

1941

Portfolio Vol. V N 3

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Recommended Citation

Koons, Marilyn; Davidson, Sally; Stander, Marianna; Morton, John; Tomlin, Bonnie; Rhu, Helen; Metcalf, Carolyn; Harvey, Dick; Vercoe, Mary; Hill, Jacque; Brannon, Earl W.; Hayne, Barbara; Burrows, Pete; Seagrave, Leslie; Benson, Virginia; and Reynolds, Virginia (1941) "Portfolio Vol. V N 3," *Portfolio*: Vol. 5 : No. 3 , Article 1.
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.denison.edu/portfolio/vol5/iss3/1>

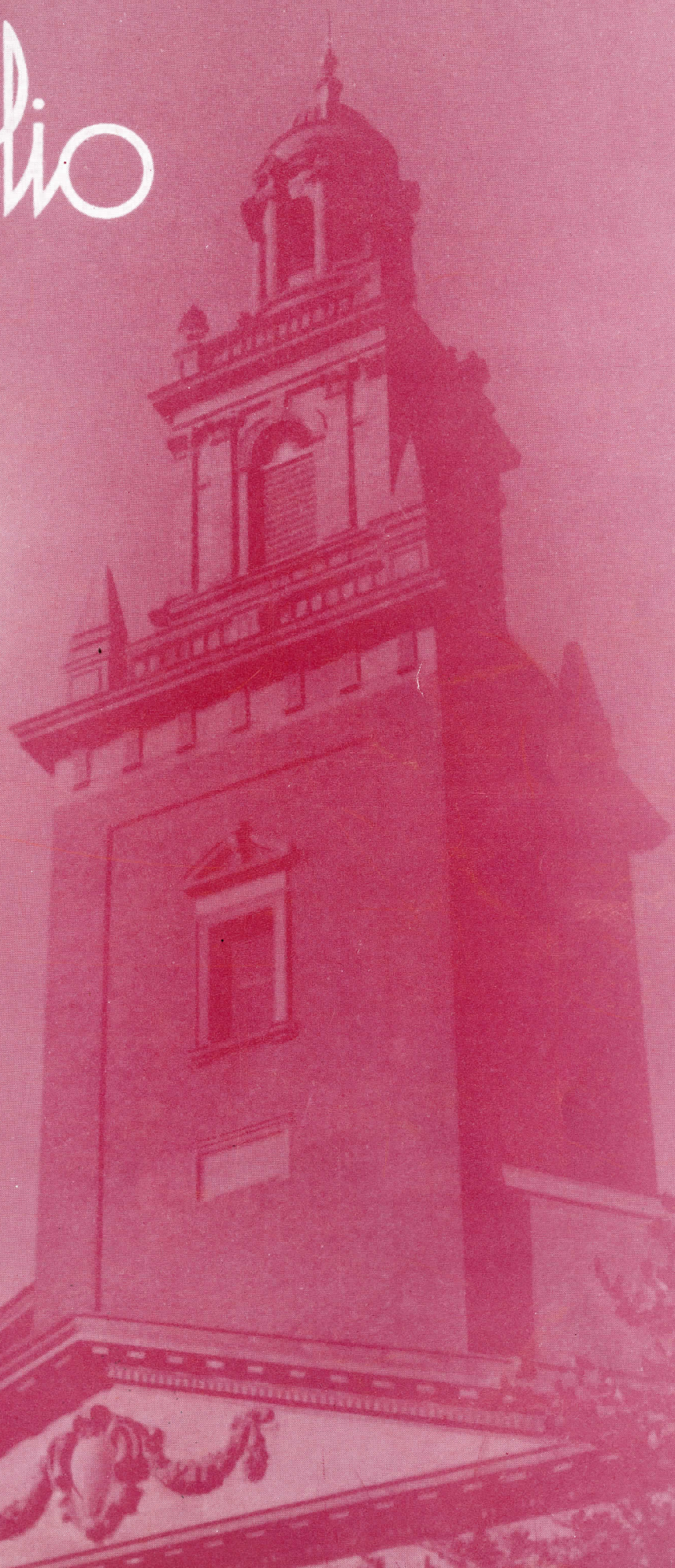
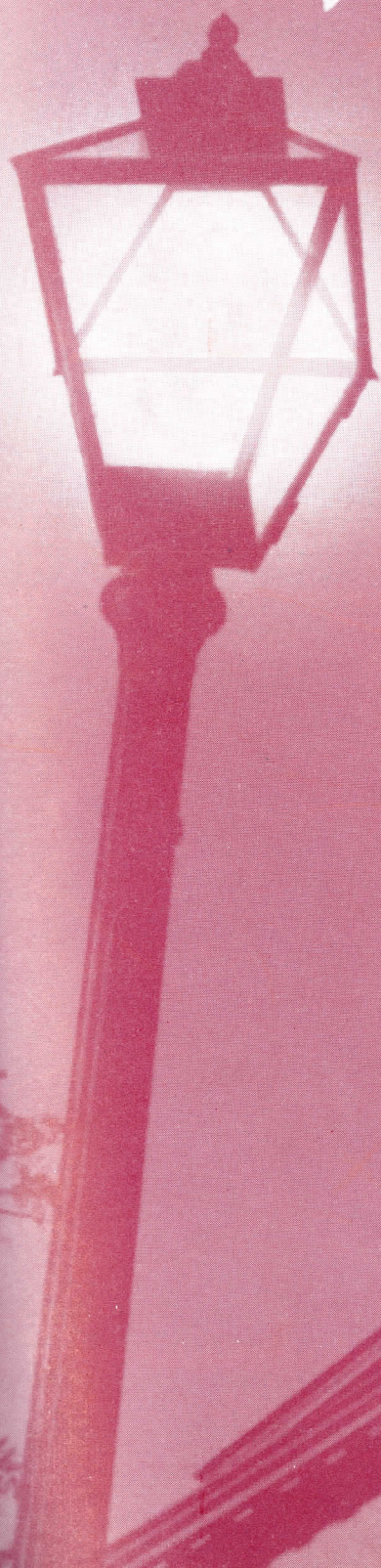
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Portfolio Vol. V N 3

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Portfolio



Portfolio

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



Summer 1942 . . .

SUMMER 1942 . . . some of us will graduate and leave Denison for the last time. Some will leave for the summer vacation. Our first summer vacation with our country at war.

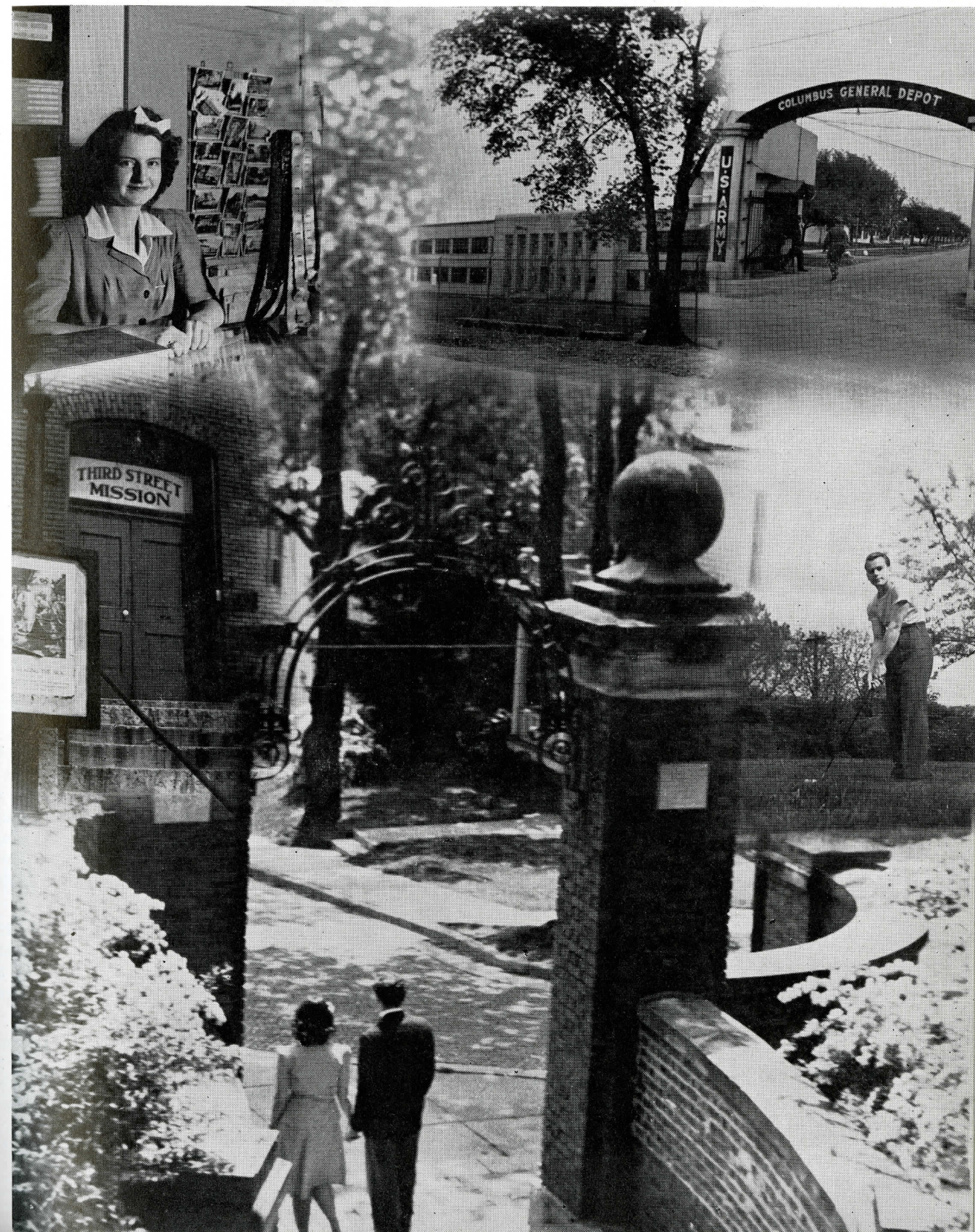
We cannot let this summer be the long holiday that others have been. 1942 must be a year in which we all work and contribute something to those around us.

Some of us will do voluntary social work in missions, or camps, helping those who have not had our advantages. Some will work in department stores, helping to feed and clothe the consumer. Others of us may find employment in defense plants making the plans and weapons America needs.

And some, graduates and undergraduates, will enter the armed forces. We wish these men the very best in luck and success.

For those who have no plans, as yet . . . relax for a while, enjoy the opportunities that a free country gives us, but in return do something for that country, red cross work, civilian defense work, or become a blood donor.

Let's make this summer mean something, let's do something creative with these three months that lie ahead of us before we return to Denison next fall.



Consumers' Victory

John Morton

Joe: Well, Honey, looks like I'll have to cultivate one now.

Betty: A victory garden? Oh, darling, how lovely! I was just wondering how we were going to get along without so many things we used to be able to buy.

Joe: Now wait a minute, dear, we've been all over that blister problem before. I'm making more money now, so I don't have to plow up the petunias to feed us this summer. What I'm talking about is a beard. They've just cut production on razor blades and so it looks like I'll have to do without—Ah, a vandyke for victory!

Betty: (clouding up) Oh, Joe, no-o! You've got such a cute dimple in your chin, and it would be just like eating shredded wheat a second time every morning when I kiss you goodbye.

Joe: But think of how distinguished I'd look. I've always wanted one. Now—think of the possibilities. I could (dreamily) wear it split and curled, or even full like your great-grandfather's, or singed close like an author of detective stories.

Betty: (continuing)—and every night, just another scene from "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Uh-h-h!!

Joe: But, darling, think of the tons of Hi-test steel I'll be saving.

Betty: No, definitely not. You don't get by me with that, mister. I happen to know that *you* wouldn't be saving any. The government's already taken care of that. They've cut the production of razor blades, yes, but only to the 1940 level which means that there'll still be plenty to keep your handsome jaw shorn.

Joe: Say, you've been checking up on me. Where'd you get all this amazing knowledge?

Betty: (with pride) From the consumer's service center.

Joe: Ha, sounds communistic! I never heard of it.

Betty: Silly, it's something new all right, but it's also something we've needed for a long time to help our budget out of the rut. It's an "information desk" down in the Jones' block that the P. T. A.'s running. They'll give you all the information you need to get your money's worth when you're buying almost anything on the market.

Joe: Ah-hah! Then they must be the ones who told you where to get that hat you bought for Easter.

Betty: Yes, Mr. Smartie, as a matter of fact they did. In case you don't know it, hats are getting to be a problem with our Chinese and Australian sources of supply cut off.

Joe: Your hats have always been a problem. But you don't have to worry about them helping us with our budget any more, because with the way our business is booming, I'll be making enough to put us in clover.

Betty: All the more reason for us to spend it wisely.

Joe: Aw now look, honey, I don't want to be a miser. If it's there let's spend it on some things we need.

Betty: That's just it. We won't be able to get some of the things we need and if we spend it wrong, we—we'll—start an inflation!

Joe: Not with my measly little over-time checks.

Betty: No, not yours alone, but with yours and fifty thousand others.

Joe: Yeah, maybe you're right. I never thought I could swing the economic trends of the U.S.A. I just sorta got the idea that inflation was inevitable. —But, gee, we have to do something with it.

Betty: That's your problem, Master-mind. You should be able to figure a good safe profitable place for our money where it'll help both us and Uncle Sam.

Joe: Ah, I see the light! Defense bonds! That's a swell idea, Honey!! Green backs to lick the yellowbacks!

Betty: Mm-humm. I guess we could help more that way than by your growing a beard.

Joe: Well, maybe—Uh, how about just a little goatee?

Betty: No!

Joe: A moustache?

Betty: No!

Joe: Well, how about—

Betty: No!

Joe: I just thought I'd ask. Anyway, honey, if we're going to save our money we'll have to be kind of careful of how we use our other things like food and so on, huh?

Betty: Oh, I have that all figured out. Do you like beans? I was reading just the other day that soy beans are swell substitutes for meat and—

Joe: Soy beans! You mean like Ford gear shift knobs?

Betty: Yes, dear, only more digestible.

Joe: Gosh, I hope so. You mean we're going to have to eat things like that just because some slant-eyed little so-and-so wanted to pick a fight?

Betty: Yes, dear, but they're perfectly good to eat. We can use more eggs, too. (quoting) 'Eggs are excellent sources of vitamins A, B, G and D!

Joe: Ye gods! let's not psychoanalyze my break-

fast. If you say they're okay, I'll eat 'em.

Betty: Oh, we'll have them for something besides breakfast from now on. They don't cost much either. I found a lot of new ways to fix them. And besides eggs there are meat sundries.

Joe: Meat sundries? That's a new one. What are they?

Betty: Oh, things like the liver and hearts and kidneys and tripe and —

Joe: Now I've got to start eating some poor animal's plumbing! Boy, I'd rather have steak.

Betty: Don't worry, darling. They're good food and using them is a good way for us to save because meats are going higher and higher. Vegetables will be a problem, though. Of course, if we had a victory garden—

Joe: Aw, Honey, please don't start that again. I don't understand what my hoeing weeds in Middletown would have to do with winning a battle 10,000 miles away.

Betty: Nothing at all, darling. That's not what victory gardens are for. We'd raise vegetables for our own use and benefit. It's really victory for the consumer over high prices. Besides, it will be a good way for us to keep healthy. Sunshine and exercise.

Joe: Sunburn and a pain in my back! Anyway, I'll be getting plent of exercise when our new bicycles get here.

Betty: Bicycles!

Joe: Yeah, I ordered two before the lid went on, and now I cycle to work and you cycle from here to the market to your Red Cross first aid class and wherever else you flit around to these days. So we save tires, gas and wear and tear on the old bus; it'll have to last for a while.

Betty: Oh, wonderful! Just like being kids again.

Joe: Better wait 'till you're broken in before you start crowing.

Betty: Seriously though, darling, if you don't start a garden, I will.

Joe: Okay, I surrender when you put it that way. Gad, Joe Q. Harvey, the Man Behind the Plow! Anything for defense. (Draws out an empty cigarette pack) Uh-oh, fresh out. Where are the keys; I'll run down and get a pack right—woops! guess I'd better get on the band-wagon and walk down. (Rises and goes to door at which place—

ENTER Mrs. Townsend)

Oh, hi, Mrs. Townsend, come on in. Honey and I are just discussing "financial and economic trends for the coming fiscal year of war effort."

Mrs. T: Oh, Mr. Harvey. (titters)—Oh, Betty, there you are. Do you know, I've just heard the most awful thing! Well, I just don't know what things are coming to. We'll never in the world be able to get along. It's just like we were at war—Oh, (titters)—well I guess we are, aren't we? They're going to ration sugar. Imagine, ration-cards and everything. We might as well all be Nazis or something, standing in line waiting for a weekly hand out.

Betty: Oh yes, we'd heard about it. I guess it will be the first time in the history of the U. S. A. that anyone has ever been rationed. I think it's kind of exciting.

Mrs. T: Oh, my dear, but you're so cheerful!

Betty: Why, of course, how else should I be?

Mrs. T: Well, after all when the government is going right ahead and taking away the rights of free citizens to buy what they want to—

Joe: Oh, I don't think it's as serious as all that, Mrs. Townsend. We'll be getting all the sugar we need. They say about 1/2 to 3/4 of a pound per person a week and that's a good amount. Isn't it, honey?

Betty: Oh, yes, we can get along easily on that. And rationing won't be such a terrible ordeal as you think, Mrs. Townsend. From what I've read we'll merely go up to Madison school sometime between May 4th and 7th. All they'll want to know are some general things like your name and home, your height and weight, and the number of people in your family.

Joe: And as for our rights, Mrs. Townsend, I feel that they're not being taken away, but merely being put on the shelf where they'll be safe 'till the storm blows over.

Mrs. T: Well, I don't know about you, but frankly, I wouldn't tell a soul—I suspected they were up to something and I've already got a hundred pound sack of sugar put away in my attic.

Joe: Oh, I'm afraid they've caught up with you there, Mrs. Townsend. The government will only allow you to have two pounds extra at the time you register. Otherwise they won't issue a ration card until they've estimated that you've used the amount on hand.

Mrs. T: Oh, dear me! Well, I just don't know where to turn. And besides that, my dear, have you heard! No more zippers. Why, I'll never be able to get in and out of—(she stops short and they both glance at the embarrassed Harvey). Well, anyway, I tried to buy one the other day at Toompkin's notion counter and, do you know, all those things have gone up almost 20%.

Betty: Yes, I guess everyone's trying to do more sewing at home. Clothes are going up so.

Mrs. T: I really must be running along. But I will say that I, for one, don't know what things are coming to. Well, bye-bye.

(Exit Mrs. T., breezing)

Joe: (as the door slams) Bye-bye, you old moose.

Betty: Joe!

Joe: Well, my gosh; *her* rights! She must think we're fighting this war with top soldiers. Bawling out loud because she can't have sugar in her lemonade. Honey, I may be lazy getting other things done, but when it comes to this defense and conservation business, I want to help every way possible. (Picks up piece of steel wool and holds it on his chin). Now if I were to—

Betty: No! I want you to look nice as long as

(Continued on page 22)

Presenting Helen Rhu

PRIZE WINNING POEM

Deep, rolling, rolling wave,
Whose fingers clutch,
Into the air,
Then falls exhausted,
On the beach,
With seaweed in its hair,

Deep, rolling, rolling life,
Whose fingers clutch,
Into the air,
Then falls exhausted,
In the tomb,
With cobwebs in its hair.

TO THE VICTOR

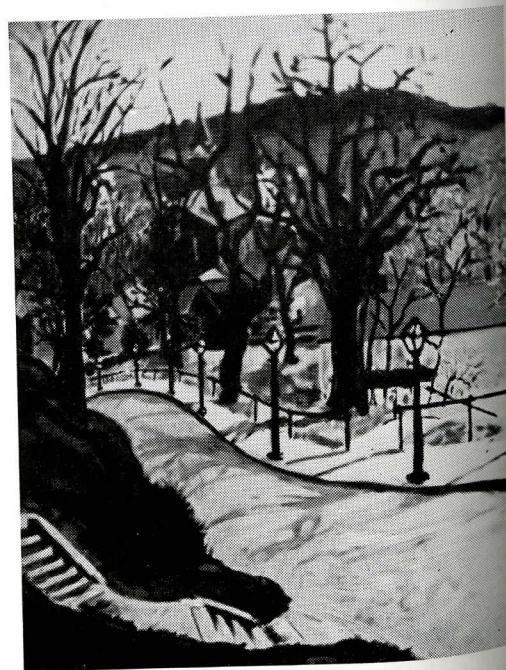
Call the victory,
Call it loudly,
Take your glasses,
Drink the triumph,
Raise the flag,
Unfurl it wildly;
This is victory,
Sing its praises,
Drink it well,
And shout it loudly,
Though the wounded,
Lie but dying,
Though the weary and the starving,
March a thousand miles away,
Though the fields
Are scarred with burning,
Though each hopeless heart be sickened
This is victory,
Sing its praises,
Drink it well,
Proclaim it grandly,
Wave the flag,
Give thanks to God,
This is victory,
Call it proudly.

FANTASY AT MIDNIGHT

Last night I dreamed,
I walked along the river,
Just as the sun had set,
And the moon was in the east,

And the water was like blown glass,
All green and blue,
The trees so black and clear,
Upon its bank,
Were misty brown,
Within its depth;
It seemed like miles of quiet peace,
Of banks, of trees, of curving water,
Half-hazy in the sun's last rays,
Half gilded by the moon;
It was so far and strange,
That I was cold and frightened;

Last night I dreamed,
I walked along the river,
Just as the sun had set,
And the moon was in the east.



"THE DRAG"

Bonnie Tomlin

In Spite of all . . .

KAY MORSE

Winning Short Story

THE patio was silent except for the sharp staccato of spiked heels as they struck the cobblestones and sent their echo against the walls where it was absorbed by the luxuriant growth of bougainvillea. To the west, just over the rim of the Andes, the sun was sinking in blood red glory and there was something hateful and foreboding in the color of that red disk. The fountain in the center of the patio gave forth scarlet spray from its dancing heart and the very turbulence of that water made the entire garden seem restless. The walls, nearly hidden by their profusion of vines and flowers, were mottled by changing shadows—shadows which were first red, then black, and then red again. In that instant, the scene was one of nightmarish intensity; the steady click of the heels on the stones, the red sun, wavering before sinking behind the mountains, the shifting of the shadows on the walls . . . the click, click; the sun; the shadows . . . the click, the sun, the shadows!

"Norma Stuart, you are an alien presence in this garden! Don't you know, can't you see that you are out of place here? This garden was created for the sultry beauty of the Spanish woman who was its first mistress and your blonde hair and North American ways are a definite insult to the stones which she trod with slow and stately measure. The sun is telling you that you should leave; even the shadows are speaking to you with hatred in their very passing."

Norma shivered, and she felt as though the shadows really had been talking to her and telling her to go away. She drew her coat tightly around her slender figure; something like a shudder crossed her face and pulled her brows together above her eyes which were black in the fading light. She looked toward the bougainvillea as though she expected to find there the answer to her problem and always she seemed to see his face peering back at her with tenderness and love in his dark eyes.

She sobbed under her breath. If it had all only been as beautiful as that night they had met—that night when the stars had made a pattern of diamonds across the sky and the Southern Cross had been faint and exquisite. The boat had been

rolling gently, but enough so that she had caught her foot in the skirt of her evening gown and had started to fall. He had caught her and they had danced there on the deck, his arms firm and tight around her. She had then been fascinated by his dark good looks; later she had learned to love him—had learned to love the restless gleam in his eyes, the wave in his hair where he combed it back from his face with his fingers, with an impatient gesture, but above all else, she had learned to love the warm smile with which he greeted her when he saw her on the deck or when he took her to dinner.

She should have known the night he kissed her and said, his voice deep and rich with emotion, "I love you but I cannot marry you."

She could then feel the hardness of his broad shoulders as her hands rested lightly against the gabardine of his coat. She had whispered, "I love you too, Filipe, but why can't you marry me?" She had wondered at the time if it had been curiosity which had prompted her question. Now she knew that it had been love.

He had smiled into her hair, but his dark, Latin eyes had been bitter and cynical. "If you mean, am I married, the answer is no."

She had dropped the subject then for she had known that he was unwilling to pursue the point. Yet, throughout the rest of the trip, she had been puzzled and afraid, for his manner had gradually cooled until, the day they had anchored at La Guaira, he had barely spoken to her.

The staccato of her heels on the cobblestone faltered. Her ship was sailing tomorrow and she still had her decision to make and yet she was no nearer to deciding than she had been earlier in the day. The garden was in complete darkness now and the moon was slowly beginning to pierce the clouds. She continued to pace back and forth and each click of her heels seemed to say, "It won't be easy, it won't be easy." She shook her head to rid herself of the sound and she remembered how, yesterday, crossing the Andes foothills, she had shaken her head to clear her mind.

The ship had anchored early in the morning and Norma had watched the sun rise above the purple mountains. There, at La Guaira, the Andes fell from a great height straight into the blue of the sea and the sun had risen from behind that range to cast misty images on the surface of the mirror-like water. Filipe had stood at her shoulder and watched and she had felt a certain urgency about him. Finally, he had said, "My car will be waiting for me and I should like it very much if you would accompany me on the ride across the foothills to Caracas."

Surprised, she had answered him to the affirmative, and then she had wondered if she had done the right thing. They had gone ashore and his driver had taken her bag and had put it in the car even before he had turned to help his master. Filipe had taken it all as a matter of course and had chatted friendly with the greasy looking immigration official.

Then they had started on the long drive. Filipe had pointed out the places of interest and had even ordered the car stopped while she had taken a picture of the leper colony which lay in the valley below.

Suddenly, he had spoken in his calm, Dartmouth English, "As I told you once before, I love you but I cannot marry you. Oh, it isn't anything that you think, but for your own good, I cannot marry you. Tomorrow night at 5:30 sharp I shall call at your hotel and will take you to my house where I will explain the reason why I can't follow my heart. Trust me, please," and he had leaned over and kissed her with strange tenderness.

She had shaken her head to clear her thoughts, and then she had made her tongue and lips say "yes" while her heart had cried out that she was doing the wrong thing.

And now, only an hour ago she had entered this house through the front door and ten minutes later had fled into the patio where she could be alone. Again her pacing faltered as she shrank within her coat where she could have a degree of warmth. The bougainvillea rustled.

At 5:30 he had arrived and she had been notified of his arrival by the officious hotel clerk. Filipe was a big man in the town and the clerk had been surprised that such a big man would stoop to visiting a small American woman.

Norma had been waiting for him and her hands had been red because she had twisted them so much in her nervousness and anxiety. When her phone had rung, she had answered it in a voice which quavered and shook and even stuttered. But she had made her legs carry her to the stairs with amazing speed and she had made the trip to the ground floor without mishap. He had pinned a flower on her short fur jacket, and she had buried her nose in its fragrance. Then she had lifted her eyes to his and had seen there the terror he felt at what was going to happen. She had smiled, and he had smiled back at her because he loved her.

They had not said anything even after they had been helped into the back seat of the car by the driver, and as they had been driven along, Norma had been too choked by the beauty of the Venezuelan countryside as it had first begun to show the signs of coming night. The wide avenues had been lined with poinsettias and bougainvillea, and there had seemed always to have been red, every shade and tone of red. Now and then she had looked at Filipe, but always he had been tight lipped and silent, with a moody shadow in his eyes.

She had seen the house before they had arrived and before he had pointed it out to her. It was set far back from the road and the very vastness of the jutting wings was hidden by the magnificence of the trees and the flowers. She had realized then that it was a Spanish type house and that it was owned by a family of wealth and consequence. This was the kind of place where blooded horses would be born and raised and where caballeros would have their Sunday sport. She had shut her eyes against the view and had opened them again to find that they had drawn up in front of the door and that she was being lifted to the ground by Filipe. He had said, mocking her and hiding his own distress, "I thought that you had fainted."

She had laughed down into his face and had loved the feeling of his strong hands about her ribs. "I never faint," she had said, mocking him in turn, but she had not been so sure. This might be the first time!

They had entered the cool hallway and had then gone on into the long living room. At the far end of the room, an old lady had been sitting and she had watched them as they had come through the door. When they had at last come to a stop in front of her, she had lifted her eyes to Norma's face and had smiled. She had been an amazing old lady in that first glimpse and Norma had been impressed. "Grandmother," said Filipe, and there had been the proper amount of reverence in his voice, "This is Norma Stuart. Norma, my grandmother, Senora Obregon."

The old senora had smiled at the girl. Then she had spoken and Norma had been amazed at the ease of her English. "It is a pleasure to meet you, my dear." She had risen to her full height and had stood there, nearly as tall as her six-foot grandson and Norma had been surprised that such a lovely little old lady could have so suddenly become such a great and dynamic figure of a woman. She had continued speaking. "Last night Filipe came home with as sad a tale of woe as ever blessed human hearing." She had hesitated and then she had laughed. "Don't mind my English, my dear. I learned it when I was in New York some years ago and I have since picked up a few expressions from my grandsons." She had shifted her cane and Norma had seen that one of her feet was missing or was kept well out of sight. "He said that he was in love with you but that he could never hope to marry you. I can see that



"If I stay here and marry you Filipe, what will it mean to me?"

you are the kind of a girl who can take shock well and I'm not going to spare you. I'll use North American expressions and I'll come straight from the shoulder with the reasons why he feels that he cannot ask you to marry him.

"You see, Norma, I am the skeleton in the family closet. When anyone comes around, I am kept out of sight because I am that skeleton and I'm apt to say and do things that they don't like. I'm an old woman and so I do things which are entirely unethical.

"But I'm getting away from what I want to say. Norma, I am a quadroon."

Norma had looked closely at the old woman. Then she had noticed things which she had not noticed before. The hair drawn back under the lace cap was gray and slightly kinky, the lips were a trifle full, and the nails of her hands were bluish and strange. Tears had welled up in the girl's eyes and she had turned and fled, instinctively choosing the door which led to the patio.

The sound of her heels again brought Norma back to reality and she began again to shape her thoughts. They were not pleasant thoughts and yet she was reaching a conclusion and it was the conclusion she had known all along would have to come.

She heard the door to the patio open and she whirled to find Filipe standing looking at her. "I thought you had gone," he said.

She shook her head. "I've been out here all the time, quarreling with myself and saying that I am a fool. Tell me that I am a fool and then I will know that I am right in the conclusion which I have reached."

"Have you reached a conclusion?" he asked and his voice was as dead as the cigarette he held in his hand. He stood there in the doorway and his shoulders were slumped in the coat. "Will you stay for dinner?"

She pushed his last question aside with an impatient gesture. "If I stay here and marry you, Filipe, what will it mean to me? I'll tell you." Her words were steadily ascending the scale. "My family will disown me, my children might be white and they might be black, I could never return to the United States, and there are other things too numerous to mention."

He crushed the cigarette between his fingers and watched the tobacco float to the ground. The moon was bright and full, and the garden was light. He said, "I know all of those things. Why do you have to torture me by rubbing them in?"

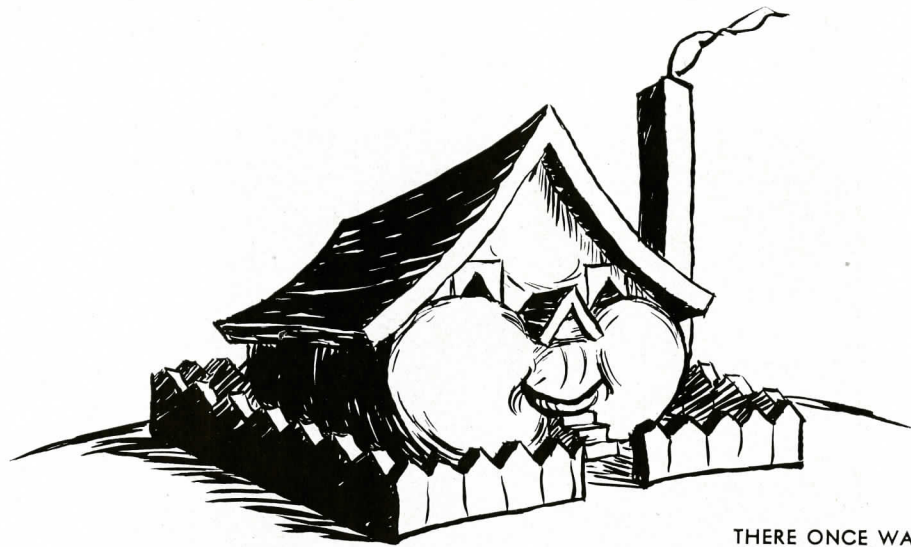
A slight smile crossed her face. She went to him and put her hands on his shoulders. A servant said, quietly, from the shadow of the house, "Will the senorita stay to dinner?"

Norma turned her head slightly to the side but her eyes never left Filipe's face. "The senorita will stay for dinner," she answered and then she whispered, her eyes dancing as they looked into the dark ones above her, "The senorita will stay forever as the senora, if she is asked."

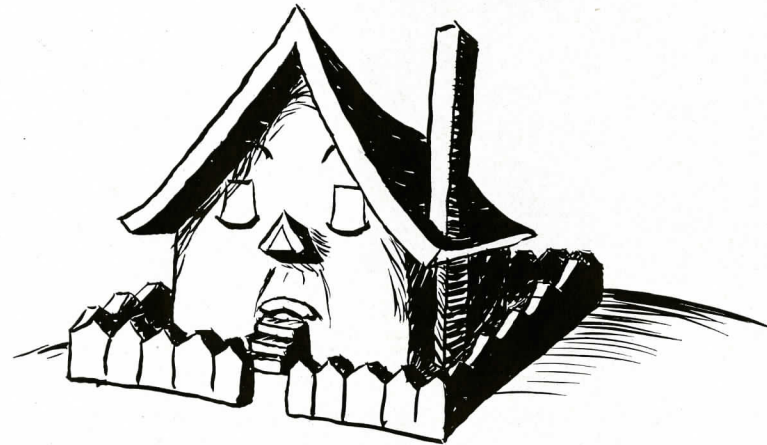
Filipe bowed his head and his lips touched hers in their betrothal kiss. "No, it will not be easy," thought Senora Obregon, as she watched them. "But they are young and we can do anything when we have youth." She hobbled on toward the dining room, her cane making a sharp staccato on the tiled floor.

ISOLATION

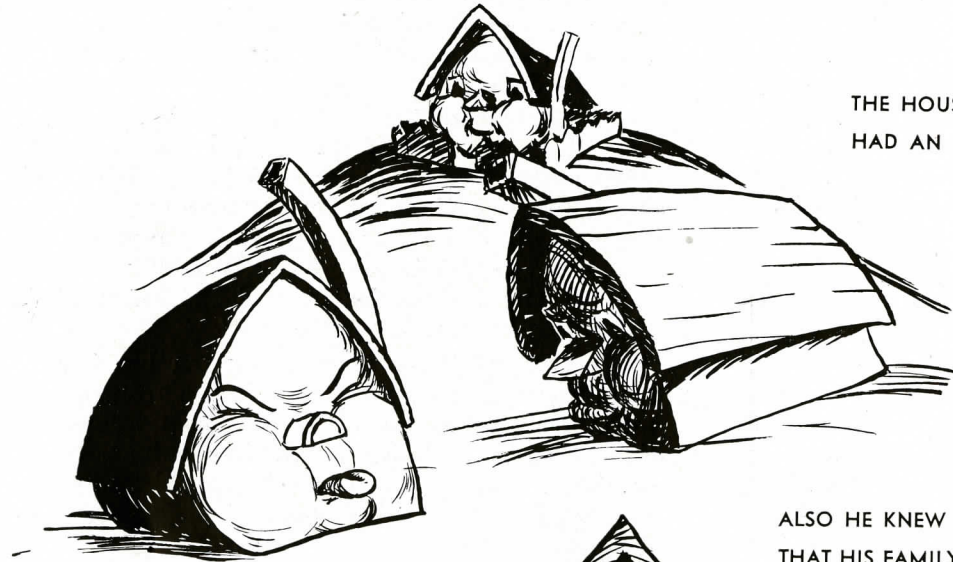
CAROL CALF



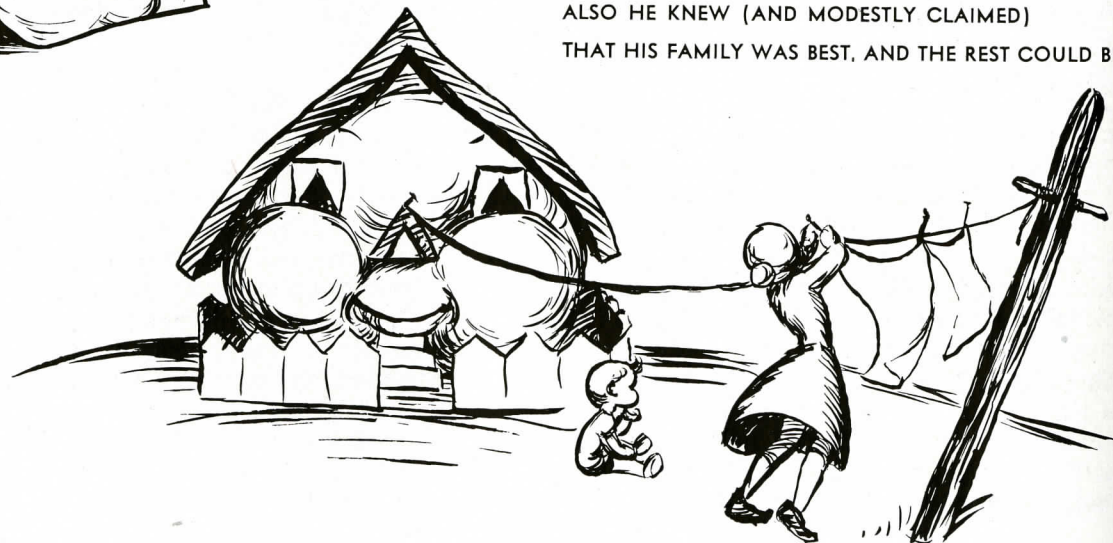
THERE ONCE WAS A HOUSE ATOP OF A HILL
(ISOLATIONIST HOUSE WITH A PEACEFUL WILL)



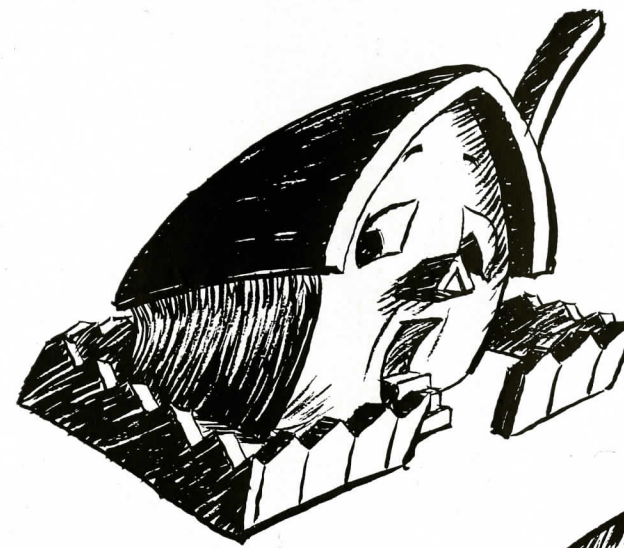
WHO CONSIDERED HIMSELF SUPERIOR FAR
TO THE ONES IN THE VALLEY (ALWAYS AT WAR)



THE HOUSE ON THE HILL, FROM HIS ELEVATION
HAD AN EXCELLENT VIEW OF THE WARRING NATION.



ALSO HE KNEW (AND MODESTLY CLAIMED)
THAT HIS FAMILY WAS BEST, AND THE REST COULD BE DA—D.



ISOLATION, IT SEEMS, EXISTS BUT IN DREAMS—
THE ELEMENTS JOINED TO DISJOINT HIS BEAMS.

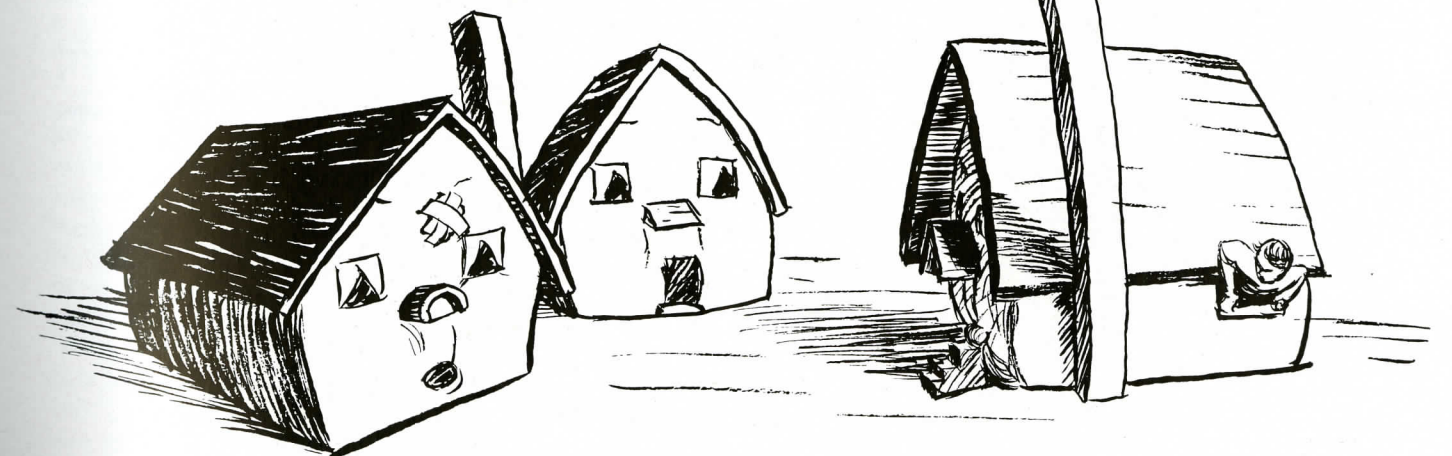


FOR AWHILE HE SAT FIRM, WHILE THE WIND WHIPPED
AROUND;
UPSET WAS HIS FAMILY, BUT HE HELD HIS GROUND.



BUT THE SOIL WAS UNFIRM; THE BREEZES TOO RIPPING;
DOWN THE INCLINE HE FELT HIMSELF SLIPPING.

NOW, AT THE BOTTOM, HE'S BAD AS THE REST
(BUT STILL IS CONVINCED HIS FAMILY IS BEST).



IN BLACK AND WHITE

MARILYN KOONS

MY skin is white; her's is black, but not very black. It's a light yellowish brown betraying her mixed blood. Sometime in the past, the blood of my race mingled with the blood of another race, and now the synthesis runs through her.

We are equal, though I am white and she is dark. We are equal. There is adequate evidence: the Constitution, the Bible, and hundreds of books on race differences. We are equal; of that the scholar may be sure. But little twelve-year-old Virginia Carter, whose name is more American than mine, standing on the brink of womanhood, looking across the future years with eager eyes, sees the trails she'd like to take, and sees them barred to her. She knows now what she never as a little child suspected. Life is not the same for everyone.

All men are not equal in our society. Being dark and feeling the surge of Negro blood makes a difference. It throws up barriers; it creates prejudices; it closes doors; it changes life.

Out of the slums of a great city, Virginia came to camp. She played and laughed and talked. It was when she talked that I discovered the tragedy of the child's disillusionment in life. "Ah have hair like white folks. See, mah mother doesn't haf to straighten mah hair with a hot comb like mah sister's kink. Some kids think ah'm snooty 'cause ah got hair like white folks, but ah'm not, but ah'm glad ah got hair like white folks."

Another day she said, "It's bad that colored folks stick each other in the back with knives all the time. Mah mother says that white people don't do that. Colored people should be moe like white people; then they wouldn't be carryin' knives, and white people'd like em better maybe." The innocent child will live to learn that more than knives separates the races.

I've been a little ashamed of my white skin at times. It was enough in itself to set me apart from these little children like Virginia. They believed in my devotion to their black skins and kinky hair and jovial humors. Yet they could not know how repulsed I was by their first invitation to come into the swimming hole with them.

Of course I had to go and I did. But I didn't want to. How surprised I was! They were so eager to learn; they loved the cool refreshing waters so much. Of course, in the city there was but one pool where they could swim; white skins like mine don't want to pay to swim with black skins.

One night we decided to sleep under the sky and stars out in an open meadow. We took sickles and cut the long grass to make mattresses beneath our bed rolls that we might sleep more comfortably. I'll never forget seeing and hearing those five little children, born and seasoned in the North, singing "Pickin' Cotton Way Down South" to a rhythmic tune that they originated as they swung the sickles and gathered the long grass.

A little frightened by the night, the kiddies made their beds close to mine and snuggled the warmth of their bodies near for the protection of an older person. As I told them the stories of the sky and sang them lullabies, I looked down into their dark faces and saw there little children eager for life and love, like children upon the edge of a chasm of disillusionment and frustration made real by nothing more than the color of their skins, the shape of their lips, the kink in their hair.

Some day very soon they will awaken to the impossibility of escaping the inevitable dregs left for the Negro to drink. A white teacher ridicules the simple mistake of the black child, forgetting the soul within him. A white crowd lynches a black man, forgetting that a colored girl has been attacked the night before by a white man. A moronic white man takes the job that a keen black man could do with double the efficiency. A white child refuses to play with a black child because he has been taught to believe the lie that calls him superior. For obvious reasons ten times as many black children die of tuberculosis as white. The laws of the white man continue to deny common liberties to the colored man. The Negro who was supposedly set free by the blood-soaked battle fields of our middle states still serves the white task master.

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Through Enemy Eyes

DICK HARVEY

John had just settled down to go to sleep in his coach seat when his privacy was invaded by a short, thin wisp of a man who quietly sat down and placed his bag on his lap. In the semi-darkness John could only see that the intruder wore thick, horn-rimmed glasses and a dusty, brown hat.

His curiosity aroused, John sat up to get a better look at his fellow passenger.

"Have a cigarette?" he said, hoping to start a conversation with the stranger.

"No, thank you," replied the man in a high, almost nervous, voice that proclaimed to all the world his foreign nationality. He seemed to be searching for something or expecting someone. He was continually turning his head, glancing back toward the far end of the car.

John took out a cigarette, tapped it on his watch crystal, put the pack away, and struck a match. In the blaze of brightness that followed, he saw that the stranger was an Asiatic.

For a full half-second John stared at the little man, who sat very still and looked straight ahead. Then, slowly gaining control of himself, John lit his cigarette and blew out the match.

As he smoked in silence, he watched his companion out of the corner of his eye. What if I've got me a "Jap" spy, he thought. Judas, I wish I could tell whether he's a "Jap" or a "Chink." At least he doesn't look dangerous. With this final thought, he made up his mind that he would converse with the man if it killed him.

"Pretty uninteresting country," John said.

"Yes," the yellow man replied.

"Live round here?" John queried.

"No more," answered the Oriental with a half-hidden sigh.

"Oh?" continued John.

"I have lived in Debeauveron, but now I move."

"Where're you moving to?"

"I am going back to Japan," he said reluctantly. One could tell that he didn't want to go by the pathetic tone of his voice.

Inside John felt as though a dozen ice-cubes were bouncing around in his stomach and up and down his spine.

"Oh, I see," he said, trying to act nonchalant, and failing miserably in the attempt.

"I don't think you do, for it isn't quite clear to me," the Easterner said after a short pause. "I want to go home because it is my home, but I hate to leave America. I have lived here for over

15 years. I owned my home before I left to go to Japan. I love America. She has been more than a foster parent to me. Now she is at war with my real parent. I realize that Japan is in the wrong, but she is still my fatherland. The paper quoted an early American who said, 'My country, right or wrong, my country!' That is Japan to me."

Here he seemed to grasp for words. After a long pause, he sat still and looked stoically ahead.

John felt a lump as big as an apple in his throat. He felt like a child who is ominously afraid, but doesn't know why. He wanted to cry.

The Oriental spoke again.

"You may wonder why I so speak to you, an enemy. I must say that you are no enemy to me. I have been a professor in the university for the last ten years. Sometimes, my English is not so good, but my heart is. I tell you what I have said because I know Americans are friends of all peoples.

"I must leave soon, but I ask of you just one favor. Don't say 'Remember Pearl Harbor'. That will only stir the spirit of revenge in your heart. Please remember just the Japanese people who fight because they can not help themselves, whose leaders betray them for power. It is true, our soldiers do not have a good reputation, but your soldiers are not always perfect gentlemen. War does things to all.

"I find myself, as your great Lincoln once said, 'a house divided.' I love you; I love Japan. Unfortunately, Japan is my parent, and I go to her when she is in need."

As he spoke, all of the hatred, bigotry, and intolerance fostered by nationalistic propaganda disappeared from John's mind. Instead of that swirling blackness, shone the sun of true brotherhood and love for all man.

Why must we resort to hatred as a part of war? Why can't we fight sanely? Why must we persecute people when their beliefs differ from ours? Why? He turned to speak to the professor, but he had gone.

The train jolted on and rounded a sharp curve. For a long time John sat, thinking. He went on living the same, but, inside his heart, he had devoted himself to keeping his promise to the Japanese professor. He was more tolerant, respectful of others, conscious of his own faults.

John never forgot the lesson the Japanese professor taught him.

Verses by Vercoe

STORM

The sky is yellowing, smouldering, sullen,
Threaded with streaks of blue-white fire.
The leaves of the trembling ash are still,
And the patient earth is watching, waiting
As the low, soft rumble of distant thunder
Rolls slowly in from the sloping hills.
And the world reflects on abstract death
In a moment of silence before the rain.

REFUGE

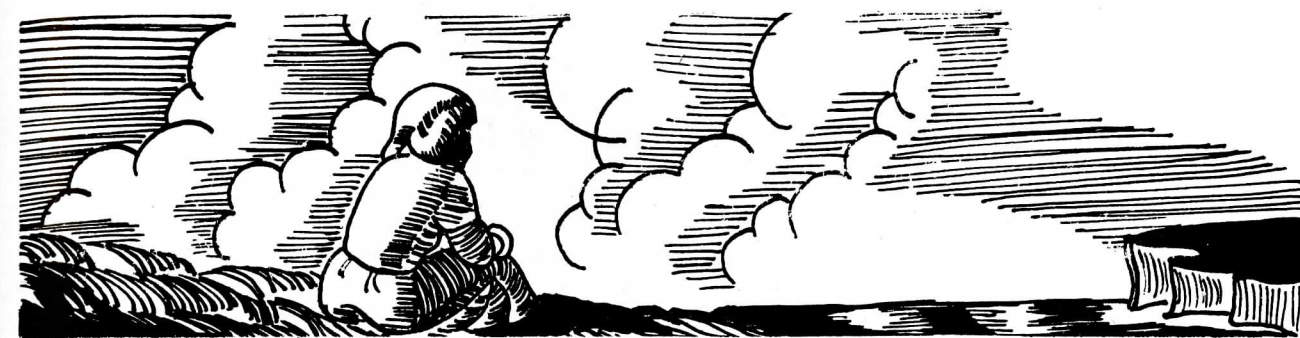
I know a place where joy rides high,
Hysterically gay in the lashing storm.
The steaming, swirling sleet of tragedy
Batters in vain at the doors of this haven.
The small, damp worm-creatures of despair
Gnaw grimly but futilely at the walls.
But Hell is carefully kept without,
Or if you so choose to think, within,
By shimmering, watchful, white-clad men
With patient eyes.

RECOVERY

One wild, wet windswept night of pain,
A day or two of soft regret,
A month or so of stubborn pride,
And a lifetime to forget.

TEMPORARY ADDRESS

You may find me now in the land of the damned,
A hideous valley where hope is dead.
It is peopled with shadowy, screaming phantoms
Who laugh when the steel trap of despair
Weighted with tears of icy stone
Closes forever about my heart.
And I watch with a patience born of a hate
As the whispering, murmuring hands of the clock
Claw limp pebbles from the looming rock
Of eternity.



WEARY WORDS

A poet sat in ancient grass
And, overawed with life,
He wrote a prayer to beauty.
His words are dead and musty,
Yet—each time a young heart swells with joy,
They rise and stretch,
And once again
Inadequately sing of loveliness.

Jacque Hill

GARDENIAS

I took your gardenias
Faded but still fragrant
And put them into a book
The book that we looked at together
And laughed over.
Some day when I have forgotten you
I shall come upon that book
And that corsage
And smell its musty odor
And see its withered petals
And wrinkled ribbon
And I shall remember.

—T. W.

THE FALL

What a terrible God is Jehovah,
Diety of Christian and Jew;
What a terrible God is Jehovah,
If that which is written is true.

Created He man in His image,
Imperfect in form and in thought;
A weakling, a coward, a poltroon
This creature Jehovah hath wrought.

If man was made as a measure
Of Jehovah, creator of all;
Then instead of this puny creature,
'Twas Jehovah, the God, who didst fall.
Earl W. Brannon

WINDOW TEARS

I stand and watch the fall of snow
Until the whole world's white below;
And here between the snow and me
The window, glazed with ice I see.

I take my finger and I trace
My heart upon the frozen maze;
And there inside, as in a game
I write the letters of your name.

A ray of sun comes shining through
To chase away the things I drew.
The window pane is filled with tears
And all my tracing disappears.

Barbara Hayne

Family Portrait

PETE BURROWS

IT was a cold moon that shone down on the little band of men. A quick glance showed them to be just ordinary men, but on closer inspection, one saw that they all carried guns. Yes, these men were soldiers; soldiers in a war as bitter as was ever fought in the history of the world. Farther along huddled a similar group; and on and on for miles, one found the same picture. Occasionally, a rifle shot or the rattle of a machine gun was heard, but these men never even looked up. The air-raid siren began to wail,—the nightly bombardment was on. Still these men did not move. Bombs started to fall, the deadly 'whoomp' of their explosions could be heard, and occasionally felt, by anyone witnessing this scene of utter bleakness. Seemingly unaware of the falling missiles, one of the men stirred, and then rose to look over the sand-bagged parapet. Apparently satisfied, he returned to the huddle of cold, dirty, unshaven men. Yes, wars are ugly and bad, but this one was even worse than most.

Madrid had been under siege for nearly eight months and things were going from bad to worse. The iron ring of death was tightening around this once beautiful city. There was scarcely a building in the whole city which had not been marked by shell-fire or bombs. Men moved silently about amid the ruins, searching for new victims of this latest raid. Fires were extinguished mechanically and silently. It appeared as though the people remaining in Madrid had lost their tongues. Food was scarce, water scarcer, and medicine completely gone. Ammunition was low, guns worn out, and help was a hopeless prayer. Yet, these people fought on after eight months of continuous, relentless pounding in a siege which their allies would not lift.

Ringling this city was a second and even greater circle of steel. These men were the exact opposite in materials and spirits from the men within Madrid. These men had all the food, clothing, ammunition, and medicine that they needed. They had a huge air fleet, new guns, and tens of thousands more troops than the besieged loyalists. They sang at night and taunted the surrounded men over loud-speaker systems. They were winning; why shouldn't they rejoice?

But there were some in that rebel army, led by General Franco, who could not rejoice; not with

the bitterness and hate which was in their hearts. José Maderos was one of these men. He was a beaten and broken man in spirit, if not in body.

* * *

It had been a beautiful summer day, and the Maderos family was just sitting down to their evening meal. Manuel and Yuanita, his wife, were already seated at the table. Alvarez, the younger son, came in and sat down, but José, the elder son had not come home yet. Suddenly Yuanita gasps. There in the doorway stood José, dressed in a uniform! He had a rifle over his shoulder and a large automatic pistol on his hip. He smiled.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Just because I joined the rebels, there is no need for such a deathly silence."

"Take that off!" commanded his father, "or I'll kill you."

"Never," answered José. "The rebels are right in their beliefs and I shall help them win."

His father rose from the table and walked from the room. José followed him with his eyes. The seconds ticked by on the old clock in the corner. The door reopened and there stood Manuel, a gun in his hand. He fired once—just once. José's gun had also spoken and now his father lay dead at his feet. There was only the ring of the shots in the room. Alvarez never moved.

"I shall kill you for this, José, if I have to track you to the ends of the world," he spat out as venomously as the strike of a cobra.

José turned and left.

* * *

Now, two years later, José sat outside Madrid. He knew Alvarez was in the city; he knew because of the grapevine line of rumors that reached from the city to the enemy trenches. José was facing his brother, and he was afraid, afraid of death. José was a good soldier. He had been decorated for bravery time and time again, but he was afraid now. He was a beaten and broken man.

Suddenly, a long way down the lines, the singing stopped. Like a tidal wave, silence spread all along the Rebel line. For almost ten minutes there was silence, then singing was resumed in a

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Retribution

LESLIE SEAGRAVE

"**S**PEAKING of plague," the American doctor said, and paused. They hadn't been speaking of it just then, but the thought of the plague crept unbidden into everyone's mind in Mungkham these days.

The two men were a striking contrast as they sat chatting together on the verandah. The late afternoon sun threw a pattern of shadow across the bamboo matting on the floor and cast into bold relief the worry lines on the doctor's strong face. He stroked his mustache thoughtfully as he rested his tired, white-clad body in the huge wicker chair, listening to the muffled monotony of a gong in the distance.

The other man, dressed in mufti, sat tautly upright, eagerness and excitement in every tense line of his body. His lips twitched nervously and his fingers drummed on the khaki sun hat that lay in his lap. It was only the day before that he had heard of the plague. He was a League of Nations public health officer and had been on a trip from down country to consult with this doctor. The terrifying news of the plague had come while he was on the journey, and he had stopped to send a wire to the Governor for more vaccine and then continued the long dangerous motor trip that had brought him to Mungkham, the Golden City, that morning.

Making the day's rounds with the doctor had only increased his apprehension. He had learned that Mungkham was definitely not endemic to the plague. There had not been a case within the memory of anyone now living in the valley. Septicemic, bubonic, and pneumonic plagues were the ghastly triad that now stalked the countryside. Hourly, tales came from the terror-stricken people. Some, perhaps exaggerated through fear, told of houses where eighty plague rats had died within a few days. The only victims that had recovered from the dread death, to the doctor's knowledge, were two school boys who had been vaccinated against it previously.

Thinking of this increased the official's nervous foreboding as they sat waiting for dinner, and so it was that he said, "Yes, doctor, you were speaking of the plague?"

"I think you would like to hear," the doctor began again, settling himself more comfortably in the chair, "about one of the strangest stories I have come across during this whole epidemic. It's given me a lot of worry and caused me no end of extra work.

"Two years ago a woman brought her husband to me dying of cerebral malaria. It was too late to do anything for him and he died in a couple of days. The woman said she had wanted to bring him to me earlier, but the nearest relatives had refused to let her and had brought in all the native quack doctors they could get hold of. Only when he was visibly dying did they give in and allow the woman to have him brought here. Of course we couldn't do much then, but when he died his widow was pathetically grateful for everything we had done.

"We aren't often able to keep track of our patients or their relatives after they are discharged, but this woman, Mai Sai, lived in town and a few months ago she invited my wife and me to a dinner at her home. Her husband had been a rich Chinese shopkeeper and the dinner she served us was Chinese with all the trimmings. It started with green tea, then rice with no end of sauces and stews, winding up with canned fruit and cookies. One of the delicacies turned out to be shark's stomach and another was some species of sea leech, I believe. The hostess was very gracious and thoughtful."

* * *

Mai Sai sat smiling charmingly at the doctor and his wife. They talked of many things: of the new pagoda on the top of Elephant Foot Hill; of the war in China; of moonlight picnics and why white people eat outside whenever they can while the Shan people are only too thankful for their shelters and eat gratefully at home; of cooks and bazaar days; of the price of pottery and why bamboo bridges fall down every rainy season.

Her guests' plates were never empty. Obsequious servants bent double by the guests, kept the bowls filled with tempting hot morsels from the cook-house. Mai Sai picked out choice bits of food from her own bowl with her chopsticks and

placed them on the dishes of her guests. Everything was delicately and deliciously Chinese, and it was with a thoroughly stuffed air that the doctor and his wife left to go back to work.

Mai Sai stood looking after the car. When the cloud of dust had settled, the silly chickens and noisy pigs went back to their scratching and digging in the road. At the end of the street ragged little boys flew their great kites high in the golden haze of the sky. The sight made her catch her breath with a vague longing. She had always loved small boys with their quick friendships and hasty, fierce quarrels, so soon forgotten.

Of course, she could always marry again and be the third wife of the myosa, she thought cynically. But the little mayor with his struggling moustache of a few hairs drooping on either side of his upper lip, his great flat nose and thick protruding lips held no attraction for her. He had been annoying her more persistently recently and she suspected that he was losing heavily at his gaming and counted upon her money to pay his debts.

She turned back into the house, a wistful, proud little figure, determined to put an end to the myosa's courting the next time she saw him.

The next day, when the little fellow sidled into the big room at the front of the house, she met him with all the cold disdain she was accustomed to use in her manner toward him. "Your eminence, I must beg that you cease visiting me here. I shall never marry you, and you only waste my patience when you honor me with your august presence. I care not for you and never will."

The myosa's evil little eyes became smaller and even more wicked than usual as he answered hoarsely, "Woman, you have offended me this day and beware of my revenge. Before many moons have passed I shall have—"

"I care not one grain of rice for all your threats," she cried. "Leave me and never let me see your sly face again. Go, and quickly!"

The myosa stumbled out of the house with more than his usual speed and was half-way down the street before he could resume his accustomed nonchalance.

* * *

During the next month the insidious plague bacillus hid in dark corners biding its time. Then it struck. The doctor was breathing easily again after operating on a goiter that went dangerously near the aortic arch when the first case was brought in.

He was an Indian, and already dead. His friends had brought him to the hospital hoping that the doctor would think he had died there and would give him decent burial. Others came in quick succession. Nothing could be done for those who had already contracted the disease, but the doctor hastily organized his nurses into teams and set about seemingly impossible task of vaccinating the countryside. Impossible not because countless tiny villages lay hidden in their clumps

of bamboo all through the valley, but because superstition flew madly ahead of the doctor. By the time the doctor arrived at a village with his vaccine the doors would be boarded up and the only living things in the town would be a few rooting pigs, and an ox or two.

Knowing that the people could not avoid going to market on bazaar day, the doctor obtained jurisdiction over the whole valley and managed to hold the gates of the bazaar, vaccinating all who went in or out. The myosa sent his police to help keep order, but their assistance was negligible.

Though the myosa laughed at the idea of vaccination, he was a coward by nature and took the precaution of having the first of the two vaccinations necessary for protection.

Special invitation was sent to the witch doctor of Hsenwi who vowed that he could exorcise the demons. When he arrived he spent long hours with the myosa going over the whole situation. After much deliberation the myosa called a town meeting and there the witch-doctor declared that the evil spirit of the plague had been traced to one woman and that woman—Mai Sai!

"Put her to death" wheezed one old bald head. "No, no," cried the others, "The spirit would move to some other person."

"Put her in prison."

"Punish her!"

"I have a better idea," stated the crafty myosa, his evil eyes twinkling. "If we banish her to the border of the city, we will keep her from our streets and yet the spirit will still be tied to her body."

So that night curious watchers along the street saw a tiny procession move toward Mai Sai's house, accompanied by the slow beat of a gong. What happened there they could not say. They only knew that it was a sobbing, broken Mai Sai that stumbled ahead of the crowd to the tiny shack deep among the swaying bamboos at the edge of the city. There they left her crouching on the floor beating her forehead in a paroxysm of grief and rage.

There was no one to whom she thought she could turn. Her friends believed her guilty, for they were as superstitious as the rest. The doctor and his wife? Yes, even though they were busy they might be able to do something. She would go see them. The myosa had doubtless already confiscated her house, though he could do nothing about taking over her land and paddy fields while she was yet alive.

But it was not the myosa's idea to stop when he had property almost within his grasp.

Two weeks later an inquisitive group of boys grew tired of their never-ending game of tops and ventured to enter the dark wood in which stood the forbidden shack that housed the unfortunate cause of the plague.

The slow silence of the street was shattered by their screams as they burst out of the house.

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The Moon Came Up

VIRGINIA BENSON

GOOD women don't go out to the wharves at night—not alone. This solitary figure stood on the uneven dock planking staring out over the lake. Twilight had just deepened into darkness, chasing sun shadows around to the other side of the world. The woman was crying, but the tears dried before they reached her eyes; all that came out was a rasping sob.

Slowly the tearing sound died away and finally ended in a long sigh for the moon had come up. It caught the silver in the water ripples and tossed it into the air. It crept over the rough boards of the dock and finally up to the woman's face. It softened the harsh line of make-up, the bright red hair, and she looked almost young. In reality she wasn't old, but the price she paid to live took a forfeit in kind. She unclasped her scratched compact and began to make over the torn mouth. In its dim reflection she saw a man approaching.

"Can I help you?" he asked in a quiet voice.

"That's my line, Sonny," she tossed over her shoulder. "But I'm not talking tonight."

"It's a beautiful night, isn't it? Heaven is very near." As he spoke the stars began to peek out through their dark windows. "Sometimes I think men find themselves in the moonlight."

"Yeh? Suppose you go find yourself. I'm in no mood for games. As far as Heaven being near," she added whimsically, "it'll never be near enough for me to touch." She wanted to laugh at him and move away. But something about him arrested her. Looking at him full in the face, she almost felt like smiling again.

He was a young boy and so obviously a nice one. His blue suit was frayed at the edges, but the shirt beneath it was white and clean. The clear blue tie matched his eyes. His entire appearance had a fresh scrubbed look, as though he'd just stepped out of a nearby YMCA shower. Even the dark curly hair carried the suggestion of moist cleanliness.

"Would you like to walk?" he ventured after a moment.

"Where to?"

"Just any place. This night was made to be enjoyed, to be drunk deeply and fully."

They began to stroll along the lake edge, off the dock on to the sand. The moon rose higher and painted more shadows with silver splotches.

Slowly an exuberating surge of good spirits



"Good women don't go out to the wharves at night—not alone."

rose in the woman; she began to feel young and whole again. They talked about innocent things—the flowers in the spring, ships coming in at dusk, tame pigeons at the park. A slight breeze had sprung up. He took off his coat and put it gently around her shoulders. Suddenly they came to the end of the cleared section. Dark boards of the next pier rose in front of them. Effortlessly he swung himself up to the street level. Then reaching down, pulled her up after him. She was surprised at his strength. He had looked rather frail to her at first glance, but now laying her hand on his offered arm, she felt ripples of hard muscle beneath the thin cotton shirt.

"Would you like to go some place for something to eat?" he asked.

"I'd love it—" she started to say, and then reality caught at her throat. Words blurted out—fast, unheedingly. "Oh no, you can't be seen with me. Why, don't you know? I'm a . . . I'm a . . . people would think . . . they don't know that you . . ."

"You're just a hungry girl," he cut her short. There was authority in his voice.

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MATTER OVER MIND

VIRGINIA REYNOLDS

Sally slammed close her philosophy book, knocked her chair aside with a well aimed kick, strode into the bedroom and surveyed herself in the mirror. She stood there, contemplating the mirror. Suddenly she gave forth a blood-curdling scream. Then she adjusted the length of her red sweater and said aloud,

"I feel much better now."

Seating herself once more at her rickety study desk, Sally opened her book and stared blankly at the same phrase.

"You gave me wings to fly
And then took away my sky."

The two short lines of poetry left from the page. Memories, memories, memories. Sally's tense, long fingers pushed at the sides of her head. Perhaps she could shove them out.

"I've got to get him out of my mind. My mind, what is a mind? Oh, God, I sound like him with his questions, always trying to make me think, and I can't. Music,—maybe that will erase memory."

The click of the steel needle on the satiny disk and then a whole symphony orchestra filled the room. The music was strange and passionate. *Gymnopédie*, a piece that she had hated at first, just like she had hated him, but something magnetic wouldn't let her pull away. Delicate, meandering, strong and emotional. Ugh! It was repulsive and frightening.

The needle screeched as she seized the record from the whirling table and hurled it against the opposite wall. Sally threw open the door which banged in the quiet dorm and galloped up the steps, two at a time until she stood breathless in the solemn living room. The grand piano stood near the entry, it's white keys grinning. Sally's fingers were stiff and the loud deep chords she played screamed through the quiet hall.

Her eyes were narrow slits and her lips were tense. Mischievously, the theme of the broken record formed, the notes unconsciously following one another. With a clash of discord the pianist got up and stalked from the room.

The back door was open and the waves of the soft spring air enticed her. She ran—fast and for a long time—past the other dorm and up, up the hill until she stopped, panting and gasping for air. Flinging herself on the new grass, she dug her nails into the soft sod, her body tense and the stubble pricking her flushed face. Slowly a calm ripped from the soles of the leather moccasins to the last wisp of blonde hair. Lazily, she rolled on to her back.

The sun winked once before it melted behind the distant hills. The awareness of the creeping dampness made Sally drag herself to her feet, and slowly amble back. It was over and he had been pushed from her mind. She was tired, it had been a hard struggle.

Surveying her with a quizzical eye, her roommate exclaimed,

"Hey, what record did you break? There's a million pieces on the floor."

"Just an old one," Sally answered. "I never liked it anyway."

Gathering the pieces, one by one, they dropped with a sullen clank in the gilt waste basket.

Sally turned and walked into the bedroom to comb her hair.

"Let's go to dinner," she said.

As the comb sought out bits of grass and leaves from her hair, Sally unconsciously started humming. The melody was the one which now reposed in broken fragments at the bottom of the trash container.

(Continued from page 7)

possible, because before long you'll be wearing a suit without a collar, lapels, vest, cuffs, zippers, or pleats.

Joe: Yeah, and on top of that, no suspenders to hold up my victory pants and no garters for my socks.

Betty: Well, dear if you're going to the store for cigarettes, you might pick up that old tube in the bathroom and turn it in for a new one at the drug store.

Joe: What kind?

Betty: Oh, Smil-Brit. That's recommended by the American Dental Association.

Joe: Yeah they recommend salt and soda, too.

Betty: Say, that'd be a good way to save, according to the consumer's price reports I've just read.

Joe: What a gal! What a lot of work it's going to be to remember everything we're going to have to do in this situation, but it will be worth the trouble when we finally win.

Betty: And, darling, you might stop in at the grocer's and see what vegetable seeds he has. Let's see, we'll need tomatoes, peas, corn—

Joe (exit, with groan) Oh-h, blisters, backache, and victory vitamins.

BLACKOUT

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I believed in racial equality in a scholarly sort of way since first I realized that there was a social distinction. But I did not realize my own ingrained repulsion until I was forced to eat and sleep and play with little black faces. I looked down a long nose and sneered inside of me; I really wanted to believe that my color made me superior. Then a little black girl told a joke and five other little black girls laughed. I laughed, too. Then six little black girls went swimming, and called me to swim with them. And I did. Around a campfire one night 150 colored children sang in rich, calm voices a little suggestive of a summer's evening on a southern plantation. And I sang, too.

Twelve million men and women and children within the boundaries of the "land of the free" await the coming of their freedom, so superficially granted in bloody words during a Civil War. And

while they wait, they live in squalid neighborhoods loving one another and their babies. Their babies grow up and dream the dreams of youth. Then they learn that these dreams are not tailored to fit the brain of a black child; only the white child has a right to these fancies. Perhaps he grows bitter like Virginia and the Negro delinquent. More often he sings and dances and loves. More often he grows proud of his race and dreams of the freedom sure to come. He sings "How Long, O Lawd?"

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their eyes dilated with fear, gibbering strange words about knife wounds and blood stains. For Mai Sai was dead, had been dead for two weeks, and the verdict, as given by the coroner and the doctor (supported by two nurses with a bottle of ammonia) was murder by person or persons unknown.

"There you see," the doctor concluded his story, "that though I can't help thinking that the myosa is directly responsible for this horrible crime, I have no way of pinning it on him."

"But old man, this is ghastly, simply ghastly!" burst out the official. "Can't you do anything at all?"

"Absolutely nothing. The fellow left no traces that would incriminate him, and you can't convict a man on prejudice. What's a man to do?"

The two men were silent for a long moment, each thinking his own thoughts. It was dark now and the tock-too lizards had begun their nightly cry of "douk-dea." The gong was still sounding off on a hill, somewhere, and all the Burmese night, fragrant with frangipanni stole over their senses.

But now, slipper-shod feet pattered down the path. Two men were instantly alert as a nurse, dressed in white cap and apron thudded up the stairs flashing a light before her as she climbed.

"Say Doctor," she said, "News has just come from Mungkham. The myosa was preoccupied with other matters and did not come to have his second injection against the plague. He died tonight. The plague killed him."

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They went to a little out-of-the-way restaurant, and she drank a glass of milk for the first time since she was ten. It tasted surprisingly good. He watched her eat and smiled reassuringly whenever a new customer came in. The radio played a strange haunting melody. It seemed to fit in with the particles of broken stars that had fallen into her eyes.

Later he took her home, back to her shabby flat, through filthy streets and crooked ugly alleys. At her doorstep she looked up at him and started to shake his hand. Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. They ran down her painted cheeks and left clean white streaks. She lifted

his brown calloused hand to her mouth and tenderly brushed the palm with her lips. "Thank you," was all she could say for a moment; then, "thank you for giving me back my faith in life, in man, in God. You looked at me as you would at any other woman, your mother, your sister, yes, even your own girl. You respected me. Now maybe I can learn to respect myself again. Thank you so much. You have been very kind."

"Thank you for one of the finest evenings of my life," was all he answered.

"By the way, I don't even know your name."

"Nor I yours."

"They call me Mary Magdalene," she ventured softly.

"My name is Jesus, from the family of David."

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newer and stranger tone. One could have detected happiness and yet, there was a sadness there too. Orders had just come through for a big attack which was to start in a little less than three hours.

Across that shell-pocked strip of land separating the rebels from the loyalists the silent men in those cold groups became restless. A tenseness prevailed all along the line. They knew what a sudden silence like that meant. Alvarez left his group and peered over the trench again, but this time he didn't return to his group, but remained watching the enemy lines. Inside he was excited. He too was a brave man, fearing nothing, not even God, and men such as these have a reckless courage.

The hours dragged on, but still Alvarez watched. Suddenly he stiffened.

"There's a man out there," he thought to himself. "I'll find out who it is."

Slowly he climbed over the top of the parapet and crawled a yard at a time towards the man. Then Alvarez lost his objective.

"He has dropped into a shell-hole, that is all!" he reassured himself, ever creeping closer. Peering over the edge into the crater, he saw the man busily writing something on a scrap of paper. It was dark down there, and it wasn't until a flare lit up the whole countryside, that he recognized the man. Alvarez froze. The man looked up and fear shone in his eyes like two points of light.

"Alvarez!" he screamed.

"José!" was the only answer. A fury and terror swept over Alvarez at the same moment. Something kept his finger from pulling the trigger, even though he wanted to more than anything else in the world. He stepped down into the crater. Both men stared at each other, both watching like hawks the other's every movement.

A big shell crashed nearby. After the first deafening crash, there was a single shot, and then silence—a silence as quiet and still as death itself. The light from another flare showed two men. One was lying on the floor of the shell-hole; the other was kneeling in prayer. Then the flare faded, closing the scene forever.

ON THESE PAGES

Virginia Benson . . . "Benny" who writes in this issue of a modern Jesus, is a psychology major. Her two important extra-curricular activities are writing and dramatic work. She plans to work in a General Electric factory this summer. "Benny" is the poetry editor of Portfolio and the four verse-pages must be credited to her.

Peter Burrows, whose story of the Spanish Civil War appears in this issue, was born in England and came to this country when he was two. Since then he has traveled extensively. Pete's name is inevitably connected with the theater, where he has proved of invaluable assistance in lighting and scene construction.

His love of electricity had led to Pete's interest in stage lighting in his prep school days at Mount Hermon. Other varied interests include studying Japanese with an eye to intelligence work, short wave radio and writing a novel. Last summer Pete worked for a sub-surface construction company in New York, where he lives, doing the dangerous work of a "sand hog." This summer promises more restful work in an architect's office in Dayton.

Dick Harvey, one of the several contributors from the freshman class is from Denver, and he'll talk about those Rockies any time you ask him. He divides his time between journalism, short story writing and acting. Though his ambition is to write a biographical novel about the "West as it used to be," Dick plans a more substantial life in the field of journalism.

Dick calls himself an idealistic fatalist, and his artistic tastes run from A. J. Cronin and Sinclair Lewis, to Thomas Wolfe, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoi. He scorns the modern jazz medium in favor of classical and pseudo-modern music, citing such names as Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Rachmaninoff as his favorites.

This summer Dick plans to forsake the golden West in favor of Vermont and the Bread Loaf School, where he will study either writing or play production.

Marilyn Koons' plea for the negro child is indicative of her real nature, for she is interested in psychology and sociology, and plans to make it her life work. This summer, as last, she will work as a settlement camp counselor in Hiram House Camp.

After she graduates, Marilyn hopes to spend three years experimenting with sociology and psychology, and then go to graduate school. Her fa-

vorite pastimes include walking in the rain and writing poetry. Her pantheist views are expressed in her poetry.

Carolyn Metcalf . . . This quiet, unassuming Denisonian from the old town of Salem, N. J., is really akin to William Blake and Kahlil Gibran, for her ideas drip from both pen and brush. The animated houses appearing in this issue are adapted from her comprehensive project. Ready now to step out of college into the world, she plans to spend this summer as she has spent eight others, "with kiddies in camp." After that she wants to make enough money to go to art school. She'll keep writing always, she promises, but her big end in life is illustration.

Kay Morse's prize-winning story reveals two of her main interests. Kay is an English major, and she has written a number of short stories as well as a full length novel. She plans to study for her Master's degree at Columbia after graduating next year.

Her acquaintance with South America furnishes the authentic background for her story. She has also traveled throughout the United States and Europe. Her two favorite avocations are horses and boats, and her summers are usually devoted to both of these in Michigan. This summer, however, Kay will go to summer school at Ohio State. For her career Kay hopes to go on writing, choosing the novel and short story as her medium.

Johnny Morton, the witty cynic from Sandusky, has contributed a short play written for Consumer's Week at Denison. Johnny's interests are revealed by his play, namely play-writing, especially for the radio, and acting. He also has a leaning toward short stories. But his real secret ambition is to write a symphony based on the various moods of the sea.

Johnny's taste in music ranges from Strauss waltzes and modern European classics to the jazz of the Wild Twenties. He prefers modern poetry, citing Archibald MacLeish and Stephen Vincent Benet as favorites. Johnny loves sailing, and admits with bated breath that he is adept as a piccolo player. This summer he will either show his versatility by working in a road gang and writing on the side, or get a radio job which will include writing script, acting, and announcing.

Virginia Reynolds . . . is the author of the short-short story appearing in this issue. One of the outstanding sophomore students, her interests include dancing, riding and journalism. Her music appreciation appears in her story and she is a composer in addition to being an intelligent listener. Virginia plans to work on a newspaper this summer and hopes to make journalism her career.

Helen Rhu is the winner of the Portfolio poetry contest. It was only by accident that her work was entered. She has been writing both poetry and stories for a long time but never told any one about it. Helen is an art major here and plans to study art during the summer at Ohio State. She still has not decided what she will do after graduating.

Leslie Seagrave . . . Here's the lassie who came to Denison all the way from Burma. The story in this issue was Leslie's first, written before she found her best medium, fantasy.

Much of her time she spends checking the latest news from the Burmese front where her "doctor daddy" is giving himself quietly and heroically to the Chinese cause.

Though she took her comprehensive in biology, her graduate scholarship to Radcliffe is in philosophy.

Mary Vercoe, whose poems appear in this issue, is a novice, though an able one, in this field. She had always been fond of writing prose, but until the suggestion of her English teacher this year, had never attempted poetry.

Mary has a score of interesting hobbies, among them, collecting tropical fish, painting landscapes with oils, and collecting cartoons. She was brought up in Florida, where her father owned an orange grove. Mary enjoys playing the piano by ear, both classical and popular music, and shows her versatility by being an expert track star, specializing in the high jump.

Mary plans to enter nurses' training school when she graduates, either at the Francis Payne School at Western Reserve, or Yale. In the meantime, she spends her summers employed in the unique occupation of a switchboard operator at a cemetery.

Phyllis Heidenreich and *Jack Clymer* are responsible for the art and photography work in this issue. We wish to thank them both for the interest they have shown and for the time they put into their fine work.