.

One morning several days after the newspapers had carried screaming headlines of the Nazi attack of Holland and Belgium, a neighbor who lived several blocks away, strode into the little Jew's shop with a violin case under his arm.

"Good morning, Otto, just thought I'd leave the kid's fiddle here for you to fix when you get time. She stumbled down some stairs and dropped it, case and all, and cracked the top of the fiddle."

Otto softly hummed to himself as he removed the instrument from its case and examined it.

"Hmm, it'll take several days for the glue to set. How about dropping in the first of next week?"

"O.K., I'll stop by on my way home Monday night. How's business these days? Many people want new fiddles now?"

"Well, Mr. Jones, business is pretty slow. About all I do now is repair work. I've only had a few orders for new violins lately. Besides it has been harder and harder to get material from Europe. Now that the war is on in earnest, I don't suppose I can get any wood at all. Two months ago, a friend of mine in Austria, who has sent me material, wrote, saying that he could not fill my last order because the government was not allowing any special woods to be sent out of the country. So you see, it sort of looks like I won't make any more violins for a while, at least till this war is over. I will just have to live on the money I can make patching up old ones."

"This war won't last very long, Otto. You can bet on that. You'll be getting your stuff within eight months. Well, I got to get to work. Good-bye."

The conversation with the neighbor had set Otto to thinking. For over two hours he sat deep in thought amidst his tools and crates. He did not wholly agree with the confident statement of Mr. Jones about the war being over in a hurry. Hadn't the same thing been said about the last war? If he could not make much money now and with the chances of getting supplies from Europe nearly impossible for an indefinite time, was this not the time to start work on his dreams? He had finished collecting the necessary materials. In his carefully guarded case was spruce from the Australian Tyrol for the body, the dryest spruce he had been able to get. Jat black ebony for the fingerboard and tailpiece. A strip of Italian fir would make the bridge. The mixture of varnish he had saved for this undertaking was the result of trying many combinations, and this special mixture had given the hardest finish and had left the tone of the instrument the most crisp. His strings had been made in Europe over ten years before and had ceased to be available. The hair for the bow had been chosen from over twelve different shipments. Thus he had all the material needed, and all of it of the best quality. He now had the time, so why not start on his enterprise? The sooner he started it, the more time he would have to devote to the tedious details.

For two hours he sat turning this over in his mind. The only obstacle was this: Would he have enough money to live while he worked on the violin? When he finally began to repair the three-quarter size violin Mr. Jones had brought in, it was with the determination that when he had

finished it, the work he had waited for so long should begin.

Far into the night he worked, laying the plans for the body parts. Many times he checked and rechecked the measurements that they might be exact. The next day he began to cut the wood that he had prepared the day before. He no longer allowed the children to sit around in his workshop for fear one of them might innocently drop a piece of his prize material. Occasionally Bobby would come to see him but he never stayed long. Otto was entirely wrapped up in his lone enterprise now.

Evening strollers nearly always saw the light burning in the back of the little shop till past midnight every night. Sometimes they could see the dim figure of the little Jew bending over his work. His lithe fingers would always be busy fingering an edge, cutting the supports for sounding posts, or examining the fit of a nearly completed neckpiece. Even fewer people noticed Otto outside his shop than had before he began his new work. He seemed to be at work constantly despite his somewhat weak constitution. The neighbors respected his industry but none realized the food he had gone without that he might have money for sandpaper and light bulbs. If anyone could have watched the little Jew closely, they would have seen that he was growing thinner, and his step lacked its former resilience and spring.

The months passed and the superb instrument neared completion. A few friends stopped in to comment on its beauty, but none of the people of the neighborhood had the background to appreciate the finer points of its construction. After over sixteen months of patient labor, the undertaking was completed. Instead of playing on it immediately, he kept the violin in a compartment where he regulated the moisture in the air. The instrument was kept there constantly except when Otto took it out to show a friend or to admire it himself. Stradivarius was never prouder of one of his violins than the slight foreigner was of this one.

Reading the paper one afternoon, Otto saw the announcement of the concert to be given by the great Mischa Elman the following night. Otto secretly wished that he had money to go, but he had had but two meals in the last three days and there was no way of getting money for something as expensive as that. How he wished that there was some way to put his violin in the hands of an artist such as Elman. He had tried the violin for tone and was confident of its success—if there

were only some way to get a person of reputation to try it!

About ten the next morning, a short, pompous, little man walked briskly into the shop and asked for Mr. Kroll.

"I am Mr. Kroll, sir," the Jew replied quietly. Then suddenly Otto's eyes widened for he recognized from the pictures in the paper, that the person before him was none other than Mischa Elman himself. The stranger spoke quickly, identified himself, and then stated his errand.

"The taxi I was in this morning had an accident. The foolish driver tried to run a light and another car hit our back end. Look at my violin here. See that crack?"

As Otto looked at the violin Elman had taken from the case and handed to him, he saw where the edge of the sound box had been opened, apparently through some sudden jar, for nothing else seemed to be injured.

"How soon can you fix that? I came to you because of recommendations of the people at the hall. I must appear in the concert tonight."

"I am sorry, but the glue would not set in the press in less than thirty hours, sir. You have no other violin?"

"I could borrow another one, but I hate to."

Otto then told him of the one he had made. Walking to the case he took out the beautiful creation and handed it to the artist. Elman examined it closely and then asked permission to play on it. Otto gladly consented, so the artist played several scale passages and a series of harmonics on the new instrument.

"The tone quality is remarkable to be so new," Elman exclaimed. "If I may play this violin tonight, I will gladly pay you well. What do you say?"

"I would be very honored, sir, if you would use it."

That night at eight-thirty Bobby stopped in to say hello to Otto. He found the door to the shop open and after calling and no one answered, he walked in. He started with surprise when he saw Otto lying unconscious on the floor at the end of the counter. After shaking him and pouring water in his face, he managed to revive him sufficiently, so that he could help him upstairs to his cot. Then Bobby ran home after his mother. His mother was at a neighbor's and it was about half an hour before he could find her and bring her back to the little shop.

As the little boy and his mother climbed the

(continued on page 23)





## Still the Echo

ADELA BECKHAM

The echo rankles in the tangled grain,  
Where thunder in the east is never done.  
It crowds the silver ankles of the rain,  
And noon-day feels it shiver in the sun.  
The moons are cold that splash their bitter light  
Across the knowing innocence of Spring;  
They drag their diamond skirts across the night,  
And tear away cloud fingers that would cling.

I lie, and never mind the bullet here,  
That closes off my heart-beat and my breath,  
But God eternal, take away the fear  
Of constant thunder intimate with death.  
My blood goes warm into the broken ground,  
But still the echo shudders after sound.

Oh, why do you seek  
For the wind's wild bride,  
While I walk here breathing,  
Warm at your side.

And why do you  
Cherish a yellow leaf?  
While my red mouth hushes  
My angry grief?

Twilight and after,  
A furious moon,  
You shall go lonely,  
And you shall go soon.

But I must go laughing,  
My soul apart,  
Shaking and dying with  
Tears on my heart.

The ivy wrote in fire  
Upon this tree,  
But that was time ago  
And now in me,  
My heart that lay  
And only dreamed of pain,  
Is sheathed in ice,  
Like trees in freezing rain,  
And like the silvered boughs  
The night winds shake,  
My cold heart dares not yield,  
Lest it should break.

Mark me no crosses  
On the wall;  
Tear a bright flower  
And let it fall.

Scatter no blessings  
On my head;  
Nor pry my stiff lips  
With blood and bread.

Cry me curses  
In your sleep;  
Wake before morning  
And hear me weep.



BLACK AND WHITE DANCERS  
Frances Gray Elliott, Athens



## Design for Life

ROBERT BRIDGE

**H**AVE a plan for life. I made the first sketch of it while I was yet a boy, and now as a young man I have drawn it up for consideration. It is a plan, founded by a desire to live abundantly, conceived in the ambition of a youth to whom all things are possible through faith, animated by sacrifice of meaningless activity, fostered by love for the task, and disciplined by the fear of an uninspired life. It is not a way to make money. It is not a way to spend eight hours a day after another eight has been sacrificed to the god of Waste in misapplied labor. It is not a method of spending the paycheck for which worshippers of this god live. It is a plan for living every moment of a life sacrificed to the God of Truth in an armor of love. \* \* \* As a boy I felt that my labor of love should be architecture, and that became the dominant feature of my plan. I had no contact with the architectural profession. I knew only that my greatest pleasure was found in poring over plans of homes and in catching something of my dreams with pencil and paper. As a young man, a student of architecture, I am not greatly concerned that I know little about my chosen profession as such. I do know that I love to create a design which is a sincere and logical answer to the imposed conditions of building, as a mathematician loves to search out and record a logical solution to his problem. I long to express human qualities of understanding in physical forms—to create a building which will not only serve man but will inspire him. I want to translate thoughts into forms, giving life to the lifeless. \* \* \* Imparting life to others is a minor element of interest in my plan. The glimmer of light that I have caught in my worship of the God of Truth overwhelms me with the smallness of the necessary self-sacrifice and the greatness of the reward. My joy makes me eager to give of myself that others might be led toward the light which I have glimpsed. Sharing one's joy with others magnifies one's own experience. Is not self-sacrifice the greatest selfishness? \* \* \* Occasionally, this element of human relationship has been about to take on major interest, but I believe it must be a strengthening member for the dominant—architecture—if I am to express by whole self. I love to contact people and find interest in them worthy of appreciation: As an architect I should be able to design with people as well as for them. Yes, I can fuse my love of human relationship with my love of architecture to create a stronger design. \* \* \* There is another element of interest in my plan. It is there because of another love—that for music. A vital part of my design, it is a large section of the background out of which I should draw inspired thoughts, as one draws faith from a fine friendship. \* \* \* I am trying to acquire a fine background in the belief that a fine design might be drawn thereon. My life has been filled with rich experiences and friendships of real beauty. I pray that I may be worthy of men. The fool stands in the presence of beauty unmoved. The wise man bows in her presence inspired to express his appreciation. \* \* \* The love of beauty inspires the soul. The love of God energizes the will. Appreciation of beauty is a definite

(continued on page 23)

## Letter from Burma

DR. GORDON SEAGRAVE

November 5th, 1940.

DEAR CHILDREN: I did not write last week. After reading Mother's letter, if it ever got through, perhaps you will forgive me this time. My mind is still more or less in a whirl, though it is better today than any time yet. I can't remember the incidents before the bombing. All I know is I was due to go over Saturday, some ten days ago, and I went to take a nap before leaving. When I went to sleep I could hear a couple of training planes which had just been made at Loiwing, being flown around. Just about time to get up, the sound of those planes in my sleep changed to a nightmare of Japanese bombers, but I had previously had such a nightmare so when mother started screaming at me from the bathroom, it all fitted in with my dream and I couldn't realize she was really calling me. I guess she was pretty fed up with me by the time I woke up. I got one glimpse at them. They had come over Burma about 6 or 7 miles up the motor road towards Muse and were heading straight for Loiwing. They sure looked pretty. I yelled at that stupid Hkam Gaw to grab the kids and run for the jungle and I made enough noise to be heard in Loiwing but though she was only thirty feet from me she was so scared she claims she didn't hear me. John and Sterling were just standing there admiring the pretty planes. She finally started dragging them out and I yelled to mother to beat it herself and ran to take the car to the hospital to get loaded with operative stuff for Loiwing. I made it in 35 minutes, ten minutes faster than I ever did before, and completely ruined all four springs.

The operating room nurse had gone crazy and couldn't get any fire to boil instruments—the power mains had been blown to a pulp—but our nurses managed to get a fire going and started boiling instruments while Kei and I and some others started to scrub—the second carfull of our nurses arrived in the meantime. Dr. Yu was scrubbing also. Mother came tearing up in the Buick just then, too. How she ever made it in that old hack I don't know. I had one operating table with a man who had a couple of feet of intestine hanging out of each side of his abdomen, and Dr. Yu had another, the lower part of whose leg had been four-fifths shot off. I had put a tourniquet on him. Mother anesthetized for Dr. Yu

Out of the East comes a letter, telling of war and terror, and the suffering of people. This is the story of a Denisonian now in Burma. It appears in the original

and E Hla for me. We were just getting them to sleep when some fool put in a second alarm that the planes were all coming back. All the Chinese nurses screamed, but I will claim for our crowd that they waited for orders and if I had stayed they would have stayed also. But in the first raid the Jap bombs had stopped just short of the hospital and if they were coming back the logical place to come back for would be the hospital and the club. So I told them to scram. I took Mother and the Dodge over to the hideout I had planned and we walked back since we couldn't see any planes. When I got back I found both patients had rolled off the table and my fellow was rubbing his intestines into the floor. I got our girls and started operating at once but my fellow died on the table. He had three separate coils of intestines shot full of holes. Dr. Yu's died during the night. I had at least one more die on the table, a man who had a ton of earth knock him down and had torn a total of a foot or more of rent in his spleen. He had a quart and a half of blood in his abdomen. I took out his spleen but he died while I was sewing him up. I guess further details are too gory but two cases I operated on died that night, a boy with a shrapnel in his brain and his face covered with brains—just John's age—and a woman with her transverse colon shot to a pulp. Dr. Yu and I both lost the same number of cases, on the table during the first night. What made me angry was that just outside of the operating door a man was on a stretcher waiting for operation, and I was going to bring him in to operate but some asinine Chinese doctors and nurses insisted that he had only superficial wounds and had to wait and I didn't have time to argue the matter so I went on to the next case. When they let him come in finally after he had been screaming for attention for an hour and a half there was his leg shot off just below the hip and he died while Yu was operating. The father of a kid John's age came while I was operating on my first case and asked me to operate personally on his son—a couple of Chinese doctors had darn near killed his other child operating on him for adenoids a couple of months before and he didn't trust them and I said I would, but later all the Chinese doctors including Dr. Yu said the shrapnel had broken a bone in his leg but the wounds were not bad and they put on a splint—he didn't need to be operated on. A couple of days later I

found he had a four-inch hole on one side of his leg and a two inch hole on the other and the two bones had been smashed to a pulp. By that time I had to control the infection before operating. I operated five days ago and he is doing splendidly and we probably will get a good leg out of it. The third thing that made me mad was the Chinese doctors said another case had only a shrapnel wound in his leg and he didn't need attention but he died before we left Loiwing. The fourth thing was a man who had had his bones smashed to a pulp whom they sent over to Namkham next day on the floor of a truck with no mattress under him and no *splint on his leg*. And he died the night after he got to Namkham of gas gangrene. One of the nurses was sent along with him in the truck and she said he screamed every time they hit a bump. I guess I had operated six hours or more when they said there were no more urgent cases; my back was aching like a fool and we were operating with candles and flashlights with at the last a couple of storm king lamps; but I would have kept on if they had told me there was anyone needing surgical attention and we could have saved a couple of lives.

Dr. Sun made quite a name for himself. As soon as the sirens sounded—they would have had seven minutes warning because one of their outposts telephoned in that they heard aeroplanes in their electrical ears but the company telephoned back it was only their two training planes, so no one knew about it till the planes were crossing the Shweli, a minute after mother saw them, and the man who blew the siren was smashed to a bloody mess, also the staffman at the telephone—Dr. Sun started for points south and west hell bent for election. Just as he got up the club house hill he saw a car loading up with Americans. Mrs. Hunter had just climbed in with the driver and Mrs. Porritt was going to squeeze in beside her when Dr. Sun got there, grabbed hold of Mrs. Porritt by the arm and flung her headlong, jumped in and closed the door—but Mrs. Porritt grabbed the doorhandle and after the others had beaten Dr. Sun's hands off the inside handle managed to open the door and climb in on his lap. When they had gotten so far into Burma that the women felt safe, they stopped, whereupon Dr. Sun jumped out and with his long legs headed straight for Bhamo. I didn't see anything of him until after I had been operating five hours. After it got dark one of our nurses tried to get into our suite of doctors' offices to get candles but the doors were locked. She heard groaning and moaning in one of the offices, and knocked and knocked, but no one would open. Finally someone found the key, and there was Dr. Sun with his head on his arms acting as if he were full of shrapnel wounds and yet not a soul in his family had been hit even by dust, and men and women were dying all around him for lack of attention.

We spent Monday, Sunday and Tuesday operating on other cases and so far have lost only one

case, the fellow that died of gas gangrene, the one they brought over without a splint. I had to take off one woman's arm and I may have to take off a leg tomorrow that I have been trying to save. As they get to the operating point we have been operating daily and probably will continue to do so for some days to come.

Dr. Tu was trained in Japan before the war. He seems a very good doctor—nine other members of his family are doctors, and he is crazy about having a chance to learn. The other day I let him take out a piece of shrapnel from a fellow right under the skin, and he enthused to Dr. Ba Saw about how perfectly delighted he was I let him do it. On the wards he asks my advice and, strange to say, follows it. He is a Christian. The first day at prayers I shyly handed him my English Bible so he could read if he wanted to while we read in Burmese. The next day when I handed it to him I found he had already brought his own. He sings soprano on all the hymns whether he knows them or not, reads the Bible aloud in Chinese while we read in Burmese, and says the Lord's prayer in Chinese aloud while we say it in Burmese. If he keeps on at this rate, I am going to keep him here permanently. Dr. Liao on the other hand when he goes on rounds with me insists on telling me the history of each patient each time as if I didn't know a thing about my own patients. One day he diagnosed a pleural effusion in a patient, which showed he knew his stuff, but I advised him before leaving for Loiwing to wait till tomorrow before tapping the fluid so we could check with the fluoroscope and when I got back I found he had tapped anyway. Yesterday afternoon a Shan was brought in who had his arm chopped off above the wrist, a perfectly clean sterile wound. I discussed it with him, asked him if he wanted to do the operation, thinking to make him happy thereby, and showed him how, by slitting the skin up a little, he could remove the extra bone and have a nice flap to cover it and a few minutes later when I went to see how he was getting along I found he had cut off between three and four inches of good arm and thrown it away so that when he took off the bone he had to take it off an inch short of the elbow. My way the fellow would have had a usable arm. Now he won't be able to use it for anything. The fellow hasn't any experience, and I have, but if he is going to act that way he can go back to Loiwing, and it is too bad because I could use a good medical diagnostician and he seems to know a few diagnostics.

How any country is going to survive if their people are all like this I don't know, and yet some at the very top in Chung King have been the reason why the American company hasn't been able to make planes for them. Well I must stop. Mother may have been making prophecies. I imagine my letter will have more chance of passing the censor if I don't. Lots and lots of love, Daddy.



### ELIZABETH THE QUEEN

On March 6, 7, and 8 the Denison University Theatre will present Maxwell Anderson's *Elizabeth the Queen*. Jean Koncana will portray Elizabeth, Queen of England, and Steve Minton will assume the role of Essex, royal favorite and popular general. The story of the play is that of the love of these two characters, an extraordinary situation, for Essex is barely thirty and Elizabeth

an aging woman. Opposed to their love is their equal desires for power and strength. The play is one of extraordinary poignancy and power. Many of the speeches are composed in blank verse.

Technical director, Bernard Bailey, has constructed for the production, a revolving set, the first to be used in a University Theatre presentation.

"To know their theatre  
is to know the Chinese people"

陳錦鏞  
DAVID K. CHIN  
INTERPRETER OF CHINESE DRAMA  
MANDARIN THEATRE - 1201 GRANT AVE.

China 0862

**M**ORE than a decade ago China's stage idol, Mei Lan-fang, made his American tour and exhibited to an uninitiated but appreciative audience the beauty of the Chinese stage. More recently the China Culture Mission gave benefit performances throughout the United States. Though all this has done much to awaken a small, but increasing, interest in the Chinese drama, a vast majority of the Western World after a first visit to the Chinese theatre still heaps injustices upon a Chinese Splendour. But to those acquainted with the Chinese theatre, each visit brings to them a new world, a sphere wherein all may find refuge, a sanctuary to escape the humdrum of a machinized and orderly existence. The noise, confusion, ostensible absurdities, and fantasies that bewilder and annoy the unacquainted are all essentialities which translate the connoisseur at once to the realm of imagination; for whatever disorder one sees is well-planned, and there is system and method to its apparent madness.

Whereas the western stage demands cardboard and canvas settings to produce its stark realism, the Chinese are more subtle in their theatrical presentations. It needs no detailed paraphernalia. How true indeed is this Oriental logic: one can't put a real mountain on the stage, so why waste the effort. A Chinese play is therefore primarily suggestive and symbolic in character. A system of symbolism and conventions in actions has consequently evolved which takes the place of the western stage properties in creating the various illusions. Thus, each particular color, each trivial mask, each type of robe, each simple gesture, as well as each "prop," has its own significance on the stage.

Until the advent of western culture, pantomime and a few "props" have served the stead of scenery and stage property. A man who holds a horsewhip in his hand is riding. The color of the horse is usually indicated by the color of the whip.

The actor must accomplish the motions of mounting and dismounting the animal as the occasion demands. Through the physical actions and facial expressions of the actor, the spectators visualize the temperament of the horse and the rider as well as the terrain through which the rider is traveling. Two flags, each blazoned with a wheel, held horizontally by an attendant represents a vehicle; the occupant walks between them. If a high official enters this carriage, an attendant will lift a make-believe curtain for him. A chair covered by a black cloth may be a city wall, a moat, a well, a river, an ocean, or a bushy forest; only a sign being needed to indicate what is represented. On the other hand, the same chair lying to one side, but uncovered, may be a stove, a sewing loom, or a stone by the roadside. An oar is used in circular movements to suggest rowing in a boat. The passengers of the boat must keep close to the oarsman so that the vessel does not seem to alter its size during the progress of the journey.

Colors express a variety of characteristics. Red is the happy color of the Chinese people. So when used on the stage, it denotes virtue, honesty, or youthfulness. White, on the other hand, is the mourning color. It is the symbol for misfortune or evil characteristics. The beloved historical figure, Kuan Yun-chang, is always portrayed by an actor with a vermilion mask painted on his face; whereas the crafty and treacherous T'sao T'sao, wears the "full white face." Often the degree of wickedness of a character is in direct proportion to the amount of white paint employed. Thus, the "number-two-white-face" is a character usually subordinate to and less evil than the "great-white-face." He is the equivalent to the "stooge" of the Occident. The "white-nose" is the petty rogue, the perennial pest of womanhood. The white nose is usually in the shape of a butterfly painted on the nose, thus showing the flippant character of the wearer. The "black-face" is an honest straight-forward person. The "gold-face" is a god-like being; the "green-face," the devil or an evil spirit.

The above are but a very few of the countless conventions which govern the Chinese stage. The subject dealt with is very intricate, yet exceedingly interesting. Intelligent appreciation, with real delight in the Chinese drama, will come only when a knowledge of the basic principles has been acquired. Its bewildering peculiarities give it its charm and individuality. Its symbolism appeals to the imagination, which is the ideal aim of the theatre anywhere. Its absence of scenery only enriches it by rendering the stage infinitely flexible. Its stylized pantomime fails not to awaken the senses of even the most discriminating. The Chinese drama with its attendant ceremonies and enduring conventions is the reflection of forty centuries of civilization. "To know their theatre is to know, in no small way, the Chinese people."



## The Bookshelf



*My Name Is Aram.* By William Saroyan.  
A collection of Short Stories.

"My Name Is Aram" is a light-hearted, humorous book. William Saroyan, who has so successfully crashed the field of playwriting recently (topping it off by refusing a Pulitzer Prize) has gone back into his own childhood for the anecdotes of this thin volume of sketches. He portrays himself in the role of Aram Garoghlanian, an amazing, mischievous little Armenian boy, a modern Tom Sawyer who runs the gamut of crazy boyhood experiences.

Unlike Thomas Wolfe who, in retrospect caught situations in absolute detail, Saroyan is gifted with the simple and rare ability to pick out the mood and humor of experiences long past. None of his sketches in this book run over twenty pages; the margins are wide and the print large. Yet in so few words he is able to give you a complete story, and it is always an amusing, novel one.

It would be difficult to review the many and diverse stories. A brief excerpt, however, might serve to illustrate the simplicity and easiness of style, and the humor of the book.

We find young Aram undergoing a physical examination given by the school authorities, designed to investigate the health status of the children of the slums:

"I began to inhale. Four minutes later I was still doing so. Naturally the examining staff was a little amazed. They called a speedy meeting while I continued to inhale. After two minutes of heated debate the staff decided to ask me to stop inhaling. Miss Ogilvie explained that unless they asked me to stop I would be apt to go on inhaling all afternoon.

That will be enough for the present, Mr. Rickenbacker said.

Already? I said. I'm not even started.

Now exhale, he said.

For how long? I said.

My God! Mr. Rickenbacker said.

You'd better tell him, Miss Ogilvie said. Otherwise he'll exhale all afternoon.

Three or four minutes, Mr. Rickenbacker said.

I exhaled four minutes and was then asked to put on my shirt and go away.

How are things? I asked the staff. Am I in pretty good shape?

Let's say no more about it, Mr. Rickenbacker said. please go away.

The following year our Board of Education decided to give no more physical examinations. . . ."

We will not say this is a great book. But it is certainly a new and refreshing form of literature. It is artless art composed of such simplicity that you are certain that you yourself could put down those same words. It is only an hour's reading and you will either be very enthusiastic or you will make no comment. Not to be unmentioned are the illustrations accompanying the stories. They, too, are extremely simple and delightful, and have caught the complete picture of Aram and his world.

*Oliver Wiswell.* By Kenneth Roberts.  
An historical novel.

"Oliver Wiswell" is not so much a novel as it is a history—a startling departure from the usual histories of the War for Independence. It is the story of a young, well-bred, New England Loyalist who finds himself suddenly embroiled in a war not of his liking. The great difference between this and other American-authored books concerning this period is that it assimilates the Loyalists' side of the controversy completely and utterly. After reading several chapters, one finds oneself hating the "rebels" as thoroughly as any died-in-the-wool Loyalist of that day. It shows the "rebel" army in a new light, not as high-minded idealistic, intelligent men, but as rabble and trash, the sweepings of the gutters and backwoods. This may be a surprising statement to some, but unfortunately it is true to a great extent. Possibly Mr. Roberts exaggerates this point a little too much. The book would lead one to believe that the Loyalist cause had a monopoly on all the existing intelligence and wealth in the Colonies with the exception of General Washington and the parents of Wiswell's betrothed. These exaggerations might be intentional, however, to get the point across, and to counteract the propaganda of one hundred and fifty years. The rebels appear to be the radicals, or have nots of the Colonies, led by the arch radical and demagogue, Sam Adams. A startling parallel can be drawn between these Colonial radicals and those of today. One wonders if Roberts is attempting to sound a tocsin; if so, it is obscure.

One of the chief flaws of the book is its alarming similarity in structure to Mr. Roberts' previous novel, "Northwest Passage." Although the characters and period are different, the similarity still exists. Oliver Wiswell is a student the Princeton, from a fairly well-to-do Massachusetts family, just as Langdon Towne was a student at Harvard, from a comfortably fixed Maine family. Both Wiswell and Towne find their traveling companions and bosom friends in older men—Langdon Towne in Hunk Mariner, and Wiswell in Buell, the itinerant jack-of-all-trades, who also sounds a warning note applicable to our times when he says, speaking of a depot of munitions and arms collected by the Colonials at Lexington: "What do you think they're going to use 'em for? To play squat tag? Don't be a fool! Those things are to fight with, and when you get enough things to fight with, you fight! Anybody that ain't weak-minded ought to know that!"

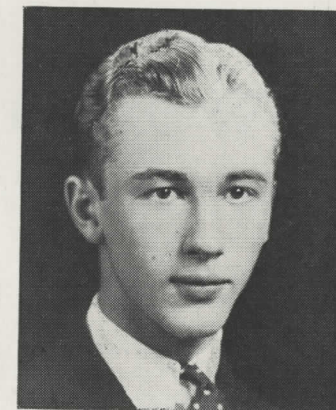
As in "Northwest Passage," Mr. Roberts takes the reader all over the European world, and then some. Nevertheless, with all these parallels, Mr. Roberts could hardly be called "Johnny One Note."

His descriptions of the battles of Bunker Hill, Long Island, and New York, and the siege of "96" are brilliant and authentically done. It would be well worth the time of any American history student to read these accounts.

—Charles Jones.

## Keeping the Records Straight

The Duke discusses the ins and outs of the Woody Herman Band, pointing out its personalities and how they rose to fame.



DUKE SMITH

THIS ISSUE is going to bring you some of the highlights of the Woody Herman band, and in contrast with the Bob Chester review this story is strictly hard luck in so far as the formation of the band is concerned. So let's begin with the boss-man himself, Woodrow Wilson Herman.

Woody started in the show business at the early age of ten with a novelty act, using his clarinet as a means of creating attention but he admits today that the job influenced him most in the jazz game. He attended Marquette University for a short time, but the music bug had bitten him too deeply so he decided to really start in earnest, and got his first big break with the old Joe Lichter band. After that he had plenty of panic jobs with other small bands until his really good chance came in the form of a sax chair in the old Isham Jones outfit, in which, incidentally, many of his present band also worked. When he heard that Jones was contemplating junking his group, Woody and some of his cohorts decided to take over the ones that wished to stick along and form a corporation band, with everyone getting more out of it than just their salary. They planned, schemed and scheduled and finally decided that the time was ripe for their new outfit to appear. Sadly, however, it did not take! The little group stuck it out, but at the cost of hunger and hocked instruments.

Their first "break" came with an engagement at the Famous Door, in New York, and with the aid of plenty of air shots from this spot the public started to take to this new group—BUT hard, and from that time on the boys have been pretty much on Easy Street. One of the reasons for their success can be attributed to the fine renditions that they put out of the blues. If you doubt my word give *Casbah Blues*, *Dupree Blues*, *Blues on Parade*, *Peach Tree Street* and *Blues Upstairs and Downstairs* (all on Decca) a spin and prove it to yourself. All are good clean cut jazz and show off the Herman Herd at its best.

The manner in which the organization is run, I feel, is the main reason of its success. It is operated like any large company, with a president, (Woody), vice-president, treasurer and board of directors all made up of different members of the band. It is their belief that with this set-up more

can be accomplished and that a better feeling of being "a part" can be felt, with the result that everyone gains, and no one loses. When the men decided in favor of this cooperative plan they agreed that if one of the boys in the band refused to work hard, or showed no signs of improvement he could be fired on the spot. A very fine idea, and one that has proven its merits.

Aside from this aggregation being good as a whole, there are some of the best musicians in the business found in this group. For instance, there is Frankie Carlson on the drums, who is considered one of the best, Walter Yoder on bass, Neil Reid with a flashy trombone style, Saxie Mansfield, who does plenty with a tenor sax. Tommy Linehan, who has received raves from me before, can play some of the best "blues" piano that you will find around, and for an example let me suggest *Get Your Boots Laced, Papa*. I could go on and name practically every member of the band, but space is limited, so you'll just have to take my word for it that they are good.

So much for the Herman crew, but before I drop them allow me to suggest two more sides that have just recently been released, called *Chips' Boogie Woogie* and *Chips' Blues*, (Decca 3577) which are strictly good in showing off Linehan and Herman.

Other outstanding records of the month have been numerous, but here are a few that I have liked. Artie Shaw comes through with two sides of Victor 3633 and calls it *Concerto for Clarinet*. Maybe you heard the number in the picture, *Second Chorus*, which featured the Shaw band, if so you know whereof I speak. Not to be outdone by Mr. Shaw, Benny Goodman waxed a 12 inch record for Columbia featuring *Benny Rides Again* on one side and Gershwin's *The Man I Love* on the other. The latter has a marvelous vocal by Helen Forrest and a super arrangement by Eddie Sauter. This is a splendid record in view of the type of jazz Goodman has been waxing to date.

Tommy Dorsey makes a record of an original of his piano man, Joe Bushkin's, in *Look At Me Now*, which features Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines and the Pied Pipers. It's a catch number with tricky vocals and good background. It should click.

## TWO SKETCHES

By DAVE SIEGFRIED and MARGARET SHIELDS

### IT RAINED

It was on one of those bleak October nights that we met; I'm sure you know the type of night I mean. It really had to happen just the way it did. I'm glad it was night, cool, lazy night that it was. For the few minutes I saw her, everything came back to me. I had met others like her—sure, they all came a dime a dozen, at least her type did.

Her eyes were what I first noticed: green, piercing eyes that asked so many questions, yet they received so little in return. I had already passed her doorway—just thinking—her eyes; I stopped, lit a full pipe. I wondered if she were happy. I hoped she would want someone to talk to. I went back, she was still there, looking, just looking, at anyone who would return her stare. I leaned against the clapboard pulling on a now glowing pipe. I hadn't said a word to her, nor did she, by any outward signs, show any knowledge of my presence. I looked toward the distant corner at a glimmering street light. A slight drizzle had begun to fall. I turned my pipe bowl downward, pulled up my coat collar. She saw me by now, and asked me if I would like to come in out of the rain.

Her place was clean, smelled of pine; small but warm, and by the lone electric light bulb with its green shade I got my first good look at her. God! She was just a kid! Couldn't have been past her early twenties. She closed the door, took my coat, and motioned me to a chair. Then I noticed her hair. As she moved about the room the single light shone on her well brushed hair, neat as could be; it made her face and white teeth stand out. Suddenly I realized she was beautiful, not like the rest of her type. Her cotton dress was clean and I could see the neat crease where the iron had left its mark.

We talked. What about, I don't exactly remember now, but she hadn't talked to any one like me for so long, she let her hair down. I do remember she told me she came into the city for a job, lost her job—it's an old story from here on in. Surely you know it.

She had been talking very loud to make herself heard above the rain outside. Suddenly it was quiet. We both knew the rain had stopped. I got up to go—she helped me on with my coat, held a match for my pipe and we shook hands. I went out on the puddle-filled street.

The street light was still burning . . .



MOTHER MAC

HERBON

It was during the anthem that he crept up the stairs and perched on the edge of the top step, peering around the banister at the congregation, the vested choir, the rows and rows of partly empty seats. No one paid much attention to him. No one except a few of those in the back rows even knew that he was there. So the little black boy stayed, taking up as little floor space as possible and listening to the choir. At a time when bombs were falling across an ocean, at a time when two men were wrangling for the right to rule over 120,000,000 people, at a time when the peoples of the Orient were battling one another with ammunition made in a peace-loving country—a little black boy huddled on the landing of a small West Virginia church and waited for the sermon to begin.

And there he sat through an anthem, the responsive reading, the Gloria Patri. When Mother Mac turned and saw the child a few yards behind her, she thought only that he was uncomfortable. Mother Mac was not one of the pillars of the church. But Mother Mac was one of those priceless individuals who "make" churches and towns. She was secretary at the high school. She was friend of every young person in the town. She was worshipped by the children, respected and admired by their parents. And Mother Mac waited only until the slight confusion of taking the offering presented an opportunity for her unequalled sort of charity.

Then Mother Mac, without dignity, without poise, without prepossession, arose and walked back to the little boy, who seemed to be getting ready to run. She simply took him by the hand, whispered something which no one heard, and led him halfway down the aisle to an empty pew. The organ swelled triumphantly, the choir chanted "All Things Come of Thee, O Lord," and Mother Mac sat down next to a negro boy in a white man's church.

God must have liked that.

## If Love Could Be

Love could be perfection, but he,  
of course, knew it did not exist

ADELA BECKHAM

HE WAS a poet and so was she. They were young poets and they would have been in love except that he did not believe in love, and she had learned to believe only in him.

When classes were through on the hill they walked together, and he often told her that he lived only to die, which harrowed her very soul; and in time his words made an abstract pattern of perpetual bewilderment in her mind, a pattern which drew itself like an evil veil across her eyes so that even the moon was not as it once was, but wore anxious shadows on its placid face, and in the night where no shadows could be seen, there was suddenly, for her, a new treachery in the darkness.

If she grew weak as she sometimes did, and suggested, reverently enough, that he adopt a new philosophy, he grieved over the sad little seeds of bleak conformity that he found imbedded in her spirit, and he made her ashamed because she could have believed in her love for him, except that he did not.

Hers was a face that could have looked plain-tive, adorably so, but never did because resoluteness was written in her straight brows, and her eyes were anxious because they so often searched for things that were not there.

He sometimes looked at her and thought how perfect a thing love could be, if love could be.

Once when he was very ill and they would not let her go to him, she sat on the step, close to the hospital door and looking out to the gray road, her eyes were not anxious but almost expectant. And she wondered how he felt, to be so completely happy, to be so near to Death that he could put out his hand, and take all that he had lived for. She tried to imagine how happy he was, but the sun went down and the night came cold and purple around her and she could not even think in terms of such joy.

He did not die because, he told her, he had not had time to weed the pale sprouts of form from her poetry, and incidentally from her soul. She cherished the sprouts a very little because they were all she had that ever blossomed, and while they never bore flaming scarlet flowers, the perfume of the tiny buds was sweet to her, and sometimes others noticed.

At last she met a man who told her that the poet was an ass. She did not agree, but she began to walk with the man who never spoke to her of death. He was interested in economics

and took death and such things quite for granted.

He did not often mention that to live, which means to love, was beautifully worthwhile. He read her poems and knew that she, like the poet had come to believe that living in the crude sense which involved enjoying it, left no time for idleness, and tears, and ordinary common sinnings of the mind.

The poet in his solitary wanderings began to doubt the perfect abstraction which is music. He wondered if the sun were all it should be, and if the chlorophyll which colored the leaves had not lost some of its zestful greenness. And then he began to think again, how perfect a thing love could be, if love could be.

When enough time had gone, they stood under the trees together, the other man and she. Their foreheads were brave under the peaks of their academic caps, their shoulders too thin under their gowns.

He took his pin which he had been cherishing in his hot palm for hours, and tried to put it over her heart—his fingers were clumsy and she had to help him.

In the chapel the poet watched the lovely feathers of her lashes and started to think again what a perfect thing love could be if—but the organ broke his reverie, and scattered the fragments so that he could not recollect the pattern, though he tried.

He saw the other man's pin when he came to say good-bye, and he pitied her so obviously that he forgot the words he meant to say, but so did she. And that is why they never said good-bye at all. Only—"be happy," and "you too."

He wrote a sad book some years after all this. And enough people thought it good, though not many could read it because his people and their philosophies did not always come out even, and it was all about a love that was not a love, because he, of course, was consistent.

She read his book and was not bitter. She tried to be contemptuous, and she tried to pity his lack. But when she knew she was weeping, she was frightened because suddenly she had no tears for him—though he was lost.

He was lost, but she had lost him. What he was not she had once been, but not now.

And so she wept, not angrily, but softly, and ever so gently so as not to disturb her husband's careful confidence.



## The Courtship of Miles Standish

(with apologies, of course, to Longfellow and Miles)

TOBY RAYMOND

Once, upon an autumn mellow,  
When the leaves were turning yellow,  
There lived a persevering fellow  
Down beside the sea.  
He was set on going wooing;  
But Prudence said, "There's nothing doing.  
Cows sound better, when they're mooing,  
Than you to me."

Thinking he was being cunning,  
Off to Alden's he went running.  
"John," said he, "I think she's stunning,  
But she cannot see  
All my virile youth, and beauty;  
Manliness, and pulchritudey.  
I wish she'd be my sweet patootie.  
Ask her, please, for me.

"John, I've raised you like a father;  
Son, you know I've been no bother,  
I would do it, but I'd rawther  
You'd present my plea.  
You know her a little better;  
As for me, I've hardly met her.  
Listen, Bud, I've got to get her,  
She's a killer, see?"

"Sure thing, Miles, I'll go and do it,  
And my friend, you'll never rue it."  
"Now hold on, John, don't overdo it;  
Leave her there for me.  
I'll be waiting in my flivver  
While my message you deliver.  
And when you're in there, won't you give her  
This ring for me?"

So, off to Prudence, John went tripping,  
Every step his virtue gripping  
To keep his self control from slipping;  
(He had to see this through!)  
But when he got there, golly jeepers!  
Oh, my gosh, those gorgeous peepers!  
His spine was filled with prickly creepers;  
What was he to do?

He did his best to tell Miles' passion,  
In an unobtrusive fashion,  
But the whole darned speech fell crashin';  
For Pru knew what he meant.  
Finally, he gave it up and told her,  
And his arms just ached to hold her.  
Eventually he did enfold her.  
(This was heaven-sent.)

While John was sitting in there wooing,  
Miles was waiting outside, stewing.  
His feet were cold, his nose was bluing;  
For this had been no spree.  
Finally, he gave up, quite disgusted;  
His love was gone, his heart was busted;  
His own best friend, whom he had trusted  
Had run him up a tree.

Now, listen, children, while we render  
You this bit of moral tender;  
See if you do not surrender  
To our point of view.  
Never trust a friend to tell her,  
Comfort her, or try to sell her;  
For sure as fire, this other feller  
Will make a fool of you.



## The Case for Modern Art

—wherein Horace King proposes to give you  
a foundation for judgment of our modern art



IN the winter of 1913 the New York Armory opened its doors to admit the eager public to an exhibition of Modern Art. The show was adroitly advertised and a gratifying queue of cash customers filed through the galleries to view these strangely contorted and furiously vivid paintings by contemporary European artists. A unique furor arose over one picture in particular, Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Stairs". A news reporter, covering the exhibit, promptly rechristened it "Explosion in a Shingle Factory", and sped the issue from esthetic circles into the field of popular ridicule. For a moment the new art loomed on our eastern coastline as a national menace threatening our sacred insularity. The orgies of indignation swelled to full furies. The respectable academic painters were scornful in their attacks invading upstarts from the Left Bank of Paris, and the upstarts were savage and vociferous in their counter attacks upon the entrenched academicians. These preliminary skirmishes soon gave rise to a full fledged internecine war. The conflict was bloodless, because barrage and bombardment consisted largely of words for ammunition and furious manifestoes for artillery. But the bewildered layman, confused and frustrated by the din and clatter of battle sought refuge in the established camp of the academicians because, for the time being, he found comfort in the familiar forms and intelligible phrases of these defenders of tradition.

Since that memorable uprising of 1913 something has happened. The sensational issues are dead and buried; the lust for battle has dwindled into a truce with the academy. The Moderns have become academic and the Academicians have become modern. The lion and the lamb now lie down together and the world wonders at the strangeness of it all. What awful concatenation of circumstances brought forth such violence of conflict to a field of expression which seems so devoid of tensions in retrospect? The guilt of modernism is not fixed but the charge is the misdemeanor of upsetting the apple cart.

The one outstanding characteristic of painting since the opening of the twentieth century has been a tendency toward originality

in the methods of expression at the expense of literal renderings, poetic or moral content, and "nobility" of subject. Distortions have taken precedent over "proportion"; harsh realism, satire, and violence have taken the place of sentiment; and apples, or cubes, or nameless shapes have replaced madonnas as subjects. A dozen highly intellectualized theories have sprung up to give birth to such movements as Cubism, Futurism, Vorticism, Expressionism, Da-daism, Synchronism, Integralism, and Sur-realism. The painters argued that painting should be as abstract as music which imitates no recognizable sequence of sound in nature. The credo of Cezanne that all things tend to assume the shape of cones, spheres and cubes was argued as justification for the complete abstraction of subject in painting, though what he meant was that complex forms to be comprehended in art should first be reduced to their most basic and elemental shapes. This interpretation of the analysis of visual experience induced some artists to construct compositions intellectually arrived at and not following the mechanics of optics.

It is not surprising that art which deals with ideas divorced from every day experience and obscured with an intellectual theory derived from and peculiar to the idea should confuse the layman who looks to painting as concrete evidence of the world manifest in his experience. That he is justified to condemn such painting as wrong or bad is subject to interpretation of the real objectives of art. If the sole function of painting is the literal, unimaginative transcription of nature, presented in terms of its unorganized, casual distribution of forms and colors, existing without emphasis and reduced to a series of unrelated objects and things, then the offense of Modernism is indeed great, and in view of its uncompromising opposition, its annihilation should be swift and complete. If the function of painting is not so limited, the complete state of Modernism's offense

is not yet determined and the degree of latitude in painting must mitigate that offense to the extent that a reasonable doubt should be considered in the establishment of the final judgment.

The summation in the case of Modern Art does not constitute a defense. It is not pointed toward a verdict. It proposes to provide what might be considered an extenuation through the recital of certain esthetic theories which may be used as the instruments of judgment. The final disposition of the case must rest upon the thoughtful discrimination of each individual whose interest will allow him to accept the problem for consideration. Movement and change form the essence of all things organic. Evolution is inevitable whether the changes wrought by its inexorable movement are in the direction of progress or decline. A living art, like a living organism, requires the fresh atmosphere of a living world in order to survive. A particular investigation of man's progress in the arts reveals that fact, and it points also to the inevitable decline of culture when the heavy hand of authority attempts to force art into the stagnant air of an inert tradition. From the beginning of time the artist has borrowed forms from the "nature world" about him to endow them with peculiar significance derived from his "idea world." This composite structure of nature and idea in art was investigated by the Swiss psychologist, Verworn, who gave us the identifying terms "physioplasic," that of the nature form, and "ideoplasic", that of the idea form. Pure naturalism in art, therefore, would permit only representation of identifiable physical forms in facsimile with no reference whatever to the power of idea or mental focus as a reason for being. A casual Kodachrome snapshot of a scene without regard for the organization or distribution of the various natural elements offers the best evidence for this point of view. Pure "ideaism" in art, on the other hand, would permit only the interpretation of the idea in abstract form without reference to nature and totally removed from the normal current of everyday life.

A review of some of the more durable esthetic theories seems to indicate that neither of these pure expressions can awaken a satisfactory response in the human organism. Both are devoid of significance in terms of human experience and where physioplasic expression fails to excite the observer intellectually, ideoplasic expression has no normal emotional content. Early theories of beauty held that, "the beautiful is that which has specified form"; "any object which successfully imitates another must be beautiful"; "beauty results from the successful exploitation of the medium"; "beauty is the power which creates an illusion"; "beauty is pleasure, regarded as the quality of a thing". While all of these theories indicate the need for the normal "sense" qualities in art, the ones which emphasize imitation and illusion rely heavily upon the conviction that

the experience of recognition is an esthetic experience. Such a conclusion is incomplete and limits the greatness of art to the presentation of visible truths. Successful exploitation of the medium implies that dexterity and facility in expression alone are paramount in esthetic experience and it avoids the problems of form and content. Beauty regarded as pleasure succeeds only in bringing attention to certain sensual forms and excitations peculiar to hedonistic concepts. Many objects of purely sensual attraction may not be artistic.

A larger view of art suggests that beauty may be regarded as the effect produced when an arrangement of the elements makes the observer want to move with the work of art or feel for it. This is the theory of empathy, or "einfuhling", and the study of specific works reveals that each is endowed with some indefinite quality which carries one out of one's self into the art object. This experience avoids the purely pleasure motive and transcends the notion of an excursion of the senses. It is the case of travelling some distance with the artist to share with him and agree, not with his ideas but with his feelings. In the event that this latter theory is closer to the ultimate truth and may be employed here as the basis of argument, it should be regarded without direct reference to the state of a single period of style, but should be applied to all expression of art.

It must be assumed that the artist approaches his problem with conviction and earnestness; that he has a significant response to the stimulus of his idea or "subject"; that he plies his skill to produce passages of form, color, and movement in such manner that the idea is embodied in suitable and durable form; and that the form heightens and fortifies the idea. If the form is devoid of content it becomes empty and meaningless; if the idea is poorly expressed it is incoherent and garbled. The two are interdependent but one should not expect or anticipate ideas in complete conformity with his view, and forms readily recognizable in his experience. Any hack illustrator can make a relatively convincing likeness but the serious artist seeks to endow space and materials with plastic expression which embodies more than superficial appearances. In his efforts to express the basic realities the artist must sacrifice certain literal characteristics to the formal rendering of an integrated design according to the delimiting qualities of the idea. Distortions of the natural forms and departures from the natural relations must appear. Things are pretty, graceful, rich, ornate, elegant, handsome, but until they speak to the imagination they are not yet beautiful. This is the reason beauty is still escaping analysis. This new virtue which constitutes a thing beautiful is a certain cosmic quality, or a power to suggest a relation to the whole world and so lift the object out of a pitiful individuality.

### Design for Life

(continued from page 11)

element in my plan, but religion pervades the whole design with its unifying purpose. My religion is my spiritual relationship to god. By applying it, the characteristics of the Eternal may be instilled into my life, as the likeness of the father is implanted in the son.

\* \* \*

For four years I was learning to live in a college which strips the High School Senior of his gaudy, confining suit of self-love, and gives him the opportunity to clothe himself in a toga of a love for mankind—and for woman. It is a college in which the administration and the faculty are eager to share their understanding with the students who are their friends. They know that the influence of a personality is greater than the contact with facts. It is a college on a hill, and life there is on a spiritual hilltop where the student may breathe deep of the wholesome atmosphere that abounds. There I became a member of a chapter of a fraternity which pledged itself to my betterment when I pledged myself to hers—little knowing how significantly my offering should be in comparison with her lavish gifts of influence. There I learned that sincerity is thrilling, whereas mechanical perfection alone is affected and ineffective. There my enjoyment of life was broadened as is the vision of one who goes from the restricted, artificial city to the country hilltop with its broad natural vistas. There I learned to live each moment for eternity, as an actor lives his part mindful that the moment of interpretation comes—and is gone, fulfilled or unfulfilled. Such lessons are not taught in the technical curriculum of a large University.

\* \* \*

I have lived well as I have been making this plan for life, but now my whole being cries out for expression. If I have heard appreciatively, this plan will direct my efforts to that expression. I will strive to live so that my soul may be stilled in peace—not killed in neglect. Unless a rose plant is cultivated, it reverts to its wild state. The essence of beauty is there, but it is crowded out by the hardier influence of common stock. Just so, one's life must be zealously tended lest the soul be stifled by the lure of an easy-going existence.

The gardener who labors over the cultivation of the rose is rewarded with satisfaction in its full bloom—a thing of beauty for man to enjoy. The man who fails to develop his life is unhappy—unable to satisfy even himself with the results of his wasted time. His neglect is sin of real consequence. He who sacrifices himself to develop the full flowering of self-expression knows real happiness. His is eternal life.

In connection with this article read the editorial on page one and the biographical sketch on page 24.

### Damned Laughter

(continued from page 4)

strength, scoffed at the story as just a bad nightmare. The next day the men said they had seen the two of them starting off for the much talked of region, evidently to disprove our story. Two days passed and the men were not back and the third day our anxiety took the form of action. A half a dozen men formed a searching party and we started for that cursed place. The water was still moaning when we arrived and I shall never forget the scene which greeted us at the ashes of what had once been a campfire. The decomposing body of our skeptic Jim was lying next to the ashes. It was twisted in agony and the face was one that still causes me to wake up in the night in a cold sweat. The open eyes bulged and were transfixed with a look of utter terror, fixed forever in death. The tongue was hanging out and the throat was blackened. The claw-like hands were left clutching at the air. And Dave, the other skeptic? This maniac, advancing toward us could not be and yet was Dave. He was a more pitiful sight than even Jim for although Jim's death had been a horrible one it had been final. Dave's was a living death. He stalked about; his hair wild and tangled as underbrush, his face white and haggard with black wells beneath his eyes. And those eyes—just as horrible as dead Jim's in their hopeless terror, as they roved—forever alive. His clothing was torn as if by frantic hands and as he raved and screamed all that was intelligible was: "Stop it, for God's sake stop it! That damned laughter!"

### Maestro

(continued from page 7)

stairs to the Jew's living quarters they heard the ringing tones of a violin coming from a radio. As they entered the room they stopped a moment to adjust their eyes to the dim light and then they saw the frail figure of Otto lying on the cot.

As they hesitated in the doorway, the violinist concluded the piece and the audience broke into waves of applause. After a moment the voice of the announcer was heard.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard the concluding number on the concert that was played here tonight by the internationally known artist, Mischa Elman. The great applause of the audience has been a very real tribute to the success of tonight's concert. This program has been brought to you from Carnegie Hall by the facilities of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This is station . . ."

Mrs. Taylor had crossed the room and turned off the radio. As she turned to the cot Otto moved slightly and then spoke.

"I am glad to die now. I have given my best to the world and my best has been received."

After speaking Otto turned his head to the wall and all was quiet.

# Portfolio of Contributors

**Adela Beckham**—or “Becky,” the red-head who dares to wear red, is known to most Portfolio readers by her poetry. The short story in this issue is her first to appear in print. When she isn't writing, Becky cooks, reads newspapers and books, or walks. Gilpatrick thinks her resourceful and original menus suit them perfectly. She is always interested in budding authors and poets, and can usually find something encouraging to say about their efforts. She thinks it is more fun to be different than conventional, and plans to be a writer.

\* \* \*

**John Kinney**—alias “The Great Stone Face” alias “The Sphinx.” Has been known to laugh but once, then no one knew the reason. He is a pre-med student, hopes to specialize in some sort of medicine. Is a non-conformist and unconventional in many ways—takes solitary walks and runs around the campus during the wee small hours, when he has been studying hard. (Which he does perpetually.) Says it drives away brain-fag. Is a third generation Denisonian but a first generation Portfolio contributor, one whom we hope to read more of, if he can tear himself away from his science books. Dislikes swing, plays a decent violin, and, although he hasn't committed himself, is either afraid of women or dislikes them.

\* \* \*

**Danner Mahood**—a familiar figure around the campus, and “The Grille.” Attempts to make people believe that he is the world's greatest pessimist. Enjoys tearing down one's fondest theories and beliefs, but at heart is a great sentimentalist and optimist. Shows a profound appreciation of the simpler things of life such as chocolate sodas and “The Junior Nurses” program. (He listens to it daily.) Still preserves, or attempts to, the dignity of a Southern gentleman, much to the disgust of freshmen, but as they climb the steps of learning they find it is but a front. Although he is a professor, he has to ask his wife (don't talk to her about the Civil War) how to spell.

**David Ken Chin**—one of the foremost interpreters of Chinese drama in the U. S. A. Born in China, educated at Leland Stanford University. Studied feminine parts for the Chinese stage, as these parts are taken entirely by men, but realized that he would be an old man before he would even be ready to begin, and gave it up to work at his present occupation. Mr. Wright of the Denison dramatic department just chanced to make his acquaintance several years ago while traveling through California. An interesting sidelight to the Chinese drama is the fact that to it goes the dubious honor of having originated the double-feature. One performance of a Chinese play lasts sometimes from twelve noon to twelve midnight.

\* \* \*

**Robert Bridge**—Class of '33; a member of Sigma Chi and O.D.K. Part of the article printed in this issue originally appeared in a recent issue of The Alumni Bulletin; it is printed here in full for the first time. Upon his graduation Bridge became a draftsman for the city of Cincinnati, secretary for East High night school of that city, and an assistant in the mathematics department at the University of Cincinnati, all contemporaneously. In 1937 he became ill and was forced to resign his position. He died on April 5, 1940, and was buried in Granville.

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**Dave Siegfried**—has done a bit of roaming prior to his entrance into Denison. Spent a summer in Bermuda before his senior year in high school, and after graduation decided to “follow his nose.” He spent six exciting months in Mexico, and from there journeyed to the Canadian lake region where he vacationed for a summer with a wealthy Chicago family. His dad holds a position on the advertising staff of the Saturday Evening Post. Writes for fun and only when the mood hits him. He is a terrible speller by his own admission. When not writing he likes to philosophize, play bridge, checkers, or occasionally, study. He hails from Glencoe, Illinois.

**Gordon Seagrave**—decided to be a doctor when he was one of the few American boys in Burma, and came to Doane Academy, Denison and Johns Hopkins to do it. He was a track man here, and has since become an architect, stonemason, teacher, author, electrician, plumber, mechanic — jack-of-all-trades. He runs a hospital, nurses' training school and mission at Namkhan, not far from where the Burma Road enters China. In-patients come from hundreds of miles in all directions, while the number of out-patients is almost unbelievable. His hobby is dragging talented missionaries to Namkham for vacations and getting them to assist him in his enterprises. Though swamped with extra patients from the recent Japanese air-raids, he finds time to write letters to America.

\* \* \*

**Mary Virginia Lay**—is an A. O. Pi speech major from the windy city. Her hobby is a traditional Denisonian hobby, sleep. She had to be awakened to procure this interview. Likes poetry and historical novels. Has read most of Edna St. Vincent Millay's works. Doesn't know whether or not she will continue her writing after graduation other than as a pastime. She also plays a mean fiddle in the University orchestra, and leans toward the classical; she enjoys any and all music however. She likes to read plays and spends a good part of her time seeing theatre productions. She is a member of University Players.

\* \* \*

**Miner Raymond III**—comes from down Cincinnati way. More commonly and surprisingly called “Toby.” Modestly admits he can play the trombone, and also the piano with one finger. Next to this musical genius he turns out poetry similar to the poem in this issue. Started writing verse while in high school, where he and a classmate collaborated on writing items for the school paper. Admits that he never thinks seriously while writing, but is perfectly satisfied to turn out nonsensical “stuff.” Doesn't look like a poet till he puts his glasses on. A Freshman, he is majoring in English.