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# THE FLAMINGO

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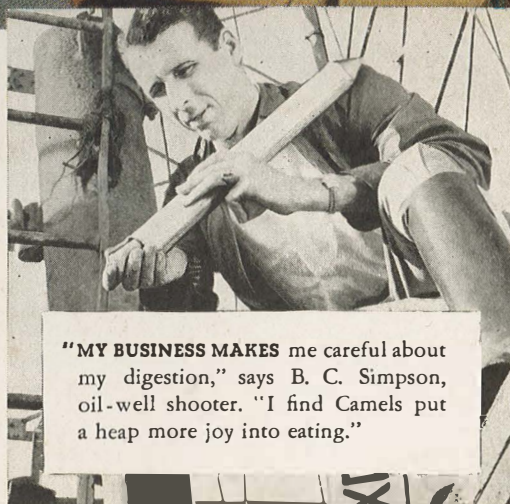
"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

**AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS.** "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"



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# THE FLAMINGO

VOL. XI

FEBRUARY, 1937

No. 3

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# Grasshopper

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

SUN, WITH no shadow. Gray dust, whirled by the wind, and wind whistling in the hollow under Brede hill. Rough grass, bending.

There was I, a child, standing in the hollow, listening to the wind pass and re-pass with its mournful whine. The dog stood near me for a moment; then he circled off across the prairie for a short way. He came close to me again, and I touched his shaggy head.

Standing in the hollow I could see the road winding off ahead. Figures upon the road were small at first, then they loomed larger. Finally they passed, spraying clouds of fine gray dust. There were teams sometimes, and sometimes a car, bumping over the ruts of the road.

I saw the man coming a long way off. While he was still a dark spot against the horizon, I imagined that he was a knight, coming down from the blue mountains at the rim of the world. When he came closer I knew that he was an old man, shuffling between the deep grooves left by wheels on a wet day. His cane tapped the road ahead of him. Across his shoulders he carried a bur-lap bag.

I stood quietly in the hollow. While I waited for him to pass, I wrote my name with a twig upon the sand along the side of the hill. I wrote it lightly, and the wind erased my writing.

When the man came to where I was standing, he looked to one side and saw me. The dog barked once, and I held its jaws firmly with my hands.

The man stopped. "What are you doing?" he asked. His voice was cracked and

dry, as if he had been many summers on the prairie.

"Playing," I answered, and it was true. This was all the play we knew—the great brown dog and I.

"Come here, little boy," the old man said. "Walk along the road with me. I am very tired. I have been all day gathering my harvest."

Being used to the ways of country people, I was puzzled. "But it's midsummer," I said. "What harvest could you take now?"

"Walk along the road with me," he said again. "I will tell you something. Here is my harvest, in this bag. Lift it; it is very light."

I lifted it and it was light. But there was a feeling as if of movement within it, and a strange, rustling sound. He snatched the bag away from me, saying, "I must be careful, you understand. It is precious; nothing must happen to it." He was a very old man and his words were blurred and swallowed. I did not like the look of his eyes. Deep set, the rims of them were red and there was a glow within them, like embers all but dead flaming up in fire again before they fell to ash.

He flung the bag over his shoulders again. We walked in silence; the glare of the sun hurt my eyes. The dog bounded ahead of us, through the grass along the side of the road.

The old man seemed very tired. Once he stumbled and almost dropped his sack. When he had righted himself, he was trembling. "I almost dropped it," he said, over and over. "I almost dropped it."

He sank down by the side of the road, and I sat beside him. The dog ran restlessly

about us, stirring up the grass. "What is in the bag?" I asked finally.

For a moment the man did not answer. From the grass, where the dog ran, grasshoppers leaped about us—gray-brown insects, with dusty wings, whirring continuously. I brushed them away, taking no other notice of them. But the man reached out and caught one in his hand. The grasshopper's long face peered through his fingers; its bent legs tried to leap away.

"Do you see this?" the man said.

I nodded. The man let it away, and brushed off his hand, covered now with brown flecks. He laughed, a hoarse, cracking laugh. "Spits tobacco," he said. Then he looked after the insect, poised now upon the edge of the man's shoe, and ready to jump away. "Go," he muttered. "Go. It isn't time for you yet. Not yet."

I frowned, puzzled. Sick of dust, I looked upward at the sky—pale and flat, over a flat land. Across from us, on the other side of the road, lay a field of wheat, parched and stunted by drouth, and eaten away by insects. I glanced at that, and the man's eyes followed mine.

Suddenly he spoke. "My field was like that," he said. "All spring I planted in the rain, hoping. Summer comes and there is no rain and God has sent a plague of locusts. Year after year it is the same. Two years ago my son helped me. Last winter he died. Then there was no one to help, only myself, alone." He touched my knee with a claw-like hand, leaning forward. "Listen, boy," he whispered, "shall I tell you a secret?" I straightened a little, eager to hear him, and a look of cunning came into his eyes. "No," he said, "not yet. I must be very careful, you understand. Answer a question first—truthfully. If you lie, I will know it."

I thought that his whisper was like the wind through dry grass. Impatiently, I spoke aloud. "What is it?" I asked.

He leaned over until he was very close to me. "Do you know Leif Wick?" The wind hung still, waiting for my answer.

To me, the name came without surprise. It was a familiar one in our section. My father often spoke it, roughly, like a curse. My mother said it, drying her hands on her apron hopelessly, fear trembling in her voice. I had learned to know the name early; its shadow followed the brown dog and me when we walked across the prairie or stood in the hollow.

"I have heard of him," I said. "They talk of him at home. My father borrowed some money from him once and Mr. Wick holds a mortgage on our farm." I repeated the phrase parrot-like, having heard it many times.

The old man looked at me, and suddenly his pale eyes were weak with tears.

"You too," he said. "You too will learn—but I will save you; have no fear."

It seemed a long while before he spoke again. He drew his hand away from my knee and sat, looking upward toward the white topped mountains in the distance. I too looked, and a light cloud swept over the sun, and the sound of the wind was empty and bleak.

When the cloud had passed, the man began to speak. "Five years ago," he said, "My son and I had a farm back there." He gestured with his hand, toward the way he had come. "That year was a year of drouth. Always before we had managed a small crop, but that year there was nothing."

I nodded. That year and this, and the years between; I was not so young that I could not look back over them.

"My son wanted new farm implements. We had planned to buy them with the money from that season's crop. But there was scarcely money enough to keep us alive through the winter. My son was a young man, and he loved the soil. 'We need the things, father,' he told me. 'Borrow money



from the bank and then next fall after harvest we can repay it'."

The man seemed to have forgotten me. His words droned on, as if they were running over a thing many times thought. The brown dog, tired of playing, lay down beside me, his head in my lap. We were there, alive, but the man was withdrawn into the shell of his own past life.

He sighed a little. "I did as he said. I went to the bank one morning, and spoke to a man sitting in a barred cage. He promised that everything would be easy; he would let me know later but we would surely get the money. My son and I were glad. 'You see, father,' my son said, 'it isn't such a great thing to do.' When the man from the bank told me that Leif Wick would take a mortgage on the farm, I signed the papers at once. I was proud to get the money so easily. My son bought the implements and with the rest we lived comfortably for the whole winter, and seeded in the spring."

There was a pause, during which I could hear the whir of insect wings in the grass. The dust in the road was alive with grasshoppers; their forms were indistinct, and they seemed a mass of scattered movement.

The man went on, speaking slowly, still far away. "Times were bad. That summer the drouth continued. The money we got from the crop went to pay interest. My son brought home a letter from Mr. Wick, sent through the bank, acknowledging the money. Next year, I said, we would pay the whole thing. That was when the grasshoppers came—only a few at first, and then swarms—filling the fields.

"My son was not discouraged. Some way, he said, we would come through. There was no money for interest that season, and very little for food. We were afraid. . . ." He broke off suddenly and looked at me for the first time. "You know what it is," he said.

I knew. I could picture the scant meals

and the drawn faces, and always the fear—the other thing. People tried to be cheerful at first, but when the food began to go they forgot to pretend, and then the fear came even to the children. In summer the dry chirr of grasshoppers, and drooping wheat. In winter long nights of cold and wondering. That was when you became no longer a child, but something strangely old, moving in an adult world which was half shadow. That was when you began to understand the words the wind said, moving on ghost wings across the prairie.

"My son died of pneumonia. He was young and strong and he went very quickly. I stayed on, with no fire and little food. Death does not strike wasted bodies. . . ." His words trailed off into nothing. With an effort he took them up again.

"This summer the note was due. I could not pay it. The fields are gone—like this one here. I planted a green shrub upon my son's grave to shade the stone, and the grasshoppers ate it off. They stay there now, upon the headstone, and there is no other thing growing except snags of tough grass. But next year perhaps—somewhere I read that things would get better. So I went to the bank to ask for more time. I thought—" he moved his hands in a gesture of bewilderment. "I thought if I asked—but they said it was no use."

The man lifted his sack, and looked at it, fingering the rope about its opening absently. His grasp on it had never relaxed, I noticed. He shook his head, and moved slightly; I closed my eyes to the blinding white of the sun, and listened to his words; there was a different quality to his voice now.

"So I wrote a letter to Mr. Wick. I told him about the drouth and about the insects. 'The grasshoppers have eaten my fields,' I said to him. 'They swarm everywhere, even upon my son's grave. I have no money for myself, and I cannot pay you.'"

Beside me, the dog stirred and whined. The old man's hands wove in and out the rope that held the sack.

"I took the letter to the bank. They sent it—they sent it and the answer came back. It was very short, upon thin white paper. Such paper must have cost money—much money. I remember once—but never mind that. He said that times were hard for all of us. He said that one must look after his own interests. The people near me laugh at me for writing, but I thought—"

"But the bag," I said, impatient.

The man laughed, and the cunning look grew in his eyes. "It is my harvest", he said. "All I have. But I will plant again, and where my seed grows—look!"

He held the bag toward me, and opened it a little way. "Careful, be careful," he murmured anxiously.

I looked and drew my head away, quickly. I remember it still—the silence everywhere, and everywhere the grass, and in that sack, whirring, leaping life. "Grasshoppers!" I breathed, and from the earth about me came an answering chirr.

The old man nodded, and in his eyes was a gleam of triumph. "I found them everywhere, but they were hard to capture. It is labor not many could do; one who is young and strong perhaps, but not many old. I am tired now, but my journey is only begun. Listen—I shall tell you the best.

"One who has money to lend to people, and money to buy thin, white paper must be very rich. What a farm that must be—that farm of Leif Wick's—to yield so much money. Rolling acres of deep soil—in a place where there are no plagues—somewhere across the mountains; I can see it now."

My mind was fired with the picture. For a moment I looked out of the eyes of this man, and I too saw the golden fields and the black earth. Then the wind drew me

back and I listened again, a sort of fear growing within me.

"That is where my crop shall be sown. I will look until I find them—those fields of Leif Wick's. He has never known pestilence—he will not be prepared. When the first grasshopper comes he will say 'Look, here's a pretty thing,' and admire its transparent wings. But the second and the third—and finally gray clouds of them settling in the fields—millions upon millions, breeding and growing fat."

The man laughed loudly, as if he were young, and in a burst of strength he rose, clutching his burden. I rose too, and stood beside him. I did not know why I walked with him down the road; some fascination pulled me. The dog growled deep in his throat, but in a moment he was quiet, bounding ahead of us as before. But now there was no silence; the old man talked steadily, streaming his words upon the wind, seeming not to notice the heat or the roughness of the way.

"Think of it," he cried. "Fields barren; limp stalks hanging in the wind; granaries empty—and insects everywhere. The grass will perish, if it is green and tender. And the winter will come—and there will be no food to eat. Then Leif Wick will dole out the last measures of bread to his family; he will grow gaunt and lean, and there will be no fire. His sons will die, and who knows—he himself may die—or wither into a weak ghost, sitting in a cold corner to wait for death."

We were walking with great strides now, it seemed. The heat made me pant for breath, but still I followed.

"And it will be mine—all mine. Oh I will tend my harvest carefully; they shall not die on the way, and not one shall escape. And he will know—never fear, he will know who has done it. He may look for me, but they'll



never find me. I have ways—places to hide—I shall be well away.”

We passed a farm house, and there were men in the yard, working. “Where is it?” I asked. “Where does Mr. Wick live? Ask them—maybe they’ll know.”

The old man stopped short, and called to them. One of the men came toward us, slowly. I did not know him, but I had seen him talking to my father in the town. I was very tired; heat waves shimmered before my eyes, and my forehead was damp.

“Hello Billy,” the farmer said. I smiled, not speaking. Then he looked at the old man. “Did you call me?” he asked.

The old man’s voice became a servile whine. “Please,” he said, “can you tell me where Mr. Wick’s farm is—Mr. Leif Wick? I have some business of great importance—of the greatest importance.” He winked at me with elaborate cunning, but I looked away.

The farmer was speaking, in a slow, kindly voice. “Why grandad,” he said, “Mr. Wick don’t live around here. True he owns about everything in town, but he lives way east—in New York.”

“New York? New York?” the old man’s eyes betrayed their eagerness. “But his farm—I must see his farm.”

The farmer laughed easily. “Whatever gave you that idea?” he said. “Old Wick don’t live on a farm. He lives in a city—a big one, too. Lived there all his life, in a down town apartment.”

The farmer turned away. Slowly the old man’s shoulders bent and his grasp on the bag relaxed. “A city,” he said, “a city—”

Then he paused. His fingers tightened on the sack and the look of cunning crept back into his eyes. For a long moment he stood looking after the farmer, his lips twitching in a queer smile.

“Ah,” he said, “they know. Some way they have discovered, and they want me to give up.” Almost fiercely he turned upon me. “They have lied to me!” Again he was strong; then he turned his eyes outward, toward the thin horizon, the rim of the prairie.

“Goodbye lad,” he muttered, “I must go on until I find it. I must go on and on until someone tells me the truth. Over the mountains it is—the purple mountains—” I wanted to go to him then. I wanted to cry out—to make him stop and turn the other way, toward the safety of clustered farms and people. The prairie as far as the mountains seemed empty; as far as the eye could see, there was no moving speck of life upon it. But something held me there, helpless, as the man moved away from me and his voice faded and became one with the wind.

I was very young then. I was a child, but I still remember the hordes of gray-brown grasshoppers leaping up from the dry grass around me as I stood alone, and the sound of their wings everywhere on the prairie. And I remember the feel of the dog’s cold nose in my hand, and the wind, raising little whirls of dust under the man’s feet in the road ahead.

## SONG FOR PIERROT

ELIZABETH SCHOENING

Shadows, moon-blue beneath the cypress trees  
And silver feathered birds;  
Sweet in a garden beautiful with these  
Fall my light words.

Flecked by the moon, the tones of my guitar  
Sing to the night above—  
Sing to the crystal pallor of a star,  
And her I love.

Here, side by side in eloquent pretense,  
We walk the cypress lane,  
Saved by love’s charm from love’s hot violence  
And love’s cold pain.

## SONNET

RICHARD LEE

I’ve heard it said that flame and flame alone  
Can purge the tortured soul of dead desire.  
If this is so then I have need of fire,  
For there is much for which I would atone.  
That hour burned sharp and sweet till it was gone,  
Seemed clean, a thing I always would admire.  
I did not know the cost of that hour’s hire,  
Or think its ash could turn to ice and stone.

But now each night is haunted by a ghost  
Whose frozen silly smile brings back that night  
And I must take it in—play cordial host  
To a dull leering love I would not fight . . .  
I want you back again, and my own name  
On lips of yours would melt remorse like flame.



# Seven Days In Russia

CAROL VALENTINE

WHEN YOU go to Russia you pay in advance. In London, Berlin or New York, Intourist (the State Travel Bureau) accepts your money and gives you in return a book of pink script which you exchange en route for train tickets, meals, hotel rooms and sight-seeing tours. Your bags appear miraculously in your hotel room, and tipping, that manifestation of capitalist oppression, does not exist. You don't wander nonchalantly about Russia stopping here and there as fancy dictates. Before you ever arrive, Intourist politely offers you a choice of tours. You make your decision believing more or less in free will. Once across the border, Intourist is a little less polite, a little more unsmiling. Your passport and your destiny are taken charge of, and it becomes the stern duty of the whole Russian people to keep you on the path you have chosen. If you have decided on the seven-day trip including Leningrad and Moscow, entrance from Helsingfors and exit through Poland, you find yourself coming into Russia from Helsingfors, seeing Leningrad and Moscow, and promptly at the end of the week being deposited on the Polish border. If you decide you don't like Leningrad (which is quite probable) and think you'll go to Odessa, insurmountable obstacles immediately block you. It will take three weeks to renew your visa. In the meantime if you wish to eat and sleep you will need more script. But no more script can be issued until your visa is again in the hands of Intourist. You soon feel that you are only here on sufferance and that you may as well take what you can get with humility. The conductors, the desk-clerk (who speaks five languages), the guides, the waiters, all speak with more than

personal authority. You can't touch people without touching the State, just behind them like a great intangible, indestructible rampart.

A kind providence and economic necessity led me to commit myself to seven days in Russia.

*April 13th.* At Helsingfors (which became Helsinki and a republic simultaneously) we trade in a piece of pink script for a ticket on the sleeper for Leningrad. It states all too accurately that we are traveling "hard". The seats are so wide that unless we sit on the edge our legs stick out straight in front of us. The porter brings very thin mattresses, sheets and blankets, but we make up our beds. It is useless to explain to him that in America they don't put men and women in the same compartment. Both the language and the idea are beyond his grasp. We bow to the inevitable.

*April 14th.* We are delighted to find in the corridor a brown, squint-eyed peasant woman with a shawl around her head, and wrapped in the folds of another shawl around her waist she presently discloses to us a little brown wretch of a baby. We admire the baby. "Russki?" we ask the woman. "Nyett, Finski." There our conversation of necessity dies.

The customs officials at Rajahoki are polite but very firm. Huge poster paintings of the heroes of the revolution look down on the sunny interior of the customs house. We are told to open our bags. The officials look serious and make notes on a form. This is another planet and we are uncomfortably in their power. We don't know what is forbidden but we feel guilty. Apparently cameras and literature are especially suspect. They inspect personal letters and confiscate news-

papers. They hold a conference over Low's "Russian Scrap Book". For a while they are puzzled. A picture of a cow singing the "Internationale" and increasing her yield with communist fervor decides them. It is dangerous propaganda and is confiscated. (You can't be a good revolutionary and have a sense of humor.) Weak and thankful we go back to the train carrying that last book that wouldn't fit in. When at last the train moves we breathe a sigh of relief. Through the window we see a Red soldier with a peaked cap and rough wool coat reaching to the ground. We wave tentatively. His features relax a little but he doesn't wave. We are discouraged. The country is flat and treeless, yellow earth showing through the thin melting snow. Now and then a muddy road drags itself past lumber sheds.

A charabanc takes us to our hotel where we humbly line up for our room assignment. There is not a hint of obsequiousness. Everyone from elevator boy to manager is "Tovarich". Breakfast is served at 10:00, dinner at 3:00, supper at 11:00 or 12:00. The orchestra in the hotel dining room begins at midnight and when it stops no one knows for it always outlasts our party. The busy Russians couldn't possibly keep up both these hours and Progress. They must consider it a concession to foreigners like the desk clerks' neck-ties. Today we eat dinner at four or rather hope we are going to eat dinner at four. For half an hour we are ignored completely. We cough and stare and beckon and bang on the table all to no avail. By this time one either relaxes or dies of irritation. Finally a waiter comes to take our order, finds we speak no Russian and disappears leaving us on the verge of tears. We doggedly wait for another half hour. The waiter reappears with the head waiter who speaks German. There is one in our party who is able to establish contact and our order is finally given. The food when at last it arrives is good. But

there is tepid tea in glasses sans cream or lemon. The others buy Nazam, carbonated water with a flat, bitter taste. That evening we go to the Cafe Europe. We are the only customers and the comrades look on us with loathing. We feel apologetic for our capitalist background and order vodka which only brings us deeper under the ban of disapproval. It tastes like bad gin and costs a dollar a glass. We find Russian night life depressing.

*April 15th.* A guide is assigned to our party, Eda Alexandra. She speaks excellent English but she speaks always officially for the state not for herself or the people she knows. She gives us a list of several places of interest and asks us which we would like to visit. We agree on the anti-religious museum. It is not, she tells us, actually anti-religion but anti-clerical. The museum is a fine old cathedral with many exhibits all neatly labeled. Here are two glass cases. One of them contains the body of a saint. The priests used to show it to the people and tell them that God preserved his body by a miracle because he was a holy man. Beside it they have placed another body in a similar state of preservation. But this man (our guide translates the label) is only a poor peasant. Now what do you make of God's miracle? It is a better argument against man's silly statements about God than about God himself.

We finish dinner at five and decide we have time for a walk before our train leaves for Moscow. To our surprise there is no compulsion to stay with the group. But we regret our adventure soon enough. A few blocks from the Hotel we pass a mosque with the paint on its big onion-shaped wooden turrets yielding to time and weather. At its base a short, squat woman swathed in black serge is sweeping water along the gutter into a drain. Her broom looks as though she made it herself out of brown faggots. Her



face is square and impassive. We feel very aimless among these purposeful people. They plod steadily on, their faces sober, their clothes dark, no one standing out from the others. There are no dogs and many children. This is a serious, gray city. Does the sun never shine to warm these treeless streets?

Yes, of course. We have gone too far and we are lost. The unpleasant sensation that we have strayed onto another planet becomes more acute. In any other European city some courteous and helpful cosmopolite would have come to our aid. Here we might as well be mute. We approach a militiaman in a little raised cubicle on the street corner and mutter plaintively, "Hotel Europe" but it is hopeless. On we plod liking each other and Leningrad less and less. Finally once again we see the blessed onion towers of the mosque and we are saved. We would like to upbraid the comrade at the desk for the strangeness of this city. He explains patiently that Europe is pronounced "Europayski" in Russian. From now on we shall cling to the skirts of Intourist whose understanding of our wants is only partial but of our language at least reassuring.

In the Moscow station is a fresh array of red flags, busts of Stalin, statues of Lenin. They are in every school and office and dormitory and public building. Lenin is a comfortably paunchy and bearded gentleman looking more kindly than inspiring. Breakfast is a little late today. We start at noon and by a superhuman effort finish at two. There are other evidences that Moscow will be kinder to us. The hotel dining room is on the top floor overlooking the river, the streets are alive with Red soldiers, the sun shines over the river, and in Moscow is the Red Square. Standing here I know by intuition and imagination more than the guide will, or books can tell. The glamor of Russia, the thundering history of the great

country for the first time thrill me. Acres and acres of cobbles are flanked by the brick-red walls of the Kremlin. Dark and aloof in its disgrace rises the cathedral of Basil. The people scurrying along the edge of the square are dwarfed by its magnitude. Here is the cradle and the grave of czarism and the birth-place of the revolution. Here lies its founder in solemn state. The great marble blocks of his tomb gleam soft red and black. Every evening at five, hundreds of people line up to walk slowly through the tomb. The soldiers at his head and feet are motionless as stone. There is no sound but the soft pushing of body against body in the dim light and you long to know what these people feel in their bones. Outside they talk softly. Suddenly we are the center of a more animated conversation. One of our party has committed a crime. He took a picture. The guard posted outside wants to confiscate the camera. But this is no way to treat a British subject. The culprit has had enough of these Russians. Our guide surprisingly enough is on our side. She reproaches the irate comrade and tells us these soldiers are an officious bunch and like to show their authority. Finally the soldier gives up his prize grumbling. For the first time we see a rift in the united front of the Russians. It is a cheering sight.

*April 17th.* The polytechnical museum is a distressingly educational exhibit. Blocks of coal show what used to be mined and what is now mined. Graphs show that Russia used to be fourteenth in the manufacture of something or other and is now third. Wall maps with colored bulbs show the number of power plants before the revolution, the number now and the number there will be next year at this time. It shows us the great steps forward in fruit-growing and cattle-raising and dam-building and a model of the yet un-built palace of the soviets topped by a tremendous statue of Lenin with hand upraised.

Everything in Russia is put into one of two categories—"before the revolution" and "since the revolution". All propaganda is built around these two phases and our guide would have nothing to say if she left them out. As we collect our coats and hats (which must be left in the cloak-room whether one wants to or not) they seem to be a nation of wonderfully obedient and industrious robots. Their material progress is remarkable; but we know no more of what they think, what they hope for than if we had stayed in London and read a book. We can't get at these people at all. All we can do is look at the surface. This is the biggest city in the union and the people dress like peasants in lumpy layers of black cloth; the women wear shawls; they are all serious and intent on going somewhere or doing something. On the streets they ignore us for the most part or stare into our faces curiously and without self-consciousness; their stores offer a pitiful array of goods; their homes are poor buildings. They are a race apart and if we could talk their language we still couldn't understand them. Our guides have learned their lesson. They know all the answers to all the questions and the answers of all the guides are exactly the same. I want to shake our guide and say, "Oh, *please* be a human for just a minute so that you and I can talk. Forget what they taught you to say in the University. We are sympathetic. We admit your success. Now just admit that we capitalists have *something* to be said on our side." But I suppose there is an Answer to Emotional Foreigners too. What a precious privilege it is to be able to disagree.

*April 18th.* The Moscow Metro (the subway) being removed from policy and judgeable by material standards is one thing about which we can state a definite opinion. We go for a ride of three stations and back again and we are duly impressed. It is like a theatre lobby all marble and indirect lighting. The

trains are brand new with handsome leather seats and they make marvelous time. We are enthusiastic but our guide talks only of the four lines that will be completed by next year. The Metro must cost more than the trams for the trams pursue their lurching course always with humanity packed solidly inside, bursting from the windows and trailing from the platform.

We have told the guide we would like to see a church service and today she takes us to one of the few churches still open. It is low roofed and crowded with people. Candelabra give the only light. The sound of chanting surrounds us. It is a little stuffy with incense. We look at the people around us and feel instantly that here is something understandable. They are very quiet; lost in meditation and the service. Here is another little world within that other queer striving, joyless orderly world of the people walking the streets, the people packing cigarettes in the factory with quick fingers, the people pursuing culture steadfastly in the Worker's centers. It is a relief to be away from that world of continuous effort all directed unerringly to one end. We can share the spontaneous spiritual life with these people in spite of all the unanswered questions in that other world of stern reality.

*April 19th.* In the morning we visit a grammar school. It is a new building but poorly built even to a casual eye. We question the guide. We can't help trying to put her on the spot. She explains that after the revolution hundreds of thousands of children were going to school for the first time. So they built temporary buildings as quickly as possible. With the exception of one hotel and a Worker's Culture Center all the fine buildings are the old ones. We go into a room full of ten and eleven year old children. They stand, interested and alert and give us a salute. We ask questions and the guide interprets. "Why don't you believe in



God?" "Because he doesn't exist." This is a crushing answer leaving the burden of proof with us. The teacher speaks English but not well enough to be tactful. "We have some children of foreigners. Even capitalist children would be all right if they had the right environment."

In the evening Rimski-Korsakov's "Sadko" is given at the white-pillared Bolshoi Opera. In what was the Czar's box are some women with white shawls over their heads. The emblem on the box is the hammer and sickle. We pick out a few evening dresses and several army officers in uniform but most of the hundreds of people are as drab as they were during the day. The opera is magnificently staged. Such vividness of music and pageantry is almost too much. In the intermissions we are hot and thirsty but in the buzzing lobby even a Russian has a hard time getting served, so we give up in despair. After the opera we go to the hotel bar where we follow the usual procedure. First we inquire as to the cost of the oranges and the Hershey bars both of which always remain at approximately one dollar and fifty cents, then we end up by drinking creme de cocoa which for some reason is the only beverage not requiring a king's ransom.

*April 20th.* At the Marriage and Divorce court we try to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible while the guide translates the proceedings. But no one apparently

minds our presence. In fifteen minutes two pairs are married, one divorced. The ratio of divorces to marriages is one to five, we are told. There are five or six women waiting in chairs against the wall all with babies in their laps. They have come to register them. A middle aged man and woman are questioned by an efficient woman at a desk. She writes down their answers on a form. "Have either of them been married before?" "No". "Any children?" "Yes, three". They are married in four minutes, the fact duly recorded on their passports. A young couple scarcely eighteen go through the same process. It is amusing but something in us cries out against the commonplaceness of it.

Once more the charabanc carries us over the cobbles of the Red Square, under the shadow of the great cathedral, past the Kremlin wall, the mustard-brown soldiers, the stolid, plodding people. Our guide puts us on the train and says good-bye apparently neither glad nor sorry. One group of foolish, erring foreigners is no worse than another. We spend our last roubles for papers and fruit.

The grass is green in Poland. In Poland there is oppression, and poverty and unjustifiable luxury and begging and slums, but here we feel at home. Poland's vices are our vices, and there is a dear familiarity about them. And there is a certain undeniable glamour about a cake of soap.

## To Bear With Dignity

LOUISE MACPHERSON

HE STOOD on the station platform, and the train rolled in, and there was a general exodus of human beings. Behind him he heard unusually concentrated noise, and judged it must be the Americans. He turned around and saw a group of boys and girls engaged in throwing bags out the train window. He made his way towards them.

"I am Herr Neckermann, your guide," he said.

"How do you do," they murmured, looking at him with pleasant casual interest. "Say would you mind giving us a hand here?" shouted one of the boys, and in a moment he was weighted down with luggage. Then the group progressed to the street car. After a moment of confusion, juggling with the bags, cries of "schnell" from the conductor, looks of interest from the other passengers, they were off. Few Americans came to this town and they were the object of much open staring and rapid conversation by the other occupants of the car.

While Hans paid their fare they occupied themselves with looking out at their surroundings. The street on either side was lined with high, thin stone buildings, side by side. The upper part of the houses jutted out from the lower, and the roofs of all rose to seemingly unnecessary high sharp points. Some of these had little gabled windows running up the roof to the very top, growing smaller as they grew higher. On the windows were gaily colored shutters, and window boxes of vivid flowers. The ground floor of these buildings were shops, some of them with picturesque figures as signs hung out to proclaim the nature of their business.

The sidewalks and streets were filled with

people and bicycles, women in *dirndl* dresses with gaily colored tightly laced bodices over starched white blouses, crisp aprons over full short skirts, men in *lederhosen*, colorful homespun linen shirts and embroidered leather suspenders, heavy white socks and thick shoes. On their heads were Tyrolean hats with gay feathers.

Now the tram turned a corner, climbed a hill and came to the end of the track. Everyone got off and trudged towards their homes.

As they turned in the gate of Hans' house, the young people halted, exclaiming with pleasure. Hans stood watching them, his face beaming. He was justly proud of his home. For generations his family had tended it with gentle love. The group saw before them a whitewashed house with bright red blinds and flower boxes of yellow flowers at each glistening window. The house was surrounded by flowers that looked as though they had just had their faces scrubbed. They smiled and nodded in all the glory of their cleanliness.

In the doorway stood Frau Neckermann. Overcome by the joy of receiving these wonderful Americans, she rushed forward with tears in her eyes, kissing the girls and warmly clasping the hands of the boys, murmuring all the while in soft German. And now appeared in the doorway Herr Professor Neckermann, smoking his pipe and standing shyly looking at his guests. The sun caught his spectacles, causing him to sparkle a welcome. He came forward. "Gruss Gott, Heil Hitler," he said, clicking his heels together and making a stiff little bow.

And now, seated within the house, Hans was given his first opportunity to observe his guests. He saw before him three boys with



healthy alive faces, all in their very American clothes, whose cut seemed so odd. They sat on their backs with their legs on nearby pieces of furniture, and talked in their drawling hearty voices. The three girls had the same unworried fresh expression. They sat in the same position as the boys. They were dressed in what seemed to be the American feminine uniform, sweaters and skirts and little socks. Hans saw his mother looking at their bare legs, their red mouths, the cigarettes in their hands.

The observation was mutual. The Americans gazed at the square cut beautiful Nordic face before them, the fair hair, direct fearless blue eyes, the finely chiseled bones of the face, the tender sensitive mouth which when aware of itself was well controlled into a straight firm line. It was the clenched expression of the mouth which gave the expression to the whole face. The guests noted the heavyspun quality of the boy's coat, the unbecoming knickers worn thin, the heavy greenish wool stockings drawn over the powerful legs, the thick leather shoes. Their gaze took in the beautiful hands, calloused, and worn. Always their eyes returned to the face, the eyes and mouth, and when that mouth parted, showing even rows of teeth, in the most infectious of smiles they must needs smile, almost laugh with pleasure.

All of this time Hans was speaking to them in his intriguing clipped English. He spoke of the plans for the next few days. They were to take a trip into the mountains with a group of students, they were to attend classes at the university and to take a sightseeing trip, and then in the evenings there were plenty of *weinstuben* and *biergarten* that must be visited.

That night in the *weinstube* in the midst of song and laughter Hans sat next to the girl named Barbara, and told her German jokes. He discovered it gave him great pleasure to see her laugh, and remembered

all the humorous things he could to tell her. And suddenly looking into her eyes, he found he could not look away. What was there? She seemed to see his very soul. He felt for an instant that nothing was hidden from her. Frightened, he arose and danced with one of the other girls. Barbara sat silently watching him, and on her face it seemed there was great pity.

In the first few days, the Americans were so busy, so swept away by the everyday life of these joyous people, there was no time for political questions. But one evening as they were seated at the simple supper, the boy named Dave said, "You know, we expected to see a lot of Storm Troopers and Hitler's hand everywhere, but this seems like any other place, everyone going about their business not worrying very much about matters political."

Barbara's head remained bowed over her plate but her eyes were raised to study Hans' face. Was there, she wondered a sudden tightening in the air? Hans bestowed upon them one of his magnetic smiles.

"I must teach you much about our modern Germany. Your opinions have been poisoned by the propaganda in your American newspapers."

What a fool I am, thought Barbara. Forever imagining a melodramatic situation from nothing.

"Tomorrow we shall go to a labor camp."

"A concentration camp?" eagerly asked John.

"No," laughed Hans, and repeated the remark in German to his parents, who was seized by a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"A labor camp is for every boy to serve six months, so as to strengthen himself and learn to have respect for those who work with their hands. I served my time last year, and now in the fall I'm going to start my two years' military training."

"But I thought you were to finish your law course."

"Well—yes—but the military training is more important."

"More important than your being a lawyer? And you had only three months more at the university."

"They don't need lawyers today in Germany as much as they need soldiers."

"Do you *really believe* that?"

"Why of course," he said, looking at them with his straight blue eyes.

"And yet you say you are not planning for war."

"No, of course not. What German wants war? We are prepared to sacrifice everything in order to attain the point where Germany will gain the respect of all other nations, where she will be an equal power in Europe. We unite under our leader, we give up everything for him. It is right that we do so."

"But to make everyone serve two years, no matter what he is doing, not to make exceptions, for the future artist, the future surgeon, the future—lawyer."

"We need brawn, not brains in Germany today."

"Hans!" The cry escaped Barbara's lips. He turned to her. "You don't understand," he said. "Our problems are quite different from yours. You as individuals have the problem 'what kind of a life shall I live?' we as a group have the problem 'can we live, how shall we keep ourselves alive?' Our immediate problem is one of existence. Yours is one of a way of life. You cannot understand us. You did not see us after the war. We were a people lost, dead, without spirit. Those of my generation grew up hungry, with no future. We were nothing."

"Then came a man who could lead us, Adolf Hitler. A man who said 'You are alive. If you are willing to sacrifice, you can be saved. Follow me.' Someone to follow, someone who saw a high goal, who made

us see it. We began to laugh—to laugh—you don't know what that means. We march. Do you know why we love to march so much? Because it gives us a feeling of unity, a feeling of closeness. Because when we march, we are members of a whole body. We must be led. We have been trained to follow. Even if we were being led to destruction, we would prefer it to the aimless chaos before Hitler. But we are not headed for destruction. We are looking towards a new life when every German will have enough to eat, when other nations cannot trample us down and scorn us, when they must respect us as their equals."

"—or superiors," murmured Barbara.

"Yes," said Hans, "that is what some of the most ardent Nazis say. I would not say that, for I know it is not pleasant to your ears. Oh, it is wonderful! Don't you feel the magnetic new life in Germany today? You Americans are individualists. That is all right for you. But it is not all right for Germany. What matters what happens to the individual? It is the group that matters. We are happy. It is only foreign propaganda that would make us appear otherwise with their tales of blood purges and concentration camps."

"But there *are* concentration camps?"

"They are for the enemies of the state who deserve worse than concentration camps."

"And a certain notorious 'blood purge'?"

"It was unavoidable. What would you have Herr Hitler do? He was forced to such violence to protect us from a greater evil, communism."

"And the Jews?"

"Ah yes," sighed Hans, "that is unfortunate. It is the thing that has made us so disliked by the world. But we were forced to that also. There was no other way. They were eking the very source of life from us. In this case the end justifies the means."



"But the loss you suffered. The men you drove out in your persecutions."

"But how few *they* were in comparison with the undesirables. We were forced to a small evil to rid us of a greater. We were fighting for our lives. They were at our throats. And does any other country want them more than we do? That is why they howl so loudly." He smiled. "You see, unless you have the German heart you cannot understand."

The week was a joyous one. There was no more talk of topics which all parties knew must be controversial. The Americans entered into the life of the people. They sang and laughed and danced and felt more than ever before in their lives the pure unadulterated joy of living. They experienced the keen clean pleasure from the so-called simple things of life. The beauties of the mountains were unfolded to them. The loving generous *gemutlich* spirit of the people enfolded them.

And as the days went on, Hans came to be more and more with Barbara. Wondering why he had not seen at the first moment how wonderful she was. He listened by the hour to her talk of America, to her opinions upon the world and herself. Her mind was so new to him, something so free. It delighted him and continually surprised him to watch her mental approaches to things. She seemed to be afraid of nothing, to be so free of what had always been to him unbreakable barriers. She simply did not see them, and so they did not exist. And she was so beautiful. Hans did not think of that much, for it only disturbed him. It was not the open buxom beauty to which he was used. And she looked upon him, and found him beautiful, and looked into his mind, and found depths she could not fathom, and looked into his heart, and understood him.

And now in one hour they must leave. She was possessed by an overwhelming sadness and impatience. Why, oh why? In

Hans was the same sadness, but no impatience, only resignation, no astonishment at anything that life might do to him. They sat together with their backs against a tree trunk, and spoke of the happiness of the week. She took his hand in hers.

"You have beautiful hands. I've loved to watch them. And your face, your face. And your smile I've watched."

He looked at her in silent amazement. "Have you *really*?" he said.

"Hans!" she said, "I must tell you before I go away. I can't help it. I *love* you so!" And she dropped close to him and sobbed into his shoulder.

He sat silently, looking straight before him, stroking her hair while tears rolled down his face.

"I don't know how you feel about me. I don't care. I only want you to know how I feel about you."

He gazed at her silently and smiled sadly.

"What are you thinking," she whispered.

"I am thinking of that line of Keats, 'That I shall never look upon you more  
Never have relish in the faery power  
Of unreflecting love—'  
*Unreflecting* love."

"I shall come back to you," she cried. "I promise I shall!"

He only gazed into her face, trying to stamp every line upon his memory.

"Don't you want to kiss me?" she said.

"Kiss you? No. Why should I kiss you?"

"Why—I just thought—"

He bent and brushed her lips with his. She clung to him desperately.

"Don't" he cried harshly. "Have you no feeling?"

She jumped to her feet. "I am so far away from you suddenly," she cried. "What are you *thinking*?"

"That after knowing you I shall never be the same person again. You know I've had a motto. 'Unwise is it for a man not to

bear with dignity the unavoidable.' But I shall be unwise after you leave. I am in the state of mind which is characterized by the question, why not be free? Everything is so near and simple. But there are things which are important too.

"You don't solve the problem by denying there is a duty, do you? It is the character of the duty that it obliges, and an obligation demands fulfillment. And only by obeying are you free, and the master of your fate. Otherwise one is only a fool with sterile sentiments. The inner values give themselves to the man who earns and fights for them, who has strength and will power to possess them. Goethe said, 'That strengthens me which doesn't kill me,' and today I must remember that often. We must educate ourselves to acquire a real sense of the high ideals, not to enjoy them, or weakly hate those who sin against them, but to live them as our forces allow.

"I am bound to the fate of my people, the best of whom are leading me, by true being. I feel awe only at the places where science, clear thinking, is streaming into the mind. From these sources I take the sources to build a life of freedom and beauty as far as my forces, state and spirit allow."

"For you it is much more simple. You live in a vast country, where life doesn't surround you with walls. So you are a free and wonderful soul, and you break in upon me with an incomparable power. I more clearly than ever feel the beautiful and the good."

"Oh Hans, all this talking, thinking, talking! But what do you *feel*? Or are you afraid to feel?"

"I speak to you in parables," he said, "and you see into my soul. Oh I must tell you now, everything. I cannot go away from you living this lie. Everything you have ever heard against the German state today is true. Only a thousand times more terrible than *you* can imagine. But no, I have not lied when

talking to all of you. That is it. Everything I said then may be true. Everything I say now may be true. I have been honestly happy these days. Most of the Germans today are honestly happy. The few who think, are only happy when they are not thinking.

"Our *joie de vivre* is so strong that it *will* come bursting through to save us. But you have made me more than ever before face my own mind. I can no longer escape from myself. You do not know what you *are*, what you symbolize to me. Sometimes I feel, when I do *dare* feel, what am I? My whole life is a hypocrisy.

"Every German has enough to eat. Yes, today. But not six months from now. But the world does not know that. We eat meat and eggs when you are here, and you think nothing of it. But to us it is the last that we shall have all year. What do you think the average German worker earns? Twenty-five marks a week. Ten dollars. He is helpless as we all are. Money is being drained from every conceivable source. For what? To build a Nuremberg Nazi meeting place that astounds the world. Ach! The Nazi program is a political one, not an economic one, and we fear. But oh, these things are infinitesimal in comparison to the worst that is happening, and that is, that among the intelligent sensitive people, the people that *matter*, the morale is being broken—completely broken. And when that happens, we die.

"Sacrifice! To what do we sacrifice? A political machine? *Mien Gott!* I would not believe so. The Germans, the kind, good German people, so gullible, are we being duped? We do not want war. Ha! But we head faster and faster towards the inevitable. Ah yes, we shall be superior. We shall be the greatest, until all the nations shall spit the venom of their hate at us. And we need so much love. The German heart! Hate, hate! I have been so full of hate, and you have brought me love. Your daring, ac-



cepting, unspoiled mind has astounded me. Don't you know how I hate it, the stupidity, the vulgarity? Hate it, you could have no conception of how I hate it. How I could burn myself up with hate and disdain. And how many of us there are! My father, constantly under suspicion because he is an intellectual. Because he is cultured. What kind of a people will spring from this? We who

hate, we are *the* Germans. But, alas, so are the others.

"They are not only Germans. They are in every land where there are human beings. And what is more horrible to me than all else, is that, perhaps, they are right. Can we no longer live as Christians? Have we lost Christ? You know, the *others*, perhaps . . . they are right. - - -

### WIND OF OTHERWHERE

ALICE HOWEY BOOTH

My days of livingness are limited,  
As are your days; it is not frightening  
To me, is it to you? But everything  
I do, abroad on streets, asleep in bed,  
Flees on before my watch's tiny tread  
As swiftly as a small bird hurrying  
Along before a strong wind's high blue wing  
Toward a far windless skyless land of dead.

You, too, a bird; all of us birds together,  
Irrevocably lost in lovely air,  
Pretending our wills and not the windy weather  
Are bearing us down the sky-way's deepening stair;  
With singing light in throat and sun on feather  
Where do we go—why do we stop to care?

## Simon Says Thumbs Up

FRANCES GODWIN

SIMON HEARD the voices rise on all sides; like a tide the surf rolled in and crashed, and the sound slid back to a low excited murmur. The voices came to him from semi-darkness, directed towards that central circle of light, the hard bright light which formed for Simon a dazzling cylindrical prison. Under its harsh radiance Simon and the white man were fighting, and their bodies were glazed with sweat. The white man dodged and feinted, striking repeatedly at an evasive dark shadow. The negro crouched low, tiger-like, with the coiled impassivity of the jungle. The highlights flashed and changed on the bronze body as the dark legs moved swiftly, with a springy motion, on the taut canvas. Head down, the muscles of his great back rippling slightly, the black man made a quick, vicious jab. With a short grunt his opponent sagged against the ropes. The negro again waited motionless, slightly crouched—a black panther playing with his victim, but a captive panther nervously aware of the faceless voices beyond the encircling white radiance. In a husky whisper to her companion, a faded blonde could be heard audibly noting the clean sculptured beauty of the dark limbs, the poetry of their flashing rhythm. There was no spectator seated in the semi-gloom who did not feel a responsive animal thrill at the intangible suggestion of latent power, of the sinewy jungle strength of that great glistening black giant who crouched unmoving under the great light. The white man struggled up from the ropes, his left arm skillfully bent against his hairy chest. Again from beyond the circle of light, the great hoarse volume of sound rolled in—to the negro unintelligible and immense. Above that burst—like a spontaneous shout

from one Gargantuan throat—only those near the ring could hear the clear metallic stroke of the gong.

\* \* \* \* \*

One hour later Simon was walking alone down a dimly-lit street. He walked swiftly, but there was no assurance, no resilience in his long stride. His haste was that of a fugitive animal—wounded and blindly seeking shelter. Simon's head, his ears, were ringing from his opponent's stunning blows. But it was not from the memory of those blows that he was running. He fled from the dreadful circle of white light, beyond which that great faceless voice had roared and menaced him. That voice which sapped his courage and strength by its blood-thirsty power; constant awareness of that vague, tumultuous sea beyond the ring was what had made fear crowd all else out of Simon's mind. He remembered watching his opponent sag against the ropes; then the thread of his memory broke. He could only piece together vague distorted fragments; those dreadful shouts, the dazzling glare, his loneliness, the odor of resin, those frantic strangers rubbing him and calling him by name; and fear, that mad driving fear, which made his poor mind a blank.

Shivering and bracing himself against an icy wind, Simon miserably shuffled along. He crossed an intersection, and under a signal light, his lurching gait caught the suspicious glance of a policeman. But the officer's scrutiny soon turned to indifference. The tall negro wore too beaten a manner to be worth watching. Unmolested, ignored, Simon arrived after his lonely walk at his destination, a long line of ware-houses and wharves bleakly silhouetted against the leaden sky.

The sky was still leaden the next morning,



but through the dirty fog, a dimly discerned steamer moved slowly down the East River. The rusty banana freighter left the harbor and turned South. Simon sat on the foredeck hugging his knees like a little boy. There was a strange unfathomable expression in his eyes as he watched the jagged skyline fade into the mist. As the steamer swung about and headed South, he breathed a great, broken sigh.

On the wharf at Jacksonville Simon still walked with a driven haste, his eyes restlessly roving, searching.

There it was, Mr. Wilson's gasoline launch piled high with mail bags ready as usual for the trip up the river. Sheepishly, Simon slunk past piled bales and stacked turpentine barrels, past sweating negroes, past all the familiar activity of the wharves. Unnoticed, he approached the dingy launch.

"Mawnin' Mist' Wilson." A thin man in dirty white ducks squinted against the morning sun.

"Hey—there," he drawled the conventional greeting doubtfully.

"I'se Simon—from up at Scuppernong."

"Lord, you back?" The man regarded him intently. With a gloomy nod, Simon settled himself in the greasy stern. The boat rocked restlessly on the current, and two colored men and a white gentleman who talked with a northern accent settled themselves on the hard seats. Mr. Wilson pulled some levers; the engine coughed, and the smell of gasoline mingled with the fish and turpentine of the wharves. The boat swung out into midstream. The launch chugged noisily along, past clumsy barges, trim yachts, a rickety ferry, and tall steamers anchored in the harbor. The launch slipped past the downtown district, past the old residential district, past the suburbs.

They turned a sharp bend in the river, and the city was lost from sight. Simon's face began to brighten; he was going home. He

sighed deeply, happily, and breathed the faint fragrance of pine smoke and jasmine. Sunlight, clear yellow sunlight, sparkled on the Saint John's river. Simon remembered his Lily saying, "Ol' Saint John, he got his blue shirt with diamonds on today." He had never seen the diamonds so sparkling, and his eyes reflected their brilliance. He discovered again the beauty of the great live oaks, moss-bearded, mingling with the straight young pines. Sitting in the stern, his eager face uplifted, his powerful bronze limbs relaxed, he was a magnificent pagan gilded by the sun; exultantly he worshipped the rippling current and cool, moss-shaded shores. He began to hum softly,

"Ise goin' home, home,  
Ise goin' home!"

The chugging of the launch drowned him out, but he sang on to himself. Poor, simple Simon, inarticulate and with the pagan soul of a poet. He drank in every bit of familiar beauty about him: the glossy dark leaves of a magnolia, parted to reveal a scarlet trumpet vine; paths of satiny pine needles glinting in the sun; a water moccasin slithering through dark water; and white, sandy earth, purple shaded. Simon's mind was filled to bursting with vivid, unformed pictures, with gorgeous music that he could never compose. He could only sing his joyful chant louder and louder, until his strong, exultant voice rose over the noise of the engine, until the cords stood out on his powerful neck. The stranger looked at him with quickening interest, and glanced questioningly at Mr. Wilson.

"Mebbe drunk," said the pilot indifferently. The other negroes peered enviously at Simon. But he was oblivious to his fellowman. Ahead, the white drawbridge was opening for a barge. Beyond it lay the villages of San Jose, San Marco, and Ortega, and then Yukon. Beyond the bridge floated the hyacinths, the hyacinths that clogged the current 'way down past Ortega. The bridge

rose. For Simon—weary, homesick, inarticulate Simon—the gates of glory opened.

"Lawd, Oh, Lawd," he sang, and above the hoarse throbbing of the engine, his voice rose full and rich. Only the northerner was astonished. (Mr. Wilson was accustomed to crazy, singing niggers.) He turned the launch in midstream, deftly manoeuvred alongside of a barnacle-covered pier, and shut off the engine. In the sudden silence, Simon's voice rose to a tremendous crescendo that seemed to the stranger, somehow glorious. Totally unselfconscious, Simon swung a mail bag over his broad shoulders and blindly, joyfully climbed the steps of the Ortega landing.

The interior of the ancient post-office was cool and dusky, illuminated only by a sagging screen door, beyond which the flies buzzed in the morning glare. The postmaster was sorting mail, his spectacles down over his nose. As he worked, he talked softly to himself. The screen door sharply banged, and a mail bag thudded heavily. The master raised his head and peered with mild, watery, blue eyes.

"It's Simon—my Land o' Goshen!" His tone was amazed.

"Yassuh," said Simon meekly.

"Well, *what* are you doing back here? I hear you're a celebrity now."

"Whut?"

"Lily's been telling me all about you, and I've cut your picture out of the New York paper. That last fight of yours was a honey!" He fumbled through a drawer and emerged triumphant with a torn scrap of paper depicting Simon in a menacing crouch under which was the caption, "Tiger triumphant."

Simon stared, blankly incredulous, straining his memory. That noise, his fear; the North seemed far away, unreal. "Boy, you're the hero around here!" Simon grinned absently. A subtle change was taking place in him. When he really smiled at the

postmaster, the lamb's meekness had disappeared; Simon was lion-hearted once more.

"I reckon I better mosy along an' let everybody know I'se home." He swaggered over the doorstep of the post-office, radiating opulence. Two little black boys wrestling and giggling in the dust grinned at him doubtfully. Bright copper pennies glinted in the sunlight, and the little nigs gazed after Simon in grateful awe as he strode off like a king. He crossed the square before the postoffice with a gay stride, stopping only to thumb his nose in a vagabond gesture at the postmaster's scrawny cow, placidly munching there. He did glance casually around the square, at the grocery store, and the old stone church, at the dry goods store, and the ice cream parlor; but the cow and two fly-plagued mules were the only signs of life. So he struck off by a familiar path through the woods in the direction of Scuppernong, and Lily. The mocking birds sang at Simon, and Simon whistled back at them. He strode proudly, but he was not too proud to enjoy the crunch of fragrant needles under his feet or the drooping sprays of yellow jasmine entwining the tree trunks. Simon beamed possessively at the tall pines and gnarled oaks. He was a king re-entering his kingdom. A festoon of Spanish moss touched his face, and he pulled it down. He plucked a camphor leaf and crushed it, holding it under his broad nose to catch the aroma. The woods were cool and damp; Simon blinked when after a mile he strode into the sunlight.

And then he stood stock still. There was welling up in him the same overwhelming emotion he had felt on the river. All the accumulated nostalgia of two years came rushing back to choke him. The place! He was again a little boy, awed by the shabby magnificence of Scuppernong. Through misted eyes he saw the familiar square house, its rose brick mellow in the sun; the sweep of gravelled drive; the square-fluted pillars; and



the round bed of violets. Simon had to remember his importance; he would have liked to bury his wooly head in their moist fragrance.

"Golly!" breathed Simon to himself. A lean flop-earned hound came up to sniff him inquiringly. And then, because all dogs liked Simon, it wagged its tail. That was something else he had missed, the abject adoration of his own hound dog.

Suddenly Simon remembered; it was Monday! The wash-house—he could see its coquina walls beyond the bamboo hedge. Mammy would be in there stirring her cauldrons, and Lily would be there heating the flatirons. He gazed longingly in that direction, but finally strode manfully off to the house. On the back veranda a mulatto girl was polishing brassware, and Simon noticed how the metal glistened in the light. He mounted the steps majestically. "Woman," he said, looking at her, "tell Miss Fanny that Simon's done come home."

\* \* \* \* \*

The moon hung high and golden over the river. Above the murmur of the current, gay voices laughed and sang, and banjos twanged musically. The smell of scorched pork rose from the crackling, spitting fire. Yukon, that strip of land above Ortega, the promised land where the more fortunate negroes owned their own little farms, Yukon was far enough from the white folks for the negroes to be as noisy as they wished. And nothing could be noisier than a barbecue. A barbecue it was, too. Simon's "lawge" had killed the proverbial fatted calf for its prodigal son. But no humble prodigal was he. His precious clippings were almost worn out, and Simon's head was very swollen.

"Tell us 'bout New Yawk, Simon!"

"How much you say dat purse was, boy?" King Simon beamed fondly upon his consort, but little Lily could not bring herself to

smile. What the Nawth, the terrible Nawth, done to her Simon, simple Simon, big, meek, plugging boy? It had sent her back this lazy, arrogant man, swaggering bossy nigger who flirted with every pretty girl and wouldn't do a lick of work. How the men, her own kin, worshipped him, and almost licked his boots! Her pretty, full lips curled in scorn as she thought of Simon suggestively flexing his forearms when he was crossed. But her heart ached as she looked at his wooly, imperious head, for she loved him very much, did Li'l Lily. Almost against her will she leaned her head on his shoulder, resting her light body against him. His great arm went about her, and held her tight. Simon talked on, weaving fantastic tales of Harlem night life. But Lily, gazing into the leaping flames, was dreaming of a future with Simon—her own meek, lovable Simon—not this arrogant stranger. Simon—and a pink tufted bedspread like Miss Fanny's—figured prominently in Li'l Lily's dreams. Around them she built her neat little house in Yukon; about the house she planted a tidy garden. Under the golden moon King Simon, a garrulous, boastful monarch, held his court, while his little consort slept and dreamed of building his cottage in Yukon.

\* \* \* \* \*

"You ain' got no call to wink at me, big man. You Li'l Lily's fellah." The yaller gal's laugh was shrill and coy, and her bold eyes rolled coquettishly. Lily gave the shining pane a vicious slap with her dust rag and stared morosely through the glass. The mulatto girl was plucking a chicken, and white feathers drifted on the veranda steps. Below her, Simon and his hound lay quiet. A pile of unsplit kindling and an axe were untouched beside him. Lily knew that Simon would not swing his axe again, but knew also that the kindling would not go unsplit. None of Simon's chores were ever left undone. His

gracious, lazy smile, his casually flexed arm, were all he needed; and the king was well served. Li'l Lily sighed.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the groves the trees were white-starred, and about Scuppernong the air was sweet with the scent of orange blossoms. The purple budding hyacinths on the river floated no more slowly than the days went by, or than Simon moved his indolent, tawny body. The king still reigned supreme. The little nigs had spread abroad tales of his largesse, and the clippings had long been worn out. Simon was "Honorary Sultan" of his "lawge", and Lily despaired of his ever owning a lot in Yukon.

The screen door of the post-office banged incessantly; Cap'n Rose was busy handing out letters and packages. Negroes from all the plantations around Ortega had come to "fotch" the eleven o'clock mail. The post-office was noisy and crowded, and white dust lay heavily on the floor. Simon lounged at his ease, the center of an admiring group. "Fotchin'" the mail was the only duty Simon performed willingly. Being a social soul, he loved the morning gatherings.

"Simon," said Cap'n Rose, "here's a letter for Mist' Gic, Miss Fanny, and—Bless my soul, who's writing *you* from New York?" Simon knew only too well who was writing him from that metropolis. A man's creditors have a way of finding him out. But he swaggered up to the window.

"Mos' likely one of ma lady friends from Harlem," he said audibly. The other negroes were visibly impressed. All except one—Dave—an intelligent looking man of medium height. Dogged, hard-working, he was not one of Simon's subjects. For he was Li'l Lily's brother, and he had seen his beloved sister weep bitter tears over the lazy, fickle giant.

"Go on, boy, I thought Lily was your best girl?" joked the post-master.

"Mm, I got lots a' gals," drawled Simon. Most of the negroes snickered meaningly. Flaming, unreasoning anger surged over Dave. He had an instant's vision of Lily, sweet, patient little Lily, adoring this faithless braggart and weeping quietly over a tufted pink bedspread. Before Simon had time to dodge, before he could even close his mouth, a hundred and forty pounds of furious energy caught him on the lean jaw, and Simon, the king, lay sprawling in the dust. For a moment, the post-office was filled with stunned silence except for the buzzing of the flies. Incredulous black faces stared down at the prone figure. Dave stood in a corner breathing hard, and respectful eyes were turned in his direction. In a way the silence was rather ominous, and Cap'n Rose said nervously.

"Go on now! You all clear out! Do you hear me?" In twos and threes they walked slowly out, their murmurings drowning out the flies and rising above the banging of the door. One or two of them spat on the prostrate body, and the little nigs giggled derisively. The post-office was quiet. Cap'n Rose's mild blue eyes peered at Simon in some astonishment. He clucked sympathetically. After a moment or two, Simon rose stiffly to his feet. He stood swaying, his lip bleeding freely. Stupidly, he brushed himself off, and walking with hanging head to the door, he stumbled down the steps. Like a beaten dog, Simon crept off to the woods.

\* \* \* \* \*

The orange blossoms had long dropped from the trees, and the hyacinths were again only little green rafts. Flocks of birds from the North had come to challenge the mocking birds, and pine smoke lay in acrid fragrance upon the air. Simon's figure silhouetted against the sunset looked solitary and patient. About him, blurred by the fading light, lay a stubbled field. Except for his lean hound,



Simon was all alone, and his ruggedness against the rosy sky was like a painting. Simon hummed wearily to himself. In the soft light, he could hear the tinkling of cowbells and the murmur of the river. He could hear the rattle of rickety flivvers, and the squeak of wagon wheels, soft sounds of greeting. Weary warriors coming back to Valhalla—the niggers coming home to Yukon! Smoke curled cheerfully from the neat little Yukon cabins, and Simon sighed wistfully.

His back ached; his arms ached; he was tired from his wooly head to his scuffed shoes. All day it had been: "Simon this," and "Simon that," and "Do this, you worthless nigger." He had worked meekly and eagerly, and his only reward was Lily's contemptuous silence, Mist' Gic's indifferent nod, and his wages. His wages had grown, doubled, and this plot in Yukon would soon be his. Simon tried not to feel lonely as he thought of his neat, empty little house. The yaller

gal was willing to share it. But he wanted Lily, little black, scornful Lily.

The saw scraped mournfully, and a chill wind rustled a clump of dry palmetto on the edge of the woods. The palmetto crackled more loudly, and the hound growled. Then wagging his tail, he bounded joyfully at Lily. Simon dropped his saw and stood dumbly. With the rosy light of the sunset upon her, she seemed to him a being from another world. The pink of the sky was no brighter than the tufted cloth she held in her hands.

"I'se finished the spread, Simon." Her voice was as soft as the twilight, and she glanced tenderly, possessively at the raw scaffolding. Simon's brain was reeling, and his pulses pounded. He said foolishly.

"But dis cabin is only begun, and yo spread"—Humiliation and longing were in his voice,—*"Oh Lily!"*

"Hits begun," she said softly, "an' I reckon dis yere'll wait."

## Sea Monster

PATRICIA GUPPY

FATE HAD decided against my going to bed early that night at Coronado beach. Joan's words, "Sea monster!" were still ringing in my ears as I put my bare feet into sneakers, a negligee over my pajamas, and hurried after her out of our cottage. With the aid of her flashlight we picked our way across the dunes, outside, to the shore.

A faint flicker of light among the low sandhills a few feet to the left, indicated the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Barton. My friend leaped ahead, and I ploughed through the loose sand after her. To the right, under a heavenful of stars, the waves roared along the sands in dim lines of white foam. A breeze blew off the ocean, and a meteor flashed across a swarm of stars far above the horizon.

As we approached Joan's mother and father, they were bending over a great, dark creature crouched in the sand. In the bright light of their flashlights, it was an astounding thing. It was a huge brute, fully three feet long not counting the flippers; its formidable beaked head was as large as a child's, and its dark, sea-grown body seemed almost bear-like. In that hour and place it was a creature out of a nightmare.

"Oh, Pat," Mrs. Barton cried, "do come and see! We've got an enormous turtle. John and I were walking along the shore when it came out of the sea in front of us. It came right up the beach, and now we think it's going to lay eggs—"

"I've never seen a turtle that was over one foot long," I said dazedly, and glanced at the dark ocean which seemed to explain within itself all the strange things belonging to it.

The scaly reptilian head made little aim-

less movements near the ground. The great turtle snorted, groaned, breathed heavily as, with sweeping strokes of two yellow-scaled flippers it scraped and dug away a hole. Never for an instant did it pause. The glazed, expressionless eyes blinked when we curious human beings directed a flashlight at its head, but otherwise it took no more notice of us than it did of the mosquitoes which began to surge around, attracted by our lights.

Rapidly the hole grew deeper and deeper. At first we kept at a distance. Animal mothers are supposed to be ferocious where their young is concerned, and we could picture vividly how much damage this huge creature could do if she should suddenly run amuck. But she appeared to be entirely absorbed in her digging, so we drew nearer and played our lights all over her body.

As we bent closer, the big shell appeared to come alive. All over its wet, encrusted surface, tiny worm-like creatures moved, crawled, wriggled horribly.

"Oh!" shuddered Joan, as we drew back in repulsion. "Look, it has worms all over it!"

For the light of the second torch revealed amazingly that the turtle's back was an actual little marine island, supporting both flora and fauna. Rosettes of bright green sea-mosses grew as naturally as on a rock; barnacles smacked sticky lips within their round shells, scattered like pimples over the surface of the back. And those active little worm-like creatures, which none of us had ever seen before, reared up from their encrusted anchorage and squirmed about in great agitation.

At this point our attention was diverted from the turtle's living garment to the turtle itself. With glazed eyes and suppressed



snorts and groans, it had finally dug a surprisingly large hole, and had now ceased movement except for convulsive twitching of the big flippers and aimless little motions of its head.

We directed our flashlights on the hole.

The big beast breathed heavily—almost moaned. From the soft, pinkish flesh of the lower underbody, below the yellow under-shell, a wrinkled, fleshy tube appeared.

Through this the eggs dropped, first in large quantities, then at irregular intervals into the sandy bed the turtle had prepared for them. They were about the size of a hen's egg, though rounder; white, and glistening with slime.

We watched the process, fascinated. At times, though, I turned away from the light toward the dark beach. The great beast's groans and sighs were like those of a human being in labour and agony.

In the meantime, the moon was rising. It came up large and yellow over the horizon, dimming the stars, throwing long, black shadows across the silver beach.

With odd respect, I turned back to look at the unwieldy sea-monster crouched in the sand. Only a big turtle—but few are the human beings who can boast of birth on a wide beach, in sight and sound of the eternal ocean, while a gold moon rises and stars fall across the dark heavens.

Such magnificence of beginning is reserved for turtles, and other simple-creatures.

For a few seconds the turtle lay on the sand, eyes closed, as if utterly exhausted. But Nature will have no slackers among those who perform her works, so the monster soon reared her big head and began methodically to fill up the hole with her hind flippers, as she had dug it—covering the eggs completely.

This was entirely as it should be—but the filling of that hole was a long and weary job, carried out with slow precision and without

the dramatic interest of the digging. And the swarms of mosquitoes and sandflies around us made it impossible to keep still. Scratching and slapping vigorously, we switched off the flashlights and wandered rapidly about the beach.

In spite of our agitation, we eagerly discussed the question: What should we do with the turtle? We all had an idea that it was valuable. Dr. Barton had heard that the meat was worth nearly five-hundred dollars, and Mrs. Barton and Joan wanted a dressing-table set made from the shell.

But could it be captured or not? Joan and I ran back to ask Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, the caretakers. Mr. Anderson told us that laying turtles could not be taken *on the beach*, but as soon as they returned to the sea and had their front flippers in the water they might be caught. Therefore our course was to follow the turtle until its front feet were once more wet by the waves, and then, slipping a noose about its neck, to capture it.

Excitement ran high, however, as the hole continued to be filled. The turtle, having suppressed her resentment of us during her activities, might turn upon us with her formidable beak as soon as they were over. How could we know that, even with a rope around her neck, our combined strength would be sufficient to pull her back along the beach when she had once reached the sea? Dr. Barton prepared the noose, and the rest of us hovered around, equally ready to flee or take a hand.

Finally, satisfied that her eggs were safe, the sea monster raised herself out of her sandbed and turned to go. Our tension increased, and then subsided as we realized that she had no more interest in us now than before. She had completed her work and she was returning to her home in the ocean, as she had no doubt done before on other occasions. Slightly unusual surroundings could not vary her course.

We went in weird triumphal procession down to the water's edge—the nightmarish turtle, the Bartons and myself. We danced with impatience on either side of the sea-monster—for the big beast, confused by our presence or weary after a hard night's work, went very slowly and stopped frequently. She shuffled her heavy body along awkwardly with the large, flat flippers, leaving a track of two uneven ruts about twenty-four inches apart. Whenever she stopped, closing her eyes and seeming in no hurry to move again, we prodded her from behind, urging her on.

At last, a little wave filmed along the beach and lapped over her front flippers. This woke her up—but at the same moment Dr. Barton had the noose over her head and fastened securely around her neck.

Then came the business of turning the turtle from her original destination. Dr. Barton, Joan and myself heaved with all our strength at the rope and, with a scramble, the turtle wheeled completely around. As the noose tightened, she uttered a hollow, coughing grunt; Joan and I at once abandoned all interest in the capture, and pleaded for the animal's release.

This was an added complication. Dr. and Mrs. Barton no doubt felt also that they did not want to cause the destruction of our friend the turtle, but—it was worth five hundred dollars.

Other questions arose. What should be done with the creature till daylight? How did one go about selling it, and to whom?

Amidst excited discussion, Dr. Barton guided the turtle away from the sea and along the beach in the direction of the house, like an impossible caricature of taking a puppy to walk.

At that point, however, new actors entered the scene. The gorgeous moon, now riding high and silver in the heavens, had begun to draw out cars full of young people. A long roadster swept up to us, and the driver,

seeing our arresting little party, stopped and hopped out. He was a fair-haired youth, perhaps a high-school senior. In the interior of the roadster his companion, a curly-haired girl, powdered her nose with an air of detachment from her surroundings.

"Say" exclaimed the young man, "You *have* got something there, haven't you?"

We agreed.

"Whatcha goin' to do with it?" the newcomer pursued.

Dr. Barton told him that the plan was to sell it for the meat and use the shell.

"Yeah," said the young man amiably, "Yeah. Say, I guess you folks know there's a five-hundred dollar fine for taking one of those turtles when they're on the beach, doncha?"

We all stared at him, by the light of our torches and the headlights of his car. We looked at the great turtle, pausing with animal bewilderment at our feet. It had suddenly become an object as full of potential trouble as a bomb. From being happy and innocent hunters, glorying in the captive of our figurative bow and spear, we were turned into dangerous criminals caught in the act.

Dr. Barton's mind, however, was running along other lines. Remembering what Mrs. Anderson had said about the value of turtles, he spoke with a noticeable lack of simple faith in his manner.

"Where," he asked with gentle firmness, "do you get the authority for saying that?"

"Well," said our young friend, "it's the game laws; that's the way they've gotta protect these turtles in the laying season, otherwise everyone would catch 'em on the beach when they came up to lay. Only if you're out fishing and get 'em in a net you can sell 'em fair."

"Gee," he continued, bending over our captive, "He certainly is big enough though, isn't he? Gosh!"

The turtle opened her eyes, took a glassy



look at him, and started to lumber off in the opposite direction. Dr. Barton dug his heels into the sand to induce her to change her mind, so she stopped.

By this time the young lady had emerged from the roadster, and two other cars, filled with young boys and girls, drove up. The sudden publicity was amazing. The turtle was the focussing point of six brilliant headlights. One of the boys turned her over on her back to keep her in one place, and there the poor creature lay, scooping wildly and vainly at the sand with her flippers, and grunting piteously. The sand was trampled up in every direction, and the air was filled with the squeals of the girls, and the staccatto comments of the boys.

"Was it laying eggs?" was the excited query—and immediately, to our distress, the crowd rushed off to find the egg nest.

There were repeated dismal warnings from the young people about fines for our apparently lawless deed. But still Dr. Barton kept firm hold of the rope.

Mrs. Barton came up to us. "John doesn't believe there's any fine at all," she whispered. "They just want to get the turtle themselves, and as soon as we let it go, they probably will."

Joan had an idea: "Why don't we run the car into town and ask the police if there's any fine, and what the law is? Then we'd know what to do."

At that hour New Smyrna wore the moribund air of a town whose inhabitants have turned off the lights, put out the cat, and retired some three hours before. There was not a policeman visible. The only place showing signs of life was a big Shell station. We turned in there and a uniformed man with light blue eyes and a crooked smile came to us and said "Yes ma'am?"

"Can you tell us where the police station is?" asked Joan breathlessly.

The man looked curiously and with some

apprehension at me. Then gathering, I suppose, that in spite of my appearance, I was not dangerous, he returned to Joan.

"Yes, ma'am," he drawled, "The p'lice station is over on such-and-such a street, but this here is the sub-station, if I can help you—?"

Joan and I spoke at once. "We want to know what the laws are about catching turtles on the beach when they come up to lay eggs."

The Shell man's light eyes glanced from one to the other of us. "Have *you* caught one?" he said.

"My father's got one at Coronado Beach now," Joan explained, "We saw it come in from the sea and lay eggs. We want to sell it for the meat, but we hear it's against the law. Is that correct?"

Our one-man information-bureau glanced over our heads at the roof of the car as if he read thereon a little joke invisible to ourselves. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "It sure is. The fine for catching and killing a turtle on the beach in laying season is fifty dollars."

Joan and I looked at one another. Fifty dollars for a fine didn't sound quite so appalling as five hundred; but still, the law is the law.

"But," persisted Joan, "How about if their front flippers touch the water?"

"Don't make no difference, ma'am," smiled the semi-policeman. Then, apparently pitying our youth and innocence, he went on. "Of course, some folks do take them at night—just run a truck along the beach, throw them in, and sell 'em private; but it's a fine if they're caught. Still, they do take the risk." He paused. "The eggs are good too; half-and-half with hen's eggs—makes fine cake! Did you get the eggs?"

"No," we said gloomily. I looked at our informant and decided I didn't like him.

"Ask him where the real police station is," I murmured to Joan. The Shell man,

still smiling, gave us the directions we required, and we drove off.

The result however, remained the same. My friend came out of the police station to report that the fine was fifty dollars for catching turtles on the beach—game laws.

"Guess that means no turtle, then" said I. We drove back in silence, more slowly than we had come. It was almost 2 A. M., and for the last nineteen or so hours we had been having a hard out-of-doors day on the beach.

At Coronado once more, we found the last of the cars driving off, and Dr. and Mrs. Barton still leading the shuffling sea-monster along the sand. The big creature looked tired and harassed; so, to a lesser extent, did her captors—but they held to their original determination.

But the report of our vain quest, made it clear that, willy-nilly, they must release their prize.

We were all tired, this seemed a depressingly stupid way for our night's adventure to end—leaving us with nothing more concrete than the memory.

"Let's keep him till morning, at least," was Mrs. Barton's suggestion. "Then we can examine him by daylight and perhaps take some photographs of him."

This decided, Joan and I remembered our four-hour-delayed bedtime, and moved home-ward.

Dr. Barton persuaded his wife to follow us to rest; then he switched off his flashlight and paused for a moment some distance from the tethered animal to make sure that it would be safe. As smoothly as a conjuring trick, an unlighted truck appeared and two men jumped out and hurried towards the turtle. They had just started to turn her over, when Dr. Barton flashed on his torch and strode towards them. At once the night marauders fled, and the truck once more sped away. So Dr. Barton decided that he would have

to keep all-night watch over our captive, if we wanted to see her there the next morning.

Joan told me this tale while I dressed, and we rushed down to the beach to join our weary watchman. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson came out to see the sea-monster, and, though the morning was cloudy, Joan tried some shots with her camera.

Then at last, the time came for releasing the creature that had come up out of the sea the night before. The noose was slipped from her neck with some reluctance; after all, it is rather hard to see a possible five-hundred dollars and a great deal of time and energy go to waste.

But when we finally turned her towards the freedom of the wide ocean once more, I think the others, as well as myself, were glad that the turtle's immediate destiny was not the butcher-shop.

Poor stupid old beast, she seemed dazed—as no doubt she was, after being hauled up and down Coronado all night. She started off at once into the salt breeze that was blowing from the silvery sea and the gold-lined clouds of sunrise; but she stopped every now and then, as if she expected the rope to tug her back again. Joan and I prodded her. "Go on, turtle! You're free!"

At last, forming a royal escort on either side of her, we came to the firm damp sand, and the sea unfurled a little smooth gauze veil of a wave which splashed—once more—over her front flippers.

The turtle lifted her scaly reptilian head, drew in a deep breath and let it out in a resounding snort. As if new life had flowed into her from the vitality of the sea, she shuffled out, more and more quickly, into the shallow wavelets. Joan and I kicked off our shoes and followed her, wading.

The turtle still paused once or twice; but now she would lift her head, breathe deeply, and plunge on again in a few seconds.



As the water grew deeper, she moved more quickly, more gracefully.

Finally Joan and I were in nearly to our knees, and we had almost reached the belt of churning white foam which marks the first line of breakers, when a wave swept in and floated our turtle. In an instant she had dived under; we saw her dark back once

again amidst the creamy froth of the breaker-line—then she disappeared from our sight forever.

As Joan and I turned and waded back again to dry land, the sun's rays burst from behind the cloud-banks in a golden glory, changing the grey of the broad sea to opalescent blue-green.

### SCHOONERS

WALTER ROYALL

Yarmouth-town in Cumberland  
Harbors yester-ships.  
Orders of their captains die;  
Dust has sealed their lips.

Vessels that have conquered seas;  
Beautiful and white,  
Sailed through silver ripples  
On a moon-lit night.

Great white birds of man's creation  
Docked at Port of Spain;  
Lingered then at Singapore;  
Left their stores in Maine.

Rotting at the crumbling wharves,  
Their age and use long done.  
Nothing sadder than old ships  
Save old men in the sun.

## The Big Freeze

LOUIS BILLS

THE SEASONS had been all out of joint, that fall and winter of 1894-95 in central Florida. There were ugly stories drifting up from the southlands, stories passed from mouth to mouth of terrific storms, hurricanes that had strewn the mysterious shores of the Lower East Coast with the wreckage of altogether too many ships. Even the rock foundations of the old light house at Pompano were rumored washed away. And from the vast wastes of the Everglades there had come even uglier stories of entire Seminole villages washed into the Gulf. Then the early freeze in December and the unseasonably warm weeks which had followed. Truly the seasons had slipped from their regular courses.

"Hit's all right fer 'gaitors an' reptiles, them there lands in south Floridee. But 'tain't no place fer no humans to live nohow." Thus said Josh Sitton of a Saturday evening as the grove owners drifted into the community store where the sand trails crossed. "Moughty glad me an' Mary didn't go no further south when we-all come in here thirty year ago."

"I wonder," John Prescott mused, "I wonder if those vast shores of clean white sand, those millions of acres of virgin peat may not someday be the playground of thousands, the vegetable basket of a nation. A good section this, where God has settled us, and there's a good set of fruit on the trees, but there are dry spells and cold spells and years of plenty when citrus hardly brings the cost of growing."

The others said nothing; they only looked. John was a Yankee come to the community only a few years before. Good enough fellow but a damned Yank and full of strange

ideas. But Mrs. John, Martha—God bless her—she was a Talvert from St. Augustine. Her father, Col. Talvert had been trusted of General Lee and died at the hands of a firing squad *back* of the Union lines. After the war John had brought the body back to the family burial, at least so the story went. They had met at the grave for the first time and fallen in love. Strange—such love—but still she was a Talvert and the best practical nurse in the community and the folks loved her. Perhaps, in a way, that was why the men listened with some respect to John's new fangled ideas about pruning and fertilizing and mulching.

They were good friends John and Josh, good friends and good neighbors. The Yank was tall, sinewy, bronzed; laughter lurked behind his blue eyes, jokes tumbled from his smiling lips. The Cracker was his opposite; small of stature, stooped and forever pretending a grudge against the world, especially with damned Yankees. But the size of a man's body bears no relation to the warmth of his heart.

Under the circumstances Mr. Larsen, the storekeeper and the community's Great Mediator, thought it time for his intervention. "Well," he broke in, "I reason as how there's a heap to be said on both sides. Anyways th' Everglades is a good place to keep th' Indians busy fightin' mosquitoes so they won't be messin' up civilized folks." His well fed over-weight heaved lustily as he contemplated the humor of his remark. Then more seriously, "But iffen th' East Coast Canal ever gits cut through an' Mr. Flagler ever git his railroad laid down to them sunny beaches I reason they'll be a plenty rich



Yanks a tannin' their white-livered skins down there in January."

"An' what 'bout th' hurricanes? Cain't build no hotels strong 'nough t' stand them kind o' storms," Henry Zacery broke in. "An' iffen they ain't blowed away, they'll git washed out t' sea." Henry was on one of his frequent pessimistic hangovers. Corn liquor drove his wife to nagging and his wife's nagging drove him to more corn. The routine left Henry lean, dyspeptic and grouchy.

Mr. Larsen finished munching his slice of cheese. "Th' farmers out west digs themselves cyclone cellars," he said. "Mebby they'll build their hotels under ground."

The following morning, Sunday, John Prescott and his wife lingered long at the breakfast table. "I wish, Martha, you would let me take you in to Stanford this afternoon. You could stay with Mrs. Talbot. She'd be glad to have you, told me so last week when I was in town. It's about time now and there's no doctor nearer than Stanford. It would take a long while especially at night, to get there and bring back the doctor. Please, Martha."

"No, John, I'll be all right and I want to be with you."

"But, dear, it would be dangerous way out here alone. For the sake of all of us, yours and the baby's and mine, please let me take you to Mrs. Talbot's."

"We'll know in time, John, and I've brought many a baby into the world out here without any doctor. Mary Sitton is a good nurse. Besides, John, I want you to be with me."

"I know dear, but you're older . . . and it's our first. And Mary only knows what you tell her to do. That's what John told me."

"No, John, I want to stay with the orange blossoms . . . and you."

A little later that morning John was walking slowly through his grove, breathing deep-

ly of the heavy odor of the blossoms and softly murmuring to himself. "Never saw such a set of blossoms . . . it'll be the biggest crop yet. Wish Martha would go to Stanford . . . Mary Sitton will try but if there were serious trouble . . . it would take all night to get to Stanford and back . . ."

He took out his pocket knife and cut into the trunk of one of the trees. The clear sap formed in bubbles and ran down the bark. "It would freeze, freeze like water. The season is a month early. I don't like it."

"What be you-all grumblin' 'bout?" The soft soil had padded the approaching footsteps and the greeting was John's first appraisal that Josh was standing under a nearby tree. "Seems like to me yer goin' t' have th' best crop ever growed in these here parts, yer new fangled idees notwithstanding'."

"Josh, old neighbor, it's too warm, it's been too warm for over two months. Not a cold snap since that bad freeze in December. The season's all askew. I don't like it; I'm afraid."

Josh broke off a stray stem of grass and began to pick a tooth. "Time fer cold snaps is 'bout over" he said.

"Look, Josh". John pointed to the sap running from the cut bark.

"Shouldn't be a bleedin' yer trees like that," snapped Josh proceeding to chew on the grass stem.

"What would happen, Josh, if we had a real freeze, a clear night and no breeze, what would happen to that sap?"

"Hit 'ud freeze, swell, crack open th' trunk an' every twig on th' tree. Nothin' left to do then but chop hit off at th' ground; hit'll sprout up from th' roots an' grow fast from hit's big root system. Orange trees is long livers iffen ye treat 'em rightly. I once heard Mary readin' from th' Sunday school quarterly that th' orange trees in th' Garden

that Jesus wept under is still blossomin'. But they'd all have to be budded agin."

"If it should freeze in this section of the state there wouldn't be any budding stock left. We would all lose what we have worked for, Josh. Nothing would be left."

"That's right but th' time fer cold snaps is 'bout over."

At church that Sunday Mrs. Zacary punctuated the long prayer by whispering to Mrs. Sitton. "Guess hit won't be much longer now fer Marthy . . . Wa'nt no big crop comin' when my first baby was born. The Talverts is said to be lucky . . . Henry was on one o' his sprees too . . . Crop were a total failure that year . . . Don't see why Marthy ever married a Yank . . . They say she's got th' crib an' little dresses an' even th' diapers all ready . . . an' some frilly things John brought back from Jacksonville when he were up there last month. . ."

"Please, Zoe, I'm afraid they can hear you."

"Waal, she's shore th' lucky one. I s'pose you-all will be takin' care of her, won't ye?"

". . . and all these things we ask in the name of the Father and . . ."

Mrs. Zacary jerked erect. They would be singing now and she dearly loved to sing.

Came Wednesday of that week of sunshine and moonlight, of balmy breezes from over the Gulf Stream, of pulsing hopes and fears in the heart of John, the Yank. Then suddenly the wind changed to the northwest. The temperature dropped and tiny wisps of smoke floated from the chimneys above the fireplaces in the homes of the white folks. The negroes built bonfires in back yards and their bare footed children shivered about them. The sun set, the stars like sparks blown from the sunset studded the sky, and then the clear, cold moon. The breeze lessened, died—the calm glory of a clear night over orange trees in bloom. The heavy odor of the blossoms clung to the ground.

John and Martha were sitting in front of their fireplace. For some moments no word had passed between them. Only the crackling of the fat wood spoke; only the flashes of red and yellow lights now and again brought their faces out of the darkness. There would be a bitter freeze that night—they both knew it; there would be a baby born during the cold, still morning hours—only she knew that.

"Probably we'd better go to bed, Martha. How do you feel?"

"All right, John. Yes, we had better go to bed; there is nothing we can do. Maybe a breeze will come up; that would help."

There was a knock at the door and Josh Sitton entered. He spread his hands in front of the fire. The hands were calloused with work, red with cold. "Th, blossoms'll be brown an' fallin' by noon after th' sun git's to 'em iffen th' wind don't spring up right smart," he said, turning his face that the others might not see the look on it. "Well, I must be gittin' on home," he said. "Mary said to call her iffen ye needed. She's sort o' waitin up half dressed like; says as how she has pre-mo-nitions. Good night folks, see you-all tomorrow."

"There's a neighbor," said John.

"There's a friend," said Martha. "And Mary too."

The moon wound its solitary way through the labyrinth of the stars; the glass-clear surface of the little lake near the home of John and Martha mirrored its lordly passage. Needles of cold crystal crept forth from the sides of the half filled bucket that John had left that night by the well sweep. They covered the water to a depth that would hold the weight of a man. It was two hours past midnight when John was wakened by Martha's low moaning. He jumped out of bed, and lit the kerosene lamp. Martha was awake; she looked at him and in her eyes there was great love, but not even her love



and courage could conceal the terror which every mother knows . . . once.

"I'll call Mary Sitton," said John, dressing with shaking hands. "Then I'll ride to Stanford for the doctor."

"You be th' sleepinist man I ever see," came Mary's voice from the living room. "I had pre-mo-nitions an' come over two hours ago . . . been waitin' all that time while ye was gittin' yer beauty sleep. You jist git astride yer hoss an' git to Stanford faster'n Morgan chasin' Yanks. Us wimmin folk'll take care o' things 'till ye git back."

"How be ye, Marthy?" she said jovially, as the sand padded hoof beats of John's horse, leaning at the curve to the trail, broke the blanket of quiet. "Ye don't need to say nothin', Marthy, I know. I already got some water het up here an' some jugs. Jist ye wait a minute an' I'll have ye all comfy. An' I got a pot o' tea all ready to be made, too. Josh'll be here any minute to fetch wood an' do th' errands. Don't ye worry."

"You're a good neighbor . . . and friend," gasped Martha.

Meantime down the winding sand trails, scraping pines close set to the wagon ruts, through the big swamp on the short cut where cypress knees skinned the hocks of his plunging horse, lying low on his horse as they swept through blinding curtains of Spanish moss, John Prescott rode as only love and fear can make a man ride. Water and mud from the muck pockets covered him, but he did not know it. His unshod horse slipped on a clay bottom and he pulled him up without stopping. Then, when only a half mile from the river and the ferry and a boat which might take him to Stanford, the devil of the cold struck again. John did not notice it—and the horse had never seen ice and thought it merely a puddle of clear water. His smooth hoofs landed on the slippery surface and his feet shot from under him.

A half hour later dim consciousness came back to John and he thought his foot asleep. Then came sharp pains shooting from his knee. Slowly he opened his eyes. His horse lay on one leg and the horse did not move. He tried to pull his leg from beneath it and the pain drifted him again into the void. An hour passed. Again John regained consciousness. The horse was breathing, and as the man pulled to free himself the animal moved and the leg came free.

Then, suddenly, John remembered; he was on his way for the doctor. He struggled to get up until he was on one knee. The other leg was useless from the knee down. Painfully he examined the horse. There was a deep gash above the animal's eyes where it had struck its head against a tree. He thought the horse would die.

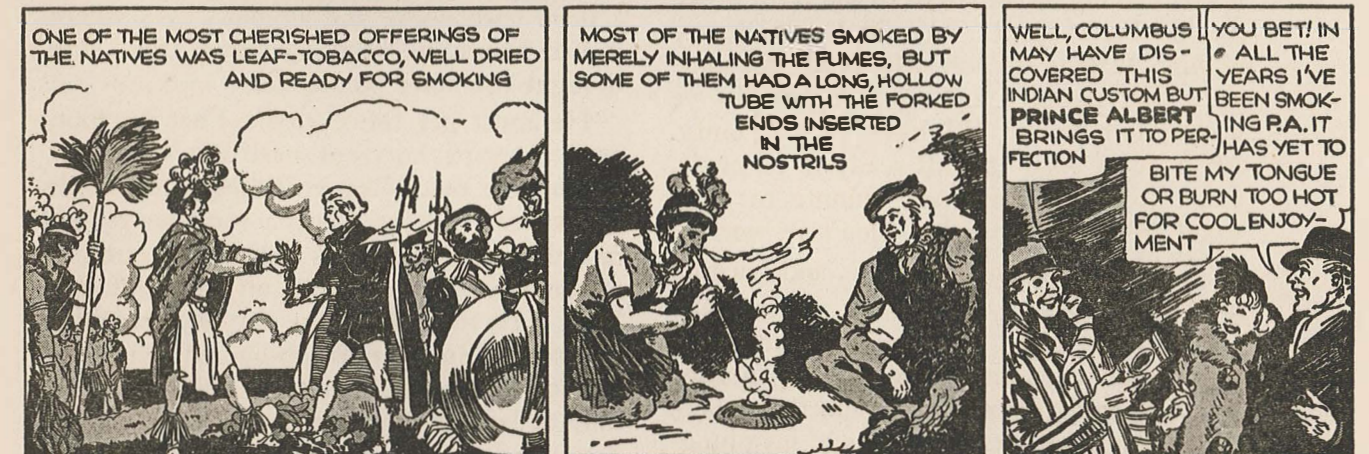
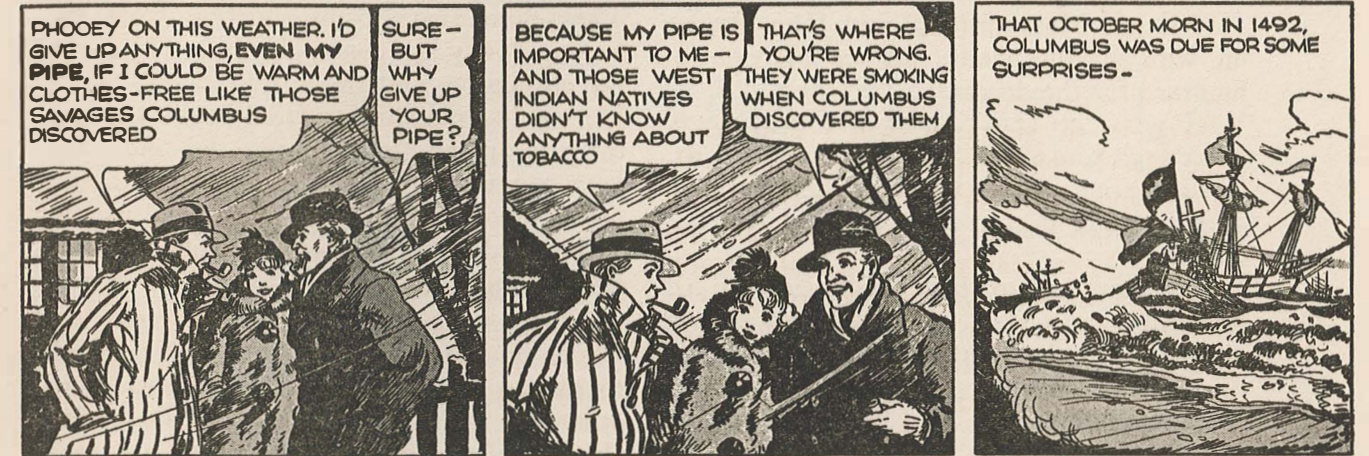
He must get the doctor. Foot by foot, yard by yard he crept over the sand, not feeling the razor-like ice slashing his hands and knees. Maybe Martha was now dying, or only had a few hours unless help came . . . a numbness was creeping up his arms and legs. His thin blood was not accustomed to ice water. But he must go on, following the tortuous trail which he did not dare leave, until at last he came to the river.

The ferry was gone; the ferryman did not answer his calls. Exhausted, he lay by the bank of the slow moving St. Johns shivering from the cold, jaws set from the pain. Before him was the river which in his weakened and crippled condition he knew he could not swim. And beyond that further bank was another sand trail which led to Stanford six miles away. Frantically he crept to the edge of the stream. Ice had formed in the little pools. Again he fainted.

But the faithful horse had also regained consciousness and hobbled back to the home by the lake. It whinnyed in the clear dawn and Josh, lantern in hand, ran out to see

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what had happened. "Hoss threwed him," he growled. "Fool Yank's no right to be let loose in these here parts . . . ought t' stay in th' big cities where they was nursed."

Josh patted the horse a moment and then, "I'll git that rum hound Henry Zacary. Cain't git him hurt in these here woods. He'll git that doc, an' mebbly th' devil'll give him a chance t' tend fires 'stead of frizzlin' in 'em."

Ten minutes later Josh had Henry and his wife, Zoe, out of bed. Henry had spent the early part of the night fighting external cold with internal fire water and both the Zacarys were in an irritable mood. "I don't care iffen th' church be a burnin'," he growled dazedly. "'Tain't nohow right t' wake up a man this early on a mornin' like this."

"There ye be now, Henry Zacary, a-hopin' th' meetin' house burns down so's ye won't have t' hear how sinful ye be, drinkin' all kind of late hours."

"Shet up both on ye," snorted Josh. "Git dressed. There's a baby comin' over at th' Prescott's. John started fer Stanford to git th' doc an' got throwed somewheres 'tween here an' th' river. His hoss jist come hobblin' back without him. Zoe you go straight over an' holp Mary. And Henry, you git on that hoss of yourn an' ride like hell t' Stanford. Swim yore hoss over th' river. Th' Old Nick'll shore git ye sooner'n ye reckoned iffen ye don't bring that doc back afore noon. I'll find John. Now you-all git goin'."

The east was brightening when Josh, after trailing John's running horse to the frozen puddle, found John by the river bank. And the sun was riding high when Henry and the doctor arrived from Stanford. Already the blackened blossoms were falling and twig and trunk of the trees bleeding. Josh met the doctor at the door.

"Don't know nothin' 'bout doctorin'," he said, "but John's knee was out of joint so me

an' Mary sort o' snapped hit back. Hit was moughty hurtful but he can move hit. So we bound hit up tight."

Mary appeared. "Come in doctor, mother an' baby's doin' fine. Ye see Marthy's showed me a lot 'bout sich things afore an' when me an' Zoe didn't know what to do she kept her head an' told us. Come on in an' see 'em."

From his cot in the living room John called Josh and Henry. "Are the trees gone, Josh?" he asked.

"Reckon so, John, split to th' ground. Guess you was right bout th' freeze would ruin us. Of course they'll grow up agin but where can we-all git bud wood to bud 'em? They'll jist be sour, wild stuff an' no good an' this freeze has took everything north an' as fer south as they's any orange trees 'ceptin' wild ones. Hain't nothin' left ceptin' to leave an' try ter find somewheres else."

"I was thinking of that Josh, and I wish you would call the neighbors together and tell them. You remember those trees I planted when we first came here, the trees out on the island? I was sure they wouldn't freeze with the water protection all around but to be certain I covered them yesterday with all our old sheets and blankets. There's bud wood there enough for everybody and all of the best varieties."

"Well I'll be dogged," grinned Josh, sitting down by the cot.

"You-all are wonderful neighbors," said John.

"Yer no damned Yank. Must be yer grandma was born in Georgie," said Josh.

An hour later as Josh was leaving with the doctor, Henry Zacary appeared, all signs of pessimism effectively liquidated.

"Well, Josh," he glowed "I got th' doc."

"No credit to you," said the man of science. "I wasn't needed."

## Landscape With Figures: Lionel Wiggam

ALFRED McCREARY

WITH AN exquisite almost unbelievably perfect tone, Lionel Wiggam, with his volume of poems entitled "Landscape With Figures", introduces himself to the lovers of pure poetic beauty.

Unhampered by any of the mechanical oddities that are the vogue, the poet retains the old pattern of classical beauty, and yet transmutes it into the terms of modern realism. His title is aptly chosen, because through all the poems he gives the perfect pictures which are as clean cut as Horace, and as sharp as Sandburg. The work is based on a creative observation of earthly realities, and is expressed in terms of his own desire to preserve that reality by making it a thing of the spirit. It is a great relief for this reviewer to find, in our day of creations urged by mercenary impulses, a book that was not created to sell for the sake of selling. For this idealistic young poet, there are some things that are perfect. These things must be preserved. Hence "Landscape With Figures".

Through some of Wiggam's poems, there runs an almost naive, pathetic, plaintiveness. This child-like charm is seen especially in the first part of his book which he calls "Personal Scene". Here the author is decidedly at his best. This is not meant to imply that the rest is of any less caliber, but only that they represent more tellingly the kind of poetry in which his astounding gift finds its fullest expression.

"The pasture lies adamant; no blade of grass  
will yield  
To a boy crying in the south field.

There were four perfect creatures, each snug  
in a shell,  
And their mother with a silver bell  
Hung in her throat.  
They lay proud in a nest like a strange boat  
Under the tall grass.  
Today my father let his plow pass  
Just above them. I found  
Four eggs crushed in furrowed ground,  
And the mother on stricken wings  
Above the ghastly, ruined things.

I think I shall cry no more in a little while,  
And climb over the stile  
And go home for my dinner. And next  
spring the oats  
Will hide the earth where the shell was  
scattered  
And four singing throats  
Were shattered."

The second part, "Conclusions", does not vary to any great extent from that of the first except that in delving deeper in to the mysteries of human existence, there is, perhaps, a less haunting cadence and less pure melody.

"Heart-Shaped Leaf," or the name given the third part, analyzes certain phases of feminine psychology, though the poems in this section are in no sense love poems. In some ways, Mr. Wiggam may here be less successful, albeit they have the same harmony and diction. "Time to Reflect," the concluding section, is given over to no one particular mood or feeling, but rather to poems which abound in a rather care-free reflection. Three of the best poems in the book are found in



this section: "Time of Chaos," "Unlike the Bee," and "Music."

Something of the eternal child seems to spring from many of the lines and we are lifted out of the usual run of pseudo-poetry with a sort of intangible loveliness that, although we can't quite decide its nature, remains to intrude upon our work-a-day thoughts long after we have closed the cover of this all too slim collection.

It is interesting, but of no consequence, that at twenty-one, Lionel Wiggam is a student at Northwestern University where he is paying his own way by writing, poetry readings, odd jobs and with the aid of scholarships. His father was, at one time, the welterweight boxing champion. Since the age of thirteen he has, under an assumed name, been selling short stories to the pulps. He was born in Columbia, Indiana. These things may be interesting, but what really matters is that here we have a young poet of Pulitzer Prize ability who has collected together in this little book, poems that abound in rich, beautiful similes, a voice affluent in all that poetry implies, and a resonance of tone quality that strikes deep in to the inner

soul—"such stuff as dreams are made on".

After reading these sixteen lines, any lover of real poetry will search eagerly for more.

### HIATUS

This scene is frozen in a sharp hiatus;  
Nothing again will ever happen here.  
Always this balanced meadow will await us,  
The sun unsinking, the horizon sheer.

Always the bat will wheel above the river,  
The rabbit be pursued, the fox pursue.  
Always the tapered willow leaves will quiver,  
The sweet fern touch the fence unchanged  
and true.

By time forgot the cows will crop the grasses,  
The sheep begin and then forget to bleat,  
The branches bend for wind that never  
passes,  
The crabbed buzzard pause on crooked feet.

Forever I shall stand here stony-hearted,  
Watching you climb the high hill opposite,  
My hand forever reaching, my lips parted  
To say the word, but never saying it.

### GONE WITH THE WORM

ALICE HOWEY BOOTH

There once was a soft little pink little aimless little angleworm  
Who lived all alone in a land of wizzle weeds and woggle blossoms  
Where hardly even humping into anything relating to a squirm  
He simply twined himself about a root and dreamed about the tasty torroquossoms

(Which he twice recalled that yesterday he'd told himself he'd have to hunt tomorrow—  
If he just could pass the prickly quossom part to reach the damp delicious torro.)

And once he raised his head and tried to think' but found he couldn't quite remember  
Just why it was he'd come here and just what he was attempting to forget,  
It might have been the time he almost swallowed the accugniable Bem burr,  
Or the memory of the blue-chinned diggleshuffel which could make him quiver yet.

(So much thinking made him restless so he sneezed and very cautiously unwound  
Himself from off his root and grottled upward to the topping of the ground.)

The sunlight was so warth he feebly squeeped in mild aesthetical delightness  
And rubbed his little nose against a nearby purple flitter-flower's stalk,  
Then started off in wriggling wormish wonder and delectable exciteness,  
Crossing a pinkish puddle on a floating amethystic hollyhock—

And thus he started on his perilous journey down the strail, in hopes to set  
His eyes on what he couldn't quite remember he was trying to forget.  
He humpied and he humpied and he humpied and he slept but very little,  
For he earnestly—if vaguely—wished to satisfy his curiosity,

And he peered behind pale flims and under sticky golden leaves of aramittle,  
Till he reached a brimbling brook and fell in gayly—THEN SLIFFED SUDDENLY  
TO SEE

A blugging mouth appear that with a grubble grubble grubble grubble  
Left no more of his small 'o-dear" than just a little flirling slowly-rising bubble. . . .





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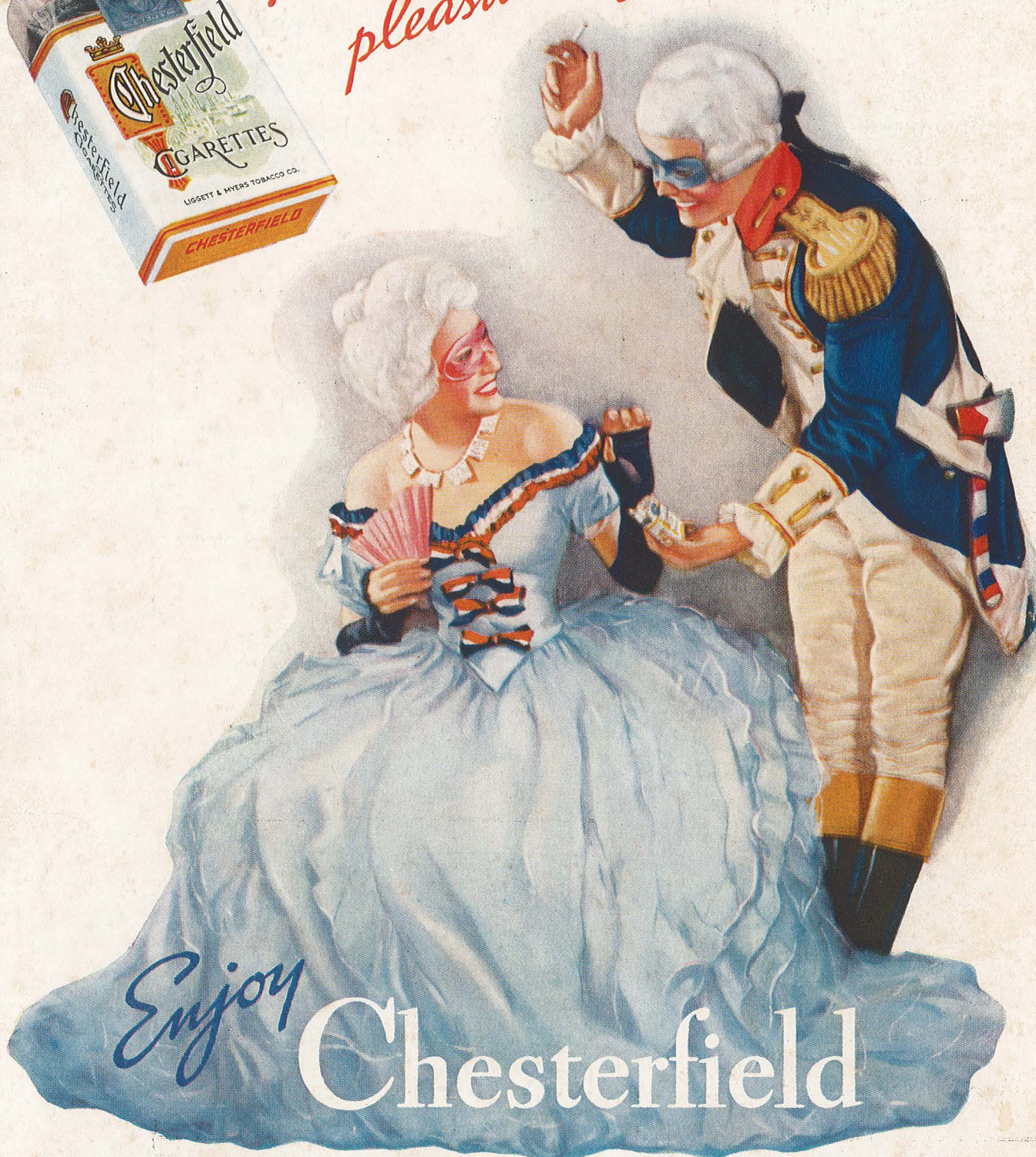
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