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Vol. XI

NOVEMBER, 1936

No. I

# THE FLAMINGO

A Magazine of the Younger Generation



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## ROLLINS COLLEGE

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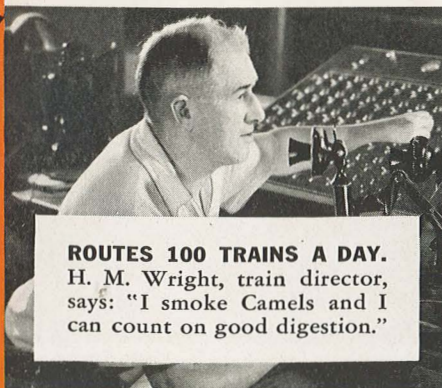
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# THE FLAMINGO

*A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation*

Vol. XI,

NOVEMBER, 1936

No. 1

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## Personal Page

ANONYMOUS

WE LOVED; God how we loved. And we were only kids—we are still—but it never occurred to us that by rights of age we loved too much. It had all the things you talk about when you say “love” in the biggest sense, our closeness did. Only I never realized how much until now.

Because the thing grew upon us. Both of us were lonely. He was a silent sort of person, with a great and sensitive heart; beloved, admired by everyone. But we looked upon this boy with awe and thought that probably he was a genius. He wrote stories of a strange and mysterious power; that made you think about them and talk about them for months. He tore the heart out of you when he acted on the stage. And once he wrote a symphony that the high school orchestra played on its public festival night. (Later he was to write a piano piece for me as a graduation gift.)

People thought that I was certainly a genius too. But not for the same reasons. Because I was peculiar in an indefinable sort of way. And because, when I’m in the mood, I can talk anybody into believing anything, about me or any other matter; though the effect is not always intended. The kids were never aware of this second reason for their belief in me. Neither was he. Oh, yes, he too believed I was a genius; he would probably never have noticed me otherwise.

But he did notice me, it doesn’t matter how we met. And once again each of us had hope, the hope that we had found some-

one. For he on his part could never even begin to bring himself closer to the kids. And I could start—they always liked me because I was so entertaining (when I was); and perhaps because I could translate Latin at sight for them—but I could never sustain the mood long enough to get anywhere. Though we’d neither of us discovered what we wanted, we’d each of us so often tried. Always we’d been disappointed.

This time we took each other without thinking much about the ideal we’d both had. And so it began. We got along very well because I talked nearly all the time and he was usually quiet. Kind, understanding, he never made me feel he was being indulgent. He was so much more mature than I that I marveled and looked up to him. I used to wonder what the kids thought when they saw us together. He was a tall, fine-looking person. I was fat and ugly as a gargoyle. I used to remember often how one of the cute society girls about school had said to me, long before I even knew him: “I hope no one ever gets that kid. He’s too good for any girl.” And I, even I, had him. At this thought I always smiled with unbelieving pride, and pressed his hand if he was holding mine. I’m glad I did that so much because it made me better-looking for him; my smile isn’t bad. I’m glad too, because he’d press my hand back, look down at me, and smile with me. Only, my smile lay mostly on my lips; while his looked out from the veriest depth of his eyes. I’ve never seen a pair of eyes to look like his in any other human being.



And remember that those eyes were seeing *me* when they looked! But then, he stood for much more than merely my ungainly appearance—and still loved. He accepted me as I was with all my faults, and asked no more than that he should have me. (My demands upon him, on the other hand, are appalling to my recollection.) What he found I'll never see. But I think I meant to him the vibrant life; the source itself of nervous energy. Yet I was a moody witch; a devil with a fiery sullen temper. I hurt him; or took advantage of a wondrous sympathy—and expected always to be forgiven. I was. Always.

Somehow we stuck; the credit for that is all his. We each went away to college, where we were more to each other than we had been before. We shared each other's lives like separate parts of a single entity. We told each other things that others might not have admitted to themselves. And it was good. He kept me steady. I who had scarcely known a steady moment in my life before. He gave me a purpose for living. What would I have done without him?

It was not all good, this having him, however. No fault of his, but I lived apart because I had him. There was no need, no want for anyone or anything outside of him. The new environment, the new faces—they touched my life, but became no significant part of it. I was detached as I had never been even in my moodiest high school moments, not even funny or entertaining now. Yet I was content, and oddly enough, I got more from that way of living than I had by any other. At least there was a meaning to everything—in terms of him. And I had the constant forward look to the time when I should see him.

I did see him. We spent our Christmas vacation together. And after that, the summer. Then the following school year away from each other, withal a year the most intimate of our association. Together we were growing up, eager to transmit one to the other the facts of our experience. One day a college kid approached. "Anne, you're changing. Verily, verily, I do believe at times you're almost nice-looking." I smiled assent knowing the reason why. It was about time he had begun to take effect in me. But I didn't get home to see him the Christmas of that year. And terrible things ensued. His father died; and I wasn't there beside him. Later, he thought he was in love with someone else. But both of us changed our minds about that after a harrowing session of uncertainty. A nearly perfect peace, until I broke it with a delusion similar to his. I, too, thought I was in love with someone else. But when I saw him I knew the truth.

This brought to us another summer. Little we suspected it, all began so well. But it was to be the worst of an awful year. He almost moved away because his father's death had broken up the home. Then, as if it wasn't enough to have him gone all school year he took a big piece of my summer away with him when he left to stay for a month.

I was sure he was never coming back, frenetic with the very thought of the possibility. While, even before his return, appeared the first faint glimmerings of that nightmare I walk around in yet.

At first it was nothing more than an abstract query, now and then, about the effect of college on my beliefs, on my personal code. Soon the queries became insistent.

There were insinuations. But still I did not see what they were driving at. The truth, so repugnant to me I refused to see, swept up and blew me to pieces like a tornado. It wound in and out of the holes in my heart until I knew not whether I was standing on my feet or on my head. As my mien and behaviour grew steadily worse with the torment, questions were put. Direct, at last, but none too open-minded. Had we married secretly? Would we? Or had we already 'gone the limit' without benefit of clergy? Were we going to do so? Our parents were sure we would, if we had not already, at the first and most often opportunity.

Mother's friends all knew or guessed about it—and she is a popular pillar of society in our town. *They* all wondered, too. They dared not think quite the worst. Or thinking it, dared not say so; for they knew me, that I'd kill them. But what they did dare they spoke, in terms equivocal or indirect. O Christ! the vulture's watchfulness in their motherly concern!

And yet I could not stoop to my own defense, even in the isolated presence of my family. It was a degradation not only for me but for my love. That my own folk could think such things when I had overheard a mere high school acquaintance say: "*That* boy? Those two? Good god, what nonsense!" I had been grateful for that observation.

At about this time he returned. We took the onslaught then with double barrels, his folk on one side and mine on the other. I wish he could have been spared those weeks. There was anguish in them for the purest heart that ever beat. Anguish too, and rage,

for one not nearly so pure but just as innocent. What a bitter farce it was.

As for my boy and me, we determined that this should not divide us, sure that we could hold. But something strange began to happen to us. It was a time when above all other times we should have been close. We thought that we were. Yet occasionally we caught glimpse of a nameless rift that frightened both of us. This was no difference; no quarrel. It was something we'd never known. The heavy hand of accusation lay upon us with the weight of actual guilt. But we could see no reason for the effect it had. We saw only the effect itself: that something was seriously amiss within as well as without us.

Anything else we could have stood, but not this. You'll say that if we really loved, this disintegration, this relentless something could not have occurred. I believe you; yet it did happen. And certainly we loved. More and more restrainedly, however. Almost stiltedly. If we had had sufficient maturity and independence to marry then, none of this dreadful present would have mattered. But neither of us was prepared for marriage; and we knew it. That was our first defeat.

Defeat gave ample room for doubt. I, on my part, had always distrusted men as a class. And he had once thought that women in general aren't worth much. We'd made exceptions of each other. These exceptions we still considered valid. But instinctive reactions must have been fired with the fuel of unremitting innuendo. I am not at all sure that this is true. All I know is that for some reason fears and doubts piled up to stifle every feeling. And it was not long before we reached the last inevitable doubt—about our love.



I knew that I must have it out of him. I'd thought of it myself, but I could never have said it. I got it. With much reticence it came in slow and puzzled tones: "I'm not in love with you, Anne . . . it *isn't* that I'm tired of you . . . I feel . . ." He stopped, hurt both for himself and for me. No, I didn't scream or faint. I remember how my wits coolly took in all the surrounding day and arranged themselves in order for a sensible reply. No, I didn't scream or faint. But my face went numb up to the eyes. So that I couldn't feel it when I touched it; couldn't move my lips to answer.

We walked on. The numbness passed from my face to my heart, and I was calm. Presently we reached a small stone bridge. It was our favorite spot in the park and we stopped perforce of habit. He was wont to watch my image in the water while I talked. It had probably been easier to look at me that way, I thought. But I stepped up to lean upon the parapet as I always did. And I brushed him, quite by accident. He took me in his arms; pressed out against his white shirt front a few miscellaneous tears that had escaped from my frozen heart. It was nearness for a moment. It was that sweet warmth I loved so much. But I knew—even before I went home to a dreary dinner—that the moment had been futile.

Meanwhile, almost as if they had achieved a diabolical purpose, events without went better. For one thing, my reasoned moments of despair taught me that our parents were not utterly to blame for their opinions. Lovers, I knew, were not supposed to be able to keep going very long without falling into the social error of their ways. And we'd known each other for quite some time now.

Accordingly, one day, I let my father clasp me to his waiting shoulder, let him stroke my hair. He spoke in effect: "You care too much now. In between seeing him you behave like an inanimate object. I've feared for you if you should lose him; but now I'm afraid of what'll happen if you continue to see each other. Why don't you give him up for awhile?" For a while! I knew it would be forever. And I couldn't. He might be going, but I couldn't *give* him away. I made the most earnest promises. I pleaded for faith in me, in us. He finally gave it, reluctantly. It was reluctantly given all around. But it was given; for I went and got it. I would keep it, I figured, for the rest of this season at least.

But what of us? He'd done much more than I to save us. He'd averted a family quarrel. He'd shown my mother, where I couldn't, the simple truth about us. For what? That at the school year's parting we should know not how we felt? So it seemed. He left for college again and all I said was: "You are free, lad. Please be happy, you love it so there." We agreed that if we found there was nothing left indeed, it would be the end without any unnecessary ado. And so he left.

There were interminable days of no word from him before I too left for college. I'm here; and I hang around the post-office like a hungry animal too timid to stand in with its brethren. I'm conscious only of unreality—I can't be sure I have this cut upon my finger, really. People don't notice any difference because they're used to seeing me look like this; I'm glad. But I set my fingers searching over the beloved piano keys and I find nothing. I want to think about some

philosophic problems because they interest me; but I don't remember what they are. He may never have got to his destination; he may be ill; or dead. I don't know and I can't find out; it would be violating not

only the spirit but the letter of my word, if I tried to. What is the final truth about us? There is no answer. There is no truth. There is only fact. I know that he is gone and that I love him.

## AUTUMN

ROBERT SPURR

ON AUTUMN evenings the wind was clean and white  
Blowing over from Jersey City and Weehawken and Palisades  
And the roar of the city was low, just beyond hearing,  
But holding muscles strained and eyes up and searching.

No autumn like that had ever been before,  
There had not been that fever in the air, high-pitched,  
And breath and feet were quicker  
And pulse-beats of fingers pressed hard against fingers,  
Have you been up to Lenox Avenue since then?

I suppose the crowds still walk up and down on Autumn evenings,  
There would be knots of silent faces, and dark lips curled  
And voices in exhortation stabbing the quiet of the night  
And laughter that came and went like bubbles on warm wine  
And sulking in shadows and bright lights  
Shining from one hundred and twenty-fifth street up to the river.  
You could laugh too, and nod to him or her  
Whom you had known somewhere, and there would be back-nods of smooth heads  
And white teeth bare in the Lenox Avenue lights.

And we laughed at the laughing, and went faster and more lightly,  
Swinging in step, up the left side and down the side of the strollers;  
Then we turned off to the right and went down to the black wharves  
Leaving the bright and soft and fierce crowds behind us—

Tell me, do you ever recall such a time  
When the air is sharp as a cold iron against your throat  
And there is a rhythm of quick life on an Autumn evening?



# Notes From A German Hospital

LOUISE MACPHERSON

Berlin

*August 15.* There is no one here who speaks English. There are a few who think they do. My night nurse introduces herself: "I am to converse with rapid on the English tongue being able." The nurses, *schwesterns*, are jolly and kind. They pop in and out with beaming faces, and are breathless with excitement: An Amerikanerim has arrived!

*August 16.* The hospital is built about a court, and in that court each night at sunset the *schwesterns*, fifty of them, gather and sing; "so that the patients may be prepared for happiness in the coming day". The voices are indescribably lovely and tender to the ears of us who are ill.

A *schwester* enters suddenly. She brings good tidings. There was an Amerikaner here three years ago, and when he left, he forgot one of his many books. It is, she explains happily, *In English*, and I gaze avidly upon the title placed before me: "Property Insurance in America".

*August 17.* Today come some of my German friends. They enter laden with flowers and American magazines, which were secured after many hours of searching through Berlin. They have much to tell of the Olympics—and oh! how the Americans are *wundershon*; and a seat in the stands near a group of Americans is most coveted, for they "encourage their contestants with such odd screams". And the wonderful black man is doing amazing things . . . how admirable the white Americans are to consider the black man equal with them. It really is a democracy, isn't it? "Well, that is not for us," they say . . . and patting me tenderly

they disappear. I hear them below in the court, mounting their bicycles and amid much shouting and laughing riding out into Berlin.

*August 18.* Herr Professor the Doktor calls. They say here that he is one of the greatest of doctors in Germany. He possesses the simplicity of a child, the tenderness of a woman, the sadness of the world.

We speak together in a hybrid language, formed of German, French and English. His brow is ruffled, obviously a great mind is at work. He arises, and gathering together all of his forces embarks upon that perilous sea—the English tongue: "This today, you am gooder". After this linguistic triumph, his face is aglow with pride and he hums a little tune as he leaves the room.

A *schwester* dances into my room with bunches of babies under each arm. There is a great confusion of minute legs and arms, and very German baby heads, a few alarming circling swings of her arms, and approximately six human beings are suddenly gone.

*August 18.* A man from The American Embassy rushes in to see me this morning; asks if everything is Oky Doak, relates with zest some spicy Berlin gossip concerning people of whom I have never heard, and with an "I'll be seein' ya" rushes away. What music were his American words!

Today I walked, or labored under the illusion that I was walking, and tomorrow I am to go into the garden. What in life could possibly be a more daring adventure than that?

*August 19.* In the garden each *schwester* possesses her own bit of land on which to cultivate her flowers. The result is a most

fascinating array. Here are flamboyant bravado flowers, here modest peeping little things—nowhere absence of taste or imagination.

I sit alone and *schwesterns* with many smiles and waving hands from the windows share with me my delight. A group of them come now. It is their free hour. They bring their sewing, one of them has a guitar, and while she plays they sing. Then one reads aloud and they listen with attentive serene faces.

When they have gone, I perceive suddenly that I am surrounded by birds. They are thick in the sky above this small Eden, and then I begin to see their nests in every tree and bush. They are not afraid, but quite obviously resent my presence in their domain and are extremely rude; so I surrender and go in.

*August 20.* "What", I ask my *schwester*, "do most German girls wish to do? In what are they interested?" "What do they want to do?" She pauses in puzzlement and amazement. "I don't know. I was never asked that before. It is an American question, nicht wahr?"

In the night I am suddenly sitting up wide awake in bed, trembling. What is it? Then I hear below in a street the tramping of hundreds of feet in unison, a guttural "Achtung" and then a roar of singing which lessens as the troops pass away into the night. A *schwester* stands beside me with a glass of water. She is, I think, rather pale. "The Storm Troopers, you know. They are just beginning to march again. There were no meetings during the Olympics". She is almost whispering, and glides away silently into the shadows. I am to awake often in the night before I leave Germany, always with the same feeling of terror, to hear the nerve-racking beat, beat, of unknown numbers of feet passing by into silence.

*August 22.* So many sad farewells with

these kind people. The *schwesterns* must have their picture taken with the Amerikanerin. And Herr Professor, where is he—he must come too. Away they go, and return with flushes and giggles. *The Herr Professor will come!* We are snapped at the end of much ceremony and preparation.

Do I know that Herr Professor is going to drive me to the Sanitarium in his *own* Automobil? They stand gasping and away we chug, out of the hospital court into the world once more. Never again will I see those buildings, those faces, except in my greedy memory. Herr Doktor comments to me upon various objects as we drive across the city. We pass a troop of marching soldiers. "Boom, Boom! Men are they dead entirely", says he in his terse and expressive English. We pass a building. "There, there", says he, "there is my office. See, I have *my name on a sign!*" And he runs into the curb in his excitement. It is true. The wording informs one that this impressive building is his private office.

We arrive at the Sanitarium. A bell at the gate is rung, the porter lets us in, and a woman comes to meet me. She greets me as though I were to be an honored guest at her estate for the week-end, and as though she had been waiting—oh an indefinite period of time. "Just for you, my dear." She leads me through silent white corridors to my room. "Perhaps you would like to lie down now", she suggests and closes the door. Having just arisen, I would not in the least like to lie down, but after standing in the middle of the room for several minutes, there being nothing for it, I lie down.

*August 23.* Over the whole subject of illness a gentle delicacy is thrown. Everyone is a "guest". Yet if anyone dares look too healthy, or acquires a spring in his walk, he immediately becomes an outcast. Then the hostess looks as though she were to say, "My



dear child, I am sorry but you must be punished for this".

They say there are fifty "guests" here. Only fifteen are in evidence. The rest are hidden away behind mysterious closed doors. "They take their meals in their rooms you know", says the hostess, referring to those who are probably hovering between life and death. Those who do not take their meals in their rooms and those who are almost hovering on the brink of indecent health, dine on a semi-circular veranda overlooking the vast gardens. Each guest sits at his own little table and an awe-inspiring silence prevails throughout the meal, broken only by the meeting of forks with plates. There are three old, old women, two insignificant couples, and one depraved, vicious-looking couple. One old lady insists upon being served everything first. If she is not, or if she is forced to wait for something, her cane begins to tap, and that means danger. Then the poor little maids bustle about madly, and slowly the tapping lessens, and dies away. It is horrible that human beings can be in such a small area, and yet be separated by the most artificial and unbreakable walls.

*August 24.* Within the walls of the sanitarium the air is imbued with a distinctive odor. What is it? A mixture of medicine, bed-pans, innocuous foods (custards in particular), stale flowers, and something else that is too intangible to name. Perhaps it is the very breath of the dying. All of this mingles together and forms the subtle delicate aroma of illness—which by its very subtlety can work its way into the heart and soul and prevent the victim from ever again feeling really "hearty."

The sanitarium is on the edge of the *Grünwald*—a large forest on the outskirts of Berlin, and there are beautiful gardens in which to wander. I go into the forest with a German friend. We pass the time by ex-

changing the names of the trees in our respective tongues. We meet large numbers of people, many of them riding home from their work on the bicycle paths which run through the wood.

*August 25.* There are many Russians here. Again no one speaks English. The German "guests" are the Prussian type of which I have long been warned by my Bavarian friends.

I walk a bit in the streets around the sanitarium and everywhere am greeted with huge posters portraying an inhuman monster. Underneath are the words: "Beware of the Red Jew". The Berlin papers are achieving new heights of vituperation against Russia. I do not understand until the day before I sail, when it is announced that every German boy must serve two years military service instead of one. Of course, now every German is prepared to recognize the necessity of this.

Today a group of Spaniards arrive at the sanitarium to recuperate. They tell us only one tale. It is enough. As they were leaving the Barcelona station a priest arrived. A mob gathered, chopped off his feet with an axe, and left him.

*August 26.* The Spaniards receive many Germans and there is much mysterious whispering. To my mind it is altogether suspicious. I am sure there is a plot underfoot.

*August 27.* How perfectly obvious and stupid of me not to have seen it before. Almost everyone here is Jewish. Questions clamor into my brain. Why? How? So many Russians. Did the doctor wish to show me something? And the Spaniards; there is nothing wrong with them. But none of these questions are ever answered for that afternoon I receive a telephone call. Will I leave the sanitarium and come for the week-end on the Wannessee? A few goodbyes, attempts at expressions of gratitude and the gate clangs behind me. I have left the sanitarium.

## Hunger

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

ALL SUMMER I have been thinking about the boy called Tony, and wondering about the thing that happened to him. It has been hot in the city, and the grass in the Square is brown and dry. People in the tenements have been dying from heat prostration and hunger, and at night they lie huddled on the fire escapes, trying to reach a breath of cool air. Everything is at a standstill, and there is no work to be had. And most people have forgotten about the boy and about the hopelessness of spring, in the greater hopelessness of summer. Only I cannot forget, and sometimes I think that if I could put it all into words the meaning might come clear, and I might understand why it happened.

I remember the first time I saw him. I was sitting on a desk in Jim Freed's office, swinging my feet and thinking about everything and nothing, lazily. The office is small and dingy, one room above a beer parlor on Ninth, but through the window I could see that the sky was very blue and I knew that the trees in the Square were getting green, so I was happy in an unreasoning sort of way, just because it was spring and I was alive.

When someone opened the door, I thought it would be Jim, so I drew back into the shadows. That was why the boy did not see me at first. But I noticed that he was unfamiliar with the place, and I could not remember having seen him before. He was dark and thin, and he walked as if he were very tired.

"Hello," I said, "what do you want?"

I had to laugh at the way he jumped back

when he saw me. "What are you doing here?" he asked, startled.

"I'm waiting for Jim," I answered. "How about you?"

"Me?" He stopped for a moment. "I—I suppose I am too." Then he was perfectly quiet, until suddenly he asked, hesitantly, "Who is Jim?"

I gasped. "Jim? Why he's the labor organizer here. Didn't you know?"

I couldn't realize that one person on Eighth Street wouldn't know who Jim Freed was. It seemed especially strange now, when everyone was talking revolution, and the air was heavy with impending disaster. Everywhere, up and down Eighth, over in the tenement district, across in the Square, where the unemployed men sat all day and slept on benches at night, his name was spoken, always in careful undertones. Jim Freed—organizer; Jim Freed—night meetings; Jim Freed—and the hunger march. And people were afraid; they seemed to cower in the menacing shadows of the tall buildings.

Everyone on the outside felt this indefinite fear pressing upon them. I was on the inside, to some extent at least, and I was not free of the feeling. It was the vagueness of everything that alarmed us. If someone had said to us, loudly, when we were all gathered in a group, "You and your wives and families are hungry. On May seventh we march to the state capitol in a body, carrying signs to demand bread and to show the city what they have done to us. We will start from the Square at ten o'clock—" and the rest of it, we would have been excited, yes, and joyful in a way. But



the fear would have been gone. Now, the whole plan was locked up in the mind of one man—Jim Freed—and it escaped only in muffled whispers or night meetings in the little office. You can see how it was then that anyone who did not know Jim's name or his position had no business here, among the stacked papers and the dusty books.

I looked at the boy and wondered how he had happened to come here. He seemed ordinary enough. His clothes were ragged, and there was a drawn, pinched look about his face. His skin was pale, and he was thin.

Then I noticed his eyes. They were blue and deep and like no eyes I had ever seen before here. There was a sort of calm about them—not a deadened calm, but something sure and peaceful that could not be changed. It made me wonder even more, because eyes like that did not belong in the city. They were a part of space—mountains perhaps, or plains, or water.

But neither of us spoke again. He sat at another desk and I did not feel brave enough to ask him where he came from.

Finally Jim came in, and the whole atmosphere became electric. Jim is dark and his eyes are sad, but they flash fire when he talks. He came in, as he always comes, like a storm. He carries his own inexhaustible store of vitality, and he sheds it over everyone around him. The contrast between him and this quiet boy was so marked that I looked from one to the other in amazement. No matter what he said, the boy remained silent and withdrawn. But Jim seemed to make himself a part of the person he talked to.

Now he threw his hat on the desk and walked over to me. "Got it, Ann?" he snapped.

I nodded, and handed him an interview I had written for his paper *The Leader*.

He glanced at it quickly, and burst into

fire. "That's the thing Ann—that's what we want," he said. "Great stuff, girl. Great stuff." Then he caught sight of the boy and became abrupt and business-like again.

"Yes?" he said, almost curtly.

"I'm Tony," the boy answered. He may have given another name but we heard only the first. "I come from up-state a ways, and I've been in town for a week looking for work. I write some, and I'd like a job on *The Leader*." He looked discouraged and lonely and I was sorry for him.

Jim evidently was too, for his tone softened. "Right," he said. "Go out and interview someone in the Square. Pick him out and get his story, and bring it in tomorrow afternoon."

"Yes," said Tony, but he didn't move. He just stood there, swaying a little, and then he asked timidly, "Is there a salary, or are we paid by the article?"

I held my breath and waited. And the storm came. "Pay!" Jim roared. "My God, we can hardly print this thing, let alone paying the reporters!"

"You do it for the cause—because you want to do it," I added, trying to soften things a little.

But the boy did not seem disconcerted or even interested. "I'm sorry," he said. "You see I don't live here, and they told me this was a regular paper. And I haven't eaten for a long time." He would have gone then, only he stumbled a little and Jim stopped him. Jim was fumbling in his pockets, but I knew that whatever was there Jim needed. These were lean days for all of us.

So I said, very quickly to the boy, "Come on home. Dad's struck it rich and we're having bread and soup."

He didn't hesitate at all or apologize. He just smiled gratefully and followed me out of the room, detached and serious. And Jim

stood looking after us, his face twitching a little. I knew how he felt.

Well, that was the beginning. Tony had supper with us that night, eating very slowly and not seeming to be aware of his surroundings. I suppose our shack was one step better than a park bench, but since dad had lost his job there wasn't much furniture and what we had was useful rather than decorative. But there was a sagging porch for him to sleep on, and when mother asked him to stay he accepted in the same unembarrassed way—hardly seeming to notice or to care.

Somehow after that he just stayed on. The kids liked him because he would listen to the things they told about school—though half the time I don't think he heard what they said. Dad liked him because when dad talked about the proletariat Tony would smile and agree and write rather stilted articles for *The Leader*. Mother painted his portrait and hung it in the dining room where she hangs all the pictures she will never sell. It was a good picture, and it is still there—the eyes looking out at us quietly, contrasting with the tortured eyes of the rest of the gallery.

He and I had a curious sort of friendship from the first. He never talked much but he liked to walk, and when I would go outside in the evening he would come with me. We walked up through the tenement district and down town, along the busiest streets . . . I loved to watch the lights and the colors and then to walk into a quiet clearing where there was nothing but stars and shadows. Sometimes we would discuss the people we knew or talk about the plans that were being made. But I usually talked the most about these things. He always agreed and said what he was expected to say, but all the while he looked as if he were speaking in a dream. I had a feeling that none of it really mattered to him.

Once when we were walking, we stopped in front of a window filled with books. I looked at them for a long time, because they represented everything I wanted and could not have. I tried to put my feeling into words. "That's the thing that is denied us because we're poor," I said. "Books and education; we may be given food, but we can't hope for these."

He looked at me curiously. "Is that what you want?" he asked.

I nodded. "Don't you?"

"No," he said. "Not any more. I want to go back to the river."

"The river?" I was puzzled. The river that ran through town was dirty and stagnant, but in spring the children in the river shacks lay on the bank and trailed their fingers in the water. I sensed something like this in him.

"Yes," he said. "It was clear and very deep. We lived on it—in a house boat. It was my friend, and it told me many things. This place is noisy and unhappy and excited. It was always still there."

Then I understood something of the look in his eyes. But I did not say anything. We walked back in silence.

He did not tell me any more about his life. He talked to mother more than to the rest of us, and one day she told me that he had gone away from home to look for a job and that he had never been in a city before. His family was poor and they operated a barge on the river, and he had always lived out of doors, on the water. This was sad, but there were many sad things around us.

Tony worked quite well on the paper, and between times he looked for a job. He had not lived in town long enough to get Federal work or relief, and there did not seem to be anything else. So he spent most of his time writing interviews that were always somehow lifeless, as if he did not care much about



the subject or the writing. Jim did not like him much. He used to stop Tony in the hall and say, "What's the matter with you, boy? Your heart isn't in your work." And the boy would nod or else say nothing. I couldn't understand Jim's feeling at the time. Tony seemed to be trying, and he seemed to be in sympathy with us.

But everyone was strange and irritable at that time. We were on the verge of something—no one quite knew what. The fear was growing, and the Square was unnaturally tense and quiet. And small things would start a miniature storm. When a soap-box preacher in the Square narrowly escaped being mobbed by the men and when a gang of Italian children threw ripe tomatoes at a long gray car, the events were more significant as a forecast than in themselves.

The night meetings were continued, and everything was becoming more taut. The strain carried over at home. Dad came home late, exhausted and nervous from speaking to crowds of people as nervous as he. Mom put away her painting and went down to the tenements to organize the women. There was some sort of dissenting element, and a threat of revolution within the ranks. Jim was keeping the party together by sheer force. The kids had learned some sort of chant about the bourgeoisie and they said it in undertones as they skipped rope. And there was even less food in the house.

No one noticed Tony in the general confusion. And then one day I realized that he had not been coming to the Leader office for some time. I would have asked him what was wrong, but there was an important meeting that night and it seemed as if at last everything would be brought out into the open. We were all going, of course, but I stayed at the office to help proof the last edition of the Leader and walked over to the hall with Jim. When we arrived, the

place was filled with people. I saw dad at last, standing over at one side, but everyone else was lost in the crowd. And the crowd was wild! They were shouting and singing and trying to talk sanely, all at once. I knew then that the top would blow off. This was the night.

Jim stood up and the people were silent. And then, in a few words, he told them what they were to do. I went home in a state of wild exultation, and Jim and mother and dad sat in the living room talking about the plans, and the kids lay in the doorway listening.

I stepped out of the door for a minute because the room was warm. Out on the walk the street light gleamed pale yellow, but the steps were dark, and for a moment I did not see Tony sitting in the shadows. He was very quiet and his face was sad, but I did not notice that at first.

"Tony!" I cried, "What did you think of it?"

He stirred and looked up as though he had been awakened from a dream. "Of what?" he asked.

I was impatient. "The meeting of course," I said. "What did you think of Jim? Didn't he handle them well?"

"I didn't go," said Tony. That was all. I stared at him.

"Why?" I asked, and my voice sounded unreal.

For a moment he didn't answer. Then he said, "I've been thinking about the river, Ann. The water there was so clear; you could see deep down. And the currents flowed two ways. It was dangerous for swimmers. But on summer nights the whole sky was filled with stars, and they were reflected in the water."

I was angry then. How could he think about the river now, when everything was happening? "Tony, I said, 'quit dreaming.

We're going to march! On the seventh we're going to march through to the capitol. Nothing can stop us. And you can sit and think about the river!"

He went on as though he had not heard me. "Out there," he said, "there aren't so many people. You can think about things calmly and you don't need to be excited. And there is no spring here, and no night."

There was a pause, and I could feel the space between us widening. And suddenly I was unreasonably angry with Tony, with his river, with the calm eyes that I could not understand. I stood up. "Go back to your river," I said. "You'll never learn to look at life. Go on back to your dreams. Why did you leave in the first place?"

He did not seem disturbed. He looked up at me and the shadows were blue on his cheeks and his eyes were still peaceful. "I don't know," he said. "I want to go back more than anything. This place is like a fever in the blood. It has hot, ugly walls that press against you. There, everything can be understood and endured quietly."

I turned and went inside again. Everything seemed to have lost its meaning. And as I lay and tried to sleep, Jim Freed's voice beat against my mind like a tom-tom, conjuring up visions of glory, while my heart saw a strange boy and a long river—a lost, dark river that I would never know.

I did not say anything to anyone about Tony, but little by little everyone realized that he had withdrawn. The strange part of it is that no one ever talked about it. Only when the kids came home from school they did not run to tell him what had happened during the day, and at supper table, when we were all talking about the paper or the meetings, somehow Tony was left outside. He did not seem to notice or to mind, but I think he did. We were his only friends, and he had been fond of us in his own way.

Jim was a different matter. I hadn't intended to tell him, but he noticed that Tony never came to the office any more and that he only stood around the edges at the meetings, seeming to watch people yet never actually seeing them. One day he asked me about it and I had to tell him what the boy had said. To Jim, his principles are life and death, and to fail them is unforgivable. He called Tony a moral coward and a slacker, but I could see that his disappointment went even deeper than words. I did not know the exact term for a person who shuts himself up in his own mind to the exclusion of everything else, but that is what Tony was doing. And none of us could understand it, because we lived in a world of action.

The boy took to staying away during meals and at night. First he had sat on the porch, never speaking, just looking into space. Now he sat in the square, on a bench toward the center of the trees. I could see why he did that; it was like spring there, and the trees were his companions.

If things had been normal we would have worried and mom would have asked him to come back and let her make a charcoal study of him or something. But there was no time for art now, and we could not think of one person. We had to deal with life—and life was proving to be more than a handful. The time was near, and at the end of every day we sighed in relief that nothing had happened to upset the plans.

My nights and days were pretty well occupied, so I did not miss my walks with Tony. And he ignored everything. Everyone else was on one side or the other; only he sat wrapped in his dreams and his longing, trying to recapture the calm that the city was taking away. Gradually we forgot him. Even Jim did not mention him any more. Only sometimes the kids would ask "Where's Tony? Why doesn't Tony come



any more?" Then they realized that he was not one of us, and they forgot him too.

It was the night before the march that I saw him again. I went past the Square, and the men were standing in small, excited groups. They seemed to be all together—all of the groups united in one purpose and toward one ideal.

I slipped through the crowd. Tomorrow it would happen. There had been another relief cut, and there wasn't a job in the city. Ten o'clock in the Square tomorrow—

Outside of the groups, Tony was sitting alone. I walked over to him, and I saw that he was even paler and that the drawn look had come back to his mouth. But there was an elusive happiness in his eyes; other than that, they remained the same. He was so alone and yet there was nothing pitiable about him.

"Hello," I said.

He smiled faintly and said, "Hello, Ann."

"How are you getting along?" Our conversation was stiff, not easy and natural as it had been before.

"All right," he answered. And then, in a rush of words, "Ann, I'm going back to the river. I'm going tomorrow. Things will all come right then; they'll slip into place again . . . I wanted to tell you."

I looked at him, and I felt cold suddenly. "Tony," I said, "They're marching tomorrow."

"I know."

"Tony" won't you march with them?" There was a pause. "It's for both of us," I added quickly. "I have faith in you; I don't want you to be a coward. And you've burrowed so far back into your mind that reality has no meaning for you. They're your people, whether you want to admit it or not."

He shook his head. "I can't march, Ann. I can't see any of it. It doesn't seem true.

There's sound and fury and nobody knows what's beneath."

"I know what's beneath it, and so do you. Tony—" I stopped and looked at him.

"Why does it make so much difference?" he asked.

"Because you're afraid—and I believed in you. Don't let them call you a coward."

He smiled. "I don't care what they call me."

Across from the Square, gray towers crouched menacingly. And suddenly I was tired of fighting. "Go back, then," I said.

But Tony smiled again. "You don't mean that," he said. "And I owe you something. Let me go free willingly, back to the river and back to my own life."

"How can I let you be a coward?" I was bitter in my desire to hurt him.

"Very well," he said, "I'll march."

I turned and went away without a word. All that night the river ran through my dreams, and next morning Tony was at the door. Mother answered it and he came in quietly and said, "I've come to join the marching."

Everyone who reads the city papers or the Labor papers knows about the hunger march. It is old news now, and many have forgotten it. But perhaps you remember how the unemployed started from the Square and marched, men, women and children, a mile to the state capitol, through the busiest streets of the city. You can picture the crowds of people shouting "dirty Reds!" and throwing stones into the ranks to break them. But the ranks remained, in one solid line, unbroken. We carried banners and marched in silence, ragged and thin and hungry, women with crying children, gaunt men who lived on park benches. And at the head, Jim Freed walked calling to the marchers, encouraging them, carrying a single banner which shouted, "Behold!"

But no one can realize the measured rhythm of our marching—bodies close together, heads up, into the flying stones, bearing the shouts, passing through them. It was the steady tread of doom; we were hypnotized by the rhythm of the march. When the crowd rose against us, Jim's eyes would blaze, but he said nothing except, "Keep ranks!" And we stood together, a grim phalanx. Someone started to chant, "Give us bread! Give us bread!" We all took it up. It started as a low chant, but it rose in volume. It was strange and terrible to feel myself, Ann, who had always been one individual alone and independent, suddenly a small part of an inexorable machine. I was shouting, but my voice was lost in the other shouts. I had lost all identity—or rather I had become identified with the ragged man on one side of me and the ten year old ghetto Jew on the other. We were brothers; we were the people!

I had wanted to walk next to Tony, but I could see him down the line, his head held high. He was not afraid, I knew, but his gestures were automatic. I felt sure that he had forgotten the people and the gray buildings and the gathering crowds and that he stood alone upon the bank of a clear river. But he forced himself to march—one, two, one, two—Jim calling "Keep ranks!" and the flying stones making ripples on the deep water of his dream.

Jim often asks me why the boy did not dodge the pointed stone that came toward him, flung by a shouting man in the mob. I always say that I do not know, but I think that I do. I think that he was not there; he was gone already to the deep water; he was far from the noise and the madness. But the stone came, straight as an arrow. There, one moment, was Tony's face, his calm eyes lifted above the crowd, searching

the sky. And then, suddenly, without a sound he fell; he lay white against the pavement, and his eyes were drained of all life.

That was when the marchers broke ranks; that was when the confusion began. We were no longer orderly lines; we were a mass of moving beasts, screaming and tearing one another's throats. All the principle was gone; only the battle remained.

I tried to go to Tony, but Jim reached him first. Jim's face was covered with blood from a cut on his head, but he lifted the boy carefully and held him away from the feet of the mob. I tried to break through and reach them, but the people surged between us and I did not see them again.

Later, when it was over, I learned that Tony had died instantly. The stone had crushed his temple; one moment he had been alive, and the next moment he was nothing. Jim, his head bandaged, his eyes bleak, was arrested for inciting a riot. They told us that dad would be taken in, too, but somehow he escaped notice.

No one knows who threw the stone that killed Tony. But the Leader ran his picture and a three column heading saying that he had died bravely for his cause, and the city papers gave it a half column on an inside page.

I am the only one who knows how Tony happened to be marching, and sometimes when I close my eyes I can see the mad crowd and the blood and I think that it was I who killed him. Then I remember that he was only one person, and that many must be sacrificed before we can succeed. But always I remember the river, with a sort of desperate hopelessness, and the white birds flying above the blue water. I know that it is there still, waiting. And I wonder whether we shall ever reach it.



# War In Europe

ROBERT SPURR

THE PRESENT European crisis is as complex in nature as the sum of all the lives of the people who live in Europe. Nevertheless, like individual lives, it can be shown to be the expression of certain basic forces: for example, fear and greed. These in turn are developments of the basic instinct of self-preservation. The workings of these basic forces in the larger sense will be first considered, then the means by which they can be turned from harming to favoring the welfare of collective mankind.

## Fear.

Europe is today gripped in a paroxysm of fear such as the world has not seen since the moment before the Dark Ages when the barbarians from the North shattered the peace of the Roman Empire. Now there is no single, specific foe. Modern fear is of the abstract, of war itself. It is more intense than formerly because modern war is no longer fought hand to hand, by strength of arm; with slight losses in comparison to populations as a whole. It is fought at a distance, against unseen enemies, inescapable poison gasses, long range artillery, bombing planes. It is no longer only men of fighting age who are killed and injured. The last war saw the bombing of London and Paris; the next one may see the destruction of those cities, and of millions of non-combatants outside of them.

Governments in Europe have helped to sharpen these fears by intensive preparedness propaganda, especially with respect to civilians. In Germany mock air raids are held, with bomb cellars, stretchers, and ambulances all complete. In France public demonstra-

tions of oxygen tanks are given. In Spain there is war already.

One result of this state of mind (as well as a cause of it) are the huge armaments being maintained in every country, all "for national defense." The fighting machines of the world, in respect to men and equipment, are superior in both size and efficiency to those of 1914. It is now possible to equip regiments with semi-machine guns, and to direct bombing planes by remote control. Governments are spending half their incomes for armament, and are constantly increasing their outlay. Recently in France a fruitless attempt was made to reduce military expenditures to the figures for the year 1913. Nearly every day the newspapers carry reports of appropriations to increase the armed forces of the great powers. Experience has countless times shown that there can be but one outcome for such an armaments race: war.

It would seem, if this excessive armament were solely the result of fear of the strength of other nations, that it would be necessary merely for the great powers to disarm simultaneously, by mutual agreement. But this is not the case. The Treaty of Versailles envisaged such a reduction to follow Germany's disarming, but it was never carried out, and that fact gave Hitler his excuse to reestablish military service in Germany. In 1927, at a meeting of the Preparatory Commission for the Disarmament Conference, Litvinoff, speaking for the Soviet delegation, proposed 'the complete abolition of all land, marine, and air forces.' In order to bring about this result the Soviet delegation suggested that all land, sea, and air forces

be dissolved; that all weapons, military supplies, means of chemical warfare, and all other forms of armament be destroyed; that military training be abolished; that fortresses, naval, and air bases be destroyed; that military and war industry plants be scrapped; that appropriations for military purposes cease; that military, naval, and air ministries be abolished; and that necessary measures be taken in each state to carry into effect these proposals.

"Litvinoff stated, 'The Soviet delegation is empowered to propose the fulfillment of the above program of complete disarmament as soon as the respective Convention comes into force in order that all necessary measures for the destruction of military stores may be completed in a year's time.'"<sup>1</sup>

A vote was evaded on this as well as on similar propositions later offered by the Soviet government. The states of Europe have preferred to seek their safety through the old system of treaties. France has encircled Germany with a ring of allies. Russia, alarmed by Hitler's declaration that Germany must expand to the East, has also entered into a defensive alliance with France. Following a process of reasoning not clear to outsiders, Hitler called this act a violation on the part of France of both the Versailles and Locarno treaties, and gave it as an excuse for his occupying the Rhineland with his troops. In addition to the official treaties, which are intricate enough in their implications, there are undoubtedly many secret bargains which will come to light, perhaps, only when the archives of the various state departments are opened by future revolutionary governments.

There are some, no doubt, who believe in the efficacy of these paper defenses, just as there are some who believe that "the way to have peace is to prepare for war." M. Andre Tardieu, in an interview by a German

review, "Marz", said, when asked whether there would be a European war:

"To this question I answer: No!

"Here are my reasons:

"There is not a single government in Europe—I am speaking of the great powers—that wants war.

"Furthermore, each government has its own reasons for wanting peace.

"The diplomatic system of Europe insures against the outbreak of a war. For this system is such that the forces of peace are superior to the forces of war.

"But, in order that peace be not compromised, it is necessary:

"1. That the diplomatic systems remain as they are.

"2. That military strength be not diminished . . . I believe in peace, because peace is well armed."<sup>2</sup>

It is necessary to add that this interview took place in 1913.

## Greed.

About forty percent of the world's land area, and thirty percent of its population, is included in the various colonies of the European powers. The inequality of this distribution has been the source of friction which has helped to provoke wars. Today Germany talks about her right to have colonies, and refuses arbitration with other countries unless her demands in this direction are granted. Of course it is obvious to the impartial observer that no country has a *right* to colonies. A war which might break out between a nation which wanted colonies and one which had them could not be explained in terms of moral right and wrong, any more than a quarrel between two robbers about the division of their loot.

The key nations of Europe may be roughly divided into those who favor the status quo, and those who oppose it. To the form-

(1) *War*, by Scott Nearing, p. 247.

(2) Quoted by *Lu dans la Presse Universelle*, April 3, 1936.



er group belong France, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Yugoslavia, the Baltic states; to the latter, Germany, Hungary, Italy. Germany was stripped after the war of colonies of nearly three million of square kilometers in extent. Italy, which was bribed to enter the war by the promise of new colonies, was tricked out of them at the peace conference. Little Hungary, seeing thousands of Hungarians living across the borders in Italy, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, is deterred from precipitating a war for lost territory only by the certainty of defeat.

The greatest menace to the peace of Europe at the present time is the war in Spain. There a minority of army reactionaries have attempted to seize the power from a democratically elected government, as similar minorities have done in Cuba and Japan and China and many other countries. But in Spain they are meeting with real popular resistance, which may possibly be strong enough to offset the tremendous superiority of modern well-trained, well-armed armies.

There is little doubt that Germany and Italy have been supplying the rebels with ammunition and money. Probably they hope to receive slices of Spain's colonial empire in return, if the rebels are victorious.

It may be wondered why there is this continual demand for more land, more colonies. Hitler and Mussolini speak of population pressure. In Germany a few years ago, a book called "Volk ohne Raum" had a large success. This book set forth the theory, reinforced by statistics, that the German people were stifling for want of room, that the country could no longer hold them. All German economic troubles were reduced to a basis of shortage of land. Yet we in America have land to spare, and our depressions are none the milder.

In spite of their protestations that their countries are overcrowded, Hitler and Mus-

solini continue to try to stimulate the birth rate, and are visibly dismayed at its steady decline. Emigration is discouraged. These leaders are not sincere. They actually want larger populations, to supply more soldiers for their armies. Their lust for more land is to be ascribed to other causes, evidently of an economic nature.

It is the tendency of the day, and it is well that it is so, to list as one of the chief causes of war the munition makers who profit most by it. The immense fortunes of the Krupps, Schneiders, Vickers, du Ponts, Rothschilds, Readings, Morgans, were amassed as a direct result of carnage on the battlefield. Their propaganda of fear, their complete lack of any hampering patriotic feeling, have been adequately exposed. But the relation of the rest of industry and commerce to war is not so well understood by the public.

It seems to be essential with every human institution that, in order to survive, it must not stand still, but must progress and adapt itself to new conditions. It is the same with capitalism. Capitalism is by nature dynamic. New factories must continually be built, improved methods discovered, production increased, and new markets found. Everything depends on the profit system; industry is encouraged by the hope of profits, and cannot go on unless profits are made. The nature of profits has been discussed at length in innumerable treatises on economics. Apologists for things as they exist have called them the reward of the enterpriser for the initiative he has exerted, or his compensation for the risk he has undergone in investing his money. This definition defends profits, but does not explain their origin. They arise, as serious thinkers agree, from the fact that workers in industry (whether factory workers, office workers, or salesmen) are deprived of a part of the value of the goods they produce, which part is turned over to the in-

vestor. Recent studies by the Brookings Institution have shown that profits in the United States are distributed so unequally that they cannot be (and actually are not) all spent for commodities; on the contrary, they are re-invested in capital goods. This situation exists in every capitalist country. Since the workers do not receive in return for their labor the value of the goods they produce, they are unable to repurchase what they produce as a group, and new markets for the goods must be found. When the pressure for foreign markets becomes strong, the stage of imperialism is reached. Thus today the keenest competition exists all over the world between the agents of American, British, Japanese, French, and German interests. Since "trade follows the flag", or is thought to do so, the nations are anxious to develop their geographical empires, necessarily at one another's expense. This fact is of utmost importance in understanding the forces which are bringing Europe closer to a new war.

In time of war it is not only the munitions makers who profit, but also manufacturers of such innocent articles as underwear, ink, and dog biscuits. All industry responds sympathetically to the boom times, and, in the last analysis, all capitalists become profiteers. Thus, those persons who advocate government ownership of munitions works should, in order to be consistent, advocate also government ownership of practically all other industry. The logic of the situation is incapable.

As a result of long-continued functioning of the profit system, of technological improvement, and of the usual reaction in trade after a war, the world is now suffering from a terrible curse of unemployment. This condition is unimaginably harmful in its effects on the millions of idle workmen in all countries of Europe. No one who has not tramped the streets of a city looking for a

job can imagine the horror and humiliation of the experience; it is as damaging to the character, and in a more insidious way, as war itself. Self-respect is soon lost; anti-social ideas become natural; the state becomes a symbol of repression; all civilization assumes a hostile aspect. Forced to live on niggardly doles grudgingly given him, the unemployed worker is constantly reminded of his uselessness in society. In Central Europe this situation has been most severe and long continued. "Little Man, What Now?" gave it expression in Germany. In Austria and Hungary suicides have become a commonplace.

Politically the effect has been in two directions: to the left and to the right. A starving man does not tend to compromise in his views. First, the Russians, confused and disunited after years of war and hunger, were glad to accept the Bolshevik slogan of "Peace, Land, and Bread". In their unreasoning despair, they turned to anyone who had a program to offer and promised to help them. Happily, in this case, the leaders of the movement were actuated by motives of disinterestedness and idealism, and understanding of their historical mission. This was not to be the case in Italy, where the uneducated masses adopted a loud-voiced master who played upon their vanity and fed them with phrases, or with Germany, where they chose a fanatical paranoiac to defend them against foreign and domestic terrors. Many countries of lesser importance adopted the fascist lead, to so great an extent that the post-war period has been regarded as one of growing and political nationalism. Up till a few months ago, the two main exceptions to this tendency were Spain and France. Now the Spaniards are defending their ideals with their blood, and the outcome is still uncertain. In France there is still peace. And France, as the last election there indicates,



has moved farther towards internationalism and humanitarianism than at any time since 1848. This last phenomenon is heartening. Viewed historically, France has always been the transmitter of ideas to the rest of the world. She possesses what has been called a "communicative genius", not in politics alone, but in art, literature, and every branch of human thought. And if the present trend in France is a genuine one, it can be stated without hesitation that sooner or later the rest of Europe will follow where she has led.

With reference to these political changes it should be mentioned that the current habit on the part of editorial writers of the Saturday Evening Post school to lump fascism and communism into one heading is inaccurate. Let us, for instance, take the subject of "Fascist and Communist Propaganda", which is sometimes cartooned in the form of a snake in the American classroom, or as a bewhiskered agitator holding a lighted bomb in his hand. The fundamental distinction between Fascist and Communist propaganda is that one appeals primarily to the emotion, the other to the reason. Fascist propaganda invariably talks of race superiority, frightens with tales of conspiring Jewry, flatters with nationalistic trumpetings. The propaganda from the left side of the fence, however, is quite generally reasoned, and based on a definite logical structure.

In nearly every case the self-expressed excuse for the existence of Fascism in any country is a negative one—the suppression of incipient Communism. Under the head of Communists all Socialists, liberals, and pacifists are included. Hitler and Mussolini identify Communism with the Downfall of Civilization. They do not take the trouble to find out whether this is true. They do not read the novels of Sholokov and Gorki, or listen to the music of Shostakowitch, or attend the presentations of the Moscow Art

Theatre, or visit the developments at Dniepostroy. Hitler has even denied that there is any true art but German art. Still, fascist regimes do not seem to favor the development of the arts. Little light has come out of Italy in the last few years, and foreign demand for German books has dropped to almost zero.

Fascism, because it evades the vital issues, is troubled by unemployment as much as less violent stages of capitalism, and hunger cannot be forever silenced by speechmaking. As a road out of this difficulty a war offers a tempting possibility. There are those who say that Mussolini's excursion into Ethiopia was a result of increasing disaffection at home. If this was so, it served its purpose; for the unemployed were given something to do, they travelled, had adventure of a sort, were not killed—most of them—and came home covered with glory. Now Mussolini is safe for a while.

Dictators know how to play on human emotions. When into the average drab life the thrill of the promised adventure of war comes, there are few who are not stirred by it. No matter how often young men are told by veterans that modern war is dull and hateful, their minds are full of bands, parades, flags, and marching feet. This enthusiasm of mass action towards a unique ideal, instead of being directed towards destruction, must be diverted into beneficial and constructive courses, if civilization is to endure.

Undoubtedly Fascism is a reaction against the spreading of the internationalistic spirit, financed by those who see their profits threatened, taking advantage of the great spiritual depression existing in the world today. It can only be a temporary phenomenon, for it runs counter to the true development of history.

*The Remedy.*

Sometimes it seems that peace advocates in

general are like doctors who try to remove objectionable symptoms without attempting to get at the cause of the disease itself. The roots of war are, in the opinion of the writer, as have been indicated, the profit system and imperialism. Any attempt to insure peace in Europe which does not take into account this fact must result only in a delaying, perhaps, of inevitable war—not the stamping out of war itself.

Any discussion of a reform and the profit system is generally dismissed by so-called "practical people" as Utopian. Nearly anyone will admit, upon pressure, that such an end is bound to be attained at some future stage of the world's history. We in America are politically illiterate; our statesmanship is for the moment only, and the future does not exist for us. Every contribution which can be made towards the clearing up of this ignorance is a contribution to world and European peace.

The common argument that an international, profitless state is contrary to human nature is fallacious. For the greed of the capitalistic system can be substituted the enlightened self-interest of Socialism. For obviously, when everywhere production creates a surplus, it is to the interest of the nation as a whole, and therefore of individuals, to distribute that surplus fairly among the population. And it will be to the interest of all but a negligible group to abolish war.

The idea that in progressing towards Socialism we shall lose our "liberty" is an idea carefully indoctrinated by the reactionary interests. All the paper liberty in the world is not worth the paper it is written on unless economic liberty goes with it. We need not give up political liberty while attaining economic liberty.

That international idealism is not entirely Utopian is shown by the fact that more than one-sixth of the world's land surface is occu-

pied by a nation dedicated to the founding of a world-wide, classless, profitless society. A large area of China has followed Russia's lead; the Scandinavian countries are ruled by parties having the same principles; France and Spain are moving in that direction. And Britain's labor party, which has been twice in power, says:

"The Labour Party rejects utterly and for ever the maintenance of the Balance of Power as the aim of British foreign policy, and substitutes as its final objective the establishment of a Cooperative World Commonwealth. That, we hold, is a fundamental change in the whole purpose and spirit of foreign policy that results from the lessons of the world war, our membership of the League of Nations, and the menace of the new arms race."<sup>3</sup>

Napoleon dreamed of a United States of Europe, but it was an empire of conquest, with himself at the head. The new United States of Europe will be composed of horizontal strata of classes, not vertical strata of nationalities. Its prime object will be to ensure to every worker an adequate return for the work he accomplishes, and to protect national and racial minorities from exploitation. Social security will be a part of it, not carried to the extent that initiative will be destroyed, but sufficient so that some portion of the plenty of twentieth-century industrial development will be distributed to everyone unable to work.

This is a finer conception of manliness and civilization, surely, than that held up by the Fascist dictators. It takes far more courage and moral strength to reach peaceable solution of problems than to try to settle them by violence.

Under this order, peoples may live together in prosperity and harmony in a new civilization now undreamed of. Without such an order, fiercer and more destructive

(3) *Labour's Way to Peace*, by Arthur Henderson, p. 104.



wars are inevitable, until the world is at last reduced to another Stone Age.

Obviously, we can only indirectly affect politics in Europe. But as a concrete means of solving this problem the following may be considered: Within the next few years a new national party will probably be formed in the United States, with a program of international conciliation, and production for use, not for profit. There is here an unexampled opportunity for intelligent men and women to interest themselves in this new movement and to influence it according to their ideals. Whether this party ever attains the power or not, it is sure to have influence by reason of its existence, just as the small left-wing parties now exert an influence out of all proportion to their numbers.

It cannot be hoped that all will reach the same conclusion with regard to the war question. But there is much work to be done to counteract the propaganda of hate that is

being disseminated in America and Europe. Our own special domestic foe is William Randolph Hearst, who did not hesitate to bring on the Spanish-American war for the sake of his newspaper circulation. He now owns a newspaper in almost every large city of America, and no tactics are too foul for him when his interests are at stake.

Perhaps more than anything else, the studying of the question and constant discussion are necessary. The world must not again be surprised, as in 1914, at the outbreak of hostilities. Once war comes, the ruling class (now so concerned with the Constitution) suspends the whole Bill of Rights with cynical disregard for its peacetime protestations. Then dissident publications are confiscated, editors are put in jail, pacifists are dubbed "pro-enemy". Let us work against this day. There is a struggle going on, and every person of integrity should enlist on the right side of the fight.

## THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS

*Germany, 1936*

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

BURN THE bright song with fire; let leaping flame  
Asail the words; consign their dream to night,  
And let the man himself be lost, his name  
Perish with grandeur in one final light.  
These souls you choose to sacrifice will stand  
With silent courage, bearing no defense.  
They ask no tribute from the heavy hand  
Of him who slays them. This their recompense:  
After the fire is dead and you have gone  
From the gray heap of ashes in the square,  
Never again shall you be quite alone:  
An acrid smoke will hover in the air.  
Though valliantly and well the song was sung  
Its ashes shall be bitter on your tongue.

## Sand Trails and Paved Roads

LOUIS BILLS

IT WAS a two story building with a wide porch and a false front. The porch was like the man, it stretched out a big hand of welcome. The building dropped to one story which stretched over the back part of the store, the part where the smoked and salted meats had been and the meat chopping block and the house paints. The wood stove was back there, with the nail kegs around it where the Community Senate met on cold evenings to debate matters Politic. In winter there was one keg, in summer one rocking chair for each member. The red stove was back there and the oil lamp played on tanned, friendly faces; the flame vine and the bougainvillae turned moonlight shadows into neighborly silhouettes.

The shelves further front had been filled with groceries and canned goods. Shoes and tin-ware were on the other side. The sign "U. S. Mail" was on the counter near the left front window where the back wall held a rack with pigeon holes. The glass-covered counter on the right, where the light was brightest, was filled with youthful penny wonder-fuls and chewing tobacco. Back of this counter was the cast iron safe that only the man knew how to open. That is, he was the only one until he told Bob about the combination.

Bob was the man's son, and he and the man and mom had lived above the store until mom died. Then the two had lived there alone and the closeness they had felt at first gradually changed until they drew apart entirely, each with his own separate interests.

And the store with its shining false front and the man with his hearty laugh, had faced the road. But after mom went to the cemetery the paint began to scale from the false front and the man didn't laugh so much. Then the road came through, the paved state road and Bob got to be a young man and went away. There was a strangeness in his going but still the store had a warm, human feeling as though the happy life of the family who had lived long in the rooms above had sifted through the slightly sagging walls. And the man, after the new road had come through and Bob had left, never smiled. Yet his voice was mellow and kind, and his hand, though sometimes shaky, was friendly to grip.

The road was in front; the road that through the years the man and the store had looked upon. The man could remember when it had been quiet and warm; a friendly road, where men rode at a gallop and ladies at a canter. It was a sand road then, sand crystals washed and clean. All the trails from the homes for miles about, pleasant homes by the lakes where youth swam and lilies bloomed, led to the store and the church and the school near-by. In March and June orange blossom petals dropped from the wagons and the man smelled their fragrance and was happy. It would be a big crop; the river boats would be deep loaded, the store business would be good, the children would have new shoes and the minister would be paid. The city was fifteen miles away, the roads were heavy and the horses and ferries were slow.



In those days the community had come to the store to buy and to talk. They had time to talk as they opened their letters—letters from Georgia, New York, Illinois. The world opened before them after the rider with the mail bag had come in. And papers—Cleveland was elected, Bryan had raised the Cross of Gold, McKinley was dead, and Teddy had put a stop to the Yellow Peril. These things were maturely considered on the front porch under the flame vine or about the wood stove the evening after the mail rider had gone.

Before the thing happened, Bob had sometimes sat with his father and the other men. His presence was a slack derision, propped sleepy-eyed against the wall. His long loose hands plucked idly at the vine leaves trailing beside him as the insolence of his glance followed any movement on the road. Vic's daughter Myrna, slender and sweet-fleshed, her hair a shadow at her white temples as she passed by, brought the lick of flame to his eyes—a fire more cruel than tender. The man's face as he watched his son sometimes wore trouble.

The man had worked hard for the new state road. "Progress, the road's progress," he said. "Means we-all gits the benefits of modern things; gits us closer to the city an' fore long you-all will be havin' autos an' goin' to th' city regular."

"Taint nohow likely hit'll do us all no good," said the quiet Vic. "Autos will be killin' calves an' leavin' of 'em in th' ditch." Vic was the wise one, but before the road was completed, Vic lay in the shell mound beneath a cross. The man and the chairs stayed on.

And then the State took the new road over, straightened and paved it. After they had bridged the river the ferry man and his wife

packed up their belongings and loaded them on the ferry and drifted into the sunset. And the road didn't lead to the store anymore, it just passed by it. Big automobiles flew past leaving a bad smell and greasy dust that coated the window with smutty film. When the man was away, some boys came by and with their fingers drew crude pictures in the film.

No, the road didn't stop at the store or the church after the traffic cops came on motorcycles. Progress had come and a new law which didn't recognize the jurisdiction of the man who held court behind one of the counters in his store. On Saturday nights the community sped to the big stores and bright lights of the city.

The man's friends were old. It was not strange that they went on and left him alone, most of them into the shadows—only Eli moving out to town.

The post office was discontinued and the church was closed—to be opened only on those grey days when the man stood back of a coffin to "speak a few words in memory of —" and that night he would dust off another chair. He would do it every night now because someone had to dust it off.

"Hit's funny," he would muse. "The Lord makes marriages an' he breaks 'em an' one goes on alone up an' down the sand trails for a long, long time. They seem to live longer after th' other one is gone, th' women 'specially. Maybe the Lord trusts the women more, leavin' 'em alone to help out with the young folks."

The rocking chairs nodded, for the evening breeze moved them. He was grateful for their approval. That one near the farthest post, that was old John Sutton's chair. When John had been called by his maker, the chair had been vacant for a long time. It was John's place and those who used to gather of

an evening to determine the punishment of the beast of Berlin respected it. It seemed that John was still there, like he was this night, and somehow they had listened to him.

And the other one over there by the flame vine was Eli's. His heart was always right. And he knew more about the doings in Congress than the President. And when the Yankees came in and got to buying up groves, Eli sold out, lock, stock, and barrel, and went to town and got into the real estate business.

The chair by the second post right above the crotan's was Vic's. It was still, but the moonlight, trickling through the flame vine, played over it. "Hit's just like 'em; night music without no sounds, jist harmony in colors movin', like sound waves iffen the Master was playin' the organ."

Quiet fellow, Vic, but happy. Rode the woods watching his cattle and hogs and loved to sleep on pine needles on clear nights. Always stabled his pony Saturday afternoons and shut his dogs in the yard, and after playing with the kids and telling them about how kind and good their mother had been, he came early to the store to replenish his supply of Brown Mule. The man had always sprayed the crotans with his watering pot the next morning. They needed watering anyway and the brownish spots which weren't naturally brown spots smothered the reds and greens the morning after Vic and Eli got heated up deciding whether General Sherman had gone to a heaven of war or of peace. Vic could remember the "dashing Yankee Boys", and hoped the general was still at war.

The moving lips became still; memories mingled with dreams. For many years Vic had been constable and the man justice of the peace. They were prosecuting attorney,

jury and court of last appeal. "Give the kid a chanct," Vic would say. The boy had confessed. He had thrown stones through the church windows or had stolen cigarettes from the store. Boys trusted Vic. "Sentence suspended," decreed the judge.

Or "Guilty, jedge," Vic would plead while the prisoner nodded his assent. "The other one is all bruised up an' this one started hit."

Then at midnight Vic would waken the prisoner. "Better break jail an' git somewhere where you're more to home. City's a good place fer yuh."

It was a set ritual. Life and property were safe in the community ruled by the store and the church and the school. That is, before the state took over the road and straightened it and city law came over the river.

Then one night while the state road was building, there came a pounding on the front door, under the false front. It was a cold winter night. The man, who was then a judge, hurried down the stairs, lit the lamp on the table by the greying stove and opened the door. Vic stood there, silhouetted in the moonlight; a grim Vic, and after him a trembling figure wrapped in a shawl. Great dark eyes shone beneath the shawl in the half light.

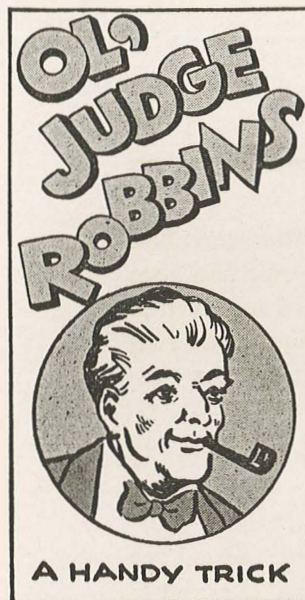
"Come in, Vic." The man pointed to the stove and the nail kegs standing at attention on one side. It was a hard jury; the verdict was already decided by those nail kegs deep shadowed there in the lamp light. The wrapped figure sat upon a keg separate and apart from the others.

"Myrna?" Softly the man.

"Hit's her." Vic placed his hand upon the shawl which covered his daughter's shoulder. The hand that had branded wild steers trembled. The frail body under the shawl

(Continued on page 29)



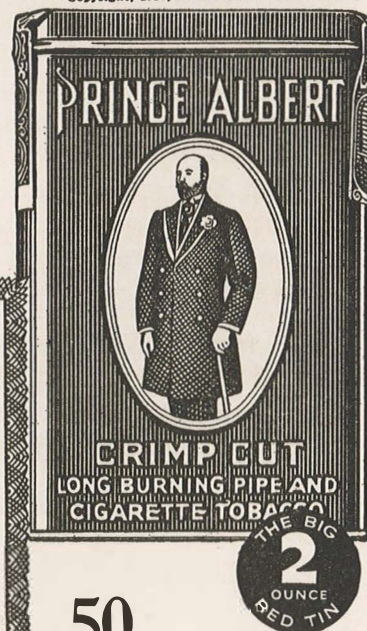


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shook. "Hit's her, Myrna. She loved him, jedge. She didn't know about the city girl. Myrna loves him, but—"

"Get him, Vic; he'll marry her. Me and you're the law."

"No, jedge, we ain't the law no more. The state road's comin' through an' folks is different now, and the Klu Klux Klan is what they calls a racket, and young folks is progressin'. Anyway, jedge, I knowed you was hard on sich cases so I give him the judgment. He won't be liken girls so much now, and he won't be lovin' girls no more."

He paused, his eyes on the eyes of his friend. "I just thought it was me should tell you."

It was the longest speech the man had ever heard from Vic. For a moment the cowman patted the quivering shoulders. "We'll be goin', Myrna," he said. As they passed out he stopped by the penny wonderful counter in front of the iron safe.

"Iffen I was you, jedge, I'd have th' combinations on that thing changed," said Vic. His eyes, meeting the man's, were both proud and staunch. The man read in them something unsaid. There was pity there, too. A shadow came on the man's face. He mumbled beneath his breath, "But nobody knows 'cept me and Bob." His voice held fear and a prayer.

His constable and Myrna were gone. He opened the door to Bob's room. The bed was empty.

It was the law of the outlands, of the sand trails that led to the store and the church and the school. The ferry crossed the river and city law stopped at deep water

The man and Vic never spoke of the matter again. Myrna went back to Georgia where Vic's people lived. Vic made a speech the next Saturday night, while the crotan

leaves nodded. He said that "hit were fine 'bout Bob gettin' a job on the railroad that were bein' built out in Texas. Moughty fine job, too." The man said nothing and Eli, out from the city to sit under the flame vine again, interrupted that it was about time to get the railroad to run a branch through the community.

The old man's eyes were closed, his lips were quiet, but his memory swept on. That night six months later, that night when the fisherman came to the store and said, "He got Vic. Jist thought I'd tell ye. Hit was up in the big Cypress, the place Vic never told nobody 'bout ceptin' Mr Bob. I dug a hole in th' shell mound and put up a cross."

The fisherman, lean and dry, was reticent about it. Shame for the deeds of his blood sat no more heavily on the man's shoulders by his knowledge.

So Vic would sit on the porch no more. He would miss the feel of Vic. But the man would have a date cut in the stone in the cemetery where Myrna's mother had been buried. Maybe someday Myrna and the child would come back to see it.

These things were in the past, but they clung in his mind as bright and secret as the moon-shadows through the flame vine. Now thinking of them, the man who had been store-keeper, and minister and judge, stirred. The chair creaked under his weight. "Dogged, most midnight. Guess the old man had better be gettin' to bed." The vacant chairs nodded, the breeze had freshened. "We'll be talkin' some more tomorrow night; lots of things to talk about." The chairs all rocked.

The wind was strong, the palmettoes whined, and the man slept. But another sound threaded the stillness; an alien step, creaking and harsh. The man stirred uneasily, and rising, put on his slippers and



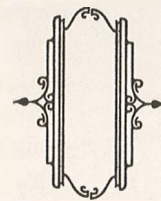
crept noiselessly down the stairs. The moon broke through the racing clouds and shone through the window on the slack face before the safe. It was the face of a eunuch.

The man thought that for a moment the malevolent lifted eyes met his through the dimness, but no word broke the stillness. Steadily, the man turned and went back up the stairs. He wondered if there had been death in the narrow upturned eyes. The man went proudly. He thought, "I were hopin' he'd come to get hit; the money he knewed I'd saved up for him. He's got it all now ceptin' the building and me." Slowly the man pulled the sheets about him. Sorrow was in his heart, but he had learned to accept. There was little more for him to meet—only a short greyness before the vaster dark. Lying there in the night, he listened

for the footsteps which his mind could even now hear; that familiar tread which had once gladdened his heart, but which had now grown heavy with menace.

When old John Sutton's son came to the store next morning, he found the safe open. When Eli got out from town to take charge of his friend's body, he found one slipper on the stairs. He put it with the other one under the bed. He knew what had happened as clearly as though he had been told. He would remember the man and Vic and Myrna and Bob.

The flame vine withered and the crotans died during the dry spell. The chairs were dust-covered and still. There was an advertisement in the city paper; somebody had applied for a tax deed. The paved road led to the city.



## PAEAN

ALICE HOWEY BOOTH

PRaise the sun  
Who gave us birth  
Along with stone  
And grass-locked earth.

Praise the earth  
Who spans forever  
Brightly her girth  
With river in river,

Praise the river  
Whose waters yield  
Thin blood of silver  
To golden field.

Praise the field  
Who warmly flings  
A constant shield  
Around small things.

Praise all small things  
Who ghost-like flee  
On paws and wings  
Into tunnel and tree.

Praise the tree  
Who freely weaves  
A lofty sea  
Of sweet-fingered leaves.

Praise the leaves  
Who vainly snare  
With silken sieves  
The winds of the air.

Praise the air  
That heaven-spun  
Like shining prayer,  
Wraps everyone.

Praise the One  
All-glorious  
Who made the sun  
The sky and us.

## ELEGY

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

DArk earth.  
Grass green over  
Her who had neither  
Love nor lover.

Was it for this  
Firm lips kept under  
The mind's longing,  
The heart's thunder?

For this alone  
The words unspoken  
And the mind bent  
And the heart broken?

## NOTES

The SANDSPUR records what Rollins *does*, the FLAMINGO what Rollins *thinks*. The editors believe that it is the business of a literary magazine to attempt to capture the peculiar flavor of thought prevalent in its own available universe. The sum of individuals, of experience, in that universe is unique to itself. Its exact duplicate is to be found nowhere else. It is dynamic. It will change as its personnel shifts, as its determining factors change.

The FLAMINGO is the medium of expression for the Rollins universe. We should like to think that here appears the best of its written word.

Elizabeth Schoening is the winner of the 1935-36 FLAMINGO contest. Her story, *Cedarwood and Satin*, appeared in the June issue of last year. The same story also placed



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first in the *Scholastic Magazine* contest. Miss Schoening continues in much the same vein with *HUNGER*, a story striking its roots into modern problems. In her poems she reveals another facet of her talent.

From Louise MacPherson's summer of experience in Nazi Germany comes *NOTES FROM A GERMAN HOSPITAL*. Miss MacPherson spent a month in a Berlin hospital. She writes of things she knows with the vitality of personal observation.

In *SAND TRAILS AND PAVED ROADS* Louis Bills continues the writing tradition set by his brother John, last year's *FLAMINGO* editor. Both go for material to the vital desolation of the Florida locale.

Alice Howey Booth is the winner of last year's Ponce de Leon prize for Florida poets.

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