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### Flamingo, 15 January, 1934, Vol. 8, No. 3

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**THE FLAMINGO**

Vol. VIII. No. 3

Jan. 15, 1934

Price 25 Cents

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# THE FLAMINGO

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## SHADOWS OF THE TOWER

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

FATHER JEROME's tonsured head was fringed with white when they brought him word of the nearing completion of the Mission. He sat at his supper when one of the brothers came to tell him that the men were going to work into the night pouring the last concrete of the tower. Already the sharp tropical night had fallen and as the brother stood deferentially near the door, the breeze fluttered his gown and pushed the candle flame, sending his thin shadow here and there on the wall.

"God has been kind to me", said Father Jerome and signed with his hand that the monk should go. The day had been filled with doubts and he did not feel that he could go out and look at that house he had built for God. It had been the sustaining wish and effort of his life to complete the building of this Mission. He would now live to see it done. All finished. But now in his age he could not feel the faith, or the rightness of that aim which had burned so furiously in his youth. Nor could he feel that he was remiss. That was it. He was sensing a new rightness in life which now overwhelmed, absorbed and eclipsed the wrongness, that in his youth he had set out to correct. No, he would not go to see the last work completed; instead he would walk out the other way and sit with the sick ones in his little hospital.

He sighed and rose. He snuffed out the candle and opened the door that let him directly out into the softness of the night. The night was cool, yet heavily sweet. And he thought gently of his still half pagan

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flock. They loved these nights. It was a short walk along the footpath that brought him to the hospital which he had started and which was now run by the Nursing Sisters from the convent. There were lights in only two of the windows. His tired mind placed them as that of the dispensary and of Brother Michael's room.

He stopped at the dispensary to speak with the sister in charge. She rose from beside the hearth and he asked after the patients.

"The woman from the mountains died this afternoon. It was a hard death, Father. And she died without repenting."

Father Jerome guessed there were tears in the nun's eyes. Somehow tonight he felt that that woman's soul could not be lost. "God is merciful," he said. "And her life, though sinful, we know to have been filled with a wonderful devotion for the man she loved. We will say mass for her in the new Mission Chapel. And how is the native child?"

"The fever is going, and she will recover, Father Jerome."

"That is a great joy. I shall bring her something in the morning. And Brother Michael is the same, I suppose? I shall go and sit with him for a while."

"Very well, Father." And the nun went back to the hearth where she was making gruel for the sick child. Father Jerome went into the room where his life long friend lay dying.

Brother Michael seemed sleeping, so the Father sat down by the bed to carry on his thinking. He said a prayer for the dead woman's soul. She had left her husband and gone into the mountains with their friend, who was an engineer. And she had died unrepentant. But her husband had been a drunkard and had abused

her. She had gone to him as a bride, straight from a convent. And two years later when she had fled from him, her face had been lined with horror. With his friend, she had achieved maturity, which had wiped away all but the shadow of her haunting youth. And then she had died a horrible death, victim of those years with her brutal husband.

"Good evening, Father." Brother Michael's blue eyes lit with a pleasure as he looked up from his pillow to Father Jerome.

"I am tired, Brother Michael, and I have been wondering about my life. I have had doubts which I could not breathe to any soul but you. Perhaps my mind wanders with age. But I find so much of beauty in the pagan things that I wonder that I ever set out with missionary zeal to build this place."

"It is a good place, Father. And great good has been done."

"I do not know. Have I the right to tell these people that their tradition and much of the beauty of their life is wrong? Or has age weakened my faith, and destroyed my reason? I love these people and I love them all. I can not even in my mind refuse any of them the joys of Heaven. Brother Michael, I find regret growing in my heart. Why did I bring so stern a faith to such children as these people? They can not repent yesterday's deeds which are forgotten, nor tomorrow will they remember today's vows, and I have built among these people a mission, a sturdy building housing a sturdy order, trained to teach these people other ways, to chasten them and to guide them. To you alone would I tell this. I am afraid that I regret that which has been my life work."

"No, Father. All my life I have followed you. I am a simple man, I have made a simple monk. But I believe that this land will make of our Faith that which it can use."



"I hope you are right."

The two old men followed each his individual musing. The candle, burning low, spluttered and Father Jerome's shadow convulsed behind him. Finally he stood up.

"Thank you, Michael. You have always been a comfort to me. May you have a restful night."

"Good night, Father."

Father Jerome slipped quickly away. Out in the night he turned toward the mission, and he became conscious of the night work. He might as well go and see how they were coming along. Pine trees barred the view, but he could hear the throb of native music. As always, it thrilled him. It was like a red flower thrown into a fountain, and pulsing precariously there, he thought. He walked along through the night, which was now definitely chilly. Then he rounded a bend and came out near the tower.

Coming from the stillness of the night into light and motion, and coming with a tired mind, he was unable to take in the scene as a whole. The singing expressed the men at work, the rhythm to which they swung. It was familiar and slid back in his mind. Two huge bonfires lit the work at the base of the tower. Two men with hoes tended the mixture in the pit. Their bodies flowed forward and back to the song, and the hoes neatly folded the cement. Two others carried full pails to the base of the tower and fastened them to the ropes for hoisting to the top. The fires snapped, the flames leapt, and with them the shadows of the men leapt against the tower. Supermen, perhaps pagan gods, were tending the completion of the Mission.

Father Jerome shifted his meager weight, and raised his eyes to the top of the tower. Two men on top were pulling up the buckets. It, too, was a pagan rite.

Their dark skins glowed from unseen flares. They stood with feet apart, legs braced and backs arched to the weight. They were brightly lighted, but behind them spread the soft darkness of the night and the sharpness of stars. And about them pulsed the song to which their work was set.

Father Jerome smiled slowly and turned back along the path. Brother Michael was right. In success he had found failure, and in failure peace. The land took what it could use of his Faith, and gave to his Mission from its past. God was good to him. He crossed himself and went home to rest.



## SURFACE

DOROTHY PARMLEY

AND what are these—  
 My laughing, gay friends—  
 Rose petals blown across a grey stone floor.  
 They have no root  
 Wherefore,  
 Tomorrow they will be rotting in the ground  
 And the floor will be greyer in its constancy.



## CROWTHER'S BIG CHANCE

JAMES HOLDEN

SAMUEL CROWTHERS, ex-Senior Class president Broadlawn High School, ex-captain of football and track, former yearbook editor, and ex-Grand Sachem of the Secret Order of Silent Owls slumped on his bed and abandoned himself to luxurious contemplation. College life was certainly great stuff. At first he'd thought college a big thing to tackle. High school reps didn't mean a thing. It'd be hard sledding for a while, but if you had the goods to deliver you'd get your chance sooner or later. Glowing with ambition, he told himself he'd be a campus leader in three years or know the reason why.

Everyone he'd met was kind and considerate. They respected a fellow's ambition and stood ready to help him. He fondly recalled the scene at the railway station when he arrived. There was a big crowd. Everyone was happy and talking at once. The girls—he could still hear their chatter and see them waving their silly little handkerchiefs. How they rushed up and kissed one another! It was unaffected and sincere. And they weren't mousy little nobodies like the women at Broadlawn High. They wore stylish clothes and trim little hats. Their cheeks, vivid and alluring glowed like red apples. Their lips were the answer to a man's prayer, perfect Cupid's bows, eminently kissable.

And that astonishing blonde—Sam got warm inside when he thought of her. She wore something black and satiny that clung to her figure. The way she tossed her head and carried herself, Sam knew she was a beauty. Then he got a glimpse of her face. She had Joan Crawford's eyes, a cute little nose like Bette

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JAMES HOLDEN

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Davis, and lips like Jean Harlow's. He remembered he'd stood staring, wishing somehow he'd get to know her, when two unshaven men in football sweaters ran up and fought over his bag.

They pulled him along to the driveway, pushed him into a car, and drove straight to the Beta House. Sam told them there must be some mistake. No, everything was okay. They'd been to the office and got the Dean's approval. But he'd agreed by letter to live in Maxfield Hall! No matter, he must stay here. Sam thanked everyone, his eyes shining. Of course he'd like it. Everything was swell. All of the fellows treated him like one of them. He had a front room, and his room-mate was guard on the football team. Could anything be sweeter? Why, in the week he'd been here they'd seen him through registration, sat with him at commons, taken him to shows, offered him drinks, and one chap even loaned him a Cadillac roadster so he could go on a date.

That evening it was a brunette with big brown eyes. She took to him from the start and snuggled up close whenever he gave her half a chance. Let's see, they'd just parked on Sand Shore Road, when—a sudden noise interrupted his train of thought. He looked around the room confusedly. Everything seemed in its right place, and he was still on the bed. Queer how waking from these daydreams can startle you. He raised himself to a sitting position. Funny the things a fellow thinks of when he's alone.

There was a stamping clatter in the hall. Barnes, his room-mate burst in, hair soaking wet and tangled over his forehead. Dashing for the dresser he seized a comb, draped a towel across his shoulders and stood stiff-legged, scowling in the mirror, trying to untangle his mop of hair. Seeing Crowther's reflection, he swung around, "Hiya' kid, how're you knocking 'em?"



"Okay", said Sam. "Football practice go all right?" He tried to say it casually, but despite himself the words vibrated with excitement.

"So-so I guess", Barnes replied wearily. "By the way, Freshmen turn out tomorrow. Show up on time if you can. That's a good way to create an impression."

"You bet I will", answered Sam brightly, then bit his tongue. These chaps down here must think him small peanuts, acting like a little kid and getting so excited over things. His room-mate turned again to the mirror. Crowthers eyed him enviously. What a physique the man had! What arms and shoulders! He'd give a lot to be built up that way. There was one other thing he'd noticed a lot about Barnes. He never talked football off the field. When he did say something, it was just a sentence or two. Usually he just swore or talked about the dates he was going to have. Well, Sam decided, he'd act much the same way.

"I *can* play football", he told himself confidently, "but I mustn't show it. Even if I was high scorer last year, I've got to keep my mouth shut about it. If I do I'll get along even better with the fellows in the house."

Barnes stepped into the closet. His feet pounded heavily on the floor. He emerged buttoning his vest, coat hitched over one arm. "Let's go to supper", he said, "I'm hungry as a damn wolf."

"Okay. I could sure eat a helluva lot myself." Sam drawled the words slowly with due emphasis.

Next afternoon Crowthers was the first freshman in the long line waiting for football equipment. His heart leaped crazily as faded jersey, kidney protector, shoulder pads and pants were jumbled in a heap and hand-

ed him. He walked to the locker room in a daze. When he opened the door strong warm smells of wet leather and the pungent stench of socks rolled over him like a wave. Ambrosia of the Gods could not have been sweeter!

All that afternoon he worked steadily. Endless calisthenics, and laps around the field to limber up. Already he heard the roar of excited people in his ears. Crowded cheering sections would yell his name. And every time he made a score, auto horns would blow. Maybe his girl would see him play. He was a queer one, always referring to the dazzling blonde at the depot as "his girl", though if you asked him why he couldn't tell you. She'd been in his mind almost constantly. Maybe football would be a means of bringing them together. He warmed at the thought.

Later on, back in the locker room, Sam was loitering under the shower when he chanced to overhear some interesting snatches of conversation. Recognizing his roommate's voice, he listened.

"I'd give a million bucks to have a date with your girl, Fred", someone was saying, "she's a knockout".

Sam's roommate grunted. "Pretty nice, isn't she? But you can't have her".

"How about me, Barnes", chimed another voice. "I like blondes. 'Specially cute ones with nice shapes".

Barnes took the banter goodnaturedly, "You guys better lay off her. You'll never get anywhere. She's private, see? If you think you can make any time though, go ahead and try it. Yuh got my permission".

"Gotta date tonight?", someone asked.

"N-o-o-o, I ain't. My girl's stood me up".

There was a chorus of laughs.

"Mebbe you'll get cut out".



"Fat chance with a ladysman like Barnsy. They go for them quiet kind".

"Damn right they do", continued Barnes grinning, "if any guy cuts me out he can have her. Plenty more where she came from".

Again they laughed.

"Let's go to the movies tonight", someone said.

"Not I", said Barnes, "gotta stay home and study".

This time the locker room rocked with mirth. Several clean-cut birdies split the sweat-laden atmosphere.

"Study. That's a good one. The only studyin' you do is settin' around the Beta house messin' in politics. An' even that don't do you no good".

"Is that so, you damn lousy Omicron. Well, you just wait and see. Why, we'll beat your half-baked candidate so bad in student elections he'll quit school and go to work for a livin'. Won't be fit for nothin' else".

Sam left the shower room and hurried into his clothes. Conversation hummed and buzzed around him, but he took no part in it, his mind filled with thoughts of the coming season and the day he'd be lucky enough to meet that dazzling blonde. He could go for her in a big way, No foolin'.

That night after supper Barnes came up to him on the steps of the commons. "I've fixed up a date for you tonight, swell Jane. Hurry over to the house and dress. You can take Forbes' car, you know, the Cadillac. I arranged with him s'afternoon. The girl lives at the Lambda house. Her name's Polly, Polly Westervelt—got it? Just go in and holler. She'll be right down.

"Gee, Barnes, you're certainly swell—

"That's okay, kid. Hurry up or you'll be late. Told her you'd stop by at a quarter to eight".

Sam was off like a flash, he liked these dates the fellows got him. The girls were—well, sophisticated, and pretty, too. Stunningly pretty. Back in his room he put on his best suit, a reddish-brown tweed. All the babes liked it lots. They told him it had "flare", whatever that meant.

Downstairs in the chapter room the Betas were in conference. "Did you fix it okay?" asked the president.

"Yeah, she's game. Crowther's dropping 'round tonight. Guess I'll sorta' take a back seat". Barnes continued thoughtfully, "Good lookin' kid too. Hope nothin' happens".

A chorus of voices answered him.

"Don't be silly".

"What, with your personality?"

"Oh, Barnes, how could you?"

"Say", continued another, "have you watched this guy Crowthers. He's quite a man. I hear he's got half the freshman class wrapped around his little finger".

"I looked up his record in the office", said a third speaker, "and it's plenty good, President of his class and God-knows-what-else".

"Say, where you been all these years. What you think we're rushin' him for? Why d'ya think we got him roomin' with Barnsy? Use your head".

A new speaker took the floor, choosing his words carefully, speaking out of the strength of his convictions, "I've gotta hunch he'll help us plenty in these student elections. We've gotta win. We'll pull everything on those Omicrons. Shoot the works and nothin' barred, but we gotta win. Crowthers'll help us 'cause he's too dumb to catch on. He's got to get their votes, that's all there is to it. We'll make Barnes president of the Student Association or die in the attempt".

"Sure we will".



"You bet".

"We got to, that's all".

Barnes smiled his appreciation. His face wore a queer expression. Maybe because he was trying to keep something back, something important.

Promptly at a quarter to eight a black Cadillac with nickel trimmings pulled up to the curb in front of the Lambda House. Sam leaped out and running up the walk, dashed madly in the front door.

"Westervelt", he called, "Polly Westervelt".

"Coming in a jiffy", she answered. Her voice sent shivers up and down his spine. It was full-throated and mellow with just a trace of huskiness.

"S' all right. Take your time", he yelled back, wondering at the surge of emotion that swept through him. He felt as if something were about to happen, something he'd been waiting for.

In a few moments she came downstairs. She wore a claret evening gown with pert little doo-dads of fur at the shoulders, a stunning necklace, and a bracelet that matched her dress. But Sam didn't notice the gown, nor even the fur trimmings and jewelry. Seeing the girl, he staggered back, speechless with amazement.

"Well", she said, pausing on the last step. "Aren't you going to tell me I look pretty. I put this dress on specially for you".

Crowthers couldn't believe his ears. This apparition was his girl, his blonde, and she was right here before his very eyes.

"My,—my dear", he stammered, growing very red. I—I—

"You're glad to see me", she finished promptly. "I hope you are anyway, 'cause I've been simply dying to meet *you*. I've heard so much about you".

"Have you?" said Sam, partly recovered, "I hope nothing bad".

"No indeed, sir. Something very very nice indeed. But come on. Let's go riding and I'll tell you all about it". Taking his hand she led him outside to the car.

"What a stunning auto! Isn't it just *too* adorable?"

She slurred her words softly, speaking with just a trace of southern accent. Never before had Sam heard so thrilling a voice.

"It is pretty nice", he answered weakly, "It—it isn't mine".

"Well it's a beauty all the same and it's yours tonight. So let's go for a ride."

"Anything you say", said Crowthers, handing her into the car. "Where'll we go?"

"Oh, anywhere".

The car purred softly away.

"I know", she said, "let's find some quiet spot where we can talk. Just you and I." Her voice was soft and low. Those big hazel eyes looked Sam full in the face.

"What about Sand Shore?"

"That'll be dandy, just the place".

There was a slight pause. Sam had difficulty keeping his mind on the road. "I've seen you off and on", he said, "always hoped I'd get to meet you".

"Really", Polly answered, toying with the lapel of his coat, "you say such nice things! Tell me, you went to Broadlawn, didn't you?"

"Why yes, how did you know?"

"Silly boy. I've seen your picture in the papers. You *did* play football, didn't you?"

"Well—I played some". Crowthers glued his eyes to the road ahead. He simply had to navigate this last corner. The car swung sharply to the left, coursed down a bumpy sand lane, and came to a halt under some pine trees on the shore of a tiny lake.



"What a heavenly night", sighed Polly and leaning back in the heavily upholstered seat, she tilted her head on the cushions. "I love these quiet places", she whispered, "only the stars and the moon and maybe a night bird or two. Everything so cozy and restful." As she spoke she shifted position. Her knees brushed Sam's leg.

The touch of her thrilled him.

"It's wonderful", he said inarticulately, "so still—"

His arm crept around her. She cuddled closer.

"Oh, darling", he burst out, "I've got to tell you. Ever since I first saw you, I,—I—"

Polly was smiling and her eyes were moist.

"You dear, dear boy. You want to say you love me? Well, say it. I want to hear that from you more than anything in the world. I never believed that bunk about love at first sight until you came—"

Sam pressed closer. A spasm of excitement shook his body. Leaning over, he kissed her, and her lips yielded to his, softly, subtly. A lock of her hair caressed his cheek. He felt himself bursting with mad joy. His hand stroked her hair and crept down the smooth satin of her neck. She pushed him away suddenly.

"You must tell me all about everything, Sam dearest. Were you ever in love before?"

Sam's eyes flickered. "No, never", he cried, choking with emotion. "I never in my life loved a girl the way I love you".

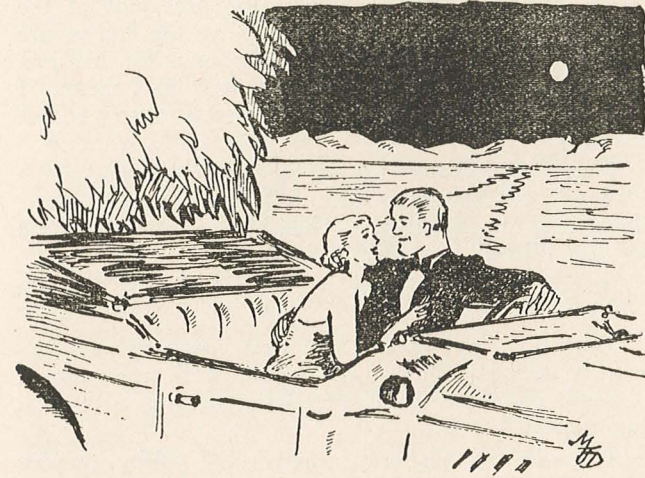
"I'm glad, dear", she cried softly, "but let's talk about something else. I can't wait to see you play football. When's the first game?"

"I—I guess in a couple of weeks or so".

"Well, I'll be right there. You can count on little Polly. Oh," she giggled, "I'm so happy, so terribly awfully happy".

A slight pause.

"Sam", she said suddenly, "I'll bet you were popular in your school. I'll bet you were a leader in everything".



"Well", he answered modestly, "I *was* president of my class".

"Oh Sam!" Another pause. "You know what. I was talking to a little freshman girl today, and she says they're holding elections in four weeks or so. Why don't you run for president of your class. I know you'd get it".

Sam shrugged, pretending indifference. "I dunno", he said, "hadn't thought twice about it".

"Well, think it over and say, by the way, you live with the Betas, don't you?"



Sam nodded.

"Know Fred Barnes?"

"Know Barnsy? Huh, guess I do. He's my roommate".

"Is he really?" Polly's eyebrows lifted in surprise. "Well, anyway, Fred's running for president of the Student Association, and we girls at the house are solidly behind him. He's the only man for the job, the only one with "talent" if you get what I mean. I wish you'd talk him up to the freshmen when you get a chance".

"Gee, Polly, thanks for telling me". A broad smile widened on Crowther's face. "Barnsy's a quiet cuss. Never tells me anything". Then after a moment, "You just bet I'll talk him up!"

Another silence. "Like it with the Betas?" Polly asked suddenly.

"Like it? Say, they're the best chaps going. Especially Barnes. He's so quiet—and well, unassuming, all kinds of talent. Yep, the Betas are a good bunch, damn good!"

"I should say they are", cried Polly. "Why, they've done more for this college and us girls, too, than I could tell you in a week of Sundays. Oh, but let's not talk anymore. I'm tired of talking. Let's just rest. It's so pretty here".

She sighed and raised her arms over her head. The fulsome curve of her bosom rippled the thin gown. Sam looked longingly at her. That golden hair—those, blue, blue eyes, he'd never seen anyone more beautiful.

Leaning over he kissed her again. Kissed her lips. It was a long kiss, dreamy at first, then pulsing with new life. His head grew hot. Beads of sweat stood out on his brow. Again he carressed the satin of her

neck. His hand dropped lower. At last, overcome, he found himself pulling her close, crushing her against him—and this time she didn't draw away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Days later, Sam couldn't get the memory of the first night with Polly out of his mind. He walked around the campus in a daze. He thought of it at night when he should have been asleep and in the afternoons when his mind should have been football. Of course he'd seen her lots since then, but things are always more precious at first. You can't explain why. They just are. Now he *would* do big things. He'd play football as he never played before. He'd make the freshman class 100% for Barnes. He'd even get himself elected president. His ambitions ceased to be ends in themselves, they were means of pleasing Polly!

The night before the opening game, Sam lay tossing on his bed. A terrible sense of responsibility oppressed him. He *had* to make good. The cheering sections *had* to yell his name. He'd be playing football, he couldn't hear, but Polly'd be there. She'd know he was doing it for her and feel happy and proud. She was his, and he was hers. Nothing could be simpler. His mind worked constantly, evolving new plans to please her. He had to win the freshman class to Barnes' side. He'd make it unanimous, but how? Then an idea struck him. Back at high school, in Silent Owl, they'd done something spectacular when they wanted to win approval. He had it now. He'd try the same stunt here. A great idea slowly took form in his mind. If he went through with it Polly would be proud of him, terribly proud.

He thought of it so much he hardly slept a wink, and next afternoon he had to play football. Before



he knew it the game was on. Fulton was playing some little jerkwater place, and only a handful of cars dotted the sidelines. Sam's heart sank, but Polly was there. He'd *show her* anyway. The jerkwater college freshmen turned out to be good, plenty good, and they romped all over Sam and his team-mates. The only time he had a chance to carry the ball he fumbled, and then the game was over. He looked for Polly. Her car was the only one on the field, and just as he started in her direction, she drove off.

That night when he called to see her, she was sweet as she could be. Never said a word. It only made matters worse, though, for he was more determined than ever to make a go of things. He was tired, so he returned to the Beta house early and went to bed. Barnes came in before he dropped off to sleep.

"Say, Barnsy", Sam called, "I want to tell you something".

"Okay kid, shoot".

"Well, I'm getting a bunch of the fellows and girls together tomorrow. I'm going to sell you to 'em in a big way".

Barnes grinned goodnaturedly. "That's the stuff", he said, "feed 'em anything, get their votes. But let us do the politickin', get me?"

Sam nodded, mind filled with thoughts of the morrow.

Next morning at lunch a band was playing on the porch of the commons. "Vote for Barnes" signs littered the dining room. The Betas had planned their campaign carefully. If Sam got the freshman votes they were all set. They couldn't lose. Sam called a meeting of his class that afternoon in the old gym.

"Listen folks", he said, taking his place on the

platform. We've got to support the best man when these elections roll around, and we all know who he is".

There was loud clapping. Shouts of "Barnes, Vote for Barnes."

"Barnes is the only chap fit for the job", said Sam impressively, "and he's going to get it. It's up to us in the freshman class to swing him our vote. That's all there is to it". He paused, then went on with increasing vigor, "Barnes is a man who puts his college first and his fraternity second".

The crowd grew enthusiastic. They yelled and stamped on the floor. Another slight commotion in the rear. Some Betas entered and stood near the door. Their advent was greeted with more stamping and cheering.

Sam warmed to his subject, "Yes", he cried, "Barnes places his college first and his fraternity second. That's the only fair thing. And we of the freshman class"—he spoke slowly and distinctly, emphasizing each word, "have worked out a plan to help him do it. I got the President's consent this morning. It becomes official tomorrow. No more crooked voting, no more politics, Barnes'll win and he'll win fairly".

The uproar grew in intensity. Sam shouted over it, "Prexy says this is the finest thing ever, a step forward in democracy for Fulton College".

He paused a second, then continued in a lower tone. "Will you fellows kindly hand out those papers I gave you? Pass them through the audience. They contain a printed statement of the plan. That's it. Distribute them thoroughly".

There was a long pause and greater commotion.

"I have one here in my pocket", cried Sam, "I'll read it to you".



A hushed silence fell over the house. Crowthers cleared his throat and began.

"Inasmuch as we feel elections at Fulton should be eminently fair and just, we recommend the following proposals: First that elections be deferred until January, so that everyone may become better acquainted with the candidates and their several policies.

Second, that nominations for this office take place under faculty supervision. That they occur the last week in December."

"We must prevent lobbying", he added significantly.

The Betas, standing by the door, shifted uneasily and eyed one another.

"And third", continued Sam, that these nominations outlined above be made not by petition as heretofore, but by a board composed of delegates. Each fraternity and sorority shall have three delegates".

He rolled the words out on his tongue.

"And each dormitory three delegates. Lastly", went on Sam, shouting above tumultuous cheering, "*three* candidates must be placed in nomination. I'm sure you see the justice of it. No one can play dirty politics. The man elected will be the real choice of the students. It's not as easy to fool three chosen men as it is to fool the public. So the right men will be nominated and the best one elected".

He paused, preening himself for a last great effort, "We must end forever at Fulton government of fraternities, by fraternities, and for fraternities".

Another pause. Sam was overcome with his own eloquence. His voice rose to a thin shriek, "We must elect a man who represents not his own bunch, but his own college".

Great applause.

"The Betas have such a man", he cried, "a great man.

I refer to Fred Barnes without whose support this plan would have been a failure".

A tremendous burst of noise shook the rafters. It rose and swelled, fell and rose again. Then a queer silence. One of the Betas elbowed his way forward and jumped to the platform.

"He's lying", the speaker shouted, incoherent with rage, "he's lying. He's nuts. Barnes never sanctioned that plan. Why Fred——"

When Sam returned to his room he found to his surprise that his bags were all packed and his suits laid out on the bed. The deep red one, his favorite, lay on top, trousers wrinkled and unpressed. A note was pinned to its coat. He read hurriedly,

"You meddling damn fool kid", it said, "take your stuff and get the hell out. If I find you here, I'll beat the pants offa you.—Barnes."

Sam sank to the bed, note clutched in lifeless fingers. He was at a loss to understand. His plan couldn't have worked. Something was wrong somewhere, but what? He'd thought over the details carefully, too. Well, it was beyond him.

Then he remembered Polly. He'd phone her. He loved her more than anyone in the world. She couldn't let him down after he'd done all this for her. He hurried to the phone and called the Lambda house. In a moment he recognized Polly's voice. It was cold, dreadfully cold, and her words seared him like icicles.

"Run along, stupid", she said, "I'm Barnes's girl, and if you weren't so damn dumb you'd've caught on long ago. Don't bother to come to see me. I'm not home, see." Her receiver clicked viciously. Crowthers stood staring into his for a long time. Then he shook his head slowly back and forth, wagging it faster as light dawned. He went back into his room and



began, mechanically, to pack his bag. He couldn't think. Not now, anyway. His mind was blank.

Ten minutes later he hurried across campus toward Brookside Hall, carrying his grips. Several girls passed him and caroled sweetly, but he recognized no one. His eyes were fixed on the ground. Once he would have thought these girls beautiful, their cheeks red and fresh like apples, their lips kissable. A sudden jar brought him to his senses. He hadn't looked where he was going. Probably bumped right square into someone. He forced himself to straighten up and apologize. A girl was glaring at him, small eyes squinting wearily from her putty face. Her lips were pouted and red as blood.

"I'm sorry", Sam mumbled, and turned away.



## BIG CYPRESS SWAMP

JOHN BILLS

**B** RIT's home was a small thatched hut at the northern end of a quarter acre of hammock which rose as a small island in the middle of Big Cypress Swamp. The Southern tip was an impenetrable tangle of brush, vines and barbed things. On still nights a sour smell hung over it.

During high water Brit ventured forth with jugs in a boat. But none other could have followed, for even a hundred yards, the narrow channels he traversed. Logs and mud banks would have barred their way; sunken logs would have snagged them. So, during high water, Brit had groceries and vegetables and tobacco. But when the waters were low, his path out lay through the trees and the cypress knees and the sand bars, which were firm and did not suck living things into their deeps.

And during high water he often brought back a whole hog and fed the entrails or the head to Old Bozo, the huge gator that had holed in beneath his shack. He brought corn for the squirrels. As for the snakes, he brought extra cartridges to shoot them with although usually he snapped off their heads with a switch. Save for the snakes, Brit was at peace with the wild life of the swamp.

When the waters were low and he could not ferry his kegs to the outer world, Brit sometimes trapped the squirrels and the young alligators. The squirrels he broiled over the fire; from the gator's tails he cut juicy steaks, which he fried in their own fat. At such times he dug into the muck and found roots which were nourishing.

He was a kind hearted fellow, this Brit, the river rat. Somewhere twenty odd years before he had fled



from the law. At least that was the rumor along the St. Johns. And so for twenty years he had evaded the paths where men traveled, shunned the places where they lived. Being an outcast, he could make his living only by plying an outlawed pursuit. Yet for twenty years he had harmed no man, neither in property nor person. Even his kegs were well charred and the liquor in them pure.

Infrequently, when the waters were low, he would get out his boat and go far up the river fishing. This was risky, but hunger is fearless. On one of the trips he was passing a camp of city fishermen when one of them came screaming down the bank, limping. The dreaded cotton mouth had bitten him. His companions were helpless. It was Brit who applied the tourniquet, made from the tail of his own shirt; and it was he who slashed the bitten place and sucked it, who emptied one of his shells and poured in powder and fired it. The man lived.

The river folk tell of his saving two children, playing along the banks, from drowning; of his tracking a mad man who had murdered his wife and child into the depths of the swamp and bringing him out alive.

There came a wave of reform in these parts. A new sheriff was elected, one who loved the spotlight and kept his badge well polished. In his day-dreams this sheriff saw his picture in the Sunday Supplements of great newspapers:—"Desperate Outlaw Captured—Twenty Years Hidden in Impenetrable Swamp—Man Wanted by the Law for Two Decades Caught at Last—Police of Many Cities Fail but Florida Sheriff Brings Desperado from Swamp Single Handed . . ."

There had been no rain for many weeks. The river was the lowest in the memory of the oldest fisherman. The muck in Big Cypress was a huge tinder bed.

Then the hunting season opened. There were turkey and deer in the swamp which had never heard the sound of a gun, so many sportsmen with costly togs and shiny equipment entered the fringes of the swamp.

Brit heard the distant shooting. The squirrels and the feathered things jumped or flitted about nervously. Danger lurked along the outskirts of the swamp. It came to them, muffled, over the tops of the big cypresses. But the danger from the guns was mere thunder; before the day was over Brit's nostrils quivered with a new danger. Some fool and a match . . .

The swamp was afire!

During the night Brit felt his way to the northern sloughs from which came the acrid smoke. He looked up at the sky and his lips moved; he was praying for rain. Torrential rain alone could save the squirrels, the myriad birds and all his wild friends. But not even a cloud the size of a man's hand dimmed the clear moonlight. And the northern breeze was freshening.

As he approached the fire, birds fluttered by him, the little ones crashing into bushes in vain endeavor to fly. Wild things scurried over the cracked muck. Even snakes wriggled between his feet, not heeding. And in the wind the boughs of great trees rubbed together, groaning.

Then sparks began to fall at his feet and to smoulder. The breeze was increasing. Suddenly he saw flames leaping from cane tufts to branches, from tree to tree. Bending low, at times crawling, he found his way back to his camp. He wanted his rifle, a fishing rod, a few personal things. The fire was still some distance away, racing by his little island to the west. He broke from the bushes and rushed up to his shack.

The drawn revolver and the shiny badge of the sheriff confronted him.

"Hands up; you're under arrest!"



It was the voice from which he had hidden for twenty years.

"This way", ordered the sheriff, "and I'll shoot damned quick".

"You can't get through that way," said Brit, "the fire . . ."

"Do as I say", shouted the sheriff.

"There's only one way out and we gotta move fast", "I know this swamp."

The sheriff pulled his revolver. "I'll shoot you and drag out your carcass, you murderer. The police of twenty cities have failed for twenty years, but I have succeeded."

Brit bowed his head and moved in the direction indicated, but only for a few yards. The wind, now a gale, turned north-northwest; sparks fell about their feet. The tops of the great cypresses bowed before the terrific blasts.

"One way", Brit shouted, "Come on".

The sheriff excited pulled his gun and aimed it point blank at Brit's back. But intuition, born of twenty years vigilance, impelled instant action. Brit threw himself forward and the bullet grazed his hair.

Then Brit lay on the ground and watched. A gust of wind drove smoke and fire directly into the sheriff's face. He coughed, vainly wiped his blurred eyes. Suddenly, he forgot about his captive and the Sunday Supplements and looked wildly about. The heat had increased; another gust in his face as from a furnace. Then he completely lost his nerve and started to run.

The fugitive jumped to the rescue, tripped the sheriff and dragged him behind a cluster of palmettoes. He helped him to his feet and pushed him eastward. The river rat urged, shouted, even kicked his captor—fire overhead hissing, roaring through the trees; fire underfoot snapping in every tuft of grass, every bunch

of reeds. And everywhere smoke, thick, choking, strangling smoke. It seemed hours.

The sheriff stumbled and fell, his face gray. Brit covered the face with his own body that the lungs might clear, and then kicked him onward. At last firmer ground, a break in the jungle, the open prairie and—fresh, pure air.

Then the sheriff fainted, and Brit worked over him for half an hour until normal breath was restored. Slowly the officer got to his feet and felt for his gun.

"We'll go north", he ordered, "my men are there. You walk in front".

But Brit turned south. The sheriff pulled his gun; it slipped from the shaky fingers. And into the weird, moving shadows of forest fire and moonlight the figure of Brit, the river rat disappeared.



## MIDNIGHT

### BUCKLIN MOON

It was winter. The room was like the ground outside. The only breaks in color were the old man's china blue eyes and the red of the nurse's lips. The smell of the hospital was everywhere. It was thick like fog. And it was quiet save for the ticking of the doctor's watch. At first it relieved the monotony, but soon it became a part of it. Tick. Tick. Tick.



The old man smiled at the doctor with pleading eyes, eyes that seemed to have a barrier before them. The nurse sighed.

"Isn't there something that we can do, Doctor?"

He turned and gave her a professional smile.

"Guess not. Poor devil, it's merely a matter of time."

Tick. Tick. Tick.

Slowly the figure seemed to melt like ice, and then freeze again. The blue eyes looked up at the ceiling. They no longer pleaded, and the barrier had lifted. Carefully the doctor closed them and left the room without once turning around. The nurse moved some flowers nearer to the bed and sighed. Then she looked at the chart at foot of the bed.

Name—Unknown.

Case—Concussion of the brain.

Address—None.

Relatives—None.

She closed the window's crack of light and tip-toed from the room. Passing down the long corridor she saw two nuns like dim shadows in the dim light. Then she began to think about a young man named Harry. And she softly whistled a catchy popular song.

Out in the great city a little white muff of a cur sat on a curb. Every now and then he whined and went over to sniff at some dark red spots in the snow. And then he turned his face to the moon and howled.

## A NEW REMEDY FOR MARTIE

MARIAN TEMPLETON

MARTEEEE! Have y' got any Lifebuoy? Mine's all washed up." Dorie stretched perilously through her curtainless window and peered across the court. Following the clapping sound of worn mules over a thin rug, Martie appeared at the window. She whooped the factory soot from the ledge and rested on her elbows.

"How much d'ya want?" she asked listlessly.

"Oh—any piece'll do. What'cha ever cryin' for?"

"Nothin'." Leaning against the begonia-cluttered window sill, Martie answered her girl friend eight feet across in another tenement. "Nothin', Dorie." She dug a damp grey ball from her apron pocket and stuck it to the end of her nose.

Sensing a chat, Dorie settled her neeted arms around a mangy geranium pot and waited. "Bet you and Jim had a fight."

"Well—no—not a fight." The sniffer sniffed a bit before blurting out between sobs: "Jim's left me—for good he says."

"The dirty bum! Anytime I'd let a man give me the walk-out. What'd he say?" This was going to be swell.

"I dunno. He just took his bag and the radio—and walked out. Now I can't even hear Bing sing. It's awful!" Her grimy throat belched sobs.

Dorie bit an infinitesimal hang-nail, then said as if inspired: "Say—y'don't think—it couldn't be that—well, you know what the ads say about your best friend not telling you."

The geranium was inspected minutely for bugs.



"No, I ain't got halytosis," defended Martie. "My breath's all right today and I already saw the dentist this year."

The damp wad was saturated so she put it in the monogrammed pocket and reached for the hem of her white apron.

"Jim's too good a man to go off w'thout sayin' why. Maybe you done somethin' wrong. Maybe there's somethin' about you he don't like."

"Yeah, I suppose so." Deep sighs steamed from Martie. "But I know it ain't B. O. that offended him and cooled our romance—like the ads say. Jim was just as nice to me indoors as outdoors—even nicer indoors." She closed her eyes to repicture Jim's kissing her ear. "And I don't use no soap that leaves M. S."

"M. S.?" Dorie lingered over the flower-pot so amply frosted with cigarette ashes.

"Sure—medicine smell—the soap that keeps your pores from clogging up".

"That's a new one on me." She asked hopefully: "Well, how about your undies?"

"Oh, I lux 'em every day. And Jim and I both use Nosmell for sweatin'. I mean perspirin'. Only horses sweat."

Dorie whispered slowly: "I know a girl whose boyfriend gave her the go-by because she had dandruff. Only he called it mange."

"Not me. I use a hair tonic that stimulates circulation. The directions say I could get a new head of hair in one treatment."

"Gee—I'll have to try it. That Blonder powder makes my hair look like stale coffee."

The noise from the rooms below obliterated all sounds. Probably Mr. Casey was beating up Mrs. Casey—or maybe she was having another baby.

"I meant to tell ya," Martie continued a shade less dolefully, "I got some new incense at the ten cent store. It's swell to use after you cook fried onions. It smells carnation-like."

"You'd do anything to please Jim, wouldn't you?" half sneered Dorie. "If a man's that much trouble, why d'ya bother to have him around all the time?"

"Oh, he's sorta sweet and loving. I read in a newspaper column that if you're always sweet and clean you can't lose your man."

"Huh! That sounds like advice to the lovelorn. Tell ya something I did buy yesterday, and it's pretty good. It's a wonderful new face powder for hiding wrinkles and preventing large pores. The salesgirl said my beauty needed it."

"I'll say it does. You sure have to do a lot to keep up with the vitamins 'n soaps 'n face creams. Now I hear you can't keep young unless y'eat oranges every day."

"n pineapple."

"n grape-juice," added Martie. "It gives you hemoglobins."

"Hemo-what?"

"He-mo-glo-bins. They're things that carry ox-y-gen to the blood. Ox-y-gen's air, y'know."

"Hmmmm! All that. Wish I could get something to stop me from having hiccoughs after I drink beer."

"Holdin' your breath is best for hiccoughs—if you don't hold it too long." Martie almost smiled, then remembered her grief and sniffed some more.

"Say—next thing you'll be takin' bird seed so you can croon."

"Oh gwan!" Martie pushed her tri-cornered green and white head band from her moist forehead: "Your



coffee sure smelt good this morning—better than what I got to serve up at the shop.”

“It’s a coffee without caffeine—helps stop my billious attacks.”

“I gotta get some kind that won’t keep me awake nights. Gee, I’m just dead.”

“Huh! You look as if you’d never seen a bed. Y’need one of those mattresses advertised in Adams basement. Their ads show you before ’n after sleepin’ on them. Before has dull eyes, drooping mouth—’n after says glowing skin, sparkling eyes—’n all that rot. Sometimes I think these ad writers take us for a ride.”

“Yeah, I suppose so. But my bed’s good enough,” she added.

“Sure it is,” assured Dorie, “for what you use it.”

“Oh!” Martie turned purple-red, then said defiantly: “I just can’t see why Jim’s gone. I even bought bran flakes ’n epsom salts ’n youthifying cream like the ads say you just have to do.”

“Maybe Jim’s just cranky,” encouraged Dorie. “Maybe his stomach’s upset. Why don’t you get him something to stop his burping?”

Martie flared: “He doesn’t burp—much. Anyway he chews mints for his digestion. Oh, I could just die!” Twin tears traced pink gulleys down her cheeks. Her orange greased lips were shiny wet.

The two girls were wordless again as Mrs. Sittlebaum on the second floor screamed for her brood to come to lunch. Martie continued to heave quietly, her sniffing stringy. “I guess my romance has just all petered out.” For lack of a sleeve she wiped her nose on a soft fore-arm. Fine down flattened with the moisture.

Dorie scratched her frizzed bleach-brown hair slowly, then leaned far out the window to look past Mrs. Mulligan’s wash into the street. Suddenly she jerked

out: “Hey, there’s Jim, and he’s comin’ upstairs.” Disgustedly she added: “You’re all wet as usual. He ain’t left you. Go on in and put on a smile for him. ’N stop sniffing. I’ll see you later.” Dorie gave the flower pot a yank to one side and disappeared into her room.

Martie backed head and shoulders from the window frame.

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later Martie called over to Dorie: “Are ya busy?”

A yellow face appeared at the window.

“What in heaven—?”

“Don’t throw a panic,” advised Dorie. “I’m just giving myself an egg facial. Well—?” she hoisted her kimona clad legs onto the window sill, “what about Jim? Did he bring back his laundry?”

“Oh, everything’s swell now. We got tickets for the firemen’s ball tonight. And he brought back the radio. It needed new tubes.”

“Yeah, I thought so. But what was wrong? Didn’t he say somthin’?”

Martie fingered her begonia and said as if ashamed: “I guess he don’t like my perfume.”

“Oh, so that’s it. What kind d’ya use?”

“Secret Sin—I get it at the 5 and 10.”

“Good Gosh, that stuff! No wonder!” Dorie pursed her lips and said: “Say, I know just the kind you need.”

“Yeah?” Martie leaned far out the window to hear better.

“Romantic Night.”

(This capable burlesque is considered by one of the sponsors, to be more appropriate for such publications as *Hooey* and *Ballyhoo* than for such magazines as *The Flamingo* or *The Midland*. It is very well done.—W. WATTLES)



## OBSSESSED

CONSTANCE ETZ

**B**URNING ever in me,  
Never to let me be,  
A fire of raging madness,  
Tempestous as the sea.

As of gypsy lassies  
Writhing in the flame,  
Tortuous happy sadness,  
Emotion without name.

Devils tear assunder  
Smothered worlds eternal.  
Volcanic fires destroying  
Minds and souls infernal.

Weird unnatural being  
In a world alone,  
Lightning on the darkness,  
Chalk marks on a stone.

## THE PULITZER PRIZES IN LITERATURE

RICHARD BURTON

**T**HE most influential and coveted awards for literary accomplishment in this country are the so-called Pulitzer Prizes, annually announced from Columbia University in New York. The money value of these prizes is small, compared with the occasional recognition for the best work in fiction, or non-fiction offered by publishers, as where ten thousand dollars is paid for the winning novel, or five thousand dollars for the finest work that is outside fiction, both these awards being annual. In contrast, the Pulitzer prizes are only a thousand dollars, except for the best work in history writing, for which the award is two thousand. But modest as this monetary recognition is, the critical recognition it carries makes the winner who treasures reputation as the highest return for his work, more gratified than if financially he had received ten times the sum.

While the reading public, and all who are interested in literary matters, are aware of the existence of these Pulitzer awards, and show a keen interest each season in the results, I find that there is much confusion with regard to the conditions under which the prizes are distributed, and I purpose here to make plain both the origin of the bequest and the manner in which the decisions are reached, as well as the underlying intention of the donor and the way his intention is carried out under the authority of Columbia. Let me add that for the last seventeen years, I have been on some of several Pulitzer committees whose business it is to administer the prizes as given. I have served consecutively on the Drama, Fiction, Poetry, and Biography committees, and for the fifth year am now on the last-



mentioned. Therefore, I am in a position to be aware of the inside working of the plan. The late Joseph Pulitzer, editor and owner of The New York World, one of the country's famous newspapers (now, by merger, the World-Telegram), when he died over 20 years ago left a large sum of money in his will for the establishing of The Columbia School of Journalism, and also for a dozen prizes, to be known by his name, five of them in Literature, as follows: a thousand dollars for the best play produced in New York city on the given year, and a similar amount for the best novel, book of poems, book of historical writing, and best biography. All of them receive \$1,000, save the history award, as stated, which is double that sum. An Advisory Committee, as it is called, is appointed by the School of Journalism, consisting of eight or ten leading journalists from all parts of the land, and it is their function to name three men, in each award, to constitute a committee which shall read all books submitted by the publishers as competitors in the race, select the winner in each case, and then recommend such winner to the Advisory Board. Whereupon the announcement is made public. One misunderstanding has arisen because, although the prize announcements are always made in the spring of the year (for example the next award will be made in April of 1934), they always refer to the preceeding completed year. Thus, the 1934 award will include only books that have appeared during 1933, the year before. Often critics say, "why in the world has so-and-so's fine work been overlooked?" The answer is, because his book did not fall within the time-limit.

Now, as to the donor's intention in giving these prizes. He distinctly states in his will that he wished to encourage literary art in his own country by drawing attention to works that best illustrated the praise-

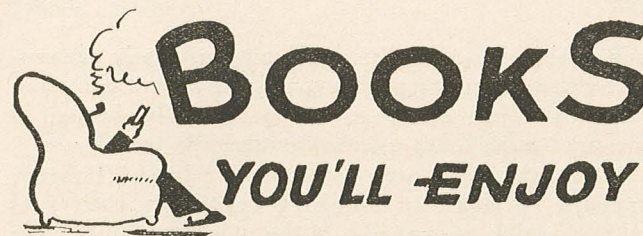
worthy features of our native civilization. He did not speak of literary excellence as primary in the decision. Hence the jurymen have often been puzzled by what test to award the prizes. They have concluded, however, that in awarding prizes for literary merit they obviously should have literary accomplishment in mind, and so, in the fivefold divisions described here, they have judged the books as works of art, and so decided on the winners.

To illustrate: the fiction award for last spring was the Tennessee writer, T. S. Stribling's *The Store*. Read it and you will see that it is basically a serious social study of earlier conditions in that part of the south. But also it is well done, a strong piece of imaginative presentation. Therefore, the award. Similarly, the drama award was for Maxwell Anderson's *Both Your Houses*, a vivid satiric comedy showing up the corruption of a typical congressional committee at Washington. In brief, the aim of the jury committees is to choose works which perform a double service: exploit some phase of the national life, and second, do it in an artistic way, so that we have a right to call it Literature. But there is never complete agreement about matters pertaining to the arts, so plenty of critics yearly savagely attack the findings of the various committees. I have myself come in for such criticism, as one of three persons to make the choice. The easiest answer to all such, is to remark, "Try it yourself, and see if you can do better under the circumstances!" The triumvirate of judges, in each award, might be pictured as amiably in complete agreement in coming to a decision. But nothing is further from the fact. We often fight like cats and dogs over the question, and sometimes choice is not made until after blood flows. It is an amusing proof that, after all, in all attempts to see eye to eye regarding such matters, individual opinion



will prevent complete unanimity, and the tests upon which judgment is based, will never be quite the same.

But I think one thing can be said without fear of dispute: these literary awards, made possible through the foresight and generosity of the late Joseph Pulitzer, are a gratifying stimulus to the younger writers of America, and these annual prize winnings keep the significance of Letters before the general public in a fashion both desirable and helpful to the cause of contemporary Literature. Remember, only native authors, dealing with subjects that emerge out of the national life, are in the running for the Pulitzer Prizes. I hope someday and why not now?—a Rollins student will be the honored recipient of one of these awards.



*DARK HAZARD*, by *W. R. Burnett*;  
Harper Bros., \$2.50

Here is a novel of general appeal, and unless the reader holds an antipathy for the uneasy details of life, he will like it.

One should not be antagonized by learning that it is a story of gambling and racing, for the attraction it carries is not restricted to followers of the track. The inside story of dog racing has probably never been opened wide, and the turf has perpetually overshadowed it in the conception of both writer and reader. In *DARK HAZARD* we find the sport of kings relegated to comparative insignificance when the old racetrack tout who dominates the story transfers his affection completely, albeit reluctantly, to the greyhound contests.

Any reader who fears to find himself upon foreign ground can be assured that here he will unearth a strong appeal, though he neither knows nor cares for the track. Here surely is substance to please the character-hunter, the suspense-hound, the sympathy-giver, the villain-hater, and the animal lover, as well as him who revels merely in a story well told. There is even a smattering of the risque for those who demand a certain minimum of outspokenness.



The title is unusually significant: a clearly observable cloud hovers throughout, and the love of gambling from which Jim Turner seems unable to free himself is the motivating force and keynote of the tale.

When the lithe little greyhound, "Dark Hazard", appears, he leads us through a beautifully clear pattern, of which he, dog-like, is the unwitting cause. He epitomizes the implied menace that has gone before, and we realize even without the revelation in the title that he is the *raison d'être* of the book. We watch him turn the treadmill governing the lives of the human characters before us, knowing that the progress of their existence hinges vitally upon his influence.

A fine balance is maintained between the unglossed hardships and the soothing comforts which fill the few years in the lives of Jim and Marg Turner with which we are concerned. Therein lies the author's achievement: nothing is outstanding save the whole.

Burnett's epigram is homely, his dialogue perforce commonplace, and his humor scarce, for the sincerity with which he directs his story precludes other treatment. The author stands his ground with his only weapon the power to narrate absorbing events with an expressive forthrightness eliminating all need for delicacy; the solid foundation of his convincing style suffices to support his work without embellishment.

---

TWENTY YEARS A-GROWING by *Maurice O'Sullivan*  
*The Viking Press, \$2.50*

Irish literature to the fore in a refreshing bit of writing that carries the conviction of reality as it unfolds the story of little Blasket Island. It possesses a style to revel in.

THE ROAD TO CULTURE by *Charles Gray Shaw*  
*Funk and Wagnall's*

Not the prosaic guidebook to refinement that the title might suggest, but a valuable bit of advice on how to grasp the heart of things that may have been overlooked, and especially worthy for its admirable rhetoric construction.





## AUTHOR'S PARADE

John Strachey sailed for England on December twenty-second. His American friends exacted a promise from him that he would not write a book on America. They must have seen a twinkle in his eye, for he is now writing as a preface to one of his books, his most vivid impressions of America.

---

An amazing volume is on its way! Fifty-seven writers, chosen from sixteen different countries are compiling "A Survey of Persian Art". This tome will be published by the Oxford University Press some time next fall.

---

Hugh Walpole thinks that from the viewpoint of an outsider England might well be populated with imbeciles and nincompoops: "What nonsense is this constant portrayal in contemporary fiction of neurotic, aimless, weak and hopeless beings."

---

A new war book is to be published on January fifteenth by Michel Corday, a man who was completely disillusioned by the war from the time the first shot was fired. This man was in the French Civil Service and was a friend of such men as Briand and Anatole France. The name of the book will be "The Paris Front, A Diary 1914-1918".

---

H. T. Webster has patterned "The Timid Soul" after his own image, and has taken the incidents from his

own experience. All of his drawing is done with his left hand, since three years ago he suffered a paralysis of the right hand, commonly known as "writer's cramp."

---

It is exceedingly strange that the publisher of this year's Nobel Prize winner should have forgotten that he ever published Ivan Bunin's "Gentleman From San Francisco". The publishers had to delve deep into their archives to discover what works by this new celebrity they had on record.

---

Ogden Nash arose one bright and sunny morning and discovered himself famous, all because of such lines as this:

"I sit in an office at 244 Madison Avenue, and say to myself, you have a responsible position, havenue?"

Why did the Lord give us agility  
If not to evade responsibility?"

---

Emil Ludwig has been laboring in Hollywood as technical advisor in the production of "Napoleon". He has completed this task, and is now on his way to Switzerland



## THE FLAMINGO

*Published Monthly by the Students of Rollins*

*Established March, 1927*

Subscription: \$1.50 a year; 25 cents a copy

Advertising rates on application

Winter Park, Florida

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