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2. For the Short Story adjudged second best—A "Literary Scholarship"
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The first prize cash award will be paid whether the literary scholarship is accepted or not.

The four stories ranking next highest will be awarded "Honorable Mention". The story winning the first prize will be published in the May, 1936 issue of *The Flamingo*.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Any Senior student in any high school or preparatory school in the United States is eligible to enter the contest.
2. All manuscripts must be submitted to the principal or headmaster of the local school who with a committee of three appointed by himself will select the best stories to represent the school. The stories must reach John Bills, editor of *The Flamingo*, Winter Park, Florida, not later than April 1, 1936. Announcement of schools and students winning prizes will be made in the May issue of *The Flamingo*. A return self-addressed envelope with postage attached should be sent with each manuscript.
3. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of the paper only and mailed flat.
4. The stories should be not less than 1,500 words, nor more than 3,000 words in length. All manuscripts must be submitted under a "pen name" and the writer's real name and address enclosed in a sealed, attached envelope.

JUDGES

A committee of distinguished writers, critics, and editors, to be announced later, will act as judges.

There is no "further information", as all conditions are stated above. Copies of this announcement may be had upon request to:

JOHN BILLS, Editor
The Flamingo
Winter Park, Florida

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation

VOL. X, No. 2

DECEMBER, 1935

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Race or Class

ROGER SHAW

IF LIFE is a struggle—and such seems in the year of grace 1935, to be the case—then there are various ways of waging it as one would wage a war. Many and complicated are the factors, which take in psychology, economics, blood, religion, overpopulation, pride. But two of these more important motivations rise above all others in the post-war twentieth century, two artificially stimulated impulses which now dominate what are potentially the outstanding nationhoods of Europe. They are, in short, race and class; or blood and economics, speaking ideologically.

The Third Reich of Adolf Hitler and the nazis is a race state; while the Soviet Union of the Politburo and the reds is a class state. Both countries are militant, and much alike in dictatorial method, but the two stand at opposite poles in their basic philosophies. Germany boasts of her aristocracy of nordic blood; Russia of her aristocracy of proletarian labor. The former has pursued, ruthlessly, a race war against the Jews; the latter an equally bitter class war against the bourgeois. In both dictatorships lunatic fringes of cranks and ultra-theorists have carried their measures to the *nth* degree, under revolutionary slogans of an almost unprecedented bitterness.

Russian class theories are derived, in toto, from Karl Marx and his famous Bible *Das Kapital* of 1861. It was Marx who first derived his theses from the phenomena of the class struggle which he saw going on

about him as the immediate result of the incoming industrial revolution. Looking back over history, he perceived a long record of class persecution and exploitation where other historians and economists had failed to perceive it. His views were coldly rational and anti-religious, thinking it terms of a famous formula which rejected race—"Workers of the World, Unite!" His was the call to class war, and the negation of inter-racial and international war. Hence Marx is the fully accredited founding father and primary thinker of reds and redness the planet over. He is, in short, the Crimson Christ.

So deeply are German nazis immersed in their race-consciousness that they are quite unable to understand the class dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia. Thinking of themselves as leaders of a nordic racial state, they overlook Russian economic theories, and insist upon branding Russia as a Jewish republic and part of a Jewish world conspiracy. Thus, they give their racial interpretation even to a Marxian country which rejects race, as such, and bases its whole setup on theories of economics.

Russian reds, on the other hand, are equally intolerant of the blatantly nordicized Third Reich. Since their Marxian economic thinking is based in large part on class exploitation theories, they brand the race struggle within Germany as a snare and delusion; and they declare that behind this violent facade of Jew versus Gentile is the underhanded sweating of the German proletariat by German big business, as constituted by Thyssen, Siemens, or the I. G. Farben. In short, Germans look upon the world today with race-tinted spectacles, while Russians are developing a veritable eyestrain as they peer through class-constituted lenses.

Within the Soviet Union, better than fifty races are encouraged to develop their own historic languages and cultures, and these races—which vary from Plattdeutsch to Kalmuck—have been setting up within the Union

their own national states. What holds Russia together, and has since 1917, is neither a common race nor a common language; but instead a common class rule, that of the proletariat. In Germany, on the other hand, Jews are no longer citizens and now enjoy a peculiar sub-nordic extraterritorial status which negates all equality theses of the French and American revolutions. It fares badly with *Jewish* bourgeois in Germany; and equally badly with a *bourgeois* Jew in Russia. Racially unclean or class-unclean, it hurts either way. . . . Jews and bourgeois, in the two ideologies, are ultra-parasites. Dr. Goebbels declares that Jews make him vomit; The *New Masses* prints even harsher things about bourgeois bestiality.

The nazis also have their basic founding father, although they have never accorded him the recognition that reds render to Marx. The German racists derive their theories, in substance, from Charles Darwin—father of heredity and evolution—who lived in the nineteenth century as a Marxian contemporary. His "*Origin of the Species*" was dated 1859. Darwin was among the gentlest and most unpolitical of scientists, and doubtless he would be exceedingly surprised to see how his discoveries have been put into effect by a "Darwinian" race state under brown auspices. Darwinism, like Marxism, was anti-religious in effect; and religion today is having a sorry time in the race and class states with their varying brands of atheism.

The Russians reject heredity and believe implicitly in social environment as the basis for a better mankind. Better the slums and you better the proletariat, which *is* the people. For this reason they have encouraged birth control and introduced abortion on a limited scale. The Germans, on the other hand, are firm followers of the heredity principle. They are opposed to birth control, and practice widespread sterilization to improve the racial blood and to eliminate hereditary dis-

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The Bishop Winked

LELA MARSH NEIL

TWO HUNDRED and fifty pounds of Henry P. Pratt's slumbering body tossed restlessly in a foam of heavy linen sheets rising from the soft down of a new Beauty Comfort mattress on an antiquated black walnut bedstead. Unconsciously he tossed his bald head from side to side; his lips emitted short smothered gasps against the pillow. He inhaled deeply through his wide nostrils, and summoning all his physical strength to the task, forced the air out again between tightly closed lips, producing an unharmonious, blubbing noise. In time his breathing became less regular, and his snores assumed a harsher tone so that at last he awakened himself.

Rolling from his back onto his side, he cast a sleepy glance at the clock on the night table beside him and watched the dense blur of sulphur clarify into Roman numerals, denoting the second hour of a hot Sunday morning. Mr. Pratt sighed. "Only two hours sleep," he said to himself, "and here I am as wide awake as a babe at feeding time. This is what I get for trying to sleep without first drinking my hot toddy." He groaned and rolled over.

Henry P. Pratt mentally reviewed the events of the day—the arrival of Bishop Quill in his stiff clerical attire, the stilted conversation at dinner, the exhibition of his library, the absence of his customary bedtime toddy. His mind dwelled on the latter incident. For the first time in thirty years he had gone to bed without first mixing for himself a good hot toddy conducive to slumber. But a man couldn't drink hot toddys when a visiting bishop lay asleep in the guest room. Yet at the same time he couldn't be expected to overcome in a night a habit which it had taken thirty years to form. Would God be-

grudge a man his sleep simply because one of His apostles disapproved of the preventive?

Mr. Pratt concluded that He would not, and forthwith emerged from the entanglement of rumpled sheets. Stumbling over to the closet he withdrew a dressing gown of green silk and a pair of badly scuffed brown slippers. Donning these as he left the room, he crossed the hall and found himself facing the wine closet next to the guest room. He groped in the dark for the door-knob, swung the door quietly open. Afraid to turn on the light lest its rays creep beneath the door of the guest room and betray his presence to the bishop, he allowed his hand to stray across the shelves in search of the bottles he knew so well. Thin air sifted through his fingers. Thinking that Mrs. Pratt had moved the whiskey farther back on the shelves, he thrust his whole arm into the apertures and swept it across the entire length of the boards. His finger tips grazed the wall behind them. The whiskey had disappeared.

Again entering the dark hall, Mr. Pratt saw a faint light under the door of his wife's bedroom. Like a bug, Henry P. crept past the guest room toward the light and rapped softly on the door confronting him.

He waited a moment. There was no answer. He stood fidgeting from foot to foot, trying to get up courage. Could he, he was thinking, risk asking her where she had put the stuff? Suddenly he heard a rustle, a slippered foot touch the floor.

"Who is it?" asked his wife's voice.

"It's me, Henry," he answered. "I want to talk to you a minute."

On the other side of the door Mrs. Pratt put aside the magazine which she lay in bed reading, and hurried to unlock the door.

"My word!" said her husband, gazing incredulously. "You look like a ghost. What's that white stuff on your face?"

"Its anti-wrinkle cream," she answered, climbing into bed again. "I was reading. What do you want?"

Mr. Pratt stood in the center of the room, legs akimbo, hands behind his back, his square chin thrust forward. "What's become of my whiskey?" he asked boldly. "It's not in the closet."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pratt, fastening a loose kid curler which hung precariously from a long strand of brown hair. "Oh, the cook and I moved it this morning. I was afraid the Bishop would go in there by mistake and see all that stuff, so I had Ella help me move it."

"That's the next thing I want to know," said Mr. Pratt. "Why is he staying with us when he has the whole congregation to choose from. What's he doing here any way?"

"Sh-h-h!" warned his wife with a frown. "He'll hear you." She continued in an undertone. "He's stayng with us because Mrs. Thompson, the president of the women's Auxiliary, asked me at meeting yesterday. It's our big house, dear. He'll only be here three days."

Mr. Pratt sighed.

"Now be a lamb, Henry. If anything should go wrong the bishop might not feel obliged to contribute to the parish house fund."

Mr. Pratt padded over to his wife's bedside and kissed a small greasy spot on the tip of her nose. "I'll be good, Harriet," he said tenderly. "I promise. Now tell me what you did with the whiskey, and I'll fix us both a toddy so we can get some sleep."

"With the bishop here? nonsense, Henry! You go on back to bed and stop thinking about it."

"But—," began Mr. Pratt.

"Pleasant dreams, dear."

"This is spreading the gospel a bit too

thick," he said with a touch of asperity as he strode out of the room and back to his own.

About to open his door, he thought he detected the scraping of a rocking chair on the floor below. He listened until the sound died away. "Probably the cat," he said to himself, "but I'd better see."

Relying on the wall for his sense of direction, he felt his way down the dark hall toward the stairway until his hand touched the cool wrought-iron of the bannister. The heavily carpeted stairs creaked beneath his weight, and once he thought he heard a foot-fall not his own. He stopped to listen, but the sound did not come again, and he continued the descent of the stairs, accrediting his nervousness to lack of sleep.

Reaching the cold tile of the floor below, he proceeded with soft steps into the long living room at his right, advanced a stubby finger toward the electric switch on the wall, and finding it, illuminated the room. At the far end of the room just beyond the long oriental rug, an antique rocking chair swayed quietly to and fro—but no cat. Mr. Pratt's eyes searched the remaining chairs and, finding them unoccupied, he crouched on his hands and knees to search the floor. "Kit-ee, kit-ee-kit-e-e!" he sang softly, crawling from chair to chair, lifting each chintz cover and surveying the space below. Unable to find the cat, he raised himself from the floor by means of a chair and, with a grunt, continued his search into the next room.

Mr. Pratt had half expected to find Thomas drinking from the flower bowl in the center of the table, but evidently the cat was not as thirsty as he. As a matter of habit, he looked beneath the table and on the three chairs surrounding it. Finally he searched the old china closet where he sometimes kept his smaller bottles of whiskey. Thomas was not there, nor was the liquor.

When Mr. Pratt entered the kitchen, he had begun to suspect the presence of a human form within his homestead. Thomas

was not about, and chairs do not rock of their own accord. Mr. Pratt was frankly worried, and his former self-confidence diminished by degrees. Just as his fingers grazed the wall in search of the switch, he heard a soft thud behind him, and in that moment his courage vanished. He turned to see a pair of eyes like burning coals glaring at him from some point immediately above the window-sill. Mr. Pratt allowed one hand to glide softly up and down the wall in a frantic search for the switch. Eventually he discovered it, flicked it on after a brief hesitation. "Oh, its you, Thomas," he said, sighing with relief as his eyes met those of a large black cat lying placidly in the window-sill, its body curled in a soft round ball and its head propped comfortably on white tipped paws. Thomas regarded Mr. Pratt without concern, yawned and closed his eyes.

"Why couldn't you be a bottle of whiskey, Thomas?" asked Mr. Pratt, thrusting the cat out the kitchen door into the night.

The mystery of the rocking chair solved, Mr. Pratt returned to search the kitchen cabinets and drawers for whiskey. He opened doors on creaky hinges and doors on oily hinges; each time he met with disappointment.

Ph-s—Bang! An explosive sound shook the Pratt home and vibrated through its rooms.

Mr. Pratt stood erect, his ears as alert as a dog's to the resounding echo. As it died away he bore his heavy body across the linoleum into the dark hall. With one hand on the wall, he felt his way to the door opening onto the stairs leading down to the library in the basement. Quickly he opened the door, pressed the electric switch, and flooded the stairway with light. He began a slow descent of the stairs until he reached a point from where he was able to see the brightly lighted room below. He remembered that he had switched off *that* light immediately after he had shown the library to Bishop Quill

earlier in the evening. Now, parallel to the top of the open doorway below him, two large Chinese slippered feet were discernible against the red background of the carpeted floor. Henry P. had never entertained the slightest degree of affection for the oriental. Hence, he viewed the foot-wear before him with considerable alarm as it moved beyond his vision. Nevertheless, he continued his snail-like descent of the stairs until at last he stood in the center of the doorway.

Henry Pratt loved this room; it belonged to him; it was his sanctuary, and he resented intruders.

Something black crouched by the table; as Mr. Pratt surveyed it curiously, he discovered it to be a man obviously unaware of his presence.

The stranger was on his knees, his back facing Mr. Pratt. He seemed to be searching the floor. Now and then he thrust an arm forward, picked something up, and cautiously placed it in his lap.

Mr. Pratt stood looking on silently. He realized that the man before him was very probably no ordinary human being. He might be a criminal, perhaps a very dangerous one. Mr. Pratt was unarmed; yet he had no qualms concerning his own ability to overcome the man. Mentally he planned his attack. He had the advantage so far, the intruder being unaware of his presence. He would slip up behind the man, grab his slippered feet, pull his knees out from under him, and lay him prone upon his stomach. What would happen after that only God could tell.

Mr. Pratt tripped cautiously across the carpet until he stood immediately behind the stranger. He was half conscious of a strong pungent odor as his hands seized the narrow ankles of the visitor and, with a tremendous pull, layed him parallel to the floor. Almost simultaneously Mr. Pratt flung his weight on the small of the man's back and with his hands on his shoulders,

pinned him to the floor. "Umph!" grunted the man beneath him.

It was then that Mr. Pratt detected something familiar about the bald head of his prisoner. Half relinquishing his grip, so that his own body might have more freedom, he bent over for a better view of the man's face. Mr. Pratt's eyes expanded to twice their normal size and his mouth gasped his astonishment as he viewed the face mashed against the door.

"Why Bishop!" he said, rising hurriedly. "Why Bishop Quill! I thought—I didn't know—"

Mr. Pratt's lower jaw dropped and his face reddened with embarrassment. With difficulty, his wabbling legs bore him to a chair, into which he sank weakly.

Breathing deeply, the bishop conveyed his aching body to the opposite chair and deposited himself therein. He fingered a jagged rent in the waist of his long black dressing gown. He was a man of diminutive height, in comparison with Mr. Pratt, and his Chinese slippers made him appear even shorter. As his spasmodic breathing became more regular, the blood withdrew from his face, and he removed his eyes from the rent in his robe to return the puzzled stare of his host. Taking a deep breath, he spoke.

"Whew!" he said appraisingly. "You've got a lot of strength for a man of your age!"

"Are you hurt?" stuttered Mr. Pratt.

"No," laughed the bishop, "but I cut my robe on the glass." He pointed to a mass of fragmentary brown glass near the coffee table where the scuffle had taken place.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Pratt, stretching his neck so that he could see it better.

"It was a bottle of beer," said Bishop Quill. The cap blew off and it exploded. He pointed to a spot on the ceiling where two flies clung hungrily. "I tried to catch it before it fell off the table, but I didn't get there in time."

"Oh," said Henry P. "I heard it upstairs

and thought it was a pistol shot. That's why I jumped on you. I thought you were a burglar.

Mr. Pratt waited for the bishop to explain his presence, but the latter seemed to be disinclined to commit himself. "What were you doing?" he asked finally.

"Picking up the pieces," answered the bishop.

"No. I mean, why—? What—?" stuttered Mr. Pratt.

"You mean, what was I doing down here?" asked the bishop. "Why I couldn't sleep. I thought it would be cooler here."

"Oh," said Mr. Pratt. "I couldn't sleep either." He sighed and wished that he had a drink.

The bishop's eyes strayed to the book case. "Aren't those bottles behind those books?" he asked.

Mr. Pratt followed his gaze to an irregular line of bottle necks sticking up behind the Encyclopedia Britannicas. He recognized some of them as having come from his whiskey closet upstairs. "So that was where she had hidden the stuff," he thought.

"Just bottles of varnish for the floor," said Mr. Pratt to the bishop. "We hide them back there to keep the chauffeur from drinking the stuff. It's intoxicating, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said the bishop in a hushed voice. "But can't he afford to buy anything better?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. Pratt, "he can afford it, but he says he was brought up on varnish, and nothing else seems to please his palate."

The bishop turned once to look at the array of bottle tops. "What kind of varnish is in that bottle with the horse tied around its neck?" he asked winking one eye.

Mr. Pratt coughed. "That's Cavalcade Varnish, named after a horse."

Bishop Quill smiled, rose to his feet, and was beside the book case before Mr. Pratt could stop him. In a second he had pulled

(Continued on page 31)

Christmas in the Philippines

TARCILA LAPERAL

CHRISTMAS.

I do not know what Christmas means to an American, but to a Filipino, it signifies more than a synonym for *gifts*. It means *rejuvenation*, the birthday of our Great Creator. It breathes of cool evenings, of a majestic, silvery moon, of peaceful midnight rambles. Of love and romance.

For the Filipinos are religious and romantic, and for them romance and religion are blended in Christmas. During the year our girls must never meet our young men without chaperones. Only at Christmas at the midnight masses can our young people be together—alone. That is why we have so many elopements at this time.

When Christmas tingles in the air, lanterns of white paper decorate the windows. At dusk they are lighted. At night they look like huge glimmering fireflies in the pitch-black darkness.

Nine days before Christmas, one is awakened from slumber by the clamor of the church bells nearby, calling everyone to the first of the midnight masses. People at the beginning and the end of life sleep on, but the young at heart—sweet, demure lasses and courteous, romantic swains—are always on the alert for this time of all times.

Presently the cool morning stillness is pro-

Tarcila Laperal was born in Manila, Philippine Islands. She is the daughter of Roberto Laperal and Victorina Guison, diamond merchants. She studied in the "Universidad de Santo Tomas" in Manila. She came to Rollins in order to prepare for an American Medical College. She intends to return to the Philippines upon finishing her studies.

"Abroad at Rollins"

fanned by low, breathless whispers, suppressed giggles, the creaking of bamboo floors under stealthy steps. Soft whistles are answered with dulcet recognitions. Two or more taps on the bamboo poles of her nipa house, and the fair one is at the door.

Singles, pairs, groups of young people emerge from dimly lighted houses. Their number is increased by young men who have been waiting under trees, and all stroll off to the town church.

The mass begins at exactly three in the morning—midnight is a misnomer. Judging from appearances, the worshippers, especially the women, are devout followers of Christ. But I don't doubt that hearts perform somersaults within outwardly calm bodies. Is the morning offering too solemn? Or does one feel their ecstatic joy? I don't know. But the young men are not very attentive. They look ahead—not to the altar but to some pretty, veiled face.

Pay attention to the mass, young man, and behave!

Three-quarters of an hour slips away, and the mass is at last terminated. Sighs of relief! Soon the congregation streams out of the church. Flower vendors, scattered in the church-yard, are swarmed with young men buying garlands for their lady-loves.

Some people go straight home; others linger around; the next walk on leisurely—oh, anywhere. To the beach with the rippling sea, to shady lanes sweet with night-blooming jasmine. How irresistible the moon, how cool the puffs of early morning breeze—hearts swell with emotion.

The beach is the favored place. Along the sea-shore are food vendors selling *bibinka*—rice pancakes, *puto*—rice cakes, *cuchin-*

ta, and other native good things. But nobody bothers about eating. Who would, strolling with her lover in the hush of early morning? Propriety limits these walks to a single hour—then home to sleep and to dreams.

These midnight masses begin on December 16 and continue through the nine days before Christmas. The day before Christmas no one goes back to sleep after mass is over. There is too much to do. They must gather fruits and vegetables in the gardens, must collect every available banana leaf, must draw plenty of water from the Artesian wells for cleaning and cooking purposes. There are fowls to be dressed, pigs to be killed, bamboo floors, benches and windows to be scrubbed with *isis* leaves, and a thousand and one things besides.

By five that morning, the town market is loaded with things, and its bustling is noisier than a football game. Everyone is in a hurry, chattering, scurrying about. The backyards are scenes of confusion, a jumble of people—small and big, men and women, domestic animals, fruits, things. Laughter, songs, yells, cries of children, clucking of hens, squealing of pigs tear the air. Everyone is alive with excitement. Through the day, breakfast, lunch, and dinner are grabbed in snatches.

At dusk of this day of preparation, the candles are brought out, set in bottles, and placed on suitably high places to light the yard. Everything that needed cleaning is now clean. The houses have been scrubbed and polished. Embroidered curtains, cushions, and table runners, kept for the occasion, are now brought out from the closet. Christmas is a special occasion, and the houses must be lovely.

The cooking is started.

Plenty of water has been boiled and all the fowls have been dressed. The middle-sized pigs, fattened for the last six months, have been cleaned and shaved and now hang on bamboo poles. The stuffing—tomatoes, on-

ions, garlic, tamarinds, green mangoes—is ready to be packed into their sagging bellies. All the necessary vegetables are arrayed on the bamboo tables ready for use. The best cooks in town now get to work.

Big frying pans sizzle with boiling lard; garlic and onions and pepper fill the air. Chickens are boiling in big pots with lots of vegetables. The chopping of meats, chickens, and shrimps clip-clop rhythmically, slightly topping the other noises. Girls squat cross-legged around big shallow round baskets set upon low tables. They are sorting off the husked grains. The monotony of their work is broken by native love songs. The young men wander about, playing on their guitars, now and then chatting or teasing with the girls. The moon above, the singing, the cooking, the fires burning brightly, the open space, the happy brown faces—it is like a gay gypsy village.

Two hours before midnight all the work is finished. The cooked foods have been carefully put away, and the yard, recently gay as a carnival, is deserted. The town sleeps.

Then the bells cry out. It is midnight . . . the birth of our Lord. Reverently my people fall on their knees, sending up prayers of thanksgiving. After this moment of devotion, they go back to bed.

Silence reigns till eight in the morning, when the bells toll out Christmas. Tired as they were the night before, my people are now alive with joy and enthusiasm. Everyone is dressed in his best. Old people having lived as hermits for a whole year, now creep about garbed in the simple attire characteristic of age. Parents, beaming with contentment, surrounded by mischievous boys and giggling girls, stroll to the church. Gaily arrayed young men swish in and out among brightly draped damsels. Frolicing youngsters dance about, clownishly dressed, in an effort to appear grown-up.

The rough roads bustle with life; the atmosphere is tense with excitement. The

(Continued on page 40)

Sketch

BARON DOMINICK HAUSER

I AND MY sister were born in Vienna, but our home is my father's farm in Roumania. This particular part of Roumania belonged before the war to the Austria-Hungarian Monarchy and has been owned for two hundred years by my family. With the division of Austria and Hungary our farm became a part of Roumania. Here I spent the first years of my life hunting and horseback riding. There was some schooling, too, but I cannot remember if I studied anything or not. I rather think not. This was the reason my parents decided to put me in the semi-military Theresianische Academy in Vienna. Of course my parents did not reveal their plans beforehand, and so I was astonished when my father told me one nice autumn day that he was going to take a trip to Vienna, and, since I had been such an industrious boy during the last school year, he wanted to take me with him and show me Budapest, as well as the city of my birth.

My first disappointment came when we did not stop in Budapest at all. By the time Vienna was reached I was beginning to feel more than uneasy, hearing my father speak over the telephone to a man he called professor. On the third day, I was shown the Theresianum, the school where my father had been educated. After a short time, he left the big entrance door of this mighty building without me. Two of my attempts to escape were without success, and so I laid myself out to do the most terrible tricks. But

Dominick Hauser, as his sketch reveals, lives on a large estate in Roumania. He is a nephew of Dr. Michael Harnisch, former federal president of Austria. Baron Hauser is in America to prepare himself for diplomatic service. It is his first sojourn in an English country. He is a representative of the Austrian Olympic Hockey Team.

the severe military punishments soon changed my tactics. I began to write my mother, sending her by special delivery the worst slices of meat I could find, lamenting about the terrible food, etc. But I received no answer at all; instead of help, I got harder and heavier punishments which calmed me in the third month of my stay so much that I started to like the academy which I knew was going to be my home for the next eight years. And really, I must say that, during these years, I had a delightful time. Every kind of sport—tennis, ice-hockey, swimming, horseback riding—filled all my leisure hours. And I made many life-long friends during these years. The school was right in twice wanting to throw me out, but to my good fortune, they reconsidered, always at the last moment, enabling me to pass my entrance examination at the University at the end of my eighth year of school.

Before I finish writing about this lovely period of my life I would like to tell you two stories. We had a boy in our class who made some unfair denouncements. So we decided to give him every day in the morning in his chocolate he drank for breakfast a piece of apierent, which after one week had the most terrible results. The funny thing was that the college doctor and the boy and his parents did not know what kind of illness he had. Even the college specialist could not find out the miraculous sickness until the chap one day found a little suspect pill in his breakfast drink.

Another incident which happened in my last year at the academy was this: At military school we had to wear uniforms. Of course we tried to go out without uniforms if we wanted to visit forbidden places. Our director was very severe. Unfortunately for him, however, he had the custom of leaving

his key in his door, and so one Sunday I locked him in his office and a friend of mine cut the telephone wires. We spent a gay Sunday without uniforms, and our director spent his Sunday without food in his office.

At the University, I changed my opinion about life and began to study. Besides my studies, I played ice-hockey, and in my second year at the University I became a member of the Austrian team, traveling with it during the winter and studying during the summer. To this sport I owe a great part of my knowledge of the different European cities—Davos, Cortina, St. Moritz, London, Paris and Stockholm. Two months were spent studying in Paris and an equal time in Rome. In both capitols, besides my studies, I had a job at the Austria-Hungarian Academy giving German lessons, where I met many interesting people.

In April, 1934, I took a motor trip with a friend through Switzerland, France, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. In Denmark I left him and traveled with another friend on motor-bicycles, with tent and gun, through Sweden. We had the permission of the government to hunt and fish for our food and to camp wherever we wanted. We spent a most marvelous and interesting time, encountered many gay adventures in this north-land of romance and the midnight sun. It is the part of Europe where I should like to stay every summer.

The year following the trip to Sweden, I had to study very hard to make ready for my first State Examination; nevertheless, a friend and I managed a ten-day vacation in the Alps. The trip almost cost me my life. The two of us have a hut at an altitude of twelve thousand, five hundred feet. When going there, we must always take along all the food we will need. At the last moment, my friend was detained, notifying me that I should go ahead and he would join me three days later in the mountains.

Taking the night train, I arrived early next

morning at Lienz, the point where one began the hike into the mountains. I started with food and clothing for ten days, together with skiis, all of which weighed fifty-eight pounds.

Under normal conditions, the mountain hike takes seven hours. The weather, when I started, was clear, and for four hours everything went well. Then, suddenly, I ran into fog and it started to snow. Soon the fog and snow made it increasingly difficult to follow the narrow footpath. At half past two, I made the terrible discovery that I had lost my way. An hour's search and I found the trail again, only to lose it once more in the fog and driving snow. Exhausted and discouraged, I laid my pack down at the foot of a tree, which I hoped to find later, and started out with a bottle of cognac and five batteries, meaning to find the hut or to perish with the cold.

Fortunately the snow storm slacked a little and, around eleven o'clock, I arrived—I have never known how—at the hut. I made up a big fire, sank down, and remembered nothing more until six o'clock the next evening.

Of course it was already dark again, and there was no possibility of my finding my pack then. When it grew light the following morning, I was able to find my pack within twenty minutes of starting out to search for it; I discovered, from the places I had floundered in the snow, that I had gone at least six times completely around the hut without finding it two days before.

I hike no more in the Alps without a companion.

Vienna again. I got the idea that I would like to go to America. Telling my desire to the American Commercial Attache, with whom I was acquainted, I learned that he is a cousin of Dr. Holt's. The attache corresponds with his cousin in America; I pass my State Examinations; I sail for America. With the result that I am writing this little sketch of my life on the campus at Rollins, the 27th day of November, 1935.

Ein Bergfraeulein im Kloster

MIA RUTZ

I FELT as if I were entering a jail when we stood before the *Hoesere Toechterschule* in Pasing, near Munich. With horror I looked at the iron gratings on the windows of the first floor. How can anyone feel happy living behind iron gratings? Isn't it hard to breathe behind them?

I felt a strange oppression in my throat. Looking up to my mother, I was just starting to say, "Please let us go home; I can't go in this house." But I was held back by the shrill and somehow frightening sound which echoed hollowly from the hall when my mother rang the bell.

The heavy, iron-studded door opened, and we found ourselves in a big hall with reddish stone floors and high grey walls. There was such a perfect stillness around us that I hardly dared to breathe. I remembered that I once had the same feeling upon entering a hospital.

The elderly, friendly looking nun, who had already opened the door for us, led us into the visiting room, where she asked us to wait for the head of the convent, Frau Oberin.

I was excited about all the new things, and my fingers clung tighter to the gentle hand of my mother. I knew that I would feel helpless without this guiding hand and wished that I would never have to let go of it.

My mother, feeling my fear and knowing how much I disliked to be left in this convent, tried to comfort me by explaining how important it would be for my education to

Mia Rutz was born in Oberammergau, Germany, where the different generations of her family have been associated with the Passion Play for three hundred years. Miss Rutz herself played in the last presentation of the great drama, while her sister, Anna, enacted the role of the Virgin Mary.

attend such a good school. At this moment Frau Oberin appeared.

She was a small, sickly person. Like all nuns of her order, she was dressed in a heavy, black suit with a white collar around the neck. Her narrow face seemed like marble in the black frame of her veil. The lips were blue, a shade so strange that I could scarcely turn my glance away. At last I saw her eyes which were a very clear grey-blue. Their glance was so knidly and sympathetic that I forgot the strange lips, forgot to weep when my mother finally left me.

Frau Oberin put her arm around my shoulders and while leading me out of the visiting room said; "*Dir wird es hier sicher gut gefallen mein Kind.*" I hoped so, but was not so sure as she that I would like it there. Frau Oberin now presented me to another nun who showed me around.

The first thing we passed was the so-called *Schuhraum*, where the girls were supposed to change their light-weight Oxfords for black leather boots before taking a walk. There I got my first impression of the strict rules in this convent. Even though I saw a lot of girls in the room, I could hardly hear any sound.

"Yes, my dear child," I heard the unctuous voice of my guide, "we do not allow our children to talk loudly in the hall." From the very beginning I knew that this would be the hardest thing for me. I heard the nun again, "I want to tell you too, that in the hall you never should walk on the stone outside the rug."

Soon enough I found out that life in this house was a slave to time.

At six-thirty in the morning we had to get up. At seven o'clock there was a service in the church which we must attend every day. In winter it was so icy cold in our chapel that many of us got frozen fingers. Breakfast

was at seven-thirty, and half an hour later classes started. As recreation after lunch, if it was not raining, we went for a thirty minutes walk. On Wednesdays we had a two hour walk. In the afternoon we had to study. After supper we enjoyed ourselves half an hour with games in the gymnasium. But this only if we were very good children; otherwise we were sent to bed immediately.

In the large bedrooms where twenty to thirty children slept, it was forbidden for us to do any unnecessary talking. It was very discouraging: when the proctor caught me, I could never convince her that my talking was important. But we had our fun anyway.

When the nun had left for her nightly prayer, I proclaimed war and the attack started immediately. Girls with long nighties and fluttering hair jumped out of their beds. Pillows and slippers flew through the air until our watcher stopped us by calling "*Das Fraulein kommt!*" Scared to death, we now flew into the beds, and in one minute it was as silent as before. As the nun entered, smiling among her well-behaved children, we buried our heads in our pillows to suppress our giggling. My neighbour was still holding a slipper in her hand; somebody was lying on my pillow while I looked all around for it, trying to push my blanket as high as possible, in order not to show the *Fraulein* that I had lost it.

Our apparel was carefully described by the catalogue of the *Hoehere Toechterschule*: A special uniform was required for Sundays, a green dress with red belt and white collar closed to the neck and sleeves to the wrist. Starting to dress for the first Sunday, I knew that I must wear this ugly uniform. But my taste rebelled. Dressed in a pretty blue suit with short sleeves, I appeared at the breakfast table with the most innocent smile. *Fraulein Liola*, the dining room proctor, glanced at me sternly, then said, "Rutz, go upstairs and put on your uniform."

One of the most disliked persons in the
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HILL FARMER

OLCOTT HAWTHORNE DEMING, '35

A WEB he weaves around the hill,
The farmer and his plow;
A thread that binds against his will
The plowman to his plow.

Two generations past there came
A man within the wood
To swing an axe and set the flame
And reap where oaks had stood.

His sons strode in the furrows then
To turn the April earth,
And summer filled the grain again
And autumn told its worth.

So turned the men their youth away,
The women toiled within,
And round their homeland day by day
A phantom web they spin.

Another generation springs
To plow the tired earth;
Throat-full the morning reaper sings
And asks not of his mirth.

Thin on the hill the grain shafts grow
Though deep the roots explore;
Steep from the fields the gulleys flow
Where grass will cling no more.

Ever the sterile land to till
Grandson and son remain
To plod all day upon the hill
And drag a phantom chain.

The land at length will have its way
And call the toilers home,
Grateful their weary limbs to lay
Within the weary loam.

"Arise Barak"

JOHN BILLS

THERE HAD been no money for a license when Enoch married Mollie. But life is elemental among the negroes in the Big Cypress community. Their friends understood. The minister had eaten out his fee at the bridal table.

Enoch's cabin was on the edge of Big Cypress Swamp close to the back-wash of the St. Johns river. When the evening sun went down, great shadows crept out from the jungle, from the blackness of muck and vine and mighty cypress. When strong winds moved the trees, the shadows rolled in their inexorable advance toward the cabin. And in the winter, bare towering limbs cast flickering tongues and forked heads that swayed as the shadows crawled onward. So it seemed at least to Molly. The cabin had but two rooms, a third being added when Amos was born. That was the room with the western window. As the baby nursed, Molly would pull aside the crocus-sack curtains and look out into the sunset; there she saw those shadows with the forked heads and flickering tongues. Sometimes it was on the bench near the back door where she sat, holding Amos to her breast, Enoch sitting by them watching the swamp, watching the billowing shapes which grew out of the darkness. Molly would grow uneasy with things she had no name for, and she would get up with the baby, thinking of things to be done—the stove needed fixing, she needed to sweep the sandy floor, the flowers in front of the house were wilting for want of water. But Enoch would keep still, his eyes on the forest, watching the crawling of the shadows until the sun went down.

After Amos, three more babies were born to Molly. Time went on, and Enoch fished and hunted along the river. Sometimes he timbered for young Mr. Edwards, pruning

orange trees in the spring when the weather grew mild. And in such times of weather he would come home before dark and take Amos on his back in the front yard among the flowers. In the spring Molly forgot about the shadows in the swamp.

Then one year late in the fall, a band of masked men came to the doorway. A woman had been insulted; Enoch, so they told, had been seen near the woman's house.

In the yard by the back steps, hiding in the shadows, Amos, the child, saw his mother struck and fall. He saw the men lash his father's hands together with barbed wire. But his father struggled and with bound hands struck Edwards in the face. In a flash, his father was leaning over his mother on the floor. "I done nothing, Molly—" But Edwards, with blood streaming from his nose, swung a chair. The swelling muscles of the black shoulders went limp.

Out of the house through the front door the men dragged his father. Amos followed them, running from palmetto to palmetto. He kept on over the swamp trail to the river flats. Fall clouds hid the moon. He wriggled through the grass and over the mud to the shelter of the palmettos clustering on the shell-mound. Hiding between the trunks, he heard the voices of the men and his father's begging. He saw Edwards strike his father across the face with a whip. "Pull him up," he heard the command of Edward's voice.

The clouds parted and the moon shone clear. From the limb of an oak tree swung the struggling figure of his father. There was a groan, the body writhed, the legs whiffled, became limp. The men cursed and spat on the ground, and all moved away except Edwards. He scooped some muck from

the ground, and dashed it in the dead man's face.

Amos, trembling in the dark, heard the breathing of the men as they went off in the night. They took off their masks, for Enoch was dead, and they didn't care any longer. Their faces looked slack and pasty in the moonlight. Edwards, who was drunk, stayed on a while, cursing the body, calling it vile names in the tongue of the river men. Amos sank down in the grass; the blood rage of the jungle shook him. His father had loved the swamp, his mother had feared it. And now his own mind stopped, and his boyhood ended that night.

The next day Molly gave birth to another sickly baby. Amos ran through the swamp to bring help. The rest of the week he hoed orange trees for old Mr. Sitton, who knew that Molly and the babies must have white bacon and grits. Amos' play-house by Little Run Creek rotted in neglect, and the river sows suckled their young in the ruin.

When the new baby died, after six months of whimpering, Mr. Sitton gave Amos boards and nails to make a coffin. And in another year Mr. Sitton paid the undertaker to come and take Molly from her cabin in the Big Cypress. There were two fresh graves on the knoll in the negro burying ground. The old negro minister who had married Amos' parents patted the boy on the head and said to him gently, "You the head of the family now, Amos, you all there is".

Amos was ten.

Amos' slender shoulders broadened, deepened, stooped. Thews like steel developed under the tar-black skin of his long arms. His thick neck tapered to a close-clipped head, the face masked save for the rolling eyes. Two hundred and twenty pounds of gorilla bone and muscle now labored with the hoe, the turpentine chisel, the axe.

For three or four months each summer, until they were fourteen, the younger children went to the weather-worn school up the trail. Then gradually one by one they drift-

ed away, married, begged Amos to buy grits for their babies that came along. Amos had never been to school. When he signed the church book, the big hands that could sink an axe to the haft in green cypress, trembled and the page was blotted. He signed with a cross.

By the time he was twenty, he had the shack in Big Cypress all to himself, with only a dog for company. Cow peas and yams still straggled in the garden, but the flowers had died in the front yard. Spiderwebs glazed the third room window where Molly used to sit and look out at the swamp. Amos and his hound never noticed the shadows. They were both flotsam on the back-wash of the river, hybrids of the wilderness. At night when Amos would lie down on his bed of gunny-sacking on the floor, the animal would lie curled on the rotting front steps. Sometimes in the nights he would lift his head and howl, arousing mournful, far-away echoes in the swamp.

Sometimes in the lean days Amos worked for Edwards, timbering in the logging camps the white man owned. His youngest sister was sickly and widowed, and her babies must be fed. Days on end the hound would follow the negro, stopping to curl up in the grass close to the tree being felled. He would lie with his thin snout resting on his paws, his lidded eyes watching every move of the man. If Edwards happened by, the beast would rise and begin to slink, moving close to the heels of the man who fed him. Tail tucked between his legs, sagging eyes on Edwards, he would cringe to the naked black legs of the negro.

"What's that thing you got there, Amos?" Edwards would jeer.

"That's my dog, Mr. Edwards. The only dog I got."

"Looks like a ghoul—like a varmint," Edwards would laugh, moving on to where the next gang of negroes were working.

"Maybe us will kill him tomorrow," Amos would say, whispering to the dog looking up

into his face. Edwards never knew that his giant buck timberman had seen the hanging of his father on the Indian mound. He knew only that the negro was servile and a mighty workman. "Nigger's like a bull," he would say. "Big black bull with a calf's guts."

As his operations grew, Edwards felt a need to keep close to his gangs. He began the erection of a cabin close to the Big Cypress Swamp, putting Amos to work on the sawing and the building. He placed his cabin high on the top of a mound where the breezes blew and there were few mosquitoes, a half mile distant from the edge of the swamp.

In leveling the shell for the cabin's foundation, Amos one day dug up some bones. He had never known where his father was buried. Dumbly now he picked up a skull. Edwards strode up.

"Indians," he said. "Seminoles brought their stiff here to bury 'em in the mounds. Sun hits the knolls first thing in the morning and lingers on 'em after it's dark in the flat-woods. Indians thought the sun was God."

Amos laid the skull down and covered it with sand. With his back to the white man he spoke in an undertone:

"Please, Mr. Edwards, put de cabin on odder place."

Laughing hoarsely, Edwards yielded to the negro's superstition.

Again a full moon. In the Methodist Church, where the negroes of Big Cypress worshipped, the Rev. Ephriam Potter balanced his paunchy torso back of the deal pulpit, rocking slowly on his heels. Fifty black faces watched him, tensely breathing. When the swaying figure swung faster, when the screechy voice rose higher, then they would all shout and sway.

"De tex' dis ebenin'," shrilled the Rev. Ephriam, "am a fightin' tex." De Lawd lobed good fightin' men den when de Isrelites, ah—which was brown folks den, ah—

was bein' prosecutinated. Read de Holy Book ob Judges, ah, an' see how He riz up strong men ob valorusness, ah, like a Samsen an' Gideon an' Barak. Read what de Lawd inspire, 'Wake up, wake up Deborah, ah, sing a song, ah; arise Barak an' lead yoh captahs captive, ah——"

The oil soaked rag in the tomato can on the pulpit smoked, flickered. As the fat figure of the minister swayed back from it, the blurred shadows on the whitewashed walls were sharper cut in dark silhouette. The fifty black faces watched intently; the swaying figure and the moving shadows fascinated them. It would not be long; the spirit would soon move and they would all rock and shout.

"An' Barak were a brown man, ah," the screeching voice continued, "like all de sons ob God in de Book ob Genesis, ah; an' he was fill ob de Holy Spirit, ah, and went out an' fit wid de Ammonites an' slewed 'em all, an' he done it like the Lawd said."

Breathless, the minister called for a song. The spirit was slow in coming. A quartet of young negroes sang.

"Oh, de Lawd, He walk wid Enoch;
De Lawd, He walk wid Enoch;
De Lawd, He walk wid Enoch;
An' sometime He walk wid you.
Oh, de Lawd, He done took Enoch;
De Lawd, He done took Enoch;
De Lawd, He done took Enoch;
An' sometime He take me too."

Amos moved restlessly on a collapsible chair in the back row. He crossed his legs and the chair whined, complaining. When the fat figure of the Rev. Sphriam swung forward into the brighter glow of the lamp, Amos' legs recrossed. Huge fingers tapped his patched knees; they interlaced, gripped and tapped again. Memories twenty years old, mind pictures as clear as on the night when he saw his father hanging from the oak, were with him. Dully the mind of ten was sensing the great strength of his

massive body. His face was blank, but his scarred fingers bit deeper into his palms. His boyish oath crystalized; it was a man's resolution. And the hound growled just outside the door.

Amos slunk from the church, the dog close at his heels. He stumbled along the sand trail to the highway. There were lights in the big house on the corner and young white folks dancing, but he did not notice. Dully he trudged on—on to the three room shack by Big Cypress.

The hound growled; his master was on the scent. Did the brute mind know that it was not quail or rabbit? Was the mongrel urging him on in a man hunt? And in his ears echoed the ringing words of the man of God, "Arise Barak and lead thy captors captive." The words were meaningless, the sensation mighty.

"Dog, you-all stay heah an' watch de house."

Amos took a rope from the wall and wound it about his body. He trimmed a palmetto frond and whipped the grass with its lithe stem. He took off his shoes and tossed them under the shack. Then he entered the dark swamp trail. His toes gripped the mud and his progress was rapid. A rattle close beside him like dried peas in a pod. Death swayed with a forked, darting tongue, but the black man's switch was swifter than the fangs.

He came out from the swamp to the river flats. The waters were low and the grass hip high. He waded into it, his eyes staring, his supple muscles tense. The grey grass bowed in the gentle night breeze like the smooth waves of a flood tide in moonlight. The grass shortened, blackened. Shiny patches of mud left by the receding river reflected the light of the stars.

The palm-covered shell mound rose mistily before him. Edwards was there and Edwards was alone.

But the dog had not obeyed. As Amos

had done twenty years before, he kept to the shadows and followed.

Amos crept up to the glassless window. The man he hated sat by a crude table, a bottle and a glass beside him, a coal-oil lamp burning. His eyes were staring, his sun-cankered lips hung loose, his body sagged. Edwards was sleeping, drunk. The black man crouched motionless. The twenty-year-old oath, the wild anger aroused at the church, the hate, were not enough. He knew he could take the white man in his mighty hands and crush him. The tense muscles were ready but the nerves were paralyzed.

Something rubbed against his leg. It was the hound. A low growl broke the stillness. It fired Amos to action, but it also aroused Edwards. As the huge body of the negro lunged through the window, the drunken man snapped alert. He pulled a

(Continued on page 34)

SONG

By FRANCES PERPENTE

THIS is the fate of birds.
At last they lie alone
Broken beside the stone
Scattered upon the air.
In grass their bones lie bare
Carved by forgotten frost,
Mouldered, crumbled, lost.

So too, without their will,
The locust and the bee,
The slim snake in the tree,
These are destroyed and still.

But I, who have seen you,
Never will be alone.
You are my very bone.
You are the flesh I wear.
You are my hands and hair.
Did you know?

Lily Turner

(As seen by Mr. Long and recounted for the editor of the *Dalton Ledger*.)

I DON'T KNOW why Editor McHenry asked me to write this article on Lily Turner. There's lots of people on our street what remembers Lily near as well as I do. Maybe it was on account of me having been to school longer than some of them; or maybe it's because I'm foreman down at the Wilson Tobacco Warehouse and our family is one of the few in the neighborhood that aren't on the town.

I told Mr. McHenry when she asked me if I'd do this, I says:

"I don't know nothing much about this novel that Lily Turner has written and got printed and got her name in the paper for. I only knew her about four years, commencing when she was maybe fourteen and stopping when she moved away. And I don't know nothing very important about those years either, nothing that gives you any idea why she started writing. I wasn't much more than a kid, and I didn't have any sense in those days, so the things I remember are just the little things a kid remembers."

I remember when she first moved in next door to us. She wasn't any more like the other kids on our street than her pa was like the other men. We were a tough bunch in those days. We use to steal apples and peaches and things out of old Mrs. Sounder's back yard until maybe she'd call the cops and get a couple of us pinched. We had regular gangs too, went around picking fights with other kids and all that sort of thing. But, as I was saying, Lily wasn't like the rest of us kids. She was always kind of quiet and shy acting. She was pretty good looking though with brown hair and blue eyes. She was a bit thin, kind of scrawny come to think of it. But she always looked clean and dressed up pretty well as dressing up went on our street. I sort of took a shine to her at first. When

she'd only lived there about a month or so, my pa gave me some money for some work I'd done for him, and one night after supper I asked her if she'd go to a show with me. It was one of the old silent ones, cowboys or something, that I wanted her to see. Anyway, she said she didn't think she wanted to go. Then she looks at me and says she'd just as soon go for a walk though, if I didn't mind. I says sure thing. So we went, and she drags me way off out of our neighborhood to where there was a little hill. It was nice and breezy up there, and when we got to the top, the sun was just going down. It was kind of pretty, red and pink and all those colors. But she just stands and stares at it without saying anything, until by and by she says: "Isn't it beautiful? It looks as if the whole sky was on fire." Well I just can't stand that kind of a girl. They're too soft.

She was awful soft, come to think of it. I remember the time my pa had caught some rats in one of these cage traps and was getting fixed to drown them. All of us kids crowded around to watch them kick when they went under. Lily came along. I guess maybe she didn't know what it was all about. Anyway, when she saw what was going on, she looked sort of funny, just like she was going to cry. And then she turns and goes into the house. She was a funny kid.

Her brother wasn't like that at all. He use to go around with the rest of us, and he was pretty near as tough as we were, except once in a while when he's be kind of soft too. Still he was a pretty good fellow.

Another funny thing about Lily was the way she liked everything to look nice. Our street isn't fancy in the least, even today, and it was a whole lot less pretty in the days when Lily lived there. It runs right along side the railroad tracks, and the switchers keep going

back and forth all day and most of the night. Some of the houses were white once, but now they're the same color as the soot. There weren't any paved streets in those days, just a dirt road with big ruts the carts used to make. There were some trees, little scraggly ones with the lower branches broken off by the kids climbing on them. There wasn't any grass to speak of in the yards, too many young'uns to give it a chance to grow. The inside of our houses weren't any better than the outside. They were all right but there wasn't anything fussy about them.

But Lily Turner had to have something different. The first thing we knew she'd gotten a couple of tin cans and punched holes in the bottoms of them to let the water out, and planted flowers in them and set them in the windows. I went in there a couple of times to borrow some oil for our stove, and she had the walls all hung with pictures, not like the ones you see on magazine covers either, but real expensive looking ones. There were rugs on the floor and a couple of shelves of books too.

Well, come Spring, she started in fixing up the yard. She plants flowers out in back and some more in front and a ring of them around the little tree that stood side of the road. Those she had around the tree got stamped on—so much by kids and horses they never got a chance to come up. But the rest grew all right, didn't look bad either. It was kind of silly though. Everyone on the street said as how it was a crazy stunt. A lot of us folks raise vegetables and garden truck so's we can have something to eat that don't cost too much, but none of us ever tried very hard to raise flowers. So we sort of figured her pa would set his foot down and tell Lily to dig up her yellow flowers and plant corn and cabbages, and things like that. But he was sort of funny. He wasn't at all like the other men on our street. He never went down town with them after work to shoot a little pool or anything. Not him. He'd come straight home. Lily would have supper for him, and

after supper they'd go and sit out on the back porch where they couldn't see the switchers, and Lily and her pa'd take turns reading out of some of those books, or maybe her pa would read to himself while she sat there and did her lessons.

I heard her pa used to teach school somewhere. Maybe that's why he acted the way he did. Maybe Lily couldn't help acting dumb. I don't know as dumb is the right word for Lily. She was smart in lots of ways. She used to cook and take care of the house and go to high school, and it takes a pretty smart kid to do all that. I guess she was just sort of funny.

Anyway, things kept going on that way for a long time. They must have been there about three years, when her pa, old Mr. Turner, begun to see where it wasn't right, Lily taking care of the family and all. So he up and married a widow, a Mrs. LaGrange that lived down the road a piece. She was a real smart sort of woman, but she wasn't at all like Lily and Lilly's pa. She hadn't any use for pictures and books and such like things. I remember she hadn't been there more than two months, I guess it wasn't more than a month, before, the first thing we knew, we saw the tin cans with the flowers in them a lying out on the ash heap.

And in about six months we began to notice that Mr. Turner wasn't acting the same as usual. He wouldn't stay home after supper any more, but just sort of drift down town with the rest of the men. Everything else was different too. I went into the house along towards spring of that year. The books were all piled up in the corner and there were jars of preserves and such setting on the shelves. She'd taken down most of the pictures too. Lily looked different herself. She was kind of peaked and thin, and we figured it was because she was working too hard studying. We heard as how she was at the head of her class and was going to give a talk or something the day she graduated.

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Cellini and the Sixteenth Century

GULIELMA DAVES

BENVENUTO CELLINI is a most precious person to anyone who loves the vigor of the Renaissance, for he is the epitome of all the conflicting elements of that age. The born bravo plus the born artist, sensitive, impulsive, violent, arrogant, ego-absorbed to the nth degree, he lived in a reckless, but beauty-loving period. He lived with a strong ever-present conviction of his superiority and freedom, and small wonder, when the leader of all Catholicism could say: "I must inform you that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, are not bound by the law."

He was the finest goldsmith of his time, and turned out a great number of such things as cups, vases, salt-cellars, cape-buttons, candelabra, medals and jeweled settings. However, only a very few absolutely authentic pieces remain to us, for such small and valuable objects are not likely to survive many centuries; probably much of his work met the same fate as those pieces belonging to the Pope, which Cellini himself melted down in the Castle of S. Angelo.

He did not come to sculpture until after he was forty; and then his training and work as a miniaturist far from helped him. The greatest piece, the Perseus, done for Sosimo—still in the Loggia dei Lanzi, Florence—is a "marvel of technical excellence", but the final something is lacking. Post says Cellini "unfortunately abandoned his first idea, and created one of the popular Herculean forms, frittering away his energy upon a study of muscles. Again there are anatomical shortcomings, and the final result is cold enough to leave us unmoved". J. A. Symonds, probably less an art critic than Mr. Post, is more

impressed: "It has something of fascination . . . a singular and striking picturesqueness . . . the Perseus soars into a region of authentic, if not pure or sublime, inspiration."

Cellini is as famous for his *Autobiography* as he is for his statues. These memoirs, dictated carelessly to an amanuensis while Cellini was at work, form a marvellous, glowing tapestry of sixteenth century life. Not often is it allowed us to break through the mists of time in this manner, and feel the very breath of air from another age on our cheeks. Symonds leaves no doubt as to his valuation of the book:

"It is the first book which a student of the Italian Renaissance should handle in order to obtain the right direction for his more minute researches. It is the last book to which he should return. . . From the pages . . . the genius of the Renaissance, incarnate in a single personality, leans forth and speaks to us . . . for it is the plain utterance of a man who lived the whole life of his age. . . . He touched the life of that epoch at more points than any person who has left a record of his doings. . ."

The style is so charming because in dictation a conversational tone was maintained. It is not elaborate because Cellini was not a "learned" man; yet it abounds with examples of quick brilliant characterization, stirring action scenes, and vivid descriptions resulting from the natural alertness and keen observation in the man himself.

Aside from the charm of the narrative *per se*, it is, an invaluable record of details of life four hundred years ago. Large political movements are never discussed except when they touch Cellini's own life. "The whole

world was now in warfare" is the first hint of any great disturbance. "And when the Constable of Bourbon knew there were no troops in Rome, he pushed his army with the utmost energy up to the city. The whole of Rome upon this flew to arms." Thus he initiates the story of the sack of Rome, and the besieging of S. Angelo. Afterwards, of travelling from Florence to Mantua, he says "The whole world being darkened over with plague and war, I had the greatest difficulty in reaching Mantua." Unless one knows of the political and religious conflicts of the period, such sentences are likely to be skipped over without notice, so that only the story of social Italy remains. But for every book revealing life as lived by the average man then, there are hundreds in which one can learn of politics. It is the little side-lights that are so valuable.

The question immediately arises. How much of Cellini's story is fact and how much fiction of his own devising? Cellini has been called an out and out liar by various and sundry persons. In H. B. Catterill's admirable book, "Italy from Dante to Tasso," we find Cellini called one "whom we may without any hesitation call a liar, and who, by his own admission, committed several murders." . . . I would like to ask Mr. Cotterill what difference *that* made in the unruly Renaissance?

The staid Encyclopedia Britannica describes the *Autobiography* as "running now and again into extravagances which it is impossible to credit, and difficult to set down as strictly conscious falsehoods." Symonds, this time in his "Renaissance in Italy; the Fine Arts", develops the theme:

"I do not mean by this to commit myself to the opinion that Cellini is accurate in details or truthful. On the contrary, it is impossible to read his life without feeling that his vanity and self-esteem led him to exaggeration and misstatement. Value of his

biography consists in its picturesqueness, its brilliant and faithful coloring. . . ."

Later, however, when Symonds made his translation, he developed his views more clearly. While still allowing for Cellini's "over-weening self-conceit", he says:

"So far as I have caught his accent and the intonation of his utterance, I hold him for a most veracious man. His veracity is not of the sort which is at present current. It had no hypocrisy or simulation in it, but a large dose of vainglory. . . . Otherwise, he is quite transparent after his own fashion . . . that of the sixteenth century, when swaggering and lawlessness were in vogue. . . ."

We must never forget to regard Cellini in the light of the surroundings and standards in which he was reared; men are always shaped to some degree by environment. So, Symonds is convinced of his basic truthfulness. Let us investigate some of the evidence he sets forth.

Cellini sent the MS of his autobiography to his friend, the historian Varchi, who liked it. Cellini, in a letter, expresses his pleasure "that you like the simple narrative of my life in its present rude condition better than if it were filed and retouched by the hand of others, in which case the exact accuracy with which I have set all things down might not be so apparent as it is. In truth, I have been careful to relate nothing whereof I had a doubtful memory, and have confined myself to the strictest truth. . . ."

This certainly sounds straightforward, but remembering Cellini's conceit, someone might bring up this reasoning: it sometimes happens that when we ponder a situation in which we have not played too heroic a part, we see so well how we *could* have acted. By constant thinking, the truth and desirable fiction merge, the latter dominating. A vanity the size of Cellini's would have been especially conducive to this type of thinking, so he might have been, at the time of writing, wholly sincere in calling certain facts true which

may really not have been. But *he could not be* sincere, and justly or not, such an attitude is clearly shown by the letter.

Again his own attitude toward truth is revealed in the episode of the Duchess of Tuscany's pearls. When directly appealed to for an honest statement, Cellini says he "blushed up to his eyes which filled with tears", and blurted out the truth, even though he knew he would lose the Duchess' favor.

One of the most challenging statements is Cellini's about the halo that he possessed after his experiences in the dungeon of Angelo:

"Since that time till now an aureole of glory (marvelous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of men to whom I have chosen to point it out, but these have been very few. The halo can be observed above my shadow in the morning, from the rising of the sun for about two hours, and far better when the grass is drenched with dew. . . . It is also visible at evening about sunset. . . ."

Now this is just a simple matter of fact that anyone of keen enough observation can see for himself under similar conditions. True to his nature, Cellini first says the aureole is around his head, then he comes down to the less impressive fact that it is only around the *shadows* of his head, and only at certain times. The cause is the reflection of the direct rays of the sun from the wet surface of the blades of grass. A person cannot see an aureole around another's head (due to law of reflection of light, angle of incidence equals the angle of refraction) unless one stand directly back of the other, so Cellini might have easily believed himself the sole possessor of the radiance. It is interesting to learn that Thoreau observed the same light about his own head.

"As I walked on the railroad causeway, I used to wonder at the halo of light around my shadow, and would fain fancy myself one of the elect. . . . Benvenuto Cellini tells us in

his memoirs, that after a certain terrible dream, or vision, which he had during his confinement in the Castle of S. Angelo, a resplendent light appeared over the shadow of his head at morning and evening whether he was in Italy or in France, and it was particularly conspicuous when the grass was moist with dew. This was probably the same phenomenon to which I have referred, which is especially observed in the morning, but also at other times, and even by moonlight. Though a constant one it is not commonly noticed, and in the case of an excitable imagination like Cellini's, it would be basic enough for superstition. Besides, he tells us that he showed it to very few."

This statement of Cellini's then is no fairy tale. All the limiting conditions are set down so carefully and clearly that we can call it only a case of "misinterpreted observation".

The devils and ghosts that Cellini said crowded into the Coliseum one night at the necromancer's call, may be set down to his credulity, his superstitious nature (common then) and his imagination, easily roused to a fever pitch. Even in these sober times, a group of people seated in the dark, or around the embers of a campfire, while one member tells a ghost story, is not altogether free from superstitious qualms, and, with imagination let loose, a goodly number of "ghosts" can be seen in the shadows.

The impressiveness of Cellini's adventure was a hundred-fold greater: the vast, deserted, deeply-shadowed Coliseum, with its throng of historical memories, was the setting; the necromancer donned "special robes", described circles on the earth, lit a fire and heaped on perfumes and "drugs of fetid odor". After an hour and a half of suspense, while the magician chanted incantations "in phrases of the Hebrew and also of the Greek and Latin tongues", no wonder Cellini was seeing legions of devils in the billowing smoke clouds from the fire. Besides, note

that after he states the devils were there, he no longer says that he himself observed their actions; the sorcerer declared "the legions were a thousand-fold more than he had summoned". The boy "shrieked out in terror that a million of the fiercest men were swarming round. . .", and later, that "the devils were taking to flight tempestuously". Always, "the boy said—". So, if there is anything in the power of suggestion Cellini probably believed that the devils were present,—and his veracity is still upheld.

Not in these episodes but in those which can be verified from "historical" sources, we find the strongest evidence of Cellini's truthfulness. The sack of Rome, 1527, as he describes it, tallies perfectly with histories, the contemporary accounts, as well as modern ones. The one questioned point is Cellini's statement that *he* shot the Constable of Bourbon—that he wounded the Prince of Orange has never been disputed—and Symonds gives his explanation of the event in a delightful way:

"If it were possible to put Cellini's thoughts about this event into a syllogism, it would run as follows: 'Somebody shot Bourbon; I shot somebody; being what I am, I am inclined to think the somebody I shot was Bourbon'."

Cellini's quarrel with Bandinello before Duke Cosimo has been reported by Vasari in his *Life of Bandinello*; and though Vasari had not read the *Autobiography*, and was not a friend of Cellini's, he offers confirmation of every point in the argument. Varchi, in his *Storia Fiorentina*, reports the circumstances of Cecchino Cellini's death, tallying again with Benvenuto's version. Likewise does Varchi back up the mention of Fra Foino's death by starvation in a dungeon of S. Angelo. . . So, we are still finding Cellini truthful.

In Cellini's gallery of historical portraits we find additional deeply interesting inform-

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REBIRTH

DON BRADLEY

AN OCEAN of molten glow,
Spreading in ceaseless flow
Envelops the East.
A hush—as the Universe waits
In reverence; motion abates,
And Life's anthem falls to a slow
Cathedral peace.

The massy mountains of clouds
Folding the edge of Dawn,
Greet the eager morn
With a whisper.

A whisper that swells to a roar,
Till the firmament echoes reply,
And hills turn their heads to the sky
Rivers and rocks boldly cry
"The Sun is reborn."

The unleashed organs of sound,
With a thunderous chord,
Hail the Sun!
The rolling crescendos resound
Through all space
In one mighty accord,
To the nethermost mirrored place
Of light, that will soar
Between systems and stars
To the door
With its bars
Of knowledge supreme,
And rebound
To the core,
Drawing life from the ground:
A transfusional beam
Of Rebirth.

I Was A Queer Kid

STERLING OLMSTEAD

IT'S FUNNY the way I hate that woman, old Miss Moreland, I mean. Just seeing her setting there in the living room, with her black hat and her black dress, and her voice calm and soft like, going on and on about nothing in particular—well, it makes me feel queer. Like a couple of things was fighting down inside of me and both of them hated Miss Moreland. I can't describe it no better than that, and that don't give the idea exactly.

The worst part of the whole business is that I ain't got no right to feel the way I do. Everybody but me sort of looks at Miss Moreland like she was a saint or something. And she *is* a good woman. She's done an awful lot for the people in this town, done it without a cent of pay, too. She's taken care of the sick and helped folks that were down and out and gotten jobs for folks. And what's more she's been an awful good neighbor to me and my wife. When Jimmy was born, she came right over and took care of things until my wife got back from the hospital. She's always dropping in to see if there's anything she can do for us. That isn't all either. When you come right down to it, look things square in the face, it was Miss Moreland, more than anybody else on earth, made me into a self-respecting citizen, with a good job, and a good wife, and a pretty decent home.

You haven't got no idea what sort of a fellow I used to be before Miss Moreland come along and changed everything. I guess maybe I couldn't have done no different, made the way I was, and with things the way they was. You see, my pa died when I was a little tyke. I don't remember him very well. I know he was a big man, or at least he seemed that way then, with a black mustache and an awful soft voice for a man. My ma never talked about him neither, the way some women do about their husbands. I guess maybe she thought an awful lot of him.

But that doesn't matter much. What I'm trying to say is that things wasn't right from the beginning. It's hard for a woman to bring up a boy to be any use in the world, and it was particularly hard for my ma, being the way she was, always sort of sad and slow in her talk and easy going with me. It was mighty tough sledding, too. I know that now, when I take the time and look back. We didn't have more than enough to scratch along on, even with the money ma got from her fancy work and I took in from the chickens. We had our house, a funny old place, out on the edge of the lake shore, where there's sun and a breeze and there ain't no noise.

I went to school, but not very regular. I was a queer little mite. I didn't like other kids, and I didn't want to learn, either—not the things they taught in school, anyway. It seems funny now, looking back, but what I wanted most then was to sit some place in the sun, when the weather was nice, and look out across the lake at the sky and the trees. I don't know how it all started, but somehow I got the idea I wanted to be an artist, to make swell pictures and all that sort of thing.

There were lots of things to draw down by the lake there, the water calm and smooth like, with the trees on the other shore. Pines they was, black and sombre down at the shore line, and sort of rough at the top like mussed up feathers on the back of a bird. And way off behind the trees were the mountains. I never got tired of looking at them mountains, and of trying to draw them too. They always made you feel kind of like you hurt down inside. That's the way they made me feel anyway. You see what a queer sort of kid I was in them days.

It's funny about them mountains. They never looked quite the same two days running, and they changed even more with the seasons. In the summer they'd be soft and

pale blue and hazy at the top, just as if they weren't sure whether they wuz mountains or whether they was sky. Then when it got cold, just before the snow fell and turned them white, they'd be blue, dark blue, and the place where they left off and the sky began would be a hard, black line. And then again a storm would come up and lop off the tops of the mountains and hang low over the lake.

It seems strange now to be talking about this sort of thing. But I was queer in those days. I used to go out by the lake shore after school and sketch them things or try to sketch them. I don't know whether my pictures were any good or not. I threw most of my drawings away later. Most likely they weren't worth the time I spent on them anyway. I was just a kid. But I thought they were important. I was sure I was going to be an artist. When I was thirteen, I got it into my head I wanted to quit school and do nothing but draw. Ma didn't care. She said she wanted me to be happy and to do the things I liked. She said pa had never been happy because he'd always done what other folks thought he ought to do. If what I wanted was to be an artist, there wasn't any reason why I shouldn't try.

We didn't have much money. What I ought to have done was to have gone to work in town. Somehow I never thought of that, same as I never thought of anything else. What folks did in town didn't matter to me way out there by the lake. It was my drawing that counted. It's funny how serious I took it. And ma took it serious too. There was some things I had to do to keep the place going of course, like feeding the hens and chopping up wood for the stove. I remember once when the fuel was getting low, ma sent me out to split some kindling from the wood pile in the shed. It had been snowing and the snow had drifted until it was all piled up in queer little heaps. It was quite a ways from the house to the shed, and as I walked along I got to looking at the snow, and the

way it was, and figuring how I could make a picture out of it. It looks awful silly now, but when I got to the shed I sat down away from the wind and studied the little hills and valleys, and somehow I forgot all about the kindling for most an hour. When I got back with my load of sticks, the house was as cold as the barn, and ma was all done up in a coat and sweater. I told her what had kept me so long. I guess I was all excited about it. Anyway she just smiled and said it didn't matter and for me to get my drawing things while she fixed a new fire. She was funny too, you see.

Well it went on like that for four years. I feel ashamed of it all now—now that I know better. But then, you see, I really thought I was doing something worth while. Then along about spring of the year I was seventeen, ma took sick of a sudden with the flu. I went off down to the village and fetched up Dr. Judd. He looked real serious and thoughtful when he saw ma, not the way he used to look when somebody had a cold or something. Ma needed a woman to look out for her, he said. He'd see what he could do in town. He knew a woman who went out nursing. He'd send her up. Well the woman that came was Miss Moreland.

It's funny, but I liked Miss Moreland at first, or anyway I didn't hate her. She never paid much attention to me. She was too busy tending to ma. I hung around for the first few days and got in the way and kept asking if there was anything I could do. There never was. So by and by I thought I might just as well clear out where I wouldn't bother nobody. I took my paper and a pencil and wandered off along the lakeshore—to a place where I could see the house. I'd been planning for a long time to draw the house and yard, and now looked like as good a time as any. The trees were just getting their new leaves, and there was lilacs around the doorway. I don't know why, but it's all very plain after fourteen years. Maybe it comes from thinking about it so much. I had only

one piece of paper left on my drawing pad, so I drew a line down the middle, so if I spoiled one half I'd still have room for another picture.

It was grand there in the sunlight, and I fiddled away most of the afternoon at my picture. I'd gotten it pretty nearly done, when I saw Miss Moreland come out of the house like she was looking for somebody. It's queer, but as soon as I saw her I knew what had happened. I picked up my things and came toward the house. She must have seen from my face that I'd guessed what she'd got to tell me. She was awful calm and gentle about it. She said she was going to town to make the arrangements, and for me to stay around the house and try not to feel too bad.

I've told you already that I was queer. But I ain't never told you how queer I was. I haven't never told nobody up to now what I did when Miss Moreland was gone. I went into the house and into the room where my mother was. I didn't feel like crying like I should have. I didn't even go near the bed. I pulled a chair out away from the wall, and I set to work drawing a picture of the room on the other half of the sheet of drawing paper that I'd just been working on. I drew the far wall and the window with its slazy red curtains. I drew the bed and the lump under the blankets. Then I put away the drawing and went out and sat on the porch and waited for Miss Moreland to come back. I don't know why I did it. Maybe I didn't have any reason. Maybe it was just some crazy notion I had about wanting to keep a picture of that room. Any way I kept it longer than I did most of my other pictures.

The next few days aren't so very clear. There was the funeral. Nobody was there except me and Miss Moreland and a few other people I didn't know. They was friends of Miss Moreland's I found out afterwards. She'd asked them to come I guess so I wouldn't feel too bad about there being nobody who cared. Ma didn't have any flowers to speak of except the lilacs that were by

the door and a wreath from Miss Moreland. The whole thing was pretty awful, and I was glad when it was over and I could get back to the house. I remember trying to get myself something to eat and then not eating it, starting to draw and finding I didn't have any paper. Finally I sat down in the dark and tried to think things out.

It was then that Miss Moreland came up. She was real calm and gentle like she always is. She talked a long time. I didn't pay no attention at first. She didn't seem to care. She just kept going on and on. By and by she got around to my art and what I was go-

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BLUES IN RED

By RICHARD H. LEE

I AM waiting for a lady in red,
For one more drink, then bed.
I'm waiting for Tomorrow
To forget what Today has said.

I'm tired of Yesterday, Today, and To-
morrow,
And the same round of faces.
In my heart there is need to borrow
Glamour from distant places.
In my soul there is sullen sororw
As the swift hour races,
Leaving me always a little behind,
Hunting its traces.

I have hidden myself from the world,
from the light,
But from myself there is no hiding.
I wake in the sombre quiet of night
Alone with myself, with the hours gliding
Over me, finding me wanting, finding me
led
Weakly away to a lady in red,
To another drink, to the false rest of bed,
Knowing Tomorrow can never say
What Today has left unsaid.

Tall Tales from the Tall Hills

SOCRATES CHAKALES

I DIDN'T see anything funny about it. But most of the people were laughing at me when I got off the train. I had on a brand new pair of overalls and my shoes were new. That's why I was carrying them in my hand—they hurt my feet. Most everyone was nice to me, particularly the Dean during the Fall term.

I got awful homesick the first few days I was at school. I got to feeling so badly I went to the Dean and told him I wanted to go home. He was an understanding sort of a man and got me special permission to go out to the Lakemont Dairy and milk the cows every morning. That kind of kept me satisfied until the spring when everything got a little damp and I started thinking about the spring plowing they were doing back at Pole Creek. I went around to the Dean again and told him I ought to go back and help with the plowing. He talked to me a while and got it out of me that they didn't need me, I was just homesick again. He went down to the hardware store and cut off a pair of plow handles and told me to carry them in my pocket. That was a good idea, because I could reach in my pocket and feel at home any time I wanted to.

I kind of liked the place at that. It was the first time I had seen any white girls and I thought they were pretty. Some of them acted queerly at times and were always asking me questions about my Father's sorgum plantation on Pole Creek and how it came about that I came to Rollins to school.

Now that I think about it, I guess it was a little funny.

My mother died when I was about a year old and my father became bitter and moved out to Pole Creek, Arkansas, away from everything. He bought a big patch of land and started raising sorgum. He got so far

out in the country it was nine miles across a mountain before you could get to a road. And that road would just accommodate a horse and buggy. It was fourteen miles further to a state highway. Of course he had a little dinky train hauling the sorgum down to the south end of the plantation, seven miles away, where it was shipped. I never went down there because my Father told me not to.

Father was a graduate of the University of Athens and the University of Paris and had a library bigger than the one in Carnegie. Of course he tutored me and I read dang near everything in the library, down to Lydia Pinkham's cure-all prescription.

One day, my twentieth birthday, he said to me, "Son, I am going to send you to college". That was all right with me. I never disagreed with my Father. He didn't know just where he wanted to send me so I went up in the attic and got an old Globe that had been stored away. He set the Globe on the dining room table and told me he was going to spin it and for me to take a pencil and jab the Globe as it was spinning. Wherever I hit the Globe I was supposed to go to a college nearest that point. Well, the first time, I jabbed Timbuctoo. Not knowing anything about Timbuctoo, Father wasn't agreeable. The next time he spun it I landed smack dab in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Father never agreed with the policies of floating universities and that was out. The third spin found me off the coast of Florida at Fernandina Island, near Jacksonville. Father looked it up and found that the University of Florida was the nearest school. However, he wouldn't send me there because it wasn't co-educational. He said I should associate with girls. I needed that to round me out. I had seen some pic-

tures of them and I thought they were pretty. Next he found Stetson. He wouldn't send me there because he thought John B. Stetson ran sweat shops and was a capitalist. Finally he discovered Rollins. And here I am.

Of course I had to make some preparations. Father went to town and got me a suit of clothes and some shoes but I wouldn't wear them. He finally got me to wear the shoes, but I took them off just as soon as I left.

Heavy rains from the north had swollen the Okeneluftee and I had to use a grapevine to swing across to the path going over the mountain. The grapevine was a good idea because Father did away with the boat and used the grapevine entirely. Beaucatcher Mountain is straight up and no one had been using the path much. I had a hard time making the first two miles. Once I had to go back and get me a couple of hoes so I could dig footholes on the steep mountain. I don't know, but they tell me when the mountain froze over you can slide down it and coast clear to the south end of the plantation, seven miles.

I finally made it over the mountain to the road. One night out I had to camp. I never did mind camping out much, but there was a couple of panthers that kept dropping out of trees that bothered me some. I got up and caught one and tied it to a bush and gave him a good switching with a piece of birch. They both left after that.

Well, I don't know. One of the Frisbie boys went to town once and brought back a pair of shoes for the youngest one. They shoed the critter and he liked to have bucked himself to death until they put sand in his shoes. The sand kind'a made him feel better and he wore the shoes until the soles were gone. By that time his feet had gotten tender and he couldn't go rabbit hunting after

the first snow. Old man Frisbie was awful mad. He made the young'un promise to never wear shoes again. That wasn't much of a promise to make. None of the Frisbies have been to town since then, and that's been 12 years ago.

They say that up in that hollow old man Frisbie is the boss of 17 kids, all boys. He makes them all forage for their own food just as soon as they are able to walk. He makes them learn to throw rocks first. If you were to go up into Frisbie's Hollow you would see a pile of rocks twice as tall as the tallest pine and four times the width of old Frisbie's barn. Seventeen times, those rocks have been used to mow down trees used for targets by the growing Frisbie young'uns. By the time they get to be six or seven the Frisbies are able to hit a rabbit at twenty paces without a miss. Old man Frisbie makes them hunt their own game with rocks until they are fourteen. After that the old man makes them run their game down. Some of them Frisbies have been known to run down over a hundred rabbits a day. Nobody will deny that a pair of Frisbies are equal to any bear that prowls those hills.

The Old Man never uses an axe to slaughter his cattle. He generally has a couple of the rabbit-chasing Frisbies hold the critter and the Old Man lets one go with his right hand and the beef just turns over and dies. One day the Old Man lined up a big bull and the bull didn't go down when Frisbie let fly with his right hand. That made him so mad he hauled off and kicked the stubborn critter so hard the breeze from his boot blowed down two pine trees and the friction from the fall set fire to them and barbecued the cow before the Old Man could draw his foot back. And the pair of rabbit-chasing Frisbies ate the barbecue before the Old Man got to it and the Old Man has been chasing the two young Frisbies ever since. That was nine years ago.

RACE OR CLASS?

(Continued from page 4)

ease. Further, they have passed stringent race laws forbidding marriage and intercourse with semitic or other non-nordic peoples. And just as the Russian proletariat are the "true" Russians today, so the German nordics are now the "true" Germans. God help the Russian bourgeois and the German semites!

It is obvious that raceless communism is essentially a class proposition, termed the "dictatorship of the proletariat" as against bourgeois exploitation in the field of economics. It is equally obvious that fascism, especially in the Third Reich where it has reached its high point, is based on racial values which tend almost to ignore economics. Fascism, in all countries where it exists, specifically denounces or rejects the class struggle. With this object in view, it consistently destroys trade unions wherever found, and has earned for itself the lasting hatred of class-conscious workmen everywhere.

The classists reject international warfare—that is, war between races—but are firm believers in class warfare to promote the ascendancy of the proletariat. In one sense they are pacifists, in another they are the deadliest of militarists. The racists, on the other hand, are vigorously opposed to class warfare, but have no objection to international or inter-racial warfare. In fact, a typically racial ruse is to embark on war abroad so as to head off class war at home, as in the case of the white Italian push into black Ethiopia. Racism and nationalism, although not quite identical, are closely affiliated and largely overlap. It is true that Hitler is half Slavic, but for that matter the mighty Lenin was born a member of the petty nobility. What price race? What price class?

There is a curious paradox in this whole question of race versus class. The proletarian class movement, through its Third International at Moscow, is designed to spread

on an international basis, regardless of blood or geography. The nordic race movement, on the other hand, is meant to be narrowly Germanic and home nationalistic, with markedly xenophobic tendencies. Yet class communism fails to spread effectively beyond its Russian refuge, and is admittedly on the decline beyond the Russian frontiers. While nordic racism has been spreading like wildfire to Austria, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, the Baltic, Switzerland, London, even New York, wherever there are race-conscious sons of Thor, Wotan, and Siegfried. Thus the Third International becomes national, while National-Socialism turns highly international. Illogical, but true.

Most of us are neither race-conscious nor class-conscious to any marked degree. Or rather, we are neither and we are both, in due moderation and with grains of the salt of liberalism. But the majority of people believe, instinctively, either in heredity or in environment as the primary shaper of human destinies. One or the other, selective breeding or social reform. In this, basically, is the true line of cleavage between the Marxian and the Darwinian motivations pursued by Russian reds and German browns.

In a few choice spots on earth racism and classism are combined into a single ideology, with a resulting fasco-communism. The China of Dr. Sun Yat-sen showed this tendency as against foreign capitalists, who were considered alien whites and bourgeois exploiters simultaneously. The Mexican government displays this spirit under the constitution of 1917, as do the nitrate workers of Chile, and the extremist military cliques among the Japanese. Fasco-communism, or racial-classism, is largely limited to semi-colonial lands with a colored population (hating whites) proletarianized by alien capitalism. Mexico, for example, preaches "back to the Indian" and soaks the foreign investor at the same time. Indianism and proletarianism are identical, opposing a united front

to white and bourgeois alike. Race and class, however, are unnatural and shifting allies of temporary expediency.

Meanwhile, Third International and Third Reich continue to glare at one another with a logical lack of understanding.

THE BISHOP WINKED

(Continued from page 8)

the encyclopedia from the shelf and held in his hand the bottle of 'varnish' which the light proved to be nothing less than Mr. Pratt's twenty year old bottle of White Horse Blended Scotch.

Mr. Pratt had already risen to his feet. He stared guiltily at the bottle as the bishop examined it. Bishop Quill's face broadened into a smile, and then into a series of chuckles.

"Varnish!" laughed the bishop. "Cavalcade Varnish! Why that's the best joke I've heard in ages!"

Mr. Pratt smiled weakly.

"Answer me this," said the bishop gasping for breath. "Are you by any chance accustomed to having a drink before you retire at night—just to put you to sleep?"

Mr. Pratt had to admit that he usually had a hot toddy every night.

Bishop Quill's laughter grew louder. "I have the same habit," he laughed. "I saw that bottle of beer on the table when you showed me your library this evening, and I was just coming after it when it exploded."

This time Mr. Pratt joined him in his laughter. The two men rocked and swayed convulsively, until they gasped for breath.

"It's a very old habit with me," said the bishop. "A very old fashioned one, too. I got it from my father, who was also a bishop, so I hope you won't hold it against me."

"Certainly not," chuckled Mr. Pratt. "I was looking for the stuff too. My wife hid it because she was afraid you would see it and misjudge me."

"Well," said the bishop, "do you mind if I

have a drink with you?"

"Indeed not," laughed Mr. Pratt. "How will you have it?"

"With White Rock, if you have it," answered Bishop Quill. "I'll help you fix it."

"No," said Mr. Pratt, pushing the bishop toward a chair. "I'll run up and get ice and glasses and be right back."

Mr. Pratt had half climbed the stairs when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps above him.

Mrs. Pratt appeared in the doorway without giving her husband time to consider retreat. Her face still wore its mask of white cream, and she had not removed the kid curlers from her hair. She jumped nervously at the unexpected appearance of Mr. Pratt.

"Oh! You scared me!" she said. Then with a note of asperity in her voice, "What are you doing down here?"

"Why the bishop and I are about to have a drink," he answered. "Will you join us?"

"Don't try to be funny at this time of night, Henry," she said, sweeping down the stairs in her flowered negligee. "And don't joke about the bishop."

Mr. Pratt stifled a laugh as she entered the library.

"Good evening, Mrs. Pratt" said Bishop Quill, rising to his feet as she entered.

Mrs. Pratt jerked her neck about to see the bishop standing before her. Her blue eyes widened with surprise when she saw the bottle of Scotch in his hand. "Why Bishop Quill," she said. "Did Henry wake you, too? I'm glad you took it away from him," she said, pointing at the bottle without giving him time to answer. "I asked him not to do this while you were here. It's very discourteous of him."

"Now, now, now, Mrs. Pratt," said the bishop, placing a consoling hand upon her shoulder. "Don't blame him. It was I who suggested the drink."

"Oh, Bishop," wailed Mrs. Pratt. "You're so very kind but really you mustn't take up

for Henry. You see, he's had this stupid habit ever since I can remember, and he won't stop it."

The bishop laughed. "I hope you'll forgive me, Mrs. Pratt, but unfortunately I have the same stupid habit. Mr. Pratt and I were just laughing at the coincidence when you came down."

Mrs. Pratt looked up. "Are you serious?" she asked dubiously. As he nodded an answer, she smiled, and at the same time became aware of her appearance. The blood mounted to her forehead, and her face flushed beneath the beauty cream. "I'll get the ice and glasses and join you in a moment," she said, running from the room.

During her absence Bishop Quill and Mr. Pratt enjoyed a quiet smoke. When at length they heard the faint tinkle of ice against glass, both men rose to assist Mrs. Pratt.

The latter's disposition had undergone a considerable improvement within the last few minutes. She was quite cheery now as she laid the silver tray and its contents upon the coffee table. "Who will mix the drinks?" she laughed. "Will you do it, Bishop, since you're the guest of honor? And Henry, I'll put the ice in the glasses while you bring the chairs."

In a short while the three grouped around the little coffee table were engaged in animated conversation. They sipped their drinks with the sincere appreciation of old connoisseurs of fine whiskies. When at last the glasses held nothing more than a few cubes of ice, Mrs. Pratt glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"It's almost four o'clock," she said. "Don't you think we'd better go to bed? It will be morning soon."

"I guess we'd better," said her husband. "It doesn't seem that late, does it?"

"No it doesn't," laughed Bishop Quill, "but I have to be up early to see Bishop Morris about a contribution I intend to make for the construction of a new parish house, so

I think I'd better go upstairs."

"I wish more bishops were like you," laughed Mr. Pratt. "I hate to see you go."

"Oh there are more like me," chuckled the bishop. "A clergyman's life isn't always the easiest." He winked.

EIN BERGFRAEULEIN IM KLOSTER

(Continued from page 14)

Institute was the Mademoiselle des Man-
niers. She was an ugly French nun with two big goiters on her neck and three warts on her face. From her we learned certain invaluable courtesies, such as greeting our parents and relations with a courtly bow; wearing kid gloves when entertaining visitors in our *Sprechzimmer*; sitting primly on the edge of our chairs. And for *Himmelswillen*, no crossed legs!

The letters we wrote home on Sundays were under observation. Of course I never dared to write my parents how much I missed my lovely home and the beautiful Alps in which I was born. Moreover, I was ashamed to mention the mountains after an experience I had once with my class-teacher.

The class was working out problems in algebra, but I, not much interested in algebra anyway, was looking out of the window, dreaming about home and the mountains. Fraeulein Liberta called my name, "Rutz!"

I heard nothing.

Again the sharp voice, "Rutzz"!!

She had to call me three times to draw me away from my wool-gathering. Annoyed, she snapped at me: "There you are again on the top of your mountains! Would you please climb down and answer my question, *Du Bergfraeulein!*"

From this time on, I was the Bergfraeulein in the class. Even greater was my reputation as a mountain girl, when they discovered that I could yodle.

One day I walked into the hushed study room, singing a Bavarian yodling song,
driholdio diri holdio—

happily unconscious of the sensation I was creating. I yodled bravely until the sharp voice of Fraeulein Liberta cut in: "*Rutzzz, was faellt Dir ein!*" The other girls giggled, and I stumbled out of my little heaven. Again the hoarse voice of the nun: "*Rutzz setz Dich auf die letzte Bank.*"

At the end of the month my teacher presented my parents with a "three" in behavior for their daughter, Mia. This was nearly the worst mark. Of course my good mother, understanding my feelings, burned the report before my father, who was very strict with us, had a chance to see it. Even though I tried very hard to be a good child, it seemed that I could not help being a kind of *enfant terrible* in the eyes of the nuns.

The first singing lesson certainly was a trial. All the new pupils had to sing a little song. When my teacher finally asked me to give my performance, I could think of nothing but a popular song of which the words were:

*Und zum Schluss schuf der liebe Gott
den Kuss.*

*In der schoensten Maiennacht Gat der
Hes den Kuss erdacht und Frau Eva
hat gelacht.*

(And at the end the Lord created the
kiss.

In a most beautiful night in May he
imagined the kiss,
And Mrs. Eve rejoiced.)

Even I knew that was not the right song for a child of ten. But forced to do something, I started stuttering. My courage soon left me when I saw the nun all eyes, and I stopped in embarrassed silence.

How we hated our daily walks! It was like a parade of solemn green geese. Two by two we walked through the uninteresting dirty factory city, not allowed to talk until we were out in the fields. The boys of the grammar school got a kick out of crossing our way. It embarrassed us a little but not as much as our guide, the nun, who was shocked at so much

impertinence and very much afraid that it might imperil the salvation of our souls. She finally complained to the president of the grammar school. The result was that the boys did not again cross our peaceful walks but stood at the corners grinning at us as we passed.

Sometimes when we reached the fields the thought of running away occurred to me. Several times under the pretense of tying my shoelace, I dropped out of the group and was left behind. There I would work out my plan. I would run to the station, take the train and go home. But I never made the break. First of all, I was not allowed to carry enough money with me. I would not have shrunk from walking home even though the distance was about sixty miles. But the watchful leader of our group would stop and wait for me to catch up.

The only nun who understood me and my homesickness was Fraeulein Lioba. She seemed to me more of a human being than all the other conventional and somehow dried-up nuns.

Her roughish hazel eyes would twinkle as she tried to comfort me by saying: "*Du musst es nicht so schwer nehmen, Mia.*" She was an angel to me, and I felt so much better after our little talks.

Frau Oberin, the head of the convent, was a wonderful person too, and I adored her. But she, of course, did not have very much time for us.

Then there was Fraeulein Anna, who was adorned with a tremendous nose but was very kind to us. I remember that she, being in charge of the chocolates which we were sent from home, always gave me a few pieces outside of the scheduled hours. You see, we never were allowed to keep our sweets for ourselves. Every Sunday after lunch we would come to Fraeulein Anna, and she would give each one a small piece of chocolate. Always ahead of time, we stood in a long line hardly able to wait for this rare

delicaciesse. And how slowly the small piece of chocolate was eaten!

My mother often reminds me nowadays of how I begged her on her visits to bring me a *Rucksack* full of the mountains I longed for so deeply. Yes, I was homesick very much and many nights sobbed in my pillow.

After two rather unhappy years, my parents finally took me home. Yet wasn't it strange?—I was crying as the iron-studded door of the *Hoehere Toechterschule* closed behind us.

"ARISE BARAK"

(Continued from page 18)

revolver from a table drawer and fired.

For a second Amos shivered and stood still; the bullet had entered his chest. But as Edwards fired a second time, the black man lunged at him. The bullet went wild; a hairy thing with a frothing jaw had leaped through the window and fastened its fangs in the white man's throat.

Amos' big hands gripped Edwards' neck. He shook off the dog. He kicked open the door. He dragged the body of the screaming white man to the old oak tree. And as the moon broke from behind slow-moving cloud banks, he hung him to the limb and watched his body quiver and become quiet. Then he scooped up mud from beside the mound and threw it in the white man's face and cursed him in the vile language of the river men. The hound growled.

But the negro was mortally hit; his shirt front was crimson. To the east in the path of the moonlight was a sink hole, a plastic, sucking sore on the surface of the land. In its bottomless belly were the bones of mighty matadons, the skeletons of the ages.

And down that moonlit path, over the flats, staggered the man. The dog was at his heels. He came to the edge of the quicksands; the moonlight glimmered on the glassy surface. He tensed the spring steel

of his muscles and jumped. The viscous surface closed above him and was smooth.

The hound whined, circled the hole, lifted its head and howled. Then it returned to the limp body hanging from the oak and howled. Then it slowly trotted back to the cabin and curled up by Amos' shoes.

LILY TURNER

(Continued from page 20)

In the meantime we'd been wondering what didn't pay any attention to it at first. It wasn't till along about the middle of May her ma would do with the flower bed. She that it happened. Then one day when Old Turner was away to work and the kids were at school, she comes over and says she'll give me a dime if I'll dig up the flower bed. That was the easiest dime I ever earned. Lily had got the ground so soft fussing with those flowers that it wasn't any job at all turning them under. I felt kind of funny while I was doing it. I kept wondering what Lily would say when she come home from school. It started raining about the time I got done, and went into the house and waited to see what was going to happen. By and by she comes across the tracks. She didn't have any coat, and she looked wet and awful tired. First thing, before she gets into the yard, she spied her flower bed all dug up. She looked sort of queer at first, just like she was going to cry. But she didn't. She just turned and walked off down the road with the rain falling on her shoulders. I'm not soft, but I felt kind of sorry for her, came near going after her too, but I figured it wasn't any of my business, so I just stood still and watched her go off by herself.

I didn't see her when she came back. The first thing I knew about what happened afterwards was the doctor coming there to see Lily. It seems she caught cold, and the cold turned into Pneumonia. She was sick a long time. She didn't finish high school, and she didn't give that talk she was going to give.

Her step-ma planted some vegetables in the garden where the flowers had been the other years. She made a pretty good thing out of them too, had a canning time and put them all up in jars for the winter. It was about six weeks before Lily got around again, and it must have been another month before she was really right. Her step-ma wanted her to go to work in the tobacco warehouse, but her pa wouldn't hear of it. It seems he could put his foot down if he had to.

Things went on about the same way until along about New Years time. Then Lily's step-ma took sick and died. The doctor said she had ptomaine poisoning from eating some of the vegetables she'd put up the summer before.

Lily looked even more peaked after that happened, and come another spring, her pa said she'd got to get away somewhere into the country, he guessed. So they packed up and moved.

That's all I know about Lily Turner. As I said in the beginning of this article, there isn't anything in it of any importance, but it's the best I can do. I don't know just what was wanted. I suppose Lilly's novel isn't any of my business. But my wife got hold of a copy of it, and she thought I ought to read it and put in a little something about it in this article. I didn't read it all. I'm not much of a hand at reading. I can write a lot easier than I can read. It's a kind of a funny story though, all about a fellow who was a teacher in some college somewhere. He had a wife and two kids, a little boy and a girl about twelve. His wife died. He started drinking and lost his job. He goes off into a small town somewhere and lives there quite a spell. All through the whole yarn there's a lot about hunting for beauty and that sort of thing. Well, this professor guy marries again, and his wife treats him and his two kids like low dirt, and finally she gets the girl sore at her, and by and by the girl kills her, poisons her, if I read it right.

I didn't read any more than that. It was

kind of a queer idea. These writing people seem to have queer ideas. I guess I'm not supposed to criticize, but it seems to me that the story isn't true to life. Such things don't happen, not in my neighborhood they don't, and it's the toughest neighborhood in town. Maybe if I'd know somebody like the folks in that story I might get something out of it.

CELLINI AND THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

(Continued from page 24)

ation. Every critic praises his power of quick vivid characterization; the least of the persons in the *Autobiography* is instinct with life.

Pope Clement VII, we learn from histories, was a better man than most of his predecessors, even though his position as a Medici and an Italian prince was of more importance to him than graver matters. His chronic irresolution and vacillation brought great disasters to the Papacy and to Rome. The *Autobiography* shows him primarily as the patron of arts, though we see that his economical nature annoyed Cellini at various times when fees for his goldsmith's work were slow in appearing. The one time in the *Autobiography* when Clement's irresolution and timidity show up to any extent is during the siege of Rome: he ordered the gunners to fire upon the house to which the wounded Prince of Orange had been carried, but Cardinal Orsini objected strenuously; the "poor Pope, in despair, seeing himself assassinated both inside the castle and without, said that he left them to arrange it". In spite of this weakness, Clement had a temper, which led Cellini once to say:

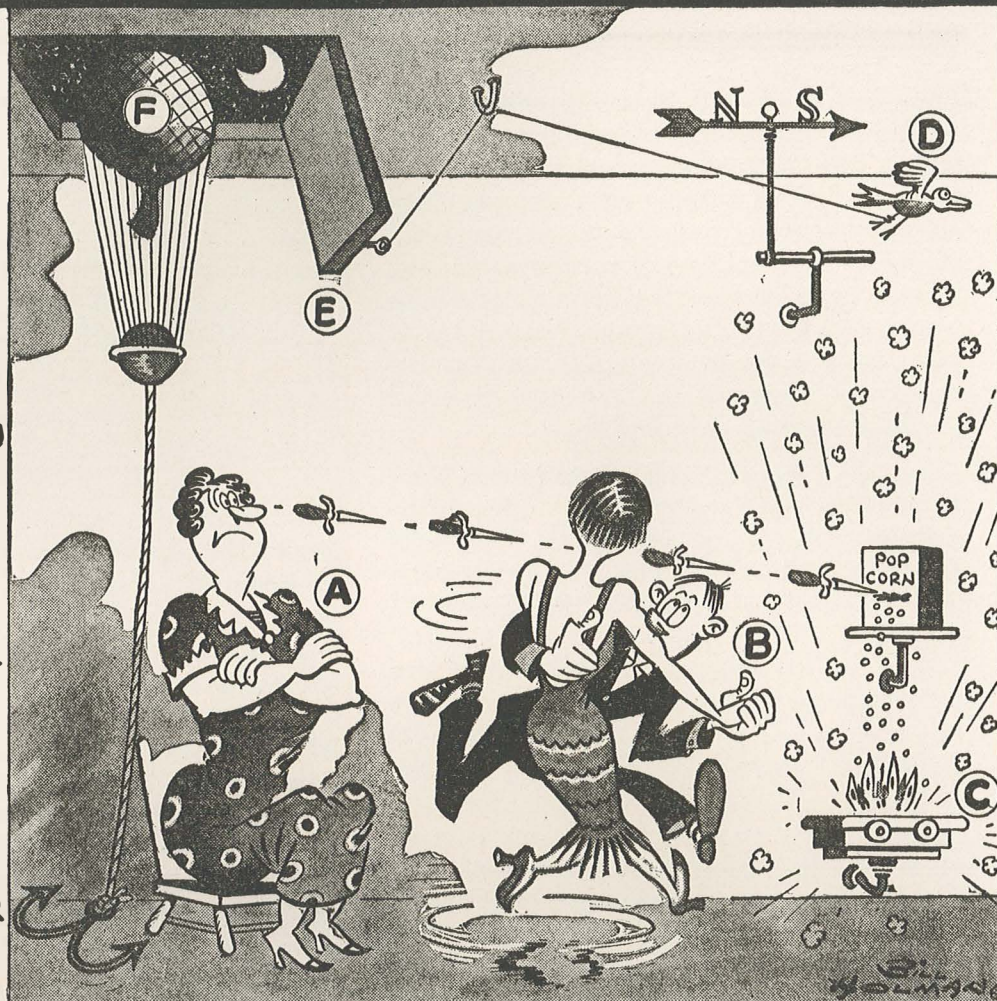
"Accordingly, when I perceived that the Pope had become no better than a vicious beast, my chief anxiety was how I could manage to withdraw from his presence."

However, all comes to an end sooner or later.

"He (Clement) sent for spectacles and

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lights, but was unable to see anything clearly. Then he began to fumble with his fingers at them, and having felt them a short while, he fetched a deep sigh and said to his attendants that he was much concerned about me, but that if God gave him back his health, he would make it all right".

Three days after that Pope Clement VII died.

His successor was Paul III whom Cellini must have admired at first, since it was he who said that "men like Benvenuto . . . stand above the law . . .". Paul was as worldly as any Italian prince, easy, magnificent, liberal in habits. He, too, had a little of that hesitation in decision which was so strong a trait in Clement; neutrality between French and Imperial factions was his great aim. The story is interesting, of Cellini's inadvertently interrupting an audience Paul was granting the Marquis del Vasto:

"The Marquis must have been pressing something on the Pope which he was unwilling to perform; for I heard him say: 'I tell you, no; it is my business to remain neutral, and nothing else' . . . the Pope called me . . . and drew me aside . . . while looking at the diamond, the Pope whispered to me: 'Benvenuto, begin some conversation with me on a subject which shall seem important, and do not stop talking so long as the Marquis remains in the room.'"

Symonds says of this:

"Cellini, thinking only of his personal affairs, withdraws at once to be the very truth and inner life of history."

Ranke says:

"It was not easy for a man to be sure of the terms on which he stood with Pope Paul . . . He never abandoned a purpose."

In perfect keeping with this are Paul's actions when Cellini's enemies reported calumniating phrases, which they declared he had spoken against the Pope.

"If the Pope could have done so without losing credit, he would certainly have taken

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fierce revenge upon me; but being a man of great tact and talent, he made a show of turning it off with a laugh. Nevertheless, he harboured in heart a deep vindictive feeling against me, of which I was not slow to be aware. . ."

Incidents could be multiplied hundredfold, showing how Cellini's narrative brings to life characters which in history stand formal and cold. The quiet Lorenzino de Medici, "who continued eyeing the Duke with very evil glances", we feel is an ominous person, capable of carrying out the "reverse" he planned for Duke Alessandro. Cosimo de Medici is another Florentine duke whom Cellini brings living before our eyes. E. V. Lucas describes so completely our impression:

"We see him haughty, familiar, capricious, vain, impulsive, easily flattered; intensely pleased to be in a position to command the services of artists, and very unwilling to pay".

Bandinello, "a coarse and offensive man", the ruling motive of whose life was a jealousy of Cellini and Michaelangelo, is a very clear figure, particularly in the famous quarrel scene before Cosimo. The generous Francis I of France, and the haughty Mme. d'Etampes, speak to us from the pages of the *Autobiography*.

Lesser folk appear in crowds, all as clearly drawn as popes, and kings and dukes: Cellini's father, and his love of the flute, Giulio Romano and the artists of Rome, Sansovino at ease in Venice, the mad castellan of S. Angelo who thought he was a bat, young Ascanio and his sweetheart in Paris, . . . these few examples indicate what a picture gallery Cellini has made of his *Autobiography*. We see that in so many ways Cellini strove to be accurate when he was describing people and scenes, so we certainly should be able to accept practically the whole *Autobiography* as true. Only in personal affairs—considering him a man of such stupendous

vanity—is there likely to be any "touching up" of events.

Let Elbert Hubbard give the final summary:

"Cellini's book is immensely interesting for various reasons, not the least of which is that he pictures indirectly, that restlessness and nostalgia which only the grave can cure. And at the last our condemnation is swallowed up in pity, and we can only think kindly of one who was his own worst enemy, who succeeded in a few things, and like the rest of us, failed in many."

I WAS A QUEER KID

(Continued from page 27)

ing to do with myself. She said I couldn't live way out there alone. I ought to come in to town and live like other folks did. She said drawing pictures was all right, but it never got you anywhere, and it didn't do no good to the world—not much good anyway. I guess I acted like a fool for a while. I said I wouldn't go. I didn't want to be like other people were. I didn't want to live in town. What I wanted was to stay where I was and go right on drawing pictures.

After a while I calmed down a little and began to listen to what she had to say. She talked of a job, a comfortable living, and plenty of time to draw my pictures if I still wanted to do that after I got settled and was a little more sensible. That's about all there is to the story. It was slow, awful slow, changing my notions was. I was a queer kid. She got me a job working in the hardware store. She got me room with some friends of hers. She introduced me to folks.

I didn't like it at first. Four times I ran away and went up to the old house. But the grass grew tall around it, and it didn't look so good, so after a while I give up going there though I didn't sell the place until a couple of years ago.

At first I tried to draw a little in the evenings. But it didn't work. There wasn't any-

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WINTER PARK

FLORIDA

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THE GOWN SHOP

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thing to draw any more. So by and by I gave it up. I ain't touched a pencil for ten years now except to add up figures on somebody's bill. Oh, I do draw sometimes funny little sketches of mountains and things on odd pieces of paper, but they don't count. I'm head clerk at Wilkin's Hardware Store now. I got a home of my own right near the main street and the store so I don't have to go very far to work. I get twenty-eight dollars a week at Wilkin's. I got a good wife and a good kid without any crazy notions in his head.

You see what Miss Moreland done for me. You see what I owe her. She could just as well have left me out there in the woods drawing pictures. I guess folks are right, when they think she's most a saint. I guess I'm just unreasonable. But it's funny the way I hate that woman.

CHRISTMAS IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 10)

church, even the church-yard, swarms with people.

Meanwhile, the scent of barbecued pigs, roasted fish, and other foods cooked at the last minute drifts in the air. Long tables, piled high with tempting dishes and set with banana leaf plates are spread about in the yards of the grandparents. Here the family gathers to eat the Christmas feast. The banquet is long, disorderly, colorful, boistrous.

Gradually after dinner the parties drift to the town playground. The zenith of the day's festivity is now at hand. Thrilling games—three-legged races, sack races, peanut races, and *sipa*, something like your soccer—are played with the greatest hilarity.

Then—ding-dong, ding-dong. . . .

Curfew is sounding. The day is done. People stroll homeward, bodily depressed but exalted in spirit.

It was a merry Christmas day!

SADYE'S 130 N. ORANGE ORLANDO

*Smart clothes—for clever
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restrict allowances un-
mercifully!*

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Conveniently
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A few very good etchings
All subjects typical of Florida

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Chesterfields
— and a Merry Christmas to you all

