

1940

Portfolio Vol. IV N 4

Dick Wager

Denison University

Toby Raymond

Denison University

John Wyman

Denison University

Virginia Benson

Denison University

Peg Collins

Denison University

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio>



Part of the [American Popular Culture Commons](#), and the [English Language and Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Wager, Dick; Raymond, Toby; Wyman, John; Benson, Virginia; Collins, Peg; Seagrave, Leslie; White, Molly; Smith, Duke; Stocker, Ed; and Saunders, John (1940) "Portfolio Vol. IV N 4," *Portfolio*: Vol. 4 : No. 4 , Article 1.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio/vol4/iss4/1>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Portfolio by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

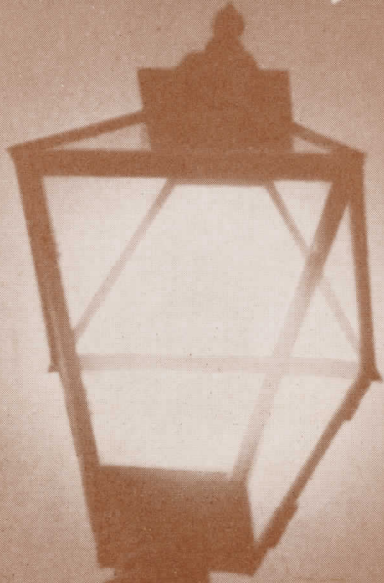
Portfolio Vol. IV N 4

Authors

Dick Wager, Toby Raymond, John Wyman, Virginia Benson, Peg Collins, Leslie Seagrave, Molly White, Duke Smith, Ed Stocker, and John Saunders

JUNE, 1941

Portfolio



VOLUME 4—NUMBER 4

EDITOR
CHARLES JONES

BUSINESS MANAGER
JOHN SCHROEDER

Portfolio

Published by and for Persons Interested in
the Literary Activity of Denison University



STAFF
ASST.—FRANKLIN DIPPERY
POETRY—ALISON PHILLIPS
ART—JERRY ATHEY

RICHARD WINKLER
PEG COLLINS
DAVE SIEGFRIED

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SHORT STORIES		ARTICLES	
COLLECTIVE BARGAINING	DICK WAGER 3	LOST CAUSE	VIRGINIA BENSON 10
WHAT BRINGS THE NIGHT.....	ANONYMOUS 7	FEATURES	
LILIES OF THE ALLEY.....	JOHN WYMAN 9	STUDENT ART	12-13
JOE	ED STOCKER 16	DEPARTMENTS	
SEVEN YEARS LUCK.....	JOHN SAUNDERS 18	THEATER	11
		RECORDINGS	15
		BOOKS	18
VERSE		ILLUSTRATIONS BY JERRY ATHEY	
LOCHINVAR RIDES AGAIN.....	TOBY RAYMOND 6	PORTFOLIO, the literary magazine of Denison University, is published four times during the school year by the students of Denison University at Granville, Ohio.	
CHINESE COINS.....	LESLIE SEAGRAVE 14	Subscriptions are one dollar per year.	
THOUGHTS IN THE RAIN.....	MOLLY WHITE 14		

This Issue

With this issue the Portfolio successfully completes five years of publication. No longer is it a temporary or "baby" publication. Like the radio and automobile, we think that it's here to stay. However, though the darkest days are behind us, the future could hold more promise. Even the Portfolio would suffer should the prognostications of war be correct, for every phase of college life feels the weight of Mars in wartime. The one bright cloud on the editor's horizon is the fact that this issue is almost completely composed of freshman material, promising well for the next few years at least. It was not composed thusly with forethought, but it was entirely coincidental that all the freshman compositions were submitted and accepted at this time. The class of forty-four should be commended for their co-operation with this publication, as well as with others.

Virginia Benson is no new contributor. In recent issues her verse and short stories have been published and well received. Now from her prolific pen we have an article, *Lost Cause*. In it she expresses sentiments that are well nigh universal with the college students of this nation, and she undoubtedly states these sentiments much more capably than many of us.

John Saunders and Ed Stocker are two more freshmen whose contributions should be well re-

ceived. "Toby" Raymond again burlesques the classics in his epic, *Lochinvar Rides Again*. John Wyman and Dick Wager both write on the timely topic of labor, but in different fashions. Unfortunately *Collective Bargaining* by Dick Wager was a little too long to be printed without cutting some. We hope that the spirit and the style were not deleted.

Apparently the famous Granville Spring wasn't its usual self, for there was an unfortunate scarcity of verse. However Leslie Seagrave and Molly White ably handled their varied topics.

The student art pages appear once again, illustrating the work done in the art department by several of the art majors. Also incorporated are the prize winning photographs in the annual photography contest.

Rather than make the conventional plea for more material, we would like to ask for more student co-operation. The only way by which this publication can enlarge is by subscription, and as it has previously been stated, the Portfolio is definitely going to make an attempt to build up its circulation. You can help us by boosting the Portfolio. We also hope that by next Fall it will be possible for us to use advertising, thus enabling us to give you a bigger and better magazine.

If you have any *constructive* criticisms concerning the magazine, let us know and we'll attempt to make this a magazine to boast of.

COLLECTIVE BARGAINING

DICK WAGER

"HOW are we coming, Bob? What does the meter show? Twelve hundred cans? That isn't bad for the first hour. Seems like we've been here half a day already. If we get this machine in order so we don't have more than a dozen break-downs every hour we might get 18 thousand cans out before we go home."

Bob and I were college sophomores home for our summer "vacation." This was the best job we could find in town. And while twenty-seven and a half cents an hour didn't seem like very much pay, eighty or ninety hours per week made a good addition to our tuition fund for school.

Our particular job was running a sealing machine, which sealed the cans after they had been filled with food. We had to feed the machine with lids, then take the cans off the track and stack them in a rack as they came out. It wouldn't have been such a bad job in itself if the machine wouldn't have broken down every hour or so. The cans would get caught in the steam chamber and he would have to stop the machines and pick the hot cans out with our bare hands. The temperature was kept above 250 degrees Fahrenheit in the chamber and our fingers would be blistered like soap bubbles from handling the cans. That was before we got tired of hearing the boss's promises to buy us gloves, and finally bought some ourselves.

As far as Bob and I were concerned, we would have liked to have had the conditions made better, especially have the pay increased. For, for our own benefit we would have more cash in the bank by the time school started. But there were a number of men in the plant who had large families. What they could learn here wasn't enough to keep them in decent living. But there was no fighting the conditions. To the Old Man we were a bunch of trained rats. He had no heart. It was impossible to threaten him with any effect. For every job in the factory there were two people on the outside waiting for a chance to take that job. And we knew it, let alone the Old Man's repeatedly telling us the fact.

But what conditions! For a canning factory of "high grade quality foods" this place was a farce. The company made no rules of sanitation for the employees. It was usually before midnight before we got out of the place on Saturday nights. Everyone was too tired by then to take a bath. But the sopping stink from the steam kettles perfumed any B.O. there might have been in the plant, that is, most of it.

No one, including the officials, seemed to care where they expectorated. One old boy after every meal used to rinse off his false teeth in the same water that he washed peas and corn that were eventually sold to some of the country's leading wholesalers.

Working such long hours would have been less unbearable had we been allowed longer meal periods. Fifteen minutes was hardly enough for anyone to go home for a meal, and one almost needed two dinner pails to carry enough for both lunch and supper. But fifteen minutes was long enough for Joe and Arby and Bob and me to talk. A union, not necessarily a C.I.O. or an A.F. of L., but just an organization of our own to stand together and demand higher wages and better working conditions would be a solution to our problem. Properly handled and carried out, we were sure it would work. Our discussion of plans would begin to get warm, and about then the whistle would blow and we would go back to our hell.

Then one afternoon in July two foreign looking fellows walked along the line and stopped to watch Bob and me work. They weren't watching what we were doing but seemed more interested in us. They walked on down the line without speaking. A minute or so later Bob nodded for me to look down where Arby was directing the strangers back to us. I looked at Bob questioningly and dropped another stack of lids into the magazine and looked up.

"How is it to work here?" one of the fellows asked.

Bob and I both wanted to answer, "Hell!" but restrained ourselves and mentioned casually, "Could be worse."

"Could be better, too, couldn't it?"

"Probably."

"You fellows ought to be pulling down at least forty-five cents an hour for this job."

Bob stuck his neck out by answering, "Yeah, but try and get it."

"You could get forty-five cents an hour if you went at it in the right way. What you need is a union in this plant."

Either these fellows were union agitators or just interested bystanders. Which, we were determined to find out, and find out suddenly, for if they were union men from the city they might have something to offer, and we wanted to hear it before the plant officials would eject them.



COMMENCEMENT

"Yeah, but getting a union in this plant is practically impossible. Anyway," I went on, "a union might cause disturbances that would make the factory lose money. Their heaviest crops are coming in at the last of this week."

"A union wouldn't be hard to organize in a plant of this size," the big fellow came back. "Out of three hundred workers we ought to be able to get seventy-five to a hundred members the first day."

"Had we?" I questioned. The look on Bob's and my face must have been most favorable to the gentlemen, for immediately the spokesman pulled out a large celluloid badge from his pocket, C.I.O.

"What do you have to offer?" we demanded. "Make it snappy before the Old Man catches you."

"We're from the Local 114 in the city. We're interested in seeing you guys get a decent living out of this place. You all ought to have a pay increase of fifty percent. What a rat hole this is . . ."

"Cut out the soap. Tell us what you want before the boss comes. What do we do to get a union here?"

"We help organize for you. If you guys prove to have the stuff we make you the leaders. We been told you boys are influential and hot for a union in this plant. We advise you what to ask for and how to go about getting it. We tell you when to strike and how, see? Now all you guys gotta do is get about twelve or fifteen other guys like you what want a union, then we'll start."

"How much is it going to cost us?"

"We been getting \$3 a month dues and \$25 initiation fee for year-round plants, but yours being seasonal work, we'll make you guys charter members for \$40."

Just then the manager and foreman came steaming up to where we were standing. "What's going on here?" the Old Man demanded.

The union men stepped closer to Bob and me; ignoring the boss, he continued his dissertation.

The Old Man grabbed the leader by the arm and yelled, "Are you a union man?"

"What if I am? So what?"

"Either get the hell out, or I'll call the sheriff."

"Don't get excited. We was just talking to a couple of your boys here."

"I know what you want. No damned union's going to start in my factory."

"Maybe you never heard of the Wagner Labor Act or the right of collective bargaining. You can't kick us out of here. The law says you can't."

"Law or no law. This is my factory!" Still yelling, the Old Man grabbed the two fellows and led them up to the office. We found out afterwards that he had called the sheriff, who sent them away on the grounds that the organizers were hindering our work.

So our chance of getting a C.I.O. were gone. But it gave us hope and a new idea.

The next Sunday evening I happened to run into Bob and his girl at the Trianon where they had come to dance. Bob's greeting seemed somewhat pressed. He drew me aside and told me he and Arby wanted to talk with me. We found Arby and having disposed of the girls at a table, we huddled in a corner and talked over a plan that Bob said was simple. Tomorrow would begin the heaviest season that the factory would have all year. We would probably be running 18 to 20 hours a day. His plan would be this, to talk up a union, not a strike, not yet, but a union of every laborer in the plant. Our point in getting members would be organization, unity! Then we could deal with the Old Man and his gang as a group instead of a couple of social-minded factory hands. It might be that with this instrument we wouldn't need to go so far as striking. The laborers would be slow to organize for a strike, but to organize for, well, just to be organized, "for collective bargaining," would appeal to them. We could explain that we were just trying to get together; so all pulling together and standing together we could appeal to the Old Man for what we wanted.

Arby thought it was a good idea, but he wondered if we could get enough followers who were really interested in making an effective "appeal" before the season slowed down.

"Sure," Bob explained, "we can get started tomorrow, and, like the C.I.O. organizers said, 'we ought to have about seventy-five the first day.' If we can get ten or twelve of the key men in the plant to join right away, the others will flock in after them, especially after the hours get longer and conditions get more acute these next few days. Then with a hundred and fifty (a hundred and twenty-five would be enough) we can tell the Old Man what's what. And what can he do when he has seven tons of corn waiting to be canned, and his workers go on strike?"

I guess it was I who suggested we plan to strike at night, an act which would take care of the company's chance of getting replacements when they needed them most.

My idea was recognized, but we had to get an organization first. We wouldn't bother with initiation. But would we have dues? The wages would hardly allow that. But we ought to have union cards to certify our members.

Three young ladies striding emphatically toward our triumvirate broke up the discussion.

"Come down to my house about 1:30 tonight and we'll talk over the rest of this. Hello, Madge."

When I drove up in front of Bob's house, I was trying to make up a possible sales talk to use on the workmen. "Do you want your wages raised to thirty-five cents an hour? Then join our union!"

Arby and Bob were already seated around the dining room table when I walked into the house. "Let's get going," Bob suggested. "We have to be a work in seven hours."

"When we left off at the Trianon we were discussing how to distinguish our union members from ordinary workers in the plant."

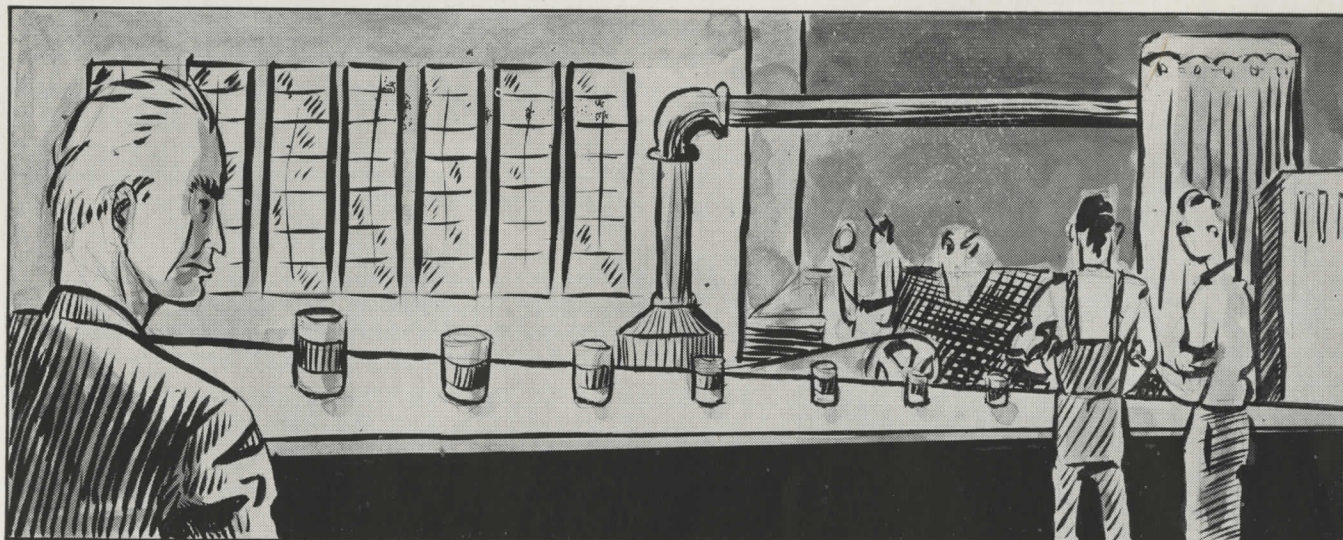
"Well, are we going to have dues or not?"

"There's nothing to use them for. And most of the people couldn't even afford a twenty-five cent dues."

"We can't have union cards then. Anyway, the season won't last long enough to make that necessary. The work here is too indefinite. Some fellows only work a day or two, then quit."

"We have to have something more than just their word that they're members. In case we strike, and the Old Man tries to get tough, they could easily say that they didn't belong."

Our arguing was becoming like a 500 mile auto race. Then someone raised the checkered flag by suggesting we make out several forms like a petition. At the top of each would be definitely stated that this was a union of laborers of the Humboldt



Canning Company. This, we agreed, to be a logical solution. We would fill (we hoped) the pages with signatures of members. Before we left Bob's house we made out two sheets, and ceremoniously put our names at the top. We elected Bob, official leader. The three of us would be kind of a directing committee. Kid-like, yet in all sincerity, we pledged to stick together through whatever might encounter our union. We would begin our first drive for membership the next morning. As soon as we got seventy-five we would talk about a strike.

There was more interest than usual the next morning when Bob and I greased our machine. "I got Joe and Walt on the way to work this morning," I told Bob. "They're sure they can get four or five more in the boiler room."

"Do you want to finish this while I go over to the packing room and talk to that gang of high school kids? They'll grab at anything with a little excitement."

Arby came over while Bob was gone. "I've got

ten so far. Should we sign up women? I had a couple of them ask me."

I told him to come back when Bob was there.

Bob came back with nineteen signatures from the packing room, and half the crew had not yet come to work.

I told him about Arby's wondering about signing women. We deliberated awhile, then decided that if the women understood that there was going to be a probable strike, they could join, but we should emphatically impress the fact upon them that we meant business. Arby came back soon and agreed with our amendment. We had a pep session to encourage each other to make the membership more than a mere petition, that it was a real union.

The first day was not as fruitful as we had hoped for or as the C.I.O. agitator had thought. Our board of directors had a meeting at Bob's when we left the plant at 11:30. We counted

forty-eight names, most of which we were sure could be counted on. We were encouraged indeed, and thought with a couple more days of "rushing" we could have enough to start business. We had the packing room and the corn gang pretty well. The fellows working on the beans were excited over the union idea, but the tomato room wouldn't have a thing to do with us. They were a bunch of WPA farmers and retired ditch-diggers who were too proud of their present positions to risk joining a union. They were "Company Men" and proud of it.

But there was one thing that still made us dissatisfied. While we had some interested members, for the most part there was little burning enthusiasm that would be necessary later to put our purpose across. We left our meeting with a hope and prayer that a real emotional interest would grow.

Eighteen more were signed up the next day. On Wednesday we got twenty-one, making a total of ninety-six. A couple more days, we were sure, would put us over the top.

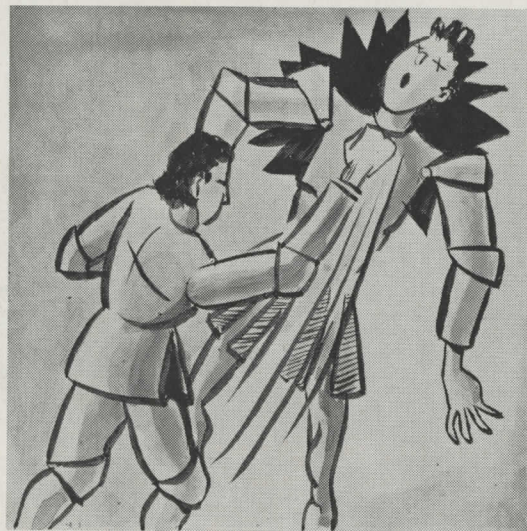
(Continued on page 23)

LOCHINVAR RIDES AGAIN

TOBY RAYMOND

I

Have you ever stopped at a fork in the road,
Staggering under a heavy load,
And felt that you needed a good stiff goad
To keep you carrying on?
If so, then may this be your inspiration;
Your lure, your theme, or your consolation;
For a man is as dead without aspiration,
And dares not face the new dawn.



IV

The fighting was fierce, and loud was the sound
Of this battle which went to the forty-fifth round;
And when Ellen's last uncle was stretched on the ground,
Loch turned to his loved one so fair.
And once more they rode toward their castle of dreams,
Where they were quite happy together it seems,
Living on nectar and silver moon beams;
And as far as I know, they're still there.

V

So seize on this moral; apply it to life:
"If you put up with toil, and triumph in strife,
You *might* climax your labors by taking a wife."
Now I hope you've been inspired.
As for me, I'm going to sit down in the road;
To heck with the lure, and to heck with the load.
To heck with it all, be it spur, whip, or goad . . .
I'M TIRED!!

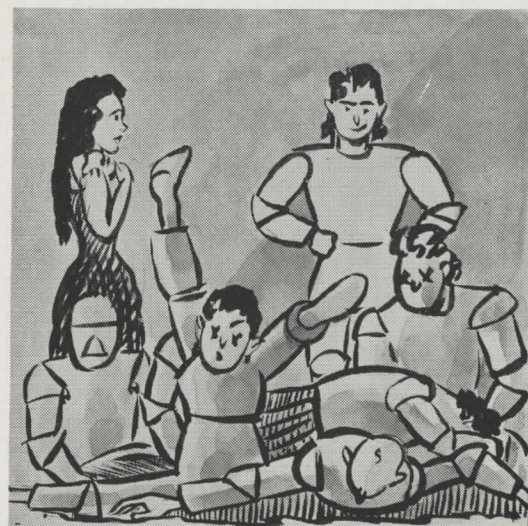


II

Oh! Young Lochinvar is come out of the west
His armor complete, with two pants and a vest,
And tailored by Maxie (reputed the best);
He'd come for Ellen, his dear.
For our hero, it seems, had been slow on the punch;
Some Deke had stepped in while Loch was at lunch,
And had bribed El's old man with a sizeable bunch
To can Lochinvar out on his ear.

III

And when Lochinvar rode up to Netherby gate,
The wedding had started, and he was too late.
So he rode through the castle and snatched up the bait
(If you'll pardon the reference to El).
And back into the west together they went
Without even so much as the clergy's consent;
And finally, when Lochy's poor charger was spent,
Upon their pursuers Loch fell.



What Brings The Night

ANONYMOUS

NEW YORK was darker than usual and the great city seemed dressed for sleep long before its bedtime. Perhaps it was because the street lamps hadn't come on as yet. They weren't turned on until six o'clock and now that fall was approaching, five-thirty's early shadow cast a spirit of melancholy over the metropolis that the recent red rays of summer sun hadn't possessed.

Five-thirty was the rush hour, and the time lived up to its reputation, except for the few people that chose to live like people. Ann wasn't one of those who had been chosen though. She didn't live like people at all. In fact she didn't know anyone who had the right to live as she did. Wasn't it queer that Molly and Jane, the two girls who roomed with her, had the right, like all the rest, to be so different? They weren't ashamed or embarrassed when introduced to strangers, and they had plenty of friends too, especially boy-friends, who took them to all those wonderful places they told about when they came home. What right did Ann have to be sociable like they were? How could any girl with half of her face, a flaming red blotch left by a birth mark, hope to be sociable? Sure, granted that her hair was of a delicate golden texture that looked as if it had been spun from the precious metal itself, and that her hands moved gracefully over her person as if they were two white doves sent to adjust the rest of her loveliness to complete perfection, but the hideous scar that disfigured the side of her face destroyed this beauty, and left only repulsion.

Thoughts like these troubled her constantly, and she was never without the feeling that people were staring, whispering, and wondering, whenever she was exposed to their presence. That's why Ann was walking home from work through the park, it saved her more than seven cents bus fare, and anyhow the exercise might be good for her figure, had she been a girl who cared.

The presence of the early dusk was like a soothing balm to the burn of her disfigurement, its disgrace no longer seared her with humiliation and she welcomed the night's safe, concealing veil.

Ann's day had been long for her and she was tired even before she started to walk. The benches in the park looked invitingly comfortable and they seemed to be coaxing her to enjoy the last of the fading summer nights. The charm of such naturalness was more than she could resist, and she gave in to the luxury of its temptation. The bench she chose was off to the side, under a tree, which made it a darker spot than any of the rest in the park. Almost as soon as she had seated herself, a friendly voice which seemed to come from nowhere said, "Hello there, lovely evening isn't it?" Immediately Ann realized that a young man was sitting at the other end of her bench. In the half-black atmosphere she could only see that he was tall and perhaps handsome, but his voice had been pleasant and it might be heartening to talk to someone who couldn't see her.

She replied with a meager, "Yes it is," knowing full well that if he caught a glimpse of her face he would politely excuse himself on one pretext or another, and leave her feeling worse than ever. However he seemed to understand that she wanted to talk, and so he asked, "Do you come to the park often?"

"Every night," she mused, "but I rarely stop to just sit. I did tonight though because I was tired and the place looked so peaceful to me."

"It is peaceful," he replied quietly. "A person would be unfortunate indeed if he didn't have some place where he could come to be by himself, untroubled by the interference of others."

Ann rose to leave, but almost as quickly he said, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry. I didn't mean that I minded you sitting here. In fact if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have had anyone to talk to, and I assure you that wouldn't have been fun. Won't you please sit down again? Perhaps I can learn to be a little more polite when I have company."

She obeyed as if he held some magical power in his voice, and was using it to make her retake her seat. As soon as she was comfortable again he spoke.

"You know, from the manner in which I talked you'd think I almost owned this bench. I guess I've been here so often I'm beginning to think of it as my own private spot, a sort of get-away from the world place."

(Continued on page 22)

Lily of the Alley

JOHN WYMAN



JOE shut the back door quietly and chuckled. Minna was probably still asleep. "She's a good wife—a good wife." He avoided the broken third stair and then stepped to the cinder path leading to the garage. This had been the first morning that he had ever gotten up without waking her. It had been fun getting his own breakfast, an orange, two doughnuts and a glass of milk. "How I'll make fun of her tonight. She'll be up extra early tomorrow." He unlocked the door of the weatherbeaten garage and pulled up on the latch. The bottom grated noisily against the cinders as it opened. Joe stepped into the black place pausing to take a deep breath. A sweet smell rose from the various hot beds on the floor perfuming the whole garage, the smell of lilies-of-the-valley. They seemed to spring out of every inch of floor space, some in full bloom, others not yet bold enough to peer out from their protecting leaves. Grey light of morning was beginning to filter in through the sky light. This was Joe's work, too. His skylight. He had planned and constructed the whole thing. Putting it in place had been a terrific job for Joe and he had taken a whole Sunday to do it. After all, the lilies needed light, good sunlight to make them grow, and Joe wanted them to grow. Whatever gave him the strange passion for flowers is not certain. Perhaps he had seen them striving to bloom in a grimy florist's window, or maybe a mail-order house sent him a packet of seeds hoping to gain a new customer. The fact remains that Joe supervised each lily's growth and prided himself on his success with them. He bent down to one of the boxes and examined the fragile blossoms, then reaching deep into the leaves, broke off four stems. This was a daily occurrence, a ritual in Joe's life; always the cursory sniff, the tender inspection, and finally the four quick snips which began his day.

From the Mulhauser Brewery, twelve blocks

down Lark Street, the six o'clock whistle blew lustily three times. "I got fifteen minutes to get to work" thought Joe. "We don't need no whistle to call us to our job, we all can tell time—" Joe grinned at his own joke. He'd have to tell it to the boys cause they'd like it. Joe liked the boys, in fact, he liked everything about working on construction. It was easy hours. everyone was always friendly, work was steady enough in a good company, but best of all he liked being outdoors to work. Another whistle blasted forth, this one a few blocks closer.

"Bread factory," said Joe. "Those two plants never can agree on their whistles! Hope that don't wake Minna."

He shut the garage door and locked it. Then opening the large safety pin fastened to his over-all strap, he neatly pierced the stems of the four lilies and clasped the finished product to his strap. The lilies now firmly fixed on the bar held their four cups upright. Seeming to resign themselves to their fate, they rested their heads against denim. Joe ran for the 6:05 El. . . .

The 6:05 El was comparatively empty as usual. Joe sat down beside a sleepy worker, who was reading his newspaper, and abstractly began to read the comic strips on the back page. The sleepy man obliged and shifted the paper so that Joe could see it better. It was all very comforting, this morning ride on the El. Happily absent was the white collar shove and the time clock punchers' rush. The car's passengers were quiet and well-mannered. The conductor's voice was the only disturbance. Joe tired of the comics after *Blondie* and nodded thanks to the man beside him. He tried to think of something to think about but the sway of the El and the POSITIVELY NO SPITTING ON THE FLOOR sign detracted him. Giving it up, he bent down to smell his lilies. They were lovely. He checked the catch on the safety pin.

The conductor's head appeared suddenly at the door shouting: "Dee-von Street," then disappeared. The train definitely stopped to take on new riders. A thin woman scrambled on, then a tall man with jovial face and bulging paper sack stepped into the train. He peered through the sooty window of Joe's car, pulled open the door and let it slam after him. He was a big man, but not in the flabby sense of the word. He sat down beside Joe and slapped him on the knee.

"Hi-ya, Joe," he yelled. The El had caught up its steady speed again.

"Hello, Big Wop," said Joe. There was something swell about Big Wop's bigness that Joe liked. Everyone liked Big Wop though. He knew how to handle men, in fact, he practically ran the construction work over the Boss. "He's sure in line for a foreman's job," thought Joe. "Funny thing, everybody realizes it but Big Wop. Probably next year—"

"Have a banana, Joe." Big Wop dug into the paper bag and produced a large apple. "Or an apple," he added.

"No, thanks," said Joe, "I just had breakfast. Got up without waking Minna this morning and got my own." He smiled.

Big Wop munched on the apple and winked at Joe.

"When my wife stay in bed mornings—pretty soon I become another father again."

Joe laughed but for some reason felt a little worried. But Big Wop was always making jokes.

"Hey, Joe," said Big Wop suddenly, "y'know Stebachinoff—the riveter with me on top?"

Joe nodded. Stebachinoff was a good worker and Joe secretly envied the man for his luck to work with Big Wop on top. Not even Minna realized this though. Joe had always wished that he had gone to trade school like Stebachinoff. Big Wop was talking loud now —

"—and there he stood last week—in front of all these people making his arms wave and yelling things like, 'When the masses rise,' and then passing out little white booklets. That ain't right, Joe."

"No," agreed Joe, "I guess it ain't."

"Well, when the Boss heard about him doing these things—he say, 'that kind of fella can make trouble for us'—so he fires him yesterday." Big Wop took a deep breath. "So, Joe—I tole the Boss that you was a damn good worker and could do as good as Stebachinoff anyway—I bin watchin' you, Joe—and he says it's okay to put you on top with me—if you want to—"

Joe looked down at his lilies. Inside him all sorts of queer things were happening. He felt like that night of the last holiday, all lit up and happy.

"Thanks, Big Wop," was all he could say.

"Por-tur Street." The conductor walking through the car began to take tickets at the half-way stop on the line.

"Okay, partner," grinned Big Wop. He chucked the apple core out of the window. "Come on, it's our stop."

"Yeah," said Joe as he got up slowly. "Yeah, Big Wop."

The skeleton of what was to be the General Powers Plant stretched itself above the other buildings that squatted around it. The cement mixer was already churning and the company's truck began backing into the lot with a load of bricks. A worker held up his hand and the truck stopped. The driver shifted the hydraulic gear and the back end of the truck lifted slowly. Bricks slid heavily to the ground and piled themselves heterogeneously on the dusty earth. The driver got out of the cab and walked to a small shed at the back of the building. He closed the door after him.

As Joe and Big Wop came up the street Big Wop began to wave cheerily at the workers. The two men passed through the debris of the yard, and entering the temporary offices of the contractors they signed in for the day.

"Hi there, Little Joe. How'sa lilies coming—they sure stink nice."

"Pretty good, Pietro," said Joe.

"Hey, Pietro!" Big Wop signaled to the cement worker, "Joe's working with me now—the Boss says to get someone else to help you. Sam's a good man. A—Stebachinoff had to quit work—okay, Joe—let's get up on the job." He dismissed Pietro with a wave and reached into the tool cabinet for his own tool belt.

Joe automatically picked up the riveter's bucket. The cool handle felt good in his hand after the rough wood of the hod and wheelbarrow. He wished he had had time to call Minna and tell her his good luck, but by lunch time he would be able to do it. He followed Big Wop into the lift and stood holding onto the side rope while the platform was jerked upwards by a grinding pulley. Joe looked down at his former co-workers, and then up a his new station on top. It was going to be a beautiful day for Joe, catching rivets in his bucket for Big Wop. The lift banged against the top of the open shaft and hung there swinging against the protecting sides. Joe and Big Wop stepped off onto the girders and balancing themselves, walked over to the north side of the structure where the crane was operating, hoisting the steel bars into place.

"Great day," said Big Wop.

"Yeah," answered Joe, "gonna be hot, too."

"Heat doesn't get you, does it?"

"Naw—it feels good."

"Okay then, get ready for the first one. Here she comes . . ."

As the morning passed, the two men high on top felt the full force of the sun. It was hot.

Big Wop had already mopped his perspiring face five or six times with his huge red handkerchief. Even in the heat of the day his work re-

(Continued on page 24)

LOST CAUSE

VIRGINIA BENSON

TODAY everything is complex and confusing to me. My philosophy of life seems to have no foundation. I find no reason for my existence—no point to my living—nothing toward which to turn my energies, but my own selfish goal.

I want a cause, preferably a lost cause. Something I must fight for tooth and nail, with every ounce of brain and strength in me, and something in which my own petty ambitions and selfishness can be completely subjugated.

Taking college seriously in a war torn world, somehow seems hypocritical to me. How can I sit in my own smug environment, worrying about little insignificant problems of dress and social life when the rest of the world is torn with suffering and heartache? How can I let myself become heartsick over a low test grade when others are burying their entire families and still going on with steady chins? How can I pray to God for a full selfish Christmas when others are merely praying for the right to live? Still I do, as heartily as the poorest refugee.

Here I am in America, in a good college, with fine parents, and opportunities for God knows what, and what am I doing with it? Nothing! In fact I'm not even happy. With everything life could offer, I cannot find satisfaction. I sit and cry for no reason at all. I count the minutes until I can leave. Then I think of students in other lands who are going through Hell to get only a tiny part of the opportunity which I cast so idly aside, and I feel ashamed. I want to change my feelings or the situations that cause them.

I want to help—I must help. I've got to find some goal—some high ideal for my life, and it can't be a personal one. No, it must be bigger and finer than that. I must somehow, somehow, make the world a better place to live in. I know that sounds as trite as saving it for democracy, but I really mean it—really feel it.

This isn't just an emotional burst of feeling brought on by a chapel speech. I've felt this urge in me to do something big for a long while. It has been especially noticeable since I came to college. I think one of the main reasons for my blues

has been the absolute selfishness of my aims. I'm always trying to better just "me"—in fact the goal of the entire college set-up is "get what you can, forget the others." I know that may be the individualism of democracy and capitalism, and supposedly I am for democratic ideals and come from a capitalistic family, but I don't like it and don't agree with its philosophy. I expect if I had been born on the other side of the fence, I would be a radical socialist.

I sometimes think I'd like to leave school right now, go and work in a big chemistry dispensary, do dirty revolting things, and just make others healthier. Then I'd really be building myself too, not be learning how to apply powder skillfully to cover a disconcerting blemish, but by learning to spread a protective coating over hurts that are real and vital.

A girl leaves college because she doesn't make the right sorority, while somewhere else a boy is dying from starvation because he can't quite make the long road back to New China to the schooling she has discarded. Yet, you can't blame the girl. I know how she feels. Those things are stressed in America, at Denison, and they're really so unimportant. It's just because people keep thinking they art, that any significance is given to them.

Everyone complains about the Sem food, not because it's really bad, but because everything is too nearly perfect and there's very little else to complain about.

That's what's wrong with college and America—it's too easy and too nearly perfect. Most of us have never really faced any big sorrow, are not working toward any big goal or ideal. If I'm to stay in college, in fact if I'm going to keep on living as a useful citizen, I must find something to engross my energies. I've got to have something vital to do to take me away from my own insignificant worries.

My prayer is not for presents, dates, or renown—I just ask God on my knees to please, please give me something to justify my work—give me an objective to which I can be truly worthy.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

PEG COLLINS

JUNE is the month for retrospect as well as for looking forward. It is a time when we collect our thoughts and memories, and look back upon them—some fondly, and some with faint regret.

On looking back upon this year in the University Theatre, we find many incidents which can be classed in the group: "fond memories". We like to remember Maddy in *First Lady*, bravely swallowing hot lemonade to ward off a case of laryngitis, and giving out a smooth, well-controlled performance. We can't forget Ann Hunter's memorable entrance in a bright red dress, against Bernard Bailey's stunning blue walled living room. This was Dad's Day and Election Day, and that made the performances all the more exciting.

We remember clearly the bright Persian fantasy—*Tobias and the Angel*. We liked it because it was such a departure from the ordinary play and it took us away from reality for a while. Red-wigged, frightened Tobias, blind old Tobit, handsome, sneering Raphael, langorous Sara, and the fiery Azmoday—these stand out in our minds. Members of the cast still chuckle to remember the oft-repeated remark which accounted for any idiosyncrasy in the production: "It's fantasy!"

After vacation, and in the midst of finals, Steve Minton and Jean Koncana, with a large and splendid cast spent many hours rehearsing *Elizabeth the Queen*. At the same time, "the boys" at the Opera House spent many of the wee small hours pounding and sawing, and creating a most remarkable revolving stage. It rumbled with a loud and satisfying rumble, and only those half dozen boys can really appreciate that sound. On it were placed heavy-looking castle walls, the Tower, and a tent scene in Ireland. We cannot forget the bars reflected on the Tower wall in the last scene when Essex went out to die; nor can we forget the long pause after the tense roll of the drums, and then the final slow curtain. Judy Bateman toiled long hours on costumes and they added rich color and beauty to the stage pictures.

In May, the "old guard" of the theatre sat back and let the Freshmen thespians take over. These "youngsters" really surprised us. They gave *Our Town* with a finish and a feeling that left even the most callous members of the audience with lumps in their throats or tears in their eyes. Bob Straub quietly worked out a splendid characterization of

the Stage Manager, and spoke Thornton Wilder's thoughtful lines with real depth of understanding. Virginia Benson and Bob Back were charming as Emily and George. A "fond memory" remains in the shaft of blue moonlight that fell on them as they talked out of their windows. Barb Handyside and Scott Pruyn turned in splendid performances as Mrs. Webb and Editor Webb, the latter with a pleasant hint of the Will Rogers character. Barbara Anderson may rightly be proud of this production which she directed so well.

As I am writing this, the final rehearsals are under way for the "Dream." We have a hard time keeping straight faces when the clowns enact *Pyramus and Thisbe* before the court, with "Pyramus" Reed in an outlandish Greek helmet and "Thisbe" Moyer tripping (and sometimes falling) attired in a long blue dress, with cheesecloth mantle and straggly red wig. Maggie Roach makes an excellent roguish Puck, who serves Oberon, as played by Jean Upham. This is three plays in one: Immortals, Mortals, and Very Mortals, it might be called. The music is lovely, the costumes colorful and unusual in their Grecian mode, the dancing and singing delightfully romantic and Shakespearean.

That is what has been in this year in the Theatre Denison. It winds up with the Theatre Banquet on June 1, when honoraries choose new members and satires on all this year's plays are given. Then the year is over, and there's no more D. U. Theatre until next fall, when we'll come back eager for more.

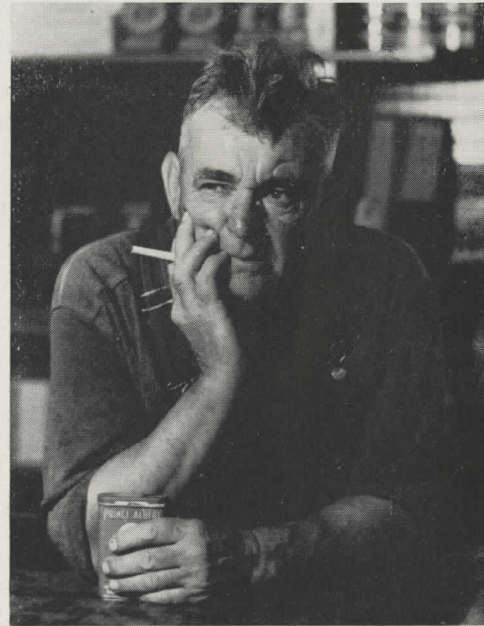
But, we also look forward in June. Next year promises a new departure in the theatre. Ed Wright, whose name has, though unmentioned till now, been underlying every comment, has planned, with Dr. Brown's approval, a troop of some twenty students who will tour in nearby towns next year with four Globe Theatre versions of Shakespeare's plays. There is a rumor that the troop will steal the idea of a certain fraternity on campus, and purchase two hearses to travel in. They threaten to add a novel touch in the form of a sign saying: "Death Takes a Holiday".

But, in all seriousness, the plan seems a good one, and extremely worth while. Our only real worry is that the draft will get all of the best actors and we will have to put on "The Women".

Student Art



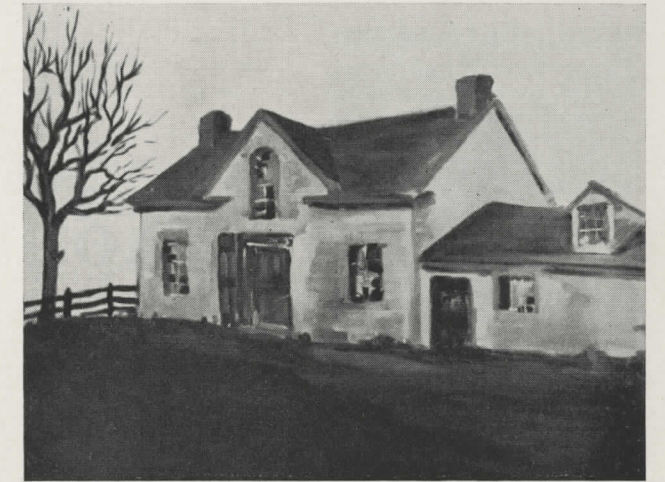
JACK Ann Dorsey



OLD PETE Jim Schulke



JERRY Sue Myers



CANADIAN FARMHOUSE Joan Rosenthal



MIRROR LAKE Ed Deeds



TREES Doris Peters

Contemplation

CHINESE COINS

Money lies heaped in piles somewhere
 Ready to give to the rich,
 Ready to add perhaps a
 Butler or a limousine or even
 A new pent-house
 To the boring plenty they now possess.
 Old coins,
 Strange coins,
 Coins with holes in the middle,
 They make piles of it somewhere
 Before they send a check to
 That fat old man eating lobster
 Alone in a glittering house—
 Or that long-haired debutante
 Who wants orchids and diamonds
 For decorations.
 The coins are worn at the edges.
 The coins are filthy with age.
 But the rich people don't care
 Because they only see a check.
 They only spend the money.
 Those dirty coins came from peasants.
 They came from Chinese in homespun blue rags,
 People who handled perhaps one piece of money
 In a year
 Or maybe two,
 People who ate rice kernels and tea
 Only a little rice and tea
 All their lives.
 And the reason these poor people
 Give their small bits of money to the rich people?
 Why—to buy bombs of course,
 Bombs and airplanes, and anti-aircraft guns.
 The rich people make those things
 And send them to poor, needy China.
 Then they blow up; they explode to tiny ashes
 That sift slowly down on the peasants.

LESLIE SEAGRAVE

THOUGHTS IN THE RAIN

Tonight from far out on the window sill
 I watched the raindrops stabbing sultry air
 Slim stilettos of gold and silver from the light.
 And the old ever-returning restlessness came again
 To walk forever in a softly falling rain.
 I climbed a hill amid crashing thunder and zigzagged
 flashes of lightning
 And reached the top alone—utterly alone
 I cannot go through life in this lonely solitude
 I would rather descend to the depths with him I loved
 Than soar to heights—alone
 I stood upon the hill, the unleashed fury of the storm
 about me
 Giants playing at tenpins my father used to say.
 Nostalgic memories piercing my heart
 Even as the lightning stabbed the air.
 Someone there must be in all this world
 Who would stand beside me on that lonely hill
 Steadfast, with the storms of life breaking about us—
 together.
 I did not miss the beauty of the night
 The smell of rain upon the thirsty earth—barrenness into
 fertility.
 I looked at the sky, its gray dipped down to meet my
 moving lips
 And seemed to listen to my prayer
 For someone who would love the hills and sunsets,
 Feel the message of the storm, watch the seasons come
 and go
 With ever-increasing wonder and delight.
 Loving the land, knowing the promise of new-plowed
 earth,
 Love with me the scent of new-mown hay,
 And whispers of the rustling corn,
 The puffs of pink clouds, kites set drifting by the dawn.
 Possessing neither greed nor lust for power
 But the desire to live life to its fullest and its best
 And leave in people's hearts the memory of a life well
 spent—
 I suddenly returned to earth again.
 The thunder rumbled sullenly in the east
 As the restless longings of my heart that will not cease
 Again I ask the tortured night—where is the one for
 whom I wait?

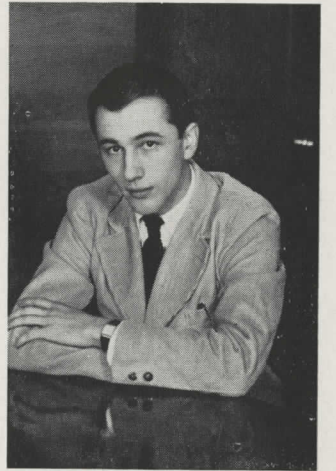
MOLLY WHITE



LANDSCAPE..... Reino Mackie
 Columbus Art Gallery

Keeping the Records Straight

DUKE SMITH



The Jimmy Dorsey band rates all the raves for this issue as far as I am concerned. He made *La Rosita* just recently that comes very close to being perfect. It displays his clarinet and alto in good shape, and can boast one of the finest arrangements put out in a long time. There is one tenor sax chorus that will give the hot fans a boot, and one chorus of muted brass that is sure to bring in more nickels. The flipover is *Minnie From Trinidad*, with too much Helen O'Connell vocal and too much on the commercial side. (Decca 3711.) Both Bob Eberly and O'Connell are heard throughout *In the Hush of the Night* and *My Sister and I*, (Decca 3710), and do well on each. For the full band listen to *Au Reet* and *Man, That's Groovey*. Both have good take-off choruses and clean, biting arrangements. (Decca 3721.) All the latest Dorsey outputs have been good, and nearly every juke box has one or two of Jim's records on its turntables. The man is finally hitting the stride that he rightly deserves, and is making his name stand for more than "just Tommy's brother."

Will Bradley pounds out another eight-to-the-bar tune in *I Boogied When I Should Have Woogied*, and presents his pianist, Freddie Slack, in some neat keyboard capers. (Columbia 36044.) The reverse side is *That's Her Mason-Dixon Line*, with McKinley and Lynn Gardner singing the vocals, which are plenty tricky, but are backed with a very mediocre tune. His other recent release is *Call Me A Taxi* and *Shadows In the Night* (Columbia 36082). *Taxi* again features Ray McKinley on the vocals, and Terry Allen in *Shadows*.

Benny Goodman recorded an original, *Take It, and Yours*, which allows Helen Forrest to showcase her singing on the latter, and Goodman to show-off some of his men on the former. Cootie

Williams' trumpet does not get enough space, but what there is of it is grand. Also George Auld's tenor sax work comes out neatly. Probably the best effort on Goodman's part was his waxing of *I Found A New Baby* and *Breakfast Feud* (Columbia again) with the sextet and featuring Count Basie at the piano. This is his best try and with the help of Basie it is a good buy. I have a feeling every time I listen to Goodman's new cuttings that he is still trying to experiment with his "new" band, and I think that he is losing a lot of good instrumentation in so doing. Maybe I'm wrong!

More important from a musical standpoint than any of the afore-mentioned is the offering of Meredith Willson's album called, *Modern American Music*, in which is contained specially written and played compositions performed by Willson's studio orchestra. The American composers who have contributed are Duke Ellington, Morton Gould, Vernon Duke, Louis Alter, Peter De Rose, Harold Arlen, Ferde Grofe, Sigmund Romberg, Harry Warren and Dana Suesse. It is labeled No. 219 in Decca's Album series and is A-1 in content. It contains two 10-inch and three 12-inch discs.

Record Briefs: Count Basie makes four sides for Okeh waxing *Beau Brummel*, *I'll Forget* (6122) and *Wiggle Woogie* and *Jump the Blues Away* (6157). All good solid Basie all the way. Billie Holiday repeats another fine performance in *Let's Do It* and *Georgia On My Mind* (Okeh 6134). It's very pretty stuff, and there is some nicely played piano by Eddie Heywood. Charlie Spivak and his young band have four this month for Okeh. *Intermezzo* and *Simpatia* (6120) and *Move Over* and *Tale of Two Cities* (6146). They are good clean jazz, well played by an up and coming group. They rate a spinning.

JOE

ED STOCKER

JOE weren't bad really, folks just thought he was. I knowed Joe from the time he was just old enough to ask questions, to the time he died, and you can take my word for it, there was never a finer boy. That is, until he had his trouble. Maybe if more folks had knowed Joe like I did he wouldn't 'a had any trouble, but I suppose you're curious now, so here's how the story goes.

Joe's family moved to Greendale around 1922. Joe was only about four years then, and as I said, he was just beginning to take interest in things. There was just the three of them: Joe, his mother, and his dad. They moved into the little house right next to ours, and so far as I could see, they never had nothin' much in the way of money. Joe's dad worked in the old tire factory and he was kind of sickly like. He used to have spells regular, and he'd get to feelin' awful bad. Joe's mother, she wouldn't accept no help from nobody, either. They used to carry on just as good as they could with what they had. Well, finally Joe's dad got fired. The foreman told him that he couldn't keep anyone on who got sick so much.

That just busted Joe's dad all up. He seemed to get sadder and thinner after that, and he never did get another job. Folks 'round here tried to be nice to him and some wanted to give him a job, but you can't take on a man that comes one day and not the next.

In a couple 'a years Joe's father died. Most everybody in Greendale felt mighty bad. We all wondered how Joe and his mother were goin' to get along. The community chest voted to give them a little help, but Joe's mother were to proud to take charity.

Well sir, she started a little laundry business. It weren't much, but they got along. Most all the winnin folks that could afford it sent their laundry to her. I can still see Joe goin' out and pickin' up everybody's laundry with his little wagon.

Joe grew up 'bout the same as any other boy, 'cept inside he was better. He always used to come home right after school every day to help his mother, and they managed pretty good. Joe and me used to hit it off some too. He sorta took a shine to me, and I sure as shootin' liked him. We used to spend hours just talkin', and on some summer days we used to go fishin' together down at Williams Creek. Him not havin' any father, and me not havin' any son, we got kinda close to

each other. I guess that's how come I knowed him so well while most folks didn't.

Like I told you, Joe weren't no lazy boy. All the time he was in high school he worked for Lem down at the drug store. He didn't get paid much, but he worked hard and it showed he was ambitious. He told me once that he was goin' to college some day. He said he was goin' to be a big man and take care of his mom real good, like she'd taken care 'a him. I told him that college was real expensive and that he'd have to work hard if he really wanted to go. He said he knew that, and he was bound determined to go.

Well, in '35 Joe graduated from high school. His mother was right proud of him and I can't say as I blame her. I felt pretty good myself, and I weren't no relation or nothin'.

The night after graduation Joe came over to my house real serious like, and do you know what that boy had done? He'd figured up just how much it'd cost him to go away to college. He'd saved up 'bout a hundred dollars, and he figured he could make the rest workin' while he was goin' to school. He told me he'd won one of them scholarship things and that paid his tuition. I was right proud of Joe then, just like he was my own boy. I told him if he wanted a good education that bad, nothin' could ever stop him.

Joe and me spent many a night that summer just plannin'. We figured out this and we figured out that, and we had everything all fixed so's Joe could go. His mother helped a lot too. She worked harder than ever and saved all the money she could. Joe's mother was happy that summer. She was so proud of her boy she darn near busted. She weren't very well them days, but she was so happy she never cared or complained.

Well, in the fall Joe was all set to go. Him and his mother and me all had supper together just before he left and I'm tellin' you, you never saw three people so happy in all your life.

The first three years Joe was at college went awful fast. They were lonely years for Joe's mother, and I gotta admit, I sorta missed the boy myself. His mother didn't get along so good but she never let on to Joe about it. She got thinner and she used to get sick at times just like Joe's father. It didn't help her none, not havin' the right kind of food or anything'; you see she couldn't afford much stuff, and with business fallin' off on account 'a her bein' sick, she didn't fare so good. I offered to help her some, but she

was still just as proud as she always was and she wouldn't take nothin'. She said it didn't make no difference anyhow, she was happy and weren't that all that mattered?

Joe got along real well at school. He got a good job waitin' on table and makin' beds in the boys' dorm. Even with all the extra work he did he got real good marks. His marks was so good he got another one of them scholarships and he got elected to an honorary fraternity. The school got him a job in the summer where he could make a lot more than he used to make down at Lem's store. He didn't get home to see his mother or me much, but we understood he was workin' hard so we didn't care none.

It was the summer before his senior year that all Joe's trouble started. He was workin' at his summer job just the same as he always did. In July, his mother died all of a sudden. The doctor claimed her heart had just plain give away on her. Well, Joe came right home, naturally, and he was awful broke up. He took it a lot harder than I figured he would and for about a week he wouldn't speak to nobody. Finally he came to me one day and told me he was goin' to quit school. He figured now that his mother was dead that there weren't nothin' to live for or go on for. He said he'd been workin' hard at school just so his mother could be proud of him.

Well, I'm tellin' you, I had a job on my hands to straighten him out. I talked and talked and talked to Joe, tryin' to make him see some sense. For about two days I didn't make hardly no progress, but finally I got him thinkin' straight again and he went back to his summer job.

Well sir, near the end of summer I got a telegram from Joe and he said he'd been arrested for robbery. I packed my stuff right away and went out to where he worked. I felt awful bad 'cause I just couldn't imagine Joe doin' no stealin'. Well, after I'd talked to Joe I found out the truth. It weren't him at all that did the takin', it were another fella that worked in the same office as Joe. Joe told me as how every night after he left the office, this other fella must 'a changed the figures Joe had writ that day, and took some money. Naturally, the police blamed it on Joe 'cause they were his figures that got changed and all that. Joe told 'em all he didn't do it but 'tweren't nobody that would believe him.

Well, I told Joe as how I'd get him a good lawyer and help all I could, but he wouldn't have none of it. He told me as how he were innocent and

he'd prove it himself without no help from nobody.

I went to the trial every single day and it sure as shooting' made me mad. Joe talked and talked, yet nobody'd believe his story. The other guy, the guy that had really stole the money, had some fake story, and Joe didn't get to first base. They sentenced him to two years in the state prison and I was so hoppin' mad I was red. If you could 'a seen the expression on Joe's face when they told him, like as not you'd 'a felt like cryin'.

Well sir, the first year Joe were in prison he was just as good as could be. He figured like if

he were good they might parole him after a year. He did just what he were told and never talked back or nothin'. I went to see him whenever I got the chance and he were bound and determined to get that there parole. I kept encouragin' him 'cause I knew he could do it.

When Joe's name come up for parole it was passed by. Joe and me never could find out why. The slip just said that the parole was not granted. Well, I were kind of afraid 'bout what Joe would do. I knew he was goin' to be awful disappointed.

The next time I went to see him he wouldn't see me. After that I tried to see him 'bout four times and he didn't never want to talk to me. The guards told me he'd begun actin' bitter like, and wouldn't talk to nobody. They told they was beginnin' to have a little trouble with him, and that if he weren't careful hed'd have to stay in prison longer.

Well sir, Joe just kept actin' worse and worse. I suppose it were from all the disappointments he'd had. One day a guard told me he'd had a year added on to his term. I felt mighty bad about that, but there weren't nothin' I could do. Joe wouldn't even talk to me.

Well, Joe kept gettin' worse and worse, and one night he decided he'd try and escape. I guess he must 'a planned it for a long time, 'cause everythin' was all fixed.

He got out 'a his cell all right 'bout two o'clock one mornin'. He was real quiet and the other prisoners say he was smilin' all the time. Some 'a the guards claimed as how he'd gone crazy. Anyway, after he got out 'a his cell he slugged the guard who guarded the cell block.

Well, everything' worked 'cept that the slugged guard came to too soon. He sounded the alarm

(Continued on page 24)





The Bookshelf



RANDOM HARVEST. By James Hilton. 327 pp. Boston. Little, Brown and Company.

In the recently conducted Harper's poll of readers, ten books were named as the most outstanding published during the months of January, February and March. Among these was *Random Harvest*. James Hilton has done something different here. It is not the idea behind the book that fascinates us as in his other novels. It is the clever way in which the story is told.

The story is of one Charles Rainier who was shell-shocked during the last war by a bomb dropped at random. When he regained his memory, he could not account for two years of his life. Yet always he was disturbed by the feeling that he had seen or done certain things before. We wonder with Rainier himself about things that might have happened during those mysterious two years. As each incident opens the door of memory a little wider, we anxiously piece together his scattered life. A strange, charming love story is the means that finally closes the gap in Rainier's life, that ends the random years, that joins the past and present.

As a psychological study there is a touch of genius about the book. The human mind is a difficult territory to explore, and the world that it inhabits does not fit snugly into any other world. Yet we can experience with Charles Rainier the inner numbness and impersonal objectivity that followed awakening from a blank two years long.

Once he has begun the book, the reader must finish it or wonder forever about the divided life of Rainier.—Leslie Seagrave.

* * *

LONG MEADOWS. By Minnie Hite Moody.

This is an historical novel, based on the genealogy of the Hite (or Heydt) family in America. It makes particularly interesting reading for Denisonians for it is written by a Denisonian, and the locale of the latter part might be familiar to many of us.

Long Meadows follows a little different course than the usual run of historical novels because of this genealogical framework. The story begins with the emigration of Baron Joist Heydt from Strassburg to America in the early eighteenth century. It continues through each succeeding

generation, six in all, down through the Civil War.

The Hite family seems to be a typical American family, that's what makes the story so interesting. Joist Heydt was not satisfied with the civilized Atlantic frontier when he made a home for his young wife, but took her to the "western" frontier, over the mountains of Virginia. Nor were any of his progeny satisfied with the land of their fathers', but pushed on to the new frontiers of their generation—Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, the Carolinas, each looking for their own Long Meadows. It's a novel of "a family whose dream is forever of meadows lengthening in peaceful prosperity, but whose ways continually lead them into strife and war." It is because of this desire to see what is on the other side of the mountain that this family is more than the Hite family, but the American family, for even down to the present day does not the American mind look for new frontiers, desire to see what's on the other side?

Into the story momentarily as bit players, pass many notorious American figures. Washington is seen as a precocious young surveyor, later as a despondent American rebel. The last fleeting glimpse of him is immediately after the war when all he could think of was his vineyard at Mount Vernon. In such a way characters such as Daniel Boone, Tom Jefferson, Wm. Henry Harrison, and the Lords Fairfax and Dunmore appear. Even the renegade Simon Girty is not denied his place.

As in life, the wars of America play their important part. In each of them at least one Hite participates. In the Civil War there were Hites on both sides, in fact the climax, if there can possibly be one principal climax in this book of many, is when the representative of one branch of the family mortally wounds one who, although he doesn't know it, is also a Hite.

This book is far more than the history of a family in America, it is the story of America. It will be interesting to others than Hites, though to them it will be more than interesting.

This is not a book to be read in an afternoon, or one to read in a little, then put it down and forget about it for a day or so. Written in five parts, on six hundred and fifty pages, you'll probably sit up all night till it's finished.—Chas. B. Jones.

SEVEN YEAR'S LUCK

JOHN SAUNDERS

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND; summer of 1836. The good ship *Phoebe*, freight packet of the trade route to South Africa, was being bid farewell and God speed by the wives and families of those aboard and by the general onlookers. It was a rare day to those in England, warm, brisk, bright and clear. The packet was a beautiful sight with her spotless new canvas flapping as the ship slowly swung around into the breeze. All at once she caught the wind and the sails swelled and strained at the sheets. Hope and joy were in the hearts of all aboard; the sailors were singing as they heaved at the hawsers, and the few passengers were waving and shouting at the railing.

Three weeks out. The first mate, Jeffrey Masefield, was trying to shave his weather-toughened beard in his cramped quarters in the stern. Daniel Howard, quartermaster, was in Jeff's cabin watching the ordeal. It was 7:15 o'clock in the morning. The wind had started to rise about 3:00 o'clock and had been growing steadily in the strength as the ship approached the equator. The sea was now unusually high, and the small packet was tossing in the mighty swells. Although at this time of day, and at this meridian the sun should be well up in the sky, there was no sign of a sun except that it was a little lighter than it was an hour or so ago.

Jeff was having his difficulties. He was trying his best to get as good a shave as possible, but it seemed that circumstance was trying equally hard to prevent him. Together with the roll of the ship, the condition of the razor, and the blurred mirror, Jeff didn't have much of a chance. He swore as the nicked razor dug a little too deeply. All at once the hatch flew open behind him and a chilling gust of damp wind whooshed down the companionway into his cabin. A sharp voice shouted above the roar of the surf and wind,

"Cap'n wants Mr. Masefield on deck at once. Urgent!"

The hatch slammed shut again. Jeff glanced at Dan, his face covered with shaving soap, with an irregular patch of tanned skin revealed where the razor had done its work.

"Sounds like somethin's up," Jeff remarked, reaching for a towel. He yanked it out of the rack, and in doing so knocked the mirror from its unsteady resting place on the shelf. Glancing off the washing stand it fell to the floor, breaking neatly into three pieces. Jeff swore as he wiped the soap from his half-shaven face and pulled a heavy woolen shirt over his husky shoulders. Picking up the largest fragment of the mirror, he jammed it into his overcoat pocket in his haste, and started up the companionway. Dan was laughing.

"Bad luck to breck a mirra, ya know. Seven years o' bad luck!"

"Don't be stupid," returned Jeff. "And besides, I ain't superstitious."

Throwing open the hatch, Jeff stepped out on the slippery deck. The salty air on his face smarted where he had cut himself with the razor. The sea was pounding against the sides of the ship like a trip-hammer, and the wind had risen to the force of a gale. It had started to rain. The combined roar of the surf and wind drowned out his shout to the captain who was at the wheel. Jeff hugged the rail as he inched his way aft. The foretopgallant had torn loose from the sheets, and he could hear it slapping continuously in the tempest. Clutching his sou'wester he shouldered his way towards the captain.

"You sent for me, sir?" he yelled above the storm.

"Yes," shouted the captain in reply. "Cut that sail down and take in all but the lower main tops'l and lower mizzen tops'l. Lash down all the loose stuff you can find on deck and cover the 'fore hatch with a spare sail. Water's gettin' into it."

A towering wave swept over the deck at that moment, deluging them with a torrent of unusual force, and Jeff clung to the rail for dear life. He shouted at the top of his voice,

"You can't send anyone up there to take in sail. It'd be suicide in this gale."

"I don't care how you do it, but *get them sails down!* Do you want us all to drown? This boat'll go over any time now if you don't do as I say. Now get the men up there. Crew'll take orders from you."

"Aye, aye, sir," Jeff returned, and shouldered his way forward.

As he neared the hold, a sharp crack rang out above him, a loose stay sliced the air directly in front of him, and the foretopgallant spar which had broken loose before came crashing down on the starboard rail, carrying a good ten feet of the rail with it into the sea. A second later, as the ship dipped into a trough, she was struck by a terrific impact on the starboard side. Jeff had to brace himself against the mast to keep from slipping as the packet listed heavily to port. Dan came bounding up the companionway with an expression of half fear and half wonderment on his face. Jeff was leaning over what was left of the rail, looking for damage. The mighty 30-foot oaken yardarm had been hurled back at the packet with such driving force that it had smashed a hole in the hull about five feet wide.

"Go aft and tell the captain," Jeff shouted to Dan. "No time to take in sail now. I'm going down and get the pumps started. We may be able to check it."

"'T looks like yer bad luck's startin' in right quickly. Only thing is, I wish you'd keep it to yourself."

Dan started toward the poop deck and Jeff dashed for the forward hatch only to be met by one of the seamen rushing up. The fellow stammered the words between puffs of exhaustion,

"Water's a-comin' inta th' 'old at a fierce rate, sir. 'Arf a foot now, sir!"

"Well, do something about it, ya damn fool! Get the pumps going. Take charge 'till I get down. Keep five men working and send up the rest. See if you can get the spar out and patch up the hole."

"But we can't stop w'at's a-comin' in, sir. There ain't a chance, I say. Th' yard's stuck fast, and the water's gainin' by the minute. Come and see for yourself, sir," returned the frantic seaman in despair. "It's best to leave ship right now!"

"In a storm like this? Don't be crazy!"

Another wave swept across the deck, drenching the two men and pouring into the open hatch. Just then the captain appeared beside them. The seaman repeated what he had told Jeff, and the two went below, leaving Jeff alone on deck. He shot a hasty glance around the slippery deck, noting where loose timber had smashed out a post in the port rail, and how the previously coiled running rigging was a tangled mass around the foremast. The rain was still descending in sheets. Jeff pulled his sou'wester more tightly around him. The captain, followed by a dozen or so men, reappeared in the hatch. He addressed Jeff.

"Summon all the passengers at once. See that no one is left below. Have some men prepare the lifeboats for immediate launching. Keep the passengers calm above all. The ship's filling up fast,

and will be down before we could patch 'er up. Ranny, go to the galley and help the cook get provisions for three weeks, more if he thinks we can take it. Jeff, take over while I go below for charts and instruments."

Everything burst into sudden activity. The packet was listing noticeably forward and to port, for the impact of the yardarm had shifted the cargo slightly. Luckily all three of the lifeboats had escaped damage. In ten minutes the few passengers, wrapped in everything from a shawl to heavy woolen overcoats, were gathered on deck and were being helped into the boats. It was still early in the morning, and they had not had time to dress properly. There were eight passengers and fifteen crew, not counting the captain. The first boat was lowered into the sea, containing six oarsmen and three of the passengers. As if by a miracle, it remained upright, and the three oarsmen on each side pulled her quickly away. The sea was still a swirling wall of towering breakers, and the little ship was expected to capsize at any moment. The second boat was then made ready for launching. Jeff was to go with this one to take charge; Dan was in the first one. The little craft held six more crew, and three more of the passengers. It was lowered with much anxiety from the leeward side, and shared the same luck as the first. The packet was now a good third below the water, the forecastle being completely covered. The captain and the remaining two passengers and three crew boarded the last boat, which was smaller than the others, and began to let themselves down over the side of the fast sinking vessel. At that moment a mountainous wave broke over the opposite side of the ship, washing across and filling the little lifeboat to the gunwale. Everyone was soaked to the skin. The captain yelled,

"Ang on to those ropes, men. We can't let 'er down 'till she's bailed out, we'd swamp sure."

Everyone busied himself with his hands or shoes or an oar to empty the craft before the same thing could happen again. When the captain was sure she was emptied enough so that she'd remain above water, he ordered the men to ease the skiff slowly to the surface. She was rowed over the swells by the four oarsmen toward the other two boats which they were surprised to see a good distance away. The packet was now going down quite rapidly. The captain signaled the others to remain where they were, as soon as the three boats were together. Here they watched the big ship submerge, bow first, into the green swells. All at once she reared her stern into the air and plunged downward out of sight with a great suction. The roar of the whirlpool could be heard for several minutes after, and huge bubbles kept rising to the surface for a full ten minutes.

The captain then took his bearings, difficult as it was with no sun or stars to guide him, and directed the others as to the course to follow. The storm had abated considerably, the wind having died down and the turbulent water having been reduced to heaving swells. As the party had left the ship, they had taken along nothing but the absolute necessities, not having time to gather blankets or extra clothes. It was still raining, though not in such torrents as before, and the occupants of the small boats were subjected to possibly more storms. It was the captain who spoke,

"All boats keep within speaking distance of each other, as far as is possible. No food shall be taken 'till 5 o'clock this afternoon, except by those passengers who have not yet eaten this morning. They may have half a pint of water and 8 drams of bread apiece. I suggest that everyone take a spoonful of brandy to help keep out the cold. I brought it along for just that purpose. Although there is enough food and water for two weeks and more if necessary, I am taking no chances. Daniel Howard, you are in complete charge of your boat and will take orders from no one but me; likewise Jeffrey Masefield in his."

The rest of the morning was passed in almost complete silence, save for the shifting of the oarsmen and the complaints of the cold by a few of the passengers. The rain had stopped and the clouds thinned out around 10 or 11 o'clock. The sea was still choppy, and water kept entering the boats, necessitating continuous bailing. At twelve o'clock the captain took his bearings again. They were approximately 230 miles off the nearest point of Africa, Liberia. As the ship had approached the Gulf of Guinea it had made a direct course for the Cape of Good Hope, instead of hugging the coastline. It was while the ship was almost crossing the equator that the equatorial storm had arisen and caused the disaster. A group of small, uninhabited coral islands were charted as lying about 50 miles off their direct course. It was the captain's plan to stop off at these islands and plot a course of return to the coast. It would also give the men a rest and a chance to get settled. Of course, it might be their good luck to meet up with a trader, but such was not likely to be the case so far from the coast.

Night found the small party ill at ease, and wondering what the next turn of events would be. The sea was very quiet, and the only sound that broke the stillness was the splashing of the oars, the creaking of the oarlocks, and the ripple of the water under the heavily laden boats. The sixteen oarsmen were pulling wearily at the oars, and the rest were sitting wearily on the seats or on the floorboards. Jeff, Dan, and the captain were seated at the tillers of their respective boats, straining their eyes ahead into the darkness for any possible sign of land.

Suddenly one of the men broke the stillness.

"Look a'ead! Ain't that land I sees a'ead o' us?" Immediately everybody turned to look in the direction pointed out by the seaman.

"By jove," cried another, "I believe 'e's right!"

"S abo't time," put in a third. "Cap'n said as we should 'ave seen them islands long ago."

"I couldn't make exact approximation of our bearings with conditions what they were, Mr. Cotter," returned the captain dryly, "but I believe these are the islands I had in mind. Approach them cautiously, for there may be hidden sand bars or reefs. The boats are overloaded as it is, and we don't want to swamp any of them."

The three boats approached slowly with a man in the bow of each sounding the depths with an oar. Suddenly the sounder of Dan's boat, which was in the lead, shouted out,

"Backwater, quick! Reef 'bout a foot under. Can't make it."

The boats then began to encompass the small isle, about a half mile at its longest stretch. As they rounded the south side, they saw that it was not one island, but a long string of ghostlike islands, looming out of the darkness ahead of them in the moonlight, and seeming to stretch out endlessly. They found an entrance to the first isle on the north-east side. Although it was now dark, one could see quite clearly for a short distance in the diffused moonlight. As far as could be seen the island was barren of growth except for a heavy, dense, weedlike carpeting, and quite a few towering, fruitless cocconut palms.

The entire party disembarked, and, after safely beaching the boats, hobbled stiffly ashore. They all threw themselves on the still wet ground. The captain lighted a lantern which he took from his boat, and set it down on the ground beside him. He then spread out a sea chart, and pondered over it for a long time, trying to determine which was the best and quickest route to take. The crew and passengers were talking together in groups. The captain called Jeff to his side and told him to ration out food and water to everyone. He then told Jeff to take another man with him and scout around for materials to build a fire. Around them was nothing that could be seen to burn, but Jeff started out beyond a small bluff to see if there were some shrubs or bushes of some sort. In a short while he returned after a fruitless search. He reported that there was nothing beyond the bluff except what was to be found where they had landed. He imagined that each of the others of this string of islands had the same growth on it, so it was of no use to move to any of them.

The captain then told the men to get what sleep they could, and to wait until morning to make any further moves. The low ground still being soaked from the waves of the storm, most of the men climbed the small embankment to the higher parts, and stretched on on the drier ground.

Others lay down in the upright lifeboats. Jeff and the captain stayed up for some time, talking over the lighted map on the ground, and discussing the various routes of other ships and of the possibility of their being rescued. An hour or so later, after realizing that the chances were very slight, they blew out the light and turned in.

Everyone was up at break of dawn. To the delight of all there was a bright sun, in contrast to the preceding darkness of the storm. The short rations of food were then issued. They all ate in complete silence, no one feeling much the better for his poor night's rest. Several of the men encompassed the isle to look around and stretch their legs, and four of them took a boat to the next island just to make sure that there was nothing of use to be found. The sea was a little rough, and as the little boat left the isle to return, it was carelessly ridden up on a hidden reef, and before it could be taken off, it was badly thrown around. A bad gash was torn in the bottom, necessitating another boat to bring the men back. This was certainly no time to damage such a vital thing as a boat. It seemed as though the small craft could not be mended, as the party had no materials to do it with. All at once Dan, on the top of the bluff, yelled at the top of his voice,

"A ship, blarst it all, a ship! Can't make out its nationality from 'ere."

Sure enough, there she was, about two and a half miles distant and heading almost directly toward them. But immediately the problem of signaling the boat presented itself. Burn one of the lifeboats? No, that was too costly a chance. It was obvious that the ship would not pass the island near enough to see them unless something was done to attract its attention. As it came closer it was found to be a Dutch trader. Jeff thrust his hands deep into his overcoat pockets in disgust for the seemingly impossible situation. Immediately he withdrew his right hand, blood dripping from a gash in the thumb. The broken mirror he had placed there in his haste! Dan saw

him draw it out and look at it thoughtfully. He snatched it from Jeff and started to hurl it out to sea with an oath.

"Aven't we 'ad enough bad luck from this? I'm gettin' rid o' ya right this minute!"

Jeff had to take it away from him forceably.

"Do you want to do away with our only chance of being saved? Give it to me, you fool."

Everyone looked at Jeff in amazement. What did he mean . . . "our only chance of being saved"? He then threw off his overcoat and made his way to the tallest palm on the bluff. He flung his arms around the smooth trunk and started to mount it like the most agile of monkeys. The ship was already sailing past as he disappeared among the spreading leaves of the palm. The men were standing at the base of the tree, looking up with their mouths wide open in wonderment. No movement could they see where Jeff had disappeared, and absolutely no sound reached their ears. Apparently he was trying to signal the ship, but how, was the question in every sailor's mind. Then, with no obvious reason, the Dutch trader slowly changed her course and headed for the island. They had seen Jeff's signal! The shout that arose from the stranded men was enough to waken the dead. Jeff came sliding down the tree and joined the others on the shore where they were all piling into the two remaining boats.

When safe aboard the trader, and in dry clothes, Dan spoke to Jeff in a bewildered tone.

"W'at in 'eaven's name did ye do up in the treetop? Ye didn't make a sound, yet ye must 'ave signaled the bloomin' boat some'ow."

"Yes, I used the mirror you were going to throw away."

"Ow could ye use that?"

"Very simple. There's a bright sun, and a mirror reflects, if you follow me."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

(Continued from page 7)

"I understand how you could feel that way about it," she answered.

She was thinking out loud and for the first time in her life she had made a confession to a total stranger. She continued, "It must be wonderful to have some special little retreat like this."

"It is." He paused, "You know I think you've been most nice to sit here and talk with me. It's too bad that we haven't more time to be acquainted. That is unless . . . Oh, but, certainly that would be impossible. You . . ." Her heart was beating faster than she could think.

"What shall I do if he should ask me to go some place with him? As soon as he sees me in a lighted spot the illusion will be gone, and I couldn't stand to have him shun me now, not after he's been so kind."

"Would you consider it too awfully forward if I were to ask you to have dinner with me? I realize that I've only known you a few minutes, but I feel as though we should have the chance to know each other much better than that, don't you? You needn't accept the invitation unless you want to you know . . . What's the matter, don't you feel that you should answer, or perhaps you've already had your dinner, is that it?"

It was a long moment before she could answer him, and with her lips trembling with the excuse she could not speak, she blurted out, "I think I should love to have dinner with you."

"Well, that's better," he said, and as they rose from the bench together she took his hand, for you see, he was blind.

(Continued from page 5)

A hundred and twenty-five would be a safe number, counting possible slackers. Mose and Bus and Art would be back of us with the packing room outfit. Joe and Harley were the key men on the beans, whom we could count on. Arby and Dewey would have all the graders and weighers with us. "Yeah," Bob mused, "we'll be ready to talk to the Old Man in about two more days."

While Bob went out on the ramp after another rack the Old Man happened along sizzling like a fuse, then exploded, "What's this I hear about you and Weber starting a union? Is it true?"

For a second I thought he was going to fire us, but having thought of this before, I wouldn't have been dreadfully sorry had we been fired. But my courage was stronger than my desire to lose my job, and I answered, "No. I haven't heard anything about it. Those C.I.O. fellows were here about a week ago, but nothing ever came of that that I know of. You know me, Dad." (Why had anyone ever started calling the Old Man "Dad"?)

"Well, I'm warning you, if I hear any more about you fellows starting a strike, I'll fire every one of you that's in it. I'm warning you!"

"O.K., O.K. We get you."

Bob came back with a rack a few minutes later. I told him what the Old Man had said.

"You didn't have much choice, did you?" he smiled. "If everything goes well we should be able to tell the Old Boy where to get off in just a few more days."

"Listen, Bob, let's do it tonight. It's ten-thirty now. We can inject enough invigoration into the members the rest of the day to be able to strike tonight. It's hotter than hell in here now. This is probably the heaviest day we'll have all season. We've been waiting for just a time like this. We have our organization. Let's put the thing over tonight."

We got Arby and Joe and Dewey at lunch time and planned to strike right after supper. We would all be out of the plant by then, since most of us ate on the ramp. Then when the whistle blew to go back to work we'd talk to the Old Man. We figured this would be better than trying to stage a walk-out.

Dewey called an important point when he asked how much we were going to ask for. We agreed that forty cents would be a good amount. Then we could allow for a compromise, if necessary.

Busy as we were throughout the afternoon, we spent most of our time planning the strike. Bob was going to do the talking. Joe, Arby, Dewey and the stronger members were going to be scattered through the crowd, keeping up the laborers' enthusiasm and fighting spirit. All afternoon we did everything we could to get the union excited. "Forty cents an hour! Forty cents an hour!" was our hushed cry. We used every method of appeal. Some of the backward high school kids came

around when we told them that they might get their pictures in the paper.

Bob and I were quite satisfied when the supper whistle blew. Neither of us ate anything, but spent our time among the rest of the workers keeping their dander up. "You with us, Whity? Thata boy!" We were so excited ourselves we couldn't have eaten anything had we wanted to. "Remember, when the whistle blows, stay here on the ramp. Don't go back into the plant. And remember, stick together! Stick together!"

My watch showed three minutes until the whistle. "Where's the Old Man?" I asked Bob nervously. "Has he come back yet?"

"Yeah. Arby saw him in the machine shop with Chris. God! Here he comes now!" Bob stuck out his lower jaw before he spoke. "Hello, Dad. We want to talk to you."

"Huh? What do you want? If it's—"

"Lsten! We represent the Laborers' Union. We have a proposition."

"Get the hell out o' here! I told you—"

"Shut up! I'm speaking for one hundred and eighteen of your workmen. We are organized to get a raise in wages. In one minute that whistle is going to blow. We go back to work on one condition, that starting from the time that that whistle blows we get forty cents an hour. That, or we don't go back to work!"

"Damn right you won't go back to work!" the Old Man blurted, stepping forward. "You, you—"

"I'm telling you!" Bob yelled, pounding his finger on the Old Man's breast bone. "You've got eight tons of corn and six tons of tomatoes out there to be canned tonight. For forty cents an hour we'll can it; otherwise you can it yourself." Just as the Old Man was ready to answer, Bob went on, "If we walk out of here now you won't be able to get a single replacement in town. Forty cents an hour or we leave. What do you say?"

It was a perfect set-up. We couldn't lose. We had the Old Man under our feet and we were tromping on him. I almost felt sorry for the Old Boy. He waited a second before he spoke. Then in the same manner as he would speak to his secretary, he said, "This is a farce. You fellows are awful dumb. I can have two replacements for every one of your jobs by seven in the morning. We have ways of keeping this stuff till then."

Just then the whistle blew. Somehow it sounded like a school bell ringing on a holiday. But it only made the Old Man grunt. "There's the whistle. Either go back to your jobs or go on home. I don't need you. If you don't want to work here for what you're getting, get out!"

I turned to see the last of the union slowly drift back into the factory. Arby came up to where Bob and I were standing. None of us said a word.

The Old Man snapped, "You guys—"

But we had already picked up our gloves and started home.

LILIES OF THE ALLEY

(Continued from page 9)

mained steady. He seemed to get a kick out of fighting anything stronger than himself. Joe had been struggling to keep up with him, and had, to his own satisfaction. He felt his face and arms being burned but didn't mind. It was so very healthy up on top, so much healthier than hauling bricks.

There was a familiar yell from below and Joe expertly reached up and caught the thrown rivet in the cone-shaped bucket, placing it for Big Wop to solder. The sharp smell of steel stung Joe's nostrils. It hurt but it cleaned out his head. "I guess I like it, too," Joe thought. Big Wop crossed the girder. Hanging on to a span, he leaned over.

"Hey, Pietro," he called, "tell 'em to step it up on those girders. We can't wait all morning up here in this heat!"

Joe was suddenly attracted to his flowers, for one lily had drooped forward leaning its head out into space, while two others had slipped to the side still clinging to the denim. Joe shook his head. "Heat's too much for the little things—all the sun and all the solder—all too hot." He rested his pail on a cross beam and began to unfasten the safety pin. "I'll have to move 'em."

Big Wop turned and grinned at the man, but

his eye was attracted by the whirl of a rivet flinging upward, thrown too high—too hard. "Look out, Joe!" shouted Big Wop. He steadied himself and tried to get quickly to Joe's side. There was a dull thud of metal striking a forehead and Joe cried out—surprised. He teetered on the edge of the girder but Big Wop's strong hand clutched him by the overall strap. Then with a sharp cry of pain, Big Wop let go, and Joe's body went hurtling downward through the span of girders. Big Wop grasped his own throbbing wrist. Piercing the palm of his hand was an open safety pin and dangling from it were four white, wilted lilies. . . .

* * *

JOE

(Continued from page 17)

just about the time Joe was startin' to scale the wall. By the time they'd found out where he'd gone to, he was half way up the wall. He was just goin' over the top when one 'a them wall guards got his light on him. Quick as a flash the guard shot at Joe and hit him right in the chest. The guards claim as how Joe let out one long scream and dropped back into the prison yard—dead as a doornail.

Yes sir, Joe go some tough breaks. He weren't bad though. Folks just thought he was.

TO THE ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF DENISON

In accordance with our new policy, we are attempting to build up the subscription list of the PORTFOLIO. Now, for the first time in several years, you have the chance to subscribe to the literary magazine of Denison University. One dollar pays for four issues, one year, beginning October, 1941.

To: Mr. John Schroeder, Bus. Mgr., PORTFOLIO
Granville, Ohio

I enclose my check for \$....., please send copies of the
PORTFOLIO to—

Name

Address

.....

.....

The first issue of the PORTFOLIO under this subscription
will be out about Oct. 15, 1941.