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Virginia Benson
Denison University

Alison Phillips
Denison University

Margaret Shields
Denison University

Thelma Willett
Denison University

Karl Eschman
Denison University

See next page for additional authors

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Portfolio Vol. IV N 3

Authors

Virginia Benson, Alison Phillips, Margaret Shields, Thelma Willett, Karl Eschman, Bob Maxwell, John Wyman, Dorothy Hart, Roger Reed, William Mather, John Hammer, Duke Smith, Edward Stransky, and Leslie Seagrave

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Art this issue by Jerry Athey and Leslie Seagrave

PORTFOLIO, the literary magazine of Denison University is published four times during the school year by the students of Denison University at Granville, Ohio.

Subscriptions are one dollar per year.



PREVIEW OF SPRING

an editorial

PREVIEW OF SPRING.

Granville Spring is always an unpredictable one and those of us who recall the wet months of last year are a little hesitant in proclaiming spring to be at long last here. But it always comes and always with a sudden blaze of green and gold. Nothing, we assure our neophytes and sub-frosn, nothing ever existed like spring at old D. U.

Spring vacation left us with half a month of April; May; and two weeks in June, not more than eight weeks at most. But no weeks pass more quickly than these. April brings the Junior Prom and miraculous transformations in our temporary Wigwam, checkered ceiling, garden, fountain, et al. Comes then the dorm dances, long overdue. The Big Red baseball nine will be seen working daily, track men will occupy Deeds Field, and softball will take the intramural front. Early May and comes the sorority formals, followed shortly by the freshman production of "Our Town." Within a week Mother's Day is upon us and our campus is dominated by our guests; a big week-end ensues, May Day festival with May Queen, diminutive dancers, Friar Tuck, Glee Clubs, and Mortar Board tapping. In the evening the men take the stage and vie for singing honors on the lower campus. Banquets follow on Sunday and tired mothers and tired sons and daughters say goodbye.

About this time couples can be seen idly strolling away from Granville, out toward Spring Valley, Sunset, Sugarloaf, Parnassus, or any of the landmarks of romantic renown. Yes, then spring is here. Classes convene when possible neath the spreading trees; chapels are consistently bucked, and benches at the Grille are always crowded. The only members of society wear occasional gloomy countenances are the laboring seniors who are now under the strain of impending comprehensives. Then amidst threats of rain, Masquers produces its finale for the year, on the South Plaza, Shakespearian Midsummer Night's Dream. June bows in with a hectic week of finals, and girls in slacks and boys in beards are much in evidence, worrying and rejoicing. Rain accompanies the social climax of the year, Commencement parties; then grips packed and half of the school is gone, leaving the seniors and their friends to Commencement; mortar boards, sheepskins, smiles, tears . . . and then adieu. Another year gone by.

THEN AND NOW.

Recently we enjoyed browsing among a number of dusty issues of "The Flamingo," once humor and literary magazine of Denison. Most of the humor was pretty badly dated, but we chuckled heartily at a number of items that caught our eye. Although we nearly succumbed to silicosis in resurrecting these ancient periodicals, we did find an article that seemed worth reprinting. Note the article on "The Pasquin" by William Mather. It tells of an interesting and obscure chapter of Denison history, which might be labeled the origin of Denison publications. Between the Pasquin and the Flamingo there were apparently other literary organs, from which we hope to bring you items later on.

We have said little or nothing concerning the Portfolio in this column this year. Probably this will be the last issue by the present editor. There have been a number of experimental changes made this year, some of which proved satisfying, others unfavorable. The issues have been released at erratic periods, chiefly because of the discouraging dearth of material. Manuscripts are unbelievably difficult to obtain or to evoke. There is a natural desire for light and humorous pieces, and while we have attempted to publish a few such, your editor is of the opinion that Portfolio is and should remain a literary magazine. Too many students think that this means morbid short stories and poetic flights of fancy; the thing which we most desire and which would prove most readable is a number of articles on subjects of general interest; student interests provide any number of subjects for exposition.

A number of resolutions are in the minds of the present and the new staff concerning the future of the magazine. First is a plan to make some definite efforts to obtain advertising for the publication, and thus to be able to give you a larger and more complete magazine for your money. In addition it is hoped that we may build up a larger extra-school circulation. We would appreciate your assistance in contacting persons interested in subscribing. Better art work and more photography are an additional aim.

Considering the size of the school and the money spent, our Portfolio is generally considered to be as varied and meritorious a magazine as can be found.



AND CANNON ROAR

—over there in the Balkans, in Italy, in Germany, England and Africa. The world boils in turmoil while here in complacent Granville spring comes quietly, peacefully, beautifully.

REJECTED

The story of a manuscript imbued
with the substance of two lives

VIRGINIA BENSON

SLOWLY John drew the envelope from the battered boarding house mail box. The letter was thick—much too thick. Its sides bulged disgustingly fat—in direct contrast to the thin pale fingers that held it. For a long moment he just held it, looking at it with a glance of disbelief. Then he began to mumble, "They can't do it; they can't send it back. They've got to print it. It's got my blood, my hopes, my sweat in it. It's got to feed me—they've got to print it!" The thin shoulders convulsed in racking sobs.

Then slowly his weary feet took him down the dirty shadowy hall to his room. He entered, and carefully and quietly closed the door. The landlady thought that he was still out. She must keep believing that, for the words that were to pay the rent, buy food, were no good.

He sat down before the cheap, tenement-house table with its chipped edges, deep cigarette burns, and scarred legs. As he flung the envelope on the top, his lips twisted into a bitter smile—a smile that held tears. "They didn't like it. My life—and they didn't like it. God, this is too much—if they only knew—if they could even half guess the suffering, the work that those typewritten pages hold. Even the typing was tedious—one finger job—carefully—painstakingly—page after page on the old machine with the broken keys—gummed ribbon—black smudges—type the page over—erase—type it over—over—over—my life—my love—Alice!

* * *

Alice . . . A bright summer day, the sun shining lightly through her warm brown hair, over the elfin tipped nose, bringing little flecks of color to the top of the delicate skin. Alice . . . Oh, the cottage in the summer, run down, in need of paint, but near the sea where the waves beat clean upon the rocky shores, and wind swept all filth away until everything was sweet and fresh—like Alice. Yes, that was why he'd liked the cottage so well; it was like Alice with her faded dress and rumpled hair, but clean and fresh. He remembered it so clearly.

* * *

John wrote all days, nights too sometimes. But he was writing a great novel. That's what Alice Gersham told her neighbors. Oh, but she was proud of John.

At times he was gruff, even downright cross.

But she never minded. It was only when an idea wouldn't come, when a half-formed impulse lay back in his mind, trying to grope its way out to become the black and white life of a printed page.

When his mind and body were quiet, they planned. What a glorious future they would share! She knew her John was good. And he was writing—writing—writing a life—a utopia on earth. He was putting their happiness, their ecstasy, in his work. Sometimes it drained all the physical life out of him—that driving force that made him write those searing, joyful words. Then they were quiet—just satisfied to sit close to each other and dream.

Yet they couldn't quite shut out the world. Foolish necessities of life brought troubles, worries—yes, even quarrels. But after disagreements they did not have to stay together in the cottage, antagonizing and irritating, for there was always the sea. The sea with its glorious refreshing spray—its relaxation—its temptation to swim way out into the blue oblivion . . .

* * *

It was well she couldn't see his face when they carried her in, that's what the neighbors said. She'd have moved heaven and earth to take that look away. But she lay there on the beach, her white arm curled gently under her head, her white body glistening in the late rays of the afternoon sun, suddenly grown harsh and garish. He just stood there and looked at her, they said. He made no move to touch her; just stood, his hands hanging limply and uselessly at his sides, the blood running thickly into the veins, his mouth slightly open, his eyes aching in their blankness.

He'd gone to the city then, closed the cottage, buried Alice somewhere. He never remembered where. His memory seemed to stop on the cold white beach. When his stunned reason had come to life he realized he'd been drinking for a long time. Slowly his desire to write started to flow back into his sodden body, and he knew he had to finish their story. Only in that way could he find himself. When he saw *By Alice and John* in people's hands, building others' lives, then he might be able to make something of his own.

And so he had worked—God, how hard. The words were slow in coming at first; he'd been away from it for so long. But gradually he pulled his tor-

(Continued on page 23)

You're In The Army Now?

Seniors note—your draft papers are a ticket to a different sort of education—Here's army life!



TWENTY-TWO ounces of beer for ten cents, cigarettes for thirteen cents a pack, first run motion pictures for fourteen cents, hostesses in goodly quantity, and 21-30 bucks a month with no expenses! These are some of the thoughts that pass through the mind of you, the college draftee, upon receipt of the questionnaire notifying you that you have "made the team." True, a wave of righteous indignation may rise within your soul as you consider the uncompromising manner in which you are being torn from your well-planned future, and a few pangs of loneliness may pierce your heart as you contemplate the number of miles and months that are to separate you and the girl your buddies in camp will grow sick of hearing about. These unhappy considerations soon fade into the background, however, and their place is taken by the eager contemplations of the vast range of new experience that lies ahead.

Being one of the Denison draftees who one day next July will pack one small suitcase, and unceremoniously board a train for a distant camp, you may be interested in knowing something of what the ensuing months hold in store.

As the first rays of the sun filter through the morning mist you are suddenly shaken from your slumbers by the sharp blasts on the bugle. You rub your eyes, look at your watch, and the hands stare back at you revealing the awful truth, that it is 5:45, and no dream. The bugler is still wildly blowing Reveille as you crawl from your bed, cursing the army and the day your number was called. About you the dormant camp is springing into life. You envy the farmer boy who has the bunk next to yours—early rising has been bred into him. However, you realize that you are but one cog in a vast machine, so you dress in the required 15 minutes, make your bed and "police" your quarters and line up outside your tent to stand inspection. This completed, you proceed toward the mess hall; you try to assume a gait and bearing worthy of a soldier in the U. S. Army, but your every joint and muscle aches with

each step. Responsibility for this state can be laid to the preceding day's activities, which consisted of marching 10 paces forward, and then falling flat on your belly to avoid an imaginary machine gun barrage, then rising to your feet, going ten paces and repeating the same.

At mess the world looks brighter, and why shouldn't it? The food is good; our army is the best fed in the world. Breakfast consists of grapefruit, toast, coffee, and plenty of bacon and eggs. Four or five of you ride the life out of the little redhead who sits across the table. He hasn't been around much, and his explosive temper gets the best of him when you criticize his provincialism; you thank Denison for the four years of fraternity life which have taught you how to avoid the mistakes made by the redhead and others like him.

Following breakfast, you begin the day's work in the branch to which you have been assigned, either the infantry, artillery, or mechanized unit. The officers during your six weeks period of basic training are continually on the alert for signs of unusual ability. If you are an infantryman whose marksmanship is outstanding, you may be trained as a sniper or a machine gunner. If you show unusual ability in the mechanized units you may be assigned to a tank. A high degree of physical and nervous stamina is necessary to stand the strain of handling these mechanical giants. The operators must be strapped into position, and a well-padded crash helmet lashed to their heads to prevent their being knocked unconscious by the terrific jostling, and to protect their ears from the deafening din. Great responsibility rests upon these men for the spearhead of any attack is the tank division. Nor does mental ability go unrewarded in the modern army; there are many tasks for which it is a prerequisite. The army is making a concerted effort to break away from the traditional policy of Democracies toward personnel, that of pounding square pegs into round holes.

Eleven-thirty rolls around, you have been drill-

ing since eight, the sun is getting hot, your throat is parched, and your legs are ready to buckle; your sergeant barks a hoarse command, and you are unleashed to enjoy a much needed rest and lunch. Following this meal you may be put back in harness to drill some more, or you may be assigned to fatigue duty. Fatigue duty consists of painting, picking up trash, and other menial tasks beneath the dignity of a soldier; it compares favorably with the doing of housework by the freshmen after they have been initiated. As you drill, the hands of your wrist watch lazily pass across its face until they finally proclaim the time to be 4:30, and that the day's duties are at an end. The evening may be spent in a variety of ways, writing letters home, reading in the well-stocked library, playing pool or poker, or drinking beer with some of your buddies. Taps is sounded at 11 o'clock, and what a welcome sound it is. After what you've been through, your hard army cot feels like an old-fashioned feather bed.

Thus far I have presented the lighter side of the draft. It is a situation of many facts, some of which are bitter pills to swallow, for example: drilling day after day, week after week, month after month, in the boiling hot sun, or in mud up to your ankles; the thought of having the course of your life altered without your consent; the not too unlikely possibility of your length of service being extended from one to three years; and the chance of actual combat. The college senior wonders if his contacts in the business world will still be good, or he worries about passing entrance exams to law or medical school after taking a year off. The Junior speculates as to whether he will return to school, or will he consider himself to be a hardened veteran—too mature for the rather cloistered life of Denison. Nevertheless, in spite of the far-reaching possibilities, we must face this inevitable issue squarely, and give it our wholehearted support. We must place our faith in the doctrine that our determination to safeguard and to enhance the well-being of our country will be in direct proportion to our sacrifices.

by Alison Phillips

*What were the scattered thoughts
That made a certain Omar Khayyam
Write the wise but pessimistic Rubaiyat . . .*

*This is one of those nights
That are magic,
A masterpiece of beauty;
I wonder if it's because I'm in love . . .*

LURE IN APRIL

Tonight the air is wine,
Rare and ancient, clear and cool;
Its sprayed star-bubbles shine
Bright in every rain-made pool.

The rain has washed the world,
Left it glistening wet and fresh;
The spider's web unfurled
Now hangs a jeweled mesh.

The wine air swiftly flows
From a crystal flagon's throat;
The moon's skiff gently blows,
A silver crescent afloat.

Lilacs enchant the night
With draughts of their warm perfume
That drug a lover's dream
In arches of purple bloom.

MEDITATION BY A CERTAIN GREAT ONE

Omar drank a cup of wine and gazed upon the violet sky
In contemplation of those star-sewn regions far beyond the
eye.

"Little there is of thee and me up there whence Dawn's
wind-heralds blow . . .

Alas! we are but shadow-shapes moving on the earth
below."

Omar saw the Hand of Fate tearing the pages from Life's
slim book,

Considered the source of the hyacinths that raised red
blooms by the shallow brook.

Omar stumbled dreamily back to his den in the Tower of
the Stars,

Fingered his instruments tentatively, and stared up at
Venus and Mars.

Omar lifted a Persian rose, but faded it crumbled within
his hand.

He tipped his enameled hourglass and saw live minutes
in grains of sand.

Omar cynically laughed and said, "My ideals are but dust
and dreams;

Time passes like the wind, and I must vanish with its
sorry schemes."

Omar drank another cup and gazed on sleeping Naisapur
While roses dropped, a Sultan died, and one lute tinkled
sweet allure.



Moonlit Cove
By Frederick Waugh

—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts

WEDDING MORNING

They say it's bad luck for a groom
to see his bride before the wedding

MARGARET SHIELDS

IT WAS a perfect day for a wedding; the sun
shining through the venetian blinds made a
ladder of light on the floor, and through the slats
Ruth could see a blue-and-white patchwork sky.
Somewhere in the humming house a canary was
singing. The clock said only 9:00, but already
the atmosphere flaunted a hint of bustle and im-
portance. The bride-to-be sat up, stretched, and
then snuggled into her propped-up pillows, deli-
ciously happy over the prospect of the day. She
had heard married women say that until the
moment of the ceremony they were undecided and
afraid. None of that for Ruth; she was young,
healthy, and oh, so terribly in love. Jimmy was
truly wonderful. Of course, being handsome was
quite enough, but being understanding and gentle
and thoughtful, too, made him almost perfect.

At the moment Jimmy was feeling almost per-
fect, as his little blue coupe sped across town. He
made a detour just to take the hill road and pass
the gray church where the ceremony was to take
place and to savor his happiness. As he drew up
before the Harrington's house, a florist's truck
was departing. Once inside the door, he found
the excitement and industry of a household pre-
paring to lose grandly its only daughter. There
was the aunt who had arrived last night, extra
help all over the house, chairs borrowed for the
reception, and flowers and gifts in every room.
Jimmy was undaunted. "Where's my bride?" he
demanded.

"Why, I don't think she's up yet, Jimmy," Mrs.
Harrington replied absent-mindedly. "And you
shouldn't see her, anyway. It's bad luck to see
your bride before the wedding."

"I'll be in no condition to see her after it. Come
on, Mrs. Harrington, how about it?"

"Well, ask Nora. She can call her for you."
Nora was in the kitchen arranging a vase of
roses. "No, suh," she refused, with all the
authority of a family-long servant. "It's bad
luck and I've doin' no such thing."

"O. K." He was halfway up the back stairs
before Nora could remonstrate further. Before
a door that was just slightly ajar he chanted,
"Here comes the groom. Up to your room."

"Jimmy!" Ruth was out of bed in a wink and,
throwing her slight body against the door, she
turned the key. "You can't come in here. It's
bad luck."

"Come on out then."

"I'm not dressed."

"This is the last time you can use that excuse.
Put a robe on."

"No. I'm going back to bed and just lie there
thinking about today."

"Couldn't you think better if you saw me first?"
"Only about how our marriage was doomed be-
cause I saw you before the ceremony."

"Look here, you don't believe that silly stuff,
too, do you?"

"Of course. It's tradition. And this wedding
is going to be perfect."

"Sure it is. That's why I want to tell you first."

"Tell me what?"

"Come on out."

"No. Tell me through the door."

"That's no way to tell a girl you love her."

"It is on the morning of her wedding."

"Ruth, so help me, the first thing I beat out of
you is going to be superstition."

"Do they give divorces in this state for wife-
beating, darling, or is it just forty days in
stocks?"

"We'll be needing stocks. Ruth, please come
out." He began to wheedle now; that always
got her.

"Why?"

"I can't kiss you through the door."

"You can kiss me in three hours—no sooner.
Now go away and let me enjoy my last minutes
of freedom."

"All right, if that's the way you want it. But
don't be surprised if I don't get to your wedding."
With one ear cocked alertly he stomped down the
hall. At the top of the stairs he stood still. A
key turned and the door opened part way. Jimmy
turned back, hopefully, but all that met his eyes
was the empty hallway, its void broken by the
door which was standing halfway open. His face
expressed the disillusionment of a misled child.
Then a voice issued softly from behind the door
and Jimmy glowed.

"Honey."

"What?"

"Here comes a kiss. Get it?"

"Yes."

"Now will you come to my wedding?" Pause.

"Plee—ze?"

"I didn't come here for remote control. Maybe
I'll just be late, though."

"Don't be too late. I'm just wound up for
twelve o'clock."

Ruth pattered back across the polished floor,
slipped on the rag rug and jumped onto the bed.
She crossed her legs, hugged herself delightedly,

(Continued on page 23)

THREE POEMS

EX LIBRIS: G. K. W.

It was your book,
And when I read it
And see all your markings
I feel guilty,
As if I were reading your diary
As I did once long ago.
"Wounds in the Rain"
You have jotted down;
"When one of us goes,"
You have an X beside.
I add my own markings,
Different from yours,
To ease my conscience.
We burnt your diaries last summer.

—Thelma Willett.

HIGH NOTE

I have never heard
A sweeter, more yearning sound
Than the echo of a muted, golden-mouthed trumpet
Melting into the dark thickness
Of smoke clouded air.

That reverberating echo holds
All the hope, the longing and the fear
Of a lost young soul
Seeking, searching for a high note
On which to pin its faith.

The music mounts—trembles—quivers—
Holds life in its airy palm;
Then reaches far, far out into blue nothingness
And brings back a handful of stars,
Sparkling, iridescent, blinding in promise.

—Virginia Benson.

DISCOVERY

Tomorrow's love is clear, blue sky,
Unblemished, pure, and sweet;
But yesterday's is strong, brown earth,
On which I plant my feet.

—Bob Maxwell.

The Case for Modern Music

MUSIC as an art and a language is in constant process of change. It is one of the oldest of the arts and yet, by its very nature, destined to seem perennially the youngest. The "golden age" of music is nearer our own time than the "golden ages" of the other arts and it would not be surprising if the location of music's "golden age" continues to follow a hundred or two hundred years behind the future-present. The student of musical history knows that milleniums of music of great beauty antedate the music we hear on our concert programs today. There is plentiful evidence from these same periods that this music moved those who heard it in the same way that music affects us today. This art is so immaterial and even when it attempts to be descriptive, so non-objective, that it is peculiarly responsive to the spirit of each age in turn. The public however, is usually a generation or two behind the composer and does not always recognize its own biography or understand the changes of its own period.

The tempo of change has been so rapid in our generation that it is quite possible that the term "ultra-modern music" may remain in future histories of music associated with the early twentieth century just as the term "new music" has remained associated with two other periods of rapid and radical change, the "ars nova", c. 1300 and the "nuove musiche", c. 1600. These terms, "new art" and "new music" are about 300 years apart and those who read history in recurring cycles might add that 1900 is the proper date for a recurrence.

What are some of the features which make the serious music of our own day so different from that of our grandfathers? First there is the disappearance of the old harmonic cadence as a mark of punctuation. This adds to the difficulty of listening because the hearer does not know where to catch a mental breath between sentences. He is forced to give more attention to the inner content and cannot depend upon superficial periods. It is as if he had to learn to understand a complicated telegram in a foreign language without the aid of "stop" at the proper points.

A second feature associated with the above is the gradual downfall of tonality. There was increasing chromaticism throughout the nineteenth century; tonalities changed with even greater frequency. Quite appropriately, the Chinese name for the tonic, or first note of the scale, is "Emperor", and for the more powerful dominant, "Prime Minister." Frequent changes of the ruling musical powers led logically, first, to polytonality, or more than one ruler at the same time, and then to a-tonality or no central tonal authority. There

may be a parable in this art for the modern man, if the story is continued in terms of political science. No sooner did composers remove all the differentiations from the tonal material and create a veritable communism of tones than they had to assign new relative values to their material. In other words, relative values seem to be a prerequisite for the creation of any art form. However, these empirically assigned values have the misfortune of lacking general currency; the result is that the music of some composers became narrowly esoteric, understood by themselves or their immediate circle alone. To make matters worse this recoinage of value differs not only from composer to composer but from composition to composition. It is as difficult for this new coinage to secure acceptance as it is for a private printing press to produce real currency.

Schoenberg, an exponent of music which others call atonal, redivides the twelve notes of the chromatic scale in new orders or series without reference to a tonic and with these new series he can produce forms but a wide acceptance of these forms meet certain obstacles which the earlier tonal music, based upon simpler mathematical relations at the lower end of the overtone series, does not meet. Schoenberg himself objects to the term "atonal" just as the modernists in other fields object to the label "asymmetry." They prefer to call their proportions "dynamic symmetry." As a matter of fact, if tonality is redefined as the integrating factor, or whatever produces the effect of unity in the variety which would otherwise be chaotic, tonality in that sense still exists and must continue to exist in all music. Much modern music, for these reasons, seems to leave questions unanswered; it has some of the characteristics of free verse or symbolic prose rather than the neatly balanced forms of rhymed verse. Thus it reflects the age, which raises more questions than it answers, for life itself in the twentieth century is more dissonant and discordant. The radio accustoms us to polytonality when we happen to get two stations at the same time, and the noises of a mechanical civilization have made it possible for the human ear to accept greater dissonance. Each new generation seems to be able to assimilate more and more complex harmonies and to supply unexpressed resolutions. We may expect a still greater use of dissonance and atonal clusters even in popular music, for that utilizes effects discovered by composers of serious music about a generation after they were written. Tinpan alley is just beginning to discover Stravinsky and Shostakowitch.

Well qualified, Karl Eschman analyzes the case for modern music, and sums up its true status

Those who would keep music as an Ivory Tower, for escape from this world, are disappointed when they listen to most modern music. They do not find the old and familiar landmarks or contours of melody and they complain that the music has no melody. This accusation has recurred in almost every generation: "Wagner's music has no melody." Later the objection changes to: "Wagner has endless melody." In some way the race as a whole however catches up with Wagner, and much of his music seems comparatively simple today, even to an uneducated listener. Wagner demanded an increased span of attention and the public met the demand.

Is there a limit to the amount of dissonance which we can assimilate? How far may the fundamental relationships of the lowest overtones be left behind? Is there any fixed line between consonance and dissonance? If by consonance we mean "a pleasing sound", the dividing line, if it exists, certainly presents the paradox of a "moving standard." Because he sees possibilities for beauty and effective use of a certain combination, a composer may convince us that this combination is beautiful. As in the tale of "Beauty and the Beast", which Ravel has set to music, if the beautiful princess really believes in the Beast of ugliness, by that very faith in its possibilities, the Beast is transformed, presto chango, into a handsome Prince. Modernists make increasing use of the higher overtones, or upper partials, and the physics laboratory tells us that the series is unlimited; hence they experiment with music of less than half tones. Materials or vocabularies change but the cogency of the musical thought, expressed with these changing vocabularies, must remain. The music must say something, if not to us, then to our children's children. We may be certain that it will speak, even more clearly than the political history, for our time.

In America the modern composer has the added problem of nationalism and he soon discovers that, for a solution, he must strike deeper than the superficial exploitation of folk themes. There has been a growing independence in this country furthered by a host of young American composers of whom Roy Harris, born in Oklahoma, may be considered representative. The American "School" is characterized by optimism, rhythmic energy and a rather bashful sentimentality. For too long our writers imitated established styles. European composers were the first to experiment with the artistic use of certain features of American popular music. The commercial form of this music

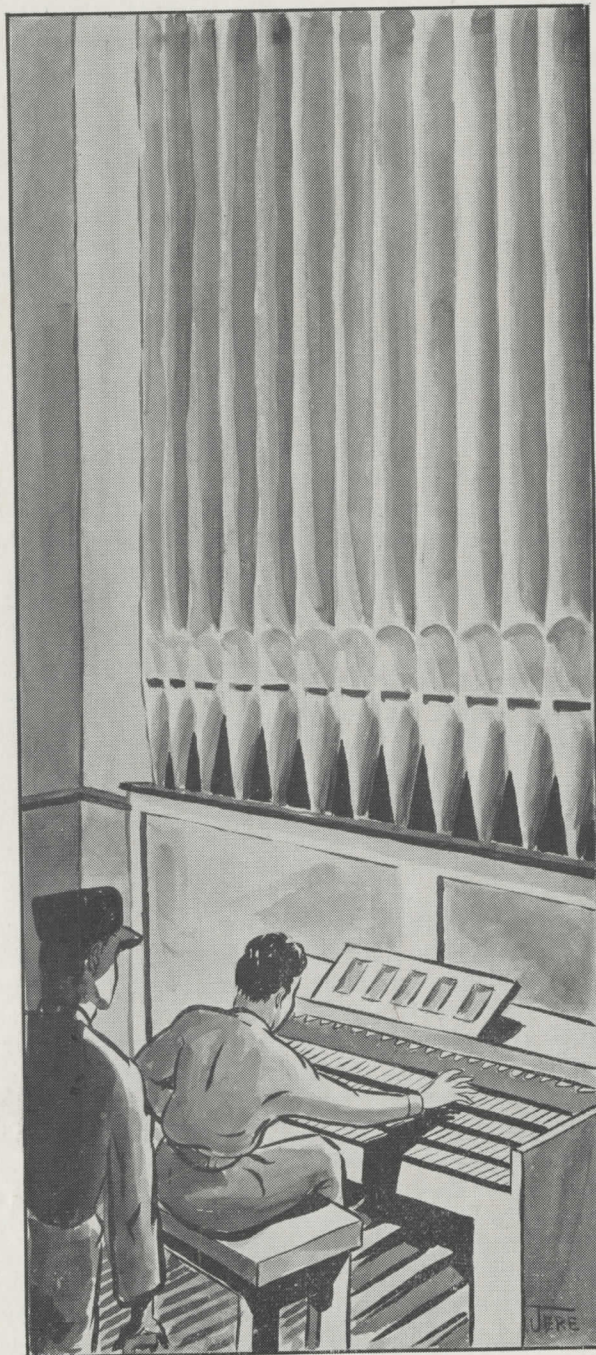
(Continued on page 20)

DISSONANCE

The demented Gregory lived in a world of organ melody—any intrusion was discord

JOHN WYMAN

HE ENTERED the room. He was alone, unguarded and unprotected. He was stooped but his step was firm, not the shuffle of an old man. As he crossed the room he worked his fingers constantly like an experienced musician preparing to play his instrument. In the middle of the expansive room he stopped, feeling the warmth of the sunlight as it crept through the window and lazily stretched itself upon the floor of the room. Three black vertical bars slanted across the pattern of the oblong shadow on the floor. He turned away and walked slowly but steadily to the one other object in the room. No one cared for this room except Gregory because to see the bulky thing crouching in the corner gave one a feeling of insecurity, of minuteness, almost of slavery to its gargantuan size. But Gregory was its master and he loved it above life. Its long pointed fingers crept up the wall reaching to the blue-domed ceiling while its short, squat body sat haunched, grinning through ivory-colored teeth. It waited this way for Gregory daily, motionless yet ready to spring to beautiful action at the caress of its master's hand. It was all Gregory's, for he had prayed for it many times, and an anonymous person had heard his prayer, had answered it. Gregory knelt at the step leading to the console and gazed at the lovely thing. His thoughts became confused, a mixture of elation and thankfulness and of chaotic resentment. The man stood then and climbed slowly to the long bench. His hands ran along the numerous stop combinations and rested on the master key. He turned it and the whole instrument wheezed heavily seeming to fill its pipe lungs with vital air. The room echoed the sound, it ricocheted off the walls reverberating round the empty place.



Gregory covered his face with his hands. Tonight the sound was too big—too intense. His mind seemed to distort the small. He shook his head, and as the organ settled down to its steady hum, he let his hands wander idly over the keys. The strong fingers led themselves into the *Pathétique* sonata and dreamily Gregory let himself drift happily along with them. The music soared up into nowhere in its desire to escape from Gregory's hands, and then it fell tremulously into a sotto voce eager to remain in the luscious warm depths of the foot pedals.

The door at the far side of the room opened and shut quietly. Gregory sensed the intruder but played on in the same submissive tone. Hollow footsteps of the man crossed the room and died away. The man stood at Gregory's back reverently waiting. He coughed and this repeated itself mockingly off in one of the corners. Gregory knew who the man was. He smelled the strong antiseptic odor of the man's body. Guard Trimkey. He had come to listen to Gregory play. The man slipped up to the bench and quickly sat beside the musician.

"Evenin' Greg," he said softly.

Gregory did not answer.

"It's beautiful, Greg," sighed the guard. "What is it?" Trimkey bit his lip. "I'm a fool," he thought, "I'm a fool speakin' when he's playing—always asking such stupid questions. If only I could think of all the nice things he must think of—the awful life here in this place would be lots easier on me, sometimes I think I'll go nuts myself. Wish I could feel the way he feels about each piece that he plays. If I could talk with him and maybe learn somethin', but he's always so quiet. Gee, that's beautiful stuff—"

Gregory had modulated into an impassioned Tchaikovsky theme and Trimkey felt a shiver run over him. The music was sheer beauty to him, and it seemed to relax his whole body.

"He's got such strong hands, and his face is different from the rest of them. When he's playing seems like he's able to see again. Yeah, there's something in his eyes now that I've never seen in any other blind man's eyes. Must be music that does it. I wouldn't mind so much being blind if I was like him—Jeez, what am I saying—it's that music makes me this way. Seems like he's always figuring out what's going on in other people's heads, and sorta keeping it all inside him."

Gregory's music clashed with Trimkey's reverie. It began with a trembling, childish sequence which swelled upward on the organ, growing in intensity, mounting to a shimmering nuance, finally hovering on the brink of an explosive transition. Trimkey sat transfixed, his hands grasping the bench tightly. The music subsided, cascading into a deep, throbbing tonelessness. Trimkey felt weak.

"Gee, what makes me feel like this," he thought, "it wears me out. Doesn't seem to affect him though—he's just as calm. Wonder if anything ever bothers him. Maybe he's had too much music. Maybe things would've been different if his sister hadn't been so kind—"

Trimkey's mind flashed back to the day when Gregory first came to the asylum. He was very ill then and needed hypos to quiet him. Trimkey had been on duty that night and Gregory raving in his sleep bitterly cried out against his sister. She had been driving the car that caused his blindness. He mumbled of shattering windshield glass and a scream punctuated by a blinding flash of light. Then, rest—complete rest. All the doctors agreed. Complete breakdown. His sister saying: "I'll take care of him, good care of him. You needn't worry." Gregory was sitting up straight in bed and laughing. "She'll take care of me," he had said. "After what she'd done. Blind—I was blind, and she pitied me. But charity wasn't enough. I could have been a great pianist, could have had the world. I could have strangled her—I tried, but she was stronger. She always was stronger than me. I hate her—" Trimkey had heard the whole story that had been hushed from print. He had seen the pathetic man going through his tortuous story only to fall back upon his cot. He had bent closely to Gregory's lips to hear the whispered prayer: "Let me start again. Give me a new instrument to play upon—God's instrument. An organ." Trimkey also remembered the day when the organ arrived after his secret visit to the sister. And the change in Gregory. Music did wonderful things to that lost mind. "A new man," the doctors had agreed . . .

Gregory stopped and let his long fingers lie motionless upon his knees. Mechanically he changed the stops and then began a fugal figure using only the foot pedals. His feet worked together in perfect timing, his hands tightening their grasp on his knees. As the theme progressed, his feet moving upwards on the footboard, Gregory began to wedge the guard's legs against the frame of the organ. Slowly he moved his hand to Trimkey's back and then swiftly and viciously thrust the guard's head against the keyboard. A sharp dissonance grated through the pipes. It wailed around the room creating a strange, polyphonic setting for the fugal figure of the foot pedals. Gregory felt the surge of the great organ's power in his hands as he finished the work.

"It's a lovely instrument—too good for Trimkey. He thinks Rubenstein wrote 'Liebestraum'—that's bad. God wants us to know that Liszt composed it. It's a pretty piece and Guard Trimkey is bad."

Gregory turned off the master key and slipped from the bench. Unguarded and unprotected he left the room.

The Origin of Memorial Day

This is how it began—the observance of
a day to honor those who died in battle

DOROTHY HART

My name is Ellen Monroe. Before I came to the Carolinas, I lived in a charming little town in Pennsylvania called Chambersburg. It lies just a few miles north of the border of Maryland and a few miles west of the little town that was to become famous—Gettysburg. It was in this pleasant mountainous country that I spent a happy childhood with my mother and father. Then one day Robert Monroe came to Chambersburg to visit. Robert and I were married a year later and he took me back with him to his home in South Carolina.

We had a lovely time together—Robert and I, and I grew to love the South almost as much as he. In the day the sun was bright and beat down with warm friendliness, and Robert would tease me because I wasn't as active as I had been back home. He said the Carolina sun was making me a lazy little Southerner. The evenings were filled with fragrance of jasmine and honeysuckle and with the song of the cardinal. In those happy times I grew to love all those about me—they were so like the people in the North! But our happiness was not to last!

Towards Spring in 1861 there were cries of war, and in June of that year the North and South were engaged in bitter conflict. The North and the South! My North and Robert's South! Surely this was but a dream, for these were not two sections but one nation! One nation standing unanimously for one ideal! But this was not a dream. Robert left in a few days. He smiled at me and teased me a little when he saw my tears—and then he was gone.

The months that followed were long, dreary ones. I tried to forget my own empty feeling by making bandages, knitting socks and sweaters for the soldiers, and trying to comfort my neighbors who had lost their husbands and sons in the war. Often I would go with a group of my friends to lay flowers on soldiers' graves. It had become a custom among the southern women to pay tribute to the soldiers at least once a year. It was a beautiful custom to establish! Then one day in late fall I heard heavy footsteps on my veranda and a knock at the door. It was over then. Robert had been killed. Robert had been killed fighting for something my heart had fought against.

I don't remember very clearly the days that followed. When I do try to remember, I can hear

very faintly the helpless cry that echoed through the Confederacy—"If Sherman breaks through to the sea—the South will be lost!" Already hope was drained from eyes and despair had traced its paths across youthful foreheads. Poverty and ruin had gnawed to the core of everything. Sherman made his march to the sea—the South was lost. We had the United States again—but only in theory.

After the war, new and more bitter animosities grew up between the North and the South. Yes, the States were united again, but they were united in hatred. To be united in hatred is to be divided. I often wondered in those days whether or not our country would ever be one again—it seemed hopelessly impossible.

There was one great thing that helped save our nation. It was the sympathy that filled hearts for those who had lost loved ones in the war. The southern women had started the custom of putting spring flowers on the graves of the soldiers, and the northern women humbly followed them. Through this one small act Northerners and Southerners began really to see one another and to understand. Slowly the Mason-Dixon line faded from people's memories, and once or twice I caught a Northerner talking kindly with a Southerner.

It was the 5th of May, 1861, that John A Logan, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, spoke to a large gathering in Washington. His speech was not a long one nor was it a great one. He simply said, "The 30th of May is designated for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country." And then the joyous day came.

President Grant and several Governors recommended the observance of a national Memorial Day, and in 1874, by Congressional enactment, May 30th was made a legal holiday in nearly every state of the Union. At last the states were united! At least they were united on one day, and I knew the spirit of that day would be so infectious that soon they would be united in other moments. And I knew that sometime there would be no North and South—just the United States of America, and above there would be a flag waving with no stripe erased and no star obscured.

Notes On The Drama

Reviewing professional "Twelfth Night"
and previewing the forthcoming "Dream"

ROGER REED

Twelfth Night in Retrospect

As a gunner peers through his bomb-sight at a distant objective far below him, in like fashion my party of six took turns at the opera glasses to gaze cautiously over a myriad of heads and into the brilliantly colored abyss below. From our vantage point (both dizzy and precarious) high in the Hartman gallery we took many delightful bearings on Will Shakespeare's engaging comedy labeled *Twelfth Night*; or *What You Will* (it was scheduled to open in London on the eve of January 12, 1602, but was delayed).

Climaxing a highly productive season at the Hartman this year, the Theatre Guild was eminently fortunate in securing the services of Shakespearean *regisseur* Margaret Webster to direct no less luminaries than Helen Hayes and Maurice Evans as Viola and Malvolio. Fresh from something like a fifteen-week run on Broadway, this highly successful revival brought a long-anticipated treat to Columbus (and vicinity) theatre-goers during Denison's recent Spring recess.

Two acts, the first of which ran over an hour, constituted the entire show. The short, rapidly shifting scenes were skilfully managed through the use of two light inner curtains which divided the stage into three playing areas, including upstage, downstage, and the apron. The last area (directly behind the footlights) was often frequented by the clown's musical interlude, while a slight rumble of moving scenery was heard from behind the curtain. In this manner little or no time was lost for entre-scene shifts, and the show moved swiftly on "light, fantastic" toes to a spirited climax.

Most striking of those features which met the eye was the startling resemblance between Miss Hayes and Alex Courtney, who played her twin brother, Sebastian. Such close approximation to each other has caused some doubting Thomasas to wager that trick mirror devices had been used to create an optical illusion. Far from drab was Malvolio's yellow hose, which peeped conspicuously out from behind his elaborate system of cross-garters.

Mr. Evans' portrayal assumes an extra sparkle resulting from his untraditional Cockney accent. Reversing the Elizabethan tradition which demanded that women's parts should be played by

boys, Miss Hayes won obvious admiration from the audience, because of the ease with which she put Sesario through his boyish maneuvers. Not much more than a wisp according to the yardstick, she assumes a considerably greater dramatic stature as the lovable Viola, performing Orsino's courtship.

Unusual on the part of the audience were the numerous occasions when they stopped a scene with generous applause for the particularly effective delivery of certain lines. Cleverly executed exits evoked still further applause, indicative of an audience whose more-than-ordinarily warm reception is the coveted ambition of every eager Thespian.

* * *

Midsummer Night's Dream in Preview

South Plaza's pastoral glen will soon show signs of returning life as the University Theatre embarks upon the final show of its current season. Probably no other Shakespearean vehicle is more appropriately suited to the unique atmosphere of our local setting as is this year's presentation—Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In the common theatrical parlance it will be most often referred to as simply "The Dream".

Before a natural back-drop of evergreens and the plaza's brick facade, Puck's merry band of revelers will cavort in the true Romanic tradition, while Oberon's fairy kingdom "trips the light fantastic" on a specially constructed scaffold rising unseen behind the plaza wall. All this is to unfold before plaza-goers to the accompaniment of musical strains composed expressly for the occasion by one Felix Mendelssohn. Thus, the Muses of Drama, Music, and the Dance each have a finger in this Spring's theatrical pie, all of which—when viewed together—shows promise of offering a most appetizing theatrical fare for several warm (?) evenings late in May.

Notwithstanding the ominous possibility of a drenching rain, a howling nor'easter, a late frost, or the contented droning of a tri-motored airship passing overhead on the night route—a loyal group of troupers and technicians will abandon Granville's Opera House and take up temporary residence on the upper campus, as preparations for "The Dream" draw on apace.

ANONYMOUS

*They say:
There's one born every minute . . .*

A YOUNG GIRL SPEAKING

I loved a voice,
And learned to love
The sweet words that it sung.

I loved a smile,
And cherished more
The heart from whence it sprang.

I loved his poise,
And worldly ways,
The great men that he walked among.

But all for naught
My love I gave—
Alas, his wife was also young.

*You're looking for peace?
It's not what you think it is, friend . . .*

PEACE I HAVE SOUGHT FOR

Peace I have sought for,
Peace I have found,
As nectar distilled
On a white violet ground
And the opium fragrance
Is sweet and is faint,
And soft as the halo
O'er the head of a saint.

Peace I have sought for,
Peace I have gained,
Motion has left me,
And stillness remained.
No breath or a murmur,
No sound or a sigh,
But just the faint glimmer
Of time passing by.

Peace I have sought for,
Such too is your quest,
And so I must warn you
That peace is not rest.
But only the silver
That shines upon dust,
And only the moisture
That melts upon rust.

*You didn't ask much of me,
But before I knew it . . .*

YOU CAME AND ASKED

You came and asked for laughter
To fill your nights and days,
You came and asked for music—
My heart in song I raise.
You came and asked for trust and faith;
These things I gave and others, too.
And deep within my soul you found
Some things I never knew.
You came and asked for little things—
Your asking made me glad;
And the least that I could give you
Was everything I had.

THE PASQUIN

An obscure chapter of Denison history,
reprinted from a 1922 copy of Flamingo

WILLIAM MATHER

LET'S imagine Granville back in the early seventies. There isn't any danger of slipping on the icy steps leading up the hill—there aren't any steps. We're back in the days of the "Old Brown Sem" a white frame house west of the girls' gym will be all that's left of it in 1922, fifty years from now. The young ladies attend the "Sem", which is privately owned by Dr. Shepardson. There are only three buildings on the Hill; the "Old Brick", a frame building moved from the first location on the Columbus Road, and the residence of Professor Marsh. Professor Marsh's house stands now about where President's house will stand in 1922; by that time Prof. Willy will be living in it on the corner of Mulberry and Elm.

The Baptist Church is a frame building, mounted on a high foundation; in 1922 it will be called the Post Office in the daytime and the Strand Theatre at night.

It is springtime; warm, sticky Commencement time. The church auditorium is packed with people, and the graduating exercises are about to begin. The procession is at the door, and the audience, program in hand, sits expectant. Just as the music starts and the lordly marshal begins his dignified promenade, two boys sitting in the back rise and hurriedly pace down the aisles, distributing broadcast a quantity of folded papers. The surprised audience ignores the pompous advance of dark-robed Learning, in shocked contemplation of the hand-bills. They are fake programs of the exercises; a take-off on the faculty and students. Although full of ridicule and satire, they are cleverly done, and as each student comes forward to deliver his oration, the ordinarily passive audience is convulsed by the introduction and remarks about him in the fake programs. Truly, the customary dignity of the proceedings is lost.

Now begins a most interesting chapter of Denison's history. The college authorities use every means in their power to find the students responsible for the programs. But their search is unsuccessful. The next year, at the same time, preparations are again made for the Commencement Exercises, and again the auditorium is full. Ushers have strict orders to confiscate instantly any fake programs before they can be distributed, but not a one has been seen. Again the procession moves down the aisle, and this time its members are seated in peace. The faculty breathes easier; so

far, so good. But just as the audience begins to feel a little bit disappointed, someone yells from the center of the house, "Look under your seats!"

And there, stacked in bunches of three or four, at intervals under the seats, are copies of the "Pasquin", Volume I, Number 1.

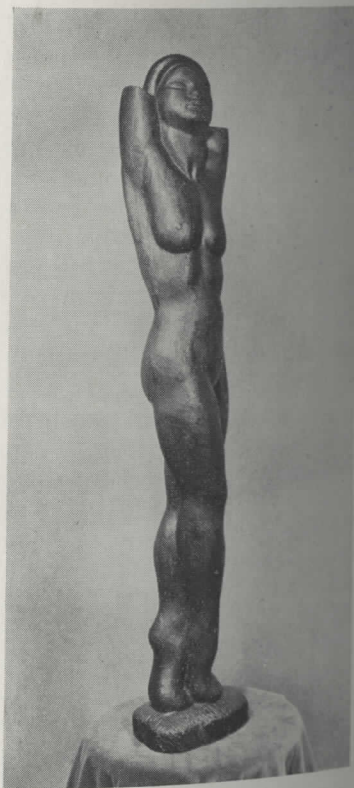
It is a hot little leaflet of four pages, employing as its motto that line from "MacBeth":

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough.'"

Unlike most of us who glibly chant that quotation, the editors of this paper do "lay on," cleverly, vigorously, and effectively. Not only are the faculty and graduating class attacked, but also the more well known students of the lower classes. The name "Pasquin" is most appropriate. There used to be a broken statue of that name in Rome, upon which satirical writings were posted; and if the dictionary tells the truth, the writings of the Old Boys used to tack on the column were warm enough to melt the asphalt on the Appian Way. But they must have been pretty hot if they raised the temperature higher than this paper, for the subsequent investigations and controversies excited the whole town. According to its editorial page, it is published in "Room No. 40, Old Brick," by "Pasquin and Marforio", but the faculty finds that the room numbers don't run up to forty, and no one questioned has ever met friends Pasquin and Marforio. The lid of faculty supervision clamps down tight.

Let's come back to 1922 and watch the explosion from a safe distance. The opinion of most of our Forever Young Alumni is that these first outbursts of student opinion were comparatively harmless and really rather clever. Although perhaps a little boisterous in their humor and exceptionally keen in their sarcasm, they were not morally objectionable. However, the students fretted under the perhaps not altogether wise policy of insistent suppression and constant investigation, and as a consequence the moral level of their rebellious papers dropped. In fact, it just about hit the bottom. The editors one year were expelled two months before the close of school; not wishing to go home and let the folks know, they lived in a log cabin out in the Welsh Hills until Commencement. Needless to say, it was a scorching Pasquin that appeared that year. An-

(Continued on page 23)



Black Girl
By Mab Parker

—Courtesy Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts

Over The Green Grass

Here's the story behind
last Monday's newsreel

JOHN HAMMER

THIS was not the security of a theater seat. There was no fanfare here. No deep all inclusive voice explained this situation; this was a newsreel about to be made. Cameraman Bud Russel waited restlessly under the screen-like canopy of leaves that camouflaged the gun placement.

The gun itself was a new anti-aircraft weapon, a marvel of synchronized mobility and operation. There were four guns in the battery. Each of them adjusted its fire according to controls from a remote and central range-finder, a device that did everything but fire the weapon. This grim military unit was scattered and concealed in irregular positions a mile outside the city of Dover.

Bud sat down in the deep grass—grass like that back in Ohio. If it were not for the gun and two determined watchers, he could have easily imagined himself at home on the farm. The few small birds and the silent sky seemed very remote from the characteristics of warfare. Why had Crane ever sent him here, so far out in the country? Even if some action did occur, it would probably be too distant for good pictures.

Bud mused on, something might happen. Crane always seemed to have an instinct for events. Still, he was restless. He wanted to shoot action, none of this routine stuff. "Bring on the fight and please hurry!" was his true sentiment. He was here for pictures and he meant to get them.

One of the watchers answered the small field phone, the other raised his glasses to the distant sky. The one at the phone turned and blew a whistle. The crew of four came out of a nearby hay rick and ran to the gun. Bud could hear it now, the far-away sound of planes. The crew began to train the gun according to findings that came in from the central range station. Each man watched the sky. They were here to stop bombers. Even their faces were resolute.

Bud saw the planes now, three glass nosed, black, and sleek bombers diving fast from very high. His camera jumped into sudden cooperation with his eyes. Automatically the things he saw were being registered on film.

The sudden report of the gun beside him surprised and startled Bud, but the ever concentrating camera was not startled, it saw the flame and smoke leap across the vision field. There was the puff of an explosion among the diving triangle of planes. One of them became a streak of smoke.

Then there came a shock. The whole region

shook as columns of flame, dirt, wreckage, and smoke filled the air toward the left rear. Bud thought of Crane. He was much nearer the destruction. If he were still alive, what pictures he must be getting!

The camera hummed on. The three planes became six, then nine, a dozen, fifty! Everything blended into a great roar. The gun was now a staccato of flame and smoke. Bud turned the camera briefly upon the crew working fast and efficiently beside him.

There was a second shock, a mighty eruption very near. The camera saw every detail of it but Bud did not. First there was a whining black streak, a falling object, and the great explosion just a few yards on the far side of the gun. The camera even caught the flying gun parts and crew as it and Bud were knocked flat to the ground by concussion alone.

How much later, Bud did not know, but the reality of the battle again became part of his consciousness. A quick glance around was enough for him, but the camera could take it. It saw the dead gun crew, and the few wisps of smoke that marked what was once a placement. The camera heard the crescendo of diving planes, the exploding of bombs, and all the minor noise of the battle.

This clever camera could even discern that now there were two different kinds of streaks in the sky. They would direct traces of fire into each other. Often some of them would become still a third kind of streak, an orange tinted spinning trail of smoke.

Bud was like a part of his humming compunctionless camera. For a dazed hour, he kept his eye to the sights. It saw for him, it missed nothing. Bud could feel his insides shrivel into a ball of horror, but the insides of the camera were steady, they rebelled at nothing.

Perhaps the camera knew before he did that the sky was empty, perhaps it was also ahead of him to notice the sudden silence. But when awareness did return to Bud, he dropped the sights of his camera to the horizon and scanned it. Behind were red columns rising out of Dover. Nearby was the demolished gun spangled with its crew. The camera missed nothing. It had within it a story words can not be convincing about.

Weariness was Bud's reward. He let the camera go and sat down. It swung around and exhausted itself upon the meadow, the meadow full of green grass, grass just like that in Ohio.

Keeping The Records Straight

Brighten up your life with select melodies,
classic and otherwise—It's guaranteed to
soothe the savage beast—Tips by the Duke

Record companies have been stressing different types of music, both classical and jazz, these past few months in the album form, until there are literally hundreds of such albums on the market. Since my last column I have had the pleasure of hearing a couple of them that are the best to date in my estimation. There is a new one out this month called the *John Kirby Album* that is very worth while. All of you are familiar with the small band that he has, and how clean cut all of his offerings are, but in this group of eight sides he has waxed his best tunes and performance. Among the tunes are *Then I'll Be Happy*, *Coquette*, *Double Talk*, *Rose Room*, *Bounce of the Sugar Plum Fairy*, *Serenade*, *20th Century Closet* and *Sweet Georgia Brown*. I've given Billy Kyle, Kirby's 88 man, raves before, so I won't go all over that again, but his Steinway work is thrilling. This is a "must" album for record fans and is definite proof why John Kirby is tops in the small unit field. This album is put out by Columbia.

The second album that I wish to plug in this issue is a neat little package put out by Decca of Art Tatum's piano solos. The six sides include *Sweet Lorraine*, *Tiger Rag*, *Get Happy*, *Elegie*, *Humoresque* and *Lullaby of the Leaves*. All of these show the Tatum pianoistics to the best advantage, and it is easy to see how his own individual style has influenced many of the younger piano players today. It is very good, and the kind of music you like to listen to on Sunday afternoons.

The third, and last album that is of note is the one that Victor recently made, called *Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street*. The Doctors Henry Levine and Paul Laval supply the music portion of the work, with two sides by vocalist Dinah Shore singing *Dinah's Blues* and Duke Ellington's *Mood Indigo*. This album smacks too much of the comedy angle for my money, but there are Miss Shore's two waxings that make up

for it, so it balances up pretty well.

Billie Holiday registers two of the prettiest vocals that have come up in a long time in her latest Okeh release of *I'm Pulling Through* and *Time On My Hands*. There is fine backing played by a small group that is labeled, "orchestra", but I have a sneaking suspicion that Teddy Wilson is the pianist that shines in the background. Miss Holiday is sounding better now than when she sang with the old Artie Shaw band, and this record proves it. *Pulling Through* is one of those reminding love tunes that fits her type of singing to a tee. It's a gem.

Jimmy Dorsey records two very pretty tunes for Decca in *Yours* and *When the Sun Comes Out*. Both have Toots Camarata arrangements that really click. In *Sun Comes Out*, Helen O'Connell gets most of the glory, and does her share of the work in swell fashion. In *Yours* you might just as well skip the vocals and devote your attention to Mr. Dorsey's sax caperings.

Other briefs: Listen to the Modernaires with Glenn Miller's band sing *A Little Old Church in England* paired with *When That Man Is Dead and Gone*. Benny Goodman records *It's Always You* and *You Lucky People* for Columbia, with Helen Forrest doing a terrific job on the words. Teddy Wilson and his big band do a lot of things to *Liza* and *Sweet Lorraine*. It's good jazz. *Liza* shows Wilson in his best form on the piano, with plenty of fancy runs and modulations.

Jimmie Lunceford cut *Okay for Baby*, with the band holding a solid beat all the way. Erskine Hawkins makes one of *Keep Cool Fool* that is very much similar to *Tuxedo Junction*. It's on a Bluebird. *Walkin' by the River* can't be touched after hearing it sung by Ginny Sims. She sings so easily that it suits the tune for sure. The flipover is *May I Never Love Again*. Ella Fitzgerald sings well on her latest Decca release of *Wishful Thinking*, and her band plays the best they have in months.



The Bookshelf



For the past decade and more, Random House has been constantly adding meritorious volumes to the growing series entitled **The Modern Library**. This project has proved an excellent opportunity for readers with limited budgets, to obtain at an unusually low price copies of "the world's best books". There are two sizes of books, the smaller volumes priced at a dollar and now numbering over several hundred, and the Giants priced at a dollar and a half, of which there are over fifty. The latter are editions of those literary giants which are usually only available in large, cumbersome, and expensive sets. The list of writers represented is imposing. Such authors are available as: Anderson, Balzac, Chaucer, Confucius, Conrad, Dante, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Hardy, and a great number of the world's truly great. The editions are handsome, unabridged, and occasionally illustrated. The Modern Library is an excellent recommendation for those who would like to constantly add to their personal library even though cash is scarce.

★ ★ ★

Earlier in the year, drama critic George Jean Nathan, whose caustic reviews make playwrights and producers squirm, presented the literary world with a volume entitled **The Bachelor Life**. In it he sets down facts, articles of faith, refutations, bits of memory and malice, and a few coined words. Nathan asserts that contrary to the layman's view, the bachelor's apartment is neither a den of iniquity nor a refuge of peace, it is much as any other home. So he rebels against the common misconceptions and portrays the true "vagaries of the bachelor life", the emphasis on food and drink, New York social whirl, life with other bachelors. All told, it is an amusing but biting, informative picture of bachelorhood. Jesse Zousner, literary critic of the Columbus Citizen, exemplifies the terrific effect which Nathan's portrayal of bachelorhood may have. In less than three days after he had read the book, Zousner was married.

★ ★ ★

Current choice of the B of the M Club is **Kabloona** by Gontran de Poncins, an adventurous, fascinating departure. His descriptions of the Eskimo and his mode of life will reform your sketchy conception of iglooland. The Eskimo is a strange personality, and one whom you cannot know by exchange of ideas. "Properly speaking the Eskimo does not think at all. He has no capacity for generalization." The only way to know him apparently is to live his life, eat his food, bear his hardships. This our author does, and so effectively that he finds his European frame of mind

replaced with that of the Eskimo, so that he finds it difficult to indulge in association with other than the natives after his winter with them. The Eskimo does not look at his land as a harsh one; he is cheerful in it. He looks on the question-asking, inquisitive white man as child-like. He can sit by a seal hole for days motionless, poised, in a position a white man could not maintain for ten minutes. But the author does not try to glorify the Eskimo. Some of the details are revolting and should not be read at mealtime. Nevertheless it is a fascinating study, removed from any label of "travelogue", informative, fresh, adventurous.

★ ★ ★

For those who would welcome a real literary challenge, we offer the enigma of James Joyce and his **Ulysses**. Joyce who died the earlier part of this year, first published the book in 1922. Since then it has been a constant subject for attack, conjecture, and interpretation. Until a court decree the book was banned from the country. It is now published in complete unexpurgated form. Revolutionary to say the least, **Ulysses** is a challenge to any reader, amateur or erudite. Since its publication there have been a number of analytic compendiums and syllabuses to guide the reader, and in truth it can scarcely be read without such. Devoid of the ordinary literary devices, it strikes out in a new vein, embracing all fields and all languages, probes into every stream of life and every emotion, despite the fact that its actual setting is in one character during the course of one day. Certain to be a pinnacle of modern literature, **Ulysses** already shows tremendous influence upon the writers of our day.

★ ★ ★

H. M. Pulham, Esquire, will be eagerly read by those who knew John Marquand's former books. Set in the Boston he loves, this story by Marquand is expertly done, flowing easily and smoothly, compounded of the same dry humor and the same incisive thrusts as his previous stories, and done with an excellent dialogue.

★ ★ ★

A new monthly magazine called "Who" has been recently launched by the Gerard Publishing Company of New York. The magazine is devoted entirely to articles about people, the great and near great of our day. It includes careers, backgrounds, personalities. Among those in the debut issue are Winston Churchill, Van Loon, Knudsen, Batista of Cuba, Fred Allen, Inonu of Turkey, and Duke Ellington. It is handsomely illustrated and should be of interest to many readers.

by Bob Maxwell

*Was it a dream?
Or was I really there,
When it all began . . .*

GENESIS . . .

God and I and an angel stood
Deep in a meadow beside a wood.
God smiled; "Well done," I turned and said;
The angel near me bent his head.
Silent we gazed upon His deeds;
The angel spoke: "One thing it needs—
I think too fearfully dark is the night,
Let me give it a little light."
God smiled; the moon the angel flung
High in the sky; it caught and hung,
Lucent and gleaming above our wood
Like a great white pearl; God murmured "good".
Again we surveyed with greater awe
The moonlit beauty of all we saw,
Heaven and earth and land and sea:
The glory of God. Then he turned to me:
"Give it one thing before it is done,
Whatever you wish it to have, my son."
. . . But what could I give to wonders like these?
Cobalt skies and golden leas,
Hillocks and flowers and silent dew,
Valleys and winds and seas of blue . . .
Then in my pocket my fingers found
A pile of salt grains, finely ground,
Gleaming cubes that were white and small . . .
I had nothing else; that was all.
Angered, I grasped them and turned and flung
Them into the sky past the moon that hung
Above our wood, threw them fiercely into the night,
Watched them fade with their points of light . . .
Then bent my head, ashamed and sad,
Telling God it was all I had.
But he softly spoke and I raised my eye,
And looking I saw, oh I saw in the sky
That the tiny things I had flung afar
Were each a radiant, smiling star!

*There seems to be more of you
With me now than even before
You went away . . .*

*Still there's this to cling to: a memory
Of slender hands all browned with wind and sun,
Of eyes turned skyward when the day is done,
Scanning the clouds for phantom shapes that I could never
see—
Still there's this: warm lips impatiently
Brushed on this cheek; and hands clasped fiercely tight
In mine as we walked through the greying night;
And dreaming eyes that stilled me, with their reverie.
There's this: tears, seldom shed, flowing
With goodbye; hurt brown eyes, red with crying,
And in me the bitter whisper of "dying, dying!"
And "why, why?"—never, never knowing.*

*Still: a pang of presence stirring plaintive cries
(Heart thrust to overflowing with memories).*

*An eternal triangle,
But ours is a happy one . . .*

WE THREE

I choose:
(This I pray tonight)
To lose the sovereign right
To love a single heart.
I cannot part
(nor God will you)
The love I give these two.

I choose to share
(This is a prayer)
All that's more and less
Of trebled happiness.

Three throated laughter
Shall be heard
Down the long corridor of eternity;
We three—
With comets shod,
And the tremulence of stars stirred
By our clattering,
And brave worlds sent reeling,
Nothing mattering;
Down the long corridor of eternity,
Till at the feet of God,
As one kneeling:
We three.

Concerning The Well-Known "Butch"

A "current event" discussion

ED STRANSKY

With all the discussion today about the Lease-Lend Bill, the courage of London civilians, British advances in Africa, and the possibilities of Bob Feller winning thirty games for the Cleveland Indians, I would like to touch upon a "current event" much closer to home. Although the fate of a nation doesn't depend on it, as is true of the aforementioned quartet of topics (with the possible exclusion of No. 4), my subject is very close to us all at "dear old Denison"* because it concerns the unbecoming but collegiate "butch" haircut. In case one doesn't recognize the term he may be more familiar with "heinnie", "brush-cut", "crew-cut", or "burr-head". First, let us define the "butch". It may range from one-fourth inch to one and one-half inches long, depending on the type of hair and the sanity of the wearer. The true "butch" stands perpendicular, or nearly so, to the scalp, and is uncombable.† If the hair can be combed at all it cannot be classed as a "butch". How did these gruesome coiffures originate? This question is very difficult to answer as the historians have left us no data on which to base our suppositions. However, there are definite present-day ideas on the subject, some of which follow. Maybe they were invented by the Germans, as the term, "heinnie", might imply. Then again, perhaps at one time or another a Harvard crew coach ordered his men to shave their heads before the important race with Yale and Columbia at Poughkeepsie. Maybe this was the birth of streamlining; the wind resistance being lessened by the clipping of the tresses.

That this vogue is popular with the men is quite apparent, but how about the women? In general I don't think that their opinions run along the same channels as do the men's. In some instances they may say that the new "butch" is "cute"; since they don't associate with the individual very much they really don't care one way or the other, but might as well make him feel good because not very many people will. Unless the fellow's hair is never combed anyhow, I think that the consensus among women is that we should let our hair remain long, as Mother Na-

* "To Denison", verse 3, line 8.

† Don't bother to look in Webster's.

ture intended it. But, what about the mothers of the victims? Here is perhaps the most delicate situation of all. In this respect there are three types of mothers. They are:

(1) The "Never darken my doorstep again" type.

(2) The moderate or "I'll let it go this time" type.

(3) The "What have I got to lose?" type.

Perhaps these titles speak for themselves, but in case there is still some doubt I will explain further. The first is that melodramatic mother, strict and dominating. She is the one who threatens—"If you come home with one of those I'll, I'll—etc." The second mother in question is a happy medium. She boasts to her friends how well Johnny looks since he's back from school. "It must be that new haircut he has". But, in the confines of her boudoir, or his boudoir, or somebody's boudoir, she tells him that it was a rather foolish thing to do, and advises him not to do it again. Then there's the mother type No. 3. She's a "killer." She's definitely not the mother referred to in the saying, "he has a face that only a mother could love", because evidently this mother doesn't love sonny boy's face. In fact, sonny boy is a veritable Frankenstein. She, along with countless others is so tired of looking at that monstrosity that any change, good or otherwise, is welcomed.

MODERN MUSIC

(Continued from page 9)

has certain limitations in tonality, using only a small part of the circle of keys. The monotonous regularity of the four-measure phrase prevents any eloquence of rhetoric or artistic interest and the music literally goes "round and round" a very small orbit of fundamental harmonies overloaded with chromaticism which disguises this poverty somewhat. If these limitations can be surmounted we may expect movements of the American Symphony which utilize sublimated jazz idioms. John Alden Carpenter's "Krazy Kat" and Edward Burlingame Hill's "Jazz Studies" are steps in this direction. J. J. Robbins has just published variations of Stephen Foster's "Swanee River" by twenty-nine different composers of popular music, including Art Tatum, Spud (sic) Murphy, Bert Shefter, Vernon Duke et al. The harmonic vocabulary of this set indicates a remarkable mastery of chordal variety but one turns from the set with an increased respect for—Stephen Foster. We have many composers with technical facility and many who orchestrate brilliantly, but at present most of their musical ideas seem of slight weight, flippant, mildly cynical and superficial. We still await an authentic American music of high seriousness and artistic integrity.

MEMORY

Very gentle satire on the Poetic Souls of the world

LESLIE SEAGRAVE

I WAS sitting quite still by the spring one morning. It was very early, before the birds had begun to stir—or lights had begun to turn on in my house on the hill behind me. There was a book with a blue cover lying beside me on the grass, but I let it lie there unheeded. For this was the hour when the elves and fairies were gayest and noisiest, and the air about me was vibrant with the hum of their gossamer wings and their tinkling laughter. I loved to feel them stirring about me and I came here quite often, half hoping that I might someday see one peeping out from behind a mushroom or a dew-drenched flower.

This morning, however, I was startled to hear stranger footsteps swishing through the grass. I turned indignantly and saw a tall youth entering my green walled privacy. A radiance born of sheer happiness seemed to glow from him. His blond hair lay in tangled curls on his damp forehead and his narrow blue eyes had in them the ghosts of beauty seen but recently. He came straight up to me with his cat-like tread, bent over quizzically and murmured, "Would you care to leap through the woods with me?"

This utterly unexpected request amazed me. I could not reply, but as it seemed the thing to do, I put my hand in his, and the stranger youth and I began to leap.

At first it was exhilarating. We sprang through the flower-filled valley with the grace of two woodland creatures. The wind whipped branches into my face. I caught the scent of peachbloom on the air. The wet, tangled grass clutched our ankles as we passed. It was only when the sun began to pierce the misty veil of dawn and my breath began to come in great gasps that I panted to the blond youth, "Don't we ever stop—and take—a little rest?"

"Never," he replied firmly.



"Would you care to leap through the woods with me?"

"But isn't there anything else—you—ever do besides—run, and enjoy—early mornings?"

"Why should I? This makes me happy. I always keep just a little ahead of the sun and thus my dawn of life stays forever fresh and undisturbed."

Of course there must have been a good deal to say for his point of view. I realized this. However, I certainly had intended to do more with my life than spend it in perpetual contemplation of beautiful, unspoiled morning. At any rate, I was becoming rather exhausted, as we had not once checked our leaping. So I regretfully disengaged my hand, waved goodbye to the handsome youth and watched him leap over a fence and vanish at last around the side of a hill.

I sat down, breathless, on a large white stone to rest. I closed my eyes for only a second and the white stone I was sitting on gave a little lurch.

"You are either intoxicated or you are going to faint," I told myself, "and I wish you'd make up your mind." Just then the rock gave me such a violent jolt that I caught my breath in apprehension. Followed a succession of gentle tiltings first to one side and then to the other. I decided to open my eyes. It might be as well to know what was going on. Cautiously I lifted my left eyelashes half an inch. What I saw so amazed me that I lowered them hastily.

"I'll try again with both eyes," I thought, and did it.

I discovered that I wasn't sitting on a white rock at all. No, on the contrary, I was sitting in the stern of a small green rowboat, rocking rather violently on a sapphire sea. And in the prow, watching me amusedly, sat another Strange Young Man. He looked quite nice.

"Who are you?" I gasped. "And please explain just how I came to be here. I never saw you before in my life."

"You've just been asleep," he smiled. "We've been out for a row and you dropped off. I didn't"

want to wake you, but the wind blew up quite a breeze and I guess the rocking disturbed you."

"Of course. How silly of me," I murmured, feeling just a little confused, but settling back to enjoy the view.

We seemed to be rowing in the middle of a broad lake. There was just a narrow black band of land running all around the rim of the blue saucer we were floating in. The witch-like fingers of the sunset clouds trailed swirling scarlet veils across a sky of palest blue. I sat thus silently for a rather long time. Then—

"How lovely it is," I breathed.

"Yes, isn't it? We shall certainly enjoy rowing on and on into the sunset. I shall never grow tired of it—shall you?"

"Now, look here," I exclaimed, "is that what we are doing? Just sailing forever into the sunset? What about the rest of the world? What good are we going to do them? What good are they going to do us? We might as well be dead."

His answer was simply, "We are."

Now I didn't mind just sitting and listening to the slap of the waves against the side of the boat. But I began to be just a tiny bit frightened. "You can go ahead and row, if you wish," I whispered defiantly, "but this is where I get off."



"—the white stone I was sitting on gave a little lurch."

So I jumped over the side.

Down, down, ever deeper I went. Blackness roared in sickening spirals through my head and I do not know how I ever endured it until I burst

up into the air again. The little boat and its solitary passenger were gone. Everything was gone.

I was floating through misty clouds in space. It was a strange sensation, utterly unlike anything I had ever felt before. I screwed my head around to look over my shoulder, and closed my eyes hastily. There was Absolutely Nothing There. Cold fear strangled my heart and I screamed.

"Take it easy," said a voice. "You're O.K."

"But where are you? I can't see you. I can't see you!"

"I am right where I have always been and where I shall always be. And the reason you can't see me is because your eyes are closed. Try opening them."

I did so. It was dark, but I could see enough to realize that I was sitting on the top of a very high mountain beside a Young Man whose face seemed vaguely familiar. His eyes were deep and gloom-filled. His dark hair was brushed smoothly back from a wide forehead. His sensuous mouth looked as if it had known sorrow. It was an interesting face, and one I could have watched for a long time. But I feared I was being rude, so I asked politely, "What are you thinking about?"

He turned his head slowly and smiled at me, and the rare beauty of his smile made my heart slip at least three cogs.

"I'll tell you," he said, and began to speak, slowly at first, then faster and faster. His voice seemed to spin fantastic cobwebs across the blackness of the night. Each star-like word soared high, then nestled at last, like a tired dewdrop in its own corner of the web.

I shivered at the beauty of the spangled sky, and the strangeness of the man who sat beside me. But I knew that I was not one to sit and dream forever, so I closed my eyes sadly, and wished myself away.

When I opened my eyes again, it was still morning and I was still sitting by the spring. Everything was completely still. Gone was the echo of elfin laughter. Even the leaves had ceased all motion. It was as if the world had just stopped—or just begun. I turned my head—and there was the blue book just as I had left it.

But on the cover lay a white sheet of paper weighed down by three tiny objects: a peach blossom, a seashell, and a fragment of star. The paper had the one word "MEMORY" traced on it.

I laid my face against the cool damp earth and cried a little—quietly—then I brushed my tears aside and picked up the book.

REJECTED

(Continued from page 3)

tured senses together and finished the book. Then to the publishing houses. But it wasn't what the public was buying at the time. "Sorry, perhaps some other time—we're not printing that type of book this season—the story isn't suitable—no, sorry—no—no—no—no—NO!" And now it had been to the last publishing house. Now it lay there on the table in its fat smug envelope staring at the man who had fed it. Fat—disgustingly fat. Lean letters brought checks; fat ones contained rejected manuscripts!

John knew the pink slip that would be enclosed with it, faded pink with the ragged letters, REJECTED, printed crazily across its face. There might even be an apologetic note of explanation. No need to open it. No, let its last failure die, undiscovered, with him.

Slowly he crossed the room to the single scoty gas jet. With a quick flick of his wrist he turned it on. As the sweet, sticky fumes seeped through the room, he wearily returned to his chair. Slowly the letter on the table began to fascinate him, and then to taunt him. It dared him to read it. He extended his hand, but, his fingers touched the envelope, he drew back as though burned. Finally he could stand it no longer. With trembling fingers he picked it up and ripped it open. Focusing his blurred vision, he read, "Good copy . . . will publish . . . needs a more dramatic ending." He had no strength left to reach the gas and turn it off. But as his limp figure sank to the floor, a faint smile of joy and fulfillment touched his lips, for he knew *By Alice and John* would live . . . would live . . .

THE PASQUIN

(Continued from page 15)

other year, one of the editors, now one of our most honored alumni, was suspended just at his Commencement, and he was not permitted to receive his diploma with his class. But he agreed to a certain confession drawn up by the Board of Trustees, and received his diploma the day after his class. The College wished to have a private presentation of the diploma, but the feeling among students ran so high that they had a Commencement parade with band and all the trimmings, and gave the student his diploma from the church platform with all due ceremony. But for nearly eight years, either a Pasquin or a program was ready for each Commencement.

One year the authorities placed guards around the church for two days before the exercises but when the audience was assembled, a note dropped from the gallery into a girl's lap. She opened it and read: "Look under the cushions." She did, and there were several copies of the Pasquin. In a moment the entire audience had explored among the hairpins, and peanut shucks under the cushions, and was reading the forbidden paper!

WEDDING MORNING

(Continued from page 7)

and began humming a tune from the grade school days: "Roses are red, dear; violets are blue. Angels in heaven know I love you. Know I love you, dear; know I love you . . ." She stopped sharply and whispered to herself, "Oh, I wish I had gone out to see him. What a silly old superstition it is."

She hopped off the bed and began to dress hurriedly. "What a foolish girl you are," she said, frowning at the reflection before her. "Positively disgusting. And he is such a dear, too. How could you be so mean when he came clear over so early just to start the day right for you?" The girl in the mirror frowned back. She was a young girl with tawny colored hair, clear shiny skin, and laughing brown eyes that were unadapted to frowns. Ruth smoothed out the straight eyebrows and sighed deeply.

"You don't deserve him at all, you know," the girl outside the mirror continued. "It would only serve you right if he were late for the wedding. But he won't be; he is much too good to you. He will come and he will stand so straight and tall before the altar and he will say 'I do' in that deep liquid voice you love and he will look solemnly into your eyes as he puts the ring on your finger. And then there will be a lot of people and voices; and then suddenly there will be just you two and years and years of sunny, laughing days and cool, singing nights—and Jimmy." Ruth closed her eyes tightly and stood still for a minute, just being happy. The girl in the mirror did the same. And then the telephone rang.

Mrs. Harrington had not seen Jimmy leave. She had been hunting for ten minutes for the card that belonged with the lavender seahorses and consequently did not hear the screen door slam, nor the car start. A little later she did not hear the telephone either, until Nora had answered it.

"No, suh. Mr. Harrington's at the depot. Yes, suh, just a minute." The fat negress waddled to the parlor. "Telephone fo' you, Missus Harrington, ma'am."

She reached for the extension with a sigh. It had been ringing constantly all morning. After she said, "Hello . . . Oh, Jimmy's father?" She became tensely quiet in her chair with horror written on her face, not even seeing Ruth, who stood in the doorway.

They call it woman's intuition. But with Ruth it was the other half of her heart. She did not scream or cry out, but was suddenly struggling into a jacket and demanding, "Where is he? I'm going."

When Mrs. Harrington did not answer, when she only stared dumbly, Ruth knew. Even before her mother said, "It's too late, dear."

Portfolio of Contributors

Leslie Seagrave — born in Baltimore, has called Namkham, Burma, "home" for most of her life. Returned to U. S. to spend the last two years of high school in Granville, went on to Denison as did her father. She is the second Seagrave to appear on this page, a letter from her father appearing in the last issue accompanied by a sketch about him. Present ambition of Leslie lies in the medical field, probably leading to nursing. Has definite literary interests and frequently writes of her early life in Burma. (Ed.: When Joseph Auslander was on campus he promised Leslie that if she wrote a book about her life in Burma, he would guarantee a publisher.) Talented artistically, she has already realized accomplishment of a literary nature, doing the illustrations of one of her father's books about "waste-basket surgery". Other interests include music, singing, dancing, out of doors, books, and bicycling.

* * *

Dorothy Hart—a freshman from Shaker Heights authored the historical sketch concerning the origin of Memorial Day. Dottie's interests include the various arts, namely: music, dramatics, creative writing, sketching; athletically she enjoys "attempts at tennis." Majoring in English and music, she aspires to a singing career. She insists that this sketch was intended for vocal interpretation, primarily radio, in order to achieve best effect, the Orson Welles fashion. We insisted however that it merited publication and read well. There is no doubt about the fact that Dottie is enjoying her first spring at D. U. and thinks it "almost to good to be true."

* * *

Margaret Shields—from down West Virginia way is a freshman with definite ideas about what she likes and dislikes. She lists the following among her likes: crowds, orchestras, writing, poetry, hills, West Virginia (loyally), and anything English. Her peeves are sitting still, getting up and going to bed, people who take naps in the daytime, rubber bands, restrictions,

and people who don't do anything. Wisely she is aiming at being good in more than one thing so that she will never get "in a rut." This red-headed, freckled West Virginian has contributed previously to *Portfolio* with poems and her sketch of "Mother Mac" (who is interestingly enough a real character) and it's safe to say that she will be seen in print often.

* * *

Clyde Williams—Better known to his Sigma Chi brothers and to others as "Smooch". He is an Economics major and hails from our neighboring city of Columbus. Does his writing under pressure, you might say, for the Creative Writing class. Hands in assignments similar to his article which appears in this issue. He thinks that no one's education is complete unless he has learned to speak and write well, a good idea for all Denisonians.

He is frequently seen riding about in the Sig's "hearse" which was purchased in his name.

* * *

Karl Eschman—Known to all Denisonians and especially beloved by all those who have received musical training under his tutelage. Spent his youth in Dresden, Ohio, and came to Denison where he graduated as a Phi Beta Kappa. It is reported that he used to be seen, in his college days, walking up the hill with a book in one hand, studiously but hastily preparing his morning's assignment. He has been abroad, and also speaks three languages fluently. He has been a professor of music at Denison for twenty-seven years and has directed the glee club for eleven years. We know of no one better qualified to give to us the case for modern music.

* * *

John Wyman—started out in Los Angeles and then migrated to Cleveland, Ohio. Through junior high and high school he attended a different institution each year for six consecutive years. Spent one year at Northwestern, then settled at Denison. Primary interest and foremost ambition lies in the musical field, subordinating other in-

terests of English and journalism. He has his eye on professional accompanying at the piano, radio, or concert work, and in addition would like to do musical composition, in which he has already dabbled. Likes either classic or jazz; enjoys writing when there's something to write about; likes swimming, tennis, and the Merry Macs; dislikes Henry Busse. He particularly enjoyed accompanying the glee club on their spring trip, and puts the stamp of approval on double features, Wednesday nights at the Midland Theatre.

* * *

Roger Reed—a junior from Springfield, Ohio. Has done considerable feature writing for the Denisonian, now contributes to the *Portfolio* for the first time. His foremost interests are in dramatics and radio. In both he has had appreciable experience, taking part in a number of the University Theatre productions, and in radio holding a "ham" license for local station W8VCX. At present looks toward a vocation in radio or possibly in the field of dramatic direction. Rog tells the amusing incident of calmly bashing a girl's head against a brick wall while in the first grade, and later, he himself made a consistent practice of falling down the stone steps in front of his home, striking his head; these facts, he adds, may be significant.

* * *

Ed Stransky—of the class of '44 is from Glencoe, Illinois, and is noted for wit and humor. Ambition at present is to go into advertising or biological research. His interests run from Poe's works in the literary realm to swing records and crossword puzzles. At the latter he modestly admits he is very good. Among his particular likes he lists the Chicago White Sox (present status fair), milk, saddle shoes, spring, and most athletics. Although Ed shows definite literary interests and shows a proclivity for writing, he expresses strong dislikes for writing letters and poetry. In addition he disdains plucked eyebrows, cokes, and "The Return of the Native." Avers that he never worries and points to grades as evidence.