

The UNIVERSITY of WICHITA

2 K

TOMATO

3 K

Grace Wilkie

MORRISON LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF WICHITA



A
U
T
U
M
N
N
U
M
B
E
R
—
1
9
3
9

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

To Dean Wilkie
Compliments of
The Creative Writing Club

The UNIVERSITY of WICHITA

TOM-TOM

Volume I

Autumn 1936

Number 1

Table of Contents

MANIFESTO	2
ARTICLES:	
The Globe in Hollywood.....	Mark Clutter 3
Pigskin Psychology.....	J. R. 5
SHORT STORIES:	
Golf Widow.....	Bill Woodin 10
Ten Dollar Bets.....	Thadene Hedges 13
"He Weren't Grateful".....	Floyd Snitz 19
A FAMILIAR ESSAY	
On Being a Linguist.....	Mark Clutter 17
STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS:	
"Hasher".....	Joe Stone 24
BOOK REVIEWS:	
Defender of Democracy, by Emil Ludwig.....	Lilian Parks 27
Stories of Three Decades, by Thomas Mann.....	Lilian Parks 28
A Further Range, by Robert Frost.....	Mark Clutter 29
VERSE:	
My Lady's Eyeball.....	Mark Clutter 9
Vignette.....	Dorothea Jensen 9
Quatrain.....	Dorothea Jensen 12
???.....	Dorothea Jensen 18
No Rain.....	Irma Wassall 21
Interpretation.....	Marie Griffith 22
An Order For Six New Bodies.....	May Williams Ward 23
The Pioneer.....	Mark Clutter 23
Geologist in Love.....	Laura Howard 26
Dirge to the Fish of Second Floor.....	Dorothea Jensen 26
That I May Pause Awhile.....	Phil Pennington 31
Dunbar.....	James E. Andrews 31
Steel Age.....	Lilian Parks 32
Pyrrhic Victory on Olympus.....	Mark Clutter 32

Cover Design, by Cecil Murdock

Printed by—The Service Printery, 510 East Third Street,

Why the Tom-Tom?

It has been estimated that fully ninety per cent of all college students have a yen to become writers. Of this group only a few leave college with the ability to express themselves creditably in writing.

The sponsors of the Tom-Tom feel that this is a serious failure on the part of schools. They believe that the ability to express thought and fancy in writing is one of the necessary assets of the cultured man or woman.

The best way to stimulate and develop the abilities of the youthful writer is to give him an opportunity to see his work in print. For this reason the Tom-Tom makes its appearance as a University of Wichita publication. As such, it will not compete in any way with existing publications.

The Tom-Tom is a permanent institution. It will be published every semester and will contain the best student fiction, articles, humor, and verse. All student writers are urged to submit contributions for approval. Contributions by faculty members and writers interested in the University are welcomed.

We think you will find the first issue of the Tom-Tom well worth a quarter. We confess that Volume 1 Number 1 contains little or no immortal literature. But it is interesting and amusing. It compares favorably with student magazines on other campuses, and is a creditable beginning. With the backing of all loyal Shockers it can be made one of the best student magazines in the nation.

The editor and sponsors of the Tom-Tom wish to extend thanks to all who have by contribution or support made this magazine possible. We are especially grateful to President Wm. M. Jardine for the approval and support which he has given us. We thank May Williams Ward, nationally known poet, for the poem which she contributed. We have found the faculty almost unanimously willing to support the venture. Among those students who have contributed of their time and talent we wish especially to cite Max Milbourn, business manager, and Miss Lilian Parks, president of the Creative Writing Club.

We are indebted to Clayton Henri Staples and the art department for the cover. The cover design, which was created by Cecil Murdock, received first place in a contest among students of the department.

Published each semester by the Creative Writing Club of the
UNIVERSITY OF WICHITA, KANSAS

MARK CLUTTER Editor
MAX MILBOURN Business Manager
LILIAN PARKS President of the Creative Writing Club
DR. EARLE R. DAVIS Sponsor

Approved by the Board of Student Publications

The Globe in Hollywood

By Mark Clutter

"Once they worshipped at the shrine of Harlowe;
Now they kneel before a friend of Marlowe!"
—John Mason Brown.

WILL THE GIRLISH SIGHS of Juliet match the glamorous harlowings of Harlow? Can the clash of rapiers in the streets of Renaissance Verona replace the rat-tat of gangland's machine guns? These are the most important questions before the movie producers today.

Hollywood, gone a bit sour on G men, musical comedies, and glorified history, began to look about for new talent in scenario writers. Some erudite member of the movie profession remembered having read a drama by a chap named William Shakespeare and suggested that his work had possibilities. The movie magnates read a few of his plays and thought about them, and the more they thought the more certain they became that Shakespeare was a great scenarist born a few hundred years too early.

When Hollywood gets an idea it acts on it and to the tune of millions of dollars. The first noteworthy result of the Shakespeare craze was an extravaganza adapted from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with music by Mendelssohn and scenic effects by Warner Brothers. The result of this strange collaboration was a spectacular hodge podge which might or might not have pleased Stratford's most famous citizen.

MGM watched the experiment with interest and when they saw that the public was not altogether hostile they decided to go Warner Brothers one better both from the standpoint of art and of expense. They decided that the tragic romance, "Romeo and Juliet," was a natural for the movies. It had everything that the average cinemaddict demands: "Boy meets Girl" theme, plenty of bloody action, a closely woven plot, and scenic effect.

They went to great pains to make the show as Shakespeare would want it made if he were alive today and punching MGM's time clock. The foremost Shakespearean professors were hired to act as a Brain Trust for MGM's high command. A squad of photographers were dispatched to Verona, Italy, to take pictures of scenes which Shakespeare never saw, but which, they feel, will add historical correctness to the show. The costumes are those of Renaissance ladies and gentlemen. Even the language is Shakespeare's high flown blank verse without alteration or modernization of text.

According to the critics, the show is Shakespeare, but Shakespeare in an utterly new way. It even approaches MGM's

ideal of putting on Shakespeare as Shakespeare, if he were alive in this year of grace 1936, would put it on himself. The great bard would certainly have preferred to see his plays in the movies rather than on the high brow stage with its stilted language, unnatural action, and dull pomposity. For Shakespeare was a lover of packed theatres and believed that great dramatic art could be measured by the box office receipts. He was all for using the language of common speech and the technical medium which would reach the greatest number of people.

As in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the choice of actors for "Romeo and Juliet" is open to criticism. Leslie Howard with his milord manners and his sensitive horse face does not altogether fit the character of that sophomoric neurotic, Romeo. John Barrymore as Mercutio is not Mercutio at all but merely John Barrymore. Barrymore's romantic style is altogether unadapted to the part of that gay hearted, wise cracking gentleman who used his last breath in making a joke. But in general the play is well acted and quite in the modern manner.

The significance of this Shakespearean revival culturally can not be determined as yet. Will Shakespeare be brought to mean to the modern American what he once meant to the gentry and rabble of Elizabethan London? Probably not. There is too much dissimilarity in culture and speech. Our ears are unaccustomed to Elizabethan wise cracks. Our attitude toward social organization, sex, and manners is different. Yet we share with the Elizabethans and with the whole world a love of stories well told and an interest in human nature. Shakespeare was certainly a master of story telling and character portrayal, so it is possible that, despite the passing of centuries, Shakespeare may again become popular. It is significant that of the two plays the one which follows Shakespeare the more closely is proving to be the greatest box office success. But it is also significant that the golden feet of Astaire have more extrinsic value than either of them.

Whatever the Shakespearean authorities may decide about the cultural value of Shakespearean photoplays, "Romeo and Juliet" is certainly one of the best flickers of the year, and is probably the forerunner of a score of cinematic productions of Shakespeare. Let us hope that they do not share the fate of other types of movies, notably the musical comedies and the glorified histories, and degenerate into dull atrocities. In the past when Hollywood has hit on a good thing it has attempted to duplicate its success with a score of shoddy and inartistic imitations. If Hollywood runs true to form we may expect to see everything from Titus Andronicus to King Lear butchered before our eyes, and the public made Shakespeare conscious will finally be made Shakespeare nauseated.

Pigskin Psychology

THE GREAT MODERN sociologist, Pareto, based his studies upon an effort to describe society, saying that it is first necessary to understand the ways of men before anything can be done to change those ways.

Each autumn, the colleges and universities of the United States take up the most colorful and exciting of all the activities which bring attention to the campus. The activity is called football because the game used to center about kicking an inflated bag with the foot.

Each autumn, a great many sincere people worry about questions of overemphasis, the recruiting of athletes, the misdirection of education, and the loss of individual initiative which used to characterize football before it became the sport of highly paid coaches. Some critics feel that football resembles an animated game of chess, wherein rival master-minds direct the moves and plan the strategy which dumb pieces execute. This critical reaction, Pareto would observe, illustrates a "derivative" tendency upon the part of human beings; for few of us express the actual reason why we enjoy football or why we object to some particular result which comes from the modern emphasis upon the sport in colleges.

The most interesting result of a dispassionate survey of football centers about a word that means much and little: psychology. Americans want to win whatever they are contesting. Football offers men the chance to win before crowds and under spectacular circumstances. Red Grange used to excite crowds because he won in a way which stirred the pulse. Is it not true that football quickens the heart-beat? Perhaps some of us envy the man who runs for a touchdown. It might turn out that the real secret of football's popularity is a variety of wish-fulfillment.

Carlyle had the theory that great men, heroes, influenced their associates to the point of changing the course of history. The most thrilling conclusion which can be derived from a study of modern football depends upon the coach himself, for it is the coach—the hero in Carlyle's sense—who influences his team to accomplish the improbable, the unexpected, and the spectacular. Beyond all the facts of coaching wizardry, beyond questions of blocking and tackling, the Warner System, the "razzle-dazzle" attack, and the Notre Dame shift, is the genius of the coach who has to persuade his team to play winning ball.

Men used to fight for old Siwash, just as men used to enlist when someone waved a flag or played the national anthem. But coaches found that fighting every Saturday afternoon re-

quired a more involved technique. Coach Zuppke, at the University of Illinois, once hired a psychologist to study his team. He wanted to know which man to encourage, which man to pamper or browbeat, which to nerve up to an important occasion when he would play better than he knew how.

It is true that there are still great school rivalries in America which bring out a natural "keying" of the team for the main game of the year. Just two years ago, a Yale team invaded Palmer Stadium at Princeton to outfight a superior opponent, score a touchdown, and keep ahead throughout a long game—without a single substitution. Eleven men played that game for the Bulldog—something almost unprecedented in modern football—especially against a team which was busily engaged in turning down bids for the Rose Bowl game in Los Angeles. But the traditional Yale-Princeton rivalry, cleverly fomented by Coach Pond, and assisted by luck which held against injuries, allowed eleven men to produce a most improbable result.

Just what methods does a coach use to key his team? After the second time he has implored his athletes to fight for their Alma Mater, the modern hardboiled tackle is likely to inquire who this Alma person is. Truly, the successful coach has to be understanding and clever. Perhaps the most famous exponent of psychological versatility in the handling of athletes was Knute Rockne, the man who made Notre Dame.

It is said that the most dangerous army is that in which the rank and file will die for a cause, and whose leader is well-versed in all combinations possible with the material at hand. Rockne not only knew strategy, but he became the "cause" for which men fought. He incorporated himself in football psychology. He ruled men, not as a thinker moves a chessman, but as a personality inspires all those within reach of its electric influence.

Rockne's methods were various. For example, he always arranged a certain experience whenever Notre Dame played the Army in New York. Just before game time, special police would clear the way for the team as it drove from a down-town hotel to the Polo Grounds. Studebaker cars would drive at breath-taking speed, sixty and seventy miles an hour, up Broadway lined with curious throngs. Going sixty miles an hour up Broadway must be a frightening sensation at any time; just before a big game, it must be staggering. Probably Rockne did not need to make much of a pep talk after his carefully prepared psychological build-up which had culminated in that ride to the scene of battle.

But even pep talks have their points. Rockne was a past-master at timing his appeals. Upon one occasion, a great Notre Dame team had played disappointingly in the first half against Northwestern, ending on the wrong side of a 14-0 score. The

team knew it was doing badly and rather expected what might mildly be called a good scolding between halves. Rockne demonstrated his versatility, however. He walked into the dressing room, stopped and looked around, spat at a wastepaper basket, and said, "Fighting Irish!" in tones of something deeper than disgust. Whereupon he walked out and watched the rest of the game from a seat in the stands. But Notre Dame scored three touchdowns in the second half.

There is also the story that centers about Notre Dame's most famous fullback, George Gipp. Gipp died after the final game of the 1921 season from pneumonia, although his death could hardly be attributed to his participation in the sport which made him famous. He died with Rockne at his bedside.

The second act in the drama occurs in 1928, when Notre Dame football reached its lowest ebb during the whole of Rockne's regime. Practically every important game played that year was lost by the Irish. For once, Rockne did not have the material, and even the master psychologist could not eke out victory over superior opponents. The final game of the year was against the Army. Rockne needed to win that game to salvage the season, for himself, for the team, and for the university. Before the game he worked himself up to that point where an actor loses himself in his part because he feels the emotions he is portraying. He told the boys about the death-bed scene with George Gipp. The climax of the story came when Rock related—with tears in his eyes—how Gipp reached his feeble hand out to his coach and said, "Rock, some day you'll need to win a game awfully bad. Tell the boys to win one for the old Gipper that day." At this impressive moment, Rock said, "Boys, this is the day."

Just two hours later, "One-play" O'Brien went into the end zone to catch a touchdown pass which climaxed the victory of an inspired team. Notre Dame won that one for the old Gipper. At least, people would say so. Of course, Rockne may have been an intermediate force.

It is interesting to note that Rockne's last game in his last season, 1930, came with a masterpiece of inspired psychological direction, a victory in the Rose Bowl over a Southern California team which was considered the best college team ever to be assembled in America. The victory was by the score of 28-0. Early in the spring of 1931, Rockne died in an airplane accident.

Nordy Hoffman, Wichita University coach, tells the story of that trip West before the game. The team stopped to practice in Tucson. It was in good trim, except that it had no fullbacks. All were out of the game for one reason or another, Larry Mullins, the regular fullback, having a cartilage knee. Besides that, the team was not in the mood to defeat a rival

probably better than itself, and Rockne—worried about his own ill-health—knew it. He kept the team waiting for him for two hours that morning, and when he did show up he called them all together. He explained that he was sick, that he should not have left the hospital to come on the trip at all. He pointed out that the team was going to be licked anyway, and that Notre Dame knew how to fight hard and to take its lickings when it deserved them. He proposed to take the next train back to Chicago and asked them to fight hard for him.

It sounds as if the psychology were very ordinary, but it produced the obvious reaction. Rockne was really sick. The team became excited and begged him to go with them. The boys went through an inspired practice session to prove their determination. Rockne reconsidered and went along.

But the fullback problem still loomed before him. At some time or other, a brilliant idea occurred to him. Mullins had a roommate named Bucky O'Connor. The two were great friends. O'Connor was a second-string half-back. He was the sort who would go a long way for a friend. Of course, he had never played Mullins' position. But Rockne put Mullins' jersey on O'Connor at Tucson, and Bucky became the spirit of Mullins, Rockne, and Notre Dame for that coming game in the Rose Bowl. He learned a lot of signals in a hurry, which probably proves that football players can learn what they earnestly desire to learn. Anyway, the whole team became interested in the fact that O'Connor was going to play Mullins' last game for him.

The final scene before the unfolding of the real drama in the Bowl came when Rockne made a short speech. He told his team that he was afraid he had expected too much of them. He asked their pardon and said he knew they would fight and that they would not disgrace themselves or their school. "I did hope," he finished, "that you might be ahead at the half, just so I could put Mullins in for the first play of the second half."

Any Notre Dame man will tell you with tears in his eyes how the 100,000 fans rose to their respective feet and cheered as Mullins did come out for the first play of the second half. Notre Dame had a 14-0 lead at that point, and the spark-plug of that dynamic team was Bucky O'Connor. Truly, that game was a fitting climax to the career of a man who measured up to all Carlyle's demands for the Hero, even though Carlyle would hardly be interested in anything so inconsequential as football.

Yes, perhaps the game has grown beyond the bounds of college life as it was originally viewed by college professors and educators of all kinds. But the game is here, and people like it. It furnishes excitement, and it illustrates principles of

leadership and courage which have distinguished the more serious fields of politics, statesmanship, and war. Pareto may be right, you know. It is necessary first to understand the ways of men before anything can be done to direct those ways.

—J. R.

My Lady's Eyeball

By Mark Clutter

Her eye is blue and when she laughs
Its dancing light recalls to me
The breaking of an azure dawn
Reflected in a rippling sea.

Her eye is blue and when she weeps
The quickly spilling drops of wet
Are like, I think, small globes of dew
Dripping from a violet.

Her eye is blue; if from its depths
The slightest ray of thought should gleam
How like a faint star out of place
And lost in noonday that would seem.

(From the Spanish of Gustave Adolfo Becquer)

Vignette

By Dorothea Jensen

The trees seem sadly wistful
As though they might have known
Happier days a while ago
Before their leaves had flown
And left them standing there
So heartlessly alone.
The day itself is listless
A painful patient grey
The air of one whose silly heart
Had cracked beneath the sway
Of one who wisely played at love
And laughing, went his way.

Golf Widow

By Bill Woodin

RAIN—in that pelting, half-mad manner, each drop rushing violently after the blur ahead of it—kept fighting its way down Chris' back. He shifted his shoulders, jerked his collar higher, and surged forward like a wave. Chris always had reminded me of a wave, and now he literally was one, for his feet kicked up an endless spray in front of him as he approached the fourteenth green in that giant-killer stride which was so characteristic of him.

"Wes!" he had cupped his hands to amplify that enormous baritone of his, "Wes—let's call it a day."

I raised my arm in a weary gesture which I hoped he'd interpret as a whole-hearted affirmation, picked my ball out of the cup, and shuffled to the edge of the green to watch Chris' ball land ten feet to the left—hole high. He was what I call "left-sighted," always judging his distance perfectly, but invariably his ball came to a rest to the left of the chosen object—no hook either, just a straight, hard ball, dead to the left.

At last, old calamity jane found the cup, and silently we trod back to the club. I never ask Chris about his score, because I'd never seen him break a hundred, and it was such a strain on his conscience, when he invariably answered, "Oh, ninety-something or other."

"Well, I wonder how the dance will be tonight?" I mused to myself as I swore at a knot in my shoe.

"I can't enthuse about it." Chris was busy drying his irons—his giant frame still sopping wet, but then, his "Charles Atlas" body hadn't cost him sixty bucks. "If that doll isn't all mother promised—I'm for Tony's and a barrel of side-cars. Might not be a bad idea anyway—with a cold coming on from this aquatic pool. It'll make three in the last five years, and I call myself healthy."

I didn't see Chris until eleven, when he rushed into the wash-room with that far-away, glazed look in his eyes—even then, it took a close study to prove to myself that he wasn't tight. I'd seen that look in ever-so-many eyes, but never before in Chris', and I knew at last he'd found something. Too bad, too—my last pal—and the rest of the month would probably be friendless.

"Wes—Heaven has unlocked her portals and she floated down just for me."

Poor Chris—even the Hawaii murmur was in his voice, and the whole twenty-minute intermission was just a series

of sighs. He even combed his hair—Chris—that tree-climbing Hercules—my Tarzan pal. Well, I didn't jeep—my hand steadied his arm, and away we went to meet her—I guess he figured that I could cause him no competition—my hair was falling, at that.

At first I thought Chris was following his left-sided tendency when he piloted me to the south side of a group of the "not any fairer, but more subtle about it," sex.

"Barbara, I'd like you to know the best pal any man ever had, (I could tell he was in love by the build-up) Wes Chambers. Wes, this is Miss Barbara Winslow."

My "glad to know ya" floated off unanswered, but she favored me with a "Vanity Fair" smile; I could see why Christopher Lampton had that feeling of divinity.

Three whole days passed without a word from Chris. It was the longest period since my summer in Maine, three years ago. Still, she was a lovely girl—surely much more attractive to a twenty-five year old adolescent than I could hope to be. Finally, I did get a word from him; funny too, because he wrote on a piece of scratch pad and sent it to my apartment—he'd always called before.

"Wes old man," he scrawled, "I don't even miss you, but because I knew you'd be lonely, I write this epistle." Knowing Chris as I do, I could tell he just had to tell someone about her. Sure enough, he continued: "Fella, she fits in completely somehow; yet we don't seem to have a thing in common. I guess when two people are meant for each other, individual personalities are certain to blend. She's feminine in the ultra sense—wears chiffon—Eau de Cologne—sand hose," (hose—he'd always called them socks before, only firemen use hose) "likes chiffon pie—pastels—and uniforms. I took her yachting Saturday, and the salt in the spray hurt her eyes. We went to the Cub-Yankee game this afternoon, and she thought the peanut-vender had the prettiest uniform. That's the kind of a girl I need. I've always been afraid I'd marry someone who would want to play hand-ball with me, or follow me around the golf-course. I'll make a golf-widow out of her if I'm not careful."

Well, at any rate they couldn't be married yet. I met Chris at the Ralton that evening and we shared our hospitality with Barbara. I was tired—maybe that's why I had so little to say. The discussion went 'round and 'round like a roulette wheel—my chance to participate being just about the same, too. Finally, the talk shifted to golf. Chris and I planned a match the following week-end and proceeded to talk about clubs, until Barbara interrupted with, "Would you like an audience?"

I couldn't think of her lithe, five-foot body as an audience, but Chris' immediate invitation called for my approval, so I said, "If Jones and Sarazen can stand it, so can we."

"I'm really not so bad myself," Barbara insisted as she looked adoringly at Chris. "Maybe I'd better show you boys something about the game. I played last week at Hampton."

Chris' gambling spirit rose magnificently. (He never fails to take cinch bets) "Barbara, I'll give you twenty strokes, if you'll promise to marry me if you lose."

She hesitated—her life was a lot to stake on a golf game, but she came through. I think she had waited for that proposal for three days, and now that it had come, she didn't mind the exercise with it—like taking water with your aspirin.

"It's a bet!"

We left Barbara at her aunts and went to the club for a game of billiards. Jim Hawkley took one cue, and being sports editor for the Times, he talked about the Jamaica Handicap which was just run that afternoon.

"I'll never bet on a filly in another hoss' race," he growled. "They just don't come through. Speaking of fillies, that was a swell drag you were with at the dance, Chris."

"Oh, you mean Barbara—yeah, she's not so bad." Chris is always modest about his accomplishments.

"I didn't know you went for these athletic-type women," Jim said sarcastically.

"I sorta' like them to be able to look out for themselves," Chris retorted.

Well, I couldn't miss a chance to rib Chris about his new toy, so I piped, "Oh, I didn't know she was so athletic, Jim."

"Yeah," he drawled, "she's just women's Trans-Mississippi Golf Champion."

That was ten years ago—Chris still can't break a hundred.

Quatrain

By Dorothea Jensen

They say that the clothes you see on a man
Are really the things that make him
But then, take a look at the clothes on his wife—
Those are the things that may break him.

Ten Dollar Bets

By Thadene Hedges

There's a Bill Drew on every campus. You know, the kind of fellow who makes every little coed's heart do a flip and a flop. The girls would fight over the seats by him in every class. I never will forget the puzzled look on old Prof Snuzzle's face last fall, when he found out that two thirds of his class in elementary surveying were girls. I actually felt sorry for the old twirp. He didn't know word had gotten around that Bill Drew had enrolled in the stuff. Well, you get the general idea of what kind of a fellow he is—tall, dark, with eyes that make the 1936 mama crave to put on her grandmother's act of fluttery hands and a dizzy swoon. (Maybe our grandmothers knew their way about at that.)

You know how it is with a guy like that around. The girls of our sorority weren't on speaking terms half the time last year because of him. Even the boys were in a lather about him. Not from jealousy—O, no not that. Bill was so darned decent about everything that the boys just couldn't be jealous. It was because he took such a careless and "Gosh-what-difference-will-it-make-in-another-hundred-years" attitude toward really important things. Like his frat; the fall prom; the spook parade and Hurrah for Alma Mater. Why once he even gave up the leading part in the Peppers play to spend the week-end with his grandmother. But of course, that's one thing I suppose that made everybody wild about Bill.

Did I say everybody? I take it all back. Pat was an exception. (That is, we thought she was). I suppose there's a Pat Martin on every campus too. She wasn't exactly a man-hater. She didn't have enough feeling about the opposite sex to hate them. She was just absolutely indifferent about males. Her one and only passion was bugs. Once at a faculty tea she about disrupted the morale of our house by climbing upon the divan, then to the fire-place to catch a cricket which was crawling along the wheat fields of "The Angelus" (Pat informed us that she was surprised to find it there, for wheat fields weren't really its natural habitat). It was all we girls could do to keep Pat from practically wearing horn rimmed glasses and middie blouses with knickers. We tried to reason with her and told her that if not for her own sake, then for the reputation of our sorority she should take a little interest in her appearance, to which noble plea we received the information that the grasshopper was the same species as the cockroach. We realized then that if our sorority maintained its dignified position we

would have to use force. So every time Pat was ready to leave the house she had to meet our approval. Of course, almost every time we had to drag her to her room and force a dress on her that had at least a faint semblance of respectability. We managed to save our reputation but that's as far as we got. I mean our efforts had no effect on Pat. We started a campaign to get her interested in Social Life, with capitals, and Men. Needless to say we gave up in two weeks. Pat still preferred field trips to dances, and bugs to men.

You can imagine the shock we received when right out of a smoky atmosphere, as it were, she—but wait, I'll start from the first. You see we were having one of our famous feeds—two of us had just received boxes from home. We had on our jammers and mules, and our tummies were full of chocolate cake and chicken sandwiches. You know how it is, the radio was humming out a swell dance program and we were getting real confidential in a sort of whispery way. The talk drifted to Bill Drew, as it always did, sooner or later—mostly sooner—when a bunch of females were clustered together. We were all raving about him, each in her maidenly way; about the way his hair curled in front, about the darling crinkles around his eyes when he smiled, about the protecting way he held you when you danced with him. Oh, yes, each of us, except Pat, knew all about it, for each one of us had had at least one little date with him, even me, who is that way about Sam, Pat's cousin. (Sam is very understanding) We didn't suppose Pat was listening to us. As usual she had a "buggy" book and we thought she was absorbed in reading how bugs are more intelligent than human beings. But the first thing we knew Pat threw her book across the room just missing my blonde head by a split inch.

"O, you make me sick," she yelled.

Whereupon we assured her the compliment was returned.

"Is there no other living creature on this earth but Bill Drew? Of all the poor excuses for men around here, Bill Drew is the poorest."

She then launched upon a fiery speech in which she dissected Bill bit by bit as though he were one of her bugs. We gathered from her remarks that as a man, Bill Drew made a jelly-fish. We also gathered that we were a bunch of infants who needed a paddling as well as being a gathering of nuts. When she finished, it was so quiet you could have heard a gnat sneeze. Then some one, it must have been Shelia, drawled:

"My dears, the child is jealous. Of all things!"

If there had been a hot speech before, what followed would keep the Empire Building heated for two years. This time we were a crowd of hypocrites who judged everybody by

ourselves, and Bill Drew wasn't worth one tiny spark of jealousy from any woman's heart, let alone Pat Martin's.

Again silence until Shelia said, (Shelia can be right down ornery sometimes) "Girls, would you believe it! Our little Pat has grown up. She's running a temperature over a man."

"Maybe so," said Pat, "but it's because you girls are making fools of yourselves."

"Yes, and you'd like to make a fool of yourself if you had the chance, but you just don't have it and never will."

Right then was when I tried to smooth things over and change the conversation, for after all I suppose some day Pat will be my cousin-in-law. It was no use. Pat and Shelia never did get on anyway.

Shelia said, "You're jealous because we can get a date with Bill any old time, and you can't. You couldn't even get a date with Tony down at the Eat-a-Bite. I'll give you this much credit. You've got sense enough not to try."

I've never seen Pat Martin so mad before, or since, as she was that night. For a second I thought she was going to slap Shelia or pull her hair or something. Instead, Pat looked Shelia in the eyes and said:

"I'll bet you ten dollars I'll have a date with Bill Drew within five days. Not only that, but Bill Drew will take me to the Christmas Prom."

Shelia gave one of her disgusting titters. "The Christmas Prom! O my dear, can you spare ten dollars?"

To my surprise Pat threw back her head and laughed. She said, "O, I have a few books I can sell, I suppose."

By that time I had gathered my wits from here and there and decided that the best way to handle this amazing affair was to treat it lightly. I fell right into the role of book-maker. Soon the girls were laughing and really enjoying themselves. They entered into my plan with grand spirit.

Although the affair assumed a gay and adventurous air on the surface, there was an undercurrent of tense feeling. All of us girls resolved to adopt a policy of "hands off" on Bill Drew so that Pat could have an even break—all except Shelia of course.

However, as it turned out, our noble sacrifice was not needed. On the second day Bill took Pat to the football game; the third day he took her to dramatic recital, and the fourth day—but why go on? After that Bill and Pat were seen everywhere together. Not a week went past but what there was something in the Peepers column of the "Campus Whirl" about them. Most of us girls were ready to pay off our debts but Shelia persisted that we must wait until the Christmas Prom. I think she had fond hopes of horning in.

Well, Bill Drew took Pat Martin to the Christmas Prom! And such a Pat! She was a dream! She looked like something a Paris designer lies awake at night creating in his mind. Pat really made a debut that night.

But to make this story short as short, we offered to pay our bets. She just laughed and said,

"Forget it, girls, I can't take your money. It wouldn't be fair for two reasons. One is, I'm marrying Bill. The other I'm not telling!"

Pat and Bill were married last June.

Last week I was talking to Sam—you know he's Pat's cousin. We got to talking about Pat and Bill and about how divinely happy they are. Sam said,

"You've got to give me the credit for that happy marriage."

"You?" I said, expecting one of Sam's wise-cracks.

"Yes, me. Promise not to tell? Pat would kill me if she knew I squealed."

"Sure" I said, with ears like a village gossip.

"Well, one day Pat came to me and I could see she'd been crying. 'Sam' she said, 'You've got to do something for me.'

"What?" I said.

"You've got to make a bet with Bill Drew that he can't get a date with me." She said, half crying.

"At first I wouldn't do it. But it seemed to mean so much to her that I finally gave in.

"Well, I thought while I was at it I'd do it up right. So I waited until there was a bunch of us fellows together. Then I very slyly brought the conversation around to Pat. Then I said, 'Bill, I bet you ten dollars you can't get a couple of dates with Pat.'

"He took me up right off. Of course then the rest of the gang got in on the betting."

"You had a big pay-off, didn't you?" I said, trying not to show my surprise.

"Nope, Bill wouldn't take it. After his first date he said 'Boys, I tell you right now, I can't take your money.'

"I asked if he didn't get the second date, and he said 'Sure, but it wouldn't be fair to take your money—not when I feel the way I do about Pat.'

"I knew then he had it bad."

I said weakly, "When did all this happen?"

"You mean when did Pat come to me?" asked Sam.

"Yes."

"O," he said, "the week before Thanksgiving holidays." I almost swallowed my gum, for Pat made her bet a week after the Thanksgiving holidays.

On Being a Linguist

By Mark Clutter

A knowledge of the world's languages marks one as being a man of broad culture and urbanity. If one may be said to have a speaking acquaintance with Coptic, Sanskrit, and Bulgarian, even the most intolerant hostess will excuse errors concerning salad forks.

But I do not believe that one should be able to speak or even read any language but good old American. Oh no. If one should find himself in Paris and in need of cigarettes, he should look until he finds an American tobacco store. An hour spent in such a search would be economical when compared with the necessary five years required to learn to speak bad French.

Rather one should have a smattering of all languages. A good language to start with is South African Dutch chiefly because the great number of double vowels makes it fascinating to the casual observer. I have before me an intriguing little volume entitled "'n Gids na die Waarheid," the contents of which concern something which I can not even guess. A short quotation from Hoofstuk I illustrates the native charm of Boer gibberish. "In Amerika is daar 'n koperplaat, waarop ons nitgebytel vind n afskrif van die Amerikaanse Konstitusie—" Say it over aloud to yourself, then ask a friend to do the same, then compare results. It can become an interesting parlor game. Then there is the feeling of great knowledge which one derives from being a linguist. "In Amerika—" makes one realize immediately that the Boers have heard of us but are not very good at spelling. Moreover, "die Amerikaanse Konstitusie" tells us that they believe that we have a Constitution, an ancient myth which only the gray haired Supreme Court and hard shelled Republicans hold to in this country.

Can a man call himself really and truly cultured unless he knows that

"Unufoje je noktmezo, dum premate per la pezo—" is the first line of Poe's more or less immortal poem, "The Raven," translated into Esperanto, a weird language invented some years ago by Doctor Zamenhoff and which has since died a natural death because French follies girls and German sausage makers perversely stuck to their difficult national languages instead of going international in twenty easy lessons.

Then there are the classics, the terribly syntaxed classics, which have done much to raise the intellectual level of the race by driving young blockheads to suicide. After years of Latin study I have achieved the distinction of being able to read

the headlines of French newspapers. Latin is a language which should be studied only by poets. It is only practical for impractical rhymers. When a poet, pushed by the Muse and the threats of his landlady, dashes off a nondescript sonnet for his next book, he sometimes finds himself in need of a title. Then it is that Latin comes to his aid. The reader thinks that because the title is in Latin, that which reads like tripe is really the quintessence of all culture and quite beyond his comprehension.

Then it is nice to know that the Romans were not such bad poets themselves. The only thing wrong with Latin poetry is its bad style. Any book on style will tell you to stick to good honest Anglo-Saxon words and shun Latinisms as you would the income tax. But the Romans were an ignorant people who did not understand this. There is not one Anglo-Saxon word in all their literature. In consequence their works are very hard to read.

Greek of course is necessary to all freshmen. Imagine the embarrassment of an unlettered pledge who, having been sent to steal eggs from the kitchen of a rival fraternity, finds himself in a sorority house parlor. Unless he is a wretch immoral beyond his years he will hide his embarrassment by nonchalantly falling over a chair.

Picking himself up and gracefully knocking over a floor lamp he will say to the startled sisterhood, "Oh, I say, is this Gamma Pi fraternity?"

You see, almost anything can happen to the man who can not read the Greek letters on the porches of chapter houses.

Well, I must end this dissertation somewhere.

I can think of no ending more apt than that Latin quotation which has achieved immortality because it happens to be the first sentence in Caesar's Gaulic Wars. "Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres."

Love?

By Dorothea Jensen

(With all due apologies to D. P.)

Every time I look at you
My heart beats out a sharp tattoo
My fingers shake, my pulses sing
My throat gets dry, my ears both ring.
They say that love affects one so
I couldn't say—I don't know
But what this awfully strange congestion
Might NOT be love—Just indigestion.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

"He Weren't Grateful!"

By Floyd Snitz

Jess Ralston marched firmly up to the two men at the table. "You'll have to stop yer poker for a minute, Sheriff," he said gruffly. "I speck you'll have to arrest me—I just killed a man."

Sheriff Tim Bartley stopped his dealing for the merest fraction of a second, then resumed his flicking of the cards. He glanced at the player opposite him.

"Who'd yuh kill, Jess?"

"Bud Walters—over in the fields."

The sheriff looked up at Jess quizzically. "Thought you and Walters were the best of friends."

"Were."

"Why'd you kill him?" Tim squinted shrewdly. "Folks just don't go around killin' their best friends."

"He weren't grateful." Jess clenched his fists. "He weren't grateful, and I just upped and killed him." He fidgeted uneasily for a moment, then looked the sheriff squarely in the eyes. "I just had to kill him."

Sheriff Bartley sighed, then accosted his deputy. "What yuh got, Vic?"

"Three jacks."

"Wall, that's too good." Bartley folded up his cards and passed the deck to Vic Stanley. "Now, Jess, start with the beginnin', and let's hear all about this here killin'. When and why did you kill off Bud Walters?"

Jess swallowed hard, "'Tain't such a long bit that I'm goin' to tell yuh," he began. "It all began last summer."

"Yeh, Jess," Sheriff Bartley interposed. "It's always best to start way back in the beginnin'."

Jess wiped his glistening brow with a large blue kerchief. "Wall, you remember last summer how durned hot it was. We hadn't had any rain for ever so long, and my crops were bein' ruined. Bud—his place is over next to mine—he used to walk with me in the fields, the two of us ankle deep in the durned dust, and just bemoanin' our fate. Then, towards the last part of the summer that last storm came along—well, it just finished chokin' the corn and wheat, I guess, because the little that managed to live that far just give out. Bud and me—we had a pretty hard winter 'cause of all that. The little corn and wheat we did sell in the city was damaged—and we couldn't get much fer it." Jess sighed heavily, paused in the middle of his narrative, and probed his pockets. Finally he procured a brown square, a sizeable corner of which he bit off. He chewed reflectively for a moment, then spat. Wiping the corner of his

PAGE NINETEEN

mouth with the back of his hand, he resumed his tale.

"Wall, this spring it looked like we was in for more dust. Our crops were acomin' good, when that first storm came. Walters and me—we saw the handwritin' plain on the wall. We just gave up hopin' for anythin' better than dust. But this time it turned out different. It rained a little, then a little more, and the first thing we knew, we had a durned good crop of wheat and corn on our hands. Wall, me and Bud Walters felt pretty good about it all. It was beginnin' to look like things was comin' our way after all." Jess wagged his head forlornly. "Everythin' was goin' along fine, and me and Walters was thanking the great Divine, when one day from the north we saw a great cloud. You know what it was—hoppers." He sighed, and spat again. "Gawd, I never seen so many grasshoppers in all my life. They just lighted and ganged up in our fields, and startin' to eat everythin'—we knew our crops were as good as gone."

"What has all of this to do with the killin', Jess?" Sheriff Tim began to betray a new curiosity.

"I'm gettin' to that. Wall, Walters and me—we tried to run the hoppers out. We sprayed pizen around. But if the pizen was too strong, it would kill the crops, as well as the hoppers, and if it was too weak, it wouldn't kill anythin'. Bud, while he was scatterin' pizen, even killed a cow."

"A cow?" The sheriff looked up questioningly.

"Yeh—the cow ate some pizened grass, and she just keeled over."

"And then—"

"Wall, and then it again looked downright bad for us. Day afore yesterday, me and Bud had about give up, when we saw another great cloud comin', this time from the northwest. I figured it was more grasshoppers, but it wasn't. It was birds. Them birds, there musta been thousands of 'em, just settled in our fields and began to eat hoppers. But you know all this, and there's no use my tellin'—"

"Sure, Jess, we know all about the hoppers and the birds, but get along with it. Why did you kill Walters? You haven't explained that yet."

"When Walters and me—when we saw these birds just eatin' all the hoppers, and savin' our crops—we just fell on our knees. Honest, man, we just couldn't do anythin' else."

Sheriff Bartley looked up at Jess, his eyes reflecting his curiosity. Even deputy Vic Stanley stared at him, wide-eyed.

"Wall," Bartley said, "Why'd yuh kill him, Jess?"

"This mornin', he came over to the house while I was preparin' to go out in the fields. The hoppers were clean gone. Walters was carryin' a shotgun."

"Wall," he says to me, 'looks like we'll have our crops after all. It's a good thing them birds—

"Yeh," I cut in, "if it hadn't been for them birds, it would 'a been all over fer us." Jess paused for a moment, then once again wagged his head very forlornly. "It was what he said after that—that made me kill him."

"What did he say, Jess?"

"Wall, he picked up his shotgun, and says: 'Come on, Jess, let's go huntin'.' I says, 'Huntin' what?' Then he says, 'Jess, I been thinkin'—all of them birds might be durned good eatin'. It hain't any use for us to let them all go to waste.'" As he finished speaking Jess spat disgustedly on the floor.

Sheriff Bartley sat for a moment without speaking. Then he suddenly signaled his deputy. "Come on, Vic," he said slowly, "let's go bring in the body."

No Rain

By Irma Wassall

The glaring sun—a white ball of fire—
Blazes for itself a groove
In the bright steel dome of a sky
Unflecked by any trace of cloud.
No rain.
In the air the intolerable heat,
Like an unseen presence with great outspread wings,
Hovers over the oppressed earth.
No rain.
A blast of wind,
Hot as the fiery breath
From a fabled dragon's nostrils,
Shakes from the trees the brown, withered leaves,
Tossing them about as in autumn,
Driving the sere fragments
Along sidewalks, pavements
And the baked, stone-hard ground,
Blowing them across neglected lawns,
Scattering them among the parched blades
Of grass—the dry, yellowed grass
Which crackles underfoot as if it had been seared by flames.
And still no fleck of cloud—
No rain.

Interpretation

By Marie Griffith

The high plains shimmer in the heat,
Russet, gold, and dusty green blurred white in a blazing sun;
The land writhes in faint undulations,
Sprawls helpless underneath that furnace bowl, the sky.
Here and there are trees,
Defiant of the prairie's fierce extremes—this, or
Blizzard tracings acid-etched in sleet,
And sandstorm abrasions grooved by cyclonic emery wheels.
In early days of Kansas, rows of hedge trees grew along the
country roads,
Before the urge to lay out lines of smudged concrete—
Typewriter ribbons worn by a clacking simulacrum of meaning.
The osage orange flourished;
Its tough, yellow roots grappled and conquered the soil;
Unharmd by frost or searing wind,
The thorny branches flowered and scattered wide their fruit,
Sticky hedge apples, delight of children walking home from
school.
First defiers of the emptiness of Kansas plains, the hedge trees
Now are cut to make broader, straighter roads—to emptiness
again?
Their tough, yellow roots twisted in the air,
Their thorns caught vainly at the overalls of men
Who cursed and grubbed, feet slipping on fragments of green-
ish balls.
Once, too, sand hill plums grew in thickets low and dense;
A springtime spread of white hid the tensile strength
Of delicate branches under fragile grace,
Their fragrance somehow alien in this rigorous land.
But the fruit which settlers gathered eagerly
Was mostly seed and skin, biting as the tongues of prairie
wives
Wearied from endless struggle, pigmy fruit, pinched and sour.
Yet, when winter winds harried
And despair stalked close behind to freeze the heart,
The acid fruit brought a tang of summer wind and sun,
Adversity distilled into sweetness.
There are soft trees now on Kansas plains,
Planted in conventional rows and patterned for today;
But ghosts still linger, urgent to invoke our heritage—
That thorny, tough-grained fiber, that acrid sweetness.

An Order for Six New Bodies

By May Williams Ward

Please, six bodies for my major Selves
To wear.
Other unimportant Selves
Will have to share
Odds and ends, or when a big Self
Goes away
Absentbodiedly, they can dress up
For the day.
Take the models, all but one,
Out of stock—
One Self not so good, but still
Me, I fear,
Ruler, . . . Lover, . . . Gypsy, . . . Child, . . .
And to frock
A devil model for my use
Once a year
Maybe more! Now for the sixth
Do your best;
I should like to have this Self
Nicely dressed.
One side crippled, one side winged,
It will be
Hard to fit this strangely formed
Poet-me.

The Pioneer

By Mark Clutter

Pursued by ancient curses West he fled
To lands of gold, to find much thirst, scant gold.
The proud one knows no turning; far ahead
Mirages gleam nostalgic hopes for old
Greenwoods and dancing wells; his father's lips
Spew flames upon the bridges of retreat.
His path must thread the pathless dunes and dips
To goals ephemeral until the heat
Strikes him and sand sifts down into his heart.
Yet there is passion in his steps; he goes
As fated by the gods. His lonely art
Is to mark trails upon the sand that blows
And guide the feet of the crass herds he flees
—Though why he should are deepest mysteries.

"Hasher"

By Joe Stone

Here it goes, 'round and 'round, same old grind. Wish I could sit down and eat leisurely. Take my time once more.

"Cheese sandwich? O.K."

Now if I can get to the kitchen to turn in this order. What a mess. Can't they see I want through? Can't they see I'm under pressure?

"Oh! I BEG your PARDON."

I should 'a' stomped her toe off. Sure gave me a sour look.

"CHEESE SANDWICH. WHAT? I DIDN'T SAY TOASTED, DID I? WELL."

Fry cooks are always dumb. Bill's a good guy, but I wish he wouldn't get in the road.

"Get your body outta the driveway, Bill! Thanks."

Why didn't I cuss him out, instead of grinning at him. Oh! Do I have to wait on this dame? Maybe Tom'll get her. Nope. He didn't see her. Or did he? Pretty smart guy, Tom.

"Hello."

Lookut that grin. Just like a kissed pig. She knows she burns me down. And does she enjoy it!

"Fly speck! I'm sorry. I'll get you another."

Why do I have to apologize for the dishwasher?

"There."

She didn't even thank me. If she finds anything wrong I'll choke her, or throw it in her face.

"No ma'am. No pork."

She knows we never serve pork. I suppose I'll have to name the whole menu to her.

"No, not today."

She'll wind up with a hamburger.

"No, that's the usual Thursday fare."

Bet she's only got a nickel.

"Hamburger? No onion? O.K."

What'd I tell ya? Learn to type 'em in here. Lookut those dirty dishes. Why don't somebody bust these tables?

"Lemme through. Lemme through. Thanks."

Have to push right through the thorax of the whole university to get to the kitchen.

"ONE ON ONE. WITHOUT."

Too much noise in that kitchen. If I have to yell that loud again I'll spit my lungs out right on the floor.

Here come six more. Why don't they go somewhere else to eat? Can't they see we've got more than we can handle?

Here's Marge and Claude. Pleasure to wait on people like that. Bet they know what they want right off.

"Hi, kids. How are ya?"

Thought Tom was gonna beat me to this.

"Two chilis? Done."

Like to tell 'em what a relief they are, bless 'em.

"Move it, Tom. Get the lead out, boy."

Tom's not covering the floor today. Probably up all night studying last night. Hard working boy. Aren't we all?

"There's your chili. What else? Nothing? O.K."

Who now? They're starting to leave. Good thing. 'Nother rush like that and I'd land in a sanitarium. Gosh, it's plenty late. I'm hungry.

"Wanta eat now, Tom?"

Say no, you son-of-a-gun!

"No. Go ahead. I'm not hungry."

No! I'm not hungry! That's what's wrong with me. That's why I'm so jittery. My stomach's so empty I'm hard to get along with. Just like a bear with a sore tail. Oh! Caramba! I'll have to start using that word. It's not profane, but it says a lot more than just plain profanity. Good word to use in a place like this.

Woollcott says to go to the bottom rung of the nearest ladder and climb until you're exhausted. Well, I'm on the bottom rung and I'm practically exhausted now. Guess I won't climb so high. Quit philosophizing, you hasher, and wait on the people.

Do I HAVE to wait on these touchy old dames?

"Lo."

"No, ma'am."

That face. Looks like she just sucked the stuffing out of a raw lime.

"No ma'am."

I'll run the cow in here and she can butcher it herself. Maybe she could do a better job.

"Very rare? Yes, ma'am."

I'll make it so bloody her coat'll run up her back when she eats it.

"STEAK WITH FRENCH FRIES. VERY RARE."

Wonder if Tom's about done eating? Nuts! I've lost my appetite. Musta been the face of that last old gal. Never could stand the sight of a prune. Specially if it had about three coats of paint on.

"'Bout done eating, boy?"

Takes him the longest time to eat.

"O.K. I'll order."

I'm gonna take my time, too.

"STEAK MEDIUM. 'DOUBLE ORDER OF CREAMED CARROTS."

Now I can start to relax. No. Nope. Not yet. Here they come. One, two, eight,—fourteen more. Wait a half hour now, you hashier. Here we go.

"Hello."

"You'll never know the agony I'm in, you lucky people.

"Bean soup? How many? O.K."

Geologist in Love

By Laura Howard

I knew when I saw you
By that Pleistocene drumlin
That the depth of pre-Cambrian
Was shallow
Compared to my feeling for you.
I saw your hair
Like a mica schist
Glitter against the velvety loess,
And your eyes were bluer
Than a perfect slate.
Oh, I'll be true, and
Steadfast and firm
As that Permian rock
You're sitting upon.

Dirge to the Fish of Second Floor

By Dorothea Jensen

Duke, the fish of second floor
Has passed through Death's mysterious door
To return no more.

(They usually don't)

The Duke has left his Duchess dear
Who, by all reports we hear
Has shed no tear.

(They usually don't)

Farewell, thou Duke of golden crown!
Unlike most Dukes of more renown
You had sense enough to drown.

(They usually don't)

Three Book Reviews

Defender of Democracy

By Emil Ludwig

Tall, straight, handsome at eighty years is President Thomas Masaryk, with whom Emil Ludwig had a series of remarkable conversations recorded in "Defender of Democracy." Masaryk, virtual dictator of Czechoslovakia, father of his country, who "without a single sword stroke but rather through a kind of political mathematics" freed it from the tyranny of Austria, was the son of a coachman on the Emperor's estate. He acquired an excellent education, became a philosopher and a scholar, taught for thirty years at a university of Prague, and at sixty began his first great political battles.

For years he had been a critic of Austrian officials and institutions, particularly the foreign policy and the diplomats, whom he compared to "a company of Arctic explorers adrift on an iceberg in the open sea." During the events leading up to the World War, he came to an acceptance of revolution for his oppressed country. Even as revolutionist he did everything in his power to avert the war. It is said of him that he is the only European who "strove to prevent the war, yet found through it the fulfilment of his dearest hopes." A busy and lonely man, he traveled from country to country in his task of proving to the Entente leaders that Austria-Hungary must be demolished. He won over Briand, moved to Russia where in story book fashion he gathered an army of forty-thousand volunteer soldiers, traveled with it round the world to America. Finally his plans materialized, and he came home as the first president of liberated Czechoslovakia. He is loved by his countrymen as Lincoln was loved. There has grown around his name a monumental legend. He is a sort of racial hero to the Czechs.

The Masaryk whom Herr Ludwig portrays is an "admirable mixture of the intellectual realist and the man of action." The remarkable influence which he has always exerted is due to his absolute honesty and freedom from self-seeking ambitions. His character is preeminently practical. Plato he holds to be the greatest philosopher because his abstract thought culminated in a practical application to government. His religion—and he is a very religious man—is that of a practical Christian rather than a believer. He has been all his life a humanitarian, as politician and as philosopher.

That this study of Masaryk is not one of Emil Ludwig's great books may be explained outwardly by the translator's failure to catch the vigorous spirit of German speech and the racy liveliness of tone found in the great biographies of Bismark, Goethe, the Kaiser. Herr Ludwig mentions repeatedly Masaryk's simplicity of conversational style; but surely a man whose powers of speech were able to convince the greatest leaders of Europe does not talk so naively as this translator frequently leads us to believe. Inwardly the book lacks the greatness of the master biographies because the author's attitude toward his subject is one of complete accord and reverent respect. Ludwig is at his best when he is critical and adverse. The nature of Masaryk himself is a limitation. The keynote of his character is a Promethean simplicity. Though it makes him a great, kindly hero, it issues no intellectual challenge. For this reason the book lacks the critical analysis which has made Emil Ludwig the most interesting biographer of our times.

Stories of Three Decades

By Thomas Mann

"Death in Venice" the most famous long "short story" by the greatest living novelist, Thomas Mann, is a study of the artist in failure and degeneration. This powerfully executed story handles with an incomparably delicate touch the theme of the passion of a writer for a young Polish boy of Praxitlean perfection, who symbolizes beauty in human form. Gustave von Aschenbach has attained worldly success by a lifetime stern discipline of self. His art has been the end of his existence. When he yields to a great weariness and goes to Venice for a holiday, his physical and mental trouble begins. All the rigid control of himself which he has so long exercised is relaxed and he generously succumbs to his interest in the beautiful Tadzio. When there arrives the inevitable separation from his idol, whom he has worshiped from afar, and to whom he has never spoken, he dies in Venice.

Mr. Mann writes in language as finely chiseled as a Sapphic elegy. His description, with its Freudian implication, of the dream in cholera-ridden Venice in the course of which Aschenbach admits the completeness of his changed ideal of beauty, shows (even in translation) with what care Mr. Mann considers each word in creating his marvelous prose effects. He frequently employs, as in "The Magic Mountain" and "Joseph and His Brethren," the stream of consciousness method of

character delineation. And he has succeeded in creating unforgettable characters, an achievement which is, according to John Galsworthy, the acid test of the writer of fiction. He lays almost shamelessly bare the inmost secrets of the hearts of his men and women, and thereby creates the larger-than-life impression which is characteristic of his work. His power lies in his concentrated, distilled style. Like the new poetry, his writing is concentrated thought, full of nuances, subtleties.

Another story from this volume of varied narratives "Tristan", is written with less tenderness, with more of irony; and it penetrates psychologically deeper into the soul of the artist. The writer Spinell is frustrated by his inability to adjust himself to the world. He is a futile, pathetic man who is defeated by the strength of mediocrity, by bourgeois genuineness of emotion. "Tonio Kroger", a third story, is of a writer whose heritage from a stolid Nordic father and a Latin mother makes him discontented in either sphere, bourgeois or artistic, in which he lives. Here Mr. Mann elaborates upon the theme mentioned in the other stories that the bourgeois emotions are a barrier to art, that the artist must live sequestered from actual passions. He must, like Tonio Kroger's friend, the short story writer, who went into the cafe to escape the spring which caused "an indecent tingling in your blood," shun real emotion, deny a love of life. Tonio Kroger's bourgeois heritage conquers him, and his art fails while he grows in stature as a man.

Small wonder it is that Thomas Mann's work has been banned from Germany. His power to express discontent, to convey the impression of decay and degeneration, to paint an atmosphere portending inevitable failure could never be of service to Mr. Hitler and his kulturkampf.

A Further Range

By Robert Frost

How often we hear someone say, "I don't like these modern poets. I think that poetry should have rhyme and reason and beauty. Away with free verse about smokestacks and psychology. I'll have Keats and Tennyson for mine."

Whenever you hear a statement to this effect you can be sure that the speaker is merely airing his ignorance of modern poetry. Probably his reading of twentieth century verse has been limited to the shaggy transplanted Whitmanisms of Carl Sandburg and maybe a disapproving glance at the subtleties of Eliot. He certainly does not know that there is much good orthodox verse containing "rhyme and reason and beauty"

which is also modern.

Robert Frost is the poet for these conservatives who do not think that any good poetry has been written since 1890. He knows how to be conservative and at the same time his un-imitative self. He knows how to be clever without insulting the stupid with over-cleverness. His verse concerns the perfectly orthodox subjects of trees and mountains and people. As one critic says, "He has had nothing to do with the extremes where most of our shouting has been heard.—The result is a solidity of position almost unique in poetry today."

What to me is the most pleasing in "A Further Range" is Mr. Frost's clever way of seeing commonplace objects. Of a wasp nest he says,

"The white tailed hornet lives in a balloon
That floats against the ceiling of the woodshed.
The exit he comes out of like a bullet
Is like the pupil of a pointed gun."

He knows men and their ways as well as nature. He tells of two tramps who wish to do for pay what he does for pleasure.

Men of the woods and lumberjacks,
They judged me by their appropriate tool.
Except as a fellow handled an ax
They had no way of knowing a fool.

He goes on to speak of the tramps and his own philosophy.

My right might be love but theirs was need.
And where the two exist in twain
Theirs was the better right—agreed.
But yield who will to their separation,
My object in living is to unite
My avocation and my vocation
As my two eyes make one in sight.

Like all great art, Mr. Frost's poetry shows not only knowledge of his art medium but knowledge of life. He pleases because he has a pleasing philosophy. He does not demand much but wishes to enjoy calmly the world about him. Even his scepticism is not anxious or melancholy. Of death he says

Wind goes from farm to farm in wave on wave,
But carries no cry of what is hoped to be
There may be little or much beyond the grave
But the strong are saying nothing until they see.

As in other volumes, not all the poems in "A Further Range" are great poems. But even the trifling pieces are pleasing. And when something is pleasing it has a reason for existence, even if it violates all the rules of excellence.

That I May Pause Awhile

By Phil Pennington

God, grant me time
That I may pause awhile
And talk with Thee,
While life and world
Rush on and on
Eternally.
Amidst a world
That races ever on
And knows no goal,
God, grant me time
That I may pause awhile
And find my soul.
I would not be
A hermit soul, apart
From all of life.
I too, would work
And love and live amidst
The calm and strife.
So often, God,
Amidst the thick of life
I need repose.
Then as I pause,
My soul laid bare to Thee,
Thy ways disclose.

Dunbar

By James E. Andrews

There is a music in the lonely wood;
And on the moonstruck sea, a sweet refrain;
A balm there is in sleep, slow falling rain—
No music like a people understood!
Most noble bard! Within his realm I stood
And saw the filtered sunlight slowly wane
Till dark ensued—Would he were here again
To teach us as of yore the humbler good,
The melody of simple lives he caught.
He fettered on life's scroll the spark divine.
Life sang its siren song; with love he wrought
A haunting rhapsody, a heady wine.
In awe I heard the tune the minstrel sought—
And found him singing such a song as mine.

Steel Age

By Lilian Parks

There is no pity in you at all, my relentless beloved.
I have seen you at dawn carving the pale air with your quivering scalpels,
I have heard your voice caught by a thousand whirring spindles and magnified to an infinity of cruel laughter.
I have seen the eyes of your zealots,
I have watched their caught, futile faces.

You are a tireless mistress
And your beauty is a fretting goad.
Bitter is my triumph in this moment
As the mouthed black hawk, as the dust of remembered flowers.
You are pitiless and mocking with the strength of all the
Caesars, all the Empires and the armies and the mystics
and the prophets.
I know your power. I have seen it strike with the strength of
many rivers. I have seen it feed a thousand men and starve
a thousand more.
There is no love in you, only power and desire.

Pyrrhic Victory on Olympus

By Mark Clutter

Time and the slaves of Time
stare bitterly at the ramparts
of unconquered Eternity.

They have broken many spears on those walls.
and filled the moats with slain.

Yes, and immortal ichor
Mingles with mortal gore
in those turgid waters
this side of immortality.

