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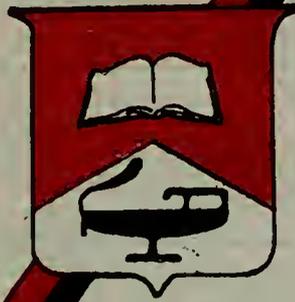


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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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No. 1

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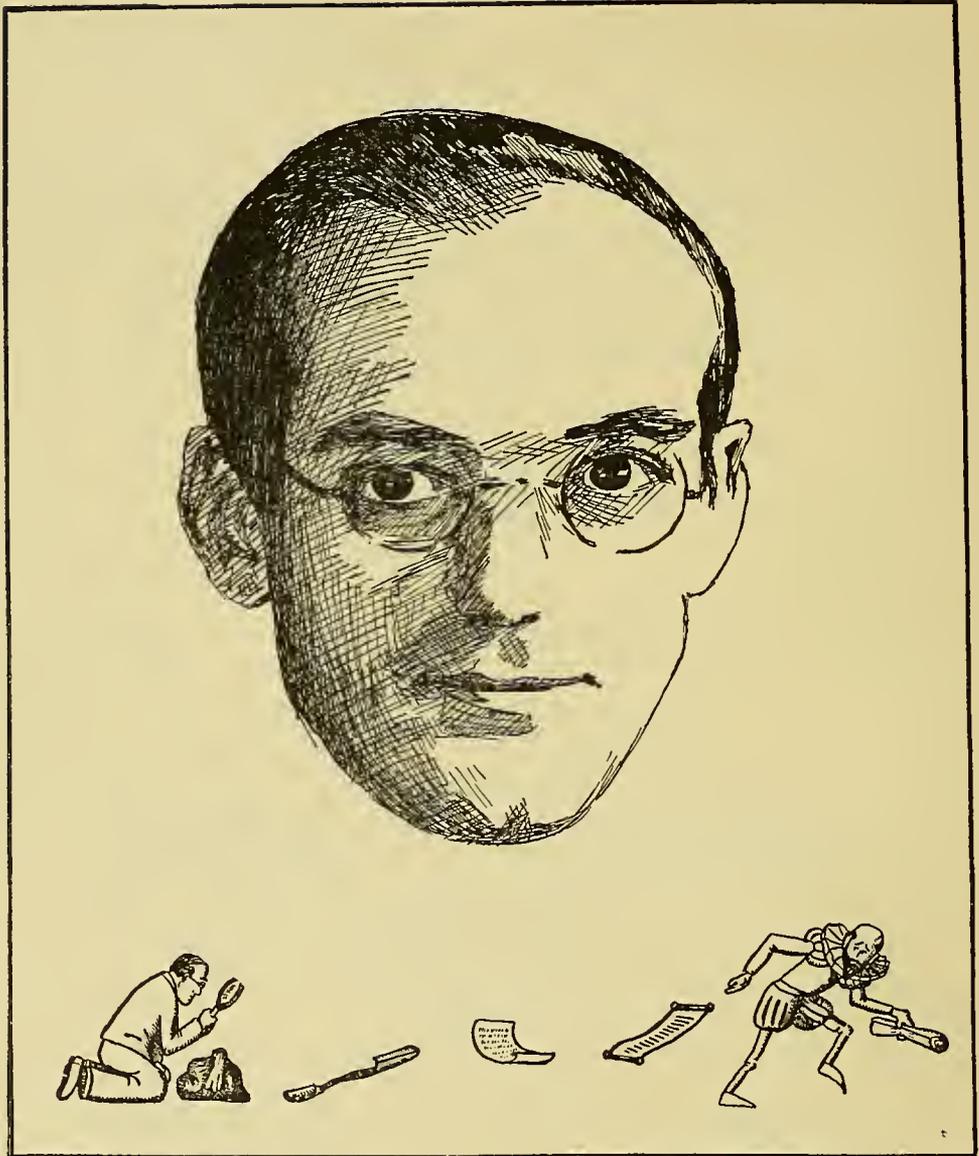
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# Eumenides of Book Collecting

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SOMETIMES I'm almost sorry that the Caliph Newton called his famous book *The Amenities*. It has added to the pious and wrong-headed notion that book-collecting is just a pleasant sentimental pastime carried on by a lot of wealthy and warm-hearted *aficionados*. This misconception reminds one of the shallow legend that grew up for so many years about the name of Charles Lamb, considering that pain-haunted soul as just a gentle blatherer. There are amenities, of course, in book-collecting; but acerbities also. Perhaps the gods of the true collector are eumenides; we call them by a gracious name to placate their cruel character. For the collector in whom I am interested is not just the dilettante of title-pages and states, editions and errata. He collects books that make him think—loathsome and unwilling preoccupation.

It seems almost a pity, also, to write about the true passion of book-love; it would be unseemly if that became fashionable which should proceed from private vital instinct. But I cannot resist a word of applause in honor of the Pearsall Smith Prize, named for one of the most agreeable misanthropologists of our time and certainly one of the most delicate nerve-systems of literary appreciation with which the name of Haverford has been connected. To quote Pearsall Smith's own favorite John Donne, we may say of Smith himself as Donne said of the Holy Ghost, "he is an eloquent Author, but yet not luxuriant; he is far from a penurious, but as far from a superfluous style too."

But this is not an essay on the quiddities of Pearsall Smith, In His Humor. It is a few remarks by request, on the pleasure and value of beginning young as a book collector. I've never forgotten the good advice F. B. Gummere gave us at the beginning of our freshman year, twenty-eight years ago this autumn. "Find your way to Leary's," he said; and even on the thick ears of the class of 1910 that suggestion had its penetrating power. You are luckier now than we were then; you don't even have to go as far as Leary's (though still worth going to) for Mr. McCawley, a true paramour of print, is close by. I'm even hoping that some day he'll add an annex of second-hand books so that we may have our own Paul's Churchyard and

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

Paternoster Row. In my time there was a reprehended haunt of erring spirits, the Red Lion in Ardmore; since, I believe, amalgamated into the Autocar factory. How much better intoxicant does a bookstore offer. "Sweet God," cried Cobden Sanderson, "souse me in literature." It is the ebriety without crastine grief.

As I understand it the Pearsall Smith Prize offers no premium for rich bindings, rare editions or any Persian apparatus of collecting. It is to be awarded for evidence of genuine personal taste, ingenuity of search, or perhaps completeness of purview in any particular field. It is to encourage what is one of the most subtle and enduring pleasures of the intelligent man, the habit of owning books—and of discriminating between those desirable to own, those preferably borrowable. I imagine that the winning assortment might be either a general gathering of the books a student thought of as an ideal collection for college years, or it might be a closely knit referendum upon some special theme—a study of some bibliographic problem, the complete works of some minor favorite, or a tracing out of some consecutive theme through several generations. When I say a "minor favorite" I do so deliberately; some of the most exquisite pleasures of print are to be found in pursuit of the smaller names. In the great autumn forest of literature there are innumerable leaves; the scrub and underbrush often reward us with the most brilliant colors. In such a competition every entrant has his own sure reward. One or two, by happy chance, may develop the first twinges of that highly specialized sense for books that is so exciting and so rare. You have all had an opportunity to see, in the adventures of Professor Hotson, what thrilling escapades of detective science are possible in the world of print. (See frontispiece!)

The book collector, I intimated, has his sombre phases; it is a melancholy of his own, proud and fantastical. (What a delicious theme for a collection of books would be the idea of Literary Melancholy; and how, at the chance thought, one hankers to turn back to *As You Like It* and read again, instantly and with new clarity of eye, the sullen fits of Jacques; finding, as one does ever in Shakespeare, new and astounding immediacies of purport.) And just now, thinking of Pearsall Smith, I reached out for a volume of John Donne—the writer upon whom, though often unconsciously, so many of today's poets have fed their hearts. Opening at hazard I find this:

Whoe'er thou beest that read'st this sullen writ  
Which just so much courts thee, as thou dost it . . .

The point is worth note. The great books, the deep thoughts of great men, grant us no more than the effort we make. Literature is no easy emulsion.

## EUMENIDES OF BOOK COLLECTING

It requires, and opens itself only upon evidence of, the most brilliant and practised attention. The extenuated subtleties of its skill are incomparably diverse. If we knew precisely why a skilful writer uses one word rather than another (and he always does) we would know much more about the history of literature.

So the man who collects books not merely for the sentimental accident of edition, but for the quality of thought they bring him, has something more than amenity to consider. Perhaps part of the time his mind will dwell upon the darker sorrows and absurdities of men. But there is enormous laughter, too. You may have noticed the enigmatic paroxysms of applause issuing from the privileged alcove where the *Private Papers of James Boswell* were lately published. For the mature lover of books, who knows how much more frankly men talk in ink than *viva voce*, experiences more howling mirth than any other. *Nulla dies sine risu* is his motto. I was thinking, at this moment, of the other of the two great Elizabethan Dons—Don Marquis. In his new books, *Chapters for the Orthodox*, there is some deep rolling thunder of belly-laughs that come from the very cellar and coalbin of human nature. His burlesque of Faust in hell—which, among a vigorous crepitation of slapstick, also emits pungent philosophic and theologic truth—would provide a life-long memory for any college dramatic club that produced it. And where will you find a more tender flash of literary grace than the description (elsewhere in the same book) of Mark Twain in Heaven, with his own private river to play with, nigger stevedores and steamboat races and cursing and everything. These races were so hilarious, and Mark's cursing gave the arch-angels so much pleasure, that Satan grows jealous and wants Mark to bring his river down to Hell. But Susie Clemens and William Dean Howells won't let him go.

The Susies and the William Dean Howellses of this world will always be a little grieved about some of the private thoughts of the book collector, who faces (with Hardy, with Anatole France, with Whitman or Montaigne or whom you will) the ultimate candors of the inquisitive mind. But no one, no one on earth, can come between the reader and his book. It's best of all when you have your own copy in which you can record your own side of the argument. Wherever you touch the web of literature you'll find ramifying filaments that lead on and on. If you were to begin by collecting Don Marquis (not a bad idea) you would soon find yourself led back to Mark Twain and Voltaire.

Begin where and how you please. The purpose of the Pearsall Smith Prize is to encourage you to begin.

# Judith Sends Her Love

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

I AM *not* poor," Tommy said, "I have scads of money, I have money all over the place."

"Poor Tommy," Judith repeated, "poor, dear Tommy."

"I am not—what was I saying? Oh, I'm going now, good bye." With that Tommy left, hurrying down to his car, racing it in first, and nearly stripping the gears as he shifted.

"Poor, dear Tommy," Judith said again.

Judith is my friend, and Tommy, so she says, is her fiancé. Tommy says he doesn't know, which is probably correct. Tommy never knows. He always asks you what you were saying, or what he was saying.

"Why do you always irritate him, Judith?" I asked.

"He's so cute when he gets mad. He's a darling."

"How can you stand to marry a 'darling'?"

"Oh, but he has so much money," Judith exclaimed.

"Is that all?"

"Well, maybe not *all*, but . . ." Judith didn't finish her sentences half the time, preferring to trail off into polite mumbling.

We were sitting out on the lawn of the Bellerive Club, waiting for some surprise Tommy had said he had for us, but now he was gone. He had forgotten, I supposed, but just as I was about to suggest that we might as well go, Tommy came back. He had someone with him, but the car was coming so fast that we couldn't see who it was. Tommy slammed on the brakes, the car stopped with a lurch, and out he jumped, followed by his friend. "Surprise," shouted Tommy.

"I have here Alan Slidell," Tommy said, "he hardly ever says anything, but he knows lots. Come along and meet everybody, Alan."

The month was July, and it was hot, but not too hot. It was the kind of clear day when people go to their clubs, and some swim, and some play tennis, while others simply sit on the terrace. Alan Slidell, you could see, hated bold open days like this with scarcely any shadows, preferring a dismal day, with rain, to hide him. For Alan was shy. So shy that he had only to look at us to lose his nerve, for his face turned a fiery red, and Judith laughed outright. Then Tommy began to talk, and things were better. "Alan goes to college with me, and he's here for two days, on his way west. I'm giving

## JUDITH SENDS HER LOVE

a party tonight, and you're all invited, just you." Then Judith said that it was late, and that she would have to go home right away to dress.

I took Judith home, and she sat very still all the way, saying when we were near her house, "Tommy's friend is nice, isn't he?" I told her I thought he was dull, but she didn't answer, and in a minute she was gone, shouting to me to be on time when I came for her later.

Tommy's party started out as a dinner. He loved to have a dinner now and then, since he could sit at the head of the table and talk to everyone instead of just the person next to him. He loved to talk, did Tommy, but everything he said was so silly. "You don't look very well," he said to me, "are you feeling well?" "Quite well, thank you," I told him. "I've been worried," he added, shaking his head. Then he turned to Judith. "Do you know what I heard today, Judith? Of course, I'm not saying it's so, but they tell me that last night you and Freddie Hopper left the dance together at twelve, and that at half-past three Jill What's-her-name who lives in the house next to you saw you coming in. Now the people who told me this said that they didn't suspect a thing, but that it was only a ten minute ride from the party to your house, and that, after all . . ."

"Who told you all this, Tommy?" Judith asked. "Oh, a whole lot of people. Everybody's talking about it."

"But Tommy," Judith said, "don't you remember, you were with me almost all evening and took me home. I looked at my watch when I got in, and it was one o'clock. Besides Jill doesn't live next door any more, she's moved."

"Are you positive she's moved?" Tommy asked, his mouth hanging open. "Positive," Judith answered. "You must be wrong about my taking you home last night, though, that was the night before," he said. "It was not the night before. Plenty of people saw us leave, you're only being silly." "What?" Tommy asked. Judith didn't answer, and in a minute Tommy asked again, "What were you saying?" "I don't remember," Judith said, and turned to talk to Alan.

Alan wouldn't talk to Tommy or me at all, but he seemed better with Judith. Judith had a way of asking questions that required answers, so that people like Alan had to talk to her, and maybe that's how she managed. However, later in the evening when we went out to dance Alan danced with Judith almost all the time, and I sat with Tommy. Then the party was over, and we all went home, and Alan went west, and I didn't think of him for a long time.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

It was the second week in September following Tommy's party and the weather was perfect. There would be a cool crisp day now and then, and then more summer. Everybody was coming back from his vacation, there were parties almost every night, and everything was fun. Even Tommy was all right, and Judith told me that she felt sure she would get him round to the point of marrying her by November. "If only he weren't so vague," she said. "I've told him exactly what he must do to marry me, I even made out a list, but he always says 'I don't know.' Sometimes he makes me think he doesn't want to marry me at all, but when I ask him he always says yes."

"How could you stand him, Judith?" I said.

"Oh, we'd have fun. Just think of all the places we could go. We could do everything, there'd be parties all the time, wonderful parties. Oh, I could have grand parties. Regular orgies."

"Is that all you care about?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," Judith answered.

Then Tommy came along, and told us that his friend was back from the west, and he was going to have a house party. "You remember Alan, don't you Judith?" he said. "You're both invited."

The house party was to be from Friday afternoon until Monday morning, but I told Tommy that I couldn't make it until Saturday noon, and for the rest of them to go on without me. When I turned up Saturday, Tommy was sitting alone on the porch, rocking and humming to himself. The house was miles out in the woods. You were supposed to hunt and fish. "Oh, hello," Tommy said. "Glad to see you. Judith and Alan've gone for a walk. They left early this morning. They went out in the canoe last night. Haven't seen them at all." All the time he was rocking, and now he began to hum again. Tommy didn't have a very good voice.

I despise the country, especially the kind of country people select for week-end places. They are always in the middle of a scrubby forest filled with chiggers. There is never anything to do except hunt and fish, and after one or two week-ends at such places it is perfectly obvious that there are no fish and nothing to hunt but sparrows. It nearly always rains, and everybody fights. Tommy's place wasn't quite as bad as the worst, but it was nearly so. Not that it wasn't pretty enough, but simply that it was boring. And you couldn't fight with Tommy, nobody could. All you could do was rock, and rock.

Judith and Alan were always gone. I never saw anything like it. Saturday night, after supper, I suggested bridge, and everyone said all right.

## JUDITH SENDS HER LOVE

I went to get the card table, and when I came back with it they were gone. "Where are they now?" I asked Tommy. I was furious. "Dunno," Tommy said. Tommy could be exasperating. He had a pipe that he sucked. He never seemed to smoke it, but he would sit in his rocking chair and work the pipe around in his mouth, talking from whatever part of his mouth was vacant. It was awful. I had been sitting with Tommy all afternoon already, and an evening with him was too much. I went to bed.

Sunday was worse. "Dear Tommy," Judith said at breakfast. "Isn't it fun of him to give us this wonderful opportunity to be out in the air? Don't you feel wonderful?" "Humph." I answered, but in a minute Judith was gone.

Then in the afternoon everything happened at once. In the first place Judith and Alan didn't go out. Only Alan. He said he was going fishing. So for a while Judith and Tommy and I rocked, instead of only Tommy and I. Then suddenly Judith said, "Tommy, you do want to marry me, don't you?" "Certainly," Tommy answered, "I always have."

"When are we going to be married?" Judith asked.

"Oh, I dunno," Tommy said.

"September 23rd?"

"So soon? Couldn't possibly."

"October 23rd."

"No."

"When?"

"Presently."

"Tommy, please. Now. I've been waiting a long time. Please let's be married soon. Please."

Tommy didn't answer. He rocked, and sucked his pipe, and seemed to be thinking. Judith looked at me—her eyes were very large. "What," said Tommy, "what were we saying?"

"Nothing," Judith answered. "Nothing at all."

Then Judith walked out, and down the road a way, and disappeared. I sat on with Tommy. How I hate week-ends in the country! Then, at last it was night, and we could go to bed. Next day we could go home, and get out of the air.

Tommy had gone to bed early.

That was part of the holiday it seemed. Lots of fresh air and sleep and buttermilk. Judith and Alan and I were sitting on the porch, talking occasionally, but generally just sitting on the porch. "Only one more

*(Continued on page 16)*

# Ode A Cassandre

PIERRE DE RONSARD

*Mignonne, allon voir si la rose  
Qui ce matin avoit declose  
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil,  
A point perdu, cette vesprée,  
Les plis de sa robe pourprée,  
Et son teint au vostre pareil.*

*Las, voiés comme en peu d'espace,  
Mignonne, elle a dessus la place  
Las, las, ses beautés laissé cheoir!  
O vraiment maratre Nature,  
Puis qu'une telle fleur ne dure  
Que du matin jusques au soir.*

*Donc, si vous me croiés, mignonne:  
Tandis que vôtre âge fleuronne  
En sa plus verte nouveauté,  
Cueillés, cueillés vôtre jeunesse  
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse  
Fera ternir vôtre beauté.*

## A Marianne

*Sweet, let us see if the rose  
That with the dawning did uncloze  
Her robe of purple to the sun,  
Has not as yet with eventide  
Laid her regal robe aside,  
And lost her hue that's like to yours alone.*

*Alas, see in how short a space  
She has let fall upon the place  
Alas, her beauty lately new.  
Sure, Nature's heart's of iron cast  
If not even a flower may last  
From dawn till day dissolves in evening dew.*

Sweet, these petals of the rose:  
Let them on this page repose  
And close the pages.  
                    Years far hence,  
They shall recall your eyes' soft look,  
The writing in this book,  
And one to whom time made no difference.

René Blanc-Roos

# The Girl from Trenton

By JAMES D. HOOVER

WITH a constant, easy motion the train bore the boy on his first trip alone. He sat close to the window to be as inconspicuous as possible. Stared out at the rows of telephone poles, the many wires punctuated with birds, the piles of blackened railroad ties.

Intermittently took out his watch and looked at it. Ten thirty-five. Eleven thirty-five and he would be in Philadelphia. The morning sun, now and then blotted out by the engine's streamer of smoke, burned through the double glass of the windows.

Monotonously the wheels contacted with the rails: te-click, te-clack. They hummed shrilly whenever the track curved.

Followed his father's advice pretty carefully: keep your mouth shut and don't talk to strangers. Had the whole green plush seat to himself, but clung to the edge of it, leaning against the dusty window.

Had a magazine he glanced through every now and then, but read nothing, as that was supposed to be bad for the eyes. When he opened it flat, little bits of soot blew down from the ventilators and got into the crack of the binding.

His aunt would be waiting in Broad Street Station to take him to her suburban house for a week's stay. Spring vacation: how long he had dreamed of it, staring vacantly out of the study-hall window at school.

The train whistle blew as a wooden crossing-sign shot by.

Always was silent and thoughtful on a train, even if somebody was with him. Must have been the endless clicking of the rails, the constant sense of movement, that subdued one and made one dreamy. Wondered who lived in all the homes along the way and watched the yellow soot-stained flowers along the trackside.

Considered vague and unconnected things, remembered the crowd that got on the subway yesterday, scrutinized the ad on the back of his magazine over and over again.

Feeling a little lonely, looked over the passengers with him in the coach. Opposite, a young fellow about twenty, who seemed bored and sleepy. In

## THE GIRL FROM TRENTON

front two men talked politics, blocking the view in that direction. Diagonally across, a fat woman and her little boy. He'd pop up and run down the aisle for a paper cup full of water every so often. Occasionally he brought his mother a cupful, dropping some on the floor whenever the train jolted.

Ahead of them a girl with a brown hat. She looked out of the window constantly, seemed a little scared. She had a pretty face, not beautiful of course, but sort of cute to look at. He stared and stared, wished she would look around so he could see her whole face, but she didn't.

Compelled himself to observe all the other passengers in view, then, having finished this duty, his eyes returned to the girl. Couldn't get enough of staring at her, felt an immense lonely hunger rise up from within, where he never dreamed it existed.

No way of knowing her. She was about eighteen, he eleven, so she couldn't very well be interested in him, even if it were otherwise possible. Still he wished he were as old as the fellow opposite. Then he'd get to know her and the two could walk down the street and all his friends would look at him and his girl with a new feeling of respect.

Why couldn't she look toward him and at once take a liking to him? He felt pretty lonely. She had such a pert, lovable face.

Now she opened her purse, brown to match the hat, and found a little mirror inside it. Also a powder-puff which she got from a round brass box.

Now she was looking slant-eyed into the mirror, patting a little powder on the end of her nose. Took one finger and shoved the front lock of hair back into place. Put the things back into her purse and fidgeted with trying to unfold a handkerchief.

The train was slowing down. Whistles came more frequently as the crossroads increased. The conductor came through shouting Trenton, once at each end of the car. The boy looked at his watch again. Less than an hour.

People were beginning to stand up in the coach and made a great noise getting their bags off the rack. He tried to look slanting through the window for the station ahead, but couldn't see it.

His girl was standing up! She was trying to reach a little suitcase on the rack. He wanted to help her, sat very attentively instead. Now she had it and was squeezing out toward the front of the car. Others were following her.

The train slowed down to a halt. People were moving full of suppressed excitement along the station platform. A group was now squeezing to get out of the coach. The girl was going. He stared out of the window. She

walked in little quick steps to the staircase and went down it with the others out of sight. He would never see her again, all his life.

Now a few people from Trenton were getting aboard. A man came right up to him and sat down beside him. Keep your mouth shut and don't talk to strangers. Stared resolutely out the window. The man looked around, saw a seat by the window farther back in the car, and made a dash for it, leaving him by himself again.

Another man had been standing in the aisle and now sat down beside the boy, who edged a little nearer to the window.

The man had a bluff, hearty face, looked at him. A sharper, a crook perhaps. He'd keep his eyes open. The man was going to speak to him! His heart beat somewhat nervously.

"This seat taken, boy?"

"No—"

"Ah!" He leaned back, smiled complacently. "How far you going?"

"Philadelphia."

"Live there?"

"No. Going visiting. I come from New York."

The man straightened up, glanced at the people sitting near him, then looked at the boy again sympathetically.

"You all alone, boy?"

"Yes, sir."



### Judith Sends Her Love—(Continued from page 11)

night," I said. "Tomorrow's the day," Alan added. "I won't wait," Judith said, "I'm going now. Go on Alan, tell him what's to be told, while I get my things together."

Poor Alan, he was so shy, and so dull. Why did Judith always like stupid people? But he finally said it. Judith and he were engaged. They were going to be married the next day. Judith was sick of waiting for Tommy. "After all . . ." Judith would have said. Then they were gone, but just before Judith got into the car she turned to me, and said in a low voice, "Poor Tommy, poor dear Tommy. Tell him I'm sorry. Give him my love."

Next morning at breakfast I told Tommy what they had said, and gave him Judith's message. "Yes," Tommy said, "I thought it would be nice, you know, it's time Judith was getting married and all."

"Yes," I said, "very nice."

# Coincidence

By JAMES E. TRUEX

THE railroad agent at the main station in Augusta slid a ticket out over the sleeve-worn counter. As he did so, he murmured, "Someone else is going to Rockwood on your train. That fellow over there by the door. I wouldn't a' mentioned it, only it's such a small place. You come from there?"

The customer, a thin-lipped alert little man, darted a glance toward the door. His dark shifting eyes seemed intent on missing nothing.

"No, I live here in Augusta. I'm just off for a few days' hunting. Thanks, though. It's a long ride and I may want company."

The man by the door was getting his luggage together; a duffle bag and several gun cases. His reasons for taking the train to Rockwood were obvious. Pushing away from the ticket window, the customer moved toward the door. He went straight to the other and introduced himself.

"My name is Bowman, Arthur Bowman. I was told you were bound for Rockwood. So am I. Hunting?"

The other, undisturbed by the abruptness of the stranger's approach, gave his name as Edgar Matheson and seemed delighted at the prospect of a companion. He smiled as he spoke, showing white teeth. Watching him closely, Bowman felt that the smile was too consciously attractive to be wholly natural. But he seemed a likable enough chap. A handsome man with well-proportioned features, he only betrayed his forty-odd years by a weakening in the muscles of his face, which lent a vagueness to what had once been clear-cut.

They sat together on the train; Bowman by the window, gazing absently at the passing farms, and saying little. His companion talked at length, gliding easily from one topic to another. Seemingly capable of conversing upon anything or nothing, he confined himself for the most part to generalities. At the end of an hour of one-sided conversation Bowman had gathered that, while he was at present working in Augusta, he was not a native of Maine: a fact which was self-evident from his New York accent. Bowman chuckled. There was something entertaining about the man's babble.

By the time Rockwood had been reached, it was settled that they try their luck together. Bowman knew an easy and convenient trip up the Mus-

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

quacook River. They had as good a chance of bagging a deer that way as any other. No need for a guide; Bowman knew the country as well as any of them. His less experienced companion, who had rather counted upon a guide to do the heavy work, fell in with the arrangement not without misgivings. But the energy and ease with which Bowman set about making all preparations soon put his mind at rest.

The following morning, with tent and supplies packed tight in the canoe, they pushed out into Square Lake and paddled for the mouth of the Musquacook. Bowman explained that it was a small river, too shallow for motor boats—which was a good thing for hunting.

They camped that night a short way up the river. Another day's paddling, and they were far enough from civilization to set up a more or less permanent camp. In preparing a small clearing, Bowman worked calmly and with system, Matheson spasmodically. By the time the tent was pitched and the provisions were carried from the canoe, it was nearly dusk. Bowman suggested that they clean the guns while it was yet light so as to have them in readiness. They could try their luck early next morning.

Swift, though not thorough in his methods, Matheson soon satisfied himself as to the cleanliness of his firing piece. He laid it aside and settled himself by a pile of stones which served as a fireplace. Bowman was squatted a few feet away, carefully threading a small bit of rag to his cleaning rod. Perhaps out of curiosity, perhaps from the sheer desire to break the stillness with the sound of his own voice, Matheson began to ask questions. He leaned his head idly on his right hand, plucking at the tufts of grass with his left.

"You up here solely for the pleasure?"

Bowman, not wishing to have his work interrupted, answered without so much as turning his head.

"I suppose you would call it that. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I just wondered. You see, I have a reason for leaving town for a while. I've sort of skirted the subject up to now, but I guess it won't hurt to tell you. It might even strike you as amusing."

Before going on, he smiled. His teeth glistened.

"Of course there's a woman in it. I met her quite by accident—in a restaurant. She was a pretty little thing—neglected by her husband and all that sort of rot. I showed her a good time for a couple of weeks. She was mad about me. Nothing serious on my part. I never even knew her name."

Matheson paused.

"Are you listening? Do you want me to go ahead?"

## EDITORIAL

Bowman slid two or three shells into the magazine and shoved them out again, to test the bolt action. He replied indifferently.

"Go on," he said.

"Well, like a fool I'd had her up to my apartment several times, so one day she bounced in on me with a couple of suitcases. Said she had left a note explaining our affair to her husband and had come to me. It was all I could do to throw the woman out of the room. I thought I had better clear out till the smoke blew over. Women are such damned fools."

Leaning back, he laughed. Bowman picked up a piece of cloth and began to wipe the barrel. Matheson went on.

"The least she could have done . . ."

Bowman's gun went off in his lap. Matheson slumped forward without a sound. He lay with one hand clutching the grass, the other in the ashes of the fireplace. Bowman rose and leaned over the body. Placing the muzzle close against Matheson's temple, he fired a second shot.



## EDITORIAL

MR. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY has been kind enough to send us an article which we are sure you will enjoy as much as we did. Further particulars about the matter Mr. Morley introduces here will be found in the *Haverford News*.

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To encourage undergraduates to write stories, verse, and reviews; and to give them the opportunity of seeing them published in a college monthly is the main reason for THE HAVERFORDIAN's existence. We invite the new class of 1938 to take advantage of this. All manuscript should be left, not later than the fifth of each month, at the editorial office, 12 Lloyd Hall.

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We scarcely think it necessary to call to your attention that THE HAVERFORDIAN has changed its "make-up" entirely. We have not only printed it on the best quality of paper we could obtain, but have changed the cover and—most important, perhaps—we have changed over to a type which should make comfortable reading.

# Three Poems

By JAMES D. HOOVER

## ADDRESS BY THE DEAD

*Young men, who are about to enter life,  
The speaker in familiar wise began  
(An eminent and sturdy business man).*

*Before him sixty boys in a neat row,  
And there was Dick, who slept in the same bed  
Where crazy Hall one morning years ago  
Sat up and held a pistol to his head;*

*And Joe and Bob, roommates perennial,  
One young and cute, the other thin and tall;  
Tom (to be wed this June), whose manly curls  
Were the pride and envy of all the Bryn Mawr girls;*

*And Walt, sent home for breaking windows; Wright,  
Who drank (in private) port flips every night;  
And all the football squad that grimly tossed  
Its weight against a stronger team and lost:*

*All looked, but could not see the man was dead,  
A paperweight his headstone, by his knees  
A clump of yellow pencils, and overhead  
The filing cabinets towering like trees.*

*Gentlemen, life may surprise you, the speaker said.*

## SKEPTIC'S LOVE SONG

*It's hard to realize, Emily, seeing you,  
How gloomy I was a little while ago,  
Watching from here the stupid people flow  
Listlessly along the avenue.  
Now all go gaily. Burdened husbands too,  
Scurrying home, once pitied, now seem blessed.  
Yet time was that I thought passion at best,  
Emily, was neither innocent nor true.*

*They say love dies before the man, that I'll  
Despise you after thirty years; our family  
Will steal your love and charm in a little while.  
All this I know. Yet, seeing you, I yearn  
For that well-known impassioned hug. Emily,  
I can't help loving you. We never learn.*



## TO A. E. HOUSMAN

*The world survives you,  
And lads to Ludlow Fair  
Still come when springtime  
Perfumes the air.*

*They shall remember  
Long after you are dead  
How dear you held them,  
And how you said*

*You could not reason  
If life or death prevailed;  
Yet the heart spoke nobly  
When the mind failed.*

# Two Poems

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

YOU, BURNS!

*O my love's not like any rose  
Or lily sleek and pale,  
Nor any other flower that grows  
On dune, in field or dale.*

*For my love by the water stands  
And there herself she kisses;  
And guards her breast with both her hands,  
O my love's like Narcissus.*



*I am about to go where I have wanted to,  
And I don't care and I don't know if that will bring me luck;  
Just stuff enough inside my head to ask another staff than bread,  
And fire enough inside my heart to set the blood amuck.*

*Though I don't know where I shall go, there's little need of knowing;  
A heap of hay till peep of day will do me for a bed.  
And O, the ends are all the same—the fun is in the going;  
A goose or hare caught in a snare will keep me till I'm dead.*

# American Song: A Melting Pot

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

THREE reviews of Mr. Engle's verse appeared last summer in quick succession: Mr. J. Donald Adams, in the *New York Times*, wrote a full page, not of criticism, but propaganda more apt to injure than to profit the subject of his admiration; Ruth Lechlitner of the *New York Herald-Tribune* mingled sound criticism with axegrinding; and Mr. William Rose Benét, in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, alone gave what seems to me the true valuation of the somewhat overhauled *American Song*.

Mr. Engle is of those who beware of entangling alliances and hold to their breast an ever modern Monroe Doctrine:

Here, in our land, we will not look back  
Eastward across the old ancestral ocean  
For any country by our blood abandoned  
Years ago, but like our fathers turn  
Again our backs on the sunrise end of earth . . .

and again:

Nations of Europe, we leave you now to drag  
Your worn-out bellies on the sun-warmed rock  
And huddle by the ashes of old fires . . .

Obviously, some people will not be entirely in accord with this provincial patriotism. They will question whether at the present time the European nations are actually more effete than ourselves. If nothing else, some of them—like the French Symbolists—have transfused their blood into American poetry during the last few decades; at least into that part of American poetry of which Mr. Engle is a direct descendant.

Mr. Engle has taken all America to be his province. In quick enumeration he cites names of places and many events important in American history. There is no reason why this country should not be sung of with as much passion as other poets have used in the praise of their own lands. But I doubt whether the method is worth very much when often it merely para-

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

phrases older models. The juxtaposing and paralleling of events thousands of years old with contemporary or recent happenings, so brilliantly accomplished by Pound and Eliot, may be said to be treated bathetically by Mr. Engle:

Hector, tamer of horses, undismayed  
With crashing of the Greek blood-hungering spears,  
Jogues, the black-robe Jesuit, who took  
The Iroquoian tortures without tears.

O seaward subtle ships, O lovely woman,  
Cause for the giving of that town to flames,  
O Independence Rock where there was carved  
The roster of the westward-going names.

There are many verses in this volume concerned with other subjects than Americanism. In his *Complaint to Sad Poets* Mr. Engle quite openly objects to the poets of what has been tagged the "futility" school. To those who "pour the strong wine of self-pity down their throats" he retorts:

The terrier bitch that whelped its litter today  
Under the barn where the dirt is moist and dark  
Shames and defies you with the quiet logic  
Of life that works its quiet way out, knowing  
No fulness but to live, strongly to live.

This, Mr. Adams wrote in his review, "is Mr. Engle's challenge to the school of writers sick with self-pity both for themselves and their times." Now, quite apart from the fact that this arraigns such poets as Eliot, Pound, Laforgue, and MacLeish—whom I have a great admiration for—I should like to say that this advice to go to the terrier bitch, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise may be all-sufficient for Mr. Engle and Mr. Adams; it may nevertheless be doubted whether we will metamorphose ourselves into mongrels merely to escape "self-pity." And one might ask how Mr. Engle arrived at the certainty of a terrier bitch's happiness.

There is no critical precept which holds that a poet should not turn about and bite the hand that feeds him. Yet any one who is at all acquainted with the work of Eliot and MacLeish, for instance, cannot fail to see how greatly Mr. Engle is indebted to them. Having made this assertion I had better prove it.

In reading *American Song* one constantly hears familiar echoes of contemporary poets. There is nothing wrong with that. MacLeish himself is

## AMERICAN SONG: A MELTING POT

greatly influenced by Eliot, but he has taken Eliot's tone as a point of departure only; and no one would confuse the verse of the one with that of the other—MacLeish has his own voice, which is but a way of saying that he has found his style. Mr. Engle frequently paraphrases his models to an extent which sometimes approaches parody. Eliot begins *The Waste Land* with

April is the cruellest month, breeding . . .

and Engle's first line to one of his poems is

Spring is the eternal season, knowing . . .

The arresting effect of suspending a line with a gerund or adjective is one of Eliot's many contributions to modern versification. A great many writers of verse have had the good sense to follow the methods of Mr. Eliot, who is one of the most important of the English-writing poets of our time. But it is only reasonable to expect that this imitation should be done with more or less variation. Two other poems by Mr. Engle begin:

Night is the intimate time of men, the dark . . .

and:

Noon is the brittle time of men, the deep . . .

It is like writing new words to an old tune.

The three divisions of *Harlem Airshaft*—*Morning, Noon, Twilight*—are too patently imitations of Eliot's *Preludes* to need any comment. Eliot:

The winter evening settles down  
With smells of steaks in passageways.  
Six o'clock.  
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.  
And now a gusty shower wraps  
The grimy scraps  
Of withered leaves about his feet  
And newspapers from vacant lots;

Engle:

With t. b. Al's pale hands of chalk  
Clutching the window catch, a sheet  
Of paper caught where the wires meet,  
Beating the balk  
Of the wind, a desperate butterfly  
Of want ads, murders, printer's pi.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

In *Harlem Airshaft* too, Mr. Engle has profited by the lessons in suspension of rhythm, quoting of names, and the rapid succession of images, to be found in MacLeish's *In My Thirtieth Year*. This is one of MacLeish's quatrains:

By hands, by voices, by the voice  
Of Mrs. Husman on the stair,  
By Margaret's "If we had the choice  
To choose or not—" through her thick hair . . .

And Mr. Engle, in *Noon*:

Mister Oguri's cough, the smell  
Of onions sizzling over talk  
Of crooners, skirts, and cash, the bell  
Of Betty calling from the Bronx . . .

Eliot in *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* uses this figure for the fog:

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window-panes,  
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window-panes,  
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening . . .  
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,  
And seeing that it was a soft October night,  
Curled once about the house and fell asleep.

In *Twilight* Mr. Engle substitutes night for fog:

. . . night,  
Flattens its black face on the windowpane,  
Staring and waiting for the moment when  
A switch is pulled, to throttle out the light,  
To leap against the throats of tired men,  
To stretch them on the bed, subdue the brain . . .

(It may be noted in passing that here is a bitch that, intentionally or not, has assumed more sinister proportions than she who a while ago contentedly "whelped her litter under the barn.")

One might go on pointing out too obvious imitations and influences of this sort. The few passages quoted, however, I hope will suffice to show that Mr. Engle owes his versification to the men he opposes on principle.

Mr. Engle lacks a certain passion to be found in almost all poets. For this he atones largely by a rhetoric which frequently breaks out into oratory.

## AMERICAN SONG: A MELTING POT

It is really encouraging, however, to see that when he forgets to be a prophet he produces verse not only satisfactory, but good. In *Night* are lines like these:

. . . This is the time  
When the shy heart calls out to the shy heart  
And a man speaks gladly that which he would shudder  
To dream of in bright noon . . .

Here Mr. Engle almost admits that man is not always the optimistic creature implied in his more flamboyant verse. There are many other poems of merit equal to that of *Night*. Such are *Every Broken Thing*; *Earth in Our Blood* which, though greatly under the influence of MacLeish, is worthy of its model; *Coney Island* (Yeats); and, perhaps the best of all, *Remembering Names*, which Robert Frost himself could not have bettered.

I hope heartily that Paul Engle will not be tempted by the journalism of Mr. Adams, or the flagwaving of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien who promises that, "Paul Engle is likely to release by his work fifty poets and short story writers for every one that there is now."

In one of the later copies of *Vanity Fair* I have just come upon a poem by Paul Engle. It said nothing of Daniel Boone or of "O England-forgetting, self-creating heart!" Mr. Engle is at present a Rhodes scholar at Oxford, England.

# BOOKS

*WE ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE*, by Bernard de Voto.

Reviewed by A. J. WILLIAMSON

In general, civilization moves from period to period gradually—a rather slow process of evolution. Our civilization has moved so rapidly that the last four decades seem to us to represent as many distinct generations: the Pre-War generation; the War generation—those who were actively of the War; the Post-War generation—those who though too young to participate were raised during the days of turmoil; and last, the present generation who have no recollection of the War—the Nera age for whom the Great War is just as much a part of history as the Civil War, and almost as remote. *We Accept With Pleasure* is a novel of and for the War generation by one of their number. For those of the next generation, the book is like the prose version of a drama witnessed on some stage years ago. For those of the younger generation—now in the colleges—the life of this novel must seem even less vital. For the men who knew the War this novel must frequently seem to be stark realism and even biographical.

One of the most tense novels of the time, it cannot fail to hold the interest of any mature reader. Its appeal will be in proportion to the reader's ability to understand the life and reactions of those intellectual and somewhat effete products of Harvard and Boston during ten years of readjustment after their return from war.

*CAPE FAREWELL*, By Harry Martinsson. Translated from the Swedish by Naomi Walford.

Reviewed by A. J. WILLIAMSON

If you have time for only those books which increase your store of information, you will probably not care to read *Cape Farewell*. If you find pleasure in reading a book because it is beautifully written and full of human feeling, then you will certainly not pass this book by.

"Constant change, motion, and distances make up our life's adventure. Awake and eager we see a vast amount, but if we are sluggish and indifferent, one horizon is very like another." Harry Martinsson sailed the seas for nine years—generally as a stoker—on nearly a score of vessels and each new environment seems to have made an impression on his sensitive and poetic mind. In spite of his youth, his perception is keen and all of his senses combine to make a scene vivid and unique. No horizon is like another and no horizon

## BOOKS

is ever the same. Nature and humanity; at sea and on land—every impression is retold in a style that is vivid and beautiful with a facility for metaphors and similes that is seldom found in modern prose. A kindly humanitarianism and a skeptical philosophy pervade the sketches and make them much more human and personal than most books of this kind. As memorable chapters, I should mention "A Greek Tragedy"—a voyage on an overladen Greek steamer which is caught in a cyclone—and "India."

*THE COLD JOURNEY*, By Grace Zaring Stone.

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

The author of *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* and *The Almond Tree* is one of the most important contemporary novelists. Whether Mrs. Stone's stories occur on the Spanish Main, in modern China, or among the internationalists of Washington, it is her purpose to reveal people as individual personalities, swayed perhaps by surroundings and creeds and ways of life, but never finding satisfaction except in the discovery of themselves. She can make this revelation convincing because she knows how to present the incidents and emotions of everyday life with lucidity and power. *The Cold Journey* is the most concrete and I think the most stirring example of this recurrent idea and of the sensitive style in which it is couched. It is the story of the inhabitants of Redfield, a tiny settlement on the Massachusetts frontier in the early days of the colony. Life there is austere and uncomfortable, circumscribed by cold and danger, dominated by Puritanism. Those who can find consolation in religion cling to the harsh virtue of Mr. Chapman, God's overbearing vicar. The rest immerse themselves in daily routine or in dreams of the elegant old world from which they had fled. All, in the midst of the hostile and overwhelming wilderness, find it necessary to keep up their courage by believing in some false picture of themselves. But the destruction of all pretense comes when the French and Indians capture the village and force the prisoners to march back to Canada with them. During that hideous journey, made on snowshoes in the dead of winter, every affectation collapses and each of the colonists, with grim and hopeless cynicism, asserts his real desires. In this interlude between the wrecked past and the unimaginable future, Mrs. Lygon finally admits to herself that her love for her aged husband is really pity. Captive Scollop discovers, with scarcely any surprise, that she lusts for Mr. Chapman. Even the minister himself forgets about the wages of sin when his wife falls through the ice and is tomahawked by her Indian captor because she is too weak to travel. When cold and hunger re-

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

duce them to the level of animals, the captives realize that this journey, however terrible, is the only reality in their lives.

Even in the lesser hardships of settled Canada their stark honesty persists for a while. Mrs. Peckworth smashes in the skull of her Indian master and, with her baby in her arms, finds her way through the wilderness to her husband: she is a Mother. Lettice Lygon finds young and elegant love in the arms of a French officer—but discovers that she has lived too long as her husband's protector to abandon him now. Rather than that, she must abandon her new-found self. Her return to him is the beginning of the end. The restraints of civilization reassert themselves as soon as the captives are ransomed by the Boston government. Perhaps they will never forget such a blasting experience, but even before they reach the ruins of Redfield they begin to feel themselves in bondage again. On the way back: "Mr. Chapman proposed they sing a hymn of thanksgiving to the Lord and they sang it dutifully. Their voices were dull at first but large in the silence and gradually life crept into what they sang, and for a moment each one felt a vague happiness pass over him, a collective happiness caught from each other, an echo, a memory, a hope perhaps.

The hares and foxes hearing the sound peered out at them as they passed."

*LIGHTSHIP*, By Archie Binns.

Reviewed by J. B. CHRISTOPHER

The ceaseless rolling of the vessel, the monotonous routine of keeping the light burning, of sounding the bell, of blowing the whistle, the endless battle against the treacherous sea, the constant waiting for supplies and the relief ship—such was life on *Lightship No. 167*, anchored off the Pacific Coast. His style, reminiscent of Hemingway and Gertrude Stein, lends an intensely real and dramatic quality to this story. His sympathy and keen insight make the most prosaic men vivid and exciting beings: Georges who went insane from his desire to return to civilization; Harry who found his romance, not in the drabness of marriage with a puritanical feminist, but in an imaginative and ardent study of Indian life; Oscar who, reared in ignorance by two virtuous spinsters, had acquired a perverted idea of women from his first experience with them. If Mr. Binns had concentrated entirely on analyses of character, this would have been a better novel; for there is a superfluity of detail about the mechanics of tending a lightship. But the book is a fascinating study of a few interesting men.

# DRAMA

*THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS*, By Alan Child and Isabelle Loudon.

Reviewed by T. D. BROWN

Don't let the Victorian little title fool you. Its only purpose is to lure those few "nice" people who haven't yet heard that this is the famous bundling play, and who undoubtedly wouldn't go near it if they had. We should like to call *The Pursuit of Happiness* a racy comedy, but since it isn't really a comedy at all we shall have to be content with calling it a racy vaudeville show with a few frills. At any rate, the actors talk just as fast, shout just as loudly and pack in about as much character interpretation as does your average ham variety performer. But with a script such as *The Pursuit of Happiness* offers there is actually very little else you can do.

Even in its bundling scenes this play bungles very badly. Bundling was a quaint old custom in Colonial New England which mildly amuses us now because it was so diametrically opposed to the then prevalent Puritanism from which it sprang. That it is an even fair subject for dramatic treatment is greatly to be doubted. That it is a perfect subject for farcical treatment is not at all to be doubted. Couple this farcical treatment with all the cheap sensationalism which can possibly be squeezed out of the subject, and you have the famous bundling laugh hit which kept Broadway in tears for week upon week. At that, the play might have been passable had the producers known or taken the pains to know enough about bundling to make it in the slightest degree plausible or historically accurate in their presentation. As it is, it would be enough to make any experienced Yankee bundler gasp with astonishment. For one thing: you do not wear your very best clothes to bed while bundling; for another thing: you do not read the Holy Bible while bundling; for a third: when you bundle, you do not have a centre-board on the bed separating yourself from your bundlee, or fellow bundler. *The Pursuit of Happiness* uses just such a centre-board and it is, as well as being an anomaly, both an atrocity and an absurdity. This centre-board redeemed itself to some extent when it provided the only truly humorous incident in the entire play by dropping down on the unsuspecting head of the heroine with a resounding thwack.

# CINEMA

## THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.

Reviewed by JOHN CHRISTOPHER

Let those who feared that *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* would suffer in its transposition to the screen banish their apprehensions, for the cinematic version of Rudolf Besier's romance is a distinguished film. The resounding success of the stage version was due to the genius of Katherine Cornell. Without her presence *The Barretts* would have been just another good play. Single-handed, she created the oppressive atmosphere of Elizabeth Barrett's sickroom. In the film Sidney Franklin, the director, first impresses us with the emptiness and rigour of life at No. 50 Wimpole Street; then we see the poetess, suffocating in the stifling air of the malevolent house. The play has thus been conceived in the plastic terms of the cinema. An intelligent adaptation, the skillful direction of Mr. Franklin, and the high level of the acting have made the M-G-M production better than the Broadway one.

Norma Shearer's art is by no means as pre-eminent as that of Miss Cornell; she does not reveal the crushed soul of Elizabeth Barrett as graphically as Miss Cornell. Yet she does convey vividly the dying woman of middle age who is brought back to life by love. Hers must be reckoned a splendid performance. As Edward Moulton-Barrett, the tyrannical father of Elizabeth, Charles Laughton continues to demonstrate that he is one of our foremost actors. Sadistic, pitiless, and utterly selfish, he realizes completely the Freudian implications of his role, implications only half suggested by Charles Waldron on the stage. In the legitimate version Brian Aherne succeeded in lending something of the soul of a great poet to the Robert Browning who was endowed by the playwright with energy alone. Fredric March, alas, is all energy, indulging in his usual extravagant roarings and gesticulations. Maureen O'Sullivan surpasses all her previous efforts in her portrayal of Henrietta, Elizabeth's rebellious sister. The minor roles are capably performed by Katherine Alexander, Ralph Forbes, and many others.



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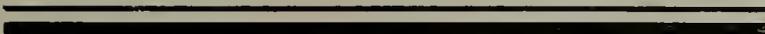
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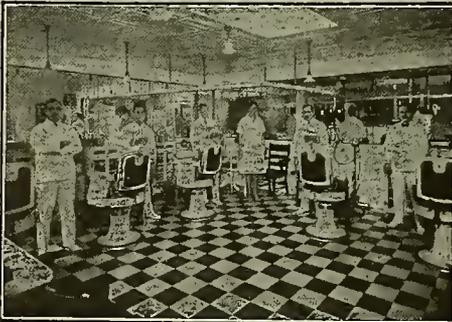
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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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" KING EDWARD HAD TWO SONS — BOTH BOYS "

# The Train and the Mail-Coach

By SAMRAY SMITH

THOMAS DE QUINCEY remarked that if he were forced to live in China for the rest of his days, he would go mad."—This allusion in the second of a group of stories by Thomas Wolfe published in *Scribner's* last summer suggests a curious if only partial parallel in older English literature. Even if only accidental, the parallel is a remarkable one and worthy of discussion for that reason.

Thomas Wolfe is a young writer whose first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, has gradually gathered momentum since its publication in 1929; last month, following its translation into German and Norwegian, it was published in the Modern Library. He is the only one-book author in the series. Since 1929 however he has occasionally published stories in *Scribner's*—ten in all. His second novel, *Time and the River*, is now in the hands of the publishers.

The three stories of last summer are the only ones to be published together. That they are similar in the development of their several themes is clear to the observant reader. But they are also woven and interwoven among themselves, in theme, in the repetition of a single image or of a single picturesque phrase. Here for example, is a sentence from the beginning of "The Train and the City," the first of the three—

I would see the evening sunlight painted without violence or heat, and with a fading and unearthly glow upon the old red brick of rusty buildings . . .

And this appears near the end of "No Door," the last—

Without violence or heat the last rays of the sun fell on the worn brick of the house, and painted it with a sad unearthly light.

Consider also the constant introduction of Death and Spring as themes, always in juxtaposition—a weird and moving effect.

Of this later, but for the present let us take up the suggested comparison, with de Quincey's "The English Mail-Coach."

Conceived solely to produce an emotional effect in the reader, neither

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

the essay nor the stories organize their elements in a scheme that is readily apparent, but both will be found on examination to correspond more than anything else to a theme-with-development composition in music. The lyrical, not the analytical nor the dramatic note, is dominant in both. There appears to be no more reason to call the one an essay than the other a group of stories, but that's neither here nor there. Add to this that de Quincey and Wolfe are both writing idealized autobiography, and we are ready for an examination of evidence in detail.

The first part of de Quincey's essay it will be remembered is called "The Glory of Motion" and contains an extended description of a race between the mail-coach and "a tawdry thing from Birmingham" in which, as a matter of course, the mail-coach finally triumphs. Change 'coach' to 'train,' 'Birmingham' to 'Philadelphia,' and you have one of the episodes from "The Train and the City." De Quincey hymns June, while Thomas Wolfe out-sings him in praise of April; de Quincey's Fanny answers to the girl in the red silk dress, and both have dissipated guardians. The three hundred who in death tell Thomas Wolfe so much are the 'not three hundred and fifty strong' whose death assured the victory of Talavera, news of which the mail-coach was carrying. "I told her" writes de Quincey "how they rode their horses into the mists of death . . . and laid down their young lives for thee, O mother England!" Wolfe thinks of "Three hundred of my blood and bone who sowed their blood and sperm across the continent . . . were frozen by its bitter cold, burned by the heat of its fierce suns . . . and who fought like lions with its gigantic strength, its wildness, its limitless savagery and beauty until with one stroke of its paw it broke their backs and killed them".

The second story in Thomas Wolfe's group is called "Death the Proud Brother." "The Vision of Sudden Death" is the middle section of de Quincey's essay. It is insignificant that in the story four deaths occur, while in the essay there is only a narrowly averted accident: the effect of the thing on the writer—and incidentally on the reader—is the same. Compare the descriptions of accidents.

Even in that moment the thunder of collision spoke aloud. Either with the swingle-bar, or with the haunch of our near leader, we had struck the off-wheel of the little gig, which stood rather obliquely, and not quite so far advanced, as to be accurately parallel with the near-wheel. The blow, from the fury of our passage, resounded terrifically.

At this moment an enormous van . . . came roaring through beneath the ele-

## THE TRAIN AND THE MAILCOACH

vated structure. It curved over and around, in an attempt to get ahead of a much smaller truck in front of it, and as it did so, swiped the little truck a glancing blow that wrecked it instantly, and sent it crashing across the curb into the vendor's wagon with such force that the cart was smashed to splinters, and the truck turned over it completely and lay beyond it in a stove-in wreckage of shattered glass and twisted steel.

Incidentally, de Quincey's circumstantial description of the position of the gig reminds us of Hardy's comparison of the line of Tess's lips to a design in Greek architecture—the details seem to have downed him. Thomas Wolfe, who had three vehicles to deal with, brings home the whole picture with dynamic force.

A "Dream-Fugue, Founded upon the Preceding Theme of Sudden Death," forms the third part of "The English Mail-Coach." In form it is a purely rhetorical rhapsody, quite different from the first two parts. But "No Door" is not noticeably dissimilar to its predecessors. We had half expected it. After all, aside from matters of style and a similarity in treatment, the two writers are quite different. Thomas Wolfe embraces life with indiscriminate gusto; de Quincey is more selective in his caresses. But we look again at the phrase 'founded upon the preceding theme.' The dominant theme of the last story, if disengaged from those less important, may be the dominant theme of the group and lend it an unsuspected unity, just as the last section of the essay is a sort of application of what has gone before. If this were demonstrated our analogy would not have to be entirely abandoned. but would prove fruitful after all.

In its cunning artistry the interplay of theme between the stories of this group is something to admire. Towering over the whole like a monstrous living and breathing organism, the City is a setting from which we rarely journey. Spring, Death, Night, Loneliness are conjured up, with their opposites for contrasts, in careful sequence and variety of approach. Spring in the City dominates the first story, Death in the City the second. The third, as its subtitle indicates, is a story of Time and the Wanderer. Loneliness is its theme, driven home by incident and atmosphere. The bitterness and nostalgia expressed in the story create a responsive mood in the reader. It is called, as we have said, "No Door," but it was originally announced with the title "Dark Time". Both phrases are repeated quite often in the story and we find that one title is perhaps as good as another. There is no door where the Wanderer may enter and feel at home and peaceful, and Time flows relentlessly past, and at last shows him a door beyond which he will be at peace forever. Simply stated, this the the story. The passionate bitterness

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

of a lonely life is expressed in the first section by contrast with the complaint of a wealthy dilettante, 'faintly bitter and ironic . . . a trifle sorrowful about the life harsh destiny has picked out for him.' The Wanderer seeks a door at his old home, then at Oxford, then (of all places) in Brooklyn. There he finds himself envying even the truck-drivers.

The power and precision with which they worked stirred in me a strong and deep emotion of respect, and it also touched in me a sense of regret and humility. For whenever I saw it, my own life, with its tormented desires, its fury of love and madness, its wild and uncertain projects and designs . . . seemed blind, faltering, baffled, still lost in clouds and chaos and confusion.

And this is the point around which all three stories center. They are seen through the eyes of the Wanderer, the Seeker for a door. Such passionate nameless longing comes from nothing oftener than from brooding loneliness. The lonely man is driven to make long aimless trips, to break away from whatever he is working at, to wander through the streets. This theme— of the man driven to make endless pilgrimages through crowded streets— is introduced in the first story and is the foundation of "Death the Proud Brother," where the Wanderer would not have seen the deaths if he had not had the feeling that by staying indoors he was 'missing something rare and glorious.' And they are seen not intimately but by a stranger; and in spite of the fulsome detail, romantically—with 'the magic of distance.' The Italian street vendor was an entirely different person to his wife; possibly her lover seeing that bright fountain of blood spring from his head would have felt something other than aesthetic emotion. And so it is—all comes to us transmuted by the keen hunger, the tortured grawing desire of the eternal outsider.

# With Love from Lorry

By GERALD BUERGER

HE MUST not think of Lorry. He must not. He must take the bus, hand the conductor a dime, get off at his own street-corner, and go home. That evening at supper his mother would remark that he should stop frowning, that he looked tired, that he shouldn't work so hard. As she *always* did. Then his sister would say that he didn't work hard at all, that a runner for a large up-town hosiery concern doesn't work much. And if he wouldn't spend all his time answering silly letters from girls he wouldn't look so tired. Just as *she* always did. After dessert he would go to his room, turn the key in the lock, take out a picture, and look at it intently. And so he did.

It is nice to listen to the radio, it's nice if you haven't got one of your own. So he opened the window and obtained the benefit of the upstairs neighbor's radio. His hand pulled open the bottom drawer of his bureau. He reached below a pile of school books and withdrew a packet of letters. It was the only drawer his mother did not invade.

They were all letters written in a characteristically feminine handwriting. Their dates read not two days apart, and there were about thirty of them. He read the first one. He often did that. He read the second, the third. They were affectionate; they told of a love that sprung from a chance meeting. They were signed 'with love, from Lorry.' The envelopes and writing-paper were of a pink shade, like that obtainable in the five and ten stores.

Suddenly the music from below in the courtyard ceased. The neighbors had shut off their radio. There were going out.

He got up, unlocked his door, and went into the bathroom. He lit the light and glanced into the mirror. He adjusted his face. Yes, he did look better when he frowned. But still there were his ears. So goddam large. No wonder he wasn't popular. He reorganized his face to a frown and left the bathroom. He left the light burning purposely, so his mother could remark bitterly that he was a wastrel. It would give her something to talk about. But it would sort of pay her back for having borne him with those ears.

Back within his room, he took some writing-paper from another hiding-place. He uncorked a bottle of green ink. He wrote a letter. The writing-paper was familiar, the hand-writing characteristic. He sealed and stamped the envelope, and placed it in the inner pocket of his coat to mail in the morning. The letter was signed 'with love, from Lorry.'

# For Nina

“WHAT’S the matter?” I said. From far off I had watched him, looking very small, running toward me as hard as he could, his head thrown back, fists tight-clenched, while his arms swung back and forth like pistons. He had run past without apparently seeing me, but when he had gone a bit farther he stopped and stood thinking for a while with his head down and his fists still pressed tight against his chest. Then he slowly pushed one hand deep into his pocket, with the other gave a hitch to his belt as he’d seen the other boys do, and turned around to walk over to where I stood, his head still down.

“What’s the matter?” I said.

He brought his head up at last and pushed back his hair, ordinarily light and very well combed, but now damp and dark with sweat and getting into his eyes. He stood looking at me, not saying anything and trying to catch his breath. He was very pale.

“O” he said, taking a deep breath and letting it go with a sob “Nothing.”

“I see; just getting in shape.” He hated sarcasm, but it did what I meant it to; he suddenly realized he had been behaving unusually and he smiled, but his upper lip quivered when he relaxed his jaw.

“O nothing” he said. “They’re doing it again. Fogblowing.”

“Why do you go with them?” I knew what he meant. Lately, when they were tired of chasing the cows and horses in the meadows or of throwing stones at them, the boys would cross the tracks of the steam-tramway running from The Hague to Leiden; and a little beyond would come to the Schenk, The Hague’s *buitenring* or exterior canal. They would catch frogs here and when they had caught a big one they would put a straw into it and blow it up until it swelled like a toy balloon. If the frog was very tough it would sometimes take a minute before he’d burst. I was there when Hans van der Lans thought up the new diversion, and I was careful not to go with them to the Schenk again because it had made me feel queasy, and I knew if I saw it again I would be sick. So I knew what he meant.

“Why do you bother with them?” I said.

He bent over and brushed the dirt off one of his bare knees which was bleeding. He looked at me again, sucking in one cheek and shrugging his shoulders.

## FOR NINA

“Well, they’re” his high voice lost conviction “they’re fun sometimes”.  
“Yes” I said; “sometimes”.

I looked at him; he was only ten, quite a few years younger than I and at least a head smaller. He was comic in a delightful way, and I remember his quite unaffected habit of shrugging his shoulders like a grown-up. Tricks like hitching up his belt he’d caught from the other boys but the shrug was his own and quite natural.

I told him he had better go in the house to wash the dirt out of the cut on his knee.

“All right” he said. “What time is it? Nina——” his face brightened, his grey intelligent eyes were keen again—“Nina is very nice, you know. She says I may get as dirty as I want, just so I wash up for meals”. Nina was what he called his mother. He eyed contemplatively his black knees. “Of course it’s best not to get too dirty on account you don’t have to wash so much.”

He walked off toward his house and I watched him for a while before going off myself.

Jan and his mother had only lately moved into our neighborhood, taking the last house on the Anna van Buerenstraat. Beyond this house there were only meadows filled with cows; here and there was a farm, or a wind-mill on the bank of a canal to keep the water pumping. All of it made a good playground; and Jan was glad to have come here to live instead of near Het Plein where tramways and motorcars made playing outdoors precarious and where he had found it hard to find boys of his own age.

Jan’s mother was a beautiful tall young woman whom people constantly took to be his sister; there was a close resemblance between them, and what was attractive in the boy was beautiful in his mother. You were fascinated by her face with the clear quiet grey eyes that seemed always to be looking at something far beyond. You felt there was some mystery about her and that she was detached from what was going on about her; and people thought her proud and haughty. In that neighbourhood of housewives who thought living one great but simple process of polishing pots and pans, furniture and the front pavement, Jan’s mother was a problem. Meeting these people on the street her eyes would slowly narrow while the full straight lips, maybe ordinarily a bit too severe, would break gradually into what I always thought a very beautiful smile. The others called it condescending.

I don’t know how these two had ever come to take a house in the Anna

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

van Buerenstraat. Jan never spoke of his father, though once I asked him about the portrait I saw on his mother's writing desk; it had a leather frame and on its lower rim there was stamped the gold coronet of a jonkheer or a baron. He had looked at it for a moment. "He's gone away" he said and right away asked me to come look at some new book his mother had brought him. I supposed his father was dead, though there may have been a divorce; I don't know.

Jan's mother may have felt the resentment of her neighbours, but there was no way to tell what she thought. It's sure she could find nothing in common with these women who only stopped their housework to read the *Haagsche Courant* or to visit each other to pry into each other's affairs.

I was one of the few who ever came into Jan's home, and I was often stopped by this or that woman who for a minute or two would give up furiously polishing a window pane to angle for scandal about my *Uitlander* friends; and they asked me questions that it took a particular knack to avoid an answer to. It didn't take me long to understand why all the boys suddenly began inviting me to their houses for dinner; it was their mothers who made them ask, of course, because they would never have thought of it themselves. They were nice enough to me, but I suppose they considered me rather useless because I had to use a cane to get around. I couldn't play any of their games in which you had to run, and in most of their games you had to run pretty fast.

When I found out that these dinners were only excuses for getting information about Jan's mother it made me glad to say I couldn't come, and even if I had known anything to tell I think I should have lied to them.

The boys heard at home what their families had to say about Jan's mother and they made Jan bear the brunt of it. When they first got to know him they watched him as if he'd been a new species of bug they had caught; when they were sure he couldn't bite or sting they began to play with him, and to torture him—which was the same thing. Jan wasn't like them; he liked to read books as much as he liked to play "Cops and Robbers" and it was something they couldn't understand. I don't mean that they were better or worse than any others, but a lot depended on whom they accepted as their leader, and Hans van der Lans was not a gentle lad. He was fifteen, had good looks, was strong, good at games. But he was the worst kind of bully because he could be pleasant when he wanted to be. All the boys were afraid of him, though they would never admit it; but they all admired him. I liked him myself, and I used to wonder what it was could make him sud-

## FOR NINA

denly think of throwing a stone at a cow or blowing up a frog till its insides spattered over his hands.

The thing was that the whole flock of boys around him could follow him so exactly in his moods; and when he decided to give one of them a beating or to tease him till he cried, the rest of them would all turn against him too.

Jan liked van der Lans and tried his best to be like him, which was funny and tragic. Van der Lans at first tolerated him, but soon found him more interesting than frogs. Jan was safe so long as there was a game going on, but when van der Lans began to get tired of playing he began to torture Jan, and the others would all help out. It took them a week to find out that to insult him and to twit him with having a tutor instead of going to school had more effect than pulling his legs apart to make him yell. Jan wouldn't yell or open his mouth at all, and that one time they were frightened and ran off because he had suddenly become very white and had fainted.

It didn't do any good to tell Jan to stay away from them. He hadn't known many boys before, and I told him only half-heartedly at that; because I realized I couldn't judge that sort of thing and sometimes, when I let myself, I wished my bad foot wouldn't keep me from running with the rest of them. Jan did everything to make them like him and took most of their taunts very good-naturedly, though you could see they hurt him.

Wednesday was always a half-holiday from school. One afternoon the boys were to have gone on a hike through the dunes to Scheveningen, but it had begun to rain and some of them had been late, so that finally all stayed and went to "explore" a new house that was being built next to Jan's. It was a novelty in building then to let the bricks jut out from the wall about a foot apart from each other, and it looked very quaint. We were discussing the practical advantages this might have when Hans van der Lans said "I'll bet a *dubbeltje* nobody has the nerve to climb up the side to the roof" and the others laughed but Jan walked over to the wall and gave a tug at one of the bricks sticking out about two inches, as if it might have come off in his hand. Then he carefully hooked his fingers on a brick above his head and very carefully and steadily began to climb. It was a four-story house and it was dangerous to go up that way, and when he finally got to the roof they all cheered and then kept very quiet because instead of going down through a trapdoor as he could have done he came back the same way.

Jan knew he had something real now to prove himself to the others with. He was very happy and it looked for a while as if he had been accepted and

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

they all admired him. But Jan was so glad they liked him now that he made a habit of climbing up the side of the house about once a day, and after a while it began to annoy the others and I thought myself he was overdoing it, and going home with him one night I said he had better stop it.

“All right;” he said shrugging his shoulders and frowning for a minute “if you think so. Somebody told Nina too and it frightens her, so maybe you’re right”.

Nothing happened during the next few weeks and Jan was teased only at times. He had given up his climbing and he was learning to accept being taunted without showing how it hurt him; and if van der Lans had let him alone the others would have been glad enough to; although they still heard things at home about Jan’s mother, and would have said things about her to Jan if they hadn’t known it was too much an unfair way to make him mad.

Van der Lans and I and three or four of the others were coming home from school one day soon after the frogblowing affair and saw Jan standing in front of his house. It was getting towards winter and it rained almost all the time now, and by four or five o’clock it began to get dark. Van der Lans had played a rotten game against the Koningin Marie school, and he was in his ugly mood and no one talked much. When he saw Jan, van der Lans’ eyes narrowed and he laughed but it wasn’t a pleasant laugh.

“How is the sissy?” He used a worse word in Dutch but it means about the same thing. “Too bad it’s getting too cold for frogs” he said.

Jan didn’t say anything and tried to walk past him, but van der Lans grabbed him by the arm and pushed him up against a small pile of bricks that had been left there on the pavement by the workmen building the new house. He let go Jan’s arm and got a grip in his chest and he twisted his fist against Jan’s breastbone, but Jan just leaned his hands against the bricks and set his jaw and looked away to one side as if the other hadn’t been there at all.

Van der Lans gave him a fresh push with his fist and I could hear Jan’s breath come out from where I stood. “Let him alone” I said.

“Shut up, cripple,” van der Lans said without turning to look at me “or I’ll take care of you next”. He waited a minute.

“Haven’t you heard” he said very slowly and smiling—“that his mother—*zijn moeder is een hoer?*”

It all happened very fast. Jan got hold of one of the bricks and hit van der Lans on the head and van der Lans went down slowly sliding down against Jan’s body till he lay with his face up in the rain and with dark blood running in a thin line from under his hair. We all ran to him and Jan

## FOR NINA

stood for a second with his eyes very wide and his mouth open and still holding the brick in his hand. Then he dropped it and ran toward his house screaming "He's dead—*hy's dood—hy's dood!*"

I didn't pay much attention to him because I was looking at van der Lans and helping the other boys to pick him up, but he was already coming to and opening his eyes. When I looked up again I saw something moving high up against the side of the new house and then I understood and I shouted "Don't, Jan!" but he kept on climbing up the side of the house. The stones were slippery with the rain and suddenly in the half-dark I thought I saw him miss his footing and he hung there for a very short while and then with a queer sound between a sob and a scream he dropped down on the stone pavement. His head was twisted in a strange way and his eyes were wide looking at nothing.

We carried him up the steps to his door and pulled the bell. Van der Lans was holding his handkerchief against his bleeding forehead; I looked away from him.

"Maybe you'd better not come in" I said.

# The Romantics' Revenge

THOMAS D. BROWN

*Plague take Lord Byron and his dashing ways!  
And that for Shelley, with his luminous wings!  
A curse on Keats in his short-numbered days,  
And pooh! for Wordsworth's love of simple things.  
A pox on Coleridge's opiate-haunted lays,  
And woe betide us! when Bob Southey sings.  
These poets, of all Johnny Bulls the boast,  
Are, strange enough, the ones who irk me most.*

*Why even I, most mundane far of men,  
Can give a loftier stanza to the world  
Than any dull antediluvian  
Whose pre-Victorian little soul lies curled  
Tight in its English eggshell. Come, my pen!  
Come shame these unborn chicks. Come fly unfurled,  
O fanion frail of my great muse! Unroll  
Till thou dost stand with Byrd's at either pole!*

*With these exalted thoughts to spur me on,  
And several drinks to keep my courage high,  
Seizing pen and paper, I was gone  
To write a poem 'neath the evening sky.  
I stole my way unseen across the lawn,  
And past a neighbor's watch dog crept close by.  
To screw my spirits up—which else had balked—  
I damned Romantic Poets as I walked.*

## THE ROMANTICS' REVENGE

Ere long I came upon a well-known nook,  
A sheltered hollow in the city park  
Littoral to a dye-stained little brook,  
That sang its own shrill verses in the dark.  
The moon, low-hung that night, I first mistook  
To be a toothpaste billboard's lighted arc;  
But when I did Celestial Cynthia find,  
I felt the old Apollo in my mind.

"Hurrah!" I cried, and tossed my cap in the air,  
"The moon controls my muse, which, like the tide,  
Doth ebb and flow beneath her cheesey glare—  
And now she shines auspiciously!" With pride  
And nervous joy I quickly mussed my hair  
As poets do, and cast my coat aside;  
Then took my fountain pen (O for a quill!),  
And sat me down to serve my muse's will.

"To rhyme the greatest verses ever read  
How can I fail?" I thought with pensile pen.  
"To worms are all my puny rivals fed,  
And here I sit with planets in my ken,  
Huge cloudy symbols floating through my head,  
A brooklet babbling through my moonlit glen.  
I'll bet a hat that Wordsworth in some shabby  
Office sat, when he wrote Tintern Abbey!"

Yet, sitting mid the scenes I would describe,  
My pen—a traitorous weapon—could but scratch  
Amorphous profiles, and a pudgy tribe  
Of passé poets in a parsley patch.  
My struggling soul, alas, could not imbibe  
One inspiration, not its essence catch.  
At last, disgruntled, all his hair turned gray  
The poet homeward plods his weary way.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

*A moral? Why 'tis this, and this alone—  
The mind is more a magnet than the eye  
To search out beauty's microscopic throne,  
And focus where her flouting legions lie.  
Though straight to Fairmount's bosom I had flown,  
I was not moved, just seeing earth and sky.  
Yet, chain the poet to a swivel chair,  
His thoughts will steal away to beauty's lair.*

*Then here's to Byron, brave, untiring swimmer,  
Three cheers for Shelley, steeped in Chemistry,  
And Keats—no schoolboy battler ever grimmer;  
('Twas Wordsworth's voice whose sound was like the sea.)  
Come, Coleridge laud, whose funds grew daily slimmer,  
And Southey, primed with Pantisocracy.  
Their names still lead the list of poets—rot 'em!  
While mine, I fear,*

*is still*

*quite near*

*the*

*bottom.*

# This Petty Pace

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

THE old man of the mountains lay dying. He seemed weak and faded, and not at all imposing lying in the dim light, under his patchwork quilt that was all but rags. If he had been fearful in the out of doors in the mountains, he was no longer so. In the rickety old cabin in Sugar Tree Hollow which was so feeble a protest against the wind howling outside that even the lantern swung slightly on its nail in the wall, he was only another pitiful figure, dying in the backwoods. His youngest son was with him, all the others of his big family had scattered or died, but his last son, Charlie, had remained to care for the old man, and to bury him when he should be dead. The old man knew that he was dying. He knew that the grave had been dug since the day before, and that everything was in readiness. It made no difference, if his time had come he was ready. Life's business was raising food to eat, raising children to live after you, and dying when the time came. There was no time for anything else. Charlie put out the light and went to bed. He was weary with all this waiting, but he felt that it would not be long now. The old man had seemed to be in greater pain the last few hours, and he would not eat.

Charlie woke up early in the morning. It was bleak and cold outside. A grey day, with a feeling of dampness in the air. Looking over at the old man he saw that he was dead. He had probably died early in the night. Charlie ate a little breakfast, and then went to wrap the old man up in the quilt. When his mother had died the old man had made a pine box for her, but what was the use? Slung the body over his shoulder Charlie walked out into the clearing. The hole was in the far corner, and it was only a shallow one. The ground was too hard for digging. When Charlie had gotten half-way to the hole he turned around and went back into the cabin, putting the body on the bed. He took the quilt from around the body. It was a cold winter. Then he resumed his burden, and put it in the hole, filling it up slowly. It looked like a hard winter, Charlie thought.

In the cabin there was enough food to last through the winter. The old man had been a hard worker, and had stored up some corn in the rafters. They had killed a hog, too, and that would last a while. Then there was the old man's gun. It had been his pride, and Charlie smiled when he reflected that it would be his now. Nobody understood where the old man had gotten

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it, but he had had it a long time. People in Sugar Tree Hollow never had enough money at one time to buy nearly so fine a gun, but then nobody had ever asked the old man many questions. Some people remembered that a while after the gun had appeared a hunter from the city was found out in Deer Creek Hollow. He seemed to have been dead several days, and his gun was missing. Still people in the hollow never cared to put two and two together. If they did they were likely to get a bullet in the back instead of four.

Charlie decided he would stick it out during the winter, and then build another house farther up the Hollow in the spring. The old man had refused to move on to another place while he lived, knowing that it would be a lot of trouble for nothing, since his time had nearly come, but Charlie was restless. The land in the clearing was poor with so many successive corn crops. It had not been too good to start with. The cabin was full of holes, and some of the logs were rotting. It would be as easy to build a new one as to repair the old shack. Perhaps he should marry, too. It would be easier not to have to do the cooking. Perhaps the orphan girl the old man was always talking about could help in the field, too. Maybe the old man had been right about his marrying her. He guessed he'd do it.

In the spring, then, Charlie and Hester, the orphan girl, started up the hollow to look for a spot to build their cabin on. She was a big strong girl. She had freckles, and buck teeth, and her long black hair was drawn back tightly and fixed in a knot in the back. Still, she was strong, and when Charlie had married her her guardian had given her a cow. They went a long way up into the hills, following the creek all the way, since they had to be near water. They finally found a place where there was enough level land to make a clearing, and they set to work, Hester doing her full share. There were only little trees and bushes, but it was slow work. After the larger trees were cut out Charlie left Hester to do the rest of the clearing, and went to cut trees for the house. It was only to be a small one-room cabin, smaller than the one the old man had built, but they could add to it later. Charlie thought that if it were twelve feet square it would be enough. It took him six weeks to finish it, and all the time Hester worked with her clearing. Then when she was done with that she dug it up and planted corn. After all winter would be coming, and there wouldn't be anything to eat. If Charlie was going to work on the cabin all the time she would have to take care of the corn field. Charlie smiled when he saw her industry. The old man had been right about the orphan girl. She was a hard worker, and good and strong.

## THIS PETTY PACE

Finally the cabin was done. Charlie had managed to put in a good fireplace, and there was enough wood left over from the trees he had cut to provide firewood. Everything would be fine as soon as the woman's corn was ready. He could hunt during the winter with the old man's gun, and get some money from coon skins. The cow was a pretty good one, and maybe he could get a pig some place. In the meantime he could kill enough rabbits and birds for their meat. The old man had left plenty of shot.

The winter went by well enough. There were not so many coons as Charlie had hoped, still there were enough, and by spring he thought he would have enough money to buy some chickens, as well as cloth for Hester to make clothes with. Things were working out very well. Life up in the Hollow was hard work, and a little lonesome, since the nearest neighbor was a mile over on the next hill, but still, things might be worse. At least he had Hester to talk to if he should have anything to say. Charlie had hoped to have money for a new blanket, since the old man's quilt was falling to pieces, and the blanket Hester had brought was not enough to keep them both warm. However, when spring came, Hester had a baby, a puny little girl, and it took money to buy things for the child, so what with one thing and another, and the weather being warmer anyway, he did not get the blanket. Perhaps in the fall there would be some corn to sell.

It was nice in the hollow in the spring time. The year before it had been hard work, but now there was time to lie in the sun, or wander through the woods. There were berries everywhere, and they provided some variety to the meals. Then the woods themselves were pretty. First the dogwood, then the wild plum, then the first green leaves, and flowers. Charlie worked a little on the house, making new shingles for the roof, and he built a storehouse nearby, so that they would not have to keep corn in the rafters again. It made the cabin smell like a barn.

Thus the years went by. It was hard to keep track of them really, except by the children. There were children every year. But even that wasn't a very good way. The first one, the puny little girl, died, and some others after her. Then there had been twins once. That was a hard winter. They came in the dead of winter, one freezing night in December. Charlie had kept a blazing fire going, but it wasn't enough to keep even the tiny room warm. He had thought for a while that Hester might die, but then before he knew it it was spring, and she was strong as ever. When she finally did die there were nine children alive, the youngest, a boy, was five years old. Hester had worked hard, and all the children had aged her. She

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was old and wrinkled when she died. Her hair hadn't greyed, but it had thinned out, and had been stringy. She hadn't been so careful about pulling it back into a tight knot. Her freckles had disappeared into the wrinkles, and her great projecting teeth were blackened. Still, she had been fairly strong, and was able to care for the corn until the end, though the older children helped her.

As more children had appeared Charlie had had to work harder and harder. First he had tried to go out hunting more days. That had helped for a while, but then the price of skins fell, and things were as bad as before. He had tried working on the roads too, but he had had to walk so far every day and work so long that he gave that up too. In the end he had gone in with the man Brashears, who lived on the next hill, making whiskey. It was green, raw stuff, and didn't fetch a very high price, still it brought something, and all in all it was easier than working on the roads. He could still hunt, and the two together brought in enough money. Sometimes he made wine out of the blackberries, but that was harder to sell, and it was a lot of trouble, so in the end he gave it up. When Hester died the oldest children were nearly old enough to take care of themselves anyway, and money wasn't so important. He made a box for Hester, remembering that his father had done that when his mother died. It seemed foolish, but women were different, he supposed. Hester was comforted when he told her that he would make it.

The two oldest boys were the first to go away. One went to the city, and Charlie didn't hear of him any more. The other went a few miles west, where the land was supposed to be better. Here in Sugar Tree Hollow it was none too good, especially after fifteen or twenty corn crops. Some of the girls went next. Brashears had some sons, and they married two of the girls. A stranger, passing through the valley hunting had stayed at the cabin once, and when he came back a few months later he took another girl, and married her. In the course of ten years all of them except the youngest boy went away.

Charlie was getting old now. His hair was nearly white, and he had a short beard. People, coming to buy his whiskey, referred to him as "old Charlie," or the "old man" or "the old man of the mountains." The boy he had named Ezra, after his father. He was hard working, and kept the house clean. He had taught him to cook too, all the old man had to do now was work a little in the corn patch and make the whiskey. With only two to feed there was no need to work longer, and he almost never went hunting,

## THIS PETTY PACE

though the boy did sometimes. Thus the years passed, with nothing changing but the seasons. It had always been like that, the old man reflected sometimes.

Then one day he knew that he should die presently. It was in the late fall, soon it would be winter. He stayed in bed more and more, getting up only a few hours each day, and finally he got up no more, pulling his old quilt, which Hester had made many years before, around him. Some of the patches were torn or worn through, and the cotton quilting was coming out of it. Charlie was old and cold, and knew that his time had come. The boy Ezra was twenty and could care for the old man now without too much trouble, and when he was gone, he could easily get along. The old man called Ezra to his bedside one day to tell him that he was dying. "The house and clearing will be yours," he said, "and my gun which I had from my father. It's a fine gun. Get yourself a wife, a strong woman who can work and help you in the fields. Old man Brashears had a daughter that never married. She lives with her brother and his wife in the old cabin on the next hill. You have seen her there. When I have died go and marry her, and bring her here to live."

The boy put the light out and went to bed. He was weary of all this waiting, but he felt that it would not be long now. The old man had seemed to be in greater pain the last few hours, and he would not eat.

Ezra woke up early in the morning. It was bleak and cold outside. A grey day, with a feeling of dampness in the air. Looking over at the old man he saw that he was dead. He had probably died early in the night. Ezra ate a little breakfast, and then went to wrap the old man up in the quilt. When his mother had died the old man had made a pine box for her, but what was the use . . .

# House of Pain

By RICHARD GRIFFITH

*It is your room I fear through the swift day,  
Holding the numbing interviews that count  
My agony in minutes. Fearing pain, I arm  
With laughter and bright words of carelessness,  
Hoping to hide the deadly truth with thought.  
But late at night the knowing threshold mocks  
My hope. Silent I enter, and my hands  
Tremble. I find a chair and turn away  
My face, as if in thought. But nothing grows  
Within the sudden desert of my mind.  
I am betrayed, bereft  
Of all the shining powers you seek in me.*

*Meanwhile you sit and wait for me to speak,  
A questioning eyebrow lifted, a thin smile  
Upon your lips. A fatal silence lies  
Between us. I arise; naked, unarmed,  
Shorn of my strength, I speak  
And shiver for your answer. But your gaze  
Pierces my body, finding there no sign  
Of that you long for. Only, you wonder why  
I who was strong in thought am weak in love.*

# Anniversary

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

WHEN the bell rang he went upstairs immediately. He paid little attention to the others and only nodded briefly to those who spoke to him. Upon reaching the employees' quarters he went inside and washed his hands. Then he came back, got his hat, and went to wait for the elevator. In the middle of the pushing crowd he kept stiff and tried not to notice their noisy chatter. It was the same on the way down; he tried to be as little a part of this mob as he might.

He went outside from the employees' door, walked down the side-street and onto the Avenue. There he headed uptown and, without turning his eyes, passed the front of the store. He walked rather slowly but evenly and mechanically.

Four blocks North, four avenue-blocks East, two steps up and into the apartment-house, seven steps (eight on hot days) to the right, and he would be in the elevator. Seventeen floors, with the odds about three to one on two or more intervening stops (although on Saturdays it was often a non-stop flight). A sharp turn to the right, a key in the door, a step or two, and he would be home.

In the arm-chair John would be sitting, reading the sports section, or possibly, finishing the list of Big Board securities. He would look up, grin, and say: "Well, how's the sock and smock business?" Or, if feeling inventive: "Clessy-cut collitch clothes going good?" Or: "Whew, hot!" He had others.

Bill would grin, throw his hat in the corner, take half the paper, and sit on the window-seat. They would read in comparative silence for awhile, go out and have dinner. Sometimes they would sit around there and smoke, possibly have a drink. Then they would come home, read a magazine and listen to the radio. Around ten they would go into the other room, where they would make ready for bed. On the two or three nights a week that they went to the movies this would occur about eleven o'clock. In the morning they would get up, cook their uncomplicated breakfast, and go, one to sell stock-market tickers and the other to sell haberdashery. At five-thirty that afternoon it would almost surely begin again.

Tonight he felt worse than ever. Tonight was an anniversary. Three years ago tonight had been the first night he had left the store, No.1223

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on the payroll of Belden, Pollock; three years ago tonight this round had begun. Assistant-shipping-hand to tie-salesman in three years. ASSISTANT SHIPPING CLERK TO ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER'S THIRD ASSISTANT RIGHT FIELDER IN THREE YEARS, or *How a Doctor of Philosophy Proved his Mettle*, by Horatio Alger! College graduates only. We need college graduates in our advancement chain: they have class and can tie bundles just dandy.

College graduates. That was nice. A college graduate. Yes, madam, a nice sheepskin? Delighted! Awfully cheap and really worth it. No, that was wrong, he didn't sell sheepskins, he sold ties and socks and coloured suspenders, and if you asked him nicely he could tell you where these lady-bountifuls could get the cutest pair of shoesies for little George.

Of course it really wasn't so bad. In three more years, if he smiled at the right times and laughed at the right times and looked commiserating when it seemed fitting; if he kowtowed and boot-licked for three more years, he might become assistant floor-manager, or even more. Wouldn't be long before he was making forty or fifty dollars a week, by golly, all for himself and his wife and seven kids.

Now that he came to think of it, he had been really clever to put himself through four years of college and three years of grad-school. Being able to tell the names of every monastery known to have existed in Aquitaine in the Twelfth Century certainly gave him the right point of view for selling foulards with a nice novel check to shipping clerks.

Slowly he walked across the Avenue, starting down Thirty-Eighth Street. He turned neither to right nor left, keeping his eyes directed straight ahead. At an even pace he started the fourth avenue-block East.

Three years! Three years of this. It had been enough. One week, indeed, had been enough. But they had promised advancement, success, the door open to wider things, the world—under the aegis of Belden, Pollock. He had promised himself not to stay a minute more than he had to. He would leave the minute he could get a job, teaching, almost any job so long as it fed him and provided him with the minimum amount of clothes. Three Springs he had visited or written every agency he knew; three times he had gotten the same answer. Wait. Hope. The new year. Better times.

He had tried to keep up his work, tried to use the free libraries, tried to keep his hand in. After a time he had given that up. Dulled hope and physical weariness had kept him from it. Instead he counted steps on the way home, did mathematical calculations as to the number of people within

## THE POET OF BAGDAD

a block, cars passing in a minute, steps in a mile. Things came in threes, or fours, or sevens. What difference? They came.

Spring would come again. He would try again. His friends, such as they were—most of them in the same quicksand—would help. Maybe he would finally find something. Maybe some day he would be able to stop selling clothes. Maybe.

He reached the apartment-house and, turning, went up the two steps into the lobby. At the exact middle he turned to the right. The elevator, practically full, was about to leave.

“Up,” he said.

The others in the car moved aside to let him in. “Hello,” said the elevator-man.

“Hello,” he said.

People whom he recognized more or less vaguely got off, two at the third floor, one at the fifth, one at the twelfth. When he got off at the seventeenth there were still several in the car.

He stood in front of the door for a minute. Finally he turned the key, pushed the door, and went in. John was over in the arm-chair, reading the Market reports.

“Hello,” John said. “How’s the Millinery Merchandising profession this fine evening?”

Bill grinned. “Swell,” he said. “Toss me the front page, will you?”



### The Poet of Bagdad

By JAMES E. TRUOX

*Dibil, Bagdad's bitter poet, had  
A pen was held in awe by conqueror  
And king. When roused he needed but to add  
The name—the poem was composed before.*

*In old age, silent rather through the lack  
Of foes than spite, he'd say, "Sunrise, Sunset,  
I've borne my mocking cross upon my back,  
And no one's nailed my body to it yet."*

# BOOKS

MARY PETERS, by *Mary Ellen Chase*.

Reviewed by JOHN A. CHURCH, III

At the turn of the century the simple, self-sufficient life of the Maine Coast-towns is giving way to the hybrid culture of the modern village, combining the worst elements of the old country life and the incoming city civilization. Boston and New York society is just discovering the possibilities of Mt. Desert as a summer-resort. With their arrival the younger generation is forsaking the tradition of its thrifty, patient forefathers for the chance of earning easy money from the "summer people," adopting the form of their life and becoming inevitably cheapened and coarsened in the process.

In the midst of degeneration the Peters family clings to its heritage preserving its integrity and security without compromise. With John the character of the country takes its most typical form: in a delight in the unremitting struggle with the land, a sense of completion, unrecognized for what it is but nevertheless imperative in its demands,—in the sprouting and growth and harvest of his crops. In *Mary Peters* and her mother Miss Chase has pictured New England temperament at its best, its shrewd thriftiness and rigid moral sense softened by a tolerance gained from the sea, from resignation to the inevitable forces of wind and waves, a willingness to be content when one has done one's best, a willingness to accept life for what it is.

But Mary especially, about whom the development of the book centers, is not satisfying as a character. We are not shown in terms of reactions to individual situations how her early life has produced in her such superiority to those around her; nor how the events of her later life affect her; psychologically Miss Chase's study is superficial. In the end we find that we do not know a woman, but a symbol of the land she lives on, the stubborn but rewarding Maine sea coast.

Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that Miss Chase's point of view towards her material is personal rather than artistic. This is apparent in the unmistakable bitterness she displays in connection with the grasping, provincial, small-minded Ellen and her mother, but even more so in the long and sometimes hauntingly beautiful descriptions of objects through which she approaches the states of mind of her characters, where it is obvious that she is often carried away by a sentimental emotion which has its roots ultimately in mystic worship of the fertile earth.

## BOOKS

### THE DARING YOUNG MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, By *William Saroyan*

*Reviewed by* JAMES HOOVER

When a collection of twenty-six formless, highly poetic, and uneventful stories by an unknown author makes the best-seller lists, it is something of a miracle. A young Armenian, apparently without much money or education or anything except "a faint idea what it is like to be alive" has done the trick and definitely made a name for himself. By writing only of the things he knows well (and that means himself, generally) and by means of an amazing exactness of expression, he is able to overcome by sheer power of writing his lack of short-story technique.

There is something boyish about these stories that is both refreshing and annoying to the reader. The refreshing part is Saroyan's ability to throw a strange and vivid light on the most commonplace things: a typewriter, a curved line, cold weather, or a musical tune. But at times one feels he is guilty of that fault that all new writers have: an attempt to make the reader admire him; it is as if he would say, after writing a glowing paragraph, "This is myself; you've got to like it."

Whether you like it or not, Saroyan's personality is the most important thing in the book. The best stories, "The Daring Young Man", "Snake", "And Man", "Seventeen", to mention only a few, are purely autobiographical. There is no attempt here to found a new school of story writers; imitators of his style are already reported to have sprung up, and they have been uniformly unsuccessful. Saroyan is Saroyan, and has to be taken at face value.

### PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, by *Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall*

*Reviewed by* A. R. MEMHARD, JR.

The story of the mutiny on the *Bounty* in the South Seas in 1789 is a favorite with those familiar with the legends of the sea. We know that the *Bounty* made a long sojourn at Tahiti to assemble a cargo of breadfruit trees, and that on the home trip it was seized by the mutineers who set Captain Bligh and eighteen loyal men adrift in an open boat. A hazardous 3600-mile voyage was navigated by the Captain and his crew before reaching the haven of Timor in the Dutch East Indies. We also know that the mutineers left some of their group at Tahiti, while the remainder settled on Pitcairn's Island. The facts at our disposal serve but to rouse the imagination of

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romantic conjecture—distance and time have lent enchantment to a sea drama which has now become half legendary.

In 1929 Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall began their preliminary work upon a historical novel dealing with the mutiny on board the *Bounty*. The archives of the British Museum were diligently searched and all pertinent material was gathered for the convenience of the authors. *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Men Against the Sea* were the results of their efforts.

*Pitcairn's Island* is a fitting and satisfactory conclusion to the trilogy. In it the authors give their version of what happened in the tragic paradise, Pitcairn's Island. With scant material on which to base their novel, they have necessarily called on their imaginations to fill the gaps. It is a fascinating account in which greed, lust, drunkenness, and social distinction play prominent roles. Fletcher Christian, the leader, with eight white men and eighteen Polynesians (twelve women and six men) constitute the colony. An idyllic, thriving community is established on this uninhabited crumb of land. For a time hard work joins them in happy comradeship. But as it becomes less and less difficult to supply the means of comfort and livelihood, the long days of idleness take effect and dissension appears. The white men want to exclude the natives from representation in the land distribution. An insufficiency of women creates hard feeling. Lack of respect for and hatred of the native men brings matters to a head. A bloody and sordid slaughter follows, leaving but four white men alive. The ensuing period of debauchery and drunkenness offers forgetfulness from this dreadful interlude, but it is responsible for the loss of two more lives. Once the temptation of drink is removed the characters of Young and Smith, sole male survivors, undergo a complete change. And with the arrival of the American sealing vessel *Topaz*, eighteen years after their landing, the patriarch Smith has "found religion" and is teaching Sunday school to the half-breed children.

The present book is written with simplicity of style and fidelity to scene. But *Pitcairn's Island* suffers by comparison with *Men Against the Sea*. One feels the artificiality of the former at times. Christian knew of the contemplated division of land that would leave the natives without a share, and he was not the kind of man to twiddle his thumbs. Strong-willed as he was, he could easily have prevented the massacre. Again, the character of Young as seen in the beginning of the book is too inconsistent with the Young of the period of debauchery to be convincing. He follows McCoy's example too readily. The work taken as a whole, however, is a thrilling tale.

# DRAMA

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS, by *Elmer Rice*.

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Whatever else the Broadway season brings, one knows that Elmer Rice will write an impassioned letter to the *New York Times*, denouncing the irresponsible critics and making an impassioned appeal to playwrights to write plays that will bring the People back into the theatre. I think *Between Two Worlds*, his new play, has brought back the people he means, for the smell of garlic hung heavily over the gallery in which I sat. But now that he has got them there, what is Mr. Rice going to do with them? That they do not appreciate the fine play he has written for them is too patent to be ignored, even by our foremost humanitarian playwright. On the night I was there they were puzzled by the tragedies of *Between Two Worlds*; and the comic scenes got no laughs unless there was (explicit) mention of sex. The play will find its admirers only among the footless intelligentsia whom it attacks.

That is because Mr. Rice cannot quite bring himself to denounce anything human. For his purposes he has gathered here a number of men and women and suspended them provocatively in the vacuum of a transatlantic voyage. Cut off from the ultimate objects of desire, released from the preoccupations of daily life, they are free to be themselves, and playwright and audience can know them for what they are. The shallow gaieties of the ship absorb those who seek release from life, while the stronger members of the company find themselves plunged into thought. It is these latter whom Mr. Rice examines most carefully; the rest he lets pass as driftwood—the absinthe drinker, the giddy tourist, the egocentric singer, the blasé bon vivant. For them the voyage is only an incident, but for those who take thought it is momentous. Removed from life as they are, they are free for the first time to consider it from a distance, in perspective, and few of them are satisfied with what they discover about themselves. The self-assertive advertising man, confronted by a woman who does not succumb to him immediately, begins to doubt much more than the social system which he enjoys denouncing, and which supports him so comfortably. The Russian princess who dramatizes her sufferings in the revolution is forced to listen

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to a story of generations of misery patiently endured by the peasants on her ancestral estate. The most honest character of all, Kobilev the Soviet director returning from Hollywood, finds that the world is not so certain a quantity as he had thought. He falls in love with that most parasitic product of capitalism, a debutante, and finds her not at all contemptible. An ocean voyage is a test for the strongest prejudice.

Nothing much seems to come of it all. A momentary intuition of the truth cannot change character. Most of the voyagers will sink back into illusion after a while. But for some of them the experience has meant the difference between life and death. The debutante has pierced the web of conventional ideas which cut her off from the world and learned to face reality. She will never forget. Nor is the spectator likely to. This is a play which, if he has courage, must give him pause. Mr. Rice has bade him look into a moribund world where living people struggle to find a footing amid the ruin of accepted values. Because they are alive they enlist his sympathy and then his vital interest. He is made to feel that he is one of them. Their problems are his too, and they must be solved quickly or the world will crash.

In *Between Two Worlds* Elmer Rice is writing of a theme which he understands and commands. His exposition is complete. It is too bad that the production he has provided is inadequate. His direction is awkward, distracting the attention of the audience. The acting is superficial, the lines spoken by most of the actors in a deafening monotone which makes it difficult to concentrate on their meaning. Of the principals only Joseph Schildkraut, as the Soviet director, gives a worthy performance, and his acting fully realizes the personality it portrays. Rachel Hartzel plays the debutante so harshly that it is impossible to tell what she means to convey. Tucker McGuire is curiously real and poignant in the minor role of an adolescent girl in the first contact with life. The rest are scarcely adequate.



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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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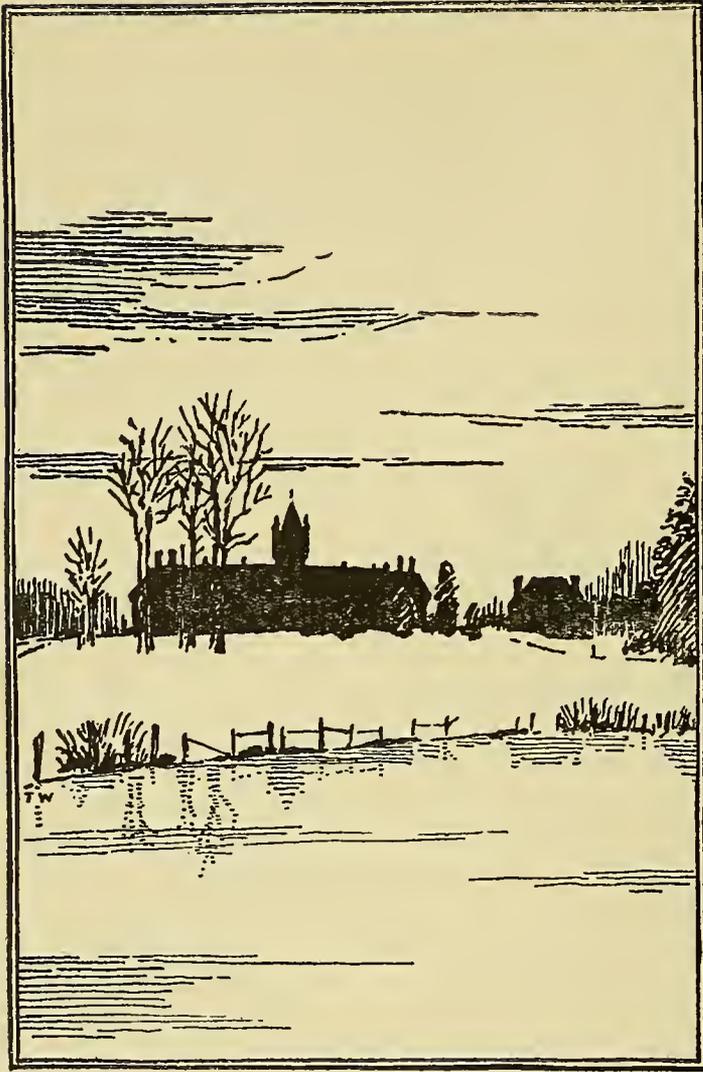
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# In Re: Logan Pearsall Smith

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

NOTE: In his letter accompanying this MS. Mr. Morley writes: "It was written as a place-card for the guests at a dinner given to L. P. S. when he was in New York about the beginning of 1922—his first visit to the U. S. in many years; indeed I think his only visit here since he left Haverford and went abroad."

We scarcely need to remind you that Logan Pearsall Smith is one of Haverford's best-known alumni and a distinguished writer. His *Trivia*, *More Trivia*, and *On Reading Shakespeare* may be found in the Haverford Library.

[[Extract from *A Conspectus of English Literature in the Twentieth Century*, published by Frank Shay's Sons and Harcourt, New York, 2010.]]

. . . The period we are now considering—in general the 'teens of the past century—was meagre in first rate work. The novelists were bombastic and blowsy; the poets uncertain and dense; the essayists, for the most part, were described as being near-Beerbohm. But among the few writers of that period who still repay critical examination and remain the subject of active controversy we may mention Logan Pearsall Smith.

Our readers are familiar with the acrimonious quarrel that arose in the closing years of the century as to whether Smith was an English or American writer. Claims were advanced on both sides; it would have been more generous on the part of British litterateurs to have conceded him to the United States, that country being sadly in need of ironists; but European critics, after an exhaustive exploration of the texts (1) and careful notation of the internal evidence, have agreed that he must properly be considered as an integral part of England's heritage. It is true that Smith was born in America (2), but in such matters it is the source of inspiration that is operative rather than mere statistics of birth.

Of Smith's life, little is known definitely (3). Of his person, he described himself as "a large carnivorous mammal" and a cognate of the Kallipygian

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

baboon; but this, one hopes, was but pleasantry, and the passage (4) in which this confession occurs seems to support *in toto* those Darwinian hypotheses that were still current in the early twentieth century. There is abundant evidence in his writings that he was of a social disposition and moved (but not without pangs of internal disquiet) in cultivated circles; he alludes frequently to dinner parties and afternoon teas; evidently he mingled with the beau monde of his day, and much zeal has been shown by the critics in identifying the story of *The Goat at Portsmouth* (5), which, apparently, he was fond of telling.

But to the antiquarian the chief interest will remain in the two volumes, *Trivia* (1917) and *More Trivia* (1922). During the period of neo-Puritanism which took possession of the United States in the third and fourth decades of that century (1920-40) these works were suppressed; it was thought that they constituted too subtle and unsettling a mockery of civilization to be encouraged by The State. Smith's commentaries on Religion also were found disconcerting, particularly by Episcopalians, and in the editions used among schools these passages are generally excised (6). In spite of suppression, however, the books continued to circulate among a few enthusiasts, and together with his *Stories from the Old Testament* (7), constituted a form of advanced aesthetic skepticism that did much to undermine the earnestness of successive generations.

The consensus of the best scholars at the present time is that "Logan Pearsall Smith" was a pen-name; it has been persuasively argued that in that era of timid and conventionalized speculation no writer would have dared advance over his own name such delicately sharpened ironies and such dissolvent acids of observation. But the cautious critic must also take account of the minority of conscientious students who hold other views. Professor Mandrake of Oxford thinks that not only was there an actual Logan Pearsall Smith, but that he was chiefly notable as a humorist, not at all a penetrating social critic. Dr. Thaddeus Polsky of Halle has written an interesting brochure to suggest that the books are written in an elaborate cipher, and that when properly interpreted they constitute an impassioned defence of the English Vicar. Professor Isabel Jennings of Ohio State University considers that Smith was a sentimental euphuist and that his works are unintelligible; Professor Jennings is the leader of those who maintain that Smith's vogue was the work of an assiduous cult (8) and that posterity has been imposed upon. She points, moreover, to the exorbitant egotism of the writer who would beg Posterity to "hurry up and get born that they may

## IN RE: LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

have the pleasure of reading *More Trivia*" (9). But even if only as a subject of controversy, the work of this curious and enigmatic writer remains of durable interest and value (10).

---

1. See *Beiträge zur Erklärung Logan Pearsall Smith*, Wien, 1960, and *Marginal Glosses Upon Smith's Trivia*, Manchester, 1968.

2. *Vital Statistics of the State of New Jersey*.

3. But see, for an ingenious conjectural monograph, *Lives of Anglo-American Bachelors*, vol. 3, and *Logan Piersall Smith von Seinen Vornehmsten Schriftstellungen Redintegriert und Aufgebaut*, Freiburg, 1973.

4. *Trivia*, p. ix.

5. *More Trivia*, p. 18.

6. The necessity of this will be realized by an examination of such dangerous passages as *A Precaution* and *The Vicar of Lynch*.

7. Suppressed 1925; and still only circulated furtively.

8. Professor Jennings lists in her appendix a number of minor writers who are now only remembered for their violent indorsement of Smith's writings.

9. This regrettable lapse of taste brought Smith into conflict with the American Birth Control statutes.

10. For further information the student will consult *Réflexions sur l'Art de Logan Pearsall Smith*, Paris, 1988.

# Nulla Apologia

Being A Refutation of a Theory That Has Been Cast into the Author's Teeth at Least Seven Times, Proclaiming that THE HAVERFORDIAN Should Endeavor to be a Comical Magazine, Such as, for Example, Other Publications.

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*Humour, you say? You'd like a little  
Less of the lugubrious in art;  
More vigour, life, and levity,  
And satire's sharpened dart?*

*More spice, perhaps, a sprightly fare  
To pique your jaded appetite;  
These pages steeped in waggery  
With colours, various and light?*

*We are the dull, you think, who write  
The chronicles of darker things,  
And do not tell of gay wassail,  
Or chant the joy of wedding-rings?*

*Young man, we have a higher task  
Than being smart and singing glee.  
We cannot waste our treasured lives  
In brightening humanity.*

*We write of life quite as it seems,  
Though it be bleak or it be stark . . .  
We think we shall remain the owl,  
And you may be the chirping lark.*

NOTE: The editors desire to have it distinctly understood that Mr. Zuckert's views are his own, and not representative of the HAVERFORDIAN.

Well, come to think of it, maybe he's right at that.

# If There Were No Gods

By RODERICK FIRTH

THE lands of the kingdom of Arnuzd were fair and green. Even more fertile were they than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain. And yet the people of the lands were poor and hungry, for there were many thieves in the land, and none wished to grow corn to feed the thieves. Then it came to pass that King Or of the plains of Arnuzd died, and his son Poth reigned in his stead. And Poth called unto him all the wise men of the land and asked if any could explain why the people of the land were always poor and hungry, even when the fields were greener and fairer than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain. Then answered the wisest of all those assembled: "The people of the kingdom are loath to grow corn when they know it will be stolen by thieves." But of all the prophets and wise men, there was not one who could advise the King how to make his people rich and prosperous.

That very day the Traveler arrived at the palace of Poth, and when he saw all the wise men coming in and going out of the gates, he asked what manner of trouble lay upon the young King Poth, son of Or who had reigned since the Storm. And when he learned why the King had summoned all the wise men and prophets together, he asked to be admitted to Poth, saying that he knew how to make the people of Arnuzd as prosperous and wealthy as those that lived in the Shadow of the Great Mountain, yea, and even more so, since the lands of Arnuzd were more fertile.

"And what is there that we need in order to do this thing?" demanded Poth. "You must have Law," replied the Traveler, "for of all the kingdoms in the Great Bowl, that of Arnuzd is the poorest, and of all these kingdoms, Arnuzd is the only one without Law." And the Traveler departed from the land to continue his everlasting circle of the rim of the Great Bowl.

And the King knew that the Traveler was right and that Law would cure all the evils that kept the people of the land from becoming rich. From

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

the far corners of the kingdom he summoned all those that had any acquaintance with the making of laws, and instructed them to make him three books of law so that there should be no subject left uncovered, and then to make one small book containing the most important laws. For it was his intention to give one of these small books to every person in his lands. When the wise men had heard the King's will, they assembled in a great hall, and made three big books of laws and one small book, such that it contained the most important laws. And Poth was well pleased with their work, and sent them away with each a piece of gold in his pocket. And on every piece of gold there was stamped a likeness of the King's face.

Then Poth sent for all the scribes in his lands, and set them to work making many copies of the little book of laws, so that everyone in the kingdom might possess one.

And then Poth was well satisfied with himself, and set his masons to building a magnificent palace such as would be fitting for the King of a country richer even than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain.

At first the people of the lands of Arnuzd wondered exceedingly at the laws, and the few that could read carried their little books everywhere with them, and carefully did what was right according to the laws written in the little books. But there were many in the country who could not read, and many who, knowing what was right, still did what was wrong because they could gain thereby. And there was often no one to see these when they did wrong, so many escaped punishment because the army of the King was not large enough. Then did Poth increase the size of his army so that fewer of those who did wrong would escape punishment. But still the army was too small, so again he increased it. And the shoes of the soldiers wore out and their clothes, so that they were not able to go in pursuit of those that did not obey the laws as written by the wise men. And Poth had no more pieces of gold to exchange for shoes and clothes for his soldiers since he had exchanged them all for stones to build his palace.

Then did Poth send collectors to every man in his kingdom, making each give gold to the King according to his several means. And there was much complaining throughout the kingdom and many who had gold pretended that they were poor and starving. Then did Poth again increase his army in order to make these wily ones pay the gold, so that the soldiers who punished those who did wrong might have shoes and clothes. And the people of the fertile lands of Arnuzd, when they had given their gold to the

King, were still poorer than they were during the long reign of Or, before the country of Arnuzd had law.

So again Poth summoned all the wise men and the prophets of the kingdom, but this time they assembled in the new palace which was not yet finished because the King had no more gold. Again he asked them to explain why the people of the land were poor and hungry, even when the fields were greener and fairer than those that lay in the Shadow of the Great Mountain. Then answered the wisest of them all: "The people are poor because they have to give all their gold pieces to the King so that he can exchange them for clothes and shoes for the soldiers. We must find a way to make the people do what is right according to the laws we have written, without having an army to punish those that do wrong." But not one could advise the King how to do this and so make the people rich and prosperous.

That very day the Traveler arrived at the palace of Poth, having again completed his circuit of the rim of the Great Bowl. And when he saw the wise men gathered around the new palace which was not yet finished, he went in and demanded to see the King. And when Poth had explained his trouble, and asked how he could make his people rich and happy, or even as prosperous as they were before there was Law in the land of Arnuzd, the Traveler replied: "You must have Gods to rule over the land of Arnuzd, for of all the countries under the Great Bowl, this has the greenest and fairest lands, and is yet the poorest, being the only one without Gods." And the Traveler departed again to continue his everlasting circuit of the rim of the Great Bowl, constantly seeking and giving knowledge as had been ordained. And the King saw that the Traveler was right and that the country needed Gods in order to be rich and prosperous.

Then Poth made ready for a long journey, and setting out by himself, arrived on the evening of that same day at the edge of the Shadow. For many more days he followed the edge of the Shadow looking for a break, for no man without a God may venture to enter the shadow cast by a God standing on the top of the Great Mountain without acknowledging him as *his* God. And on the seventh day from the beginning of his journey, he found a break in the shadow and climbed the mountain to where the Gods without any land are seated so as not to cast too long a shadow, and so prevent men from approaching. And when Poth had arrived as close as possible to the sitting Gods, he picked out three and offered to let them rule as Gods over his kingdom if they would in turn agree to make the people obey the laws that the wise men had written in the three big books and the one little one that contained the most

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

important of the laws. And the Gods agreed, and stood up so that the shadow of the Gods fell across the lands of Arnuzd. Then did Poth quickly return to his palace, but this time he had no fear of crossing under the shadows of other Gods, for now he had three of his own. And the people of the fertile lands of Arnuzd saw the shadow of the Gods fall across the land, and were afraid, and had fear of the Gods, and worshipped them.

Then throughout his lands Poth sent messengers announcing that by the will of the Gods, the people should do what was right according to the little book of laws. And the people believed when they saw the shadow move as the Gods nodded their heads in agreement, and they obeyed the laws.

And it came to pass that of all the lands in the Shadow of the Great Mountain and the Gods that stand thereon, none was so prosperous as the Kingdom of Arnuzd, for its fields were fairer and greener than those of any other land, and there were no longer any thieves to steal the corn. And the King of the land, Poth by name, ruled from a magnificent palace, such as was suitable for the King of a land so rich as Arnuzd.

# Fall

By THOMAS K. BROWN, III

*I saw the forest tell a glorious lie:  
It did not yield to winter in slothful ease,  
But burst to vivid yellow and cerise,  
A promise of new life when death was nigh.  
I saw the forest turn to brown and die;  
The sere leaves rustled in the autumn breeze,  
Whispering a mournful death song to the trees,—  
Gaunt, naked monsters against the somber sky.*

*Our love must die. Yet if it must be so,  
I would it did not fade in silent shame.  
Nay, let it, as the forest did, expire  
In one last colorful blaze of living fire;  
So, haply, may a lingering after-glow  
Remind us of what once was brilliant flame.*

# Miss Lita Goes Home

By GERALD BUERGER

YOU must work hard, Miss Lita," advised Monsieur Lepec at the close of the lesson. Lita lowered her violin into its case, and over it tucked the velvet cover. "You must practice every day two hours longer, if it is necessary."

"I will," promised Lita.

She looked out of the window. It had started to rain. Darn! It wouldn't make much difference to her if she practiced six or eight hours a day, she supposed. Of course, if she *was* a genius as her mother said, she *must* practice longer.

It had come all of a sudden, this being a genius. Lita used to take only weekly lessons, and the only reason why she practiced was because her mother made her. Now, she went to Monsieur Lepec three times a week. Now, because she had to practice so much, she didn't go to school. Now, she had a tutor. That wasn't much fun. Lita missed school, and Amy and Carol. Why, they hadn't even been to see Lita for almost a year now! And all because she was a genius. Darn!

Carefully, Lita made her way to the subway entrance. She was wearing her first pair of very high-heeled shoes, and wasn't very sure if she could manage it. Especially since she didn't have her rubbers on. She placed her hand upon the wooden rail and descended. She slipped. Her feet shot from under her, her hands clutched to save the violin, and she flew down the stairs, landing at the bottom in a dazed heap.

Two hands grasped her by the shoulders and lifted her to her feet. A voice asked, "Are you hurt?" Automatically she shook her head. He had opened the violin-case.

"It's not broken," he announced. She managed to smile.

"I say," he went on, "mayn't I see you home? You might slip again and then I'd be right there to pick you up."

She laughed, and so did he.

"Where do you live?" he asked, when they were seated in the train.

"At the Ritz."

## MISS LITA GOES HOME

"Oh!" The cheerful look left his face. She was a rich girl. Probably some heiress or something. Hunh!

"This is where I get off," said Lita. He had not said a word to her for five minutes. They got up, and climbed out upon the street. It was still raining. He accompanied her to the canopied entrance of the Ritz.

"Good-bye," he said morosely.

"Good-bye," she answered, "and thank you very much."

Thank you very much. He turned around and looked at his watch. Thank you very much. He dug around in his pocket for some change. So! He had spent his last dime paying carfare for that girl. And she could have paid for both of them with ease. But of course that isn't done. No! Thank you very much, no.

He turned up his collar. The walk home was twenty-one blocks north. Water seeped through the soles of his shoes. Water dripped down his back. Damn! Thank you very much, damn.

\* \* \* \*

Are you hurt? It's not broken. Mayn't I see you home? You might slip again and then I'd be right there to pick you up. Where do you live? Good-bye.

Words humming through Lita's head as the elevator ascended. She rang her door-bell. The maid answered the ring and took Lita's wraps.

Are you hurt? Are you hurt? Are you hurt?

Lita brought her violin into her room. From a neatly laundered pile in her chiffonier she took a handkerchief, and smeared the raindrops from the case.

May I see you home? May I see you home? Please let me see you home? Please!

The maid knocked at the door.

"Miss Beckett is here, Miss Lita," she announced. Miss Beckett was here. Her tutor was here. She had to do her lessons with Miss Beckett.

You might slip again and then I'd be right there to pick you up. You might slip again. Then I'd be right there. I will always be there.

# Verse

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

## Sonnet Gone Wrong

*Go! run off! don't prate to me of Love as being  
The stuff that turns a man's poor life into pure gold,  
This cuttlefish whose tentacles get on his heart hard hold  
And try to tie him down to things he'd better be fleeing.*

*No! myself I know we fix in a woman's face  
The long mystery we fish for behind sly-winking stars,  
The itch to turn the Janus moon that bars  
Its half-blabbed secret to the cold mind, hot on the chase.*

*From many tales I'd read of many men,  
I knew that Time would heal my heart again,  
And I spent the midnight's calm in remembering to forget*

*The quaint deep look in her eyes. O, it took many days  
To wean that passion from its weary ways;  
And I've learnt to forget! And yet . . . and yet . . .*

*I am as any devil  
Familiar with hell,  
I know those deep and dedalous  
Passages so well,  
I think if God should want a guide  
I'd serve him very well.*

## Ambivalence

*She is my devil and my guardian angel,  
Placed sinister and dexter side by side  
Within the ventricles of my servile heart.  
How should their strange proximity but terrify  
The doltish minion who this double smart  
Must bear with beast-of-burden sufferance?*

## **L' Epitaphe Sans Forme De Ballade Que Feit Rene Pour Luy Mesme**

*Here lies Blanc, the constant man;  
Shed a tear if shed you can.  
He wooed one woman till he died;  
Maggots thrust his dust aside  
To suck and kiss his steadfast bones—  
So his fruitlessness atones.*

# The Unfaithful One

By JAMES E. TRUEX

THE revolving door of the Beverly Hotel took a vigorous swing, bringing with it a tall young man in evening dress. Once inside he paused. Casually his gaze took in the occupants of the lobby. One hand went to his thin, theatrical moustache, one eyebrow lifted ever so slightly. He turned slowly and found a seat close to the door, half concealed by a luxuriant palm tree. He took out his watch, frowned, and sank into the easy-chair.

That, he thought, was an impressive entrance. Without overacting in the least he had commanded the attention of everyone in the lobby. It gave him pleasure to think that all these people were in that moment turned from their own affairs to his; that they sat there now peering through the foliage of the potted palm, wondering who he was and what he waited for. Soon they would be watching her as she came to him, so petite and so beautiful. And their eyes would follow the handsome couple as they passed arm in arm from the lobby.

It had been just like that from the start. They had been utter strangers, side by side in a Fifth Avenue bus. And then the bus had skidded. She had clung to him, terrified. And he had done just the right thing. Galantly he had quieted her fears, had insisted on seeing her home in a taxi. She had turned her soft blue eyes up to his. Her family, they would never understand. Tactfully he had let her out at the corner of the street. He had named a meeting place, she had made no promises, but she had come. Hesitantly, timidly she had told him of the trouble she had been through in getting away. She had hung her head at the thought of the lies she had been obliged to tell, and he had taken her soft, white hand reassuringly in his, whispering something about pale, lovely lilies.

The young man stood up and looked towards the door. Perhaps she would come in; anyway it was well to refresh the curious people ogling him through the potted palm. But she did not appear, and for a moment he felt disappointed in her. But of course, she couldn't possibly know, so he forgave her. She always apologized so prettily when she was late. It was almost worth the waiting. Almost.

He sat down again, thought of the evening ahead of them. They would go to the little *Maison Francaise* with the risqué drawings on the

## THE UNFAITHFUL ONE

walls that had so shocked her. And they would listen to the hard working five-piece orchestra. He had taken her there so often that the leader would play anything she asked for. She never tired of requesting their favorites. And then they would dance, and he would whisper gallant phrases in her ear—phrases that had come to him during the day. Afterwards he would take her home and she would stand above him on the stair, and he would murmur "Sleep dwell upon thine eyes" as he turned to go.

He thought of her trust in him, and he felt guilty and ashamed. He was taking advantage of her. It was like the cat and the mouse, and he was the tom-cat. All the lovely things he said, he knew were only half in earnest. He pictured himself meeting someone else, and having to throw her aside like a worn-out glove. It would be dramatic.

A bellboy brushed against the palm leaves, calling his name. He nodded, took the note held out to him. It was from her.

"I have been trying to get in touch with you before this to cancel our date. You will be surprised when I tell you that I was married this morning. You don't even know him—it was so sudden. We leave for Bermuda this afternoon. I have told him of our friendship and he wants to meet you—"

Friendship! Their love, that had been so fine and pure, shattered by a faithless woman. To be cast aside like a worn-out glove. Swallowing hard, he shoved the crumpled letter in his pocket. And he forgot about the people sitting in the lobby.

# BOOKS

WINE FROM THESE GRAPES, By *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Wine from these grapes I shall be treading surely  
Morning and noon and night until I die.  
Stained with these grapes I shall lie down and die.

With these lines from *The Buck in the Snow*, Edna St. Vincent Millay begins the book which is her farewell to man. It is not her farewell to poetry for, like the hero of Shaw's *Too True to be Good*, it is her nature as a poet to go on talking "no matter how late the hour or how cold the day, no matter if I have nothing to say . . ." Whether Miss Millay has anything further to say is the question before the reviewer of her new book. Its critics think she has done her reputation an injury by writing *Wine From These Grapes*. The books which culminated in the sonnet sequence *Fatal Interview* celebrated a life of passionate intensity, and now she seems to repudiate her previous work by telling us what we have so often heard before—that any life, whether vital or feeble, comes to nothing in the end.

I think the answer to this is that we have never heard before what Miss Millay is now saying. She has never given us philosophical generalizations. Her poetry is the record of the adventures of a traveller through life—the adventures of an individual who has lived with man's past as well as with his present. Being such a passionate pilgrim, she has found much in man that is worthy of worship, much to inspire fervor and faith. But these discoveries were always presented as the things *she* loved. She lays down no axioms. And now that she has given man up as not worth his own anguish, we need not think that she is attacking our own conviction that life is worth living. She is only saying that for her the game is not worth the candle.

But her constant reader will ask why the former poet of flaming life is disillusioned with man. I think it is because of her very intensity—the intensity which in her poems stings the reader with a suddenly grasped truth—that she has lost faith. Justice and mercy are meat and drink to her, and as she sees the modern world collapsing into greed and blindness she feels that she has lived too long. The poems "Apostrophe To Man (on reflecting that he is ready to go to war again)", "Conscientious Objector",

## BOOKS

and the two sonnets to the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti depict a world in which even as strong a spirit as Miss Millay's cannot live without despair. Because her protest is isolated she has been driven into herself, and the new poems have a curiously reticent, incommunicative quality; she is talking to herself because there is no one else who understands.

It is unwise to say that *Wine From These Grapes* is Miss Millay's last word. She will go on writing, and she may change. For, and I can't repeat this too often, she is recording her own emotions, her own disillusionments, and she knows as well as anyone that life is varied. She may find man more worthy of her ideals than she expects, and she may only find peace. Meanwhile, there is *Wine From These Grapes*, and it contains some of her finest poetry. Her versifications sometimes surpass the standard of *Fatal Interview*, and the note of despair is struck with piercing beauty. In "Epitaph For the Race of Man", the sonnet sequence in which she prophesies the end, I find qualities which are as hard to describe in prose as the characteristics of a musical composition. Perhaps the last sonnet in the book best represents her verse, and what she thinks of man:

Here lies, and none to mourn him but the sea,  
That falls incessant on the empty shore,  
Most various Man, cut down to spring no more;  
Before his prime, even in his infancy  
Cut down, and all the clamour that was he,  
Silenced; and all the riveted pride he wore,  
A rusted iron column whose tall core  
The rains have tunnelled like an aspen tree.  
Man, doughty Man, what power has brought you low,  
That heaven itself in arms could not persuade  
To lay aside the lever and the spade  
And be as dust among the dusts that blow?  
Whence, whence the broadside? whose the heavy blade? . . .  
Strive not to speak, poor scattered mouth; I know.

NOW IN NOVEMBER, by *Josephine Johnson*

Reviewed by JOHN B. CHRISTOPHER

Josephine Johnson, who has already won distinction as a poet, has incorporated the poetic attributes of intensity of emotion and economy of expression in her first novel, *Now in November*, in such profusion that it might

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

almost be called a poem in prose. Exquisitely written, it has a poignancy and a lyric beauty that are seldom encountered in fiction. The *mise en scène* is a farm in the Middle West; the characters are a cultured farmer and his family. Through the eyes of one of the daughters (whose experiences, one feels, must be Miss Johnson's own) we learn that the ménage is not only burdened with an ever-increasing debt, but that it is intellectually and emotionally frustrated by its bondage to the soil. Finally, in a year of drought a mounting series of emotional crises bring death and despair to the family. The heroine emerges convinced of the emptiness of life:

"I do not see in our lives any great ebb and flow or rhythm of earth. There is nothing majestic in our living. The earth turns in great movements, but we jerk about on its surface like gnats, our days absorbed and overwhelmed by a mass of little things—that confusion which is our living and which prevents us from being really alive. We grow tired, and our days are broken up into a thousand pieces, our years chopped into days and nights, and interrupted. Our hours of life snatched from years of living. Intervals and things stolen between—between what?—those things which are necessary to make life endurable?—fed, washed, and clothed, to enjoy the time which is not washing and cooking and clothing."

# DRAMA

WITHIN THE GATES, by SEAN O'CASEY

*Reviewed by* JAMES E. TRUEX

The union of the poet and the practical dramatist in a single person has been rare in English literature. So rare that when a playwright well schooled in the technicalities of the theatre breaks the bonds of our bourgeois drama and tries his hand at the unrealities of dramatic expression—music and dancing—his work is looked upon with interest. This is what Sean O'Casey did when he wrote *Within the Gates*. His earlier plays, and particularly *The Plough and the Stars* show sound workmanship within the limits of realistic

## DRAMA

prose drama. But in *Within the Gates* he looks for his effects to models from the greater tradition of the drama. The use of incidental songs he takes from the Elizabethans, the chorus from the Greek dramatists and the dance from both. To this material he brings his own sweeping alliterative prose and his own symbolism. The play is shot through with symbols but it has not the vague other-worldliness of Maeterlinck. The crescent on the Young Whore's dress, the crooked staff in the Bishop's hand are instances of the touches which underlie the more obvious symbolism of the characters themselves. And all the while, with his earthy humor and his feeling for the foibles and the little tragedies of human beings, he keeps a tight hold on reality.

Sean O'Casey sets out to catch the throb of life in a pageant of men and women who wander through Hyde Park, dancing, singing, loving and despairing. Interest centers in the conflict going on in the Young Whore between love of life and fear of after-life. Weaving in and out of this theme are the Atheist, the Dreamer, the Bishop and the broken-down park-attendants trying each in his own way to find some reason in existence. O'Casey, the enemy of hypocrisy, is primarily indignant at the cant of religion, the "huggery-muggery" which deceives and thwarts mankind. In episode after episode he pokes a scornful finger at the Bishop, the Salvation Army Leader and the Evangelist. More artist than prophet, he offers no solution, but rather counsels a challenging attitude towards life. The Dreamer enunciates this idea forcefully near the end of the play when he says:

We shall weave courage with pain and fight through the struggle unending.  
Way for the strong and the swift and the fearless:  
Life that is weak with the terror of life let it die;  
Let it sink down, let it die, and pass from our vision forever!

The New York production does the play full justice. Scenery, costumes, music and dancing are carefully and harmoniously planned. Lillian Gish plays the Young Whore with charm and variety. The modulation and clarity of her speech are outstanding. Bramwell Fletcher as the Dreamer is perfectly cast, though his consciousness of the fact tends to make him over-act. The rest, down to the least member of the chorus, have ably caught the rhythm and the spirit of the play.

# CINEMA

## THE PAINTED VEIL

*Reviewed by* RICHARD GRIFFITH

In trying to follow up the magnificent *Queen Christina* Greta Garbo's producers have managed to turn out the worst picture she has ever made. Don't ask me why; there's no excuse for it, since Somerset Maugham's novel provides a theme entirely worthy of Miss Garbo's exposition. But Salka Viertel, Garbo's personal friend, has written a futile, lifeless scenario, perhaps in an attempt to whitewash the character played by the star. You see, Garbo is a silly idealistic girl who rejects the love of her husband for the spurious romance of an illicit affair. Only when she has suffered in loneliness does she find out that life is neither a glamorous excitement nor a gratification for vanity. This is a story which should provide an opportunity for stellar acting, but Mme. Viertel's adaptation and Richard Boleslawski's direction obscure the issues with long sequences exploiting Garbo's magnetism, beauty and technical skill—all the qualities which have nothing to do with the woman she is playing. Hollywood heroines, you know, must always be made to seem intelligent regardless of the stupidity of their conduct.

Miss Garbo does not participate in this conspiracy to produce a Joan Crawford vehicle. She lavishes her art upon the youthful arrogance of the character, her selfish vanity, and her final redemption. Through the veil of mediocre direction one occasionally glimpses the magnitude of her genius, and in the brilliant climacteric scene it is evident that she conceived the theme as a Dostoyefskyan drama of regeneration through despair. But the insipidity of the picture breaks the back of the characterization, and all that is left is a panorama of fragments finely wrought by Garbo and adequately acted by Herbert Marshall and George Brent.



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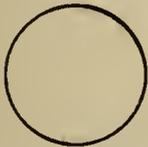
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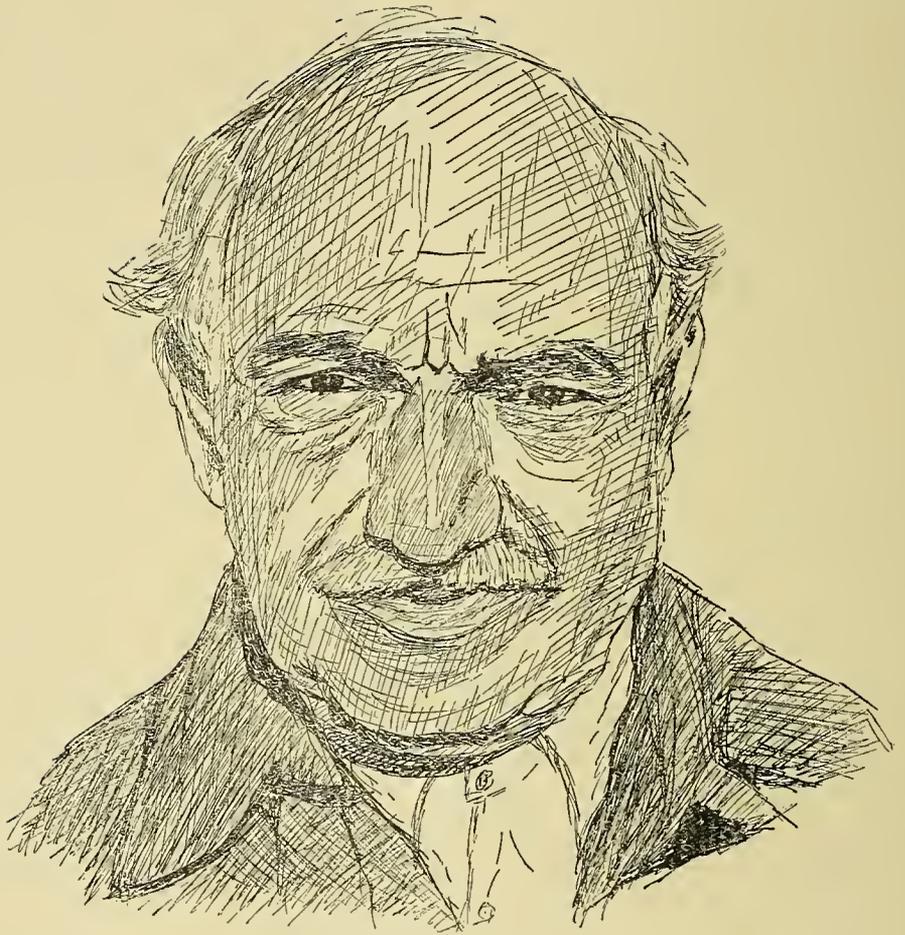
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# Yaller Nigger

By GERALD BUERGER

S UDDENLY the alarm rang out and Jebe woke up. His hand shot out, grabbed the clock, and tried to stifle it under the bedclothes while he hunted for the little jigger to shut the thing off. There! He wondered whether Selma had heard the alarm. Cautiously he raised himself upon his elbow and listened. But Selma was a sound sleeper. Jebe got out of bed.

In the next room Selma woke to the sound of the alarm as she did every morning. There goes my Jebe, thought Selma, going out to work so we can live and eat. How happy he had been last night! And Selma had done it,—made him happy. She had told Jebe she was going to have a baby and he went nearly crazy with joy. What shall we call him? Jebe had asked her. Him? supposing it's a girl? Selma had said. Well, answered Jebe, suppose it is? And then they had both laughed. Selma thought Jebe was the handsomest colored man in the world when he laughed.

Jebe felt great, he told himself. Today would be a big day, a very big day. Because Jebe was officially going to be made junior partner in the law office where but six months ago he was one of the staff.

Gleaming white sink shave lather smooth chin for the new job.

He could tell they respected him even if he was colored. He was a gentleman college graduate, married and had a big future. A junior partner, what? How glad Selma would be when tonight he would tell her.

And yesterday evening Selma had told him that she was going to have a child. He glowed when he thought of it. Would it be different with another in the family? Jebe supposed so. Selma concentrating on her baby, bringing it up, educating it. Was Jebe already jealous? Why, the child wasn't even born yet! Nevertheless being a husband somehow didn't make you as happy as a father. Jebe wanted to open the window wide and shout below: I am going to have a son! A son of mine! And Selma wasn't scared a bit like Jebe had heard some women were.

In the next room Selma settled herself deeper into her bed. Had she prepared Jebe's breakfast? Of course. Selma turned her face into the pillow and slid into a comfortable sleep.

He would have to celebrate, Jebe decided. He would begin by taking a taxi to the office. And it wasn't "the" office any more either it was "his"

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

office. His office! His office! Jebe was the first colored lawyer who had been made a partner since Lord knows how long. They recognized his ability. At last he was going to have a real chance.

Kitchenette half a grapefruit coffee ready to boil Selma got it ready for you.

Funny, when Jebe was a youngster he damned God a hundred million times for making him black. That had been because he was thrashed in a fight beaten till he yelled: I give up! He hadn't wanted to give up! Especially since he was fighting against a boy, a white boy, smaller than Jebe. But he couldn't have stood it any longer, honest he couldn't! Ya dirty nigger dirty niggers is yaller yah yah yaller nigger. And so Jebe went home with a bleeding nose and puffed-up eyes and sobbed out his heart to God who had made him black. Then in public high-school his senior year he had been the valedictorian honors in Latin and Greek honors in practically everything. The principal made that tactful speech about how proud the school ought to be to have a representative of another race carry off all the honors of the graduating class. And everyone clapped. But the only thing Jebe wanted he couldn't have, couldn't have the friendship with a white girl because he was black. She wouldn't even look at him! Didn't even notice him! And again Jebe cursed God.

You don't need an overcoat warm May morning Selma is still sleeping.

\* \* \*

A tall negro stepped out of an apartment house and looked up and down the street as if in search of something. Evidently not finding what he wanted the negro set out for the nearest intersection. There at the curb stood a taxi; the negro opened the cab door and entered.

—Please get out. Please get out!

—I'm sorry miss. I didn't notice this taxi was taken.

—Get out! Get out, I say!!

—All right, miss.

—Get out!!

What's happened? What's that nigger doing in that cab? What's the lady shoutin' for? She's shoutin' for help! Who? The nigger, the nigger! What is it? The woman shouted for help! Why? The nigger attacked the woman! What? He *attacked* her in that cab!!

*Nigger Attacks Woman* headlines fools how can they talk like that of me.

## POEMS FOR THE MACHINE AGE

There he is! Get him, boys! Rip the clothes offa him! Rip! Tear!  
Punch him in the mouth! Hey you bastard!

Stupid fools they are tearing at you I haven't done anything they are  
making you bleed.

Get him! Don't let him get away! Hey! Lookit him run! Yaller  
nigger!



# Poems for the Machine Age

JAMES D. HOOVER

## Storage Dam

*A blast of dynamite blows off; the shock  
Of falling boulders disturbs the earth awhile;  
Yellow smoke fills the canyon; as it clears  
Men below return slowly to their work.*

*Where once a frenzied river shot between  
The narrowing canyon walls, straight wooden forms  
Already wait to be filled; now only  
A thin stream trickles around the woodwork's edge;*

*And soon will the pounding cement mixers turn,  
And soon will a curved concrete band arise  
To be a perpetual monument to fertility,  
Strange goddess to these sun-infested fields;*

*And man, uplifting his well-known puny arm,  
Say: nature, my child, enough of flood and famine;  
Henceforth abundance of water, and you, once  
Our treacherous master, henceforth our faithful servant.*

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

### Moisture

*Naive man watching with literal 'eye  
A stream flow |past 'saw 'calm and |limpid waters  
Move 'with dignity |between finite 'banks  
Along a familiar course into the sea;*

*But now no longer. With a subtler eye sees  
Molecules by billions shoving hectically,  
Forward by overwhelming power driven,  
From an unfailing fountain endlessly flung;*

*The lowest striking the rockworn bed, the highest  
Pulled by the sun dizzily into clouds,  
Others at unimaginable speed  
Plunging one over another without rest;*

*Without rest pushed into multimolecular rivers,  
Changing anew, mixed with the sea's salt,  
Flying into air, striking the earth again  
As rain and pouring over the soil into riverbeds.*

### Protoplasm

*Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen:  
Old friends, you have been transformed, yet once  
We thought we knew you pretty well; had you catalogued  
As to valence, atomic number, uses, properties.*

*But you have grown together, I see, somewhere  
In paleozoic swamps. I hardly knew you  
There under the clear-eyed microscope:  
The tiny grayish mass, jellylike, quivering.*

*That line there to one side, the invisible whorl,  
Might say: I was an ant once; I lived;  
I learned we must cling together to survive.  
Did life write those fine traceries into the surface  
To guide the animal you will some day be  
By what he has never experienced, but always known?*

## Expanding Universe

*One of the gods long departed or else dead  
Set mice on earth, saying: increase too fast,  
Then hawks: diminish mice, then man:  
Expand, build guns, keep hawks and mice in check;*

*And casually passing, forgot us, instilled  
On other stars the demonic urge for growth,  
While we, struggling wildly for domination,  
Jostle, crowd each other out of the sunlight.*

*Wars have desolated nations, germs in a frenzy of increase  
Plagued mankind, yet multitudes crowd the frontiers;  
Supplies exceed our wants; the earth grown heavy  
Plunges around the heavens in its mad orbit*

*With other earths that at unknowable rate  
Flee one another into hollow space,  
And driven expanding outward, outward  
Into nothingness. How long will there be room*

*For this unfaltering spread? How long will the earth,  
Already overcrowded, bear its load  
Of coupled creatures? When must that explosion come,  
Spectacular to the mice, to the gods annoying?*

# Willo Runs Amuck

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

THERE was a certain cad abroad one murky night, James Willoughby Greenum by name, Willo for short. This Willo was sleek and black, and walked jauntily, with a cane. Anyone else, out in a murky night, would have walked rapidly, with shoulders stooped, while Willo seemed to be walking for enjoyment, or in order to think something out, as some people do.

There is this to be known about Willo, besides the fact that he was a blue-black sort of person with a flower in his button-hole: he had married, five years before, Miriam, who was agreeable. She had set him up in business with some money she had, and had provided for his living in other ways. They had two tiresome children who played tricks on such guests as found their way to the house where Willo and Miriam lived. The business which Miriam had provided was more than ever unsuccessful, and at the moment in which the cad who was blue-black was walking with his cane there were unsatisfied debts to the amount of \$100,000 waiting to be paid. Another man might have been worried, whereas Willo was the sort that would take a walk, and plan his way out.

It took two hours to plan the course to be taken, and Willo walked steadily during that time, except for a moment when he stopped in a shop to buy a new flower for his coat. Five years before, his old friends remembered, he had not been so careful about a flower. At the end of the two hours he returned home, nodded to his wife, and went to bed.

Miriam could not be regarded as happily married, although her husband was never unkind. He simply seemed to ignore her, not talking to her unless she spoke first, often not answering questions at all, walking out of the house without saying anything. She was a blond type, with abnormally small eyes, and when she was irritated, as she often was by her husband, they made her seem stupid.

Willo was secretive about his plans once they were made. Miriam knew about the debt, and worried about it, since it was her money that was involved, but she could get only vague replies such as: "Everything will be all right," or "Don't worry, please" out of her husband. Then one day, the company went into voluntary bankruptcy, and Willo was gone, nothing

## WILLO RUNS AMUCK

more being heard of him for several months, when someone said they had seen a person very like him in Switzerland.

Willo *had* gone abroad, first class on a large ship, and he had gone to Switzerland. There were his nerves, he had said to the person who thought he seemed very like the Willo Greenum he had known. That had been in Lucerne, and the meeting had been casual, without introduction, so that people he had known could not be entirely sure.

In Lucerne he gave the impression of being a fashionable foreigner. He had rooms at a smart hotel, affected a yellow cigarette holder, wore a flower always. In the course of time he managed to meet a number of people from assorted countries, among them a widow, the Senora de Rivera, who represented herself as being an Argentine, traveling for amusement. Willo and some of his new friends thought that more probably she was a poverty stricken Spaniard, traveling for a husband. Nevertheless, they found her amusing, and, although they took her airy tales of life in the Argentine with a grain of salt, they took her into their set, Willo especially liking her, and taking her to clubs and for rides, on tours of the country, and to the villas of their friends. They enjoyed several months together in this manner, Willo liking the Senora more and more, the Senora, according to her friends, apparently in love with Willo.

Willo, realizing that the situation might be difficult on several counts, had changed his name at the first. He felt that otherwise there might be a small difficulty over the bankruptcy and his present income. In addition there were his wife, and the children, to whom he intended to return as soon as excitement over his failure should have subsided, and also the probability that the Senora was not what she said she was, in which case there might be more trouble than even a cad could manage. Casting about for a name he decided on Jimmy Burke, which seemed appropriate enough, and which also happened to be the name of a real person living at home, a man not entirely different in appearance from Willo, and an old friend. Willo, in choosing the name, was somewhat influenced by the fact that the real Jimmy Burke had at one time been engaged to be married to Miriam, though the choice was more of a whimsy than an irony. Thus his friends in Switzerland, and the Senora, knew him from the first as Jimmy Burke, traveling for his nerves.

The Senora, though according to her story she never stayed in one place for very long, stayed on with Willo, now Jimmy. While she had been sad at first, she seemed to be happier all the time, smiling a long slow smile when

she was with Willo. Her skin was very dark, and she wore white clothes as much as possible to accentuate it, and a white flower in her very dark hair. She was unbelievably naive, so much so that everyone, especially Willo, doubted her sincerity, and took every precaution against being caught suddenly in a breach of promise suit, or a blackmail affair, or any sort of minor scandal, that might prove embarrassing when he should return to his wife and children, as he still intended to do. For five months this agreeable arrangement continued, during which the two were constantly together, enjoying themselves with their first friends and meeting new ones. Then one day, Willo decided that enough time had passed for him to return, and the Senora said that she too would return to her ranch in the Argentine. She gave him her address, and asked for his, telling him that he must write, for she would be very lonely. He gave her Jimmy Burke's address, and told her good-bye, thankful that he had been so very cautious.

When Willo returned home he found some things changed. In the first place his wife would not take him back, which had not occurred to him. Then, although his peculiar bankruptcy seemed to be forgotten and there was no danger of any criminal action, there was no money for him. He had spent what he had taken from the company, which, as a matter of fact, had not been a great sum, and had counted on an allowance from his wife, who still had money, but her unexpected obstinacy spoiled things. It appeared that he would have to get a job, and he, more than anyone else, was convinced of his own incompetence. For the time being, he borrowed money from his friends. To Jimmy, because there was the possibility that the Senora de Rivera was really genuine, he confided the story of his stay in Switzerland. Jimmy laughed, promised not to tell, and lent Willo money. Jimmy was the sort of hearty, red-faced person who would laugh, and lend money.

From Jimmy, Willo heard that his wife was divorcing him for desertion and non-support. This was as near a catastrophe as anything that had yet happened to the sleek black man with the jaunty air, for he had been sure that eventually Miriam would take him back. Now there were his debts, and his lack of income. And from Jimmy also he received a thick letter with a foreign stamp, addressed to Mr. James E. Burke, according to the address Willo had given the Senora. Her letter was long, and full of her sorrow at being parted from him. She spoke of flowers in bloom, and of a happy life for them yet to come. Willo was sorry for having misjudged her, for at least she was really from the Argentine, but he was still glad not to be more involved. He answered her letter with a brief note, telling her how busy

## WILLO RUNS AMUCK

he had been. There were further romantic letters from the Argentine, and sometimes they were acknowledged briefly, and sometimes they were not answered at all. They were often beautiful, wistful letters, and obviously a lot of time was spent on them, and then, after a while, they ceased to come.

It became harder and harder for Willo to borrow money. Jimmy, after his first cheerful loan, was insulting, and gave advice about buckling down. Willo lived inexpensively, and tried several times to get jobs, but he was always unsuccessful, and the point when he would be in real need seemed not far off. He tried again to make Miriam take him back, only to find that she was really and definitely through. Her divorce had been granted, she was much happier without Willo, and was seeing more and more of Jimmy Burke. She was reported engaged to him. Willo remembered now that he had thought it a whimsy to take Jimmy's name in Switzerland. "Poor Jimmy" he had thought. Now it was Jimmy who was doing the pitying, with his remarks about rotters.

One day nearly a year after his return from Switzerland, Willo had a letter from Jimmy, asking him to come around to his office. He went, and found Jimmy looking serious. "I have a letter from some lawyers in Argentina" he said. "Here it is." Willo read the letter, and found that the lawyers were the executors of the estate of the Senora de Rivera, who, it appeared, had died the preceding week. The Senora, the letter said, had no heirs, and had left her property, to the amount of approximately \$400,000, to James E. Burke, "in memory of a period of happiness." Willo was delighted. No more pinching, no more crawling. The poor Senora, he should have been nicer to her. She really hadn't been bad at all. How thoughtful of her, all that money. He looked up at Jimmy smilingly, but there was something in Jimmy's face that was not red and hearty. Willo's smile left. "Cad" said Jimmy.

"O" Willo whispered.

# Two Poems

JAMES E. TRUOX

## I

I passed three workers in the sun,  
And one was after buried wealth,  
And one was planting wheat and one  
Was merely digging for his health.

When I returned at dusk, I found  
Their trenches filled with earth and grown  
With weeds. Three mounds. And by each mound  
Was set a smooth, new-quarried stone.

## II

A weary man, to hide  
The shame he felt at failure  
In his life career,  
Committed suicide.

We Christians like to say  
It is a craven trick,  
A sin of cowardice  
To take one's life away.

And yet it makes one start  
To think he stabbed himself  
With scissors seven times  
Before he found his heart.

# EDITORIAL

WE HAVE sometimes been charged with morbidity by our reviewers; and although we have not cluttered our pages with attempts to refute their statements we think a very little cluttering in this, our last issue, will not offend any one.

We think, for instance, that some people confuse two very different things: death, and morbidity. In the many stories which we receive that finish in death (death seems to be the hardest thing to write about and the easiest to end a great many things with) we are very careful to refuse any tale which resorts to death because it is the only way out of an involved situation; or because it is relied on for its emotional content to save a hopelessly incompetent story. That is to say, if Joe and Mike have gone to the circus to enjoy the show, have drunk each a dozen bottles of pop and eaten much too many bags of peanuts; and if on coming out of the tent Joe is attacked and eaten up by an escaped lion, we are not interested. We should be much more curious to discover how Mike and Joe get rid of the pain caused by pop and peanuts. We are not trying to be funny; it is a very slightly exaggerated example of many stories submitted to us. We rather pride ourselves that we are wholeheartedly morbid enough to abort them before they see the light of day.

But on the other hand we cannot very well exclude a good story merely because it ends in death. We do not judge stories by their climax only, although we are old-fashioned to the extent that we believe a climax in a story of importance. We have learned that plots are not easily cooked up by any of us; and that when an undergraduate writes a story (not infrequently after a wrangle with a girl the night before), the first thing to fly into his head is death. All other things being equal, we prefer a humorous piece to one dealing with unhappiness. You will have to take our word for it that most of the attempts at humour we receive make us laugh; but not at the story, alas!

What we should like to recall to some of our reviewers, however, is the fact that it takes greater skill and greater maturity to write a really happy or humorous story than one which implies that its deluded, adoles-

cent author has as yet not found that equanimity the reviewer urges on him.

It is nonsense, of course, to suppose that we can assign this or that subject to a contributor. We cannot say to him "Sorry, but this will hurt the sensibilities of Mr. Jackstraw—make it funny, make it happy!" We are still bound to print what we get. The only thing we are responsible for is the printing of what in our opinion is the best of the available material.



## Aurea Mediocritas

THOMAS K. BROWN, III

*Apollo lashed his steeds until they bled,  
 Driving them down the sky—almost 'twould seem  
 He doubted and must assure himself his team  
 Was truly great, so fierce a light they shed—  
 Until, his frenzy past and ego fed,  
 He let them drift until their mellow gleam  
 Was low against the hills, and one last beam  
 With their blood flecked the evening sky with red.*

*So let our love endure—not in the heat  
 Of midday passion's ostentatious glare,  
 But in a gentler flame, presaging peace,  
 A flame like sunset, soothing, sweet  
 With tacit knowledge of its strength, whose flare  
 For grief brings solace, and for strife, surcease.*

# The Lover Sendeth Sighs

THOMAS D. BROWN

## I

*Is poetry dead in the Twentieth Century?  
Has Apollo been slain by the latest jazz tune?  
In the breast of the bard can the zest for adventure be  
Stealing his mind from the muse to the moon,  
So that, rather than write and run dire risk of censure, he  
Sonnetless soars in a Piccard balloon?*

*'Tis dead! . . . But what noise strikes my ear?  
Does buried Sidney at us snicker?  
And lo, what visages appear?  
(Zounds, my mates, have I had liquor?)  
Does buried Drayton at us sneer?  
(I've been drinking nought but beer.)  
Does scorn 'cross buried Donne's face flicker?*

*O infamy, O shame upon our day,—  
Each hollow corpse that carps from out the clay!  
(No man that breathes, but longs to sink his teeth in  
The scaly hide of some Elizabethan!)*

## II

*But we can beat them at their own verse methods shady,  
I'll prove it in the following rhymes about a lady,  
Whom we shall call Sadie, or, if you prefer it, Rosie O'Grady.*

*"Her eyes are like planets, her hair is like hay,"  
All this the Elizabethans would say,  
As well as comparing her cheeks to a rose,*

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

*(What would they get off, if they talked of her nose?)  
Her breath, they'd say, "like incense does flow"  
And her bosom, of course, would be "white as the snow."*

*Now see these similes they thought so very good  
Turned to our modern manner and our modern mood,  
Containing food for thought, and also thought for food.*

*Her hair's like the maze of a New Deal all dealt,  
Her cheeks are as red—as red as Roosevelt—  
Roosevelt, the scamp, the scoundrel, the blackguard,—  
Her eyes are like headlights on a '35 Packard;  
Her breath's like the sweet air in "painless extraction,"  
And her bosom's as white as a NIRA infraction.*

*The better of the two you'll surely say's the latter;  
I wrote both bits, and hence should know whereof I chatter.  
I own I'm biased on our side, but what's that matter?  
They were on theirs, ask your great great great Grandpater.*

### III

*"Sonnetitis" had I in my youth,  
And followed Bess's bards with soleful awe.  
I dashed a sonnet off myself,— a proof  
That nature's seldom mild when in the raw.*

*It was a pretty thing, like most of theirs;  
Pretty, although trite. And every line  
Depicted me a gallant of affairs,  
Though really I was going on to nine.  
And, if a lady ever for me cares,  
Someday I'll use it for a valentine.*

*Of course, it should have had a daisied border,  
But Blanc said bluntly "That is not in order."  
So here it lies, like incense in a censer,  
(And quite as good as anything in Spenser.)*

THE LOVER SENDETH SIGHS

Sonnet

THE LOVER COMPARETH HIS STATE BEFORE  
AND AFTER MEETING HIS MISTRESS

*In darker days, ere yet I saw thy face,  
I thought my fortune better far than most,  
For wealth I had, and honor, a high place,—  
All these were mine and were my fondest boast.  
I pitied others in their strife for gold,  
Their travail in the humbler paths they trod;*

*My opulence allowed me forty fold  
Their happiness, and, blind, I thanked my God.  
But then I looked on thee! How bleak and bare  
Seemed then the paltry life I led before,  
Mine eyes a stranger to thy beauty rare,  
My soul unwinged, and deadened to its core.  
With all my wealth, I dwelt in poverty  
Till fortune changed, and I met love and thee.*

*I heave a sigh to think this publication  
But rarely meets the friendly female eye.  
Haverford should try coeducation;  
I have my own private reasons why.*

# BOOKS

HEAVEN'S MY DESTINATION, by THORNTON WILDER

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. REAVES

In his latest novel Thornton Wilder has definitely departed from the conscious searching after beauty which characterised the prose in his earlier works, the *Cabala* and the *Bridge of San Luis Rey*. There is no comparison to be made between these novels and the latest one. The mystic prose of the *Bridge* and the *Cabala* has been superseded by a rather trite workaday prose—Wilder's style has vanished and, in my opinion, with it goes a great deal of Wilder.

The book concerns a singularly righteous young man, George Brush, from Ludington, traveling salesman for a publishing house, graduate of Shiloh Baptist College and a religious fanatic. He carries his beliefs to the point of insanity—He kneels in prayer before his Pullman berth; he warns female traveling companions that "Women who smoke don't make good mothers;" he writes passages from the Bible on blotters in hotel lobbies and in countless petty ways bears witness to his steadfast belief in God. His one ambition is to be well liked, but in this he is thwarted. His repeated and lengthy dissertations on modern morals and God inspire boredom if not actual hatred in those thrown with him. They think him slightly mad and, perhaps, they are not far from wrong. He is arrested, by mistake, for refusing to accept interest on his savings, because he did not believe in interest and thought banks "immoral places." Again he is arrested when he assists a hold-up man to escape because he believes that all the man needs is a new start. And so the book goes, a series of episodes into which Brush's well-meaning stupidity projects him. The reader gains hope when Brush suddenly wakes up one morning to find he has lost faith. But it is to no avail, the finish sees him again haranguing fellow passengers in the smoking-car and scribbling texts in public places.

The purpose of *Heaven's My Destination* is obscure. Few people will be able to realize just how far Mr. Wilder intended this novel to reach. Is he satirizing his hero, or is he attempting to persuade the reader that Brush is correct and everyone else in the world is wrong? It is a book mainly concerned with morals, but fails to take a definite stand. It will be discussed for its ambiguity, but will be considered, by most readers, unsatisfying.

## BETTER THINK TWICE ABOUT IT, by LUIGI PIRANDELLO

Reviewed by J. ROBERT HARRISON, JR.

It is true that translations are often like the wrong side of a Persian rug, but I am quite sure that what must have been the sonorous Italian of Signor Luigi Pirandello's latest book of short stories has not suffered one whit in its rendition into English by Arthur and Henrie Mayne, two gentlemen with a sensitive and deft command of both languages. That's one thing to be thankful for. Another is that the well-known propensity of publishers to capitalize on the name of a Nobel prize winner has not been indulged and the collection, *Better Think Twice About It*, (a title taken from one of the stories it contains) stands on its own feet as vigorous and skilful art. The stories, in short, are a splendid addition to *As You Desire Me* and *The Naked Truth*, and admirers of Pirandello will find all they are looking for: metaphysical murmurs, frail beauty, pathos, and examples of a distinctive sort of wild Chaucerian humour.

It occurred to me as I laid the volume down that one might well get together an anthology of Russian and Italian short stories and call it something like "Depression and Irony: Peasant Studies." Like all other continental authors Pirandello has absorbed the ubiquitous Russian influence, and if his tales lack the unfathomed depth and the latent power of a sleeping continent which we find in, say, Dostoyevsky or Chekhov it's not his fault, but the Italian peasant's. Pirandello's olive growers, flighty professors and filthy harridans seem to lack that incredible sense of a common destiny and purpose which despite individual haggling lay deep in the consciousness of the lower class Russian of the late nineteenth century. His characters are all jeering, overweening individualists, subscribing to a garbled moral system which in many cases leads them through inconsistency to intolerance, and which seems to induce singular emotional instability. One has the feeling that a few lira and a good scrubbing would set the average Italian peasant on the road to happiness whereas a wild orgy and the consumption of whole tubs of vodka apparently did little to lift the gloom from the inarticulate soul of a Russian. The result of this individualism is that the Italian artist has a hard time discovering significant qualities characteristic to all his subjects by which he can evaluate them; and by which he can interpret their actions or discover their motives in any but the broadest and most elementary psychological terms. I think that these same grounds account for the fact that the thirteen stories are without exception merely vignettes, indicative of no revelatory truth and accomplishing no more than to acquaint the reader with a string of characters which in their essentials might be found anywhere. It is only

Pirandello's skill that lifts these people out of the ordinary. Without his well-balanced point of view, his distinctive observations of nature and above all his keen dramatic sense, the aforementioned olive growers, flighty professors, and filthy harridans would be nothing more than absurd or pitiable wretches.

PASSING JUDGMENTS, by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Reading his new book has greatly increased my respect for George Jean Nathan. His reviews in *Vanity Fair* seemed to be the productions of an uncomprehending journalist whose superficial generalizations reflected boredom with the theatre rather than intelligent evaluation of it. But the author of *Passing Judgments* understands Broadway thoroughly and is far from bored by it. His misfortune is that he is able to see a play apart from the season in which it appears, and to compare it with others of the same genre and purpose with which his extensive reading of dramatic literature has made him acquainted. The memories of producers and actors being what they are, he is therefore accused of perverse captiousness. Perhaps he is captious, but the fact that he presumes to judge a play as a potential contribution to world literature does not make him so. What really annoys the Broadway boys is that when they produce a play that they know is 'hogwash' but which they hope will bring in some money, Mr. Nathan describes it to the public as hogwash designed to bring in some money.

It isn't only Mr. Nathan's knowledge of the world's theatre that makes his new book interesting. He is a shrewd diagnostician of artistic and commercial trends, and *Passing Judgments* makes a creditable attempt to explain the problems which currently puzzle followers of the theatre. The slow but steady deterioration of Arthur Hopkins' producing judgment, Noel Coward's obstinate refusal to fulfill the promise of his early plays, and the annual controversy over destructive criticism, so-called, are dealt with thoroughly and interestingly, whether or not one agrees with Nathan's conclusions. One ends with the realization that he has read a review of the contemporary theatre as painstaking and comprehensive as the *Vanity Fair* reviews are unconvincingly incomplete.

Unfortunately, this is not enough. Knowledge and thoroughness do not make Nathan anything like as fine a critic as, for example, Brooks Atkinson. I think that what he lacks is a real appreciation for art, as such. He cannot

## DRAMA

reproduce in his criticism the organic life of a play, the quality which gives it its hold upon the emotions and imagination of the spectator. He can criticize its ideational content and its technique, but he deals with them separately, in catalogued compartments. Thus his work, stripped of the breezy arrogance of his style, resembles the uninspired plodding of the hack scholar. Criticism must not only comment upon a play's truth, but must in some measure convey what it is like to see it. Nathan, rational, indefatigable, but uncreative, cannot accomplish this. Beside so grave a defect, his violent prejudices and his smart-aleck sensationalism are relatively unimportant.



# DRAMA

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, by LILLIAN HELLMAN

Reviewed by RICHARD GRIFFITH

Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour* tells the story of Karen Wright and Martha Dobie and the girl's school which has become their life. For ten years they have worked to build it from nothing, and now it is a success. Karen will marry Dr. Joe Cardin and keep on helping to run the school. She and Martha have achieved the balanced life which is their due—for they are sane, steady women who expect no more than what they work for. And then, for no reason at all, a crazy catastrophe descends upon them. A spoiled and malignant child runs away from the school and, desperately searching for some excuse, suddenly tells her grandmother that the headmistresses are Lesbians.

Grandmother's rage almost suffocates her. She spreads the news, and before evening the school has been emptied of its pupils. Karen and Martha can do nothing. A libel suit does them no good, for they cannot prove anything; and even if they had won it, the damage would have been done. They are marked women. The school, of course, is gone, and there is no place for them to go, for the suit has caught the journalistic eye, and Karen Wright and Martha Dobie are notorious in every hamlet in the country. But the destruction does not end here. Joe, who has stuck by them through the trial,

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

cannot tear suspicion out of his mind, and Karen sends him away. Overwhelmed by this final blow, Martha is paralyzed into revealing to Karen that the charge, so far as she was concerned, was true. Until the trial and the publicity she had never realized why she was indifferent to the love of men, or why she was jealous of Karen's love for Joe. The revelation has cut the last tie that binds her to life; she kills herself. Karen is left to face the apologies of the woman who started the charge, and who has at last found out that her granddaughter was lying.

On this story of a lie and its consequences Miss Hellman has built an engrossing play which, because of the truth of its idea and the intensity of its mood, will probably be remembered when the pretentious dramas of the season lie buried forever in Burns Mantle's catalogue of the best plays of this year and that. Though the introduction of the theme of homosexuality is necessary to the plot, I feel that the necessity is unfortunate, because it has transferred critical discussion from the most important issue that Miss Hellman sets forth. She is not interested in homosexuality, as such, but in what an inadvertent calamity like this can do to two lives. The grim last act reveals in a few curt pages how completely they have been destroyed. Everything that contained interest or meaning for Karen and Martha has disappeared.

All that is left to them is the mechanical daily routine, and even that—  
but listen:

MARTHA: What time is it?

KAREN: I don't know. What's the difference?

MARTHA: None. I was hoping it was time for my bath.

KAREN: Take it early today.

MARTHA (*laughs*): Oh, I couldn't do that. I look forward all day to that bath. It's my last touch with the full life. It makes me feel important to know that there's one thing ahead of me, one thing I've got to do. You ought to get yourself something like that. I tell you, at five o'clock every day you comb your hair. How's that? It's better for you, take my word. You wake up in the morning and you say to yourself, the day's not entirely empty, life is rich and full; at five o'clock I'll comb my hair.

Their tragedy would not hurt Karen and Martha so much if they possessed a little less of the sanity which has hitherto stood them in such good stead. Other people might get used to it, but their intelligence and sensitivity keeps them battering futilely at their hideous quandary. Miss Hellman has given us a drama of fate from a new point of view, and she has written it with striking power.



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# Love and Kisses

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, Jr.

WHEN he heard his roommate's steps, his mind formulated the words almost automatically, and in the same instant he knew what the reply would be. "How'd your date go?" he said.

"It was hot stuff!"

His roommate took off his coat, put it on a hanger, and placed it in the single narrow closet. "God, I don't see how you can stick it out around here, Lew," he said. "All you do is study, and here you are, a college freshman, and never had a date in your whole life. What the devil's the matter with you?"

"Dammit, though, Tom, I've never had a chance. My folks would never let me and I don't have any money, and besides, I don't know any girls."

"Bunk!" said Tom. "You're not at home now, and you don't need much money anyway and besides, didn't you tell me that you were supposed to look up some girl whose mother went to school with yours and was such a great pal of yours?"

"Yeah, but—" He knew that these excuses didn't mean much, even to himself. The real reason was—God! If only he weren't so scared! If only he weren't . . .

He appraised her carefully as she walked a step ahead of him in the theatre lobby. Pretty nice, he thought, not bad at all. Dark brunette with wavy hair, attractive face, deep brown eyes that really sparkled, nice figure, nice legs, nice clothes, graceful—why had he been such a fool, not looking her up before? He was going to make an impression too, make her fall for him, prove himself. He moved up to her as they reached the sidewalk. "Well, where to?" he said.

"Oh, let's just take a ride, and then go to a hamburg place and get something to eat," she said.

"Swell. Gee, Dot, but it was nice of your mother to let us have the car. I can see why my mother liked her so well."

"Mom's that way. Let's ride out towards Hartville."

Then they were driving out in the country and Lew was embarrassed. He'd talked about a lot so far—the movie, and the college, and jazz, and a little about books, and the merest trifle about her, but he hadn't made any clever remarks, and he hadn't acted as he always pictured his room-

## LOVE AND KISSES

mate, a gay, debonair young man of the world. And now he couldn't think of anything else to say except that the moon was nice, wasn't it, and he didn't want to say that. He wanted to say you're swell, you're marvellous, I didn't know they made girls like you. He wanted to park the car and say those things and maybe kiss her once or twice. He wondered if she had a regular fellow, if she'd ever kissed anyone. He really ought to say something.

"I bet you've got a whole string of fellows," he broke in abruptly, and then he was immediately sorry, and felt that it was a dumb thing to have said and he wished he hadn't mentioned it at all. She won't like that, he thought. Girls don't like that sort of talk. Why didn't she answer?

Then she said softly, "Let's not discuss that. Let's just ride and dream. I love to do that on nights like this."

So that's it, Lew thought. She's got another fellow and she just wants to think of him. She doesn't give a damn about me. She's taking me for a ride, I'm not taking her. I don't blame her, either. I'm acting like a fool. But maybe I can change and make her feel differently. I wish she didn't have another fellow. Lord, how silly I am, just like a kid. Jealous over her already, and I hardly know her! And she—

"Isn't the moon lovely?" she said, even more softly.

"It sure is." He ought to say "and so are you," but she wouldn't like that, not at all, and he was afraid to anyway. Afraid! But why did she say that? Maybe—maybe she really liked him! Maybe she was only trying to make him jealous! "Isn't the moon lovely?" That was—why, she really *did* like him, and the first time he was with her, the first time he was with any girl—why, she was just inviting him to—

"And so are you," he said. He saw an automobile come out of a side road a little way ahead, and when he reached it, he turned in. He shut off the motor and put his arm around her. "Aren't you?"

She didn't say anything; all she did was to look up at him and smile the merest bit. He kissed her, and she shut her eyes and didn't draw away. He could smell a faint and pleasant odor of mingled perfume and lipstick. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him and smiled. "Promise you'll come and see me again and again," she said. "Promise."

"You don't think I wouldn't, do you?" he said. He was looking straight into her eyes, and he could dimly see that she had closed them again. He kissed her a second time, a long, hard kiss. God, but she was nice! But then a shiver seemed suddenly to run through her, and she pushed him away.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

"Now let's go and get those hamburgers," she laughed.

"Yes ma'am!" Lew said joyfully.

Then he was walking along the street to his dormitory, and as he drew nearer he could see that there was still a light on in his room. He had a date for next week and a swell girl already—and here he had never been out with a girl before tonight! He felt differently, somehow, he wasn't scared any more when he thought of a girl. He was whistling loudly as he ran up the stairs and down to his room. When he opened the door, his roommate said to him, "How was your date?"

"Hot stuff!" said Lew. "Hot stuff!"



## As the New Haverfordian Board Goes Into Office

(With apologies to R. Burns)

By THOMAS D. BROWN

*Scops, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scops, wham Roos has aften led,  
Welcome to your nameless bed,  
Or to poetrie!*

*Now's the day, and now's the hour!  
See the front o' Griffon lour!  
See the dread Reviewer's power—  
Scorn and mockerie!*

*Lay all boors uncultured low!  
Babbitts fall in every foe!  
Literature's in every blow!  
Let us do or die!*

# Strange Victory

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

THERE was no blind chance in Cupid's arrow, nor anything but anger, when it entered Apollo's heart, and lodged in it a love for Daphne, but Apollo was not to know that it was anger. Would that Cupid had told him that. And the arrow that Cupid let fly into Daphne's breast was of a different hue, bringing with it only loathing for love, and fear of every lover. So Daphne, when she saw Apollo afar off, fled into the tender forest, knowing in her heart that she must hide herself away. Yet Apollo could not but pursue her, such was the love within him.

So Daphne fled, running lightly over mosses, stooping lightly under branches, plucking lightly at a flower. O father Zeus, hear me in my need. I have no love, but only loathing, not for Apollo, but for love. There are these rocks which cut my feet with tiny scratches. If there were a handful of dry, white snow, there might be a drop of this bright blood to stain it, then Apollo could see just what it is to pursue a heart that's filled with gentle loathing. I must take care, or else I'll crush a flower under foot, and that might pain my heart too much. I could hide, but Apollo would find me surely, and then my love would be as only a little thing, lost in the sea of Apollo's passion, and he would be too blind to see whether I cared or no, or even if he saw he might not care. It would be a dreadful thing to hide and be caught. To hide and not be caught? Hush Daphne, there is only loathing in your heart for love. Hush heart. I'll hide in a cave, Apollo'll find me there. Run Daphne, run forever, remember your fear of Apollo's love. Your heart, Daphne, would be as a ball of thin crystal, tinted with the dawn's pink, smashed against a rock by Apollo's love. It is too late to hide in any cave, the caves are gone behind, and Apollo's nearer, running surely. O Daphne, woe is Daphne, help me Zeus, save me from my love. I am as any hare, rescued trembling from the jaws of capture, half knowing whether I am free or caught, bounding lightly on because of fear. Hide me Zeus, hide me here. Let not Apollo find the entrance.

Apollo, running surely, striding onward after Daphne, found a wall before him. Daphne had seemed to enter in that wall, which was only a green hedge, lately clipped into a wall, but there was no gate to enter by. Then Apollo rested by the spot where he had seen Daphne wrested from him in the moment before he was to catch her.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

Daphne, within the wall, found herself in deadly quiet. There was the wall of green, shutting out Apollo, but Zeus might open the gate at any moment. There was the grass under her foot, clipped close to the ground, so that it was soft as new wool, and making no more sound. The quiet was too much for Daphne's senses, tired with running. In the moon-reflecting pool, bordered with white marble set down into the ground, there was no ripple, nor any sign of life. No other thing was there within the wall, only the soft sweet grass, the moon-pool, and Daphne, breathing lightly lest Apollo hear and break the wall.

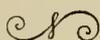
Within the wall there was no sound, not even that which a butterfly might make in lifting its wings, no sound save only Daphne's breathing, Daphne lying quietly beside the pool lest Apollo hear. Nor was there any light, save only that cast by a setting sun through a high wall, which is only a misty light. And Daphne felt herself afraid in her heart. Lying by the pool the beating of her heart sounded like a mighty din within her ear. I am afraid, more afraid than ever I have been before. It is a fearful thing to be in such a stillness. My very thoughts, now while I am thinking, frighten me with their tremendous clashing. O Daphne, these must be bitter thoughts, so to disturb the quiet with their poundings. O Daphne, gather thy fear within thee. Daphne, sleeping, dreaming of tremendous noises in her ear, beatings of her heart which would have been as nothing more than the swimming of a fish below the water in any other ear but Daphne's. O Daphne, bury thy fear in Apollo's love, for he'll guard it as any precious thing. Small broken bits of rosy-tinted crystal in Daphne's dreams.

Apollo, waking in the dawn of morning, found that Zeus had opened a gate, and within was Daphne, sleeping. My heart has found you, Daphne, I have come to the end of my pursuit. Apollo walked quietly, lest he awaken Daphne and frighten her. It was his wish that Daphne, waking, should open her eyes and find him there, near to her, near to her forevermore; but Daphne, waking and finding him there, felt her heart grow within her into a great lump of coldest ice. Bury my fear, O Zeus. I have found Daphne, a lovely thing to find is Daphne. The icy heart is spreading into my body, through my arms, I am turning, Apollo, you have found Daphne, but you will not have her, but another thing, as many lovers have found before you. Another thing, Apollo, you who dared to seek Daphne against her will. Apollo, watching, saw Daphne turn, before his eyes, into a tree of laurel. A shimmering, shining thing of beauty such as seemed to be Daphne, yet was not entirely Daphne. He put his hand on the trunk of the tree, and felt

## AUBADE

it to be cold as coldest ice, yet there was a pulsing that might yet be Daphne's heart. Apollo touched his lips to the laurel leaves, hopeful yet that they might be Daphne's lips, but the tree bent from him, as in shame, though it was a thing of beauty.

O Apollo, woe is Apollo, he has found Daphne, Daphne lovelier than any living thing, and he has her in his arms. Yet Daphne is nothing more than any thing of beauty in his arms, a tree of laurel. O Apollo, you cast fear into Daphne, a freezing, frigid fear, that leaves her there, within your arms, yet only a thing of beauty made of ice. Put bits of laurel into your hair, Apollo, for ornament. Make a wreath of them, Apollo, a victory wreath, to mark your capture of Daphne. But there will be little consolation in that victory, Apollo, gained of fear. A strange victory, Apollo, commemorated with a wreath of laurel.



## Aubade

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

*Now, at touch of the lips,  
There is no discrepant calling,  
We are at one, we scarcely know  
The thought of the one from the other's,  
Hold to it hard, the moment—  
O let it not yet be falling  
Back into time,  
Into the future that smothers.*

*And now, as you lock your laughter  
Behind the hated door,—  
(So strangely you change  
By the mere mounting to another door!)—  
Ah what's the great, the  
Vagabonding wind you're hailing?  
What unharboured voyage  
Are you weirdly set on sailing?*

# The Simple and the Good

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

PUFFINGS of the trains are metallic, and their mighty movements jar threateningly up and down the bed of the railroad. The creaks and successive crashings of a line of freight cars shaken in their inertia from far ahead make impatient the man huddled on the stony embankment. And the half-light of the darkening sky makes him shudder in desperation.

How, he has asked himself, can anything ever lift the weight that is on his heart? Light, gayety, companionship—they are all made shallow by the sickening, ever-present burden.

Often he has asked himself, what good is there living in a world that doesn't want you? The cops keep him out of the railroad stations, where he could at least sleep a stiff and sore sleep. The guys who run the stands, they begrudge him a sloppy cup of coffee and day-before-yesterday's buns. Sometimes they even ask him about himself—but they don't really care—they banter with everyone who eats off their greasy counters, in their comfortable, green-sheet reading, steam heated proprietorship. How can friendship do any good? Back-slappers, sympathizers can't lift a weight from your soul.

What chance is there for John Barrow, unshaven ex-convict, ever to gain respect, even of himself? He tries to button the neck of his dirty blue workshirt with a button that isn't there, wraps his coat around his body, and gazes at the cold, gray river down there. It is easy to die when you are not wanted, with black days behind you, a heaviness on your heart, and a blank future.

Once he thought that before he killed himself he would have one grand spree, shoot up the place, then he saw that it would only cause him the misery that he was dying to escape. As well to end life in calm solidity . . .

The tracks are silent now. The side of his eye catches a movement. Here is an old man coming up the track with a dirty newspaper-wrapped package under his arm. The old fellow is attracted by his fire.

"Hello there, young fellow! Have pot luck with me, eh?"

As he eases himself down and unwraps two cans of beans, John Barrow has a warmth of feeling come over him.

That old man has a worse future than he has. Yet his face is kind, and it has a sort of lean keenness to it. The calm of the night, the comfortable

## IF LOVE WERE ALL

glow of the fire, and the assured take-life-as-it-comes attitude of the old fellow betrayed by the very angle of his jaw—all sweep away the despair in the heart of John Barrow.

It is simplicity itself.

Tomorrow is another day, and here I am.

As simple as that. . . .

“These beans are right good when you’re hungry, young fellow.”

He starts. Has he been staring that long at the man’s face? The beans are hot, and good! This is really enjoyable.

“Old man, you know . . . heaven and hell are right here, now.”

The old man looks at him shrewdly, and sees a calm keenness in his face, a take-life-as-it-comes attitude, betrayed by the angle of his jaw.



## If Love Were All

By RICHARD GRIFFITH

*Let all who are betrayed  
Forget the noble past,  
And spend without a qualm  
A year before the mast.*

*There are love’s lessons learned,  
Thus are its pains forgot,  
The polar snows remain as cold,  
The tropic sun as hot.*

# Epigrams of Martial

Translated by William H. Bond

## THE MARRIAGE PROBLEM

*Gemellus asks an aged hag  
(A rich one) if she'll marry him.  
He won't permit his suit to lag;  
He shows much gumption.  
But has she grace of face and limb?  
Nay, she's as lifeless as a rag.  
Why does he seek her with such vim?  
She has consumption.*

## THE SAME TRADE

*Diaulus was a doctor;  
Now he's a casket-maker.  
What he once did as medico he does as undertaker.*

## THE MORNING AFTER

*Last night when we had drunk our seventh cup  
I think I asked you if you'd come to dine.  
I really scarcely thought you'd take me up  
And take as serious words produced by wine.*

*Today, towards lunch-time, then, the test we'll see,  
And find what kind of man you'll prove to be.  
But this you'll note if you're a friend of me:  
No friend of mine should have a memory!*

# Science Takes a Hand

By ROGER L. GREIF

**S**TUBBY, jeweled fingers held a white card saying, "His Excellency, Count Ivanov, Chancellor, is invited by Prof. Zinioneff to witness some interesting chemical experiments." "Nicolai," said the count, "convey my acceptance and thanks to the professor."

On the following day, the carriage of the chancellor, drawn by two white stallions, stopped before a shabby house outside Moscow. On the steps stood Prof. Zinioneff, a thin-faced, hollow-cheeked man with curly, brown hair and thick-lensed glasses. Beside him stood his pretty young wife, holding their only child. The count greeted them cordially, but the professor seemed more absorbed in watching his wife than in acting as host to his distinguished guest. She started to say something, but a glance from her husband silenced her. They entered the house.

In the narrow hallway, one flickering gas light cast indistinct shadows on the wall as the count climbed the stairs, followed by the professor and his wife. They entered a dimly-lit room filled with flasks, retorts, burners, and other apparatus.

"Lock the door, Olga," ordered the professor, and his wife complied. "Now for the experiment," continued Zinioneff. "I have here a new explosive which if heated by flame is more powerful than any substance known to science. Ten drops of the substance could blast this building to bits!" The professor, with trembling hand, held up a vial of brown liquid.

"Why good heavens, man, that's dangerous stuff to be playing with," said the count nervously.

"Aha, Count, I see you understand," cackled the professor. "You have oppressed our poor country; taxed our peasants until they starve! You control the Czar, you live in luxury, and—" here the professor shrieked, "and yet you must turn your lusting eyes upon my wife! Well, Count, we perish together. I go to heaven, you and Olga to hell! Russia is free, and my honor is avenged!" Leaping to a lighted burner, Zinioneff held the vial in its flame.

\* \* \* \*

The thick jeweled fingers held a newspaper saying "Mad Scientist Shot By Chancellor." The corpses of a widow and child were found in a Moscow gutter, starved and frozen to death.

# Ex Lax Realism

By JAMES D. HOOVER

**A**N IDEA which has had a persistent life throughout the history of criticism and which has become very popular in modern writing is that the function of the poet is to cleanse nature. Nature is not to be exalted, or mirrored, or hidden, but purged.

Robert Frost once said to Louis Untermeyer something to the effect that "there are two kinds of realists, the one who offers the reader plenty of dirt with his potato to show that it is real, and the one who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean." This distinction, which Frost was applying to his own poetry, has always vaguely irritated me.

We have heard so much about the lofty function of poets, about theirs being the noblest occupation known, that it comes as something of a shock to find that they are to nature precisely what the housemaid is to society or Ex-Lax to the business man. No one exalts the housemaid as an artist; cookery is far more creative. There is nothing creative implied in the potato-brushing idea of poetry; poetry ceases to be expression and becomes more a process of revision.

The irritating point about this definition is that it often works. Much of the best modern creative writing is straight narrative where the only difference it bears from pure naturalism is that the facts are intensified and purified; nothing is changed. In poetry the work of Robert Frost himself is the outstanding vindication of his own definition. The modern critical essay is often nothing more than a clever rearrangement of facts.

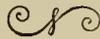
In the past Ex-Lax Realism played a much less impressive part in literature; the writer has until recently been predominantly the improviser, the romancer. When the Eighteenth Century stated that its only ideals in poetry were to refine nature, poetry went into eclipse. When Wordsworth wrote down exactly what he felt and saw, his nimble poetic feet became clodhoppers. Only in romantic and mystical moods did Wordsworth compose elevated poetry, the total of exceptions being "Michael" and a handful of short lyrics. When the Victorian essayist tried to stick to the facts, he became intolerably dull, and in this factual modern age we had far rather listen to Stevenson discussing friendship than Huxley describing coal or a piece of chalk.

However badly this conception may have failed in the past, the fact remains that it works now. But will it ever produce supreme creative art?

## SONNET

Can't the job of washing behind nature's ears be left to the prose writers? It hardly befits ancient conceptions to see the divinely inspired poet standing over the sink and scrubbing potatoes.

The poet's job is to produce some inherent change in the material he works with, to fuse, to synthesize. Nobody's appetite is going to be aroused by a raw potato, however clean. The cooking and flavoring are still to be done, and he who does these things is more than a scrubber; he rises to become a cook, a creator of savory and digestible food.



## Sonnet

By THOMAS K. BROWN, III

*We cannot tell the ocean what to do,  
When whisper tunes of peace and when to roar,  
Which ship to dash upon the rocky shore,  
Which bark to let come sailing safely through.  
Nor will the earth afford us certain clue  
When she the hopeful seedling will ignore,  
When raise a flower where once was found a spore—  
Both sea and soil but to themselves are true.  
Here is my soul, to nurture or to spurn  
As you may care to treat it: if sustain,  
Its heat may warm you, or its fire burn;  
And if reject—fear not, it will but wane  
Till but the dry, dead, empty pod remain,  
A speck in some forgotten funeral urn.*

# Hospital

By CARL WILBUR

I'LL get even with that Supervisor yet. She can't make me work on the Fourth of July. I'll write to Washington or some place and complain to the N. R. A. No guy can work 78 hours a week.

Curse that Wilson! Who's *she* anyway? I'll take the chip off the gray old bird's shoulder some day. The work we got to do! Work, work, work. If I get a date one night, when five o'clock rolls around next morning I know it's going to take me a week to make up for it. Seven to seven, that's how long we work. I want leisure, that's what. I'm master over *me*. I'm going to play around some before I kick off like the rest of these stiff.

I *am* taking it easy; that's why I'm sitting here in the doctor's quarters, smoking a butt. Wilson leaves a note "Scour all sterilizers, change curtains, set up 'A,' fold doctors' suits, and answer fifth floor calls." Catch me going up there to give those horses enemas. What are the nurses for? I'd help Miss Buckley, though, she's swell; I'd like . . .

There's that bell. If it's anything like yesterday—God! I'll quit—on the spot!

I knew it was pretty bad then. Fourth floor, that's a Ward floor. They would have put it off till next day if they could.

She sure was shouting when I got up there. But by the time I pushed her around to the elevator and waited for the thing she was getting cold and gasping. The nurse held her finger on the button and finally the elevator came. She said the patient was twenty-two and this was her fifth child.

We took her into "A" and got the table all set. The surgeon was still scrubbing and the Chief Resident was with him.

I had to think about that girl. She looked pretty nice. But now her eyes were fixed, staring back toward her forehead. While I was binding her arms I could feel they were cold and clammy.

Why didn't they speed it up?

The surgeons came in joking; they were gloved, and fixed up. I adjusted the lights for a Caesarean.

Doc took a closer look at the gasping thing on the table.

"Where's the anaesthetist? Who's doing it? I should have been told about this earlier."

Then they began to talk about the day. And she sounded fainter.

## MEDITATION

When he finally came in and was all set, they looked at each other. The surgeon got it; it was dead. He unsterilized himself, called for glucose, needles, adrenaline, and they tried to save *her*. Five inch needles right in the heart. And they opened her arm to get the fluid in.

It was all over. She was dead too. The Doc put his arm around one of the nurses and started whispering. Something funny was said. They all laughed.

I could hear nothing but their laughter. Laughing, laughing, nothing about the pool on the floor that I would have to mop up, nothing about wrapping her up and taking her through those dark corridors to the ice box—only laughing, laughing.

She was nice looking . . .

Hey! What am I doing? Gotta go back. Am I going to paint the town tonight!



## Meditation

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*I sit in my room in Entry Smith  
And say to myself: "Gee whith,  
My theme is due on old March fith!"  
Which is poetic license, sith<sup>1</sup>  
It's really due March fourth.*

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<sup>1</sup>Archaic.

# BOOKS

ELIZABETH, by FRANK SWINNERTON

*Reviewed by* RICHARD B. SHOEMAKER

The title of this highly engrossing story by the prolific novelist, Frank Swinnerton, is ambiguous. The life of the English coastal town about which the plot revolves, Seahampton, becomes entangled with the affairs and desperate actions of two Elizabeths, characters as different as a versatile writer could make them. The story belongs to neither one nor the other; they both develop with startling reality. Mr. Swinnerton seems mainly interested in these two personalities; at least he admirably contrasts two young women, one upon whom the sun shines with the greatest of happiness and the other whose days are darkly shadowed with pain and hatred. Their paths cross and the presence of beautiful joy inspires in one the longing to be a friend and in the other a deep jealousy. Perhaps this is a composite portrait founded on the coupling of two names, Eliza and Beth, to form Elizabeth. Such a speculation, however, can be overemphasized; for the merit of the book lies in the tale.

The story progresses slowly and fully develops its climactic situations, which are both briefly and skillfully concluded. The tragic death which the Seahampton architect, Syd Rose, meets is foreshadowed by the violent quarrel with his friend Julian; but a sense of dramatic value is shown by Mr. Swinnerton in leaving the immediately subsequent events in silence. The book is divided into six parts, most of which are laid in Seahampton although the atmosphere of London is an alternate background for the characters. Descriptions, to a leisurely extent specific, enrich the story and endear it to the imagination. When the old sea-coast town of Seahampton begins to cover its green hills with promoter Lott's modern and hideously useful buildings, we join the author in a slight indulgence in melancholy. The book is well stocked with characters which do not impress one as conventional types. Among the minor figures the weak Richard Carthwaite, a study of an inferiority complex deepened by the restrictions of a minister's home, and Charlie Cordell, Eliza's father and an ambitious hack-writer ruined by drink, stand out most vividly. These people are well-drawn and they make the book live, but they cannot be dissociated from their careers

## BOOKS

in the story. It is the unified whole which remains with the reader after his hours of enjoyment. Furthermore it would be fruitless to search for predictions of social change and new social relationships. As a story-teller Mr. Swinnerton has succeeded and there lies the importance of *Elizabeth*.

LOST HORIZON, by JAMES HILTON

Reviewed by J. E. GOLDMARK

In *Lost Horizon* James Hilton combines the knack of telling a very good story with the same genius for creating atmosphere which animated *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. It is interesting to note that although the former book was published first and has much more of a plot, it did not attract interest until after the appearance of its successor. *Lost Horizon* was first published in the fall of 1933, but at that time the reviews of it were non-committal and it created no stir whatsoever. But after the appearance of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* in the *Atlantic Monthly* last spring and in book form last summer, Alexander Woollcott discovered it and praised it so highly that it soon became a national best seller.

The central idea of the book is original and refreshing; it shows a fertile imagination. The story deals with a strange lamasery in a practically inaccessible part of the Himalayas. It overlooks a fertile valley and is situated on the precipitous side of Shangri-La, a gorgeous conical snow peak. The air about the lamasery is pure and produces extreme longevity. This is so accentuated by the moderation in all things which is the main rule of the institution that the lamas actually live nearly two hundred years. Their aim is to remain cut of contact with the world, so that after civilization has been destroyed by modern warfare, they may have preserved life and culture on this planet.

A young Englishman named Conway, whose previous life has made him lose interest in an active career, is kidnapped with three companions and brought to the valley to become a lama. He is the first one initiated and shows great interest in the prospect of his new life at the lamasery. His zeal and talent raise him so high in the estimation of the dying head lama, the founder of the institution, that he leaves the headship to Conway. Just at the moment when he is stunned by this occurrence, one of his companions, who has found a means of escape and needs Conway's assistance, manages to shake his belief in the future of the lamasery, so that he flees back to civiliza-

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

tion with this man. The last we hear of Conway is that he is again in the Himalayas, searching for the entrance to the valley of Shangri-La.

Hilton has intensified the effect of this unusual story by the wonderful atmosphere that he creates about the lamasery and the peak of Shangri-La. Those who have read *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* know how gifted he is in this particular, and they will not be disappointed in *Lost Horizon*. Unlike most young writers his reaction to modern life seems to be a desire to shun it. He seeks the quieter byways and invests them with so much charm that we cannot but realize that he is giving true voice to his feelings. Moreover it is delightful to find so talented an author aiming merely to give pleasure by his writing—and succeeding so well.

### THE PINNACLE OF GLORY, by WILSON WRIGHT

*Reviewed by* JAMES D. HOOVER

Mr. Wright's latest contribution to the small-group-of-characters-isolated-by-fate school is the story of Napoleon in exile, the quarrelsome last days on St. Helena. It is a record of petty fights between his French followers and his English captors and of various individuals within these groups, so there is little action but much emotional conflict and many heated words.

Napoleon himself is presented as being wrecked by his ennui and economic needs. Unable to appease his appetite for work in any other way, he must lay out a campaign for arousing sympathy, even though he has to sacrifice pride to do it. Napoleon's foil is the mean and suspicious Sir Hudson Lowe, who occupies the dubious position of being despised by everyone except the reader, who somehow feels he is getting a raw deal. Another source of conflict is Gorgaud's silly jealousy of the oily Las Cases. The rest of the characters are (true to history) pretty colorless.

One cannot help wondering why, out of all the past, Mr. Wright should have chosen this unpromising theme to work on. It is really historical, not novel material, and as history has often been done before. The leading people of St. Helena at the time nearly all left detailed accounts, though most are prejudiced. The library contains an illegible copy of Las Cases' memoirs and Lord Rosebery's "Napoleon: the Last Phase." Though written from the British viewpoint, this really covers the ground very well and leaves Mr. Wright little material on which to exercise his imagination.

## BOOKS

The actual conversations and full character analysis are his, but otherwise Mr. Wright has to stick pretty close to the dull facts of the case. Even the melodramatic thunderstorm during Napoleon's death scene seems to have been a matter of history. The book is beautifully done nevertheless, and it is the fault of the material and not of Mr. Wright, if the whole thing fails to raise, or burn, or flow, or whatever it is that a good novel is supposed to do.

### THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH, by FRANZ WERFEL

*Reviewed by* WILLIAM H. REAVES, JR.

This recent novel, which stands out so distinctly from the current run of fiction, is quite different from most of the contemporary novels in that it is richest in story. Its intense dramatic narrative first captures the reader's attention and it is this same quality which holds his interest throughout the entire book. The tragedy of race hatred is exposed. With this in mind it is not irrelevant to note that Werfel himself is a German Jew, although it is not his purpose, I think, to draw a definite analogy between Germany's treatment of the Jews and Turkey's extermination of the Armenians.

The story concerns the return of a native Armenian, Gabriel Bagradian, who was educated on the continent, his French wife and son to the little Armenian village in which he had been born. When the Turkish government begins its systematic extermination of the Armenian people, Gabriel finds himself compelled to accept the leadership of his villagers. From the village which lies at the foot of Musa Dagh, the mountain of Moses, he leads them up onto a plateau of the mountain when the Turkish government orders that the village be evacuated. Then follow the forty days: forty days during which morals and social amenities must be suspended; forty days in which they drive off their enemy, capture rifles and provisions, defy and humiliate the Turkish government. And then, just as this band of brave people is about to succumb to death by starvation and disease, they are saved by a French battleship. Realistic vision makes this almost incredible tale of the stand of the Armenians on Musa Dagh assume classical greatness. The story of these human beings under such a terrific pressure creates in the reader an intense feeling of anticipation.

In character portrayals Werfel definitely fails. Most of his characters are too shadowy and unsatisfying. Gabriel Bagradian typifies the modern

hero. Bound to his native country by bonds which years of continental life have not severed, he returns to lead his people out of the jaws of death. Juliette, his French wife, is a rather vague symbol of the delicate foreigner in the far East. But in spite of this obvious flaw, the *Forty Days* will long serve as a social document because of its epic treatment.



## DRAMA

POINT VALAINE, by NOEL COWARD

Reviewed by JAMES A. DAILEY, JR.

For two years the versatile Noel Coward contented himself with the production of gay and frivolous plays such as *Design For Living*. But now he returns to the sober mood of *Cavalcade*, and presents a strange and moving tragedy which he calls *Point Valaine*. This, his latest work, possesses a generous quantity of his light, sophisticated dialogue; but Mr. Coward is no longer really joking. He is concerned rather with the serious portrayal of a woman who cannot find her way to happiness, who meets only tragedy in her vain seeking.

Linda Valaine manages a resort hotel on a Caribbean island, where once her father sang hymns for the natives. She has renamed the place Point Valaine and developed a successful business. Nevertheless, she has not achieved happiness, has never found real love. Years past she had a short and loveless marriage. Seven years ago, hoping to find the answer to her need in physical passion, she became the mistress of her Russian head-waiter, Stefan, a thinly veneered beast. Now, irritable, frightened, she is still seeking release from her lonely existence, from the tropic rain and heat, from the chattering guests, above all, from emptiness. One evening the boat from the mainland brings a new set of guests. Among them is a fever-ridden aviator of twenty-five, Martin Welford. Immediately Linda and he sense a strong mutual attraction. Stefan, slinking about noiselessly, making the guests uncomfortable, is at once conscious of the situation. Within a few days, Linda and Martin are deeply in love, but neither has spoken. Then a faulty boat-engine keeps Stefan on the mainland for a night, and Martin

## DRAMA

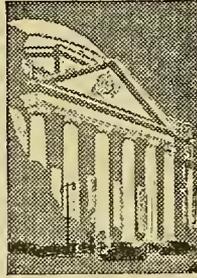
takes this opportunity to win Linda. She, burdened with the disgrace of her connection with Stefan, feels that she can have no happiness now. But Martin is pressing, and at last she yields, willing to clutch happiness to her, if it be only for a moment. Unfortunately, Stefan returns soon after midnight, senses what is happening, and summons Linda from her bed. The jealous beast stages a wild, noisy attack upon his frightened mistress, ceasing only when his outburst has driven the disillusioned Martin to his own quarters. Then Linda reveals to Stefan the hollowness of the love between them, and, when she has left the despairing, grovelling creature, he throws himself to the sea and the sharks. The next morning, when Linda and Martin meet, he has no word for her. His youthful love for her has been destroyed. She can hope for nothing from him, nor from Stefan, whose mangled body is soon found on the beach. Linda has only an empty life ahead, a life without love or happiness. That is the real tragedy for her.

Though his plot is relatively simple, Mr. Coward makes it unusually effective by his compelling characterization of Linda and by his skillful dramatic development. His play advances smoothly, but with a certain restraint, and is particularly successful with regard to its climaxes, major and minor, which come at the ripest, most fitting moments. The lighter elements introduced—the laughing guests, the cranky mother and her hampered daughter, the cynical novelist and his eager, young admirer—all this perfectly complements the basic, tragic element of the play; furnishes a mocking contrast to the vain struggles of the protagonists; and gives, by its presence, a natural air to a play that might otherwise be fatally overburdened with intensity and emotion.

Finally Mr. Coward assures a fully adequate performance of his play by giving it to that unique couple, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, who take the parts of Stefan and Linda. They, with their firm and finished acting, give this piece the strong, vivid interpretation that it requires. Both assume unattractive disguises and create complete and realistic characterizations. Of the two roles, Miss Fontanne's is far more extensive and varied, but Mr. Lunt's one important scene, after two acts of almost total silence on his part, gives him an opportunity to exert his whole strength in a long sustained and highly exhausting performance that is unpleasantly real. His characterization, in fact, is so thorough, that he even brings tears to his eyes as he pleads for the love he can never have. Mr. Coward surely could not have found better actors for his difficult play.

# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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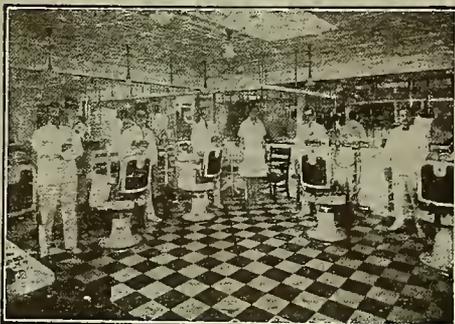
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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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# A Holiday

By

JAMES D. HOOVER



HE SAT on the edge of the bed, tying his shoes. One of the strings broke. Now he'd have to go down the street with a knot in one shoe. One of those days!

He got up, looked in the mirror, saw a hard, pimple-covered face. It always made him feel a little sick. That face cut him off from so many things. People thought he must be practical-headed and unromantic. They were wrong.

Combed his hair. Went downstairs into the living room. Mom was there. "Hello, Mom."

"Hello, son."

"Evening paper there?"

"Here's the second part you want."

He turned to the baseball. Bears Lose on Moore's Homer in 7th. What next? He said nothing aloud, however; his face registered nothing.

"Rest all right, son?"

"Yup."

## A HOLIDAY

"What are you going to do tonight?"

Tonight? No school tomorrow! It was Saturday. "Why, I don't know. Nothing much."

"There's a dance at the girls' school. You know you can go if you want."

"No, thanks."

"You ought to get more social life."

"Mm."

"I mean it."

"I know! I'll go over to Henry's, I guess."

"All right. Don't stay too long."

"All right, Mom."

He went out the front door. She thought: he's snippy; mustn't have slept so well. The fresh air will do him good.

Be damned if he'd go over to Henry's house and fool away the whole evening. He'd go off walking by himself. Unconsciously he drifted toward the girls' school and the brightly lighted gym floor where the dance was going on.

Through one of the tall windows he looked in and could plainly see several people he knew. George (naturally), and O'Brien dancing with Mary Locke. The orchestra could be faintly heard.

My god, how beautiful. A wave of some queer emotion swept across him. God, if he could only be there: how wonderful! Girls: how strange, how kind, humorous! And he was always an outsider by himself.

A mood of sadness unmanned him. Walked slowly down to the corner, where he stood looking at the traffic a moment, hesitating. What was there to do? Then he walked back and past the dance floor. Suddenly something to do occurred to him. Go get a drink. O'Brien had taken him to a place over on the avenue once after a dance. That was the only time he'd ever had anything to drink. He knew where the place was. Began to walk faster: two blocks crosstown, then turned down the brilliantly lighted avenue.

There was a beer shop with a curtain stretched across behind the show windows. After looking at everything that could possibly be of interest on the outside, he went in. At little tables with soiled covers groups of men drank beer. He went straight up to the bar, where he saw what he wanted: a cardboard sign with "Whiskey 15c" written on it.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

The bartender faced him. "Some rye," the boy said.

"A bottle?"

"No, just a jigger." He drank it down as quickly as he could, without enjoyment, paid for it, and went out along the avenue again, watching the store windows.

Picture of Jean Harlow in a window: "Siren of the Silver Screen in her latest Hold Your Man Laugh Riot. Coming soon." "Hiya, Jean," he whispered, feeling pretty confident in himself, but he realized that talking to pictures was about as far as he got. An acute feeling of manliness absorbed him. Got to do something about it for once.

Well—his heart knocked as he thought of it. There were always women to be had on the streets. They at least wouldn't be snobbish toward him.

Pick up a woman! It took guts, but that was one thing he could do. He was mad with excitement.

A woman, perfectly decent-looking, passed by him on the street. He looked away. If she had been the right kind, he couldn't have stopped her. Too afraid.

He went into another beer shop.

"Some rye," he said. Nobody thought it odd, because he was a tough-looking kid. He came out again, grabbing a pretzel on the way, and stood on the street munching it and watching everyone that passed.

Old women with and without dogs. Young couples. Then he saw what he was looking for: a girl at the next corner. He walked nearer.

She had big eyes, her lips were sticky, her hair black and coarse, but he thought her beautiful. She pleased him decidedly.

He walked by her, staring hard. She, always susceptible to stares, looked back. He stopped, stared, said nothing.

"Hello, kid," she said. "Looking for someone?"

"Yep."

"Who?"

"Anybody."

"Me?"

"Mm hm." My God, how simple, he thought.

They were walking down the street together. He still felt exhilarated, feverish. Pictured himself standing entirely naked, with her looking him over. For some reason she was fully clothed.

She put her arm in his, and he nearly shouted. As they were going down

## A HOLIDAY

the avenue arm in arm, someone passed by. He looked twice. It was his father.

The son turned, looked. His father had turned too. He seemed amazed, tried to say hello, then walked on.

The boy felt his new world crumple. It was awful. The joy dropped clear out of him. He freed himself from the girl's arm.

"My God," he said aloud. He struck himself on the head with his flat hand, right out in the middle of the sidewalk.

He's nuts, the girl thought.

"My God—my God—" he kept saying half aloud, crazy with rage. She looked straight at him. "Say," she began.

He wanted to strike her. "Get the hell away from me," he shouted. "Can't you see I'm sick of you?"

She looked sore and hurt at the same time. "Okay," she said crossly.

He turned away, almost ran from her up a side street. "My God, my God," he kept repeating pointlessly. "Why did it have to be my father of all the people in town—the only time in my life—at that place—my God, what luck. Some fine holiday this is!"

Walked, walked, didn't notice where he was going, thought he would never want to stop. Tried to run himself down.

Why? why? why?—my own father. I'll never be able to go back.

The sudden thought gripped him. How easy, how bold, never to go back home. Be rid of all that talking, those hurt looks, the endless tenseness, misunderstanding. Be all at once perfectly independent and be his own master. He kept on walking, as if trying to get away from something.

Mom: he thought. She'd cry when father told her. Well, she'd cry if he did come home! But maybe father wouldn't tell if he went back. But, no use thinking—too late now. He felt in all his pockets. Only change.

"My God! I'll go crazy," he said. "This is too much. Pick up a woman and have nothing but change with you. Dumb idiot!"

He was making an ass out of himself. A pistol—he thought in his excitement—he had never thought of that before in his life—how easy: a single shot, and it would be done—no more fool. Then he laughed at himself.

He began to calm down. For the first time he noticed he was outside the shopping district and in the dimly-lighted residential section. It was late at night. Coming out of it, he said to himself.

*(Continued on page 155)*

# Three Poems

By WILLIAM H. MYER

## I

Gold is life,  
The very essence of it.  
It takes its place along with Love, and Sex, and God—  
The indisputable.  
It is the great power that makes us happy,  
Or makes us miserable wanderers in a lonely city.

Life is Gold,  
The very essence of it.  
The dulled monies pouring through dirty fingers—  
Always pouring,  
Always handled once before we touch it.  
They are great powers, Gold and Life,  
Great powers that make us wanderers  
In a lonely city.

## II

I sought once  
The wild fall skies with my beloved,  
And walked with chilled ecstasy,  
Kicking the dead leaves—  
A year has past.  
I walk alone  
In the dusky fall evening  
And only live.

## III

Finished, after long endless nights  
It's done.  
Fingers worn leaner—  
Eyes shadowed.  
And I look in the glass  
At my shadowed eyes,  
And laugh for joy.

# A "Thing" of Beauty

By RENE BLANC-ROOS

MARY and Peter looked down at their offspring. "I wish we'd never given him the filthy thing," said Mary. "He's sure to catch something from it."

Peter resolutely plunged his hand into the crib and produced a nondescript wad of substance about a foot long, neutral mouse-grey in color, and decidedly dirty. Once it had been a toy dog, but the most discerning of connoisseurs might now easily guess Horse, Cat, or Bear. One knew it was not a Doll, at least, because of its rather long ears and a tail, or what was left of a tail.

Mary put her fingers into her ears at Junior's bloodcurdling screams. "Give it to him." Her nose wrinkled in agony. "Please, please, give it back to him."

Peter hid the thing behind his back, and tried to change the subject by making faces at Junior, first like a monkey, then like a Chinaman; but when even the imitation of the Dodo-bird failed, Peter owned himself beaten, and returned the thing to his son, who snatched it to him, and stopped crying immediately.

"Darling," said Mary, lifting an eyebrow, "you didn't have to throw it at him."

They had done everything to make Junior relinquish what Peter called "the thing." The baby would not go to sleep without it, and though Peter had several times taken it from him while he slept, Junior's yelling and screaming when waking with empty arms had compelled Peter time and again to get up out of bed to return the Thing. They had tried to bribe him by giving him a very handsome Bear and Zebra. Junior



had pushed the Bear down to the foot of his crib and seemed shocked by the stripes of the Zebra, which he threw on the floor with a characteristic yell. In the end the Thing had to be returned to him.

Peter looked at his wife. "I'm fed up," he said, walked from the room, and slammed the door. In a moment he returned with a pair of long shears. He went to Junior's crib, took hold of the Thing by a leg, but even as Junior gathered his forces for a war cry, gave up the idea of vengeance and stared pensively at the wall above his head. He opened and closed the shears absent-mindedly a few times—"I" he turned to Mary "have a thought."

That night he stole on tip-toe to the crib. Mary, puzzled, watched him. Very carefully he took the Thing from Junior's relaxed arms, walked into the sitting room, and laid it on the table under the light. There was the sound as of rat-cheese being grated, or as of a leg's being amputated from a toy dog. "Click" went the shears, "grr-click." "All right," Peter said, "sew him up."

Mary having wonderingly and silently obeyed, Peter tip-toed again into the other room and softly laid the Thing in Junior's arms.

In the morning, so far as Junior was concerned, dogs had always looked into the light of day with three legs—he noticed no change. Peter grinned mysteriously at his wife.

When the Thing lost its tail and had only two legs and one ear left, Junior began to be worried. He was still infatuated, but one could see that he was growing disillusioned. Finally Peter, taking a desperate chance, one night returned only the head of the Thing (there was still one ear left on it) stealthily to Junior's bosom. Man and wife rose early, and with eager expectation watched the awakening of their man-child.

He was holding What-was-left-of-the-Thing between his hands, slowly turning it around and around. At times his face puckered up and Mary put her fingers in her ears. But finally he pushed his hands through the bars of his crib, seemed reluctantly to open them, and the Thing dropped on the rug with the scarcest of thuds.

"Quick, the new Bear" whispered Peter.

# Professional Man

By WILLIAM B. KRIEBEL

**H**ENRY TOFT, though a burglar by profession, often slept at night. It was with mild astonishment that he awoke at an unknown hour to notice a girl climbing into his large open window. This was interesting to him because he lived on the second floor of the apartment house.

"Hullo," he said. The girl jumped lightly to the floor—she wore tennis shoes—and fixed her hair.

"I'm having an awful time," she said, turning on a light and sitting on his table. "That rope ladder business doesn't work and I can't open safes and—" she was serious—"I make a terrible burglar."

"So?" sympathized Henry, raising himself to his elbow and scratching his tousled head. "I'm in the business."

"Oh! You're a burglar!" she exclaimed as though surprised.

"This is out of my business hours." He covered a yawn with an arm clothed in violet. "But maybe I can advise you."

The girl jumped to her feet.

"Advise me! Aren't you going to help me get the letters?"

"What letters?"

The girl subsided to the table. Her manner was quiet and serious.

"Maybe I didn't tell you. I want to get some letters back. Do you know the fellow who lives above you?"

"No. And I've lived all my life in New York and never—"

"The fellow upstairs is blackmailing me."

Henry was a picture of silent meditation. He scratched his head again.

"You look terrible," commented the girl. "Now, listen. You get something out of this."

"Oh! Well, you might pay my rent."

"That's it. I'll pay your rent."

"All of it?"

"Well . . . yes, all of it. But I didn't bring any money. You'll have to trust me."

"I will, all right. You might sign a check for me," replied Henry, waving his arm at the table. "Just open that drawer. You'll find lots of different check books there. Pick one out."

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

"I'll sign one of these blue ones."

"Hundred forty. What do these letters look like?"

"Hundred forty. Why, I don't—why, like letters, of course." She turned off the light, slapped the check on the table.

"He lives above here?"

"I said so. The letters are in his safe. Now have them when I come tomorrow at four." She swung over the windowsill onto some sort of ladder.

"Well, come by the stairs," shouted Henry as well as he could with his chin on his hand. Then he became sleepy again.

With true burglar ear, Henry immediately suspected that someone wanted to get into Wellington Parkes' suite of rooms, since there was a loud knocking on the door. This rarely happened when he worked at night. He went to the door, unlocked it, and opened it gently.

"Oh." The assistant manager of the apartments was taken aback. He did not recognize Mr. Toft, since the latter wore a mask, but he wanted to know where Mr. Parkes was. Henry articulated artificially.

"Oh, I've got him bound and gagged in the other room. Why?"

"You've—" He didn't get the drift, so Henry slammed the door and locked it again. As he worked at the safe, finally opening it and removing the bundle of letters, cash, and valuables, he felt vaguely disturbed with himself. Actually, Mr. Parkes was nowhere around. Henry Toft had told a lie.

As he scrambled down his short hanging ladder and into his own window, and shut the window above by ingenious means, he dimly heard them breaking down the door into Mr. Parkes' apartment. Henry, as he began changing his clothes, wondered what he'd do with all the keys to the apartment above.

Shortly afterwards the girl walked in in a great hurry. Smartly dressed, it seemed impossible that she climbed buildings.

"Quick! I think I'm late for my train."

"I suppose I catch it for you?" asked Henry with extraordinary wit, handing her a package.

"All here?" she tore it open at a corner and slipped out a letter, looked at it. "Oh, thank you," she breathed. "You don't know how you've helped me." Then she turned and ran.

Henry watched her disappear; then he realized that the assistant manager was at his elbow. He was so official in manner that Henry Toft for a moment feared he was recognized.

## SUCCESS STORY

"The bank has returned your check," announced the assistant manager, waving a blue piece of paper at Henry, who sighed in relief and took it resignedly. Then he reached in his pocket.

"And I'd like my shower fixed," he said to the assistant manager.

"Certainly, sir," replied the assistant manager cheerfully, withdrawing. For he had just been paid in cash.

Very shortly afterwards the fingers of the burglar held a telegram:  
THANKS FOR GETTING THE LETTERS. I'M DOING THE BLACKMAILING. GIRL.

"She might have used the tenth word somehow," said the burglar softly, reaching for his pen and a telegraph blank. At his desk his eyes fell on a pile of letters without envelopes, and he smiled. Then he wrote:

I STUFFED MOST OF YOUR ENVELOPES. I'M DOING IT MYSELF. BURGLAR.



## Success Story

By ROBERT M. ZUCKERT

*Let me sing of a fellow from Standard Oil,  
Whose renown in sports was exceedingly great.  
He could kick, he could run, on the gridiron a pearl,  
Though he'd ceased school-attendance around grade 8.*

*His feats won him a scholarship at the U. of R.,  
Where he learned with a certain degree of shock  
That his genius entitled him to thirty-five per  
As his stipend for winding an eight-day clock.*

*His career was magnificent, his honours uncounted,  
And he was a leader in college activities.  
With contacts quite helpful his earnings mounted,  
In the face of a dearth of scholastic proclivities.*

*In due time he was graduated, magna cum  
Money, with degree and a rakish board of mortar.  
He took all his pelf to his humble home,  
And straightway he wedded a bartender's daughter.*

# Debut

By WILLIAM H. REAVES

**N**OW what's my cue?—"Darling, there is something I feel I must tell you." Then I knock. "Oh rats." Then I enter. I had better go backstage now.

I wonder if this make-up looks all right? They said it made me look like a corpse last night. Oh I know he's put on too much rouge. I'll probably look consumptive now. I don't believe I've ever been so frightened. I'll never be able to walk on the stage. I know everyone will see my knees shaking. Wouldn't it be terrible if I forgot my lines? It might happen. It has happened. Really this make-up. It's dreadful. People will probably scream with laughter. And they aren't supposed to. This costume is foul. I want a cigarette, but all the lipstick comes off when I smoke. There's the overture. Where on earth is my cap? Don't they realize I have to go on in just a moment. What have they done with it? Oh, there it is. It ruins my hair when I put it on. I'll be the frowsiest looking thing that ever appeared.

They're doing wonderfully. Oh I hope I don't forget my lines and ruin the whole thing. I can't bear this waiting. Oh my God. What are they stopping for. They've forgotten. Poor things. Oh I hope it doesn't happen to me. Where's the calling card I have to take in? Where on earth is the property man? I have to go on in just a minute. "Oh, thank you. Does this cap look all right? Yes, I am just a little nervous." My cue. ". . . I feel I must tell you." I knock. "Oh rats." Then I go on. I don't see how I'm going to make it. My heart's beating so I can hardly say a word. I wonder if they all feel like this. Maybe it's temperament. Of course, that's what it is, I—

"Darling, there is something I feel I must tell you."

Oh my God. There it is. Oh, I'm weak.

Knock, knock.

"Oh rats."

I—I

*(enter)*

"There is a gentleman to see you, Mrs. Roberts."

"Yes, Mrs. Roberts."

*(exit).*

# Ordeal By Fire

By WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.

BERRY, sitting silent at the dinner table, had been home from his first year in prep school for two weeks now, and during the fourteen days he had gone through a sudden and startling process of disillusionment. He had discovered that his parents weren't the brilliant and educated persons that his earlier memories had testified them to be, and the knowledge had made him feel important and misplaced. Of course, while he was carrying on, at prep school, the family tradition of being a person set apart, he had made himself thoroughly disliked, but, as his father had often said, practically all human beings, especially those of Northern Ohio, were morons anyhow, his unpopularity hadn't worried him to any extent. But it was absolutely shocking to hear his parents' conversations with his four-year-old sister Josephine while his fluent and intelligent talk was dismissed with a nod of the head, or in extreme cases a demand that he be silent.

And now his father had finished serving and had turned to his sister with a broad and extremely silly grin. "Well, how long did you practice on the violin today, Josephine?" he said.

"A whole hour, daddy," she said.

"Well, mother, did she do good work today?"

Say yes, mother, say yes she did very well, and grin widely.

"Yes she did," said mother.

"That's fine."

How silly, a child four years old learning to play the violin, how extraordinarily silly. She'll never amount to anything.

"Did you play with Phyllis today?"

"Yes, daddy, and we had an awful good time."

"Well, what did you do?"

My God, are we going to have this all evening? Why can't we talk sensibly?

"We played paper dolls, and we went in swimming, and she buried me in the sand and everything."

"Tell daddy about seeing Eloise Hilscher," said mother.

"Oh yes, daddy, and I saw Eloise Hilscher today."

The meal dragged on, and when Berry finished his dessert and started,

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

to get up from the table before his parents were through with their meal he was spoken to for almost the first time that evening.

"Sit down, sir!" said his father. "Hasn't boarding school taught you any manners at all? What are you planning to do tonight that you're in such a hurry?"

"I'm just going over to see Bob," said Berry. "And you don't have to be quite so disagreeable about it, do you?"

"Well, sit down until we've all finished and you might help mother do the dishes."

Do the dishes! What was the matter with the brat anyway that she couldn't help. She was certainly old enough. Was she too much of a genius to soil her lily-white hands, or what?

The dishes finished, Berry bolted from the house and walked through the streets of Hartville brooding dejectedly about the terrible conditions at his home. "And the worst part," he kept mumbling to himself, "is that I can't do a thing about it." His spirits lifted, however, when he found that, although Bob wasn't at home, his sister was. The two talked and danced to radio jazz for awhile, and then Berry turned out the lights and sat down on the couch beside her. Maybe she was a cheap little Hartville flirt, as his parents said, but she knew a lot of things, and didn't sit around and make an ass of herself. She had brains, too, and was a pretty decent all around girl, and liked him. Here she is, he thought, going out two or three nights a week and having a swell time, leading a free and easy life and not listening to absurd forced conversation all the time, while I've got to spend my days in an atmosphere that almost anyone would hate to live in. He'd told his mother that, too, more than once, but she'd gotten sore and said that if Bob's parents saved their money to give their children a fine education, instead of spending it all for a good time, perhaps there would be some reason for complaint. And then she'd said that he'd better be kind and decent to his mother if he wanted to get back to school.

Maybe he didn't want to go back; it wasn't much. It would be fun though to sort of exaggerate this night and tell his roommate, who had never gone out with girls, about it. But finally he was afraid that the girl's parents would soon return, so he left and walked home in a more pleasant frame of mind, regarding himself as quite a woman's man.

Early afternoon the following day, Berry was raking leaves in his father's

## ORDEAL BY FIRE

unoccupied lot next to their home. How awful this job is. Why should I have to do work like this anyway when I'm going to be a business man? His thoughts wandered. It must be terrible to be married. Imagine your wife coming down half sick to breakfast and then spoiling the whole meal by moaning about her health and how her son should be more helpful because after all she's slaving and scraping to put him through prep school. That's right, his father had said. You haven't done a bit of work around here since you've been home. Now I want you to rake those leaves in the lot today and burn them. The lot's a disgrace. You might have been thoughtful enough to do it without being told, too. You might be thoughtful of me, Berry had said to himself. You're always talking to me and telling me to be thoughtful, and you aren't at all, at least not much. But he'd said out loud, "Yes, dad." And now—

Put the leaves in a big pile in the center of the lot where they won't catch the grass on fire and then burn them. Oh, but why? That will take a lot of extra work and they won't catch anything on fire where they are particularly if you are very careful and don't get panicky if a little something does happen. You want to listen to the ball game, don't you? Yes, so burn the leaves where they are. Now that fire's too small to spread, so light another pile and then go rake some more. Be efficient, don't waste time. That first fire—be careful it doesn't spread. It is spreading! Stamp it out carefully, wisely, don't get panicky. Dry grass burns so quickly. There, that's fairly well down—wait, no it isn't! It's spreading too fast! Get some water! Be calm. My God, the second fire's spreading too! Don't get panicky. Get some water quickly! This is awful! Oh, God, why can't there be an endless succession of full water pails here by me until that fire's put out? Now it's spreading faster! Why were you such a fool to try and save time? "Use your head and save your hands!" Use your head, at least. Don't call the neighbors, they'd make you a laughing-stock. Don't call mother, she's sick and crabby. But it's getting even worse, you've got to have *some* help. Oh, God.

"Mother! *Mother!!*"

Tell her what's happened, tell her to be calm and not get panicky, tell her she's got to help you. Tell her to stand out there and throw water on the fire as you bring it. Don't get sore at me now, come out here and be as calm as I am and pour water and put this fire out. That's it. It's getting even worse. Maybe I'd better call the neighbors. Maybe I'd better call Jim. "Oh Jim! Jim!!!" Don't get so panicky! Lord, but this smoke is

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

awful. It gets in your eyes and blinds you and makes you weep like a baby. "Oh, JIM!!!" Water, water. That's bad over there, those flames are pretty large now and going along at a merry clip. Oh Jim, smoke water smoke water smoke smoke. Mother isn't over there at that bad place, maybe I'd better go over and pour some water on it. This awful smoke, this awful fire. Ah, there comes Jim and there comes old man Gilchrest. That's better. Put that water over here where the fire's so bad. Be calm. Oh this smoke, damn this smoke, watch out, be careful you've tripped on a stick you didn't see oh God but how could you see it watch out be calm oh God you're falling in the fire face down in the fire face down in the awful searing flame.

Heavy oblivion, tossing around in a cool bed, terrible pain of skin and flesh and spirit. It's all your fault, you were a fool, you were panic-stricken and look what happened. The neighbors had to come and put out the fire and now you're a laughing stock. But don't think, it's too much trouble, go back to sleep again.

Mother's made you eat something or other, sweet-tasting liquid, and now you're sinking to sleep again because you can't stand the pain. Mother's at the door, and father's there beside her, and little Josephine, crying. Mother's telling father that you're getting better. Father's saying that was a terrible burn but really it was all your fault and you've been so strange and inconsiderate lately for some unknown reason and treating your parents like dogs but he hopes you've learned a lesson. Mother says yes, but all boys pass through that stage only not so severely. You're a sweet boy, though, she says, and I don't know what I'd do without you, even though you have caused so much trouble. You'll amount to something some day and then we'll all be glad we slaved and sacrificed to put you through prep school. You're a sweet boy. I'm eight years old again and I've bumped my head. I want to be kissed and told to be a brave little man and I'm not ashamed of it either. Oh mother, I'm crying, come and kiss me and comfort me mother, kiss me and comfort me. But now I'm tired, I'm tired, I'm sinking again into the deep and heavy oblivion. . . .

Berry woke up in the morning alert mentally for the first time since the fire. He lay there, sore in body and with his face swathed in bandages and he began to think coherently again. His spirit was bruised, there was no doubt about that; he had been wrong, a heavy, incomprehensible fog had clouded his brain. His parents—why, he'd felt as though they were cheap and worthless, his own parents, and he'd brought sorrow to them, and much worry and much work, but the fog had lifted and now he was

going to be a decent sort of fellow again. And then mother was coming up the stairs, was walking down to his room. She opened the door and brought in a tray with an orange and a poached egg upon it.

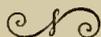
"Good morning, mother," he smiled.

"Good morning, Berry," she said. "How are you feeling this morning?"

Dear mother, so kind, so thoughtful, bringing on a tray an orange and a poached egg fixed carefully, especially for me. Berry felt again like the hurt eight-year-old. A strange, sweet feeling welled up within him; he was going to cry and he wasn't ashamed of it. He couldn't keep silent; he must be comforted.

"Come here, mother," and he could taste the salt tears creeping into his mouth. "I've been oh such a fool mother. Kiss me mother, I'm so sorry."

And then his mother there beside him, and the queer tang of tears and a new, a deep, a monstrously comforting glow in his heart.



## A Holiday—(Continued from page 143)

Where would he sleep till tomorrow? Then his old exhilaration came back with a rush. Tomorrow! A free man, facing his own sunrise. On the road! How easy, how complete for him to drop all his silly past with one gesture. Tomorrow!

That would be Sunday. Let's see, Sunday: sleep late, and pancakes for breakfast.

His walk became a little slower, more thoughtful. There was a car parked by the curb.

The street was dark, deserted. He looked in. A paper bag on the floor. Groceries! He could use them tomorrow when he got up for his new life.

Then he thought: that would be stealing. Well, steal them; guess that's the next step. No use worrying, or I'll starve.

Felt the car doors. One was open. Laughed. More fools. As long as he wasn't the only fool in the world, he'd make a living. If people forgot their groceries and left their cars unlocked, well, that was their tough luck, wasn't it?

Crawled in, closed the door. The bag was full of potatoes. Useful things: he thought bitterly. Was going to stuff one in each pocket when he saw a loaf of bread on the front seat. He grabbed it, got out of the car, closing the door softly.

Then he ran down the street, the dry bread under his arm.

# BOOKS

A HOUSE DIVIDED, by PEARL BUCK

Reviewed by ANTHONY C. POOLE

*A House Divided*, the concluding volume of Pearl Buck's trilogy which began with *The Good Earth*, and was continued in *Sons*, is a sympathetic and illuminating portrayal of modern China and the conflict between the young and old generations. The action is that of the Chinese revolution and Communism, the breakdown of the old family rule, new morals and new manners, the turmoil of new hopes and fears.

The book revolves principally about the fortunes of Wang Yuan, sensitive and esthetic, of whom Mrs. Buck makes a symbol of the youth of China, groping in the dark and striving to orient itself in the press of new ideas. Mrs. Buck carries one into the recesses of Yuan's heart and mind and makes one respond to his particular outlook on life. Somewhat bewildered and yet at the same time cognizant of all sides of the question, he is constantly weighing the good and the evil in an effort to identify himself with the new world about him. On the one hand Yuan is loth to follow the creed of his war lord father, which is essentially repugnant to him, while on the other he feels hesitant about throwing his lot with the idealistic revolutionary younger generation. Soon he finds release from a life of discouragement and uncertainty by going across the sea to an American college, where he mingles shyly with American youth in an entirely different civilization. Returning six years later he finds a vastly changed China, and, armed with his new knowledge and inspiration, faces again with fresh courage the new nation.

Mrs. Buck deliberately dispenses with any factual material in the story. Precise identification of time and place is disregarded, for her concern is strictly with an interpretation of the inner life of the people of whom she writes. Her style, forceful in its simplicity, achieves this end with remarkable success.

NO QUARTER GIVEN, by PAUL HORGAN

Reviewed by JAMES DAILEY

Edmund Abbey, a promising composer, developed consumption and temporarily lost his shallow, pleasure-loving wife. He turned for love and

## DRAMA

understanding to the wearied actress, Maggie Michaelis, and with her he found long sought peace and freedom for his work. But for him and for Maggie, there was "no quarter given" and tragedy soon followed upon their brief happiness.

With this plot as his framework, Mr. Horgan has not written a very engrossing story, but he has developed a subtle characterization of a musician that is a work of art. In a sympathetic and painstaking manner he has recreated the whole of a musical genius's being, his origins, his struggles, his sources, his creative periods, his defeats, and his victories. It is a serious book, a work showing a large understanding of music, its background and its makers. And more, it is an original work, original in its method. To express his protagonist's musical inspirations and their sources, Mr. Horgan has incorporated within his plot a generous number of throw-backs, veritable short stories. There are accounts of boyhood tragedy at camp, of the father's terrible accident, of Edmund's early loves, of his fortunes as an accompanist for opera singers, of his convenient marriage to Georgia Abbey. All these episodes show what has influenced the rich and personal music of this feverishly active composer. And in depicting Edmund's mature struggles, his fight for unhampered self-expression in sunny, healthful Santa Fé, the author has filled his narrative with a series of bright and striking pictures: triumphant concerts, gay parties, odd Mexican cathedral services, an Indian rain dance.

But *No Quarter Given* is particularly pleasing for the evidence it gives of its author's improvement since his first novel, *Fault of Angels*. His pictures are more sure and more beautiful. His characterizations are more complete, though still burdened by excessive physical description. Best of all is the fact that through his mood and his successful fulfillment of a serious artistic purpose, he reveals himself as a great deal more than the entertaining but ordinary dealer in trivialities of *Fault of Angels*.



## DRAMA

THE DISTAFF SIDE, by JOHN VAN DRUTEN

Reviewed by RICHARD B. SHOEMAKER

In a rich and pleasant comedy Dame Sybil Thorndike, one of England's leading actresses, has returned to the American stage for the first time in

many years. The play, as Mr. Van Druten terms it, is a "comedy of women" and delicately reveals the unconscious influence which a woman may wield on the home as a compensation for losing the one great love permitted her.

There are three generations of women in this English household. The spoiled old grandmother tyrannizes over her widowed daughter, Evie, and her children and dominates the two other daughters who come to celebrate their mother's seventy-fifth birthday. Evie's young girl, Alex, is a talented actress faced with the problem of marriage or career. Her sister, Liz, to put it bluntly, is a middle-aged flirt who wavers between her common-law husband and an eligible Belgian, while the other sister is pestered by her husband on a single week's vacation from him. These three plot elements find their solution in Evie, the role played by Miss Thorndike. It is she who induces her daughter to sacrifice her career, it is she who urges Liz to go to the man she loves, it is she who reveals the value of a husband to her other sister. Such a person necessarily possesses a strong philosophy of life and in her own crisis we know how she will act. A woman has but one great love and when that is broken, she must arrange the fragments in a useful pattern devoid of romance. Evie refuses her cousin.

This serious theme is lightened by the amusing contrasts between the three sisters. Writing in a light vein, the playwright emphasizes their qualities with gentle mockery. Nor does he miss the chance to compare all three generations. Alex's problem confronts her old-fashioned grandmother who is worried over the girl's nonchalant view of marriage and earnestly requests the ceremony before the lovers sail for America. The other elements of comedy are introduced by such characters as the "contraceptive" spinster, the quick-witted medical student, and the all-pandering servant-companion attached to the grandmother. Though in this manner the general atmosphere of light comedy is developed, yet Sybil Thorndike's role and performance are the distinctive parts of the play.



## CINEMA

### THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL

*Reviewed by C. WISTAR YEARSLEY*

Once in a great many years there appears a moving picture that is genuinely successful as a "costume drama." *The Scarlet Pimpernel* is one of these. The original and the infinitely more artistic purpose of this type

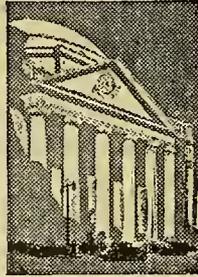
of photoplay was to present, by means of authentic costume and suitable scenery, an exact replica of life as it really appeared in the period concerned in the story. Of late, however, the term has come to mean loosely any play which portrays life in an age or period other than the one in which we live. Elegance and magnificence in dress rather than authenticity have become the by-words for success in this form. The one outstanding exception to this, however, is *The Scarlet Pimpernel*, the chief success of which lies—among other things—in its authenticity of costume and background. This fact alone is sufficient to make this a remarkable film, but it has other features, as well, to recommend it.

This is the first sound film to make artistic use of the panoramic "shot" of the city—Paris in this case, displayed so that it lends atmosphere to the drama. Here the decaying elegance of the French aristocracy at the time of the outbreak of the French Revolution is contrasted with the intense misery and suffering of the poor in a very interesting way. In the scenes in which we see the parks and palaces of the aristocrats, we notice at once the pale, almost anemic, yet delicately beautiful quality of the picture as a whole. In the glimpses of the more picturesque poor quarters of the city, we see the houses warped, twisted, blackened by smoke, actually exaggerated in their ugliness. In fact the atmosphere of misery is so effectively portrayed that the picture now has the quality of a painting; for, instead of the scene impressing us by its ability to hold the mirror up to nature, it appeals to us rather by the mass effect of its atmosphere of gloom and misery. There are also other scenes of this nature, such as the scene outside the city gates (where the Scarlet Pimpernel meets his confederates) in which the photography is so excellent that the scene has the appearance of a landscape by Corot.

The story revolves around the plot of an English nobleman, Sir Charles Blakeney, alias the Scarlet Pimpernel, to cheat the guillotine by rescuing French aristocrats from death on the eve of their execution. The plan is highly successful; and, although the Scarlet Pimpernel, who accomplishes his purpose through a variety of exceedingly clever disguises, is almost caught at one point, he outwits his adversaries and saves his wife and himself from execution at the hands of the shrewd French ambassador, a henchman of citizen Robespierre.

The contrast within Sir Charles himself, who feigns the fop to avoid suspicion, is brilliantly brought out by the acting of Leslie Howard, and the role of the scheming French ambassador is excellently played by Raymond Massey. Merle Oberon as Lady Blakeney is less convincing, although her beauty adds materially to the pictorial element of the picture.

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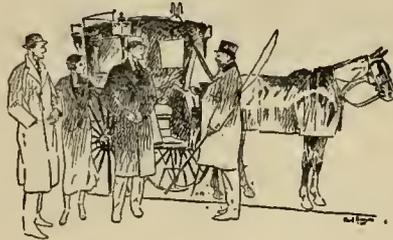
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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

VOL. LIV

HAVERFORD, PA., MAY, 1935

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# The Case For Mr. McCawley

THREE years ago, at a time when the financial position of the Co-operative store was, due to mismanagement and alleged corruption, so precarious that it could no longer secure the credit necessary to finance the sale of books, certain members of the faculty asked Mr. McCawley to relieve the situation by assuming the financial burden, and the considerable labor involved in the handling of the College book agency. Mr. McCawley accepted the burden and by means of his credit and his experience has rendered satisfactory service, where the store did not. The first year Mr. McCawley had the agency he lost a large amount of money on it, the second he came very near to breaking even, the third he has made a profit which permits him to break even for the three-year period. He has changed his original loss into a profit by spending considerable time and effort on the slip system which has finally, after numerous additions and corrections, been perfected. The Co-operative store now proposes to capitalize on the time and effort Mr. McCawley has put into the question, and to take over the agency. There is no criticism of Mr. McCawley's efficiency, the purpose is merely to take over Mr. McCawley's profits.

Without very much doubt the store could make a certain profit. In the light of the assertions made that there would be a considerable saving to the students, however, it is interesting to examine the figures. The College book business amounts to approximately \$2,600. Of this 20 per cent, or \$520, is the average gross profit on textbooks. From this would have to be deducted operating expenses: \$120 "transportation" (parcel post charges payable by the store, a figure based on Mr. McCawley's actual postage costs), a figure estimated at \$150 for salaries, a further cost of approximately \$25 or more for stationery, ledgers, accounting costs, and other incidentals. This leaves \$225 as the maximum profit, assuming complete efficiency, no mistakes, no unforeseen expenses. With 333 students in the College, the average saving per student, assuming the above impossibilities, would be seventy-five cents.

Obviously, however, the \$225 profit would have to be reduced by something. Those taking over the agency could hardly be experienced in the book business. They would probably be the last to maintain that they would make no blunders. In the past, it must be remembered, these blunders amounted to a large deficit, which has required two assessments on the students, and which is still unpaid—a deficit, it must be further remembered,

due largely to blunders in respect to the sale of books. The present committee maintains, and no doubt it is correct, that it can remedy the original ills by copying the system outlined by Mr. McCawley. Will all future committees be as capable and as honest as the present one? They have not been so in the past, why should they be in the future?

Though little financial benefit would come to the student body, a rather large amount would apparently come to certain employees of the store committee. This would be honestly earned by hard work and would be perfectly justified, but it is not intended to be given as a scholarship or on the basis of need at all. Thus money is to be taken from a local merchant to provide the students in general with a negligible saving or a potential assessment, and to provide a few students in particular with a tidy sum for spending-money.

Against these uncertain arguments for the Co-operative store are some important ones in favor of Mr. McCawley. In the first place there is the argument of unfairness. As Mr. McCawley himself said, "Having taken over the agency at the original request of the College, there is a certain measure of unfairness so long as we have done a good job." There is no question but that he has done a good job. There is next the question of the degree to which Mr. McCawley is dependent on the College. He estimates the textbook business at one-tenth of his total business. It is important more as a source of capital than as a source of profit, for the fact that a considerable amount of money comes into his store in the early fall permits him to lay in a stock of new books and to provide a normal turnover of his stock. The withdrawal of this capital, added to the losses already sustained by his store during the depression years, would suffice to seriously endanger its existence. Mr. McCawley has long been a friend of the College. He has assisted undergraduate enterprises wherever he could, he has provided a substantial prize in books to be awarded annually, his store is a decided convenience and source of interest to the many Haverfordians interested in books and literature. Endangering the existence of McCawley's book store for the small benefits to be acquired by the Co-operative store would seem an unwise and unjust change. We therefore call for an honest reconsideration of the facts. We insist on a presentation of the negative side in Students' Association meetings, with opportunities for a show of opposition. We charge railroading in the denial of such opportunities. And we petition the authorities to prevent the transfer of the agency from Mr. McCawley to the Co-operative store.

*J. Wallace Van Cleave.*

# Sport Story

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

EIGHT pairs of arms lifted the long sleek boat off its rack and tossed her overhead. Its polished surface gleamed in the rays of the sun, already sinking behind the trees on the high west-bank of the river. They walked her down to the edge of the slip and waited for the coxswain's order to put her in the water.

Having shipped his oar and screwed down his oarlock, Michael Devleyn straightened and looked at the seven men who had rowed behind him during the last four years. Most of them had rowed in a college varsity before rowing for the club; they looked at ease, there were no signs of nervousness. Devleyn turned to the slight figure of the coxswain, already in his seat and straightening his rudder lines.

"Take her up slow as far as Falls Bridge, Tom," he said; "a long twenty-eight will do. Mac is sending us over the course for the last time."

Tom, settling the bands of the megaphone on his head, had to crane his neck to look up at him. "All right, Mike." His voice had a deep tone, incongruous in such a small man. "One foot in." He waited, leaning out over the gunwale and looking down the length of the shell; "shove her off." Some one on the slip took hold of the bow-oar and slowly pushed the *Hiron-delle* away from the dock. The coaching-launch waited in the middle of the river.

Behind Devleyn, McPeeters tied his feet on his stretcher and spoke with raucous bitterness. "I swear to God," he said, "I swear to God if I ever look at a boat again after this race, you can glue my arse to a sliding seat . . ."

The coxswain lifted his megaphone from his mouth to say, drawing "For four years, McPeeters, I've looked in front of me at that fat chest of yours . . . All right—all right; no talking in the boat." He readjusted the megaphone. "Count her down—ready all!"

Michael got her under way with a racing start, held the stroke hard for a full minute, and brought it down to a long sweep. He watched the four clean whirlpools that passed him on either side, evenly spaced, no foam. He would hold the same long stroke for three miles; they would turn, and be clocked for their last time-trial before the race, three days off.

On the smooth dark waters the *Hirondelle* slid forward, perfectly balanced, rising slightly as the men caught the water hard, sinking back softly at the finish of each stroke. A strange tremor of elation passed through Michael's body. In less than an hour he would be so dead with fatigue that he would not be able to think except as a drunken man thinks, dissociated from himself. It was for this, he thought, that he lived through each day until the late afternoon, when he could take hold of the handle of his oar; the oar became the tangible substance of his trouble, the trouble he could not grasp in the world that had nothing to do with rowing. He wondered what it was made the other men behind him come out to row over the same stretch of water, day after day, until they dropped with exhaustion; not for the exercise, surely.

As often before, he considered the unromantic fact that extreme bodily fatigue exterminated emotions, at least until you fell asleep of nights; emotions were less felt in the morning, grew worse during the day, and could be blunted before their full onslaught at night by working them off on an oar-handle. He wondered what he would do this winter, when nothing could take the place of rowing.

They had come to the starting-line, and the coxswain gave the command to let her run. They turned the *Hirondelle* about with short jerky pulls on the oars, the port side holding water, and leaned back with hands on the gunwales, resting; letting the boat drift down toward the buoys marking the course. The launch came slowly alongside; they were asked to inspect their oarlocks closely, to check on their other equipment. The launch drew away and began to circle about their boat throwing a huge wash against its sides. Michael smiled at his coxswain—it was Mac's pessimistic fashion of preparing them for possible rough water on race-day.

Tom sighted over the heads of his crew, took his points, and signalled that they were ready to the launch lying near the west shore, a little behind them. "Ready all"—came across the water. Michael watched for the flash of the gun and had taken the first stroke before its report reached them.

The *Hirondelle* became at once a thing of terrified life, leaping and straining under the bowed backs of eight men. The coxswain, his eyes squinting down the long course, said nothing, leaving as always the start entirely to Devleyn. They were racing against time, against a stopwatch; there was no other boat for them to pass, to leave far behind in the last quarter.

In Michael's head there was no thought now; and he had again the

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feeling of being outside his body, watching things with a strange detachment.

Tom, glancing at him through narrowed eyelids, had what was close to reverence for Michael Devleyn. Once more he was fascinated by the change that came over the man in front of him, usually so composed; watched the lip curled back against the strong white teeth and the upslanting eyebrows which gave him a look of—what was it—desperation; watched the long tense muscles of the chest and arms as they heaved against the oar. Any other man would crack, he felt, setting such a pace; and he wanted, as he always did, to tell Michael to let the others do the work.

The stroke came down and was lengthened for the middle distance. Tom began to call the beat, intently watching the button of Michael's oar as it snapped back and forth in its lock. As they neared the last quarter mile his voice was no longer deep, it pitched itself higher, became crisp, and stung the swaying men before him like a whip. He heard Michael's hoarse gasping "Coming up."

It came up. Tom's voice, impelling but still controlled, cursed them one moment and pleaded with them the next; and from the men themselves came choked curses in response. From the launch behind them Mac's booming voice reached them through the megaphone.

Michael had never driven them so hard before. His heart was a pounding piston, he had the taste of blood on his tongue and he saw in front of him only a red vapor rent with streaks of green. His brain was a frenzy; there was no thought there now. Dimly he was aware of a sharp stabbing in his chest. He heard Tom's screaming "Let her run!" They were over the line. He let himself sink down over his oar while Tom and McPeeters splashed handfuls of water over him. Some one in the bow of the boat sobbed like a child.

The cramp in Michael's chest left him and returned as a dull aching pain. He remembered having had it at the end of his last race and knew it would soon disappear. In the launch Mac, without any expression on his weatherbeaten face, handed the stopwatch to his driver who looked at it and said, under his breath:—"Jesu!"

Back at the club, when they had replaced the *Hirondelle* on its rack, Michael watched old Mac walk toward him. Mac's face, as he took Michael aside, was impassive as ever. He spoke quietly:

"It's a pace-setter you're supposed to be, Michael—not the power in the boat. You're trying to be both. Do you want us to drill holes in your oar-blade?"

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Michael wiped the sweat out of his eyes and grinned. "Don't worry, Mac," he said. "Just beginning to get in shape."

The other looked at him keenly. "What happened to you in the last quarter, Mike? It's a gaunt look you were wearing on your face I've not seen there before."

Michael looked at him, puzzled, and then remembered: "A cramp in the chest-muscles—nothing else, Mac. I'll have Charlie rub me down tonight. I'd already forgotten about it."

The other shook his head. "I'm sending the bunch of you to be looked over between now and Saturday; I'd have you make a call on Dr. Forestel tomorrow, Michael, to make sure." He checked Michael's remonstrance: "Don't argue with the old man, Mike."

Michael laughed at him. "All right, Mac; we'll go to set your heart at ease." Mac's face was once more impassive as he watched Devleyn go up the stairs to the locker-room.

## II

Having dressed, Michael walked out on the open porch facing on the river and sat down. It was growing dark. The sound of a jangling gramophone reached him and, looking out, he saw a canoe with a boy and a girl; they were not paddling.

His jaw-muscles set hard as he watched them; then he smiled, slowly and not happily. He heard the signal of an automobile horn. He did not get out of his chair. The horn was blown again and he got up slowly and walked down the stairs and out to the drive.

She leaned sideways from the driver's seat to open the door for him and he climbed in beside her. He noted the evening-gown beneath her sportcoat. He had seen her only two days before but it seemed to him that he saw her again for the first time in as many months. But it was always like that. "A dance?" he asked.

"Yes, but not till much later," she said. They drove off. "Isn't it fortunate, Michael, that every man does not insist on being an oarsman. What should a poor maiden do for an escort?" She looked at him with pretended seriousness, and then laughed. "And at what time does it have to go to bed tonight? Ten-thirty, of course."

He grinned. "Right you are," he said. She would leave him at ten-thirty. The thought of that made him wonder if he had not done better

not to see her at all. An old thought. He asked, grinning, "Where are you taking me, Viv?"

"I thought we could drive to the country-club, darling, and have . . . —oh no, that's right. You could have a cup of tea, though." She sighed. "You really should have a nurse, you know."

He knew he should do his best to keep up this string of talk; it was safer; but he was too tired. "Do you mind frightfully just driving? I don't think I want to see a crowd much, tonight." He looked at her sideways and watched her face by the flashes of the lights from passing automobiles. Always he had the feeling that she did not exist, that for him she was no more definite than a character in a book, and that only one thing could disperse that phantom to replace it with actuality. He said, almost reluctantly, "You're very lovely tonight, Vivian."

It was no commonplace, she knew, to hear him say it. She turned her eyes away from the road in front of her and looked at him. Her voice was very low and soft and her words went over him like a caress though at the same moment they made his nerves quiver. "There's no other man can tell me this who can make me believe it," she said, "nor any other man from whom I want to hear it. Do you believe me, Michael Devleyn?"

"Yes," he said quietly, "I believe you."

She turned the car into a sideroad up a hill winding away from the river, pulled over to the side and shut off the motor. She settled herself in the corner of the seat and faced him. She spoke in the same voice as before:

"Michael, when shall you stop this ridiculous game of yours, this rowing?" She regarded him anxiously. "You are looking rather drawn lately, darling." He did not answer and she waited. Then again, "Why do you keep it up?"

He thought of some bantering remark to make; but he was very tired tonight. "Let's not talk of it, Viv," he said, "please." There was a note of hysteria in his voice; his face was turned away from her but she could see the corner of his mouth twitching nervously. He looked at her quickly. "You mustn't take that away from me, Viv—it's only . . . it's my way of getting drunk, don't you see."

She leaned towards him and laid her hand on his arm. "Darling," she said in almost a whisper. "Dear darling."

He bent forward suddenly and covered his face with his hands but she took hold of his shoulders and turned him, very gently, until his head rested in her lap. She stroked his hair. Her eyes looked out beyond the

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trees, unseeing. There was no sound but the chirping of the crickets for a long time. She tried to think of something to say, of some way to help him, but this had happened so often and there was nothing to do.

"Michael," she said, "oh Michael, there is nothing I can do, is there. I should be glad to marry you if you want me to, Michael. I am very fond of you, you know."

She was very fond of him, he thought. She was not in love with him but she was very fond of him. And that might come, surely; that might come in time. If they were married. Why not. But the old intuition came back and settled coldly about his heart.

"It's all right now," he said. He straightened and looked at her. "And if you married me, and then should really fall in love with some one?"

She looked at him helplessly. "O it's awful, darling—Michael, would you rather I did not see you any more? Wouldn't it be easier in the end?"

"I've got to see you, Viv. I've—O God, I don't know—I really don't know. Let's go back, please, please let's go back. I sha'n't let this happen again, it's all so damned unfair to put you through a scene like this. I'm just on edge about this race Saturday, do you see. Will you let me see you after that's over?"

"Of course, darling." She leaned her cheek for a moment against his; and said, smiling: "I shall be there to watch you and those brutes of yours perform. I shall be waiting for you at the club afterwards."

When he got home, he undressed slowly and went to bed. He lay staring at the ceiling for a long while; then suddenly turned on his face, thrusting the pillow between his teeth and shutting his jaws together till they were seared with the pain. There was something substantial in physical pain.

### III

On the following day Michael dismissed his secretary early and drove to Dr. Forestel's office. "Mac's in the doldrums again, Doctor," he said. "Some of the muscles across my chest tightened up a bit yesterday and Mac insisted I should trouble you. He's sending the whole crew over to you, you'll be busy the next two days." He took off his coat and unbuttoned his shirt.

The doctor looked at him shrewdly. "Mac was ever a pessimist. How is the big eight stepping along these days? Better take the shirt off altogether."

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There was the usual process of chest and back-tapping. As the doctor leaned over him, Michael placed his hand on his head. "Ah, my heart," he said softly. "Is it whole, Doctor?" The doctor punched him in the chest, and then walked over to draw the shades, darkening the room.

"Get in there, you barnacle." He motioned Michael to the fluoroscope cabinet. Michael stood still and listened to the humming of the electric current.

The humming ceased. Dr. Forestel raised the shades, remaining for a few seconds at the window to stare down into the court below, and then walked over to his desk for his stethoscope. "Just sit down again and we'll be through in a second. I met McPeeters down-town the other day." He placed the diaphragm of the instrument on Michael's chest. "He tells me that after this race . . ."

". . . he'll never look at a boat again," said Michael. "I know. And next year he'll be out on the river before any one else."

Forestel replaced the stethoscope on the desk and turned again but did not face Michael directly and his voice had lost its jovialness. "Devleyn, I have got to tell you this—you're through."

Michael's smile remained, but it became fixed and hard. Through the window could be heard the voices of children playing in the court. There was a long pause.

"Might one know the particulars, Doctor?"

The doctor's eye met his. He spoke gruffly. "It's strained very badly—very badly. With care it should not give you much trouble."

"And without care, Doctor?"

Forestel walked over to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Michael; but the next good pull may finish you."

Michael turned to put on his shirt, carefully tied on his necktie, and put on his coat. The doctor held out his hand. He said again, "I am very sorry, Michael; take care of that thing, my boy."

"Thanks, Doctor—oh yes, by the way—will you do me a favour? Don't mention this to any of the other chaps, will you? And I should prefer to tell Mac myself, if you don't mind. Thanks again, Doctor." When he had opened the door he looked back over his shoulder. "Wouldn't it have been the devil," he said, slowly and earnestly, "not to have found out about this in time."

# Girl Show

By

WILLIAM S. KINNEY, JR.



THERE was a crowd of people in front of the storeroom and a voice shouting and the noise of a three-piece band. Ray, who had just hit the big city three hours ago (coming from Utica on a freight train), stopped to listen because he didn't have anything else to do. He had forty-five cents.

"Step right inside, gentlemen," the spieler was shouting, "step right inside and see the hottest singing-dancing show in America held over the third week by tremendous demand, 'Darktown Follies,' ten people, gentlemen, ten singers and dancers, the hottest spiciest dancers in the world today, just look at 'em gentlemen." He pointed to three fat, ugly women of at least thirty who were standing on a rickety platform to his left. They wore stage paint, and grinned hideously. "Show 'em a sample, girls, just a small sample so they'll get an idea of what they're gonna see *inside*." The girls grinned again and twisted their torsos slowly three times. "Thank you girls. Only a dime, gentlemen, a dime to see 'Darktown Follies' AND Ripley's queerest freaks direct from the World's Fair, gentlemen, THE peppiest, spiciest singing-dancing show in the world, gentlemen, guaranteed."

Ray looked at the women and thought forty-five cents, two bits for a bed at that joint down the street, twenty cents for supper, maybe I can bum some more and see this show, Lord I haven't hardly seen a woman since I

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hit the road I might as well, I'd sure like to see some hot dancing. The three-piece band began to play "Limehouse Blues." Ray paid a dime and went in. A deep black woman in an absurd green-silkish dress was singing and soon she sat down and a chubby mulatto with a baby face wearing short pants and a brassiere got up and sang and the dark black sat down in a folding chair at the back of the stage and stamped her feet and said, yeah man, at the end of every line in the mulatto's lyric. Then a blackface came out on the stage and tap-danced and pretty soon he stopped and someone in the rear said right back here for the next part of the show, gentlemen. The crowd, mostly negroes, pushed back and watched a sword-swallower for a while and after he had finished he tried to sell the crowd an envelope containing a ring which you looked through to see a hula-hula girl, a cigarette lighter of the same type, and a picture of What Johnnie Saw Through the Parlor Keyhole. Ray was anxious about Johnnie, but no, he said, no, I can't spend another dime. Next a girl was sawed in two and after that the barker said that the dancing girl show was in a room to the rear and that tickets were ten cents. Oh hell, said Ray, I might have known that this was a gyp joint, thirty-five cents, two bits for a bed, but Lord I want to see some real stuff for a change and this must be real stuff so many guys tearin' in there and there wasn't no ballyhoo even I can bum some more what the hell why not and then he was in the back room and he had two bits left. On the stage was a small rug and a cheap lantern with two red bulbs illuminating the stage. The girls came out one by one and stood right at the front of the stage and twisted themselves furiously and then turned around and went to the back of the stage and did it again. It was not restrained. It was just long enough to make the men feel that they had gotten their money's worth and just short enough to make them ache for more. Flushed and excited, Ray started to leave when a short stout man shoved his way through the crowd and said, "Just a minute, boys, just a minute, don't go yet," and then he went up to the front of the men and said, "Boys, I'm glad there ain't no women around because I want to talk plain to you and I couldn't if there was."

The men looked expectant. He dropped his voice to a low, confidential tone and said, "Come on up here boys, right around me so I can talk easy and if there's any women near the door they can't hear what I've got to say." A few of the men looked scared and started to back away. "Jesus Christ," said the barker, "I ain't gonna hurt ya. I don't have no gun on me and I don't want your jewels. I only wanta tell ya something really confidential."

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The small herd edged up to him. "That's better," he said. "Here's the dope, boys, and I'm speakin' to you straight, plain talk. On the other side of this stage the girls are gonna give a show and it'll be the hottest sexiest show you ever seen in all your born days. Now the girls put this show on themselves and I don't get a cent out of it but they told me they'd like to make a little money on the side and give a show like this once a day and I said O. K. So you're not helpin' me by seein' this show, you're helpin' those girls and you've already seen that they're cute lookin' little tricks and that they *can do it!* Here's what it is, boys. It's absolUTELY the DAMNDEST hottest spiciest sexiest show you've ever seen. It's done in just the right place, small room, small stage, and just the right atmosphere for a smoker. Now all you boys have seen smokers at your parties and at your clubs and you know just what they're like. I *guarantee* that this is better and hotter than any smoker you've ever been at—in fact it's the best sexy show you've ever seen and I've been in show business thirty years and oughta know. And that's not all boys, we've got a surprise for you. We've got a fan dancer back there, we think she's the best there is. She was at the Mexican vilage at the World's Fair, and before Sally Rand got herself pinched she was more famous. Now she's coming out on that stage, right in front of your eyes and all she's gonna have to cover herself with is two big fans that she's gonna wave back and forth. She's damn clever at it but if you boys look close you'll see her slip up now and then and you can see *everything*, REMEMBER boys she ain't wearin' a thing except those two big fans! And before that the girls will come out and you ain't seen nothing yet except a little sample of what they'll do. They'll do the weird, passionate African cannibal love dances that you've heard about but never had a chance to see. But that's not all boys. They'll TAKE IT OFF PIECE BY PIECE!! Now I guarantee that this show would cost you a dollar or more at any theatre in the country, but we're not asking you a dollar boys, nosir, this is no gyp, we're not a fly by night show that's gonna be gone tomorrow. We want you to be satisfied and tell your friends and come back and see this show every week—it's always new. If you got any idea that you're gonna be gypped why the girls just don't want you back there, that's all. We're not asking a dollar, not even seventy-five cents, not even fifty cents. All we're asking, boys, is a QUARTER, two bits for *absolutely the damndest hottest peppiest spiciest smoker show you ever seen in all your damn days!* I'll give you your tickets and the show'll start right away."

Oh, God, Ray said, how I want to see that show—hell, it can't be a gyp it must be really hot stuff the way that guy talks it'd be worth two bits

to me to see this if it's so much better than the other I can easy bum a half a buck for supper and a bed, look at the bunch going back there. I'll have to hurry to get right up in front of the platform should I, should I, no not really but—

And then the girls came out and did the African savage dance which was apparently just exactly what they'd done in the earlier performance and they were even in the same costumes. Roy was able to see flesh behind the dancer's fans but he saw that she was well covered and that her act was not in the least daring. Recovered from his excitement and from the spell of the spieler, he became immensely angry at his foolishness and at the tameness of the show and when the spieler said, "That's all boys," and the motley crowd had filed out he stepped up to the man and said, "You lied about that show you dirty kyke, you knew it was lousy and you just hooked me into it and now I haven't got a cent. Where in hell am I going to sleep to-night? How am I going to eat? Give me back my two bits, you!"

Another man had heard Ray and now came over to join the spieler. The girls kept out of sight. "We didn't say that the show would be any different from what it was, did we?" he said.

"The hell you didn't," said Ray. "You said they'd take it off piece by piece and they didn't and you said the fan dancer wouldn't wear anything and she did. You took my last two bits with your damned lies and now I ain't got no place to eat or sleep. Gimmie my money back!"

"Why don't you go to the authorities if you feel you've been cheated?" said the barker in a conciliating tone. His face showed no trace of annoyance.

Ray clenched his fists. "Why don't you go to hell?" and he was shouting now. "You give me back my money you filthy bastards or by God I'll give you lousy kykes—"

"All right," said the spieler. He reached into his pocket. The other man walked over to Ray's side. "All right," the spieler said again and took his hand out of his pocket and at the same moment the other man grabbed Ray's arm and twisted it furiously behind his back, making him bend over in sharp and sudden pain. The spieler slapped his face twice with open palm and then he clenched his fist and hit him again and again, hard, until he went limp in the other man's arms. The two took his body between them, careful to keep the blood from their clothes. They opened a small door in the rear of the building which led to a narrow and filthy alleyway, and they let him slip to the pavement. When they went back in they locked the door behind them.

# The Escape

By JAMES E. TRUEX

AFTER she had prepared her husband's breakfast, Martha Saunders sat by the front window and waited for him to come downstairs. She pushed the loose strands of hair back from her eyes. A dull-grey early-morning fog lay over the patch of lawn and the road before the house; it isolated the house and it isolated her from anything that might exist beyond the hazy limit of vision. She felt quite alone in a damp, grey atmosphere that was not meant for life. She leaned forward and wrapped her kimono about her bare legs. The bedroom door opened upstairs; she could tell because it was warped so that you had to pull it hard, and when it came loose the whole house shook. He would be coming down soon. The windows and doors were warped, but they could not spare the money to call in a carpenter, so the bedroom door would probably have to go on sticking always. Always she would have to get up at six-thirty and while he shaved she would have to grope in the half-darkness down the creaking stairs to make his breakfast. She stood up and yawned.

He came down the stairs slowly, pausing at the bottom to button his vest. A man approaching sixty, he was thin, with a long face and a tired expression about his eyes. When they had first been married the fifteen years' difference had mattered little, but the years had built an ever-thickening wall between them. Gradually, so gradually that neither of them had been fully conscious of it, he had drawn within himself: in his communication with her there now remained only the naked structure of daily existence. As he grew older, he spoke and did less and less. She found herself unable to approach or to understand him. Sometimes she felt like shaking him hard, but she knew that he would not resist, but merely look at her with his reproving, tired eyes. She could no longer find contentment in attending to his wants; it was like being a housekeeper to a strange man.

He gave a final tug to his vest, glanced at her as she stood by the window, and sat down to breakfast. He ate very little. It was in the way of a household example. He laid down no economic rules, but looked at her reprovingly if she put on an extra piece of toast, or if she tried something new in their diet. Their meals could quite properly be called a diet. The wage he was being paid was hardly enough to support them, frugal as they

were. She wondered what use he could be at the advertising office, why they kept him at all. Perhaps like her they had grown used to him.

"What time is it?" he said.

She went to the door and looked at the clock in the hallway.

"Six forty-five," she answered.

"Ah."

He sat for several minutes, sucking between his teeth. The sound penetrated her damp soul and sent her shuddering to the kitchen with the breakfast plates. At eleven minutes to seven he stepped out of the front door, and in one minute the bus stopped at the corner and he got in.

For a great many years Martha had kept to a strict routine in her housework. But recently she had given it up, loosened her self-discipline. On this morning she piled the dishes in the sink, went upstairs to her bedroom, let her kimono drop to the floor and got back into bed. The bedclothes were wrinkled and mussed; they had lost the warmth of their two bodies. She closed her eyes.

If only something would happen; something to wrench her out of a life that was dull and idiotic. She shrank from doing anything decisive, upon her own volition. She wondered if she might not wake up some morning and find him dead. She would be really sorry, for the sake of what he had once been. And afterwards she would get rid of the run-down clapboard house, and move somewhere far away. There was no horror at the thought of his dying; perhaps because she could not really imagine or believe in the possibility of his death. Though she did not understand why, she felt that he would live on and on. But she would die; he would kill her at length with his eyes and his silence.

Lying there in bed, she attempted to face her problem squarely. What could prevent her from packing a few things and quietly leaving the house? The more she considered it the more natural and simple it became. She had held back for years, but now fear of the unknown was swept aside by her growing realization that she must escape.

She got out of bed and dressed. From that moment there was a significance and an excitement to everything she did. Her preparations did not take long. She packed her suitcase and carried it downstairs. Plans began inevitably to form themselves in her mind. She would go to her sister's home; it was in New York. They would probably not be pleased to see her, but they could not turn her out. She was still young, she could find some sort of work. There was one very substantial obstacle to her

leaving that same day; it was the end of the month, and she had almost no money left out of what he gave her for household expenses. Tomorrow she could easily ask him, without his suspecting anything unusual, for her allowance: that would be enough. Now that she had made up her mind, there was no reason why she should not be able to wait a single day. She hid the suitcase in the closet under the stairs. Tomorrow, then.

She did not mind the silence of their evening meal together. She watched him sitting across the table from her, and she wondered how she would feel not seeing his thin, hollow face any more. She repeated to herself over and over again her sister's address. One twenty-eight, one twenty-eight East Thirty-third Street. She would leave after he had eaten his breakfast and had gone for the day; quietly, by the front door. Occupied with thoughts of the future, she found his silence less irritating. His inscrutability no longer vexed her, and when she thought of his confusion on finding her gone, it was with something not unlike pity.

When he came downstairs in the morning, breakfast was waiting for him as usual. It was raining hard outside. With a feigned unconcern she asked him for her allowance, which he handed to her immediately. She felt that she had only half concealed her nervousness. After he had eaten, he went to get his rubbers out of the hall closet. She had not expected that he would go near there. Scolding herself for having left the suitcase downstairs, she watched him from the entrance to the dining room as he rummaged in the closet. If he noticed that her suitcase was in the closet instead of in the attic where the others were kept, she would be able to make some sort of excuse: but she was taken unawares, and it made her more nervous. He pushed the suitcase out into the hallway.

"What is this doing down here?" he asked.

She told herself that she must keep calm, she must. But when she spoke her throat contracted and her voice sounded not at all like her own.

"I was cleaning, I just brought it down to get it out of the way."

He turned at her answer and looked at her. She felt the blood rushing to her face and her temples throbbing madly.

"That's all, that's the truth!" and she added excitedly, "Stop staring at me like that!"

"I don't see why you couldn't have left it upstairs," he grumbled.

She thought that her head would burst.

"You want a better reason, do you? All right then, that suitcase is

packed with my clothes, and I'm leaving this house and you, and I'm never coming back. Never."

She waited for him to say something. For a while they stood facing each other in the hallway. Her quick, sharp breathing and the ticking of the clock above their heads were the only sounds that fell in the void about them.

"I had wondered—," he began, very slowly. But he did not go on. There was despair in his voice. He went past her into the dining room, and sat by the table. She moved slightly, leaning her weight against the banister. He began again to speak; the words came to her through the open door.

"I have sometimes wondered how long you would stay. I can't really blame you for what you are going to do. But before you go, try to understand that it is not you, it is all of my life that I hate."

He paused. Then he went on, speaking with apparent effort, haltingly.

"It is so hard for me to explain, because I don't understand it all myself. I feel sometimes as though I were already dead."

He had not spoken so many words to her in a long time. She had prepared herself for scorn or indifference; this was neither. Her eyes rested on the clock.

"You will miss the bus," she murmured.

He got up slowly and put on his coat.

"I am very tired," he said. At the door he turned and added, "There is nothing else, then?"

She shook her head, looking away from him all the while. When he had closed the door behind him, she took the suitcase upstairs and began to unpack. She wondered what she would say when he came home.



## B O O K S

THE LONELY LADY OF DULWICH, by MAURICE BARING

*Reviewed by A. C. POOLE*

In this charming novel of a beautiful English woman, her strange loves, and her "loneliness," Mr. Baring has furnished a masterpiece of character detection. At the start he puts himself in the position of a man confronted with a problem which he is determined to solve. The enigmatical character of a certain Zita Harmer whom the author knows only as a gracious and

## DRAMA

retiring old lady is the problem which absorbs him, and which he attempts to unravel and interpret from utterly inconsistent and contradictory facts gained from those who knew her. And so Mr. Baring carries the reader on a delightful journey back through her life, and through this makes the analysis of her character depend almost entirely on deduction. So ingeniously does he handle the narrative that in the end one cannot fail to appreciate the inner motives and essential nature of Mrs. Harmer's paradoxical past. This woman who is the beautiful wife of a middle-aged English banker, unwittingly embitters the life of a sensitive French poet who loves her, and, conversely, sacrifices herself for the sake of another man who never knew she adored him. The remainder of her days she spends in seclusion in Dulwich. Villagers and others who meet her walking about the country wonder about her and her possible story. She dies at seventy, still unexplained. Even at the end much is left to the reader's interpretation.

Mr. Baring's method of narration is competent but unassuming—it is indeed a finished and beautiful piece of work.



## DRAMA

PANIC, by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

*Reviewed by* JAMES DAILEY

Economists and politicians are constantly offering remedies for our long and too frequent economic depressions; yet few seem to realize that a good part of the trouble does not lie in our economic arrangements or our political institutions but rather in the character of the American people, a character certainly faulty in some respects. And not the least important blemish is our swift and spineless surrender to unreasoned panic in times of stress. It is this easy yielding to panic that furnishes Mr. MacLeish the theme for his latest work, a play in verse; and it is a theme that he handles with considerable skill, making it timely and impressive by his use of his individual form of verse.

No better crisis than that in the banking circles of New York in February of 1933 could be used for a study of panic. Focusing his attention sharply on a group of bankers of that time, face to face with ruin, and on a representative section of the general public, Mr. MacLeish shows briefly and pointedly how the spirit of panic develops—in less than two hours in this case—what its nature is, and how panic in the big man reacts on the

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

little man. The chief character is McGafferty, owner of the country's leading industries, a type character, standing for the many of his kind. Factories and banks are closing throughout the country. McGafferty's banks alone are steady; he is ready to meet the crisis, ready to fight. But his subsidiary bankers are fearful. The people, gathered in the street outside the office where McGafferty and the bankers are meeting, trust in the great financier. Shortly the bankers decide to close their banks; McGafferty alone will stand firm. But a group of unemployed invade the office and their intense blind leader shakes the financier's determination by his prophecy of doom for the financial giants. The people hear of the occurrence, but still they place their hope in McGafferty. Recently so sturdy, the latter is weakening, gradually succumbing to the panic that has already engulfed the petty bankers. More and more banks go down. Reports of riots arrive. McGafferty is growing desperate, feeling now that the prophecy is a true one, that he is in the hands of relentless fate. And as his courage fails, the people, too, begin to feel a genuine fear. McGafferty still fights the approaching panic. A close associate's suicide is reported; McGafferty finds even his own great bank at the brink. Panic has him now; he, too, commits suicide. The one strong financier a victim of panic, the people are stricken with him. The financial world comes crashing down. Panic has triumphed swiftly. Neither in the great nor in the small is there courage or hope.

The power this play has is due in great measure to the verse Mr. MacLeish uses. He writes in lines of irregular length, with three or five strongly accented syllables as the scene requires, the general rhythm being dactylic and trochaic rather than the usual iambic, the former meter representing, with its descent from stressed syllables, the nervous tempo of American speech of today more accurately. The result is a vigorous poetry, fully capable of expressing the sharp and excited words of business men, and giving added strength to a theme that would be weakened by the use of a more artificial form of verse. The haunting chorus of the people, the worried plaints of the bankers as they speak in unison, and McGafferty's determined or despairing speeches are modern and entirely natural in almost every case; at the same time they are always clear and vivid. Most successfully does Mr. MacLeish fulfill his ideal of a living theme expressed in living verse.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN, by S. N. BEHRMAN

*Reviewed by J. W. VAN CLEAVE*

"We are all shut in behind our little fences," Mr. Behrman tells us in

his new play of contemporary manners. It makes no difference whether we are liberal, or radical, or conservative, or undetermined, we are nevertheless shut in, and there is no way out, as far as we know from a study of contemporary life, or of *Rain from Heaven*.

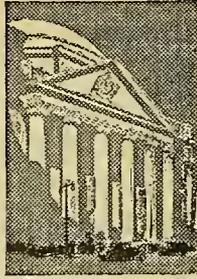
Mr. Behrman's play is a play of character, and each character is a type. Each talks brilliantly of current matters, of Nazi Germany's persecution of the Jews, of the psychological status of the émigrés, of the political and social dangers in the world today. Each has his solution: Hobart Eldridge, the conservative, would have an Anglo-American Youth movement towards dictatorship; Lady Violet, the liberal, played with brilliant detachment by Jane Cowl, believes that "in the main people are reasonable," and that, left alone, they will somehow muddle through; Hugo Willens, the persecuted, believes that "goodness is not enough," and that he must return to Germany and help repair what is destroyed; Sascha Barashaev, the Russian musical genius, knows that a man must live, as does Nikolai Jurin. The other important characters do not know. Rand Eldridge and Phoebe Eldridge are protected, and immature; they have no quarrel with their world.

Mr. Behrman brings these people together in Lady Violet's house. Lady Violet is tolerant, and she is interested in everybody. By leading a very brilliant conversation, only vaguely interwoven with events, she brings out everybody's character, and reveals what had hitherto been concealed by courtesy and amiability, that basically every one of the people was different in point of view, and in interpretation of life. The conversation, humorous, thoughtful, always educated and informed, progresses to the logical conclusion, the only possible conclusion, that there is no solution. Mr. Behrman cannot take sides, he is not interested in propaganda, and any solution would be untrue. His interest was rather to present a picture through the medium of conversation, a picture of fair minded, civilized people, all striving, and in the portrayal of this picture, *Rain from Heaven* succeeds remarkably well.

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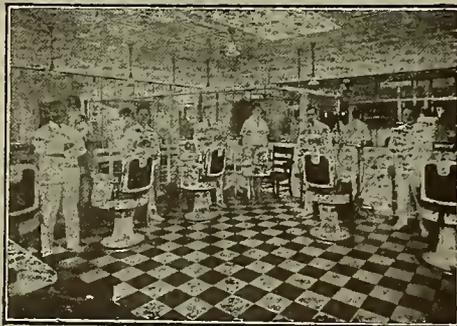
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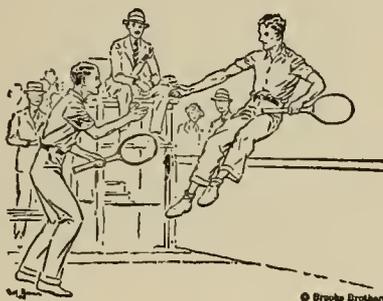
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# THE HAVERFORDIAN

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# Devil Fish

By RICHARD R. SMITH

CAP'N JONE FLETCHER'S home was as snug a harbor for an old salt as I shall ever hope to see. "Harbor" is indeed the word to describe it, for it was not a house, but a house-boat. High and dry it stood, with its stern propped up on bricks to offset the shelving bank underneath. She seemed to have whelped numerous offspring in her fifteen-year stay, for twenty flat-bottomed rowboats floated at the whar not far from her stern. They were painted the same slate gray as was the house-boat, and they formed a goodly flotilla.

Cap'n Fletcher made his living from those rowboats. He rented them out at a dollar each, plus an extra charge for bait, to enterprising fishermen. I have spent many a day in one of them, drifting with the tide, or anchored in some likely spot fishing for flounders. Today, however, I was anticipating a special treat. As a good customer, and a friend of ten summers, the Cap'n had invited me to accompany him as his guest in his private rowboat for a day's fishing. I felt that I was in for a happy day. Cap'n Jone always caught fish.

The Cap'n himself slowly descended from his side door. He lived alone, now. I knew that he had had a wife and a little girl when first he came to Corson's Inlet, but both of them had died. There was some mystery connected with the little girl's death about which I was not at all clear. I had heard vague rumors that she was killed in some fishing tragedy, and that the mother had died a few years later, but the South Jersey fishermen do not talk of themselves to outsiders, and Cap'n Jone had never discussed his sorrows with me. At any rate, he was all alone now, except for a Swedish woman who cooked his daily meal and cleaned out his houseboat once a week.

In appearance, he was a spare, little man, rather dignified and austere, and possibly fifty-five years old. His hair was prematurely white, and he had clear blue eyes set deep in a tanned face. As he approached me, a slow smile curved his lips.

"Mornin'!" he greeted. "Ready fer some fishin'?"

I told him that I was more than ready any time he wanted to start.

"Wal, let's git goin', then," he drawled. "The tide's been runnin'

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

in fer a half-hour, an' the flounders ought t' be stirrin' up b' now. Come on down t' the dock, an' we'll git some minnys."

"You have any shedders?" he inquired after a moment.

I had brought several of these crabs along in case we might need them.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "I thought maybe we'd run into some 'kings' or 'weakies'."

"You never can tell," said the Cap'n, squinting at the water as it swished past the dock pilings with the flow of the incoming tide. "You never can tell," he repeated in a thoughtful way. Abruptly, he turned and went into the house-boat. While I was still wondering what he was after, he came back with three silvery fish in his hands.

"Bunkers?" I asked.

"Uh-huh," he replied.

"Do you think we may strike some drum?" I queried, excitedly.

"Mebbe," he responded, non-committally, "or sharks," he added, "or, mebbe, a *stinger*."

I said no more at the moment, but I wondered idly why he should be interested in catching a sting-ray. It was always an unpleasant nuisance, and it usually swallowed the hook . . . necessitating a lengthy and bloody, not to say dangerous, operation. Its whip-like tail could lash round in a twinkling, and the rumor of its envenomed barbed end might not be entirely a myth.

The Cap'n took his place on the seat facing the stern, and I sat on the other one directly behind him. We rigged up, and baited our hooks before starting. Trolling along the bottom of the inlet while drifting with the tide was the best way of attracting fish. It kept the live minnow wriggling on the hook and in plain sight. We generally counted on making a fair catch before reaching our anchorage about a mile up the inlet.

For almost an hour, we fished diligently without a bit of luck. We cast out from the boat on all sides and trolled in, but it seemed that all life had departed from those waters. Not even a crab stole the bait.

I was tired of trying to coax the fish to bite, and I leaned back in the boat, which was called the *Beth*. I wondered about its name, and decided that the best way to find out was to ask the Cap'n directly. Coughing to attract his attention, I inquired if *Beth* had been his wife's name.

He did not reply for a moment, and then he said slowly and rather huskily, "No, that was my little girl's name."

"Oh, she's dead, isn't she?" I said softly.

## DEVIL FISH

Another pause, then, "Yes. She died when she was three an' a half. She . . . she got hurt."

I could see that he did not care to discuss the subject, so I said no more. Suddenly the Cap'n began to reel in his line. There was no jerking of the tip as there generally is when you hook a fish. The Cap'n was tugging hard. Slowly, reluctantly, whatever was on the other end began to come in. By its action, it seemed to be one of those flat-winged fish that are called "skates." I asked the Cap'n if he thought that was what it was.

"Either that, or a stinger!" he said, biting off the last word with a snap. A tense look came into his face, and at length a flat purplish and white thing came alongside. It was a sting-ray, and a big one, too. I judged it must weigh about twenty pounds.

Suddenly I was startled by the Cap'n. He fairly snarled, "Gaff him!" It was so unlike his usual gentle and unperturbed tone that for a minute I did not move from amazement.

"Gaff him!" repeated the Cap'n, even more harshly.

I snatched up the two-foot wooden stick with its long, sharp hook on the end, and plunged it into the stinger's body just below the eyes. Pulling him up alongside the boat, I balanced him on the gunwale. The Cap'n drew his sharp fish knife, and waiting until the fish was comparatively still, with one stroke he cut off his long tail which, till then, had been flailing the water behind him.

I supposed that now the Cap'n would try to get his hook loose. Instead, he plunged his knife into the stinger's belly and ripped it wide open, all the while muttering through clenched teeth, "The Devil! the Devil!" Entrails and blood spurted out discoloring the water. The Cap'n cut his line and said, "Let him go. *He* won't do no more damage."

I turned to the Cap'n with an inquiring look in regard to the brutal knife stroke. He was still staring at the spot where the stinger had sunk and muttering to himself. At length he became conscious of my gaze, and turned toward me with a defiant expression on his face.

"That's what should be done t' all of 'em," he snapped. "The killers!"

"Are they really poisonous? Could they really kill a man?" I asked.

"Wal," he hesitated, "I don't rightly know about a man, but they can kill a little girl." He looked at me dully, and then went on in an expressionless tone, "One of 'em killed my little Beth."

"Oh!" I could say nothing more.

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

There was a pause, and then he added, a fierce note coming into his voice, "An' if I ever ketch that devil-fish . . .!"

"But when did it happen?" I asked.

"Twelve years ago."

"Surely he isn't alive now."

"Oh, yes he is," stated the Cap'n. "He's alive an' here. They live sometimes twenty, thirty years. I hook int' him almost every summer, only I ain't got a line strong enough. He allus breaks away." Triumphantly, "But I'll git him the next time. Look!" He reached in under the stern seat of the dory and pulled out a coil of rope about half an inch thick. Firmly knotted to one end was the largest barbed hook I have ever seen. It must have been two inches from point to shank.

"That'll git him," exulted the Cap'n. "He'll never git away from that." I was inclined to agree. Suddenly I became conscious of a steady dragging on the end which was more than the pull of the current. I raised my pole, clapped my thumb on the spinning reel, and the tip of my pole was bent irresistibly toward the water. There were no sharp tugs such as an ordinary fish would make, only a steady, even pull.

"What have I got, Cap'n?" I said.

"I dunno," he said, a puzzled expression on his face. "Mebbe it's a big shark. Or," his expression changed, "mebbe it's *another* stinger."

The thing had drawn out nearly a hundred feet of line as it swung in a long arc from the stern of the boat. It was now almost broadside to us, and the pressure I was exerting on the line swung the end of the boat from the pull of the tide out toward the fish. Suddenly, the thing on the other end stopped moving. I jerked at the line, but it felt as though I were fast to the bottom. I stood up and tried to pull at it from another angle, but it was no use. I turned to the Cap'n.

There was a grim look in his eyes as he growled, "It's a stinger, all right. He's down on the bottom with his wings flapped in the mud. A shark don't act like that. Keep pullin' steady like on the line, an' the pain o' the hook'll fetch him loose soon."

For almost ten minutes we sat there. I was pulling with as much force as the light line would stand. The thick pole bent nearly double. The Cap'n began to stir nervously on his seat and mutter to himself. He reeled in his line, for he had been fishing till then. Finally he broke the silence, "He must be a big 'un. I never saw one stand that much pullin' so long."

As he spoke, the tension on the line slackened a bit. The thing on the

## DEVIL FISH

other end was beginning to move reluctantly toward the boat. Foot by foot I reeled in, with now and then a stop while I pried him loose from the bottom. At length, he was directly under the boat. I dragged him from the bottom for the last time and began to reel him to the surface. He came in surprisingly easily considering the resistance he had put up. The line made large circles in the water as is usual with stingers and skates. Suddenly, not three feet beneath the surface, I saw a huge black shadow. Then I made out the shape of the thing. It was a monstrous devil-fish. The wings were all of ten feet from tip to tip, and the black naked tail three inches thick at its base, stretched out even farther in the rear, lying gently in the water and writhing. I could even see the murderous two-inch barb on the end. Two baleful unblinking eyes glared straight into mine, and I shivered as a wing rasped along the bottom of the boat.

The Cap'n had the gaff in his hand to dispatch whatever it was I had. When he saw the fish he gasped and then shouted, "It's *him!* it's the Devil!" And he plunged the gaff in the water up to his elbow trying to spear the thing. The curved shank struck the devil-fish just back of the eyes. He swung unhurriedly in the water and whipped his tail at the boat. The barb struck the gunwale, scoring the wood. Then he slowly sank, with wings flapping gently.

I had been too startled to do anything, but now I pulled the line taut again. It came up easily; I was loose from the devil-fish. When I reeled in, I saw that my hook was gone.

I took a deep breath, and turning to the Cap'n I said, "Well, he got away." I was glad that he had, for I remembered the unblinking stare of his protruding eyes, and the lash of his tail.

The Cap'n did not answer. He was uncoiling the rope he had been showing me.

"Are you going to try to hook him again with that?" I asked.

"Uh-huh!" he replied. After uncoiling the rope, he tied one end to a ring at his feet set in the floor of the boat. Unhurried, he picked up a silvery moss-bunker and split it open underneath from mouth to tail. Folding the scally side inward and with the bloody surface on the outside, he ran the big hook through the fish two or three times and dropped the whole affair over the side. The tide carried the line out and down.

Through all these preparations, I sat uneasy. I had seen the devil-fish at close enough quarters. "Do you think he'll take it?" I asked, hoping for an uncertain reply.

"He ought to," said the Cap'n grimly. "He's still down there, an' they like bunkers."

The Cap'n was slowly raising and lowering the rope to keep the bait moving. Suddenly his back stiffened, and his hand became still.

"Somepin' suckin' it in," he croaked. We waited tensely, silently.

"Why don't you set the hook?" I whispered after a minute.

"I wanta git it down in his belly!" snarled the Cap'n.

Still we waited, and then I saw the muscles in the Cap'n's arm bulge. He gave a tremendous yank on the rope. There was no slow pulling this time. The line burnt through his fingers, rasped over the gunwale and on into the water with a hiss.

"Got him!" exulted the Cap'n. In a moment, all the rope had sizzled over the side, and the boat slued around with a sickening lurch, shipping several buckets of water. The fish was heading into the teeth of the tide toward the sea a mile and a half away.

We gathered speed for about a hundred feet, and then, with a jar that almost threw us from our seats, we stopped. We had reached the end of the anchor rope, and could feel the boat quiver with the pulsing of his wings as the fish tugged furiously. Evidently, the Cap'n's hook had bitten deep into his vitals, and he was driven to a frenzy by the pain.

Suddenly, we lurched forward again. The anchor rope had parted, and now we were fast to a mad devil. I saw that the Cap'n would never cut the rope which bound us to his enemy.

Stern first, we followed our careening course to the sea, shipping buckets with every surge of the crazed fish. Down the channel it went, a new danger looming up ahead. We had to thread between the pilings of the auto bridge. I jammed out my oar to ward off the blow, but the blade splintered against the tough wood, and several boat planks were stove in. We scraped through somehow and then thrust our oars into the water again, moving sluggishly, but still doggedly toward the sea, just around the sand bar ahead. As we rounded the bar, we felt the first of the ocean swell, the water shallow with a lively surf foaming on the sandy bottom. The fish, a hundred feet in front, was already fighting the first comber. We could see his big wings flopping heavily on the crest of the wave. Gamely he battled on, but he was exhausted. A wave caught him on the side and rolled him over toward us. In the trough he made one last desperate attempt to beat his way through, but it was no use. He was done and badly hurt, and as we finally drew him alongside, blood was spurting in little jets from his mouth.

When we got to the wharf, several friends were standing on the outer edge. Silently they helped us from the boat, and murmurs went through the gathering crowd at the size of the fish. They all knew of the Cap'n's tragedy and his feud with the thing. Ready hands seized the rope, but it took the combined efforts of fifteen or twenty men to pull the devil-fish up on the wharf.

The Cap'n walked slowly to his house-boat, while we stood in a circle gazing. It measured eleven feet from wing tip to wing tip, while its snake-like tail was twelve feet long. We never weighed it, but it must have been at least a ton.

While we stood round talking in low tones, the Cap'n came out of his house-boat and approached. He had a long butcher knife in his hand. Silently he stood and looked at the thing for a long moment. No one said a word. Slowly he leaned over, and with one stroke of his knife cut off the black tail at its base. He gazed at it fixedly as it trailed from his hand, and then, still without a word, he turned and went back into his house. That black, dried-up tail still hangs from the house-boat wall.



## Night Piece

By WILLIAM H. MYER

*The rain is beating soft, so soft that I  
Can scarcely call it rain. In sombre lines  
It draws the trees in black and grey—The pines  
Are still—thrilled with moisture, pushing high  
In misty heights of boundless, formless sky.  
I walk, and look into the night for signs  
Of mystery and death.  
Unto myself I cry,  
"I am the cat that walks alone, that walks  
The path of long forgotten nights." I call,  
"I am the tiger creeping through the banned  
And unknown ways." I purr—here only talks  
The milk-white cat—and dance on the sand  
Where planets fall blood-red into the sea.*

# The Tall Garden

By J. WALLACE VAN CLEAVE

TAKE one of my white ones, Alice, and fix it in your hair. You look so pretty then. Here, I'll help you."

"No, sister, a flower won't help. We're old, and women don't stay pretty more than a little while, especially when they're lonely."

"Nonsense, Alice. You'll always seem pretty to me. You know, I always think of you as mother did. Remember, she always spoke of you as 'little sister?'"

"Yes. I'd supposed you thought that. Mother could never let me get older. She'd say, 'Wait a little, it'll be time next year.' And you're the same. 'Little sister.' And now I'm old."

"Oh, Alice. Would you resent anything mother ever said? How strangely you're looking at me, almost as though you hated me. Alice, Alice what is it?"

"Nothing, sister, I didn't mean anything about mother. Here, I'll smile."

"Take my flower, then, and let's go into the cottage."

"No, I won't take *your* flower."

"*Our* flower, Alice. I forget sometimes. Everything that was mother's is ours, of course. Everything of mine is yours too."

"Yes, I know. Only, sometimes I wish mother had made it that way really. There's no difference between us, except that you were born a little before me. And so everything is yours, even though you share it with me. The cottage is yours, and the spoons, and the clock, and more than everything the garden here. *Your* flowers. Yes, they're yours. You know, I think I do hate you. Why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't anybody? I can see you now, you and mother, whispering behind my back, planning how everything should be yours. *You* were always good, *you* would stay home with mother, and I wanted to go out and be young while I could. I might have married, only mother said, 'Wait a little, it'll be time next year.' You told her to say that, you were jealous because you could get nobody. Yes, I hate you. It's queer, isn't it? I've always hated you, only I didn't know it."

"*Alice*, what would our mother say? Oh, how could you hurt her

## THE TALL GARDEN

memory so? I've loved you, and given you everything, and this is what you give me in return. Don't stay, please, I couldn't bear to have you unhappy here. Go away if you want to. Leave me, if you don't love me."

"Yes, go away. Where could I go? You can say that. You can say anything you please, because I haven't any place to go, or any money that isn't from you. You, saying you've 'given me everything.' How like you. Well, I won't be grateful to you any longer. I will leave, and I won't come back. You can have your cottage and the garden all to yourself."

"Alice, what are you saying? You wouldn't really leave me. You know I'd never manage without you. Oh Alice, this is so foolish, and all over a silly white flower. Come, let's go inside, and forget all about it."

"Yes, all over a white flower. I'm not really angry, sister, but if it hadn't been the flower it would have been some other thing. It will be better if I carry out my decision. I would be unhappy . . ."

"Perhaps, Alice dear. I wouldn't have you unhappy. You can always come back, of course; mother would not have had it otherwise."

"I'll pack now, sister, why not? Why not now? Come and help me."

\* \* \* \* \*

"So Alice is really gone at last. Four years, what a long time."

"Yes, Mr. Fosby, four years. It was a long time for us to wait, but then it had to be gradual. Mother would not have had it otherwise. I'm quite clear in my conscience though, and I'm glad we waited. She made the decision herself this way. She was quite sure of what she was doing. No anger, no bitterness, and now it's all settled."

"Yes, I suppose so. I've made the arrangements for the minister, he can come tomorrow. Then I'll have my things sent. It will be better to have it quiet. At our age, you know."

"Yes, of course. Shall we ask Alice?"

"No, she needn't know until later. We'll have her to dinner some time. Pity there wasn't room for her to stay with us, but a man wants his own house . . ."

"Of course. Dear Mr. Fosby, we'll be so happy here."

The old clock struck four, the rapid brassy striking of a Seth Thomas clock that's been striking forever on a mantel.

"I'll be going now. Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Good-bye, Mr. Fosby."

She went to sit by the window to rest awhile before taking the tea things away, looking out into the garden wearily. Mother's tree. I remem-

ber the day we planted it. How long ago. Poor, dear Alice. She hardly knew at all. Odd. Odd. Maybe it wasn't just right. She made her own decision. Mother's tree seems to be drooping, almost to the ground, as in shame. I tried to reason with her. A flower, one of the flowers from mother's garden. And after four years. The plants in the window box seem dry and brittle. Why, they're about to die. Mrs. Fosby, tomorrow, how odd. Perhaps they weren't watered. Five o'clock so soon? So long by the window?

Washing the dishes, hers and Mr. Fosby's, and the silver, hers and Mr. Fosby's. Some of the silver's tarnished. Rubbing doesn't seem to help at all. How odd. Alice never could endure tarnished silver. Well . . .



## Lion

By RICHARD S. BOWMAN

*His tawny skin shimmers in the sun  
His muscles ripple as with unstudied grace  
He lopes toward me, unconscious of the gun  
I might have in my hands  
But don't.*

*His tail weaves a dissatisfied pattern  
His paws pad softly, flatly, and  
In his eyes I see the restless yearn  
Which might make him leap to kill  
But won't.*

*A tendon twitches, but not  
The mighty muscle underneath.  
Perhaps one time in a climate wet and hot  
This tireless strength, this welled-up force  
Was released.*

*People pause here to admire captured grace and force:  
Things which command awe alone in their exertion.*

# Movements In Jazz

By JAMES D. HOOVER

PEOPLE are inclined to listen to jazz in the same way they see movies: uncritically, as if the enjoyment to be obtained were purely sensual. Daily it is heard over the radio and elsewhere, yet to many it sounds all of a color, black or white according to taste. Yet there is more to jazz than either its critics or worshippers tend to realize; it has already survived longer than was generally expected, is still going strong, and can no longer be pigeonholed as "just noise," "all right for dancing," or "a phase of the post-war generation."

Before this claim is defended, a little generalization is necessary. Music has always been of three kinds: folk music (now superseded by popular songs), music for a special purposes (for the church, for opera, or for dancing), and music as a form of artistic expression. Jazz, a syncopated and disharmonic outgrowth of the Negro spiritual, though superficially sounding uniform, really has three forms, one in each of these groups. There is popular jazz, jazz for dancing, and artistic jazz. The whole thing is not, as generally supposed, moving in one direction; but there are three separate movements, each trying to go a different way.

The commonest question on the subject seems to be: "What's your favorite orchestra?" Even the most unthinking jazzbug soon finds that he likes one better than the rest, though the reason is often hard to explain. Usually, it depends on what he looks for in music.

The outstanding characteristic of folk music everywhere has been sentimentality. The person who once liked "Just a Song at Twilight" or "Darling, I Am Growing Old" is not, as we are led to think, out in the cold today. He can tune in on Guy Lombardo or Wayne King and feel perfectly at home. The same people (or their children) who enjoyed the old tunes like this type of orchestra today, with its brain-calming melodies and spongy vocalists. There is really no reason why old-fashioned people should appear silly to habitues of Lombardoland, or the other way around. Both come from the same environment; both have large, tender hearts.

These simple souls differ radically from those who got rhythm. Those who shout "hot-cha" and drum with their feet at the sound of music would be out of place in the dreamy bliss of Lombardoland. The red-hot type casts its vote for Glen Gray or for Cab Calloway. Such bands are for people who

prefer dancing to music. Rhythm tends to drown out melody, and a tune with a tricky syncopation needs no harmony. The louder the better.

But where do true music lovers come into the picture? Ask a concert-hall frequenter what syncopated music will last, and he is apt to mention the "Rhapsody in Blue" and perhaps Ferdie Grofe, and then halt.

There is, however, one orchestra leader who is a little more than a smile and a bankbook. He is a Negro: Duke Ellington. Few seem to realize that Ellington is contributing anything to American music. The novelty of his treatment (chiefly his improvisations) scares most people away and obscures the important fact that for years he has been presenting jazz songs that are unsentimental, yet deeply expressive of feelings musicians have evaded before.

Ellington was most perfectly at home in the classic blue songs ("St. Louis," "St James Infirmary," "Yellow Dog," and "Dallas Blues," to name four of the best) and in similar songs written by himself (such as "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Mood Indigo," and "Soliditude"). These pieces have a wonderful power and vitality and get under the skin in a way more civilized music rarely succeeds in doing.

The blues are not decadent, as is sometimes claimed. Fundamentally, they express the nostalgic feelings of peoples uprooted from their surroundings and transplanted to a new world: Negroes like Ellington, and Jews like Gershwin. Native Americans have too little to express to hope for an indigenous school of music that will compare with the songs of peoples who have not yet lost their sense of the strangeness of life.

Less attention need be paid to George Gershwin here, for, though a more important composer, he is also more widely recognized. The "Rhapsody in Blue" and "Concerto in F" come closer to "classical" music than any other jazz, though his efforts in the stricter classical forms are less successful. Gershwin's store of musical ideas is not large. Nevertheless, he is acutely aware of his mission and is constantly experimenting with new idioms and rhythms. His next effort is to be music for "Porgy," which should be worth watching, for if jazz ever does ascend to art, all signs point to the ballet as the form it will take. There are others who have been experimenting with jazz on a less ambitious scale: Rube Bloom, Hoagy Carmichael, and Zez Confrey, for example.

Modern music reaches an all-time low in the school of composers that is trying to be vital by imitating natural sounds. Mention might be made of Johnny Green, whose feeble "Night Club Suite" culminates in the pop of a champagne bottle being opened. Various other attempts, popularized

## MOVEMENTS IN JAZZ

by Paul Whiteman's orchestra, have been made to transcribe the sounds of modern New York City literally into music, with results than can easily be imagined.

The "master" of this school is Ferdie Grofe, who has obtained an inflated reputation by attempting to create something that will please both lovers of jazz and of "highbrow" music. In his "Grand Canyon" and "Mississippi" Suites he succeeded in this, though he did not manage to produce any music worthy of the name. The suites do include, however, with the aid of themes taken from Chopin, a number of pleasing melodies.

Ellington with his blue songs is not altogether as popular as the sentimental orchestra leaders. This trend of popular taste is apt to prove fatal, for when jazz becomes sentimental, it has nothing new to say, loses power, and finally dissolves in a pool of commercialized tears. There are signs that jazz is already on the way to lose its hard-boiled vitality. Ellington's orchestra is sounding more and more like the others and about two years ago began to mix the Negro idiom with the white man's sentimentality. The mixture is a dangerous one. The more Ellington sounds like a white man, the less he means musically.

Guy Lombardo, who once popularized the latest jazz hits, is showing his emotional kinship with the nineteenth century more and more in his latest series of broadcasts by playing old favorites slightly jazzed up. Wayne King is doing the same thing. The hot bands, like Cab Calloway's, are getting nowhere. They repeat the little they have to say over and over again, and the novelty is beginning to wear off. Musically, they move our feet only.

But regardless of whether jazz progresses further or not in any of its three movements, it has already made its contributions. For mundane tastes there are more and better tunes than ever before. A small but genuine amount of real music exists too.

Jazz is so different that several concessions have to be made by the listener before its appreciation is possible: (1) greater emphasis on rhythm need not be evil, (2) the saxophone, capable of wonderfully expressive solos, is entitled to a prominent orchestral position, (3) blue music can be as human as the familiar nineteenth century works, (4) it is more satisfactory than music written today in a devitalized nineteenth century tradition, (5) jazz has developed further than any music rising from popular sources since the growth of church music, and (6) it means more to more people than any other music accessible today. With these considerations jazz ceases to be a noisy nightmare best overlooked and becomes something worthy of intelligent study.

## Was It a Word

By JAMES E. TRUEX

*Why is it that your tender  
Soft eyes are turned away?  
In what am I offender  
That you will not let me stay  
Beside you; that you stand aloof, politely  
Speaking of the weather, lightly  
Touching on the topics of the day?*

*Was it a word or two  
Idly let fall to flatter  
Some person neither you  
Nor I admire? What really matter  
These careless, thoughtless slips? We will smile, tomorrow.  
But meanwhile you must bear my silent sorrow,  
And I, your chill impenetrable chatter.*

## And the Years

By RENÉ BLANC-ROOS

*And the years  
Bring of Love no understanding;  
Though I have wandered  
By hill and hollow  
Looked on its many shades.  
It toucheth not reason  
But leaveth behind it  
The sense of a season,  
Fields green after showers,  
Voices wild in the wind.  
Thoughts that tighten the membrane  
Of the memory of these hours.*

# Summer Sunday

By WILLIAM R. BOWDEN, JR.

THE fine Sunday afternoon had faded into evening, but at seven the boardwalk was still thronged with week-enders. If, now and then, someone glanced quickly at the western sky, where a few ugly little clouds had marred the sunset, it was a glance of curiosity rather than of wariness. We sat on the white counter watching the people stroll by in the blue evening light.

Our stand faced east, looking across the boardwalk to the ocean. We could not see what was going on in the west; but I think the wind, when it came, surprised everyone else as much as it did us. One minute there was a gentle, refreshing sea breeze; the next, a whistling gale blew from the land. We jumped to slam down our side windows as a stack of paper plates swirled to the floor. Then, secure from the blast, we turned to watch the crowd again.

A fine spitting rain rode the wind, threatening ruin to dainty summer clothes. The sky with strange suddenness was, instead of slowly deepening blue, an opaque grey. The sea was grey and hostile-looking. The boardwalk, a moment before a bright blur of color, became a fantastic confusion of hurrying figures in pale garments.

We watched the spectacle with amused curiosity. It was all over in a moment. We leaned far out over the counter and looked down the long slow concave arc of the beach. The boardwalk was clean and bare. Soon the rain had stopped; there was left only the steady whine of the gale.

Something high above the low buildings attracted our attention—an airplane from the flying field at the lower end of the island. Almost at the same instant we saw a parachute puff open below it. We knew there was a daily exhibition jump made for a cash collection, but the man must be crazy to be going up under weather conditions such as these.

One side of the grey parachute caved in sickeningly under the force of the wind, then filled out again. It dropped rapidly on a long flat slant out to sea. Helplessly it drifted on out, farther and farther, finally coming to rest

## THE HAVERFORDIAN

on the surface of the water. Filled with air as it was, it did not sink at once, and we could just discern its balloon-like outline against the rapidly darkening sky. We strained our eyes through the dusk as two planes—another had already left the field—circled about the spot, hovering dangerously low. Both land machines, they were powerless to help; although even a seaplane could not have landed in the high sea. At last our tired eyes could not make out the blur of the 'chute; the horizon grew obscure and vanished. Perhaps ten minutes later a Coast Guard patrol boat raced by, close to shore, its searchlight piercing the blackness ahead.

As various friends of ours passed our stand on their way home from work, they stopped to give us the latest reports. The man had been saved. The man had been drowned and the body recovered. The body had not been recovered. In return for this information, we passed on our own theory, that the parachute had carried only a dummy. It was all a publicity stunt.

Not until we were closing up for the night did we hear the real story, told us by the friendly boardwalk patrolman. He told us how the jumper had been carried a half mile out to sea, had been dragged by the still inflated parachute perhaps half a mile further, driven by the fifty-mile gale. He described the heroic attempts of the beach patrol, already off duty for the evening, to rescue the man. Two lifeboats had put out into the raging sea; the body had been found under the tangled, waterlogged silk, and dragged into one of the dories.

We walked home quietly that night. There I got a new angle on the accident. A friend had happened into a lunch wagon at the moment when the pilot of the second plane was describing what had happened. Before the parachute jumper had gone up, he had carefully tested the wind. A light sea breeze was blowing, and the plane had carried him several hundred yards offshore to jump. This was done to allow the wind to carry him back to the island without overshooting it into the bay. Either the wind at that altitude had not changed at all, or else the gale had come up so suddenly as to strike actually between the time that the man left the wing and the split second later when he pulled the ripcord. We knew the rest.

I lay awake in bed late that night, imagining the sensations of the man, his realization that he would inevitably fall far off shore, his rising panic. That drop must have lasted centuries, and still the waves must have reached up for him all too soon. Probably he was almost mad with fear, or he would surely have loosed himself from the straps and risked a drop of fifty feet into

the water, free at least from the treacherous parachute. He must have fought insanely to tear himself free; his mind must have wavered from blind panic to flashes of supernatural clarity. . .

Monday morning dawned calm and clear. As I read the newspaper account of the accident, the events of the night before seemed strangely remote and alien to me.

# Books

GREEN LIGHT, by LLOYD DOUGLAS

*Reviewed by* WILLIAM REAVES, JR.

In the *Green Light* Mr. Douglas has again concocted one of those mystic plots which made the *Magnificent Obsession* so popular. He has become so impressed with his own conception of Personal Adequacy and life, which is a Long Parade, that he sadly neglects his characters. He makes mere puppets of them; every move they make, everything they say is too obviously made to conform to his philosophy.

Crippled Dean Harcourt receives maladjusted souls who, once they have talked to him, lead an orderly and beautifully regulated life, for they have learned his philosophy of Personal Adequacy. The plot, such as there is, concerns the influence the Dean has on the lives of Newell Paige and Phyllis Dexter. Newell, a young surgeon, shoulders the blame when his superior, Dr. Endicott, falters in an operation and loses the life of his patient. Paige runs away. Some months later he comes to the Dean for advice. Here he meets Phyllis, the daughter of the patient who lost her life by Endicott's mistake. Phyllis believes Paige responsible for her mother's death. He runs away again, this time to fight deadly diseases in Montana. Phyllis is sent to Montana by the Dean. Here she meets Newell. Endicott confesses his guilt

in the operation on Mrs. Dexter, and so Phyllis and Newell are happily wed in the presence of the Dean.

Mr. Douglas has, in this book, expounded his latest idea in an incapable manner. He has made the book absurdly far-fetched. We tolerate the idea of coincidence until he has Phyllis and Newell, who parted in Chicago, meet in Montana. This is too much even for the most fanciful reader. Mr. Douglas has certainly lost, rather than gained his point, by carrying his new ideas to ridiculous extremes.

LOVE IN WINTER, by STORM JAMESON

*Reviewed by* JAMES DAILEY

Miss Jameson presents here an intelligent story of a love maintained only with patience and courage, maintained even when the impossibility of complete happiness is recognized.

The lovers, Hervey Russell and Nicholas Roxby, are not people of the same nature or tastes. Nor are their energies matched. Nicholas, exhausted by the war and his first wife, has retreated to his furniture business. Hervey devotes herself to her promising novels and to the son of her first marriage. An energetic, determined woman with a gentle, "polite" heart, she falls in love with Nicholas almost at first sight. Then she must spend many fruitless months before she can stir her weary lover to face divorce and a second marriage. Even when their path is cleared, the two find themselves far apart. Yet they wish to keep their love, each making sacrifices and adjustments. Though these efforts to achieve compatibility are in some part vain, Hervey and Nicholas will not cease trying.

Surrounding Hervey is a large set of characters, divided into three groups. There are the novelists and critics that involve Hervey; the financiers of the House of Harben; and the Socialists supporting Earlham in Parliament. In this part of the novel Miss Jameson shows some sympathy for the radicals, but does not hesitate to criticize Earlham and his kind for their ineffective activity, now and then wedging in an uncomplimentary reflection on American capital and labor. But this part of *Love in Winter*

## BOOKS

is only slightly related to the personal story of Hervey, and for this reason forms a distraction often unwelcome. Miss Jameson has made Hervey so strong and vital that the reader would prefer to concentrate on her, and leave the Harbens and Earlhams till another time.

A FEW FOOLISH ONES, by GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

Reviewed by THOMAS CONWAY

This book, describing the changing life of a rural community from 1870 to the present, is little more than a character study of the rapidly disappearing yeoman farmer, wresting his living from difficult soil, content to live as his forefathers lived.

In 1870 the families settling along York Road, near the village of Durwich, Maine, formed a community of farmers living simple, secluded lives. By 1895 the scene has changed. York Road is no longer as thickly populated. Families have broken up and moved to other land or to the cities. But Gus Bragdon continues to accumulate land, forests, and money. By 1920 York Road is practically deserted, except for Gus, who finishes life a rich man, providing for his descendants who have abandoned their farming heritage and gone off to seek a new order.

The stolid, canny Gus Bragdon, practical Kate Bragdon, and a host of others are drawn with sympathy and understanding, but the book taken as a whole, although mildly entertaining, is inconsequential.

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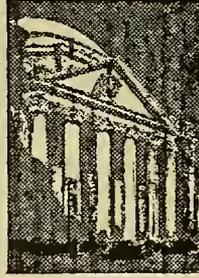
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