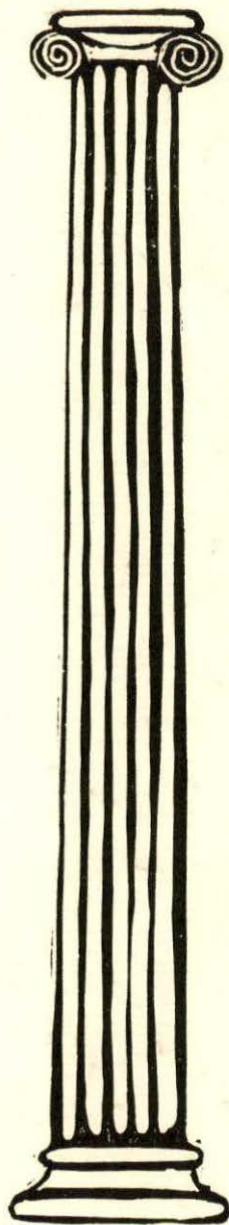
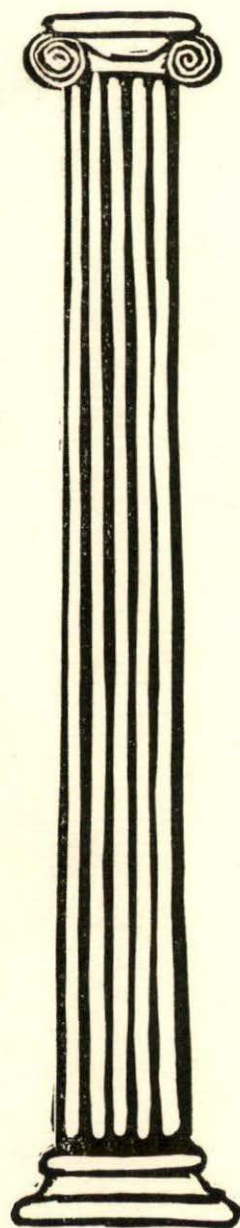


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THE  
QUILL  
AND  
QUAIR

GREEK ISSUE



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Vol. III.

DECEMBER, 1936

No. 1

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## CONTENTS

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	Page
Foreword .....	Mabel Blevins 5
Four Sonnets .....	Sylvia Graham 6
Xanthippe and Socrates .....	Juanita Cooper 8
Poems .....	Woodridge Spears 11
In the Shadow of Apollo .....	Lucille Basenbach 12
The Seventh Wife of Otman .....	Frank Kish 14
Toppling Peace .....	Lucille Basenbach 16
Flotsom (Prize Drama) .....	Paul Holman 17
A Silken Scarf .....	Katherine Carr 21
Evolution of "Comedy of Errors" .....	Mabel Blevins 22
Why the Witch-Hazel Blooms in Winter .....	
.....Dorothy J. Riggs and Wilfred A. Welter	25
The Spirit of Modern Olympics ....	Ernestine Troemel 29
Greek Motifs in Music .....	Ralph Schwartz 30
Lack .....	Woodridge Spears 33
A Broadcast During 2,000 A.D..	Harry "King" Lowman 34
Argo-Nuts .....	Ralph Schwartz 39

# THE QUILL AND QUAIR

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## FOREWORD

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To the friends of the "Quill and Quair" we bring greetings, and to those who have helped in any way toward the editing of this issue we offer our gratitude.

Many have expressed their interest in the discussion of Greek literature conducted by the English majors. So, in a small way, we have tried to show the Hellenistic influence on art, literature, music, and even our national life.

Although we realize that our attempts would suffer in comparison with the Greek original, we have endeavored to keep the Grecian elements of naturalness and simplicity. If there is one pleasant memory left with you, then our efforts have not been in vain.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and  
quiet breathing."

—John Keats: "Endymion."

The thought expressed by Keats is our hope as we submit this issue to your judgment. For it is now as it was in Athens, the ideal Greek city-state; the people are the judges. May Venus sneeze on the right!

— MABEL BLEVINS.



# Four Sonnets

Sylvia  
Graham.

## I.

There is a passion brewing in my breast, I think,  
Put there at very sight of you—it may be love.  
By morrow I shall know the truth; then my heart may sink  
In depths of black despair, or wing to heights above.  
I have heard spoken of this unasked, instant thing  
Which oft-time seals one's fate in love at sight—  
I have laughed maybe at thought the blood would sing,  
Little dreaming this would one day be my plight.

Pray do not touch me lest this blinding spell should break;  
Leave me a while this ecstasy so very strange and new!  
Oh, should I care as I suspect, and it should take  
More than in my mortal power to win the heart of you,  
I would go mad! Stay! do not touch me yet—  
I must take from this one moment the rapture I can get!

## II.

My heart knows anxious passion the hours you are away—  
It holds a fire, high-burning, when you are very near;  
Each a poignant torture, and I dare not say  
Which is the lesser pain, oh, my well-knowing dear!  
I desire, to near distraction, what I can not possess:  
Your love in manner like my own, the stubborn heart of you,  
But you will have me not, and I can care no less—  
Such state of love is difficult, but there is little I can do!

No medicine can heal my hurt; no lapse of time can cure  
This ache for unrequited love—this longing unreturned;  
No careful lesson teach me what the gods can not insure:  
To conquer misplaced passion, or to feel defeat when learned.  
I would to heaven I could know—and this, my last appeal—  
If it can be that you possess a famed Achilles heel!

### III.

I can not give you first love nor offer a virgin breast,  
Nor can I give you virtue—nor constancy can I claim—  
But I can give you truth when I say I love you best  
Of all the Loves I ever had or Passions I could name.  
I want your words of praise of me, the worship of your eyes,  
Your fidelity of heart, your kisses warm upon my mouth,  
A declaration of your love though you bolt it up with lies  
To make it stand like hungry trees waiting through a drouth.

I cannot bargain for your love that now I so desire.  
I can not blind my eyes and bind you; I must reason!  
So for the summer I shall match the fervor of your passion's  
fire  
And pray that it keep burning throughout the winter season.  
My dear, I want you now, to have and hold you fast—  
Though this would be but foolish, since I know it could not  
last.

### IV.

You brought me to this state—this violent hour of aching,  
Which, remembering other loves, I cannot well forbear.  
I cannot stay brave about a heart shaking  
Nights through in tremor wondering if you care.  
My loves have tolled from me a measure of my singing;  
They taught me, too, that passion is the last thing to endure.  
I know that as I learned and they went from me flinging  
Love to east and west, I have grown less sure.

At last, with ardor dying, I have come to understand  
The doubtful course of passion in blood too oft inflamed.  
Love is never certain and unlike that in the hand  
Can not be pocketed, drawn forth again and named.  
Love is either torture or pleasure had or wasted. . . .  
Now is my time for sighing—of all these I have tasted!



# *Xanthippe and Socrates*

Juanita  
Cooper.

## CHARACTERS

Xanthippe, his wife.  
Socrates, a philosopher of Athens.  
Sons of Socrates and Xanthippe.  
Crito, a friend of Socrates.  
Court messenger.  
Servant.

## Scene I.

(A room in Socrates' home. Xanthippe talking.)

Xanthippe: And now you see what all of your fervent beliefs have brought you to. I didn't know anything—oh, no! I was just fit to manage your household so that things would run smoothly, and the great thinker could have his dreams in peace. But now you know who was right! Don't you wish you had listened to me, and stayed at home where you belonged? Imagine a man of your age going out every day and preaching around! The older ones had more sense than to listen to you; the younger ones had no more sense than to believe you. Now look . . .

Socrates: Very well, my dear. I think I will take a stroll to the market-place.

Xanthippe: To think I threw myself away on a man like you! Besides being a bigoted fool, you are as ugly as a demon, and the butt of all the comics in Athens—so high-minded you spurn to touch the ground with your feet—piffle! If you had stayed at home and tended to your own business, you wouldn't be in such straits.

Socrates: If, as you say, I had stayed at home and kept silent, the voice within me that is crying out for utterance would have driven me mad. But why do I tell you this—you don't understand.

Xanthippe: No, and thank goodness I do not want to. If you are supposed to be the shining example of what your



beliefs bring one to, I'm very glad I don't understand.

Socrates: Very well; I am going now.

## Scene II

(Same as in Scene I. Xanthippe sitting alone.)

Xanthippe: I wonder how the trial is going! It seems to me that the charges are most unjust. No one thinks more of the State than does Socrates.

(Knocking on the door.)

Here's probably some news now! Who's there?

Messenger: A messenger from the court. Socrates is condemned.

Xanthippe: Condemned? Socrates? O most unjust and cruel judges, to decree this! What has he done to warrant death? I must away to see him immediately. My sons, come to me. A dire calamity has befallen us.

Boys: Why mother, you are weeping! What is it? What is wrong?

Xanthippe: O dreadful hour that brings such tidings to us! Your father has been condemned, and is to die. Let us go to him.

## Scene III.

(A room at the prison. Socrates, talking to Xanthippe and his sons; some of his followers sitting nearby.)

Socrates: And so, my family, I must carry out the decision of the court. Do not grieve so, my dear wife. Only do as I have bid you, and bring up our sons to be good Athenians.

Xanthippe: You tell me not to grieve, when soon you will be gone from us forever? When our lives have been so closely interwoven for these many years? Although I may seem to you to have been only a nagging, scolding woman, I have felt always a deep affection for you and for our boys. I shall cherish your memory, my husband—kind and good to the last hour of life. It is hard to leave you!

Socrates: You must go now. Goodbye, my wife, my sons. (They depart.) And now, my friends, neither must you grieve that I am to leave you. Only remember what we have talked of, and take consolation in the fact that I do not fear to tread the path which we must all follow at some time.

If there is a life beyond this one, as some claim, think what pleasure it will bring me to converse with those who have gone before. With what joy would I make the acquaintance of the great heroes who have defended Athens to their last breath; what pleasure I would derive from conversing with those wise men who lived before my time. But if, as still others maintain, death is but a numbing of the senses, an existence in a void, what a blessing to have no cares! Come, Crito, tears do not become you.

Crito: Oh, master—to think that in such a short time you will be gone from us.

Socrates: Gone? Gone where? My body will still be here. Come, let there be no weeping. I see that the sun is about ready to set, so let the poison be prepared.

Crito: Not yet, master. Tarry with us a while longer.

Socrates: What could be gained by lingering? It would be only a postponement of the inevitable. Give orders for the poison to be prepared.

(Enter servant.)

Servant: You bear me no malice that I bring the cup from which you are to drink? It is but my duty.

Socrates: Malice? No, I bear you no malice. (Exit servant.) He has been very kind to me during my stay here. (Drinks the cup of poison.) Crito, I owe a cock to Asclepius; will you remember to pay the debt?

Crito: The debt shall be paid.

(Silence.)



# *Poems by Woodridge Spears*

## **YET ALIVE**

Chased with sparkling silver,  
Crusted with broad daubs of gold,  
With a winking saint, and  
Two vines with grapes and blood,  
The cup was rounded out,  
And on the hammered base he  
Wrote "Benvenuto Cellini."

• \* •

## **MERE MAGIC**

In summer when the leaves  
Made their own song, I walked  
The paths and worried much  
For love.

When laughing suns had gone  
Halfway across, I walked  
The ways and counted birds  
For fun.

At night time I forgot  
My bed at home; I walked  
The woods and counted stars  
For luck.

In winter when the snow  
Was ankle deep, I walked  
The streets and panted hard  
For bread.

# *In the Shadow of Apollo*

**Lucille  
Basenbach**

The crowd milled about me,  
its myriad odours filling my nostrils.  
Merchants, clad in gaudy colours,  
screamed their wares. Beggars whined  
in the faces of richly-clothed strangers.  
Muscular youths swung past on their way  
to the academy.

Athens teemed with life that summer morning,  
while Apollo, in glistening marble,  
gazed serenely at the blue waters of the bay,  
where vessels of fishermen rubbed  
ragged sails against slender masts.

The shadow of the statue lay like cool fingers  
on my fevered brow, for I had wooed slumber  
to no avail. I was content to rest in the  
shadow of the god and watch the crowds pass.

My attention was drawn to a group of men  
who had congregated in the street. One of them  
stood out like a gold nugget among stones.  
He was ugly and obese, but his voice filled  
the roadway with its insistence,

“Mere words are wind and air  
beside the solidity of thought.  
Meditate, then compare  
and see what wonders the mind has wrought.”



A short, broad youth raised his voice in complaint.  
His words were thick with emotion, and his eyes  
were fixed excitedly on those of the master,

“Socrates, we seek truth,  
which no amount of thinking can define.  
I could waste all my youth  
in thought, but no solution would be mine.”

The bald sage shook his head in dismay, then twisted  
his thick lips into a smile. There was a note  
of sadness in his voice when he uttered these words,

“Truth is absent from the scroll,  
It lives not upon the tongue.  
It finds shelter in the soul,  
and is playmate to the young.”

There was a great discussion over his words, but the  
broad youth was silent. His eyes were blank and  
staring, as if his thoughts had plunged into the bay.  
Socrates moved on, leaving the others in hot argument.  
The young man whom I had recognized as a son of wealth,  
Plato, trailed in his wake.

Mid-morning flamed over the city. The shadow  
of Apollo swung away and left me to swelter  
in the sun. I rose on stiff limbs and limped  
toward the waterfront, where fresh breezes  
came to cool my parched flesh.



# *The Seventh Wife of Otman*

Frank  
Kish

As Otman and I were approaching the public square, we saw a large crowd gathered there to witness the human auction. Some of the Turks in front were jeering those about to be sold into servitude, while a few in the rear with their hands across their chests looked on silently. On the platform a large Turk stood with arms akimbo, waiting for someone to make a higher bid on the woman. When the rich merchants knew that a beautiful young woman was hidden behind the turban, the bids ran high. After a man took his newly bought wife home, he would make her remove her headdress in order that he might see what she looked like. In case his wife proved to be an old woman and useless to him, he would generally take her to the next village and sell her. Sympathy for these poor women aroused me somewhat, but it would be useless to bid against the rich merchants. I watched Otman for a moment, but I could see neither sympathy nor joy in his eyes.

Otman is often peculiarly quiet, but there have been times when I have seen him happy and gay. I recall the time I saw him doing a queer dance with other men. The men held hands as they danced in a circle and sang a strange song, that seemed more like mumbling than singing. Often have I seen him thus, but as I gaze at him now, he seems to be in a pensive mood.

After the last woman was sold, Otman said, "That is how I bought my seventh wife. She is beautiful—only to me."

"What do you mean by only to you?"

"Emory, I am the only man who has seen her lovely face since she became of age."

"Let us proceed," said Otman, as he started walking slowly. We passed a woman whose turban was only slightly

over her face. As soon as she saw us, she fell to the ground with her hands over her face.

"Why did she do that?" I asked.

"She didn't want us to see her face!" Otman exclaimed austerely.

"I'd like to see a Turkish woman without her headdress. Why are you men so stringent with the women? Why all the secrecy?"

"Perhaps, my dear Emory, we are jealous men," Otman replied with a smile.

"I think you're very jealous," I said, as I gave a short laugh.

"Aren't you afraid that your wives will be jealous of one another and quarrel?"

"No. They obey me, even if it means death."

"I think you could be a little more lenient with them. In my country the women are given more liberty. Otman, you're a very dear friend to me, but in this one respect I am a Turcophobist." Otman smiled, but said nothing.

The streets were still crowded with people, and the hot sun beating down upon the dusty way made things unpleasant for me. I was glad when we were out of the crowded district. As we were nearing Otman's home, I saw two of his wives go into the house.

"Tomorrow I must return home, Otman. But before I go, I would like to see a Turkish woman. There would be no harm in your showing me one of your wives, would there?"

"Very well," said Otman, looking me straight in the eye, as we entered his home. "But you must promise me, Emory, that you will be satisfied; that you will still be my friend; that you will forget what you have seen. You must remember that a Turk like me does not like a wife whom another man has seen. But you are my friend, and it will be easy to forget."

"I promise," I said, although I was somewhat puzzled over what he said.

"Omeiah!" called Otman. "She is my seventh wife, the one I mentioned a while ago," he said as he turned toward me.

The woman greeted her master with a pleasant voice



when she entered the room. She was attired in a light brown gown that slightly touched the floor. Over her head she wore a white headdress.

"Remove your turban," Otman commanded.

She trembled; she knew what would follow if another man saw her without her headdress. To disobey her master meant severe punishment or death; to obey him now, meant —? Her hands trembled as she removed it. Although she tried to smile, her dark eyes looked frightened. She was fair-complexioned, and her small dark eyes and dark wavy hair added to her natural beauty. I could not understand why such a beautiful woman should be frightened now. All this time Otman watched me closely. As I stood gazing at the lovely figure, a shot rang through the house; the woman toppled to the floor without a sound. Beside me stood Otman with a smoking gun in his right hand.



## TOPPLING PEACE

Lucille  
Basenbach

In the vase of life  
You stand, a flower,  
Pink-petaled, green-stemmed,  
Spilling scents of power.

There are those who stare  
Round-eyed, oozing sweat,  
Hungering to break you—  
But fear they may regret.





# *Flotsom*

(A One-Act Play)

**Paul W.  
Holman, Jr.**

## Cast of Characters

Bert: a young man, seedily dressed, a victim of the depression.

Beak: a man of the gangster type, rather sleek but with an evil appearance.

Tom: a rather scholarly appearing old gentleman.

Two police officers.

## Scene

An abandoned looking place in the country. One man is sitting by a small fire, nursing it and muttering. He is young; his clothes were once good and rather flashy, but now are dirty and mussed. A sallow, sinister-appearing man enters from the right.

(Beak enters right)

Beak: How'ya, pal? What's the chance of a feed?

Bert: I ain't got a thing, buddy. Old Tom has gone to try and bum something. If you wanta feed, ya better go peddle yer papers somewhere else.

Beak: That's where I been. All over. Couldn't get a thing. Ask me why I ain't working.

Bert: Well, why ain't ya?

Beak: Christ, man. You know the dickies won't let a man work what's been in stir.

Bert: What'd they send ya up fer?

Beak: Do ya think I'm gonna tell ya? Anyway I wasn't guilty.

Bert: Oh, yeah?

Beak: Yeah! I never seen the guy before, much less croaked 'im.

Bert: I get it. You was just a victim of circorstances.

Beak: Yeah. Dat's it. Say, are you one of dese ejicated guys? I never heard dat word before.

Bert: Yeah, I was plenty ejicated. Plumb thru the thoid grade.

you are a doomed man. I must ask you to refrain from shooting my friend.

Beak: What'r yer trying to do, scare me! Why, I'll . . . (looks at bottle) You wouldn't try to pull anything would yer, doc?

Tom: I don't wish to harm you, but I don't want my friend hurt.

Beak: (Makes up mind) By God, you can't play with Beak Cardoni, take . . . (Voice off stage. "Drop it!") (Beak drops gun, raises hands, police enter)

Murphy: That's him all right. Well, Cardoni, we're gona take you fer a little ride.

Beak: All right, all right. But you have to take that old geezer too; he's carrying a lot of poison on him. (Points to bottle. Police turn to Tom.)

O'Brien: Yeah, you'll have to come down to headquarters. I spotted you as a born criminal the minute I laid eyes on yer. Right, Murphy?

Murphy: Right, O'Brien!

Tom: But . . .

Murphy: Come along; you can tell it to the judge. Right, Murphy!

Bert: Say, you fellows . . .

O'Brien: Keep yer lip buttoned. The law's in charge here. I'm making this arrest.

Murphy: What do yer mean you're making this arrest? What do yer think I'm doing?

O'Brien: I spotted the old geezer first. Just like I picked up the clues on that Slate-Water Mining Company case.

Murphy: Yeah? Old grandmother Hob threw it right in yer lap.

(Warn curtain)

O'Brien: You got me wrong there. I er, well, that is to say . . .

Murphy: Come on, let's get going. Hand over that bottle. (Tom starts coughing during the last speech)

Tom: Just a minute. (Turns bottle up and drinks) Ah!

Cardoni: Cough syrup! (Dumbfoundedly)

(The curtain falls as the two policemen and Cardoni are staring dumbfoundedly and Bert is laughing. The professor has a satisfied smile.)



## A SILKEN SCARF

Katherine  
Carr

The way Conchita wears a  
    scarf  
    About her silken hips  
The while she dances, playing  
    with  
    A rose between her lips,

Brings back a dream of Seville,  
    and  
    I hear an old love song  
A lover sang, the while his  
    heart  
    With music went along.

The way Conchita smiles at  
    me  
    And stamps her crimson heels,  
Reminds me of fandangoes I  
    Once danced - - - about me  
    steals

An old, old melody I strummed  
    Beneath a balcony  
When scarlet lips smiled down  
    on me  
    And whispered tenderly . . . . .



# *The Evolution of "The Comedy of Errors"*

Mabel  
Blevins

It has often been said that almost any plot can be traced back to Greek literature. This is quite true in relation to Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors." The confusion arising from the likeness of twins to one another was a favorite theme with Greek comedians. One of the most famous of these was Posidippus. He introduced the slave as a cook into Greek comedy.

This is one of the facts that shows that Plautus, a Latin writer of comedy in the third century before Christ, was influenced by Posidippus in his play, the "Menaechmi." All the plays of Plautus are imitations of Greek originals. When a playwright prepared a play for the Roman stage, he could either adapt the plot of his Greek original to Roman life, giving Roman coloring to the character, depicting Roman scenes and customs, or retain the Greek tone of the play, inserting enough of the Roman flavoring to appeal to the audience, and let the scene be laid in some Greek city. Athens was usually chosen, as the audience was accustomed to regard Athens as the natural scene of comedy.

Plautus excelled all contemporary playwrights in the "drama in Greek costume" by his productiveness, by his brilliant, if not refined, wit. His "Menaechmi" is especially like the Greek originals, by his lively dialogue, and by his brilliant, if not refined, wit. His "Menaechmi" is especially alive with witty dialogue, and what is now known as "wise cracks." Probably our phrase "seeing pink elephants" dates back to Menaechmus I seeing "fish with feathers and birds with scales".

The plot of the "Menaechmi" is simply the outcome of a mix-up in Tarentum when twins were separated. One grew to manhood at Epidamnus. The other lived in Syracuse. Menaechmus I, of Epidamnus, grew tired of his nagging wife and requested his mistress to order a feast. While he went



to see about his affairs, Menaechmus II, of Syracuse, entered with his servant. A general mix-up occurs in which the servant thinks himself free, the wife thinks her husband crazy, the mistress is distressed over the supposed Menaechmus I taking back his gifts. The situation is cleared when the brothers meet.

This theme in varying forms has been carried down through the ages. In 1508, Bernardo Dovitio da Bibiena wrote "Calandra". In this play the similarity in the twins is merely that of appearance and conversation. In character they are opposites. The play is complicated by Zanetto's engagement to a young lady, who proves to be the twins' own sister.

The Spanish treatment is more or less a mere translation of the "Menaechmi". The French translation brings the theme to bear on French life of the early Eighteenth Century. Regnard was particularly clever in treating his very free translation, "Les Menechmes ou les jumeaux".

William Warner, in 1595, by translating the "Menaechmi," showed how popular the plot proved to be. But probably the treatment of Shakespeare will make the theme immortal. In many ways "The Comedy of Errors" resembles the "Menaechmi," despite the fact that Shakespeare uses twin slaves to add to the complications. Shakespeare, like Plautus, disregards slight discrepancies. He makes Antipholus of Ephesus overjoyed to see his brother and father, although he never attempted to find them, even though he probably knew they were in Syracuse. Yet Antipholus of Syracuse never thinks that the person resembling him may be his brother, although he has searched many years for someone resembling him. These improbabilities, however, are not noticed during the action of the play.

Just as Plautus and Shakespeare are similar in constructing their plays, so are they similar in phrasing them.

"I am a fool to wish to direct my master." Plautus: "Menaechmi."

"Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their master's minds fulfill." Shakespeare: "Comedy of Errors."

As Plautus translated a Greek original in his inimitable

manner and as "The Comedy of Errors" so closely resembles the "Menaechmi," one can say that the Greek theme truly did evolve to its greatest height under the "Master Touch".



# *Why the Witch-Hazel Blooms in the Winter*

Dorothy J. Riggs  
and  
Wilfred A. Welter

(A Modern Nature Myth)

The earth-mother mourned many moons for Persephone. She longed for the return of her daughter, but she knew the will of Zeus to be law. Nothing could assuage her grief, nor could any summons bring her to Olympus. The fields were dead, no tree bore fruit, and the race of men was hungry. At length Zeus sent the winged Iris to call Demeter back to the council of the gods. Demeter would not heed the call, and one after another the gods went to her, but in vain. Thus it came about that the mighty Zeus dispatched a radiogram to Hermes in the council chamber of the League of Nations to go at once to the underworld and bring back Persephone.

Confident that his command would be speedily executed Zeus left his office with the air of a god whose work is done at last, swung himself into his faultless Lincoln Zephyr, worthy of the father of the gods, and set out for the country club, anticipating a round of golf before dinner. Because of the unusually heavy traffic he arrived too late to do nine holes in the remaining time. He surveyed the course reluctantly and pulled into his usual parking place at the club house. The dismal view sent a shudder through his powerful frame.

"By all the Furies! Will Demeter never come to time?" he muttered as he stepped from his car directly into the path of a dazzling new Packard approaching at great speed. Only a skilled driver could have avoided a catastrophe.

"Sorry, Zeus, but I almost got you that time," called a sunny voice, as the startled god turned to upbraid the careless driver. Zeus's growing wrath abated as his eye caught the beauty of the offender.

"Well Apollo, when did you get back? I didn't know you were within a thousand miles of Olympus. I supposed you



were still in Monte Carlo," greeted Zeus, clasping Apollo's hand.

"I thought it was time to get back to Olympus and give my horses some daily exercise if they are to run in the Kentucky Derby," replied Apollo.

"You do get the most brilliant ideas!" exclaimed the astonished Zeus. "This is as good as your others though. I'm glad you are starting training early. You'll have some keen competition in Granville, Discovery, and Bold Venture." Then as he suddenly realized the novel situation he roared, "Why, boy, with the immortal steeds entered, this will be the greatest Derby ever run!"

"Just my idea," chuckled Apollo.

"Is your plane still in good shape?" questioned Zeus, remembering that he had heard no complaints of Phaeton's lack of skill during Apollo's absence.

"Yes, Phaeton takes good care of it and handles it well. It satisfies the boy's craving and gives me leisure. That's what I like about it. But right now I'm homesick for a dash through the heavens behind some real horses. The old chariot's charms can never be replaced by streamlines and engines," mused Apollo. Then pulling himself together he enquired, "How is Demeter?"

"Same old Demeter. Won't even speak to any of the gods since Persephone vanished. But she'll come out of it as soon as Persephone gets here."

"As soon as Persephone gets here! Is Hades sending her home?" exclaimed Apollo.

"Well, he had better do so. I sent Hermes after her because I'm getting tired of her mother's behavior. Things can't go on this way any longer. Come on in, and let's get a lemonade."

With that they left the cars and sauntered into the club house where they ensconced themselves in easy chairs and were served their lemonades.

"It'll seem like old times to have Persephone back," mused Apollo. "When do you expect her?"

"She should be here now if they didn't have any trouble," answered Zeus.



"Already? Why not have a party in honor of her return?"

"I'm sick of parties! Hera will insist on a stiff shirt, and it interferes with my breathing. Why not have a picnic as in the good old days. Then we can wear our old clothes, and I know all the gods will like that," said Zeus lighting a Camel.

So it was agreed to have a picnic supper the following evening in a wooded glen at the foot of Mount Olympus. Apollo hurried away to make plans for the occasion and Zeus went home to inform Hera of what was brewing and to fret over Hermes' delayed arrival.

Several hours later the telephone jangled in the hall. Hera, expecting a call from Aurora, answered. Upon her return to the living room Zeus' impatience was abated when he learned that Hermes had arrived at last after a delay caused by a blown gasket. No other information was forthcoming, for Hermes had been requested to call at Apollo's residence immediately upon his arrival at Demeter's villa.

Demeter, reunited with her daughter, regained her old vigor and bustled about ordering refreshments and making much ado because she had known nothing of Persephone's coming. In all the excitement she became once more the animated goddess the Olympians loved. She urged Hermes to remain, but he politely refused and hastened to the home of Apollo.

All was in turmoil there, for preparations were being made for the morrow. Apollo had almost completed the guest list, and all that remained was a final checking to make certain that no one had been forgotten. After much discussion and a telephone conversation with Zeus the task was finished, and Hermes was dispatched with the invitations.

The next day Apollo visited the glen to see that all was in readiness for the evening's festivities. The wild animals were curious concerning the elaborate preparations that were in progress. Word was passed along that Persephone was back. All the wild things were happy! The flowers began to sprout new leaves. Some of them burst into bloom. Before the day was over the glen was a riot of color, and the air was scented with the sweet perfume of wild crab and

dainty arbutus. Hepaticas, delphiniums, and columbines were overhead. Every living thing awoke to welcome Persephone. A glorious spring had come again.

Apollo had asked Artemis to help entertain. The moon was shining in all its glory when the brother and sister arrived with Persephone and her mother. This pleased the moon-goddess and she requested that it continue to shine until the last guest had departed. Soon Pan arrived, announced by the organ notes of the Wood Thrush. Poseidon, in a new amphibian plane, dropped onto a nearby pond which had been especially constructed for his convenience. Ares, proudly escorting fair Aphrodite, came in a newly designed armored car. Then came Aurora and Hestia, Hermes and Hephaestus, and all the other gods, the dryads, and the naiads. Last came Zeus and Hera in their Zephyr surrounded by a motorcycle escort.

Whip-poor-wills and nightingales were singing. The superb quality of the music was highly commended. Amid great festivity supper was served. Spirits ran high as gods, goddesses, dryads, and naiads commingled congenially. A flash of light startled the company. The photographer had obtained a picture for the morning paper.

The flash revealed a bare shrub. No leaf or flower graced its branches. Zeus was angry.

"Why, when all the world is festive, does not this Witch-hazel bear leaves and flowers as a tribute to Persephone?" he thundered.

After much debate the truth became known. Witch-hazel did not approve of the way Apollo, god of the sun, was carousing at night. Since the subject had been brought up, many of the gods were of the same opinion. Artemis grew pale and would have fainted had not lovely, rosy-fingered Aurora sprinkled over her perfumed dew-drops from a spray of fragrant arbutus.

"It is unseemly of Witch-hazel to object to the behavior of a god," announced Zeus. He knit his brow in arduous concentration. Festivities ceased in deference to the pondering god. Then ensued a moment of silence after which the irate deity announced in stentorian tones, "Witch-hazel must be punished. Never again shall she bloom with the other



plants, but her flowers shall be brought forth only in winter when all the world is sleeping and awaiting Persephone's return."



## *Spirit of Modern Olympics*

Ernestine  
Troemel

In accordance with the ancient custom, the Olympic fire was lighted in Berlin on August 1 with a torch carried the entire way by runners from the city of Athens, Greece. The spirit of friendly rivalry among the nations of the world lived again. Each nation sent forth its best to compete in physical and mental prowess for the honor of that country.

A spirit very similar to that of the masses who beheld the Olympics of 776 B.C. brought a million people to view and thrill to the amazing feats of speed and skill exhibited at the 1936 Olympics. Prejudice of color and race was forgotten. Jesse Owens, an American negro, who was a marvel of running co-ordination, was cheered as lustily as other winners. The Nazi salute, as formal recognition of a German victor and as executed by hundreds of enthusiastic countrymen, is a not-soon-to-be-forgotten picture, the symbol of a splendid national loyalty.

These United States can justly be proud of their representatives. They were excelled only by the German competitors in a total of 156 to 119 points. However, the results of the 1932 and 1936 games indicate that the points will be distributed three ways at Tokyo in 1940—with Japan as third contestant for supremacy.

May the flame of friendly competition between nations prove a beacon for the furthering of friendly relationships.

# *Greek Motifs in Music*

R.  
Schwartz

It was during the Renaissance that Greek learning, literature, and mythology were rediscovered and used in the writings of that period. But Greek themes were not used in music until nearly a hundred years later.

Why was this, when we reason that music is older than written literature? Before the Renaissance, music was used for martial purposes, for the liturgy of the church, and for popular ballads. Actual pitch and time notation, actual musical forms, and central themes were not as yet perfected or employed. Only with Palestrina (1526-1594) did music begin to assume the shapes and forms in which we recognize it today.

Several years after Palestrina, musicians in the Florentine courts of the Medicis decided that Greek drama, originally chanted, could be actually sung, and with an orchestral accompaniment. Thus were two birds killed with one stone: opera was invented, and Greek drama was incorporated into music. Two operas were composed by Peri, one of the court musicians. They were "Daphne" (1597) and "Eurydice."

With opera started, the demands of the orchestra grew greater. Therefore the next two centuries were spent in developing orchestral instruments and forms, and opera played a minor role. With Gluck, however, the Greek motif again became important. "Orfeo et Eurydice," "Iphigenia in Tauris," "Iphigenia in Aulis," and "Alceste" are the most important works of Gluck in which he used Grecian themes. We have the music to these works today, as rich and alive as the day it was composed.

Though Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Mozart all used Grecian motifs to some extent, little of their efforts remain except for a minor cantata of Bach's known as "Satisfied Aeolus."

Cherubini, head of the Paris Conservatoire, wrote an opera to "Anacreon," a Greek poet of the fifth century B.C.,



and to "Medea," who was the wife of Jason. Beethoven wrote an opera to "Prometheus" of which the overture remains. He also composed the "Turkish March" which was part of the music to an opera called "The Ruins of Athens."

The above composers, practically all contemporaries, lived in the eighty years between 1750 and 1830, a period very rich in classical music. The following period was one of great political turmoil; therefore the resultant nationalism was reflected in the music, and themes were chosen from the literature and folk-lore of the nationality of the composers. But by 1880, when the world again had entered into a state of comparative quiet, the Grecian motif came into its own again. Since then it has been in constant use.

Liszt, who invented the symphonic poem and who was rejected from the Paris Conservatoire by Cherubini, who thought that Liszt had no talent, has written several works around the Grecian characters, "Orpheus" and "Prometheus."

Saint-Saens also composed several symphonic poems, one on "Le Rouet d'Omphale" and another to "Phaeton." In "Omphale" one hears the whirring of the spinning wheel and the remorse of Hercules who is condemned to spin with Omphale's maidens while she dresses in Hercules' lion skin. In "Phaeton," the music portrays Phaeton's wild ride on the sun-chariot of his father Apollo, his fatal swoop toward the earth, and his slaying by Jupiter.

About the time Saint-Saens composed these tone poems, Leo Delibes wrote several ballets. One of these, "Sylvia," contains the "March and Procession of Bacchus," in which the dancers execute the rites and ceremonies used in worshipping the wine-god.

Debussy was the first composer to use music not strictly harmonious for Greek motifs. I refer mainly to his "L'après-midi d'un faun," which is well-known to every music lover. In this, it seems to me, Debussy has captured the very soul of the shadowy, fantastic, Greek woodland with his startling, yet pleasant, discords and his intriguing modulations and resolutions. Debussy paints a picture of a dreamy, lazy, classic Grecian summer afternoon, wherein we see the fauns, satyrs, and nymphs lolling around under shady trees by cool

brooks and playing on their oaten flutes. Much less known is Debussy's "Gymnopedies," which is representative, in the composer's mind, of an ancient Lacedemonian religious dance.

Pierne, who was a member of the French Academy until his death last May, also wrote some incidental music in keeping with Debussy's fauns. It is the "Entrance of the Little Fauns," and the listener can imagine the tiny creatures, half man, half goat, following their aged schoolmaster, who will teach them how to play on their reed pipes.

More dissonant than anything before it, Richard Strauss composed the opera "Electra," named from the heroine of the Orestrean trilogy of Aeschylus. Electra, as she shrieks, contorts, and screams about the stage, is so wild, so grotesque, and so discordant that critics thought that Strauss could never write melody again. So Strauss wrote the melodic "Rosenkavalier" intimating what he thought of his censors. "Electra" is seldom given today because of its extreme difficulty and immorality.

Very recently the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra assisted in presenting Enesco's new opera "Oedipus Rex." Like "Electra," Enesco's opus is grotesque and morally unpleasant; therefore the libretto was not even sung in English.

Ravel, a French modernist, has written a suite about "Daphnis and Chloe," two unsophisticated pastoral lovers. This music too, in its strange melodic manner, attempts to depict the exotic pastoral life of mythological Greek shepherds and their romances.

Erik Satie, another French modernist who is extremely radical, wrote "Socrates,"<sup>1</sup> a music drama to be recited rather than acted, and which contains only a few characters. There is no record of the work ever having been performed in America.

As anyone may see from the above illustrations, Debussy has wielded a prodigious influence on the thoughts of

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<sup>1</sup> The author is indebted to Lewis H. Horton, head of the Morehead Music Department, who permitted the author to examine his copy of Satie's "Socrates," and who made several other helpful suggestions.



the modern composers in their regard toward the Greek motifs, and their employment and treatment.

Only Ethelbert Nevin, to mention one exception, has remained free from the discordant harmonies of Debussy. I think that this can be shown by Nevin's airy and melodious composition, "Narcissus."

Prokofieff, a delightful young Russian modernist, has used a Greek mechanism instead of motif in his opera, "The Love for Three Oranges." He has employed two choruses, one on either side of the stage, who comment upon the opera throughout its performance.

It has been a long path from the various modes, quarter-steps, third-steps, and even sixty-fourth-steps of the original Greek music, up through the medieval organum, the tempered scale of Bach, the pure melody of Schubert, to the dissonance of Schoenberg and Hindemuth, who use a twelve-tone scale where each tone is of equal importance, and no holds are barred, figuratively, when it comes to conventional harmony.

But though music may have changed, the Greek characters are with us still. The gods, ill-fated emotional lovers, forest creatures, legends, and myths are all integral parts of music, themes upon which composers can embroider and elaborate. And whether these themes are melodic or dissonant, the music is the richer for these brain-children of the imaginative ancient Greeks who sang, fought, and loved then, even as we do today.

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## LACK

Woodridge  
Spears

A man without bread,  
A bird without nest,  
A ship with no rope,  
A lake without shore,  
A life with no hope—  
And this is my soul,  
Without song.

# *A Broadcast During 2,000 A. D.*

**Harry "King"  
Lowman**

Ladies and gentlemen, we greet you today from the sumptuous "Floating Palace of the Air," fifteen miles above the earth, and fifteen minutes from Balloon Center, Grand Central Station—and what a day! Believe you me, it is ideal for the inauguration of this greatest contribution to science in these two thousand years following the birth of Christ—the innovating of the Motivating, Translating Amplifier of Static Stratospheric Sound.

This delicate instrument, perfected by Ima Wizard and her merry band of robots, is capable of taking the slowly moving—almost stationary—sound waves from the stratosphere, increasing their velocity, strengthening their vibrations, and thus enabling you, and me, to hear and enjoy incidents that transpired hundreds of years before the advent of Christianity.

In just a few minutes, with the aid of this marvelous invention, the makers of "Larynx Lotion for Loquacious Ladies" will bring you an actual account of the first Olympics which took place some twenty-seven hundred years ago. But before we switch to remote control and the Olympics, let me remind you that Larynx Lotion is not only soothing, comforting, and an excellent antiseptic, but it renders the voice soft, melodious, and alluring. Give your throat, your friends, and your lover a treat. Buy a bottle of Larynx Lotion at your nearest Druhabercatessan, today.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, the makers of "talking happiness" bring you—THE FIRST OLYMPICS!! Take it away, robots.

Friends, this ye favorite commentator, Harrandus Lomandeus, greeting you from the magnificent temple of Zeus here in Olympia. The prides of Sparta, Attica, and Elis are



gathered here today, for the first time in history, to test their prowess by means of games. Believe me, believe me, freinds, they're a healthy lot of well-developed, beautifully-built specimens that fairly reek of strength, and a superabundance of energy.

The first event, a four-horse chariot race in which each of the three states will have two entries, making a grand total of six, will be run over the race course here in the stadium. The drivers of these charging, fiery steeds are down there testing cinches, greasing axles, and examining reins. These lads, though brave, aren't taking any chances. When they're satisfied that all is well, drawings for post position will be held.

While preparations are being made, let's have a look at our surroundings.

Olympia is a beautiful little city, as you who have been there can well testify. Located here in the shadows of Mt. Cronion, on the north shore of Alpheus, bounded on the west by Cladeus, and on the south by Alpheus, it is one of the scenic spots of our fair land. To this beautiful valley, Zeus brought his first love, Hera, to bask in the shade of Mt. Cronion, sacred to Cronus, father of Zeus, and it was here that Ares, the god of War, was conceived.

But back to the races. Down below us, the course is teeming with activity. It's still some time until the race begins, but drawings for positions have been made, with Sparta copping both first and second post positions. Elis drew third and sixth, and Attica fourth and fifth. Sparta is certainly getting off to a flying start. It isn't every day that post positions one and two go to a contender.

It won't be long now, but in the meantime, guess who just entered. Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world, accompanied by her adoring spouse, Menelaus. In a box across the aisle from them I see Psyche, supposedly loved by Cupid, and an unknown youth. These touches of beauty add greatly to the attractiveness of the afternoon, and not a little intrigue. It is said that a number of suitors for the hand of Helen, prior to her marriage to Menelaus, are here. So sit tight, fans. If anything of interest develops we'll let you know.

Well, I see that the chariot race is about to begin, and the near-capacity crowd is buzzing with excitement. Sparta's entrants have gone to the post, and are waiting with ill-concealed impatience for the slower representatives of Attica and Elis to pull into line.

They're up on a line now. The charioteers are bent slightly forward, tense as harp strings, waiting for the word that will send them in a mad chase for the laurel wreath. The starter has his hand raised, and—THEY'RE OFF!

Whoa! Something is wrong. Going into the far turn the drivers of One and Four are lashing at each other with their whips. Both carts are swinging wide. Four, on the outside, is cutting sharply in, and it looks like a smash up. It is! The wheels of One and Four are locked. Those half-tamed quadrupeds are scared, and those lads had better watch out. Just as I thought, those frightened, spirited animals have bolted over the fence, strewing carts and drivers along the way.

Now, friends, they're coming down the stretch. Two, Three, and Five with Six striving gallantly for a place on the rail, are having a tussle for the lead. Five is falling back. Too much early speed is taking its toll. Two and Three are wheel and wheel, with Six steadily gaining, and—the finish line is crossed.

The chariot race—the opening of the initial Olympic games—is over. Two, piloted by T. O. Swift of Sparta, won by a whisker. Three and Six, with La M'cole and Ibo Tum of Elis aboard, finished second and third, respectively.

While the victor is being crowned and the ring is being set up for the boxing, let's go on a journey through the stands.

Here's a bit of news that will sizzle your ears. The young swain with Psyche is none other than Paris, Prince of Troy. Boy! is Cupid going to be sore, and incidentally, people, here comes the cherubic little fellow, bow, arrow, and all.

Apparently he isn't angry after all. He's hovering around over the crowd with a reflective look on his lovely face. Suddenly he brightens, reaches for identical darts,



speeds one toward Paris, and—by the beard of Jove—he's aiming the other at Helen. No good can come of this.

The ring has been erected, and the first match is about to begin. I. M. Slapdisse of Sparta will exchange blows with H. E. Cuttumdoll of Elis. The winner of this match must engage the pugilistically inclined U. Pokum of Attica, for the one hundred and thirty-five pound Olympic crown.

The referee has called the contestants to the center of the ring to give them last-minute instructions. The lads are now in their respective corners, stooping, dancing, flexing muscles, and—There's the bell for the first round.

Slapdisse comes out slow, shoots a short left to the head, and misses a right from far back. Cuttumdoll counters with a thumb in the eye and the referee warns him, but that doesn't help Slappy's eye. They're sparring in the center of the ring. Slappy's lamp is rapidly closing. Cuttumdoll shoots a right, a left, and another right, and Slappy goes down and out. H. E. Cuttumdoll floors Slapdisse in two minutes and thirty seconds of the opening round and wins the right to oppose Pokum in the finals.

There is some commotion down below. Paris of Troy is staring at Helen in open admiration, and folks, the beautiful Queen is not only receiving his amorous looks with favor, but is reciprocating in kind. It looks as though there's going to be trouble.

Menelaus evidently resents Helen's open flirtation, and it appears as if there is an argument. Helen is getting up—she is walking out—Boy! I'd give a rupee to know what's going on down there. Whatever it is, it has certainly upset Menelaus. His face is as red as a flamingo's wing as he resumes his seat. The scornful, indignant Helen, with head held high, strolls majestically from the box.

Across the aisle from Menelaus' box, Paris is getting up, he bows low, and, friends, he's making his way hastily toward the exit. Cupid has cleared the way for himself, but what havoc has been brought in the doing? Paris has overtaken Helen, and engaged her in conversation. Arm in arm they're departing.

Crash! Bang! Whang! Friends, that noise is Menelaus

calling out his guard, and all Greece, to aid in recovering his mate, and dealing out justice to Paris.

This gala occasion, the first Olympics, has been called off until some future date. The topic of vital importance is: What will be the outcome of this flirtation and subsequent fleeing of Helen and Paris? Only time will tell.

Until some future date, this is ye ole friend, Harramdus Lomandeus saying—So Bye!

Ladies and gentlemen, the first Olympics was brought to you from Floating Palace, through the facilities of the Motivating, Translating Amplifier of Static Stratospheric Sound, and the manufacturers of Larynx Lotion.

If you have not tried Larynx Lotion, the soothing throat ease and talking comfort, do so today. It's reasonable, safe, and dependable.





# Argo Nuts

Ralph  
Schwartz

(Cracked and slightly salty)

Historical note: Alexander's ragged little band of warriors, gleaned from the Macedonian mountains, were known as "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

\* \* \* \*

As we understand it, the beautiful Greek myth soon became a Mrs.

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The three principal Greek orders: Ruz biff, epple pie, cups coffeh.

\* \* \* \*

And now that the Satirists have died, who will be left to Pandora?

\* \* \* \*

Tailor (to college stude with torn trousers): "Euripides?"

Student: "Yeh, Eumenides."

\* \* \* \*

## Demented Doggerel

(Fragments from the "Siliad")

Dynamic Demosthenes, garrulous Grik,  
Held stones in his mouth in order to spik;  
And to prevent his becoming obese  
He never parboiled his potatoes in Greece.

\* \* \* \*

Famous last words: "Ar-go chase yourself."

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Mustafa Brainstorm, notorious Grik archeologist, upon stumbling across a long-lost drain, reports finding these popular songs:

Jason Shadows  
Zeus an Echo, Yoo-Hoo  
Diana Old Cowhand  
Apollogy for Love

Orestes Weary Bones (Negro spiritual)  
For Caesar Jolly Good Fellow (showing Roman influence).

\* \* \* \*

Old joke note: Aristophanes said, "It must have been something I et" over 2500 years ago.

Apparently they had those Grik restaurants back there, too.

