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Vol. XI

JANUARY, 1937

No. II

# THE FLAMINGO

A Magazine of the Younger Generation



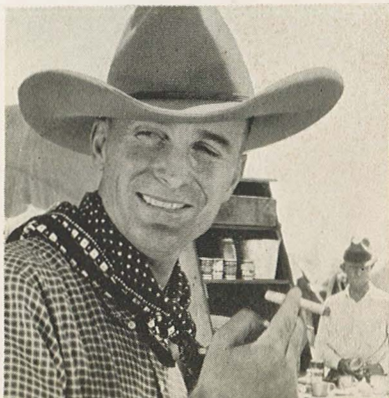
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# THE FLAMINGO

VOL. XI

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## Prelude

FRANCES PERPENTE

I HAD THOUGHT I was alone in the room. But before me on the wall the shadows suddenly stirred; falling and melting so unexpectedly that the movement was like a blow, closing my throat. For a moment before I turned, my pen paused over the paper like a bird about to swoop, and then I carefully turned the page face down and moved awkwardly about in my chair.

"Good evening, Mrs. Forrest, I hope I haven't startled you."

"How do you do, Doctor Bierce. You did, a little."

I sat looking up at him as he stood before me in that dimly lighted room. His face was pale and firm, his dark bright eyes fell to the paper on the desk behind me, and then moved to my face again. His long hands, resting side by side on the back of Her wing chair, which is tapestried with a rich twining of parrots and grapes, seemed to shine out whitely like hands seen through water.

"Your husband said you were expecting me. That you'd been feeling worse."

"No, no," I said, "I'm feeling just the same." And I knew that She had been talking to Lyn again about me, and anger flared in me. As I rose I slid the paper under the blotter. For weeks now I have found relief from this place in the sprawling preciseness of ink on paper. I was conscious as always of my bigness, of a tender fear. Doctor Bierce's eyes were full of life. He seemed very strange, yet no more so than any of the others.

"Doctor," I said, "there's something wrong. What is it? Lyn . . . even Lyn has changed. Can't you see? There's something I can't reach. Something I don't

know . . ." I could feel that my voice would break and so I stopped speaking, to firm the trembling of my lips.

He came around the chair, quietly, with a large, swift tread. "Mrs. Forrest, listen to me." He drew me to the little couch which glowed pale yellow near the darkening window. The darkness was a creeping tide against the pane. It flooded up over the house and over the city, deep and still, beyond the stars. We were like anemone, like fishes; a little crawling life forgotten in its depths. I was aware of the darkness, so that my mind swayed out into it, leaving me a doll-like figure sitting on the yellow couch with Doctor Bierce, listening to his voice.

"There's nothing wrong for you." The life in his eyes was a quiet one. It did not war with the darkness. "You're letting yourself become overwrought, unnerved. A great many women feel this way. You must trust me. You must trust your husband."

"I do trust you."

We stared at each other. I saw the tightening of the muscles about his mouth, the little frown between his eyes.

"Tell me," he said.

"I'm afraid," I whispered, and the sound let loose in the room, chilled the air.

"You're going to come through with flying colors, Mrs. Forrest. You've nothing to be afraid of, but if you go on like this, you'll make everything hard for yourself."

"Not that," I said wearily. "I'm not afraid of those things. Not pain. I know that passes. But there are other things. They're all waiting for something. Something I don't know about."

He got up and began walking up and



down before me, his face troubled, his fingers restless about the sinuous gold chain of his watch. I thought that he would refuse to understand me. "I wonder what it is you feel . . . what it is you see," he murmured so low that I could barely catch the words.

"I see," . . . I began, but fell into swift silence as the chair with Mrs. Forrest enthroned upon it bulked in the doorway and rolled into the room. She went quickly with the smooth gliding motion which always makes me think of the soundless progress of a snake, to the side of the wing chair. There she paused and regarded us with her still gaze. Her eyes, under deep waxen lids, are of a color so pale that the iris seems a milky blue, and the pupils, that of the left eye slightly off-center, are of a startling blackness. These eyes, set deep in bone, under hair as gleaming as white satin, give her a look of blindness, but she sees with devouring keenness.

She spoke directly to Doctor Bierce, disregarding me. "So you found her. What do you think?"

Doctor Bierce smiled at me briefly, but I thought his face was closed to her, although between them there was I am sure, some common knowledge. "Your daughter-in-law seems much the same, Mrs. Forrest. Just what did you expect?"

"I expect nothing, Doctor Bierce. Nothing whatsoever."

He shrugged, and stared at the rug with a frown. Mrs. Forrest took the heavy stick which she held across her knees, and thumped on the floor. Presently Lyn came into the room. For a moment our eyes met across the room. His are brown and warm, flecked with gold; thoughtful under his broad forehead.

As he does every evening, he went up to his mother, and helped her from the wheel chair to the chair with the heavy wings which

stretch out darkly on either side of her white head. She is like something made of cloudy white ice. I let my eyes drop from her head to her legs which, wrapped in a thick white shawl, reached useless to the shadowy floor.

"My dear Lyn," said Doctor Bierce, after she had been settled, "I hope you won't make a practice of calling me for no reason at all."

Lyn flushed. "Mother thought . . ." he began, but Bierce cut him short so that I winced. "You have no right to disturb your wife unnecessarily," he said brusquely. He made his goodbyes quickly, gave me a reassuring pat and went away.

So then I was alone with them. For in these moments Lyn too becomes a stranger. He sat beside me, but did not take my hand, and when I watched his face, I saw that even his mouth, with its beautiful strong curve, was far away and strange.

She said, "Shalakian is coming again tonight. Milly asked him before I could stop her. Lyn, you may as well open the piano now. I have learned to sit here without listening. Helena, you must not sit up late. Please give me my needlework."

Lyn, opening the piano across the room, looked at me as I rose, and his eyes held that look which had become familiar to me of late; pain and a kind of slow despair.

She took the work from me with a faint nod and a flicker of the white eyes. Her hands are strong and muscular, long and slow.

"Shalakian plays like an angel," said Lyn, but she said nothing and began to embroider, threading her needles with great precision, pulling the colored threads carefully through.

For a few moments there was silence. I never speak first when she is there. In her presence all those fearful and painful moments of my childhood come back and are focused in one point; the paralyzing dread of my own voice, the distrust of my own body.

I felt that I had become a shadow: that if I moved no one would see, if I spoke no one would hear. The strong hands sewed sombre black and garnet into wild patterns of flower and seed.

Lyn was beside me on the little couch, but it was as if a wall had been raised between us. If he had touched me, if I could have felt the beat of his blood against my skin, I would have been comforted, for the language of the pulse is sincere and cannot lie. I laid my hand down on the pale yellow satin beside his leg, but he did not touch it. I sat there staring at my own hand; the narrow wrist, the thin long fingers, the white nails with their thin sheen. I saw in my mind his hand, strong and broad, with a little triangular scar on the second knuckle, laid across it.

"Milly is late," she said, "but no doubt she will be here in time to hear her pianist." I knew that Milly too was caught, but not so badly.

Milly came presently, seeming with her slow perfect walk scarcely to part the air she went through. Milly is like dark violets, and her hair is like smoke; soft and fine, a lustreless haze about her face. Her eyes were sullen and smouldering as she looked at her mother; a look of hate veiled only lightly by habit.

She went to the piano and stood there with one hand resting on the shining wood. "John is coming in to play tonight," she said.

"I heard you at the phone," said Mrs. Forrest. "The man is a fool."

Milly shrugged. Her dress, a warm rose red, shifted and glowed like fire in the half light. She sat down across from me but behind Mrs. Forrest, waiting with her hands folded quietly in her lap. Behind her the fire snapped and crackled in the grate.

Shalakian came at last to release us from silence. His nervous little body was encased

in black. His long face with its large nose and great sad eyes, smiled shyly. His glance warmed itself upon Milly as a half frozen man might warm himself at a splendid fire. Lyn got him a drink and they talked for a while, skirting like embarrassed mountain climbers about the edges of Mrs. Forrest's glacial silence.

Shalakian sat down at the piano and became a high priest. How can music so cool and sweet . . . like clusters of fresh flowers, come from his fingers? Perhaps if I could open up his ugly body I should find a soul as beautiful and pure as his music. Perhaps his soul is in him like a child and he bears it in his music, only never completely. How heavy it must grow. He played lullabys for me, woven and wound into some vaster fabric which I did not know. We were enchanted by his music. We slept and drowsed by the fire, my child and I.

As he played I felt that I could see into the very heart of life. How beautiful these people were . . . even She; how lost and wandering, how strange to each other. Only Mrs. Forrest remained outside the boundaries of the music. She is like a flower with a thick coating of wax. There could be no gentle bloom upon her petals, no delicate frost of life. She is more lost than any of us, and more hated.

The music flowed up into that wider sea beyond the window and was lost at last. Shalakian became himself, a little Armenian with a large nose and sad bewildered eyes. He is frightened except when he is with Milly. He talked nervously about a singer and asked for my health. Then he went away. Milly went with him into the hall and stayed until Mrs. Forrest put down her embroidery and began to play uneasily with her stick.

It is always after I have gone to bed at night that I feel an intense relief, then fear.



If Lyn were there it would be better, but she has persuaded him that it is better for me to sleep alone until afterwards. But he would keep me warm, and keep the house about me from crowding in. I lie alone and surrounded by shadows, shifting back and forth in the bed for comfort, and remembering with my hands and with my body the strong curve of Lyn's throat, the hard line of his arm. I am more lonely because I am not really alone, and there is some of the fear.

My poor baby, if I could only keep him with me, how safe and warm he is. Never again will he be so safe until he is cold in his grave. He is warm and blind and nourished. But I cannot keep him so. My poor baby, must I break the husk of my body to bring you into a world which will not love you? What dreadful gift am I bringing you . . . what splendid wonderful agony?

This night my fear took me from my bed. But I could not stay alone in the room. The shadows were so chill, so unfriendly. I wrapped myself in the long yellow dressing gown which makes me look like a pumpkin now, and went out into the hall. I wanted just to hold Lyn's hand for a little while.

The hall was empty, tentatively lighted by one dim lamp, but someone was coming with a faint sound around the corner at the head of the stair well. It was Milly. She still wore the rose red dress, and she had a coat of dark fur about her shoulders. She had a large light suitcase in her hand. At first she did not see me, and her face, unaware of my presence, was blazing with fierce life. She will never know fear as I know it; she is too wild and has lived with it too long. She saw me and stopped short, smiling so that her teeth shone. I went close to her and she motioned me to follow her downstairs.

The embers of the fire were almost dead and there was a growing chill in the air. The room had the slightly stale and uncon-

scious look of rooms which have been left suddenly.

"Well, Helena, little sister," she said in that beautiful dim voice which is like a cynical cello, "I think this is goodbye. You are the last to see me." She raised her shoulders in a habitual gesture, laughing at me a little, "I wanted to be here to see you through. You'll probably need it, but I follow my own necessities, and this one happens to be John." Her eyes above the smile, were sombre. "Poor Helena," she said, "Poor Helena. You have come in and I'm going out."

I said, "Tell me," my voice choking and sounding strangely in my own ears. "What is in this house? It's like a ghost. . ."

She walked away from me a little, tilting her head and drawing her coat about the flame of her dress. "I knew you'd seen it. How could you help it? It was cruel, bringing you here. . ."

She let silence come for a moment, then spoke again more strongly, glancing at the door. "I *will* tell you. To help you escape; to help you to decide what to do!" She came and pressed me gently into a chair, but her hands had a feeling of immense power.

"Listen to me, Helena. There *is* a ghost in this house. It's madness and the fear of madness. *She* fosters it. She keeps it alive."

I shivered. The room was growing colder. "She . . .?"

"Oh, it's not mother who's mad. It's more likely to be me. You see, it was our father. You've seen what mother is. Some people are made gentle by suffering. She's one who wasn't. You see she lived with him here, and sent us away to school. The orthodox procedure of course, as far as we were concerned. But now she won't let either of us forget it. She thought it was her duty and she carried it through." Milly's voice thinned to bitter-

ness. "Suffering means nothing to her now. Hers or other people's."

But then I knew for a clear moment that Milly was wrong about that. For Her suffering is the sum of life. It has no boundaries.

"She has always impressed it upon me that my father was insane, that I carry it in my blood. Lyn didn't know about it until after he brought you here, or he never would have married you. She would have seen to that. She keeps telling me that I must stay here, that I must never marry. But I'm going to. John isn't afraid of me. He doesn't mind if his fruit is poisoned. And he says I'd be superbly mad. Of course we won't have any children. . ."

She stopped suddenly, staring at me, her face pale and stern.

I felt frozen. I could do nothing but look at her, my fingers curled tightly about the carved lion heads of the chair arms.

Milly said anxiously, "Are you all right? I haven't. . .?"

I said with difficulty, "I'm cold." I have never been colder. I wanted to cry but could not.

Milly gave me some brandy, and rubbed my hands, whispering in snatches, "Helena forgive me . . . but now you see . . . afterwards you must go away . . . take the baby with you . . . Lyn too, if he'll go . . . if he won't, go anyway. . ."

Her dark head bowed over my hands was beautiful. But how can I leave Lyn? I feel that he would not go. I could never leave him. To be away from him is worse than any hunger, more than any pain. I am bound. I carry his seed.

I stood up and laughed a little, looking at the room; at the yellow couch and the dying fire, the piano still opened and the wing chair, empty now.

"You'd better go," I said, "I'm all right."

She kissed me on the forehead, tenderly.

"You are wonderfully grotesque. So round, like a fruit. Like a splendid yellow melon. Little sister . . . now you're one of us. . ."

Her voice broke.

I followed her to the door. She said, with her head flung back against the night, "We'll be very happy. You see, his music makes him a little crazy too. You must come to see us. . ." Her eyes were mystery, bitterness, shame. "We can lose ourselves in the music if we need to. For little times. . ."

She closed the door carefully, gently smiling.

I was alone. But I could not go upstairs yet. I went back into the room and knelt with difficulty before the embers, holding out my hands to their meagre warmth. The coals were a living rose color, moving and quivering, touched with a frail light ash. For a while I stayed, loving the warmth, my mind empty and cold.

Then I went upstairs, shivering and creeping. I have seen birds move with a broken wing, and animals whose bodies have been broken. I feared being alone more than I would have feared death, and I went in to Lyn, slipping in beside him for the warmth, burying my face in his shoulder, feeling my breath against his skin. He half woke and touched my arm sleepily. "Hello, darling," he murmured, and I whispered, "I was so cold. . ."

Nights are so long and so strange when you cannot sleep. Each hour is an alien world, filled with mists and demons. And the day has a gray birth, flaming to golden pain.

This morning was very clear, with a fresh blue sky which was reflected in the silver coffee urn and laid a faint bluish patina on the white linen of the table cloth. I was late and both she and Lyn were there before me. They stopped talking as I came in, and Lyn



glanced uneasily at Milly's empty chair, which stared at me from across the table.

Her pale eyes looked at me from beneath the thick lids, and suddenly I was seized with a trembling hatred. I said in a loud voice, "Milly won't be here. She's gone away with John Shalakian." And I looked at her and was glad. For her face paled until she looked like a dead woman and her lips were blue.

"No!" Her voice was a gasp and a groan, and the joy in my body became fiercer.

"I saw her go," I said. I would not look at Lyn, but I knew that he had risen from his chair, and was standing stricken, a napkin clutched in his hand. Then he came around the table and stood behind me, quite silently, with his hand on my shoulder.

"Fool, fool," she gasped. "You little fool. Why did you come here? Why did you make yourself part of our misery?" The white heat of her rage was so great that her lips and her hands writhed with it, and her white eyes blazed with a terrible light.

I felt Lyn's hand tighten against my flesh, but still I did not look at him but only at her. I could feel her hate turned against my baby. What if it should have eyes like hers?

And then with a dreadful animal-like lunge she towered up from her chair, eyes wide and pale, arm upraised and mouth gaping. We stared at her in horror, for she was like the dead arisen; ashen and livid. For a moment only she stood rigid there, and I knew that if she could she would have struck me, but suddenly she crashed sidewise and lay grimly silent on the floor, her fingers still writhing against the carpet, the nails white and bloodless.

I saw Lyn go down on his knees beside her but I could do nothing but sit there

watching. He raised her a little in his arms and his face was broken with repugnance and pity. He looked across her white head to me. "Helena, are you all right?"

I nodded. I think I even smiled, for his eyes on mine were like the eyes of a child, young and filled with bewilderment.

He set her in her chair and she sat stiffly, staring straight before her and moving her lips soundlessly. But she could say no word and the right side of her face was shrivelled so that she had a sardonic half smile. Lyn stood very straight behind her and a little to one side. The clear light from the window fell upon his face, touching the high hewn cheekbones with brightness. "Helena, I must apologize to you for mother," he said, while she glared at me blindly, full of hatred, bereft of speech.

"Don't Lyn," I whispered, "Please. . ."

And his hand dropped and he came and knelt beside me, burying his face in my knees. "Helena, my little Helena, what have I done to you?" I laid my hands upon his head.

I know now that she will never speak again, but will be in this house, like a white effigy of hate until she dies. And always about her there will be the taint of that other ghost. And we must stay with her, Lyn and I, I know that too. For they are in him, and they are in this child. The elements which made them have come to me through Lyn. I cannot escape. No one can. Once you have given yourself to the current you are caught and carried on to the end. There is no turning back. But she will not be able to speak to this child nor to shape it except by her blood. Please God, it does not have her eyes. . . .

I must tell Lyn now. The pains are growing closer.

## The Cherry Tree

LOUISE MACPHERSON

OUT IN the orchard was the cherry tree. There were many, of course. But this was *the* cherry tree. Each day when Peter went to it, he discovered something new. Today, it was the twist of one of the branches. How beautiful and sudden it was! What had been its meaning when it turned and twirled like that? Some days it seemed to Peter it was mad with the joy of the wind, and flirted outrageously, beckoning, enticing, withdrawing, then becoming almost human in its passion. At such times it was cruel to Peter, pretending it had never known him, ignoring him completely. And when Peter climbed it, and was lost among its branches, it seemed to become angry and to thrust him forth, tossing itself into a violent temper. On these days, Peter's heart broke within him, at this disloyalty, but always, he forgave. For he had the power to do nothing else.

And always, there followed the time of quiet, and then the tree stood exhausted, languid, and powerless to move—to either accept or reject Peter when he came. Peter was filled with sadness, too, when his friend was like this, a tree so preoccupied with its own thoughts that it was unaware of anything but itself. But mostly it was Peter's friend, stirring itself and reaching down to him to say, "Come here my child and comrade, I have been waiting for you," and he would run to it and greet it, and climb high into its branches, and notice every minute thing about it. How it soothed him and understood him! Some days he was able to stay only a moment. Some days there were hours to revel in its perfection. He had to plan these trips.

There was nothing to be ashamed of but

for some reason he was. It was a secret, his tree, and so much a part of himself that he could not possibly have spoken of it to anyone—least of all his father and mother.

Peter being only six, would not have expressed himself in this way. But he knew what he felt. It was all quite clear in his mind, but could not come formed into words. He had understood many things ever since he could remember. Things he knew when he was alone at night in the darkness. Things that people meant when they said something else, or didn't say anything at all. But no one could have guessed what Peter comprehended. For he had no power of communication, and when he opened his mouth to speak, it was just baby things he said, that any six-year-old would say.

Sometimes his mother guessed. When she sat on his bed and they whispered, and he struggled and stumbled about—"You know, the automobile lights go around and around the wall, but not the way they should. They go into the ceiling in funny shapes, and then they are gone, but they shouldn't be because they are still there, I mean—" But then his mother would say, "Well, now go to sleep." And he couldn't make her see what he meant. He often cried then, but he didn't know why. Everything was so mixed up. He got just small bits, but before he could catch them, they vanished. When he heard people say "This will be the happiest time of your life" he wanted to shout "Oh no, I can't all my life be as mixed up and unhappy as this." But he couldn't say that, because no one would believe he could. So he squirmed shyly, and ran away.

But oh, the things he said to the tree. He



loved to rest in its branches and view the world. Here was a secret spot. Here he was all-powerful. He could watch those on the ground go about their business while they never guessed that he was above them, hidden from their eyes. He watched the birds build nests, and the bugs that slowly and laboriously went about their business. All of that was sane and understandable. When the cherry tree was in blossom, the beauty of it hurt him. He would lay his cheek against the pinkness, and lose himself in the study of the structure of the flowers. In each flower was a whole world he understood. When the cherries came he sat and vied with the robins for the possession of the fruit. He was proud of what his friend was able to produce, to display to the world, and happy for it. It was always different, always the same, and in its being, Peter found himself.

And then one day, the father said, "By the way, that cherry tree's got to come down—the one by the fence—it's crowding out the others." All the world changed and was never quite the same for Peter. There was a great crashing and roaring in his heart. Then he was sitting quite still as he had been. His throat was being torn with sobs, and he was surprised that he made no sound. The tree coming down! Coming down. The tree. His friend, his very self, going to die. He ran from the breakfast table. He ran to his tree. And when he had nestled his hot cheek in the leaves, he felt how silly had been his fright. The tree couldn't come down—it had been here always—it always would be—it was the one immovable thing in Peter's life. And the cool greenness of the leaves bathed him.

But in the following days it was only when he was with the tree, that he felt this. When he was with his parents, he knew what was true. Before, in his life, he had seen how,

with the most unconscious gesture or word they could cause him an agony of unrelieved suffering. But that was the difference, he supposed between being a child or a grown-up.

Gradually his parents began to see something of what the tree meant to him. His father, incredulous, amused, and somewhat disturbed, "You can't care that much about a tree; a dog perhaps, but not a tree—that is *too* odd." "But I do, I do", was all Peter could say, and stamp his feet, and cry from mortification and embarrassment about his love for the tree. "Dear child, what ever is the matter?" his mother said. "A tree is just—well, a tree."

Every night he dreamt of the tree—but it was different—it was placed in nowhere and it was sometimes of endless height and sometimes filled with singing birds, and sometimes its branches were miraculous colors—strange smoky lavendars, and throbbing crimson, and once in a storm it became a writhing snake. And once it was cut, and all the people jeered at Peter and the tree, for with each stroke, blood came forth, and pain shivered through Peter, and the tree moaned in agony.

For a week he lived in a hideous unreality, and then his father said, "This is the day we are to cut the tree. No nonsense Peter." And when Peter saw his father collecting the implements, he ran wildly into the orchard to the tree. "I love you, I love you", he sobbed, and rushed desperately into its enveloping arms. Higher and higher he climbed, in a frenzy of panic.

Cutting down a tree was a process both the men enjoyed—to feel it quiver under their blows as possessed of vibrant moving life. They began to chop, and the birds stopped singing, and there was a black whirr of wings as the tree gave forth its inhabitants. And

all was silent save for the resounding blows of the axes and the heavy breathing of the men.

The tree fell with a slow crash, and as it neared the ground, it gathered sound. And it would almost seem as if from it, there sprang a single vivid overtone of protest—

a sudden anguished cry, which was lost in the symphony of snapping twigs, exploding branches, and the echoing boom of the body of the tree. The father turned away, strangely impressed, unaccountably disturbed.

"Funny sometimes about trees", he said, "Something about them—like people—almost as if—as if they had a *soul*."



### SEA AT TIMES

ALICE HOWEY BOOTH

THIN blue milk  
On lavender silk  
And spray-hung mist  
Of amethyst  
But nowhere a salt-glassed window or door  
Opening onto the amber floor.

Faint soft swish  
Of jellyfish  
Streamers aglow  
In the undertow,  
Sweeping along their pulsing net  
Of burning sapphire and violet.

Scales on a stair  
Of thick green air—  
Shadowy clouds  
Of fin jewelled crowds,  
Small silver fishes, fast driven and thinned  
Like leaves on a strong blue current of wind.

Skyless hosts  
Of flower ghosts  
Straining up  
From a coral cup—  
And the tides swell and the tides fall  
With me on the thin outside of it all.



# Will Austria Be Germany?

GODFREY G. KOECHERT

EVERYBODY who knows the history of modern Europe is well aware that for centuries the forces centering in the Hapsburg dominions have affected the peace and the political progress on the whole continent. Curiously, but undeniably, the federal state of Austria continues, despite its political, economic and military weakness, to occupy this pivotal position.

In 1919 the peacemakers laid down a veto against the union with Germany. This veto went against the desire of seemingly strong currents of popular opinion in both countries. Consequently, during the first decade after the world war the problem of the "Anschluss" of the old Austrian lands with the German national empire kept the cabinets of both states busy. It became, in fact, a crucial problem in the central European politics, the transformation of Germany in the National Socialist "Third Empire." Hitler's tremendous propaganda for the outright annexation of Austria changed the situation but it did not diminish the importance of the Austrian question in European politics.

The successful work in defense against the attempts of Hitler's Austrian adherents to get into power and effect annexation was to a large extent the work of two men: Chancellor Ignaz Seipel and Engelbert Dollfuss, his successor and faithful disciple. Their energy and clear vision changed the course of post-war Austrian and German history.

The defense of that independence during the first years of the peace had been the co-operative work of the two great parties inherited from the old imperial parliament, the "Social Democratic-Worker's Party", and

the "Christian Social" (or Catholic) party. There is not any doubt that the political craft of Dr. Seipel as the leader of the Christian Social Party was the chief factor in maintaining order and peace and in bringing about the financial regeneration of the country. It was very interesting to watch this former professor of Theology solving the intricate social and economic problems of an impoverished country. The League of Nations loan marked the success of his endeavors to promote the recovery of Austria's production forces on a sound money basis.

From the moment the Nazi movement began to grow in Germany, Austria's new chancellor realized the danger it meant for Austria. Meanwhile a new feature which began to be visible in Austrian political life was a forecast of greater events to come: the formation in the different provinces of organized military bodies called "home defense corps" or "Heimwehr". At this time the idea of fascism took hold in Austria. In 1931 the "Styrian home defense corps" attempted to march against Vienna to make their leader the master of all the country. This "putsch", the government easily stopped. Yet the "Heimwehr" continued to strengthen its position and became very popular throughout the country.

The peasantry stood behind the "Heimwehr" like a wall and so did the aristocracy. Step by step the organization grew, helped by former army officers. Prince Starhemberg became its leader and spent practically all his money equipping the soldiers with arms and other military necessities. Chancellor Seipel aided the movement both morally and materially. When the social democrats organ-

ized a special military body for the protection of the Republic, he already saw a conflict between the "Christian-Socialists", and the Marxists.

In the meantime the continuous rise of Hitler's popularity and power in Germany stimulated the growth of the Nazi movement in Austria. The growing Nazi threat during the years 1930-1932 met an astounding lenience from weak Austrian ministries and from the courts, particularly in the provinces. There were many plots, both large and small, against the Austrian Government. Many experts were sent from Germany to help their party friends, smuggling explosive materials across the border to destroy state railroads and bridges. Again it was Dr. Seipel who felt that a very strong man should lead Austria through these critical times. He therefore insisted on the appointment of Dr. Dollfuss as chancellor.

From that very moment came a great change, for ever since his entry into politics Dollfuss always had the idea of independence. The Nazi leaders soon began to recognize that his courage and sincerity were a force to be reckoned with. So plots were concocted against his person. On July 25, 1934, a "putsh" was carried out by Viennese Nazis. Dollfuss fell a victim of the traitors and died in his office in the chancery. He was lamented as a martyr who had sacrificed himself for the independence of his country.

The assassination of Dollfuss stimulated in all classes the feeling that the great cause of Austrian independence must be defended at all costs. This setback for Hitlerism was followed by the speedy appointment of the young Tyrolene, Dr. V. Shuschnigg.

This short survey indicates that, quite apart from the personal merits of the Chancellors Seipel and Dollfuss, deep historic forces were imbedded in the political character of the German-Austrian people, and that they were

working for full Austrian independence.

The Austrian has a strong feeling for the heroic, historic individuality and political autonomy of his tribe. It is a general characteristic of all the German tribes that from the moment of their entry into history they possessed a very outspoken tribal pride that prompted them to preserve their specific differences in customs, law, language, (dialect accent) and ways of life. The curious fact is that the Teutons never lost this tendency in their later development and have always endeavored to maintain their tribal and local historic groups as separate entities.

As a result, although the German language is an amalgamation, a mixture of vernacular idioms of prominent national tribes, the written German language "Schriftsprache" arose in the sixteenth century in the chancery of the elector of Saxony and was adopted by the chanceries of the other German governments. This is a very characteristic feature of the very slow and partly artificial manner in which the German feeling for national unity developed in spite of the strength of local and tribal particularism. At present no German speaks the "Schriftsprache" without showing a little by his accent and expression to which "Tribe" he belongs. That is true of the "Low-Germans" in the north, as of the Alpine Germans in Austria and Switzerland.

The history of German political unification shows how slow was the process of creating a strong national feeling in German life. This is, to a certain extent, the consequence of the fact that the old German empire was not conceived as a centralized national state, but was the Roman Empire, which included in the east, south and west manifold non-Teutonic races and political units. Luther's reformation created for the first time the beginnings of a strong German national feeling. Yet the resistance of the Hapsburg emperor, as well as of Bavaria and of many clerical



territorial magnates, produced a permanent division of Germany into two halves, expressed by the difference in Christian faith. The Thirty Years War and the continuance of the "Empire" (Reich) as an administrative and judicial system, forming a kind of superstate over the German states, large and small, confirmed this religious division.

In the eighteenth century the successful attacks of Fredric the Great against Maria Theresa, ruler of the Hapsburg dominions, strengthened for a time the idea of a political union of all Germany. But it was Napoleon who by his victories over both Prussia and Austria and by the abdication of Kaiser Franz, the last Roman Emperor of Germany, destroyed the old empire and started the rise of a strong movement in favor of the union of all German states in a new national empire. During the nineteenth century national feeling throughout Europe showed a certain tendency to emotional exaggeration. That it was carried to the utmost in the case of Germany is illustrated by the fact that from the beginning it found expression in a very curious and restless political philosophy which rested on the assumption that the Teutonic race towered above all others in the world. This led to the modern theory of the unique superiority of the Nordic race from which the Germans derived their special title to European leadership. (Also Hitler's basis). The first to follow this way of thinking was J. G. Fichte (German philosopher) who laid down his ideas in famous speeches addressed to the German nation during the struggle against Napoleon. Fichte's philosophy remained a permanent source for the education of subsequent German generations. Yet so long as Bismark was in power this political philosophy was not at all popular.

After German military success and the creation of the Reich in 1871, the German

People made rapid progress in trade, industry and agriculture. Their technical and scientific ability, supported by increasing wealth, made them the most powerful nation in Europe.

This development deeply affected the German-Austrians. They became very proud of the achievements of their brothers in warfare, in politics, in business. *Nobody admired Prussianized Germany more than the average Austrian.* True, he very often did not like the German brother as an individual, nor his manners, and when he was in Germany he did not always feel at home, except in Bavaria or on the Rhine. Though he felt proud to be a German by race, he loved his Alpine homeland more than the large plains of northern and eastern Germany. But his constant obligation to wage political warfare against the Slavs, Italians, and other races to protect what he felt was his birthright gradually transformed him into a nationalist. The Viennese continued to regard himself as a citizen of the real imperial city the "Kaiserstadt."

From 1875 to the end of the century the Austrian Germans had to fight more and more fiercely with the other nationalities in the Hapsburg Empire. In this period too, pan-Germanism and union with Germany became for the first time a political issue in Austria. George V. Shoenerer, however, who had early become a member of the parliament, did much to make it the gospel of the Austrian-German youth, particularly in the universities, where he was regarded as the herald of a great national future. Yet from the very beginning pan-Germanism was flatly rejected by the ordinary Austrian when he voted on candidates for the central Parliament. And from the time that Shoenerer combined his agitation with a crude campaign against catholicism, calling it the "away from Rome movement", pan-Germanism in Aus-

tria was doomed to fail, except in a few districts of Bohemia, near the German frontier.

This examination of the bald facts of the relations of the Austrian Republic and the Nazi Reich has led us straight to the decisive point. German nationalism was first developed in the old Austrian Empire as a doctrine of pan-Germanism, but this doctrine was scratched later as a political move to destroy the Hapsburg Empire. When this scheme had failed nothing hindered the young Austrian Adolf Hitler from adopting the doctrine of Shoenerer whose weekly review he had read and to whose speeches he had listened while he was living as a youth in Vienna. Hitler tells in his famous autobiography what an ardent disciple he was. When, following the defeat in 1918, German nationalism began to manifest its revival in a diffuse but copious literature addressed to youth, he dedicated his immense force as a public speaker and propagandist to teaching Shoenerer's doctrine of pan-Germanism to the masses in Germany, making it the program of the National Socialist Party he had formed in Munich.

In Austria this doctrine now reimported from Germany had no popular success. It was on the whole indigestible to the Austrian stomach. The great parliament of the Austrian Republic had not put up a strong fight against the veto of the victorious Allies against Austrian union with Germany. They could not be expected now to work for the pan-Germanism of Shoenerer, which had made no headway among the Austrian masses in the old days. Hitler had great hopes of easily winning Austria, where all social classes were struggling against the terrible misery of the post-war years. But he got stuck. Neither the Alpine farmer nor the city tradesman nor the worker believed in his messages and his promises. Only among the half-intellectual and the lower

middle classes, especially the lower ranks of the public officials was there to be found a certain admiration for Hitler's force and courage.

The mind and soul of the German masses were largely dominated by bitter resentment against the victorious nations. Their pride and self respect were deeply hurt. To see Germany recover her old glory of the imperial era became their great aim. Hitler, by his vision and immense activity, gave them new hope. But the German-Austrian could neither join in these hopes nor in these hatreds. He knew that his country and its people were, as a result of the war, among the weakest in Europe, that they had no possibility of recovering at all without the good will and help of all the other nations. He desired nothing but to preserve the independence of his own beloved home by maintaining its good traditions, in peace with all other nations and undisturbed by any of the new doctrines that promised everything to everybody. Above all he feared a huge centralized power that might seek to impose upon all the German tribes a uniform rule of life and a doctrine equalizing them in all things human and divine.

It was the profound and healthy conservatism of this, one of the oldest branches of the German race, which rejected Hitler's pan-Germanism just as an earlier generation had rejected Shoenerer's pan-Germanism. The Austrians knew that their own ideas about the federative character of their state coincided with the old German conception of the national political order, and they continued to believe that nothing should be substituted for that old wisdom.

Moreover, Hitler's outspoken anti-christian attitude and particularly the open enmity of the Nazis for the catholic church, produced the deepest indignation in Austria, not only in the rural masses but also in the middle and



upper classes of the urban population. Also in spite of the fact that the German Austrian's opposition to the political aspirations of the Slavs and Italians in the old Empire had made him a staunch nationalist in Franz Joseph's time, he had never accepted the radical theory of the superiority of race that forms the core of pan-German and Nazi ideology. This was a curious by-product of Protestant Germany, as is illustrated by the fact that Paul Lagarde, one of the great scholars of protestant theology and a leading German nationalist writer in the seventies of the last century was, as it were, the teacher of George V. Shoenerer.

On the other hand, we must never forget

that a moderate German national feeling has been one of the fundamental things in the whole social, political and cultural life of German-Austrians ever since 1848. German-Austrian men and women of all classes have recognized that the reunion of their country with the German nation forms the great future aim of Austrian policy. They simply don't believe that Hitler's "Totalitarian" state can be regarded as a realization of the national ideal cherished during at least four generations. They feel instinctively that incorporation in that state would entail suffering for hundreds of thousands of good Austrians. They know that it would mean a surrender of the old Austro-German culture and political spirit.

# SONNET

ELEANOR BOOTH

OH we are shadows underneath the night  
Its beauty only you and I can see—  
From where we lie, with trembling hands held tight  
I am so young, and you're so close to me.  
We are one person seeing all things twice;  
All things are high, and dark, and infinite.  
This gentle night will not demand a price;  
It only asks that hearts remember it.

We say, "Tomorrow it will be the same?"  
I answer no, though you will nod your head.  
Tomorrow you will barely know my name  
And all your fiery passion will be dead.  
I do not care—I've had this one delight.  
We'll share with someone else another night.

## More Than Coronets

FRANCES GODWIN

THE TRAIN swayed and creaked and rattled as it sped northward through the night; as it jerked, two men slithered uncomfortably over the worn leather seats of the smoking car. The blue wreaths from their cigars added their aroma to the acrid pungent odor of the room. A drop of water dripped persistently in the nickle washstand and blue-bordered Pullman towels lay on the ash-strewn floor. The dusty green curtain was drawn, and in the loud clicking of the rails, the two men talked easily, confidentially in the deserted room. You might have thought they were travelling salesmen. But at a second glance you wouldn't be so sure. Something in their manner, a tense hardness, a certain quick movement of their eyes—something inexplicable and indescribable made you wonder about them—and give them a wide berth. Or perhaps your eyes strayed unconsciously to the righteous official notice, "Beware of card sharps." Anyway, looking at these men—if you had an imagination—you thought of cheap hotels and poker games, of "clip joints" and race track "suckers" and saloons—of things that belonged with their too carefully oiled hair and tawdry clothes—petty, small-time crooks, not exactly vicious—shoddy. One of them was phlegmatic with a hard red face. His companion was taut with nervous energy, slim, dapper, with bright shifty eyes and little dipped moustache—talkative and fidgety. The former watched his cigar intently.

"Left Jacksonville in kind of a hurry, didn't you Al?"

"Yep, damn dogs cleaned me out."

"—Sa lousy track, but gol, that burg's full of suckers."

"Don't I know? But I left on account of a skirt."

"Oh? Ho ho Al, you with woman trouble—you babe-in-the-woods." Al's eyes narrowed for a moment in sudden, sardonic amusement.

"Hey, hold on, it ain't what you think—I mean this wasn't any 'babe'. She was old and didn't have any teeth. Oh, I guess she was only forty."

"You trimmed her, eh? Well, then—"

"Lissen, it's the darndest thing. If it had happened to anyone else, I'd tell them they were screwy—and boy, it looked like a cinch."

"—Yeh?" Al saw his companion was regarding him with interest. Al had a streak of Irish in him, and he loved to hear himself talk. After all, that was all he'd got out of that experience was a story, wasn't it?

"You was in Miami? Yes, well Jacksonville's a cinch compared to Miami. Yeh, it's the 'gate-way' city—and all the suckers stopped there to get skinned. I should talk! Boy! did I take a beating out at San Jose. Yeh, that's where they run the dogs. Took too many bum tips, thought I had the real dope. Anyway, I sure was flat. When you're broke there's nothing to do but sit on a bench in Saint James Park—that's a square right in the middle of the town—with the other bums. They had a brass band there—played Dixie until I almost went nuts, so I took to mixin' with the crowd in front of Cohens—that's the big store. No! Oh nuts I didn't try that—my fingers are too clumsy.



I didn't want to get *pinched* on top of my other troubles. Where was I? I used to watch the cars drive up—the shiny limousines—and kinda figger. Well one Thursday afternoon this big gray bus came lumbering up—no, I mean one of those high old limousines with a nigger chauffeur up front and all the trimmings. Well, this dame—the dame I'm gonna *tell* you about—was sitting in the back. Boy, was she a darb! No, I mean homely. But she sat there just as elegant as Queen Mary pulling on her gloves and looking out the window. Then she got out, and I'm telling you she was six feet three if she was an inch! Yeh, one of those big raw-boned Swede girls. But that black nigger handed her out like she was a queen, and that car of hers had *class*. Well, she dropped her bag—and all of a sudden I clicked like an automatic. No, God, you're thick! I told you I didn't go in for *that*. I mean—I got an idea.

Well, anyway, I picked it up and tipped my hat. I handed it to her with a bow and smiled kind of intimately. Gol, I thought she was going to drop it again. Big woman that she was (built on the free and easy lines of an all-American guard) she giggled like a sixteen year old. Did I tell you? She didn't *have* no teeth. Well, she kind of blinked at me with those watery blue eyes, gulped, said 'Tank you!' and made for the revolving door. I just stood there for a minute with my hat off (kind of gallant-like) lookin' at that car glittering in the sun. Well, Al, I says to myself, I think you've made a conquest, and who knows what may come of this. 'Old maid' was written all over her, so I knew I wouldn't have any trouble that way. I waited a minute, and then I kind of sauntered in the store. I spotted her right away. She was standing by the escalator looking kind of doubtful at it, so I looked at her. 'Course she had no style, but her clothes looked pretty

good—like she had money. She acted more timid than most of these rich dames. But I laid that to her being an old maid, and her looking kind of lonely made it easier for me to get right in there. Well, finally she boarded that escalator—she acted like it was a roller-coaster. Once she was on, she got a broad grin on her face like a kid having a swell time. I was about to make for the elevators so as to run into her casual-like on the second floor, when all of a sudden there she was floating down on the return trip—still beaming. She's changed her mind, I says to myself. I'll just wait right here and—Well, what the hell! There she was going up again! Yeh, honest, she was acting like an old timer by then—helping passengers on with their bundles and giggling. 'Heart of gold' was written all over her. Right then I saw how simple she was—just a big lonely kid. Yeh, I know I said she was forty, but—Boy, oh boy, I thought, is *this* going to be a cinch! That lonely, heart-of-gold, simple type—with *dough*. Jeez! Well finally she stopped riding that thing and walked over to the handkerchief counter and began looking around. Pretty soon, both of us were there. I didn't look at her at first—no—just poked around acting kind of helpless and bewildered with all those fluffy things. I took up one and held it with my head on one side, real puzzled. Finally I sort of coughed politely and said, 'Miss, I, er, ah—(I thought 'Miss' would go over better than 'Madam'—more girlish) 'I wonder if you'd mind helping me', I said, smooth as an Orleans Fizz. 'I'm afraid I don't know very much about women's tastes and I wanted to pick out a little gift to send my sister and—' She grinned at me in that good-hearted way she had.

'Ya, shure', she said, 'yoor sister?' She nodded her head as if she were my sister's best friend (if I had a sister). Well, of course we were off in a cloud of dust then,

with clear sailing ahead. Mixed what? Semaphores—*metaphors*! Oh well, skip it. We bought a bagful of those lacy jobs. (Oh, I took 'em back later.) And then I turned to her kind of smooth like and said, (I figured the thicker I laid it on the better it would go over) So I says:

'I wonder if you'd do me the honor of having tea with me. I—I don't know a soul down here.' Tea was about her speed I figured. It would just about clean me out, but I looked at it as an investment. I could tell she was lonely because she almost wept on my shoulder right there.

'Ya', she gurgled, 'Shure, Ay tink it would be vanderfil.' So off we went, across the park. That damned band was still playing 'Dixie', and she practically danced on these big feet. We went to the Windsor Hotel—a swell joint. The head waiter bowed to her like he knew her pretty well. I was kind of impressed. It wasn't until we were drinking iced tea (Yes *me* too) that I really introduced myself. I told her I was Allan Van Slyke from Schenectady. She seemed quite impressed. (She never did learn to pronounce it.) Her name was Olson—Alma Olson and she'd been born in Sweden and her home was in Dassel, Minnesota. No, neither did I.

'Do you like Florida, Miss Olson?' I said.

'Ya', she said, 'Oh, shure.' For a while I thought that was all she could say—that and 'ya, iss it *possible*?' She would hiss with her eyes as round as saucers. Gullible? I'd say! So I did most of the talking and she listened, nodding her head or shaking it, and hissing away. I had quite a good time. When I helped her into her car, she was just gurgling with excitement. But I was cussing myself all over. She was so gullible and all—I'd kind of let my tongue run away with me, and I didn't find out a thing about her. And I had to get the lay of the land before I could

start excavating. 'I've enjoyed meeting you so much,' I said, taking off my hat. 'Could I come see you sometime?'

'Ya, shure,' she said, 'Sunday night?'

'Well—'

'Ay stay at tirty-tree hunnert Riverside Avenoo,' she told me and giggled. I wrote it down with a flourish and shut the door. I thought that chauffeur (he was quite nice-looking for a nigger) stared at me kind of funny, but those niggers are queer anyways—anyway he was only a nigger. When they drove off, I went over and sat in the park and figured. Things look pretty good, Al, I thought. Riverside Avenue—that's where all the swells live. But where did that hick get all that dough? Maybe they struck oil—or gold or something on her farm near Dassel. But anyway, she's sure got it.

I picked up a few dollars in a game that night, so I could buy a new shirt and get my suit pressed, and Sunday night I bought a bag of soft candies and boarded one of those goofy little green trolleys they have and bumped out there. I walked a block from the trolley and found the place. Whew, what a joint! It wasn't quite dark yet, so I could see it pretty clearly. They had a lawn a block long with big iron gates at either end with a driveway like a horse-shoe. And the lawn went down to the river in back. The driveway was little shells that were noisy to walk on, so I walked on the grass. The house had big white pillars and green shutters and it seemed kind of dark like not many people were there. A nigger answered the door with a white coat on—but it wasn't that big chauffeur; I was glad it wasn't. 'Is Miss Olson in?' I asked in a hushed voice. I was kind of impressed.

'Yassuh,' he says, 'Come on in.'

The hall was big and full of marble statues, naked women, and heads, and things. It gave me the jitters, but I remembered to



hand him my card. But he just went to the foot of the stairs and called 'Miss Olson, they's a gennum down heah!' and went off with my card.

'Oh—tanks Willie.' I heard her call down. And I remember I could hear some kids shouting around upstairs. Pretty soon she came clumping down the stairs grinning all over her face. Without that stiff straw hat on she looked much younger, but just as homely as ever. But she had on quite a nice dress. Golly, how big her feet looked in white shoes! Anyway those statues were driving me nuts, so I said, 'Let's walk down by the river; there's going to be a moon. Gol, her eyes looked funny—they kind of gleamed.'

'Ya, shure!' she said.

Well, the man in the moon was a pal; he came up on schedule and did his stuff, and the scenery looked pretty grand in that light—especially the river—sort of silvery. We sat down in the bulkhead. That's what they call it; it's a sea wall. Anyway, there was the moon and all, so we sat down and—No, not yet. I had to find out about her first before I tried that stuff—let *her* talk, see? I got her started on a regular talking jag finally, and she just shot off her mouth—told me all about the 'old country'. She came from 'Varmland,' and I guess it was just this side of heaven. She came over here when she was sixteen with 'Daddy' and a tin trunk, and they bought a farm outside of Dassel. 'Daddy' was a good farmer and the land was good, and during the war he made a lot of money. He was probably tight as an owl, I thought, and piled it all away in a bank. (I was still waiting for the oil well or the gold mine, but it never came). But I learned all about Dassel; she even showed me a clipping from the 'Dassel Clarion' with a note about 'Miss Olson to spend winter in South' tucked right under the firemen's ball. And then

'Daddy' died. She told me all about it, and I pressed her hand.

'So you came South with friends?' I said.

There was silence for a minute. The river slapped against the bulkhead and reminded me of Battery Park. I got to thinking about New York and all and sort of dropped off. But her voice came drifting through the darkness to me.

'Ya—ya, shure; And then she started talking so quick I couldn't even get a word in edgewise. Boy, was she a character. Simple! Sort of good-hearted, though. She had the darndest mind—collected memories of people and filed them away in cubby-holes. I guess she looked so homely and dumb and kind, people told her all their troubles. The niggers down there were a big surprise to her.

'So black' she said, 'But yoos like white people underneath!' I guess that's the way she treated them too. She had a heart of gold. She told me all about that boy, Willie, and his troubles with his girl friend, and the cook's sore feet. She thought it was funny because the cook was scared to walk to the trolley alone at night, so she walked with her. And she told me about that chauffeur, Robert. He'd served in the war and was a very educated nigger—high-toned. But because of an old wound he couldn't do anything but chauffeuring. From the way she talked, it seemed that she gave everybody money, the folks back in the old country, the niggers, an old lady she met downtown. Well nuts, I decided I wanted to get in on the ground floor. I was mentally calculating at least a couple of grand—maybe five. She was putty in my hands. I could see that. Oh, I had a good racket, but that's not saying I'm telling *you*. I might *use* it some day. Well, I decided not to wind up the deal that night. Yeh, you get that way down there. Anyway, I had to catch that last trolley back

to town. So I took her back to the house and said goodnight. No I didn't kiss her. Nuts! I told you what she looked like. Besides, I didn't need to. But I pressed her hand and looked at her in a mushy way. And what the hell! She had tears in her eyes and sort of whispered.

'O tanks' (for what?) 'Goot night.' Jeez, what a fool! I turned and walked away, not walking in the driveway—it made so much noise. When I was almost to the gate, an open car turned in. Without thinking much, I backed into the shadows. The car stopped and I could hear voices. Sort of refined ones.

'I wonder if Alma got the children to bed all right,' said one dame.

'Oh, probably; she's a jewel,' somebody answered her.

'Yes, I'm so glad we brought her down here; she was just a greenhorn when she came to Minneapolis, but she *is* so good with the children!'

'Just a bone-head Swede,' said a man's voice, 'but—she's a peach.'

'The niggers just adore her—' I didn't wait to hear more. I just sneaked out of the gate and staggered to the trolley. For a while there, I saw red. Why that play-acting, two-timing, gawky old dame! I guess I talked to myself in the trolley because people looked at me sort of funny. Well, by the time we rattled over the viaduct, I had begun to cool off some. I got off and walked over in the park. It was all dark there except for the moonlight, and pretty much deserted except for a couple of bums sprawled on the benches. Of course, that band had gone by then. I'd have just as soon they'd been there. Even their playing 'Dixie' again would have been better than that dead quiet—quiet except for the spooky way the wind rattled the palmettos—it's never like that in Brooklyn. Well, anyway, I sat there and

thought. Something's better than nothing I figured—and she's still a sucker. I mean what with Daddy's savings account, and the farm near Dassel, and pretty good wages—she ought to be good for maybe half a grand. Of course, that's a tumble from five grand—but well, there's no use crying over spilt milk. Five hundred's better than five cents. Jeez, what a fool! But so damned dumb and good-hearted it seemed kind of a shame. Well, Allen O'Reilly, my *Gawd!* are you getting soft? I asks myself.—What? Hell no! That's what *I* said. Skin the old bird for what she's worth. Getting excited and all, I guess I'd been talking out loud again, and when I realized it, and shut up, the park seemed awful quiet, and the moon went behind a cloud. It was dark as Hell. And those damned bushes began to rustle—And then a hand came down on my shoulder! I couldn't even open my mouth to holler. I was *froze* to the bench! Finally—I don't know how I did it—I looked around. And there was that nigger, Robert. If his looks wouldn't scare the daylights out of anyone! He's a big black man, and his eyes gleamed in the darkness in a way I didn't like. When he began to talk, I felt better. Because he at least seemed *human*. But, gosh, he talked funny for a nigger. He sort of drawled but otherwise he talked just like a swell.

'Listen to me,' he said. 'You're leavin' town tonight'. I didn't even move. I was sure I saw a knife shining. 'I know who you are, and what you are—jus' a cheap racketeer. Well that doesn't make any difference to me, but when I see what you're aimin' to do to a nice christian lady like Miss Olson, a woman with nothing but goodness in her heart and trustin'—You're a skunk,' he said, talking low in a way which I didn't like, and which kind of worried me as to what he would do next. He didn't get rough though. That is, not much. He was real dignified for a nig-



ger. In fact, he didn't seem like a nigger at all, except he was black. Well anyway, looking the whole situation over reasonably, I decided it would be healthier not to argue with him. Did I tell you about the knife? Hell! Well, I spent the night at the Union Depot—as close to the gateman as I could get. Of course they don't allow niggers in that part of the station, but just the same—I was kind of glad to get on the train. Whew! Now wasn't that the damndest thing?"

Al finished his story and ground his foot on the cigar, staring morosely at the drifting ashes. His companion was silent, leaning back regarding him with a peculiar glance. The train clicked over the rails, and signal lights rushed past, gleaming red and green against the darkness. Al, his chin cupped in his hands, gazed out into the night. From time to time, he shook his head moodily. "Jeez," he said softly to himself, "Jeez, what a fool!"

### LOVE LYRIC

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

WHO but my love knows how I lie  
In swirling depths of green and gold  
Where heavy-lidded fish swim by  
With movements passionless and cold.

How hopelessly I lie, how deep  
Among the green anemone—  
My restless eyes betrayed to sleep,  
My supple body to the sea.

He, he alone can wake and save;  
He comes through water bright as air  
To quench my weeping with a wave  
And twine dark sea-weed through my hair.

## Pilgrimage of Peace

DON BRADLEY

THE BLACK ribbon of road broke the horizon, straight away miles without end, a narrow strip of poplars on each side, melting into the distance—trees, tall, with gracefully raised limbs bunched about the upper part of the trunks, growing firmly out of the moist ground as if standing at attention.

And Peter, coming wearied from the mouldy art of a crumbled Chateau, stopped to glory in the freshness and boldness of this architectural landscape, all hard lines and clear color.

What genius was here? Was it possible that any man could have created such sharply etched beauty? Yet this was centuries old. Kings and armies had passed and faded into billowing dust, bound for the teeming North. Some had returned, mail shattered, crests broken, unable to see the sweetness of their own land. Others there were, dark, sensitive men, pouring like waves from the Southern Peninsula; but a short man with a single iron band for a crown had met them, his scanty followers grouped about him. On this very plain they had clashed, scimitar on broadsword; Moor against Gaul, and the strength of one soul prevailed, the might of Allah was split and thrown back across the Pyrenees, leaving the fields moist—enriched with a red-brown stain, though none had noticed it.

Peter was tired. His packsack seemed to weigh a ton and the heavy boots he had bought in Bordeaux were stiff and hot on his feet. Choosing a shady spot, he sat down, leaning his back against a tree, his bundle beside him.

Not a soul passed. The road was straight and monotonous with its green paneling. The sky covered the land like an immense

glass bowl painted with wisps of streaming clouds. He was sitting in a partial vacuum where no wandering winds came to stir the erect leaves above his head.

Folding his hands behind his neck he quietly gazed across the fields and marshy places beyond the black moat of highroad.

The mystery of distance drew his eyes far into the blue haze, fashioning grey, grim castles against the dim plateau's edge, more than fifty miles away on the farther bank of the Loire.

Around him fell the loneliness of nature, yet he was not unhappy, only a sense of complete freeness filled him; he was soft and tremulous inside, as if a great universal secret were about to be revealed.

Here was the answer to Christ's words, "Before Moses was; I am." In the serenity of nature, the peace of a good mother lay upon the land. Beauty was everywhere, in the twist of a stem, in the silent drift of a cloud past the horizon's parabola.

The vision blurred and his tired eyes welcomed the darkening lids that slowly drew his thoughts within. Sleep would do no harm, there were hours before sundown. Rest was essential now with the stillness of moving things. A cricket's brisk chirping was the last noise he heard,—the only sound to break the quiet breathing of the man as he lay sideways, his head resting on the canvas knapsack.

In a half-plowed field behind the motionless form of Peter, a bent figure tugged continually at a wooden plowshare, his mate guiding the dulled blade through the fertile earth. The steps in the furrow passed, scuffing dirt from a rusty bit of metal—the remains of a mailed gauntlet. While just be-



yond the edge of the dim plateau, workers hammered firing pins into steadily moving rows of shells. The calloused fingers were firm, each blow of the iron driving home.

And the youth dreamed, unconscious of the infinite cycle of life revolving around him. He was back in the long rambling structure by the dark-bosomed Wonomog, flowing smoothly past the bend, intent on its curving pathway through the Killingly Hills.

He wandered under the cool shade of the willows where he first remembered talking with his grandfather. How proud the old man had seemed in his black frock coat and shabby pants, a ruffled, snow-white beard accentuating the length of his sensitive wrinkled face. When he smiled, he had looked like God, but he was angry at times and the faded blue eyes fairly glinted, telling a story of hardy ancestors—men who had dared and won.

There coursed in his veins the same fiery blood that had caused the original Pierre to insult Richelieu and then flee the city of Tours, leaving his every possession behind. With his religion as a constant guide, and with the aid of Coligny he had crossed to America and settled here near the quiet voice of the Wonomog, after searching the whole of New England for a place where he might live in peace. The Indians had grown to love the sombre man and his slender, silent wife, giving them strings of Wampum from the Narragansett shores when Pierre the second had been born.

So the family lived from generation to generation, farming the rich, black earth, fishing in the stream the Indians had called "bountiful". They were a strange lot, never caring much about neighbors, sufficient unto themselves.

Money played a very unimportant part in their lives; the richness of Nature fed them, and the surplus was sold or traded for clothes

and other necessities. When a child was born his name was written, ceremoniously, on the record in the huge Bible, the only relic of their home in Tours.

As the years passed, the list on the front leaf grew longer, but the back one kept pace, so that there was never more than one male bearer to carry on the name of 'Pierre', or Peter, as the English changed it. One had followed Arnold to Quebec and returned home dying of Typhus fever, another had left his bones on the sharp crags of Chapaultep. The white bearded old man of Peter's earliest memories had carried seven Confederate bullets in him after 'Seven Pines'. But they never talked of this, these men; they seemed unconcerned and removed from the everyday life of the world.

By the waters of the Wonomog where it rippled through the willow roots near the bend, Peter had listened to his Grandfather talk of many things, and a great unrest had taken him as he heard the querulous, high-pitched voice.

In a reverent tone the old man described the broad fields of Touraine with their solid rows of poplars and little stone houses overgrown with ivy, though neither he, nor his father, nor his father's father, had ever seen these beautiful fields.

But it was the description of the ancestral home in Tours that affected him most. He spoke of its arched doors and high, gothic-ceilinged chambers where, on cold nights, the big fire-places had been piled with blazing pitch logs. The members of the family had tales of the were-wolf or the witches' sabbath or even a romantic story of Phillip the Fair. All this had been handed on from the first Pierre, who had fervently transmitted it to his clan.

The old man's thin fingers trembled when he spoke of returning there. It had always

been the passionate wish of the family that sometime, a son would go back to the shrine of his people. For six generations this wish had been passed from father to son, never losing any of its intensity, and at last it had seemed about to be fulfilled, but Peter's father was killed in action on the Aisne, the day before his leave was granted.

Then 'Peter the fifth' had placed his last hopes on the seventh, born a few days after his parent had left, eventually to rot in the same land that bore the dust of Richelieu.

Desperately he had instilled into the young lad an increasing desire to stand in the ancient hall of his clan. It became a mania with the old man, and his last words. When he lay dying, he rasped a final command that Peter should seek his way across half the world to the house by the crumbling tower of Charlemagne, in Tours.

The boy had been ten at the time, and as the years passed his Grandfather's words burned more brightly in his mind. He never could forget that command. He did not want to; it became a throbbing part of him, as it had in his forebears. Without it he would have been lost, a shadow lacking great faith. For years, as a youth, he slaved all day in a cotton mill suffering untold misery—he who had lain hours on fragrant meadow grass, looking at the tender blue sweep of the sky or watching the black lines of worker ants disappearing into the little mounds that spelled their life's creation. He knew what they were doing, and as he bent over his flashing loom, he felt that he too was building a tiny hillock of life on which he might eventually sit and contemplate his scurrying brothers.

What he wanted was peace, huge and silent, that he could draw about him like a protective cloak, and think of those things he momentarily saw, vistas stretching across

space, leading to a final complete quietness—perhaps death, itself, would be the answer.

But he must first walk on that worn stone flagging, where, in the flesh of his harried ancestor, he had last stepped more than four hundred years ago, coming bewildered from the shattered walls of Rochelle, the Cardinal's henchmen hot on his trail. They had wronged him; they had driven him from his home, from the familiar halls where he had walked meditating God and Faith.

On his twenty-fourth birthday Peter had saved enough money, and he left the factory as unknown as he had entered it. The other workers left him severely alone. He had not been sociable when they passed sensuous remarks about the women in the winding rooms; he had not laughed, but had stood as if deaf. At noon he ate by the mill dam, but in winter it was too cold to go outside, and then he had to mingle with his fellow-men. At these times he was silent and preoccupied, never saying a word. They came to think of him, these other weavers, even the young girls with their snuff-stained teeth, as a queer one. But he did not know, nor would he have cared if he had known. Before him lay a goal he must achieve; of this he thought constantly.

His farewells at home had been strained. The women of the family never quite understood their men. His Mother realized where he was going, but she believed he was too soft, a feminine creature. She had been a Hicks of Vermont before recklessly marrying Peter's father. They had not been unhappy, but she always felt that he withheld something from her, this strange, dark-haired man, her husband. When he had gone to war and did not return, she wept of course, but there was no great emptiness inside as if a monster hand had torn out her vitals. And this son was the same. She had felt that he would leave her someday like this.



Peter had understood his mother perhaps better than she could herself. He saw the reticent Puritan in her, knew her self-conscious dislike of emotional display, so he had curbed his naturally warm feelings, only muttering a hasty good-bye at the station, adding that he would come back when he could, though he realized he never intended to.

In Boston he boarded a grimy, oil-smeared tanker that took twenty tedious days to labor her way through an equinoctial sea. Peter was sick, so ghastly sick that he even forgot his one desire. He wanted to die. The cabin smelled of human waste; it was hot and stuffy. The creak of the boat was all about him, seeming to foretell an early doom. Each upward heave of the bunk he felt would be the last, and as the bow plunged down, down, into the trough, he closed his eyes waiting the thunderous rush of heavy, green sea through the porthole.

But on the ninth day the storm broke, and the tortured craft plowed ahead on a more even keel. From a deck chair on the Captain's bridge Peter saw for the first time the beauty of lonely stretches. As far as he could see there spread a green-blue carpet, ceaselessly stirring, flecked here and there with yellow splashes. The eye saw nothing but motion, a planet tossed restlessly beneath a solid blue goblet that balanced on the far edges of the sea.

During these days the Captain became friendly with him, sensing the quietness in the other man's soul. He was a bony, taciturn seaman, speaking only rarely. Yet he talked to Peter, telling him of his most secret thoughts, feeling that he had found a kinsman in this tall, frail, fragment of a man, who gazed so persistently ahead of him.

One night the Captain took Peter into his cabin, offering him a drink, which he accepted. They sat there for awhile, neither speak-

ing, each pretending to be engrossed in the movement of the bottle on the table.

After he had finished his drink the Captain set the glass on the edge of the bunk and, leaning forward, asked a question that he had been wondering about for several days. "Where are you going, and what are you after?"

Peter looked up. This man was a friend. He had not had anyone to talk with since the white-bearded old man at Wonomog had died. "I am going home," he answered.

The other, startled, replied, "Home—but you are an American." Peter nodded, and they left it at that, one not wanting to inquire further, and the other afraid to continue; he had been so long used to keeping his thoughts to himself. When the boat docked in Bordeaux they shook hands, parting silently, each knowing he had left a friend.

Peter became conscious of the singing of the cricket; it brought him back to the present and the awkward position his head was in. He shifted the knapsack, still keeping his eyes closed.

Long ago his dream must have gradually shifted into a half-dream, and he realized that for many minutes now he had been lying quietly, his mind actively running along the series of events leading up to his nap here, under the poplars. When he had left the rambling homestead on the Wonomog he had partially broken with his old life, but it was not until he reached France that he knew definitely he could never go back.

Standing on the broad pier in Bordeaux he had turned and watched the rusty tramp slip downstream, her decks boiling under the June sun. He raised his arm in a final salute, imagining that the lone figure on the bridge answered him.

The myriad sounds of a busy harbor floated up but he remained fixed, legs spread

apart, his head thrown forward. And a great wave of loneliness, a sense of complete division, washed over him. He continued to stare until only the foremast of the vessel was visible, but even that finally faded against the headlands where the Gironde gains the sea, and as it disappeared he found his thoughts of twenty-four years had gone with it. In the spirit of the first Pierre, on the soil of his forefather's birthright, he was accomplishing rebirth.

He faced about, his eyes aching from the glare of the water. For seconds he saw nothing; a haze of heat obscured even the nearest objects. He cast his blinded vision upwards, breathing an inward prayer of joy, and his retina, adapted to the new color, burned with color. His first sight of France was the Tricolor hanging limply over the Customs Tower, its folds unstirring in the noonday lull.

He wanted to fall on his knees and offer up thanks; his lips were dry and his hands clenched—all this was his! Everything his eyes fell on in those first few minutes he absorbed as if it were the last glimpse he would have of moving life. No minute detail escaped him.

A short, wiry man dressed in a blue frock painstakingly lowered a battered, wicker basket on a frayed rope to his companion on the deck of a dirty fishing smack. The name on the boat's side read "Marie." It was a squat tub, stolidly sunk in the greasy tidewater as if too tired to rise with the oily swell of the river. The green scum collected, on the huge stone blocks forming the base of the wharves, dripped slimy ooze back into the water. Peter's hearing was so acute that he could discern the steady drip-drip.

A fat, blowsy woman, her face streaked with dirt and sweat, stuck her head out of the hatchway, screaming at the pigmy figure above her, lowering the basket.

For hours he roamed the city, most of the

time along the harbor. Children accosted him, asking for a penny to buy bread. He gave without reasoning why. The French he had learned in America returned, and he talked with people—anyone who would listen. One old man sitting in the doorway of a cheap tavern interested him, reminding Peter of his grandfather. The conversation must have been unimportant, because two hours later, as he sat in the restaurant of the Gare, he could not remember a word of it.

The journey from Bordeaux to Poitiers had been like a bad dream. The sun sank just as the train pulled out into open country, giving him a fleeting view of the land.

Sturdy little stone houses lined the road paralleling the tracks, each one different from its neighbor and set back from the road. In the gardens grew green stuff—flourishing plants striving to obscure front windows. At the rear of every house was a stone barn with a manure pile behind it larger than the building itself, and rows of boxwood along the entrances gave the appearance of a toy village. Then darkness came, falling thick as soot. He stared out of the window seeing his own face in the reflection.

Sleep was impossible. The hard wooden seat of his third class compartment was ridged and knotty. The train bumped on the uneven roadbed, and jerked to a stop at every station. No one entered the whole trip save a brusque conductor, who took his ticket, punched it, and giving him an unfriendly, inquisitive glance, went out.

He examined his face in the dusty glass. It had changed; hard work had imprinted those deep lines in his forehead, and the squint in his eyes was caused by bending over a loom, tying almost invisible breaks in the thread. He remembered how fresh and wondering his eyes had seemed, when at the age of sixteen he had looked for the last time in the quiet Wonomog. Then he had gone



into town, coming home on Sundays only, to sleep and eat one decent meal.

The shrill whistle of the engine at a crossing brought his thoughts back to the ugly compartment, and he sat stiffly, reading a notice in French, warning against drunkards and spitting on the floor. He must not think of the past. It was like delving into a nightmare.

The train pulled into the station at Poitiers just as dawn was breaking. The acres of glass covering the yards, formed a smoky canopy over his head as he walked down the platform and out into the brisk morning air.

He saw the city awakening to a new day, throwing off the lethargy of a night's uneasy rest. There was a tenseness in the actions of people that he could not understand. They seemed to be hurried and nervous. Shopkeepers were pulling blinds with unconscious roughness. A group of students crossed the square in front of him, talking excitedly, one of them gesturing madly, bringing his fist into the palm of his hand every few seconds.

By eight o'clock the tension demanded an explanation. Peter inquired of a passing workman, but only received a rude stare and a shrug of the shoulders for his trouble.

When the morning newspaper appeared on the streets mobs formed around the newsboys. By pushing his way through a crowd before a bakery, Peter managed to obtain a copy. The headlines frightened him. Translated they read "WAR IMMINENT. THE GERMAN FUEHRER HAS CROSSED RHINE. PARIS IN TURMOIL." This was enough; throwing the paper from him, he strode back to the station and boarded the train for Chinon.

All the way he sat thinking rapidly. Was he going to be cheated out of attaining his goal, at the last moment? Could they deport him, or would he be interned in some

prison camp? He tossed reason to the winds in his frantic belief that somehow the world did not want him to go back. They had denied him and his fathers, for four centuries, and now they would do it again. He thought of his father in a clammy trench at Aisne, dead! It had been war that had driven his ancient forebear from the land—war that had wrapped his father in its coils, crushing him on the eve of his pilgrimage. He, too, would be broken like a puny image and cast by the roadside to rot.

In Chinon, the crowds had been massed around the station, people fleeing to the South. He could not get a ticket to Tours. All railroads were under martial law, the clerk had said, and banged the crib in his face. So he had walked.

The stillness of the chateau country assuaged his fears. He forgot about the strife of man, absorbed so deeply, was he, in the beauty of this age old seat of kings. Quiet streams like the Wonomog refreshed him, and quaint out-of-the-way inns sheltered him at night, when, tired and hungry, he would pause and ask for lodging. The politeness of the Tourangells pleased him. They were his friends. This morning he had come on a paved highway leading towards Tours, and struck along it, stopping at noon to breakfast in a gloomy monastery near the road. He had learned there of a twelfth century chateau, and had gone some five kilometres out of his way to see it.

Now he lay under the poplars, resting. He would get up soon and walk on. Tours was only twenty kilos away as a crow flies; so the monks had told him.

The late afternoon quiet was filled with a distant rumbling. Peter sat up, looking down the road. In the direction of Poitiers a huge dust cloud was rising.

For endless minutes it floated stationary, hanging above the road like a giant cocoon.

Suddenly it split, gorging from its lower edge a solid mass of sky-blue, which took shape and blended, merged again in long lines of motorized artillery, painted in camouflage design. Soldiers sat like wooden puppets on each passing caisson, their faces devoid of any emotion. They were automata. Peter crumpled up next to the tree. He felt like a punctured balloon. It had been true—that paper in Poitiers.

The rumble of the artillery gave way to marching files of infantry and the dull clump—clump—clump of hobnailed boots on paved highway. He crept away from the tree and watched, fascinated; men, thousands of them plodding past. Then he was struck by a terrible fear. They were headed for Tours. Perhaps the city already was destroyed. He started to run, wildly, not noticing the cat-calls of the amused soldiers. Exhausted, he stopped to catch his breath. A straining lorry offered a solution, and he caught on the rear. The driver proved to be a friendly Gascon who told him to hide under the commissary supplies in the rear of the van if he wanted to get into Tours.

The city was being evacuated. German planes were reported heading that way.

The heat in the covered truck body was stifling. Strange noises filled the air. It was about an hour before sundown when the truck stopped at the long bridge leading across the Loire. Voices approached. Peter crouched lower—his foot slipped on an uncovered canteen, rattling on the tin. Rough hands seized him, dragging him into the light. Questions were fired at him in blinding succession. He answered a few, the others were spoken too rapidly. He was shoved through a narrow door, with a curt order to remain there. They had imprisoned him in a small sentry box having one little window halfway up the rear wall. Looking out of this he saw Tours only three hundred yards away,

but across the treacherous sands of the Loire.

The guard stepped forward to stop a wagon full of yelling Frenchmen. His back was turned. Peter saw a faint chance of escape. He slipped out of the door and around the building, clinging close to the wall. He couldn't cross the bridge—it was crowded with troops and vans. Mad with despair, he leaped the stone wall and half fell down the bank to the river. He would swim. They couldn't keep him from his home, the shrine where he must worship if he ever hoped to live thereafter.

He plunged into the wide channel, swimming to reach the sand flats before him. He reached them and stumbled over, his feet sinking deep in the quicksand. Then another gulf faced him. His breath came in labored gasps; he could barely see. The water swirled about him as he struggled weakly, and when he thought he would sink, to let the tugging current have him, his feet touched bottom. Staggering feebly up the bank he painfully climbed the wall and came out near the barracks built by Louis the XIV.

No one had seen him; the troops claimed all attention. But he must hurry before they discovered his absence at the sentry-box.

He stopped. The droning of planes overhead deafened him. Where was the house? He didn't know how to get there. He had come this far, but he could go no farther.

A hollow shriek grew louder, then a dull 'baroom' shook him. The Loire, not a quarter of a mile away, spouted geysers of sand and water.

Like a sudden slap, the explosion cleared his brain. The words of his grandfather raced through his head. "The house by the tower of Charlemagne." He frantically searched the skyline.

A shattered tower, its remaining side braced with wooden framework, held his sight. That must be it! Not more than



five blocks, he thought, as he ran down a narrow side street. The gutters were flooded with soapy water. Steam from a jutting iron pipe scalded his legs, as he came too close. He laughed hysterically, realizing that he was in the laundry district.

The bark of anti-aircraft guns mingled with the thudding 'booms' of the bombs. They were getting the range—bricks flew high and houses crashed upon themselves.

He crossed the avenue 'De l' Univers' and ran, almost falling, towards the base of the tower. A bomb fell in the next alley. They must be using the tower for a landmark, he thought.

An iron gate was open before the first wooden posts. He dropped inside, lying on the cool, damp, stone flagging. Immense blocks were thundering into the street from

the ruined bulk beside the house. He rose. A sign fluttered over a door, shaken by the continued shocks. Hands on his ears to keep out the horrible din, he read: 'Hotel Pierre',—even the name was the same. He wept.

The sign shook out of its sockets, breaking to bits at his feet. He leaned against the arched doorway, pressing his fingers into the moss-grown walls, turning his face skyward. At the top of the arch there was an inscription—"Allez en Paix".

The tower shivered; there was a muffled 'boom'. The wall slid, then cascaded over the ancient house.

Peter reached for the arch as it fell on him. Just at the apex it split and smashed on the back of his head, driving his face into the worn flagging. Blood seeped from the broken skull and welled over a piece of the carved stone, filling in the letters "P-a-i-".

## DEFENSE

LOIS RAEGE

YOU cannot probe my youth  
Or point me where I err.  
You cannot option truth,  
Or buy her.

My truth I cannot say.  
It has not reached my tongue  
In ponderous display  
It is young.



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### PRINCE ALBERT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF—

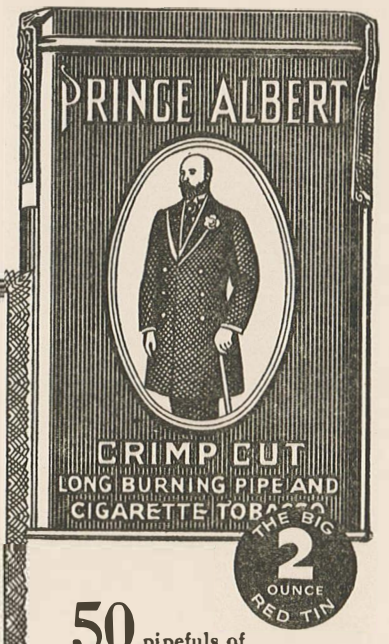
Prince Albert is as tasty and mellow as Nature and man, both working together, can make it. The tobaccos in P. A. are among the choicest grown—expertly cured, carefully matured. As the crowning touch, every leaf is processed

to take out "bite." Then, cut the scientific way—"crimp cut." It's bound to be mellow, tasty, slow-burning tobacco that suits steady pipe smokers to a T. Prince Albert is great tobacco for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

### PRINCE ALBERT MUST PLEASE YOU

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**PRINCE ALBERT** THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



50 pipefuls of  
fragrant tobacco in every  
2-oz. tin of Prince Albert



## EDITORIAL

*More Poems*, A. E. HOUSMAN

From the welter of modern poetry, one voice rings out clearer and more sharply fine than any other. For pure lyric enthusiasm A. E. Housman has no equal.

The body of Housman's work, now that it has been finally rounded to a period, is small. Three volumes, *A Shropshire Lad*, *Last Poems* and *More Poems*, hold the noble simplicity of his poetry. The three books are a fabric of one weave, the dominant patterns becoming clearer and more definite as we follow them along.

The philosophy at the basis of Housman's work is one of bitterness and tragedy. The core of his mind contains the dark knowledge of a world which must be faced with high courage to be borne at all. It is to be sure,

a beautiful world, but at last the "rose-lipt girls" sleep "in fields where roses fade," while even the beauty of the cherry tree, renaissance spring by spring, is measured and marked off by the pitifully passing springs of man.

But to meet the unconscious cruelty of nature there is a wry humor, a stiff integrity in the soul. Classic in the best sense, stripped of all superfluity, bared to the bone of meaning, Housman's song is acid-sweet, saved from total pessimism by humor and melody; pointed by an epigrammatic clarity of wording. None but the most supreme art could appear so artless. A sense of the ultimate sadness of all life does not rob Housman of sympathy. His lines are full of an exquisite tenderness.

## TRINITY

DON BRADLEY

A bird has taken wing tonight  
Swung out across the sea.  
I heard the steady pulse of flight  
As it took leave of me.

A soul has rent its bonds tonight,  
Ten thousand thongs torn free;  
The years of torture burned in light  
To pay for misery.

A bird has taken wing tonight  
No longer mystery,  
And vision glows with double-sight  
Before life's trinity.

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