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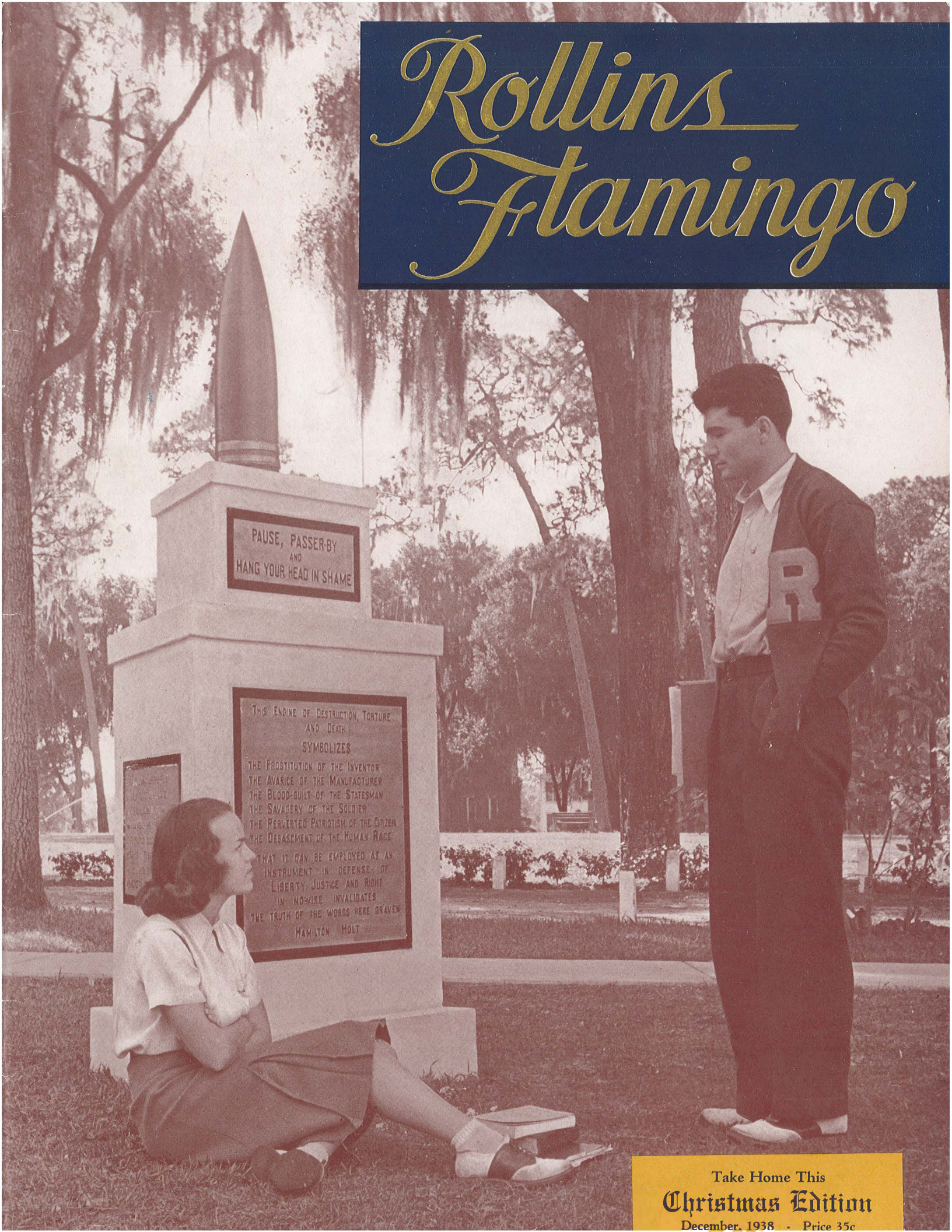
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Christmas Edition

December, 1938 - Price 35c

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SCOTTIE Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.



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nerves
a rest...

and so
is he

LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild — *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"



RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"

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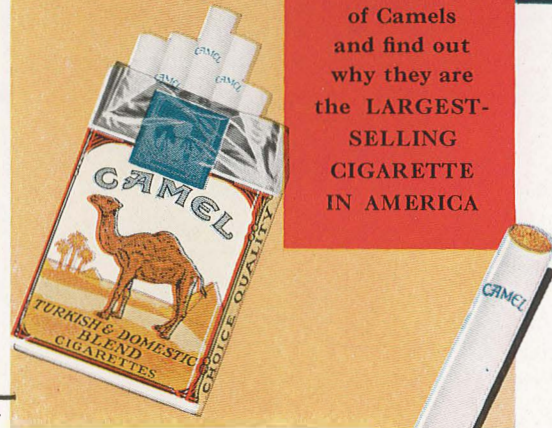


—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...Turkish and Domestic.

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Smoke 6 packs
of Camels
and find out
why they are
the **LARGEST-
SELLING
CIGARETTE
IN AMERICA**



LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves

ROLLINS FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE

Vol. 13 WINTER PARK, FLORIDA No. 1

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Frontispiece — Jess Gregg

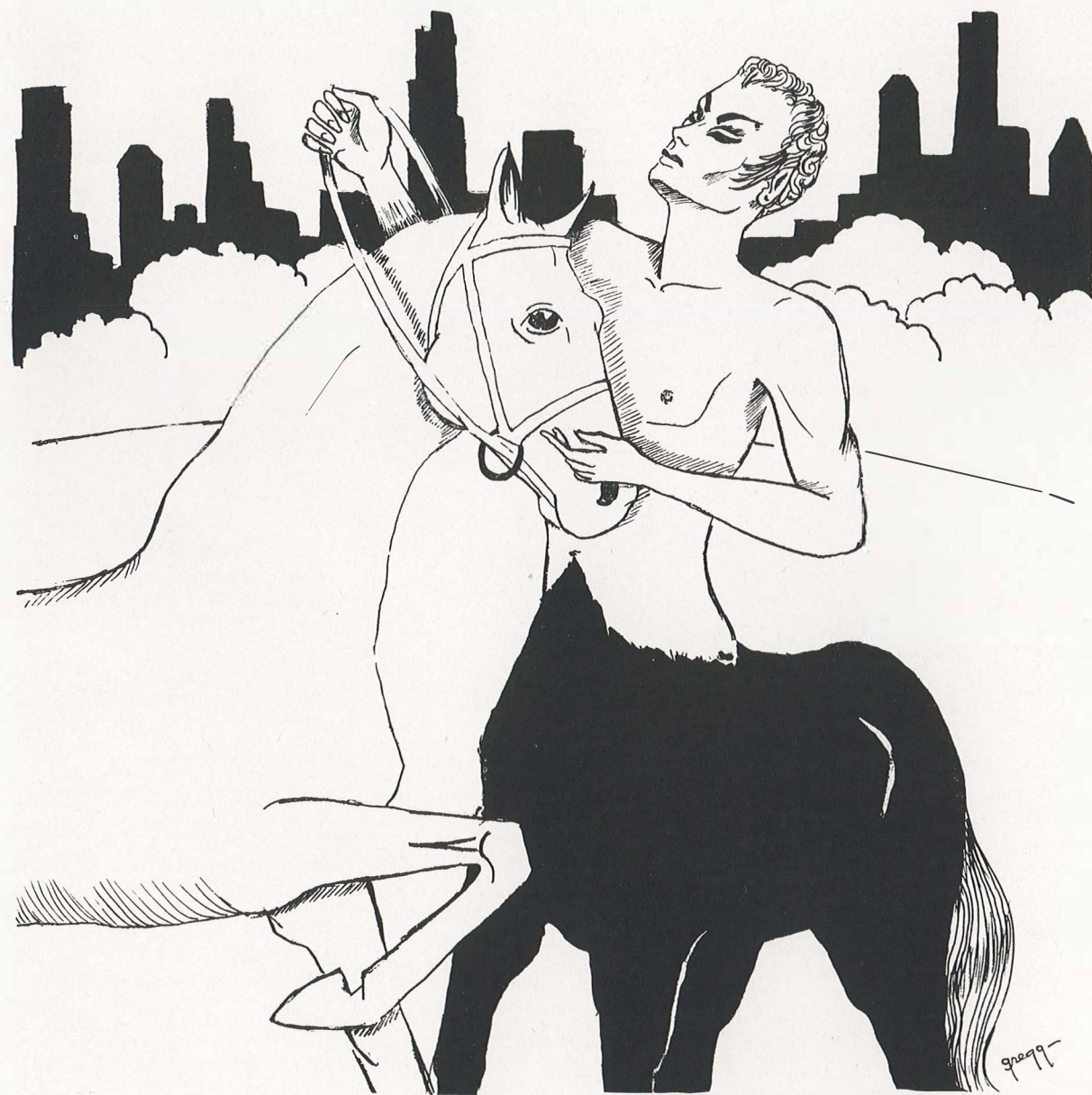
Cover Design — Jean Fairbanks

The Flamingo editors are pleased to present to you this new edition of our College magazine.

We feel that you will like it and hope that you will help us to improve by giving constructive criticism. We not only ask for, but will heartily welcome any suggestions from the readers.

It has been a grand experience for us working together to build a representative publication. Let's go on to enlarge and perfect it by showing real interest.

THE STAFF



My Name Is Nikki

JESS GREGG

HE was dancing in the light of the frost-painted moon when the gay people, midwifing the birth of the New Year, first saw him. The town-car stopped and they crowded out, continuing to stare at what they half saw in Central Park's shadows.

"I thought it was a horse at first," whispered the girl in the leafy gown. "What on earth do you suppose it is?"

Actually, it was such a creature as they had never seen alive before. True, it was a thoroughbred horse, but from its shoulders, in place of the neck, was the perfectly proportioned torso of a man!

"Oh, m'God, they've come back again," moaned a man freckled with confetti. "I'm sheein' thosh animalsh again." And he became very much a part of the turf. The others did not notice him. They drew closer and silently stared at the Centaur, who regarded them with equal interest. There was an audible titter, and then the bubble of silence burst and everyone was talking at once.

"What in God's name is it?"

"Possibly a publicity stunt from Hollywood."

"Or a Unicorn."

"What do you suppose it is, Sharon?" someone asked.

"I don't know," replied the girl with amusement, "But whatever it is, it just can't be."

He was a fabulous creature. Unruly copper hair framed his sardonically beautiful face with its full sensual lips, small pointed ears, and great dark eyes liquid with curiosity. His human torso, which so unexpectedly merged with the midnight sheen of his equine half was a veritable relief map of muscles.

The girl, Sharon, walked up to him and touched his naked chest.

"Then you are real," she cried.

The Centaur nodded.

The girl burst into gales of laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the creature.

"You're the damndest thing I've ever seen," she returned.

The Centaur shrugged and turned to go.

"Don't go! Please don't go. I'm sorry I was rude."

He looked down into her face, and in spite of himself he knew he could easily be the prisoner of this tall lovely one with smooth dark hair and eyes like hard lustrous lapis-lazuli.

"Who are you? Where are you from? How did you learn English?"

"My name is Nikki," he said simply.

"Where I came from—" He shrugged again.

The people stirred restlessly. They had the vague impression that someone was fooling them.

Nikki noted the garment of leaves that clung intimately to the girl's body.

"Are you a nymph?" he asked, eyes sparkling. "Of the water, or of the woods?"

The girl suppressed a smile as she turned to her friends.

"I've often wondered myself, what kind of a nymph I am. Anyway, I'm a wood nymph tonight. We were going to a masquerade when we saw you. I say," she suddenly cried, "why don't you come with me? It would be lots of fun. A nymph on her Centaur. Do come. That is, if you're not just an illusion which is going to vanish in a minute."

Nikki threw back his head and whinnied with merriment, his square teeth glistening in the light.

At that moment the confettied man recovered from the earth, and staggered through the crowd.

"It's jush a crazy dream," he began. "You can't fool me, you are jush an illushun."

Mentioning the last in a tone which might easily be heard across the park, he drew a pin from his tie and promptly jabbed it into the flank of the animal. Neighing with surprise and pain, the Centaur wheeled on his annoyer and prompted him to rejoin the ground by swift invitation of his fist. Then, bending over, he lifted Sharon up and gently placed her on his back.

"I'll take you to your party, at least," he said. And to the amazement of the others, they rode off into the night, the Centaur and the nymph.

Nikki clattered up the steps of the villa to which the girl had directed him.

"You will come in, won't you? I wish you would. The people will love you. They're a gruesomely horsey bunch. I mean you'd be right at home, for they love horses of any kind."

Nikki recoiled at her words. She was more thoughtlessly cruel, he thought, than any woman he had ever known. But already he took it for granted that he would follow her wherever she went.

The door opened and the butler showed them in, glancing with austere apprehension at Nikki.

"Whom shall I announce?" he suggested.

The girl turned to the Centaur.

"I've forgotten—what is your name?"

He told her.

"Then announce Sharon Browning—and Nikki."

When they made their entrance into the crowded salon, Nikki attempted to prepare himself for the deluge of startled gapes and stares that would immediately cover him. Yet when they came, he blushed clear down to his waist line.

Someone abundantly proportioned, appro-

priately clad as a milk maid, was seen bobbing over.

"That is our hostess," whispered Sharon. "Cornelia Ten Eych."

"Sharon, darling," said the woman, her chins wreathed with smiles, "how devastatingly clever. You simply must tell me where you had him made. Oh, my God!—he's real!" Her face became taffy colored with terror.

"Don't worry, my dear," said Sharon. "He's housebroken."

They pushed through the crowded floor and immediately became the focal point of the gaily clad people. Nikki was horribly self-conscious. Embarrassment painted his face scarlet. But as the night, the wine and the music whirled on, he found the people amusing and carefree. While they discovered his combination of old world sophistication and child-like naivete to be so delightful, they ceased to regard him as a freak.

And so the night went, a tapestry of gay colors. And when the first drops of light began to seep into the midnight sky, Nikki, still encrusted with people, demanded breakfast.

"I am, quite possibly, the hungriest Centaur in this room," he cried.

Lackies suddenly appeared, bearing a steaming tray heaped with scrambled eggs, coffee, hot cakes and syrup. As this maddening odor invaded Nikki's senses, he found it hard to resist trotting up and snatching a plate from a servant.

At last a man in livery approached him and, to Nikki's delight, presented him with a plate.

"With Madam's compliments, sir," said the man in livery.

The Centaur gazed at it in abject horror. Before him lay a handful of hay and some bran mash.

At that moment, Cornelia Ten Eych arose impressively and cleared her throat. The commotion drained from the room.

"I wish to present the grand prize for the sweetest costume," she announced.

There was a polished patter of hands.

"The first prize goes to Mr. Nikki—er—Nikki," and she came forward and handed him a white box. The people crowded around him as he hurriedly tore off the wrappings and opened it. There was an excited murmur at the sight of the gift.

"But where can he wear them?" someone cried.

For in the box lay a pair of gilded spurs!

Sharon wore them on her jeweled sandals when, clinging to his back, she galloped him through the grey morning streets.

"Where shall you go after you take me home?" she cried.

"I shall find some trees to sleep under," he replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

"I have some very excellent stables at home," she said, "and you may sleep there if you wish."

And so he did.

Sharon had no idea of making him a permanent boarder. She had not planned on it—that is, until the morning papers told of Nikki's fabulous debut to New York. Reporters and photographers swarmed over the estate. Dinner engagements and requested introductions from important people swamped her secretary. And then Sharon knew the potential power she held. The horse-man was immediately installed in her guest suite.

The winter season was brighter because of Nikki. He opened the annual horse show. Vogue and Harper's featured him, and he glutted Cholly's column. Orchestras played the "Centaur Stomp" whenever he entered a cafe. Newspapers pictured him with Elsa Maxwell, with Ginger Rogers, with Gloria Baker, with Charlie McCarthy.

Every Sunday the Rotogravures were full of him. On the bridle paths accompanying Sharon, who rode her magnificent grey mare, Silver Shod. With Sharon at the El Morrocco. With Sharon at the races. With

Sharon at the theatre. With Sharon at this benefit, at that ball, at another party. He was wine and dined, feted and dated. And New York found herself seduced.

Above it all reveled Sharon. She did not sip her success—she bathed in it. But never did she quite stifle the thought that buzzed about her brain like a mosquito—never actually alighting, but annoyingly suggestive of its intentions to do so. Deep within herself she knew she loved the Centaur, and she knew he loved her too.

They rarely spoke of it when alone together. Words were not necessary for they understood, as a tree understands the wind, and the night, does the moon.

It was when they were alone that she might touch him and thrill as if an electric current passed through her. It was then that they might visually search beyond the star filings in the sky, and he would talk in a low voice of things she had almost forgotten. Of the silver sequined fish in the dark pool, of the sunset, of music in the night, of rushes bending in the breeze, of bewildering dawns, of lighting, or perhaps her eyes.

But no matter how simple the subject, always was there a heavy undertow of something that Sharon did not dare to face. She was ashamed. There was the fear of social suicide should someone suspect. And that, to Sharon, was too great a price to pay even for happiness.

It grew harder to control Nikki as the winter merged with spring. He could not see why he should not affectionately touch her hand, or smooth her long dark hair when people were near. Nor could he understand why she would then become irritable or nervously laugh at him. But Sharon could understand. She knew what people were thinking.

The whispers reached a crescendo one brilliant night at "21". Nikki, his face flushed with wine, leaned over to Sharon. The se-

quins of her gown caught the light and cast a hundred little stars over him.

"I love you, Sharon," he said.

His words were quiet, but to Sharon they reverberated around the room like a scream. She glanced tensely at the faces at the other tables to see if they had heard. She was sure they were all watching, amused, a little scornful.

She laughed unsteadily, but her eyes were mirthless.

"You're silly," she said. "You've had too much to drink."

"Wine gave me courage. But the words have always been there. I'll say it again. I love you, Sharon. Over and over, I love you."

"Nikki, be quiet!" Her voice was shrill.

"I can't keep still any more. I've tried to tell you as many times as there are stars in the sky, but you would never listen. This time you must listen. I've got to make you see."

He caught her and, pressing her close to him, kissed her on the lips. There was no sound in the room. It was as if an imaginary spotlight had encircled them. Sharon drew back savagely. Her eyes circled the room and came back to his. They blazed angrily, and her lips were straight and bloodless. She wiped his kiss from them with the back of her hand.

"You animal! You—horse!"

Perhaps she said more, but Nikki did not hear. He stumbled from the place, his seven worlds crashing down about his pointed ears. And in that void he could hear, over and over, the echo of Sharon's words.

Somehow he got back to his room. It looked different. Shadowed and ugly. He wanted to go away, to gallop off where he would never see women again. He wanted to kill himself, but there would not be the satisfaction of hearing her self-reproach. He knew he must leave, but before he did, he promised he would hurt her as she had him.

"As soon as I have enough silver coins and green paper, I will elope with another woman," he said, and his voice was hard.

The days following the affair, telephone tinkled and columnists tittered. It was a Roman holiday for gossipers, professional and amateur. All wondered how Sharon's husband was taking this, for that gentleman, hitherto vague, suddenly became a leading character in cocktail-conversation. It was rumored that he was returning from abroad at once.

This was hard to bear for Sharon, but Nikki's attitude made it worse. In the days that followed he was polite, but nothing more. That rather intriguing naivete in his charm was submerged. His laughter was empty and his conversation gilt with cynicism. When he looked at her, his face was masked and his eyes were as if he had pulled down a shade between himself and the woman he had loved.

The horse-man became frankly commercial. At a nice royalty Nikki dolls appeared, Nikki hats, Nikki shoes, Nikki cigars, Nikki lipstick, Nikki saddles, and Centaur ornaments followed. One could not open a magazine without finding Nikki endorsing toothpaste, reins and bits, cigarettes, soap, chewing gum, vacuum cleaners and baking powder.

He appeared often on the radio, and soon his column, "My Night", was syndicated. So successful was this that another column appeared on the sport page, indicating Derby winners. Nikki was an excellent judge of horses, and remained around the stables quite a bit. Often he could be seen exercising Sharon's mare in Central Park—Nikki impeccably clad in the proper riding coat, gloves, derby and crop, with his equine half shining in the sun.

It was rumored that a certain Hollywood producer wished the Centaur to star in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Already he had accepted a large part in a musical review. And when he wasn't busy with

his horses, his columns or the theatre, he could be found in a beauty salon, getting ready for his public. He had his long black tail platinum blonded and marcelled, while each hoof was meticulously lacquered with scarlet. It was all for a good cause, and the cause was being magnificently paid.

The house was vacuously silent the day Herbert Browning was to return. Sharon's nerves were shattered, and the fact that Nikki scarcely noticed her, cracked the outer calm with which she attempted to lacquer herself. Unable to stand it, she took her car and hastily left.

She had not returned when her husband arrived. Nikki met him and, though their conversation was strained and difficult, they talked for nearly an hour. When Sharon returned Nikki casually left, and started for the stables—he spent more time than ever out there now, for the horses, despite their inability to talk, were most comforting.

"I'll go out and polish Silver Shod," thought Nikki, who took enormous pride in the condition of the mare.

Happy with the idea, he'd begun to hum when, passing the library, he heard the voices of Sharon and Herbert. He stopped with natural Centaur curiosity and listened.

"I'm sick and tired of it all," Herbert Browning was saying coldly. "I've stood as much from you as I'm able to bear. I suppose it is proper to let you divorce me, but no one will be fooled."

"No, no. Please don't. What will people say?" Sharon wailed.

"What they've been saying for some time. You're through, do you see? Nobody cares what you do now, so you can run off with your Centaur. But he has my sincerest sympathy if he gets you."

Nikki had already returned to his room when Sharon, wounded by the truth, and burning with rage, left the library. She ran upstairs and rapped on his door. Without waiting for an answer she entered.

"I've just told my husband that I can't go on any longer," she cried, "that I've stood all I can from him. That I don't care what people say. So now we can—Nikki—Nikki, why are you packing? Where are you going?"

Nikki turned, his eyes dull with remembered pain. But he was silent.

"You're leaving me! You're leaving me for someone new. But you can't! You just can't leave me now," she cried.

"Yes," said Nikki, "I can. I am leaving you, it's true. For someone I have grown to be very fond of. Someone who loves me openly and sincerely. Someone who loves me for me."

"Who is she? Whom are you leaving me for? Tell me that," she cried. "Who is my successor?"

Nikki placed the last shirt into the trunk and closed it.

"I'm eloping," he said, "with your mare, Silver Shod."

And, blowing her a kiss, he trotted from the room and clattered down to the stables.



HEROES

Ten million youths went off to war,
A happy, patriotic mass—
To kill those men who might be friends,
And dodge the bullets as they'd pass.

So filled with zest for war and spoils
They set out ready for the fight:—
But when a shell blew up a pal
They found they shuddered at the sight.

And Time went on with Death at work;
With wounded soldiers' cries of pain,
And rifles slightly trembling, when
That shot would add but to the slain.

The men that did not go to war
Could not know all the fear and trial;
And those who lived could not command
Their recollections with a smile.

Ah, those who died shall hear no more
War's horrors in a dismal dream:—
The ones that haunted soldiers 'till
Their hearts reached out to scream,—to scream!

Can shrapnel, butchered soldiers now
Enjoy the still establishment
Wherein their bitter memories
Pervert the worth of Sacrament?

A million men returned, who quite
By chance escaped Death's fateful call.
They've learned one road men have to take
To be called Heroes after-all!

CAROLYN NAUGHT

Socialized Medicine Below the Border

BOYD FRANCE

AT THIS moment people are dying. In squalor and loneliness, in dread and degradation, in misery and despair they are even now ceasing to exist as other than dust. They are dying of tuberculosis, cancer, streptococcus infection, typhoid, diphtheria, syphilis—all of which can now be fought with some measure of success. These dying ones, together with approximately four-fifths of the population of the earth, belong to a class of Homo Sapiens, known collectively as the underprivileged. As such, they are entitled to die without medical attention. Are they worth saving? After all, life is a struggle for survival in which the weak must perish. Thus, has it always been. Why, then, should we, the strong, succor the weak—even granting that we could? We should save them because man is a gregarious animal, depending for his strength upon an organized society, which demands the efficient cooperation of all its members—with extinction as the probable alternative. We should preserve them because, in doing so, we reduce the risk to ourselves of contracting their contagious diseases. We should preserve them because it is economically unsound not to do so; a class of incompetent sick is a tremendous financial burden upon society. We should preserve them because, presumably, we are civilized enough to feel sympathy for their suffering. Finally, we should aid them since not to do so, when we have the means at hand, would be a denial of the fundamental ideal of progress upon which we so pride ourselves.

Very well, then, let us bind up their wounds; let us give them all the facilities of

modern medicine. How shall we do it? Two alternatives immediately present themselves: charity or some form of socialized medicine. Charity is but a palliative at best; so let us consider socialized medicine. The theory of socialized medicine is basically sound. A small fee is collected from a large group of people, who are guaranteed complete medical protection in return. Like insurance, the system depends for its success upon the improbability of a high percentage of the subscribers being seriously ill at the same time. Thus, the many who escape costly disability support the few who do not. Theoretically, at least, a large scale adaptation of some such system would be incalculably advantageous; since, aside from the obvious mitigation of suffering which would ensue, diseases of a contagious yet curable nature, such as tuberculosis and venereal disease, if treated on a large enough scale, might be eventually eradicated.

If we admit that the theory of socialized medicine is feasible, it only remains to test its practicality. Could such a system be made to function efficiently, or, would its adoption lead to a lowering of medical standards and other equally lamentable results, due to the removal of the profit motive? Such a question could only be answered after close observation of socialized medicine in action. In all modesty, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of my powers of observation; I can but state that I have seen socialized medicine in action and can give you my reactions.

Medicine has been socialized in the Laguna Valley, Mexico's largest cotton growing region. The system dispenses complete medical

service to 37,000 Indian families at a cost of 90 centavos (18 cents) per month per family. Seventeen district clinics and one well-equipped base hospital, with a total staff of two hundred doctors and nurses constitute the system. The service rendered is not confined to curative medicine, but extends into preventative and educational fields as well. The educational program is not limited to lay education, provisions having been made for the training of doctors, nurses and social workers.

Even in the two brief years since the founding of the organization great advances have been made in all three phases of the work. In the curative branch many major operations, including two cataract operations and three brain operations, have been performed. Venereal diseases, hither-to almost totally unchecked, are now being brought under control. Since midwives have been replaced by physicians, deaths resulting from childbirth have been materially reduced. No less important are the achievements of preventive medicine. Almost everyone in the valley has now been vaccinated for smallpox, typhoid, and diphtheria. New scientifically planned wells have been dug in an attempt to eliminate polluted sources of drinking water. Education, carried on through the medium of lectures, radio and otherwise, pamphlets, and special school courses, has also played

an outstanding role. It has familiarized the populace with the fundamental principles of sanitation and hygiene. Dietary education has struck a mortal blow at the nutritional diseases which were formerly the bane of the land. The work has been done so well that the Indians, who were at first distrustful of the doctors and their theories, are now, in many cases, building new hospitals on their own time.

On the negative side, I seriously doubt that the efficiency of their hospital equals that of many of our North American hospitals. It would be surprising if it did; considering the short time that it has been in operation, the inexperience of its staff, and the experimental nature of the whole system. But, I observed no laxity or indifference on the part of any of the doctors or nurses. On the contrary, they seemed to be the more interested for very lack of the profit element; since they were all there because they liked or wanted to practise medicine, and not for any ulterior motives. They seemed to me to have found the satisfaction of the truly creative.

The Laguna venture in socialized medicine may be regarded as an experiment to test the practicability of socialized medicine as a whole. As such, its progress should be observed with interest by all socially minded North Americans, with a view to the possible adaptation of a like system in our own land.

Figures show that during the calendar year 1936 fires burned over 40 million acres of woodlands in the Southern States from the Carolinas to Texas, resulting in an estimated total loss of about \$42,000,000 which does not include the tremendous intangible losses which always follow forest fires. As a horrible indictment against man's carelessness and indifference, the records show that 90 percent of all forest fires are man-caused. As evidence of the value of protection mea-

* * * * *

Then to conclude; history may teach us a lesson. In denuded western Europe where forests are rarely found, carelessness with fire is considered a major criminal offense. Wood may become more valuable than gold, if we continue the present rate of destruction.

Life Sentence

DOROTHY BRYN

Of all the stupid idiots! she said. "Some cracker driver, probably."

Young, sophisticated, and rather on the spoiled side of life was Susan Wolfe. College out, and homeward bound, her blue roadster sped through the hilly Carolinas. Her mind was busy planning the exciting things she would do. Automatically she reached for a cigarette, but dropped it in mid-air. Suddenly, and seemingly from nowhere, a black sedan whipped by, cutting abruptly in front of her. Slamming on her brakes she scowled at such disturbance.

"Of all the stupid—stupidest idiots", she repeated. Then, poking her head out the window, shouted, "Hey, what do you think this is, a stop-street! Take the rest of the road too, while you're at it. What do you want, a private highway?"

She would have gone on but her voice died in her throat as she swallowed a startled gulp. A tall, rugged man climbed out of the sedan, and facing her brazenly over the sights of a revolver, addressed her roughly.

"Nope, highways are a bit out of my line, and I expect I'll have trouble enough with you on my hands."

"Who the devil are you and what are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Me? Why I'm just a bug hunter who caught a lovely social butterfly in his net! What do you think of that," he said, blue eyes twinkling.

"Oooo!" Susan stepped back. "I - I believe you're mad."

"No not mad, just having fun, and it's great sport. Try it some time!" He paused for breath. "Now, who are you?"

"None of your damn business!" she snapped at him.

"Tsk tsk, such language. That sort of thing isn't very nice, Susan."

"Susan!" she exclaimed.

"Susan", he echoed, "Susan Wolfe!"

"Then you know who I am," she asked, amazed.

"Right again", he replied.

"So what", she slurred.

"Not so sassy, my dove. I've waited a long time for this meeting and don't you spoil it now!"

"Why I wouldn't think of doing such a thing", she said bitingly. "But if this is just more or less of an impromptu get-together, why the little gadget?" indicating his gun.

"Just an ounce of precaution, lil' butterfly. But it seems to me you're in no position to be asking questions". He continued more seriously, "I'm not looking for trouble, so don't give me any. Just hold out your pretty little hands quick like papa tells you - -"

"I'll hold out my hand all right," she shouted, and slapped him across the cheek.

"Well!" he said, "You are looking for trouble! Do you know what happens to naughty children who don't do as they're told? - -" And before she had fully understood his words, both of her hands had been seized, slapped, and tied together.

"Oh! . . . you beast"! she screamed, "You brute! Let me go!" She kicked at his shins and beat his chest. "You can't get away with this. I'll kill you. I'll - I'll - I'll - -" And on she raved, while he stood there and blandly laughed at her.

"Oh of course, by all means. Kill me, beat me up, do anything you want to . . . Well? Go ahead. What are you waiting for?"

"Isn't your humor rather second-hand?"

she grated, "What do I do next? Dance on a string, or pass my hat for pennies?"

"Neither, just move over and act like a lady. It'll probably be hard, but try anyway. Mind if I drive?" he said, sliding in next to her.

Again the engine came to life and purred contentedly. The gears shifted and the car moved away, accelerating as it went. Turning back, he flung a careless kiss to the old sedan dimly seen through his dust. Getting comfortable, he set his mind to driving. Silence itself seemed to sit between them as the girl pouted and the man stared ahead.

Minute after minute slipped by as the afternoon shortened and evening crept upon them. The snappy breeze had cooled the fire from her cheeks but had failed to soothe the fire within her. She tried innumerable ways to amuse herself such as counting bill-boards, red cows, or corn fields. Finally she became so fidgety that it was a case of either speaking or popping.

"If it's all the same to you, how about letting me in on the secret?" she asked.

No answer.

"Did you hear me? What's this all about anyway?"

Again silence met her question. Biting her lip she counted twenty.

"Damn you, you big ape!" she shrieked, straining at the cords. "Say something, for God's sake! . . . Ugh—ugh—" she sputtered, choking and gagging as he stuffed a kerchief in her mouth.

"Listen, Jitter-bug, if you'll be still a minute I'll tell you a little story that may refresh your memory---- Promise not to interrupt now?" he grinned, as she mumbled incoherently. "Thank you, I knew you'd co-operate. First of all, take a good look at me—Go ahead, I won't bite you." He gave her a profile.

She looked.

"Nice, isn't it? Sort of like Gable, don't you think?" He ruffled his black hair to

make it look curly. But receiving no answer, turned to her — "oh, sorry. I forgot. Sort of awkward. Now tell me truthfully", he said, taking the gag from her mouth. "It really is classic, wouldn't you say?"

"You think so? I'd hate to commit myself".

He feigned a troubled frown.

"Sorry I can't change it to please you, but it's the only one I've got."

"Oh, don't let it bother you. Fortunately, I'm not particular".

"Aw, now you're being mean, and just when I was beginning to like you. You're so sweet and ladylike - -" he said sleekly.

"Oh — so you do know how ladies act?" she replied, ignoring his sarcasm. "I believe you might even have some hidden manners!"

"Hm—" He raised his eyebrows. "I do think you're trying to change the subject. Now, getting on with my story if I may - - - Once upon a time, way way back, Mr. and Mrs. West were blessed, yes blessed, with a little boy, and they called it Jonathan — Jonathan West—er—ah—that's who I am, as you've probably guessed."

"Jonathan West!" The girl started. Thoughts came to her and she remembered.

Five years ago she had come home from boarding school to spend her Christmas vacation. The first night home her father had come in from the bank in a fury. Someone had mis-appropriated \$20,000 from the Christmas fund. There followed a day of investigation. A young clerk, Jonathan West, was the goat. Her father built up such a strong case against the boy that no jury could do other than convict him. All points were against him as he had handled the fund. Then too, the police had to arrest someone. Consequently, by the time Susan left for school again, Jonathan West had been convicted and sent to do a prison term of ten years. The affair was then forgotten until four years later when the dying vice-president confessed the theft. Jonathan

West was of course released immediately, but that he had not forgiven, was now apparent.

Susan looked up at her companion and winced slightly. He sensed her watching him.

"I don't think I have to tell the story, do I?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"But I will explain my actions?"

She nodded.

"Well, in the first place," he said, "I'm kidnapping you—or have you already guessed that? Money is my motive. I have no intention of harming you; but after serving four years in the pen for a crime you didn't commit, all because of an old fool's blindness,—you seem to have a funny feeling in you—shall we call it revenge? And when you can't get work, honest work, for a whole year because of your record and you get hungrier and hungrier—there's only one thing left to do. You stray from God and straight paths to this—" and he gave her one of those famous "cat - that - swallowed-the-mouse" looks; then left her to figure it out for herself.

Silence fell again.

As she went over the whole thing in her mind, she felt less like hating this boy. After all, it wasn't his fault; - - - She hardly realized they were stopping for gas and food till he untied her hands.

"What're you dreaming about now, calf-eyes" he said flippantly.

It was like rubbing a cat the wrong way.

"Don't try to tip anyone off" he said under his breath, and whistled for service. Susan noted that they were at a small country gas station bedecked with "fresh eggs" and "milk" signs.

A little man approached.

"Got anything in the line of liquor?" Jonathan inquired.

"Reckon I could fix ya up with a snifter o' beer if ya want."

"Fine, fine, make mine a beer and a ham sandwich. What'll you have, Short-Change?"

"Oh, make mine the same", she said.

"Two ham sandwiches, a beer and a glass of milk."

"But I said beer!" Susan interrupted.

"Order's still the same, Bud," and he winked slyly at the little man.

When he left, Jonathan met her angry glare. "Burnin' up, aren't you?" he teased.

"I'll say I am. You've no right to do that."

"Don't you know beer isn't good for little girls?"

"I think I'm old enough to know what's good for me and what isn't."

"You flatter yourself, infant. And quit thinking so much, it isn't good for you."

After a short wait, the seedy little proprietor trundled out with their food and hooked the tray to the door. They ate their sandwiches hungrily in silence. He downed his beer in lusty gulps but she didn't touch the milk.

"Don't forget your milk, he reminded her.

"I don't want it."

"Oh yes you do." He held it toward her.

"I said I don't want it".

"But I really think you ought to drink it," he persisted.

"I won't drink it," she snapped back at him. "Leave me alone!"

"Here, I'll even drink some". He took several swallows, smacked his lips, and shoved it toward her. She still shook her head.

Then he tried holding the glass to her lips, but she pushed it away. Finally, as a last resort, he grabbed her arm. "Now for God's sake drink, or say 'uncle'." This time he got results.

"You catch on about as quick as a lame snail, but you're beginning to understand me."

He paid for their scant meal out of her purse.

Taking the money the proprietor smiled, folding his hands. "A-honeymoonin'?" he said hopefully.

"Oh—er, yes, of course. Newlyweds, aren't we dear?" was Jonathan's reply; and they drove off into the night. Jonathan's laugh as they left the station infuriated Susan.

"Well, what's so funny?" she asked.

"Ho-ho", he laughed, "me—married to you!"

The strain began to tell on Susan and she dozed off to sleep. Night had fallen, and it was cool and refreshing to Jonathan. For hours he kept the car pointed north; then, after leaving a tiny village, headed into the mountains. The rolling hills grew steeper, the road narrower. The sweet smell of freshly mown hay reached him. He inhaled eagerly, glanced at Susan. She stirred and sleepily brushed a soft wisp of reddish hair from her face. It was a soft, youngish face, slightly tilted up nose, and elfin chin. There were inexcusable circles under the fringe of sun-burned lashes. He sighed, hopelessly.

As they went farther into the mountains the road became rougher, till finally the lurching of the car awakened Susan. She looked around, dazed, trying to get her bearings; then murmured, "Where are we?"

"No place yet" he answered. "Two more miles and we go right. I've a small hunting lodge half a mile back where we'll stay. About the only thing your father didn't get from me," he added sarcastically.

The car ploughed on, up hills and around bends. At length he turned off. Unconsciously, her head rested against his shoulder. She was so tired—too tired to argue any more.

"Well, well, want to neck?" he said, putting his arm around her.

"What the devil!" she jumped, aroused instantly. "What do you mean 'neck'? Can

I help what my head does when I'm half asleep?"

"Then you don't want to neck?"

"Ugh—the very word sickens me. If I'd realized for a moment I was leaning against your arm — I'd of—of—"

"What's the matter? Isn't my arm good enough for you?"

"Don't change the subject. What do you mean by insinuating such smug things—Ooh—look out!" she cried, suddenly seizing the wheel. A large rock had rolled down on the road directly in front of them. He tried to swing the wheel. She clutched him frantically. Her scream was drowned out by the crash. The hood shuddered and crumpled, as the car careened over on its side. Glass scattered.

When next Susan opened her eyes she was lying in the grass, a torn-off door partly across her. Gradually everything came back to her and she became panicky. Her first thought was of injury. Uncertainly she moved each arm and leg. No harm done but for scratches. Squirming from under the door, she got up shakily and viewed her car. It was lying on its side a few yards away from her. It was quite a mess. Then she saw Jonathan and something caught within her. Still half behind the wheel, his body was thrown partly out the side. Was he alive? She stumbled over to him. Blood seeped from wounds in his head and shoulder. His left arm twisted oddly to one side. She felt his heart. It was still beating, but weakly. Looking up for a minute, she was sure she could see a house up the road a way, perhaps his lodge.

"Maybe I should try to get him there," she thought.

If he didn't have attention soon infection would set in—he was losing blood rapidly—Yet here was her chance to get away; he certainly couldn't stop her now. There was a farm house several miles back she'd head for. The people there would help her.

Someone would certainly find the wreck and take care of him. She turned, and started down the road.

"Better yet, I'll send the police", she thought. Then this big fool will know who's boss, if he's still alive." If he was still alive! She stopped in her tracks, turned and looked back at the still form. If she left him now, he might die.

A moment later Susan was dirtying her aristocratic hands pulling wreckage away from Jonathan. Her nails broke, but she didn't notice. She tugged and pulled furiously. At last she had him stretched out on the grass. She poked around the rumble seat for her overnight bag and got out a clean towel. Then going back to him, she held his head in her lap and wiped the blood from his face. She bandaged his cuts as best she could, and tried to make his arm comfortable. As she sat there looking down at his still face, she felt sorry for this boy who was so utterly alone, and leaning over, pressed her lips tightly against his forehead.

"Poor boy," she murmured, "Now what shall I do?"

"Kiss me again!" he whispered, slyly opening one eye.

"Oh!" she jumped and stared unbelievably at him, an angry flush mounting to her cheeks.

"You—you—you're not dead at all—" she stammered. "You deceived me! You let me wear myself out! You let me wreck my clothes! You let me pity you! You - - -"

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm very much alive."

"Damn! to think I was fool enough to feel sorry for you when I could have been safe by now!"

"Well, my dear girl," he smiled wanly, "no one asked you to stay and help me. If it's so distasteful, why did you stay? Why didn't you leave me? Why don't you go now? I certainly can't prevent you."

He stopped speaking for a minute and

pulled himself to his feet. Casually he inspected his arm. "Looks like something the cat dragged in eh?" he grinned ruefully. "Think you could fix me a sling before you go?"

"Humph," she shrugged her shoulders, and again explored her traveling bag. While she fumbled in the bag, he whistled carelessly, "After You've Gone". Fairly seething, she picked up a scarf and, muttering to herself, fastened it around his neck.

"I could probably do a better job if this were a noose!" she remarked spitefully.

"Oh, no doubt, putting people on the spot seems to run in your family. You nearly did a good job on me tonight. Want to try again or save me for papa?" But this only added insult to injury.

"Why—you!" she stepped back quickly. "How dare you say such a thing! You've a nerve to even mention my father's name. Just wait till my father hears about this. He'll see—"

"Can't you say anything without bringing your father into it?" he said. "It's always 'my father this, my father that, blah blah blah—' He wrinkled up his nose and taunted her more.

For a moment she was speechless, then tore into him, "I'll make you eat those words, you cad. Just wait till I get to a phone. I'll have all the police in the county on your neck! You'll regret this! Just you wait!" When she would have turned from him he pulled her closer.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" he asked.

"Forgotten what?" she snapped, trying to wriggle away.

"Something you gave me that you're getting back." Leaning over, he kissed her firmly, substantially, and definitely on the mouth. "Never let it be said that Jonathan West ever took anything from a child! Worse'n stealing pennies from a blind man."

He was having a fine time laughing at her

attempts to express her opinion of him when a strange voice, practically on top of them, boomed out, "What's going on here?"

They both had been so engrossed in their little scrap that neither had seen or heard the shabby old Ford as it pulled to a stop near them. Then a flashlight illuminated the group and Jonathan recognized the face of Jed Harper, the sheriff, an old friend of his.

"It's the sheriff!" he whispered to Susan. "Go to it old girl, do your stuff."

"Wall, efen it ain't Jonathan West! What in tarnation be ye doin' here at this wee hour?" Then, stroking his moth-eaten beard, he surveyed the wreck. "Flat tire?" He grinned toothlessly at his own humor.

Again Jonathan nudged Susan, "Well? Go ahead. Tell him your story. Give it all you've got."

Silence - - - "O. K., you had your chance;" then to the sheriff, "Mighty glad you came along when you did, Jed. I've been having a bit of trouble. See this girl? Well, take a good look at her. She's probably one of the cleverest little auto thieves this side of the Rockies." He winked at Jed. "Saw my new car parked down-town and tried to slip away with it. And she would have, too, if she hadn't overlooked one little thing—I was in it. "All this", he said, indicating the wreck, "is the result. What do you think we ought to do with her?"

"Wal, Jonathan, I don't guess there's nothin' much you can do but lock her up." He pushed the wispy straw hat back on his head and scratched an intelligence bump. "You got any ideas?"

"If he has any ideas, he better keep them to himself!" the indignant Sue exclaimed. "They usually don't work out so well as you can see. Why, officer, you certainly can't mean that you believe this—this ordinary kidnapper. You see, officer, he's kidnapping me. He's just pulling the wool over your eyes."

"Easy now, Miss," the law stilled her,

"Don't try any funny stuff now or I'll get rough." He paused, "Jonathan hyar's a good reliable citizen. Nat'rly I'd take his word for anything agin a stranger's."

"But, officer, I'm Susan Wolfe. I can prove it. You certainly must have heard of my father!"

"Sorry, but yer name could be Sady Jones fer all I care; and as fer yer pappy, the only Wolfe I ever heard of was one they strung up over in Dusty River fer horse-thievin'."

"Just a minute, sheriff," broke in Jonathan. "I've a better idea. When the doctor fixes my arm up here, I'm going to be needing someone to help me around the house for a few days. If I take full responsibility, do you think it could be arranged for me to keep her with me, as a nurse? You know? Sort of have her work off the trouble she's cost me." He paused. "Just for a few days, then you can have her and prosecute her all you want." He winked again over her head. "What do you think of that, sheriff?"

"Wal, I don't know, lemme see." He paused, thoughtfully biting off more tobacco. "It's a bit irregular Jonathan, but I reckon I can fix it fer ye, I was young once m'self. Come along. I'll run both of ye up to the house and get a doctor fer that arm. The Missus 'n me was sayin' th' other day what a cozy little place ya got there. Guess you'll be comfortable all right."

"Cozy little place!" Susan shouted, "I'd rather be in jail than with him."

The sheriff grinned slyly at Jonathan who winked in silent reply.

Three hours later, a very vexed Susan paced the floor of the combination parlor-bedroom-kitchen of Jonathan's lodge. Her clothes were torn and her appearance askew. He was sleeping comfortably on the couch, his arm trussed up in splints. To make matters worse, she was locked in and he had hidden the key. No matter how she tried to get out she'd wake him. There was no escape. Sullenly she sat down and began to

feel sorry for herself. A tear trickled down her cheek and dropped off her chin. She sniffed a couple of times, then watched him intently. An idea began to shape itself in her mind. If only she could get the gun which he had put under his pillow! She waited a few minutes to be sure he was sleeping soundly; tip-toed over to the couch; then hardly breathing, reached out her hand. There,—easy now,—she almost had it—the pillow moved slightly—"OUCH!" She jumped back as he slapped her hand.

"Naughty, naughty!" he frowned at her, and turning over, closed his eyes again. She went back to her chair and sat down.

The sun was bright in her eyes when Susan awoke. Her neck was stiff, her knees cramped. Slowly she stretched herself and faced the situation. Sleep had refreshed her. She looked cautiously at the sleeping boy. He really did have a nice profile. After a while she went over to the sink and splashed water on her face. Ten minutes were devoted to fussing and prettying up. Then hunger stepped into the picture. She began to look for food, and was successful. He had set in a good store of supplies. After she had been working around for ten or twenty minutes, tempting odors of bacon and coffee filled the room.

"Morning, Kid!"

She turned quickly at the sound of his voice. "Same to you," she said casually.

Seeing her there made him suddenly happy. "Sweet", he thought. "Too sweet, to be such a spitfire."

She stood there and smiled. "Hungry?" she asked.

"Mm-hmm," he said, and started to get up.

"No you don't," she said. "Doctor's orders, you stay in bed today. Behave yourself now. You're in no position to give orders, you know". And she laughed for the first time.

"Laugh some more. It's wonderful," he said.

For a moment she was embarrassed; and dropping her eyes to avoid his gaze finished her preparations.

In no time she had an appetizing dish of bacon and eggs ready for him. They chatted lightly over their meal. His eyes followed her every motion as she removed the dishes and got out the coffee cups.

"Where'd you ever learn how to do this?" he inquired.

"Oh, it's just part of the education I picked up along the way."

"Well, I see there is something in this education stuff after all," he murmured as she brought the coffee to the table.

"Coffee!" he exclaimed. "Oh, I forgot—I never drink coffee. Mind making me some tea?"

When she stood there, speechless, and didn't move, he continued falteringly, "Just—over—there—on the shelf in back of you. It's the English in me."

"Now listen," she said with forced calmness, "aren't you ever satisfied? What do you think I am—(her voice growing louder)—a nurse maid? Who are you supposed to be? A king or something? Such service as you demand! Don't you know I'm tired?" she stormed, "and I'm sick of it! I hate you—I hate you—I hate you!"

It was an hour before she calmed down enough to do the dishes.

Susan spent half the day wearing a path by the windows and avoiding Jonathan.

He watched her intently, puzzled by her nervousness. "She's up to something," he thought.

That afternoon when she set dinner before him, a cup of tea stared him in the face.

"Susan", he looked up at her, "you did this—for me?"

She nodded sheepishly.

"No more Astor or Waldorf?" he questioned.

She shook her head.

"Gosh!" was all he could say.

"No more scraps, Susan?" he continued.

Again she shook her head. Again he said, "Gosh!—You're swell".

He held out his hand, "Shake?" he asked. Slowly Susan put her hand in his. He gripped it tightly, and their hands lingered. For a moment their eyes met. Then he smiled. And because when Jonathan smiles, everyone near him has to smile, Susan smiled too.

An hour later he had fallen off to sleep, and Susan went about tidying up. She swept around and dusted over things. She picked up the book he'd been reading to clean under it, but stopped short! A gasp escaped her lips! There, under the book, was the key. He'd forgotten about it. She hesitated, then quickly put the book down and went on dusting. Nevertheless, passing the book again, she stopped and stared at it. After another attempt at dusting she went back to the book picked it up, and looked at the key. Then, with no uncertainty, she quietly snatched up her coat, dropped the key in her pocket, and slipped out the door.

A minute later Jonathan opened his eyes, and they were very sad. Slowly he got up and went to the window. He watched her 'til she disappeared around a curve in the road, then went back to the couch and sat down gloomily. "She'll wire her father," he thought. "The police will come!" He'd been such a fool to think she was different, such a fool to trust her. Women were all alike! He'd have to pack and get out quickly. Then he buried his head in his hands.

Susan's high heels tapped rapidly down the road. The lengthening evening shadows hurried her steps. She didn't look back, but clenched her hands and kept her eyes straight ahead. She rode part way on a milk truck, and by seven o'clock was in the Western Union office. She wrote quickly, and handed

the money through the grill. Receiving her change, she started out the door. A passer-by stopped abruptly when he saw her.

"Wall! Eff'n my eyes don't deceive me," he thought, "it's thet fiery gal o' Jonathan's! She must've got away from him! Have ter look into this." Then quickening his pace, he placed a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"Oh!" startled, she turned around, "Oh, you," she said. "What do you want?"

Jed Harper had had his beard trimmed and she hardly recognized him.

"Stand where y'are, miss. Gotcha covered. Pretty smart! Ain't cha? Thought ya could get away—eh? Wall, the law around these parts has a purty keen eye, lady". He smiled mischievously. "Give 'er a good scare", he thought. "Come along—off ter court with ye."

When he tried to lead her off she pulled back. "Oh no, sheriff", she cried, "you're mistaken! I'm not running away; just—er—", she hesitated, "I just came to town for something".

"And I suppose you'll tell me next you was on yer way back to him!"

"Yes, that's it, sheriff, exactly. I was just going back to him!"

"Tryin to insult my intelligence," he growled. "Wall, we'll see what the jedge thinks of that—or better yet, we'll see what Jonathan thinks of it."

"Where are we going?" she asked as he shoved her into his flivver.

"We're a-goin ter Jonathan," he answered. And Susan smiled.

Jonathan straightened up abruptly as a car came to a noisy stop in the dooryard. He left his packing and went to the window. At first he thought he was seeing things; but no, it was Susan, getting out of the car with Jed Harper. He jerked the door open.

"Hi there, Jonathan!" called Jed. "Caught her trying ter skip town on you, goin along by the telygraph office. Ain't you been treatin' her right?"

"I guess not, Jed, but thanks for bringing her back to me. I've been worried". He looked questioningly into her downcast eyes. "Sorry to have made you trouble, Jed. You won't have to worry about her any more. I'll see that nothing goes wrong this time."

For a moment Jed stood there awkwardly, then shuffled his foot, "Wal, glad to've helped ye, Jonathan lad. Guess maybe I'll be pushin along now. Hope you don't have no more trouble with her. Women is sech nuisances." He ambled off to his rickety old flivver. "You sure are lookin a lot better than ye did t'other night!" He winked slyly at Jonathan and rattled off in the ancient car.

Without moving from the doorway where they stood, Jonathan grabbed Susan by the shoulder with his good hand. "What did you do in town?"

She looked down at her feet. "Wired Dad", she answered weakly.

Abruptly his hand dropped. He turned back and continued his packing. Susan remained in the doorway watching his clumsy movements.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" he shouted. She didn't seem to hear, but stood there looking at her feet.

"Go on,—go on, go and meet your father and all the cops you sent for! Go ahead and have your last laugh! Do anything, but for God's sake, get out of my sight!"

Still she stood there. Then slowly she raised her eyes. When he saw the tears there he stopped, puzzled.

"Jonathan", she said in a small voice, "Here," and she offered him a crumpled piece of yellow paper from her pocket. "Read it." He took it from her. "It's a copy of the wire". He smoothed it out and read—

DEAR DAD

HAVE BEEN ARRESTED STOP SLIGHT DELAY STOP DONT WORRY STOP NOT SURE WHEN PLL BE RELEASED STOP WILL WRITE DETAILS LATER

SUSAN

The paper fluttered to the floor. Jonathan's good arm held Susan tightly. She clung to him.

"Darling, sweet," he whispered tenderly. She snuggled closer. "About that wire, you left out the most important thing,—"

"What, dear Jonathan?"

"That you'll be serving a life sentence."

An untouched hand, an unheard song
Can make a day seem twice as long;
But, oh, what sadness brings a thought
For which the words cannot be caught!

ELVA KENNEDY

THESE DO I LOATHE

A fly buzzing round and round my head—
The deadly smell of a dumping ground—
The slush and drizzle of wintertime,
And roses that beetles have crowned.

The touch of a dry cloth on my tongue;
The taste of all slippery, slimy things,
The sound of a tinny piano's notes,
And the shrieking alarm clock that rings.

Green foam oozing from a horse's mouth,
The sight of a flea-pestered, dirty old cat;
And big, juicy spiders squashed flat.
And cigars where they're chewed-on and wet at the end—

THESE DO I LOVE

(With apologies to Rupert Brook)

The quiet rippling of a blue lagoon—
The silent calm that comes at dusk;
Pale beams from a yellow-golden moon;
And orchards odorous of mint and musk.

The freshness of a dewy lawn—
And chasms, dark'ning into night;
The grey-blue mists that come at dawn,
And jonquils shivv'ring with delight.

CAROLYN NAUGHT

Why Choose Science

DICK CAMP

THIS article almost bore the title "The Effect of Vitamin B1 on the Rate of Germination of Papaya Pollen". And so it would have, had not my interview with Walter Danliker, youthful Rollins chemistry major, on the subject of his summer research project at the United States Department of Agriculture experimental station in Orlando, Florida turned into a discussion of reasons and motives for choosing science as a career.

The initial portion of the interview was orthodox enough. After stating that nothing he had done last summer would be of acute interest to the average lay reader of the *Flamingo*, Walter informed me that last June he had accepted a non-paying summer job as a collaborator on the staff of the agricultural experimental station in Orlando in order that he might supplement his academic training in chemistry with some actual work in the field. The calm, casual manner in which he made that statement almost caused me to pass without comment the fact that he had worked for nothing—worked hard for three months just for the experience and the fun of it. Perhaps I ignored that simply stated little detail because I still expected that a straight account of Walter's research would entail the revelation of something big, some discovery of universal interest. At any rate, ignore it I did, for a time.

However, further questioning revealed that Walter's work, comprising over 2,000 arduous, painstaking experiments carried out over a period of three months, had uncovered only a naked fact devoid of any immediate economic or social significance. Here is the fact:—Addition of 0.01% Vitamin B1 solution into the usual agar, sugar culture medium accelerates the germination of Pa-

paya pollen from four hours to one. Would the mention of that discovery engage the attention of the man in the street? Obviously, it would not. From what angle, then, could the story be approached so that the telling of it would shatter the indifference of the lay reader?

After a short pause for reflection, I realized that it is news when a man works for nothing and likes it. Such an attitude is not normal, at least on the surface. The idea perplexed me, so I asked Walter to explain himself. His reply, in substance, follows.

"Curiosity, more than money, motivates the scientist. Beyond the requirements for a modicum of economic security, the true scientist has very little desire for money. The researcher finds his main compensation for effort expended in the elation he feels when he has established a fact. Money? Money vanishes. But a fact stays a fact forever. It is immutable. Therein lies its beauty and source of satisfaction to its creator."

"What if a fact, when first isolated, doesn't mean anything in particular? Later, when united with others of its kind, it may add up to considerable benefit to society. For instance, even the results of my small project may dovetail with those of other investigators of the effect of Vitamins on plants. Eventually, the combined results may make it possible to exercise more positive control over plant development than is now the case. That is mere conjecture, of course."

"Too, Science offers other inducements. Lasting fame belongs to the man who succeeds in a large way. An adventuresome man will take keen delight in penetrating the vast uncharted area beyond the frontier of scientific knowledge in search of new facts. Fin-

ally, Science offers emotional stability. A scientist is rarely overcome by a sense of futility. His world is governed by Laws of his own making. He feels that he knows what he knows. That which he knows not, he believes will be eventually known by pos-

terity through the application of the infallible scientific method."

Perhaps these few remarks will help explain why Walter worked for nothing, and why the lights in college laboratories burn so late into the night.

... being an expression of relief
by one scared bachelor
i've just been psycho-
analyzed by
one of those keen-eyed clever
guys he probed
my subconscious explored my brain
and found
the condition thats causing me
pain and way down deep in the
inner
me he found whats making a
thinner me for all those
rosy hallucinations
and crazy excitingly queer
sensations are nothing
more than a complex or two
definitely
proving
i dont love you !!!
i suppose i
should apologize etc.
to e. e. cummings or someone
for
what might seem to be a
bit of imitation, but damn it
its only this cheap portable
of mine, not plagarism because
the shift
key doesn't work and the
margins and the backspacer are
all
gummed
up

P. R. KELLY

ROLLINS

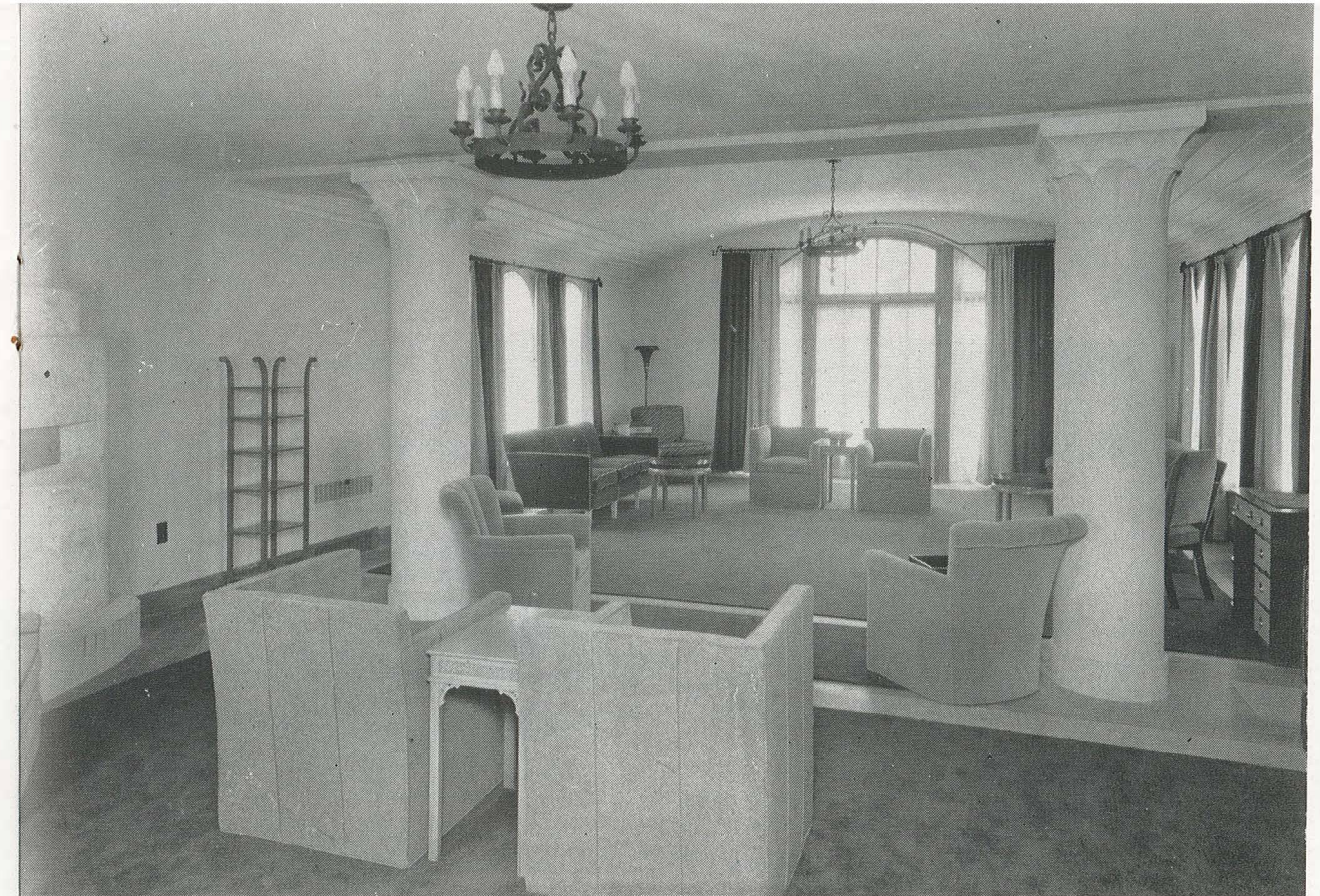
The Campus in Picture!



ANNIE RUSSELL THEATRE

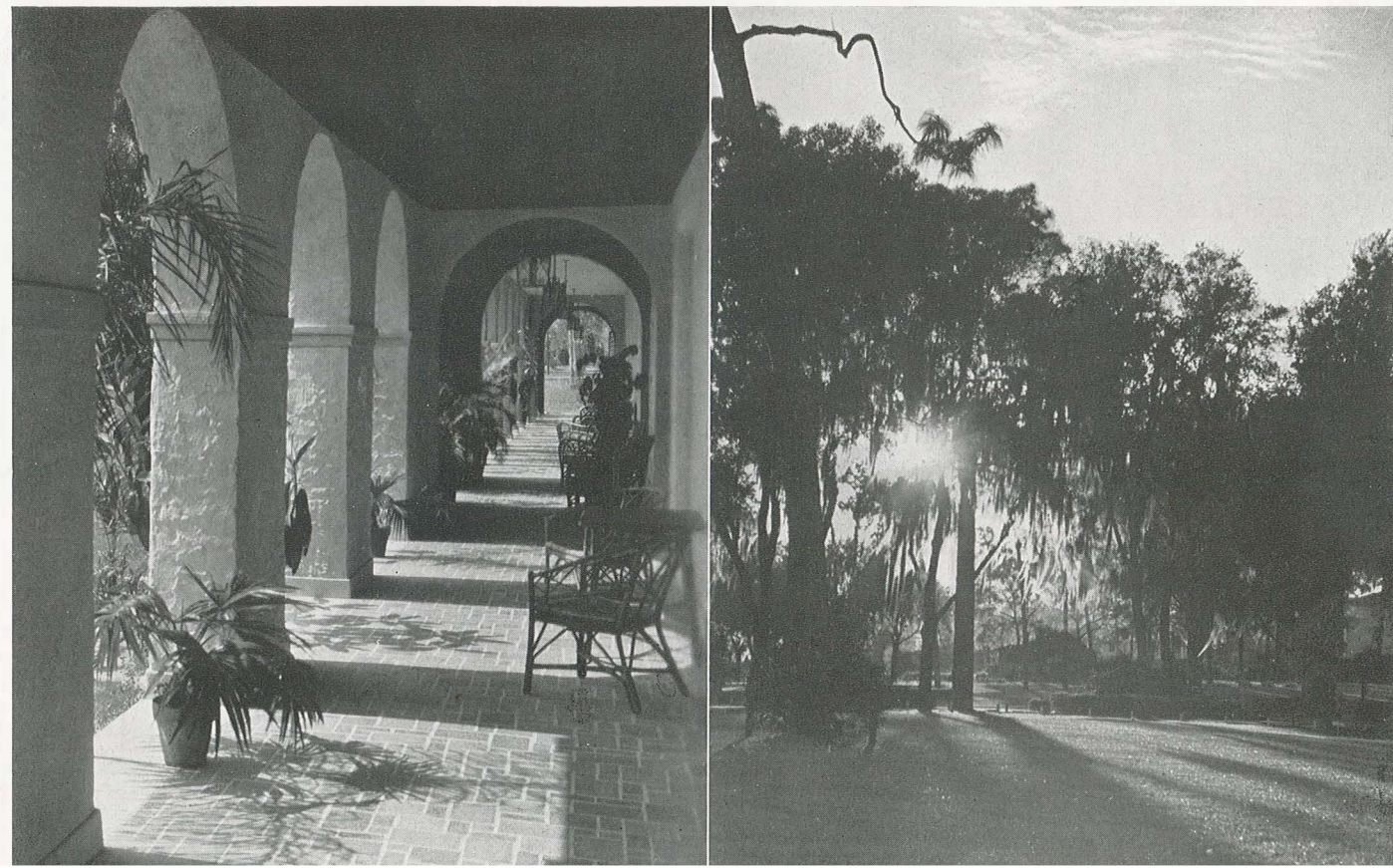


KNOWLES MEMORIAL CHAPEL



MEN'S DORM—GRECIAN SIMPLICITY

COLONNADES AND SUNSET



GIRL'S DORM--FLOWERS AND PALMS





FAMOUS WALK OF FAME

Lili

ANNE ANTHONY

Ross put down the colored charcoal and stood away from his drawing board. For a moment his eyes were critical of the sketch thumb-tacked there. Then he smiled quizzically at the girl he had brought to life on the smooth white paper. "You're damn' pretty, you know," he said. His tone was intimate, for he knew her well.

And she *was* lovely. Her full lips pouted an invitation. Her young body curved frankly and deliciously. And her pink skin glowed warm and alive through the black chiffon pajamas she wore. This time her hair was darkly red with glints of copper in it. But she was the same girl he always drew.

Sometimes she was a fragile blond with cool orchid shadows around her. Sometimes a Latin girl with amber skin and a vivid red mouth. Or a piquant brunette with laughter in her eyes and soft brown curls.

But always she was Lili.

People called Ross's style "unique". Said all his girls were different, but that he had marked each of them as his own. "So-So", the brief name he signed to all his drawings, was an unnecessary identification mark to those who knew his work. But Ross knew that it was only Lili he drew. Lili in a thousand different moods and poses. Lili, his beloved. Lili, his wife.

Ross loved his work as few artists do. Loved deliberately shutting himself away from the world and bringing from the rich storehouse of his memory still another picture of her to put on paper. Lili with her hair piled high on the top of her head, pink toes testing the heat of her bath water. Lili in her ivory wedding dress, looking at the same time saintly and impish. Lili watering the

geraniums. Lili trying on a ridiculous new hat.

Always he wondered how he, plain stogy little man that he was, had won her. She had been the most sought after model in New York with a suitor for every hour in the day, every day in the week—and he a hungry young cartoonist with an art school "talent". He had been so madly, so beautifully in love with her that he must have been transfigured with it. And she, strangely enough, had loved him—loved him still.

Ross rubbed his nose reflectively, leaving a smear of charcoal. He was glad that he had never used her as a model. Glad that he had never used her willing love to make her suffer the long tedious hours of posing. Glad that he had always preferred to draw her from memory.

He smiled thinking of her. Though his studio was only an upstairs room in their home, during six years of married life she had not entered his work-room as many times. A rare woman, Lili, capable of love and tact and beauty. Ross glanced at his wrist watch. Realized that it was late and that he was weary. Lili would be waiting for him.

He picked up the charcoal again and with swift deft strokes sketched in the name "So-So". He sighed. As always he was sorry to see a picture finished. He put down the charcoal, slipped out of his soiled smock and threw it on a chair.

Ross sighed again as he opened the door and went in to where she was waiting for him. Lili, his beloved. Lili, his wife. Lili, who had grown fat and sagging.

Summer Stock

JOHN H. BUCKWALTER

The Hollywood Musical to End all Musicals

Note:

THIS started out to be a gay comedy of the summer theatre. By the time three writers had their fingers in the pie we had a musical drama with the Gorgeous Goldwyn Girls, two herds of cattle, and everything not in use on the lot. In other words, we had hash. The first writer really had something although we haven't decided what.

The Scene: Sylvia Rand's modest home in the country. After innumerable title credits, we are relieved to discover Sylvia in animated conversation with that most redoubtable of all dowagers, Madame Haig.

Sylvia—But, my dear, your suggestion is impossible, just too, too impossible. The very thought of turning our farm into a summer theatre fills me with goose pimples.

Madame Haig—Must you always remind me of geese? I'll never forget the way that silly goose, Louise Martin, moved in with me last year. I finally had to ask her to leave.

Sylvia—You've told me about that before, remember? But naturally, dear, I'd like to hear you tell me again. It was an impossible situation, too, too—

Haig (rudely)—Four. However I can't understand your aversion to the drama. After all, everybody's doing it. Of course you heard about Lillian La Plant.

Sylvia—I live so out of the world. I want only peace, only quiet. I never pry into others' lives. I tell myself privacy is something sacred. Let each live his life as he sees fit. Since my poor husband

died, I've withdrawn more and more into my shell. (With quiet pathos) I live with my memories.

Haig—Personally, dear, I'd never put all my eggs in one basket. The handle's so likely to break. Well, anyway, last year Lillian went to a summer theatre and was discovered. Of course, she didn't hide any of her talents and from what I've heard she had really amazing possibilities. However, I'm not one to judge or censure. But this year she's on a national hook-up doing some really splendid homespun drama. And I've also heard—

Sylvia (Her remarks interspersed by whispered choice bits of gossip from Madame Haig)—You don't say—Really?—That's delicious.

Haig—I can see you're interested, my dear. I thought I'd talk to you first. We'll turn the barn into a theatre and really bring Broadway to the farm. Can't you see us doing Ibsen, Shaw, Moliere—(Her imagination carries her away).

Sylvia (intensely)—I've always thought I could act if I had half a chance. Poor Bill always used to say, "Darling, you're a good actress." I never knew what he meant till now. I want to do "Ghosts". It's so like my life. At last I'll show the world that a Rand isn't a ham.

Haig (frigidly)—I'm glad to see you so enthusiastic. However, dear Mrs. Rand, I can't promise any definite casting yet. However if anything turns up—

(Voices are heard from everywhere in unison)—We'll keep you in mind.

(The room fills, miraculously it seems, with the rest of the Stock company. Bedlam

breaks loose. It's the biggest thing since King Kong) Note: This is a Hollywood musical so anything can happen and probably will. Continue:

Haig—You delightfully amusing people. I want you all for my first show.

She starts to sing:

If you want to know
I'm putting on a show.
It's a tragi-comic play
All takes place within a day.
Everyone will want to see
Who the heroine will be
And if anything turns up,
ALL—I'll keep you in mind.
(Sylvia continues plaintively)
All my life I've longed
To be a star—(Time out for Production Number)

All I ask is a chance
I'll even play Philo Vance
But all they'll ever say is
No casting today. (Sob)

ALL—If anything turns up, we'll keep you in mind.

(The music swells to a tremendous crescendo (noise) and the curtain falls. This is a Hollywood musical so there is a curtain. There's also a couple of trained seals, the Albertina Rasch ballet, and of all things, Mickey M. and Donald D. Remember this is a summer stock.

(At this point the second script writer takes over and forgets to read the beginning. These scenes are terse and to the point. No time is wasted on unnecessary dialogue. That is all left to the director. After all, what is he paid for?)

Four months have gone by indicated by falling leaves from a calendar. Sylvia has made good and gone to New York leaving Bobby Jones behind. He is her faithful suitor who worships her from afar, but not too far. This isn't the same Sylvia we knew. This isn't the lonely widow, but a gay, glamorous girl, just too, too gay.

Sylvia makes good in a big weigh (200 pounds). Then Minsky goes under and so does Sylvia. We find Sylvia in the rain looking in a great restaurant window. An invisible orchestra starts to play. You guessed it—another production number.

Sylvia sings:

I wish I were back on the farm.
I wish I were in my lover's arms.
I wish I didn't have this pain,
This simply horrid, aching pain.
And what is more (Hits high note)
It has to rain.

Chorus

Rain, pain, caught in the rain.
My stomach is empty.
I'm going insane.
I wish I could be
Back at mother's knee.
Instead of out in the rain,
With a pain.

An audience has gathered. They applaud loudly. The doors of the restaurant open and Sylvia is escorted inside. She waves bravely although everyone with half an eye can see her heart is breaking. The sky clears—rain's gone—pain's gone—a new day is born.

(Third writer takes over. The credits will read—Screen play by so and so and so—So what?)

Time has again flown. More old calendars go off relief. Sylvia by this time is tired of success and we are tired of Sylvia. She's older, but we're afraid no wiser. In a scene full of beauty and bathos she renounces the stage. She wears a simple gown by Adrian topped by a ten-gallon hat. She is returning to faithful Bobby and the farm.

Closing Scene: The Farm

Sylvia walks up the neat path. Everything is the same. She stops and pats her old dog who wags his tail and gives up the Ghosts (Ibsen's). She looks down at her neatly shod feet, hesitates, and kicks the shoes off. She lets her hair cascade down her back in

all its many-hued glory. She is a girl again.

An old man rounds the corner and she gives a start of surprise.

(The screen at last finds its voice and SURPRISE, this last scene will be all in glorious, improved technicolor.)

Bobby—Sylvia, is it you? Is it finally you?

Oh, my darling! (He tries to envelop her in his arms, but he can't make the two ends meet.)

Sylvia—Yes, it's me. I mean, it's I. Bob you've changed. If you only knew how I've longed for you. I'm tired, Bobby. I've come home to die. (She coughs, a racking, horrible cough. Surely Sylvia isn't going to die? Please don't let her die.)

Bobby—No, Sylvia. I'll make you strong again. I'll make you well. We'll face the future together. See, dear, the sun is setting on our yesterdays. Tomorrow will be another day.

Sylvia—Bobby, say it again. You always did make everything seem clear.

(An invisible symphony makes music and Bobby and Sylvia raise their voices in glorious song.)

Tomorrow will be another day

You may have heard us say.

There'll be no more yesterday.

We'll gladly turn our backs on today

For tomorrow will be another day.

Even the birds in the trees above

Are gay—Today.

(As they sing a celestial shaft of light falls on them and we see them not as old Bob and Sylvia, but as the gay, young couple so many, many years ago. And so to the strains of their beautiful "Tomorrow Is Another Day"—the curtain falls slowly never to rise again.)

Note: The house lights will remain dim while you furtively wipe away those tears. We'll bet they're tears of joy.

PRO-SEMITIC

If I could boast of the unflinching sires
That would not let a crushing world dispel
Their hopes, nor ever quench the fires
Of their ambition, I should boast quite well.
Or could I count the ages that my race
Had borne affront, and borne it nobly too,
Or stood beneath a cross of cold disgrace
I should be proud that I was born a Jew.
For when my Saxon blood has run its course
And dries into the dust to feed the veins
Of other rising races at their source,
You will be striving yet upon the plains.
So do not question as I walk with you,
For I am proud of walking with a Jew.

WALTER ROYALL

POTPOURRI

Orchids To You

JEAN FAIRBANKS

A SPRINGY cedar trail winds chummily with a stream which frequently widens out to ponds and skips down falls. Occasionally the branches entangle to form a cozy cavern. At intervals you come out into clearings with all sorts of unusual flora—"Elephant" plants with whopping big leaves suggesting an original fancy dress costume. Several times the springy cedar trail leaps gaily over the stream via rustic bridges. This is the adolescent "Mead Botanical Gardens" which shows promise of becoming a great beauty—a beauty which will be adorned with more orchids than the grandest lady ever hoped or dared to wear.

For the center of this one hundred and ten acres extending from Winter Park to Orlando will be a greenhouse sheltering more than 1,000 different orchid plants. Some inspired ideas for unusual corsages might be obtained here as the orchids not only come in the familiar shade of lavender but also pure white, chocolate brown, yellow

and deep red. A most royal gesture would be to sport one of the purplish red orchids with a white and colored splattered heart. The plant of this species is valued at \$10,000. For that matter the whole collection is worth \$100,000.

The originator of this treasure was the late T. L. Mead who started it forty years ago in Oviedo. By experimenting in hybridizing orchids he produced some of the unusual varieties. Playing nursemaid to an orchid is a tedious and demanding job for plants produced from seed take seven to seventeen years before blooming. Mr. Jack Connery is now watching over the collection which is being kept in Winter Park until the new home is completed in about a year.

Palm Beach may have her Tropical Gardens with its monkeys, Winter Haven her Cypress Gardens with its gardenias but now Winter Park and Orlando will have the "Mead Botanical Gardens" with its orchids. And an orchid to Mr. Mead for it all.

Love Songs

WARREN R. GOLDSMITH

CONCENTRATE with me a few minutes on one tiny word—"waltz". Let yourself be carried away by its haunting rhythm; consider the multitudes of thoughts and dreams which this tiny word suggests. Then you will understand why the waltz has always been beloved by men, women, and children from all lands.

Brahms, a great German romantic master of the waltz, wrote a series of eighteen waltz-

es which differ vastly from each other. Some are slow, flowing and dreamy, while others are marked by fiery, Hungarian characteristics. Then we have other waltzes in the group which are distinguished by moderate tempo of pathetic manner. Wonderfully rich orchestration and harmonies, exquisite tenderness, prevail throughout this waltz series. Transcribed from piano and chorus to the eloquent and passionate voices of string or-

chestra, the waltzes express with breath-taking beauty—"Love". Each waltz is a love song which the lover sings to his sweetheart, and vice-versa. Each admirably expresses the lovers' various attitudes and feelings. With such fervor; with such delicious melodies, does the great Brahms paint these waltzes of love! With what profound sincerity and emotional appeal they are imbued!

For five minutes forget the material world, and give your imagination full play. Listen with me to Brahms' series of waltzes—"Liebeslieder", or "Love Songs".

The first waltz commences. How sweet, low, and dreamy it is—how broad and sweeping! The lovers' lives appear cloudless and blissful. Hear that persistent, pulsating three-fourths rhythm. Do you not see the lovers dancing together in a mood of joyous tranquility? They have each other—there is no need for words. We see them smiling, each engrossed in each; and we are happy and tranquil also. Ah, but the fifth waltz! What a different mood it paints! How sad and lingering it is! No longer do the lover's dwell in Heaven! See! He is forced to leave her—for how long he does not know. Perhaps their families are antagonistic toward their love. Perhaps he is called away on business. He looks miserable, and his

voice expresses despair. She is in tears. The leaves-taking has arrived, and they cling together passionately. Waltz number six! The prevailing mood of despair has vanished! Sway to the tune of this gay, rollicking, and even capricious music! The lovers are reunited! There they are, walking along a verdant country-lane in Germany. Summer reigns in all her splendor. The sky is cloudless. Notice how much the couple are chatting and laughing as they swing their arms—hand in hand! She teases him, and evades him coquettishly. But look! The scene has suddenly changed with the middle section of the waltz. Do you hear this slow, hesitant melody of great beauty and tenderness, and can you detect these delicious harmonies? What do they signify, if not the vows of true love? Yes! The couple has stopped in a wooded area, and have suddenly become very serious. They are in each other's arms, and are vowing that nothing will ever destroy their love, nor draw them apart.

In brief, these are but a few of the pictures and emotions conveyed to me when I hear Brahms' "Liebeslieder" waltzes; and I feel that many people must be similarly affected when they listen to these beautiful compositions. When you hear them, see if you do not experience the same reactions.

Building The "Bug"

TOY SKINNER

DEAR READERS, the building of the "Bug" was a great adventure! Yes, honest-to-goodness people, even Rollinsites, do have adventures, even in the summer and in Winter Park—Imagine!

It all began after one of these trips North that people take in the summer; you know . . . change of scenery, Rollins reunions in the Subway, etc., and finally the return to God's country and the wonder why you left.

Mom and I found ourselves back in Winter Park in mid-summer, and (despite the heat) with the definite thought of making the home of Rollins, our home.—Then came the "Bug"!

Mom had a little sketch of a house that she admired for a long time, so we set to work to make it a reality.

Many long evenings were spent in serious pow-wow, but after about a week of this jam

sessioning, averaging about three changes of plan per evening, we finally hit upon a plan that satisfied. Mother's desire for something substantial with a little Mediterranean flavor, plus my love of sun, air and apple-dance space, equaled a plan which was almost a perfect miniature of our old home in Greece.

We thought that all was set, but, as the time approached for the digging of the foundation, Mom began to worry about the dimensions of the "Bug". By the time the concrete was ready to be poured, she was sure that the patio would be too small, so she arose with the birds on the morning of the pouring, and camped on the job until the crew arrived. Imagine my surprise when I awoke to find the patio eight feet longer!

As the "Bug" grew, it became more and more fascinating. I couldn't stay away from the place! No matter what my destination when I started out, I always wound up at 165 Holt Ave. to watch the progress, get in the way, and heckle people. (Poor contractor Harrington and the crew!)

During one of my heckling days, I started mixing mortar, and—say, have you ever mixed mortar? It's wonderful,—so . . . well . . . new and different, don'tcha-kno. After they let me mess with the mortar awhile, I diddled around in just about everything. I got to be a pretty doggoned good truck driver and errand runner—even if I did sorta mix up the errands frequently—and at times, forgot them completely. I also came in very handy as a wood holder-downer. I believe I was acting in that capacity when Mr. Haggerty first saw me after his return from the North. Max was zipping the truck back to the job, via the Main drag, and there in the back I sat, thoroughly enjoying myself, perched on top of a load of scaffolding. Laugh? Oh my, yes—He just roared!

Building a house *does* have its advantages I do declare! Take for example my discovery of the perfect Dirndl dress pattern while stuffing windows with newspapers: I learned

this summer—along with other things—that you anchor casement window frames by pouring concrete around them, and to keep the concrete from dripping all the way to the ground through the hollow centers of the concrete blocks, you stuff three sheets of newspaper in the hollow center of each block. One day, while I was being official paper putter inner, and, incidentally catching up on my reading, I came across a picture of just the little Dirndl dress I'd been waiting to make all summer but didn't because I couldn't find a pattern. I was tickled pink! Imagine, the very thing I'd been hunting for, right before me, half stuffed in the window! Of course I quickly unstuffed the whole business and put the picture in my pocket, but disappointment of disappointments, I discovered, after the concrete had been poured, that I had torn out the picture without the name or number of the pattern! Oh well, if I still want it badly enough, I can always tear down a window or two in the living room.

Why is it that everything, to be a success, has to have its moments of uncertainty? That's just life I guess. Even the "Bug" had its moments of uncertainty but it came through all right. One of those moments came when we were seriously afraid we'd have too much roof for the house but she's standing up beautifully under it. Another of those moments came when the local supplies ran out of the color of pigment we wanted to use in the floors, leaving us a toss up between black and gray or a trip to Tampa to search for the sandy yellow we wanted. We did *so* want to get into the place in a hurry, but we *did* want the sandy yellow, so off we ripped to Tampa and, Big Joy, we returned with 150 lbs. of yellow ochre!

I'm afraid this can't be finished with "They lived happily ever after" or even finished at all, because we've hardly begun to live in the "Bug" and we're still tearing our hair over the arranging of furniture. But, oh, it's just *lots* of fun!

"Cottonmouth!"

"OLD TRAILCRAFTER"

As I crashed, sweating and panting, through the tangled underbrush along the bank of a swampy creek, I was startled by the rustling of a heavy body at my feet.

Looking down I beheld, not eighteen inches from me, one of the largest and blackest cottonmouth moccasins I had ever seen. He was fully five feet long. His little beady eyes gleamed as he slowly coiled his thick, massive body within easy striking distance of my leg. I dared not move a muscle as I stared helplessly at it, knowing too well that if I did, he would strike without warning.

I can see yet that flat, thick triangular-shaped head with the curious pit on each side between the nostril and eye which marked him as a member of the dreaded family of the pit vipers.

Then he tilted his head back, showing the dirty yellow color on his under side and slowly opened his grim mouth, exposing the pure white satin lining from which he derives his name.

For almost thirty nerve-racking seconds he remained motionless in this pose. The pressure of the stretched skin forced drops

of thin yellow poison to drip slowly from two wicked fangs.

Sweat rolled down my face. It ran off my chin drop by drop—like the poison. The strain began to be too great on my nerves. I started to tremble. "The shaking would make him strike," I thought wildly. That deadly mouth suddenly snapped shut and the upper part of his body lifted. My spasmodic shaking had irritated him.

Then he struck!

Rapid as the movement was, I can still see every detail of it from the start. With the speed of a rifle bullet that thick head was driven straight at my naked leg. There was a flash of white as the mouth sprung open—the fangs spewing poison.

At first I felt nothing. "They don't hurt 'till later," I dimly remembered an old hunter had remarked. "Then you're paralyzed!"

As if chagrined at what he had done, the cottonmouth turned, flowed over the edge of the bank, into the black swamp water with scarcely a ripple and was gone.

For a moment I stood rooted to the spot and then suddenly went weak, clutching a sapling for support. Relief flooded up into me as I realized what had happened.

He had struck and missed!

Whither, Whither, Little Camera?

JACK MAKEMSON

"I'VE GOT a new candid camera, Jack. I want you to come up and show me how to work it."

"O. K., Neophyte, let's go look at it."

End of Part One.

"You've got a nice outfit here; can do al-

most anything with it. What do you want to know about it?"

"Well, what size holes shall I use here, and what speed on these shutter numbers up above?"

"What kind of film do you have in it?"

"I dunno."

"Let's assume it's a standard speed film like Plennachrome or Verichrome then. What kind of pictures will you be taking?"

"Oh, all kinds."

"But your exposure adjustments will depend on the type of picture. You'll use a high shutter speed and a large opening for action, a shutter speed of a fiftieth or a hundredth of a second, (to minimize the effect of camera movement) and an opening depending upon conditions, for average shots of people, and the same shutter speeds with small openings for landscapes or views. In all cases you'll use a larger opening when the light is bad, and a smaller opening when it is very bright."

"But Jack, I can't remember all that. Can't I just set it some way to take pictures?"

"Well, those adjustments are put on there to meet changing conditions. If you don't use them you're not using all that the camera has to offer."

"I don't want to get into all that. I just want to take pictures."

"O. K. then, Neophyte, let's just set it on a fiftieth and F. 11. Don't take any pictures except in bright sunlight, and don't try to shoot anything moving. Just treat it like you would a box Brownie."

"Gee, swell, Jack. That's the way I want to work it."

End of Part Two. End of a good camera.

Two days later.

"Hey, Jack, come over and see if the camera is all right. I want to take this picture against the sun and get all those nice shadows with the people walking through them."

"The camera is still set on a fiftieth and F. 11."

End of Part Three. End of Jack's hope for the future of the human race.

Like the automobile, the modern camera has developed into a mechanically perfect instrument. But, unlike the automobile, as it improves mechanically it does not become simpler to operate. Just the reverse is true. Anyone can take a car from ten to sixty miles an hour just by pressing a pedal, but to take a camera from indoors to out involves more changes than an Upper Division Plan. The modern camera is the delight of the gadget lover, and the despair of the dilettante.

In spite of the excellence of the camera, the pictures that come out of them are no better now, generally speaking, than were the pictures that came out of the inferior instruments of ten years ago. Hundreds of superb pictures prove what *can* be done with the modern camera, but millions prove that if directed by Box Camera intelligence, the product of the modern camera will be of sub-Box Camera standard. The range of adjustments that give the modern camera its scope also provides opportunity for error after error.

An occasional happy coincidence will provide a good picture at times from every camera, no matter how badly it be used. But consistently to turn out pictures that will make the observer stop for a second look necessitates the consideration of three factors.

The first is imagination and vision in seeing the picture. This represents the art in photography. It intends that a pleasing composition will be arranged, with the main point of interest properly emphasized, and a point of view selected that will secure the desired effect.

The second factor is manipulation of the camera. The shutter speed must be fast enough to stop any motion that may be present; the diaphragm opening must be adjusted to get the desired depth of focus; and these two adjustments in combination must let through the proper amount of light to im-

press the image on the film. It is assumed that the lens has first been focused to the proper distance.

The last factor is the technical skill attending the processing. Poor printing will ruin a picture no matter how much thought has been put in on the other two factors. If you buy a cheap, rush job from the nearest drug store, the quality of the pictures will show it. There is great advantage to be gained in doing this work yourself. You know what to expect from the negative; you can print lighter or darker; you can print with more contrast, or less; you can mask out distracting

background and center the picture to the best pictorial advantage; you will finally get the result you want.

Thus can the camera be made to produce the striking pictures of which it is capable. The camera takes the picture, true enough. But it is the mind behind the camera that determines the quality of the finished print.

When all the little Neophytes discover that it takes something more than a good camera and good intentions to take the sort of pictures they want, then, and only then, will the product of the camera justify its outrageous costs.

Keith Winter's dramatic hit that made history on Broadway, now becomes an outstanding screen triumph. The pulsing story of a Broadway dancer in the cold heart of her husband's family. Drama well worthy of its stellar cast!

JOAN
CRAWFORD

in

MARGARET
SULLIVAN

"THE SHINING HOUR"

with

MELVYN
DOUGLAS

FAY
BAINTER

ROBT.
YOUNG

BEACHAM THEATRE

ORANGE AVE. ORLANDO
SATURDAY—SUNDAY—MONDAY
Dec. 17-18-19

GRAND THEATRE

ORLANDO
WED.-THUR.-FRI.
Dec. 21-22-23

BABY GRAND

WINTER PARK
SAT.-SUN.-MON.
Dec. 31-Jan. 1-2

MOTION PICTURES
ARE YOUR
BEST ENTERTAINMENT

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

What's Behind The November Elections

DICK KELLY

WITH the last shot fired and the last ballot counted long since, the nation's political sages and analysts, real and otherwise, have settled down to the long range task of salvaging some logical significance from the recent State and National elections.

As usual, both sides find about what they look for, which is the assurance that the results may be interpreted as an expression of the voter's confidence in the Republican or Democratic policies and candidates.

I say Republican or Democratic policies . . . and these policies only, for on one point most political observers agree; the results definitely establish the continued supremacy of the two major parties with the threatened invasion of any new third-party groups receiving strong repulses; particularly in Minnesota, where the Farm-Laborites lost control of the state and in Wisconsin, where the strong Progressive group was deposed. Even in New York State, the new American Labor Party failed to re-elect the five members it placed in State Legislature two years ago. Especially cheering to the two established parties, these demises gave the Third-Party adherents little cause for exuberance as they had counted on the growing rift in liberal and Progressive groups in both main parties to make this election unusually successful, only to hit a snag in the unexpected strength shown by the Republicans.

For to the Republicans came the bulk of the honors in the test, as they swept triumphantly through New England and grabbed scattered prized posts from the political pots that bubbled throughout the country, to amass a total of 81 new seats in the House, 8 in the

Senate and 11 Governorships, and complete the greatest Congressional turnover since 1894. Yet even with these unexpectedly thorough gains, the G. O. P. can hardly rest content for the Democrats still maintain top-heavy majorities in both the House, (263 out of 435 Representatives); in the Senate, (69 out of 96 Senators); and in the Gubernatorial posts, (30 out of 48 Governors). Republican spokesmen widely hailed the results as the beginning of the end for the Roosevelt forces, saw the start in a pendulum swing back to old-line Republican conservatism, and an opportunity for the Republican presidential candidate in 1940.

For the Democrats there was some satisfaction . . . more cause for concern lest the growing split between the Liberal and Conservative factions in the party couple with the apparent Republican gains to seriously threaten the supremacy the Democrats now hold. Minimizing Republican gains as the results of local party clashes (chiefly in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New Jersey) and as the natural reaction of the public against the party in power when a depression is on, the Democratic spokesmen pointed to California, North Dakota and Maryland, where they won previously Republican governorships. There were those who were outspoken in their approval of the results, based on their assumption that the threatened expansion of Republican power would press erring Democrats on the fringes of the flock, back into the fold, unite the party into a compact unit as of yore.

To the impartial observer, other conclusions showed their faces. The oft-repeated Republican cry of corruption of the voters

and public workers by the Relief and W. P. A. rolls proved to have no basis of fact, as the G. O. P. rolled to its hugest gains.

Another conclusion, far more pleasing to Republicans, was the undoubted resurgence of the G. O. P. as a group and as individuals, with 15 gubernatorial machines to help the Republican national organization in the coming Presidential elections, and the appearance of a personable group of young, aggressive vote-getters on the horizon.

Labor, as a vote producing machine, suf-

fered several setbacks in prestige as the rural districts showed their anti-union prejudices in their rejection of most labor candidates. Only in New York State, where the American Labor Party aided in the re-establishment of Senator Wagner and Governor Lehman could labor find solace, although California, Oregon and Washington voted against a proposed anti-picketing ordinance.

To the nation at large . . . the question looms greater than ever . . . WHAT WILL HAPPEN IN 1940?

America Girds Its Loins

P. R. KELLY

THE fast moving and ominous events of the past year in tumultuous Europe have pulled a complacent America, confident in its isolation and ocean barriers, into a sudden awakening. With England and France, our real first line of defense, weakening and giving ground before the hammer blows of the totalitarian powers, America realizes that she must tend to her own knitting, and be prepared to stand alone, if need be, against any threats. The advocates of the "big stick" policy are smiling these days . . . as well they might, with America well on the road to the greatest peace time arms expansion in its history.

On land, on sea and in the air the War Department and the Navy Department is driving steadily to the completion of a five year expansion program that will reach the staggering cost of \$5,000,000,000. The hammers are pounding . . . the furnaces are roaring, in steel plants throughout the nation as Uncle Sam arms for peace.

For the army, mechanization is the keynote, as the new Garand automatic rifles; light, one man machine guns, replace the out-

moded Springfield of World War fame, to give the doughboy new power. The artillery, woefully weak in the limitations of its anti-aircraft units, is being bolstered by the addition of the latest type guns, capable of bringing down a plane from the height of 15,000 feet. There are new rapid-firing anti-tank guns, capable of punching holes in the swift moving steel monsters that have wrought such havoc in Spain and China. And our own tank divisions are being supplemented by the latest Christie machines, capable of high speed and maneuverability in bad terrain.

The standing army, composed of the regular army plus the National Guard units, is to compose a highly trained group of 400,000. With a sizable quota of Reserved Officers and the crudely trained material from the Citizen's Military Training Groups, America has a fair representation of army strength, which is however, not to be compared with the millions of well trained in European armies. Yet America's potential strength is great, with a huge reserve to draw on, a mass of raw material for the horrors of

war that displayed its adaptability in the World War.

A sea-minded President, ex-secretary of the Navy, a man who loves ships and the tang of salt air might well be expected to look to the welfare of the fleet. Franklin D. Roosevelt has done exactly that. Even before the present crisis had arisen, he was planning great things for the navy. Today, with public opinion strongly behind the "Big Navy" movement, he advocates a "two ocean" navy. Our present fleet is felt to be inadequate to guard both the Atlantic and the Pacific, especially since it must also stand by to patrol the waters surrounding South America, lest enemy forces in war time establish bases there from which to bomb American cities, only short hours away by fast planes.

Naval enlistments now total 165,000 as compared with 115,000 four years ago. To our total of 350 combatant ships, (of all types) many of which are pre-war vintage, are to be added the latest fighting machines of every type . . . ponderous battle ships, powerful cruisers, swift destroyers and all the varied ships that go to make up the organization of a modern battle fleet. With these additions, establishing new, strongly fortified bases in both operating zones, and the much discussed but as yet unsettled second inter-oceanic canal through Nicaragua, the Navy Department hopes to be able to place a strong fleet in both the Atlantic and Pacific.

In the air, both the Army and Navy forces are being expanded. The ever increasing range of operations of military aircraft and the enormous significance of the utter inability of France and England to cope with the threat of Germany and Italy's aerial might has given this branch of the national defense great impetus. American motors and planes,

while acknowledged far superior to those of other nations are still not available in sufficient abundance to meet with the growing demand. Feverishly, the production of planes is being speeded as the government steps in to oversee trial work in this field in factories of all kinds throughout the country.

The Army airforce, with an authorized quota of 2,300 planes, has at present approximately 1,700, many of which are obsolete and not fit for active war time service under present conditions. The present program will see a meeting of the quota, and possibly an extension of the 2300 figure. The Naval Force ranks well in the front of the world powers, with the five great aircraft carriers, another one being built, and 1500 planes at present in service. Yet Naval authorities are far from content and are aiming at a minimum figure of 3,000 planes for the new Fleet.

Yet America's greatest assets are not in these more obvious factors of national defense. In her free thinking, strongly individualistic citizens she has a barrier that can resist much of the subtler forces of modern warfare. In her great communication systems she has a nervous system difficult to sever. In her railroads, her water ways and most of all, in her countless excellent roads and millions of automobiles she has an almost uncontrollable means of lateral transportation, assuring a swift device for both troop and supply transportation and civilian evacuation. And in her vast stores of natural resources and her widely separated industrial centers, America is undoubtedly stronger than any two of the autocracies.

In these things, then, and in the solemn conviction that democracy is the better course, America stands prepared. For war . . . and hopes for peace.

A Tale From The French

D. W. BRADLEY

ASSASSINATION or cold-blooded murder, as you will, on the afternoon of October 9, 1934 opened the way to the two dictatorial powers of western Europe on their march toward World domination.

For on that day, the one man who had so capably guided the destinies of France through fifteen, treacherous, postwar years, was shot down in the streets of Marseilles as he rode beside Yugoslavia's strong-arm king, Alexander, I.

Louis Bartou, French foreign minister, bled to death that night, and with him died the true ability in Paris to cope with Hitler and Mussolini. Henceforth, it would be Britain's Henderson and Hoare who would direct policy, or one might say, misdirect it.

Bartou had conceived and executed the formation of the now-famous, iron ring of nations united around and against Germany. To his everlasting credit may it be said that he always realized the latent power of the third Reich and never allowed himself to be fooled by the shouted protestations of Hitler as to the military strength of that State.

Regardless of the moral rightness of the treaty of Versailles, Bartou knew that only by presenting to Germany a bold front and numerous allies, could France hope to maintain the upper hand. Even when smug British Diplomats played the game both ways to the middle, deliberately sabotaging his soundest plans, the brilliant foreign minister, time after time, managed to salvage his Country's position. He, and he alone, maintained the delicate balance of power, and though at his death Downing street breathed a sigh of relief, hoping now for a more pliable associate; it was not to be for long that England was to rest self-complacent.

Clemenceau was gone, George out of power, Stressemann dead these seven years, and

now Bartou called from the field of action. Bitter days were approaching, due entirely to the blunders of short-sighted cabinets and hesitating statesmen.

Disaster followed quickly upon disaster once the first mistake had been made, and Laval made it when he sneaked off to Rome early in January 1935, with a brilliant plan tucked up his sleeve. He disobeyed Bartou's injunction to steer clear of Italy and to complete the Franco-Soviet treaty. Instead he hoped to win Mussolini's friendship. This he did, but only temporarily, and what a price he paid.

Ever since the treaty debacle of 1919 Rome had been at odds with her former allies. She felt that she had been cheated, and according to the secret London agreement of 1915, she had been.

The published text of the Laval-Mussolini Pact of January 7 1935 is scanty enough, but its very meagreness tells a story. France gave Italy 390 square miles of French Somaliland and 44,000 square miles of arid desert south of Lybia in the Tibeski mountain region. In regard to this last area, Laval thought it might contain 900 people while Mussolini thought it supported no one. After diligent search, a little valley was found sheltering water and 66 people. A multi-lateral treaty protecting the freedom of Austria was proposed. Italian natives in Tunisia were accorded minor rights. This completed the farce.

But had Mussolini really sold his friendship so cheaply? Events of the next months were to prove to the contrary. Laval has always maintained that he never signed an Ethiopian paper with Il Duce, but he has never disavowed that he made oral promises. Whatever the beginning, it remains certain that France deliberately withheld support of

England's "oil sanctions" in '36 and refused passage of arms, ammunition, etc., over the Djibuti-Addis Abbaba railroad when Selassie had no other means of communication save by camel caravan through the Sudan.

England obviously knew of her ally's treachery, for she returned France like coin many times over, later on. This was the break the Dictators had been waiting for. While London and Paris eyed each other distrustfully, Hitler and Mussolini prepared to advance, lustily rattling sabres.

In rapid succession during March, April and May, Germany rebuked England, announced the size of her new, and forbidden, air force, then boldly repudiated the Disarmament treaty of Versailles, creating, much to the consternation of France, twelve army divisions, each 100,000 strong.

By June 1935 the flood of asserted power

had reached amazing proportions. Berlin and Rome were elated, Paris enraged and London fearful. Hoare decided to repay France her blunders, and also hoping to placate the rampant German, offered Hitler a naval accord, which he gleefully accepted. The Quai d'Orsay exploded; Laval mouthed bitterly his fierce denunciation of such trickery, but how well he must have known the cause.

Thus was the stage set for the coming debacle. The firm front Britain and France had presented was broken, Bartou's valiant work of fifteen years scrapped in four months. Italy and Germany had gained the dominant position, they now could move first, while others were forced to wait and hope—to hope desperately for a mistake on the part of Il Duce or Die Fuehrer, a mistake that as yet has not come.

To be continued.

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Book Reviews

edited by Jack Buckwalter

"CRIPPLED SPLENDOR"

By EVAN JOHN

Inanity seems to be the vogue in book titles. Thus "Crippled Splendor" might be either a romantic history of the American dictator or another doctor's life story somewhat exotically titled by the combined and laborious efforts of the Dutton Publishing Company. However both these suppositions are wrong. The first, remarkably typical sentence—"In a small stone-walled room in the castle of dun-donald, a large man lay sprawling on the matted heather of the floor"—quickly dispelled such ideas. For with that beginning what else could follow (barring the "March of Time"), but an historical novel.

In this case it is the story of James the First of Scotland, who fretted and fought his way through most of the first half of the fifteenth century. If this reviewer were in the Reviewers' Union, he could, and probably would, call this a lush tale of intrigue and adventure; a glorious pageant; an overwhelming succession of powerful scenes, pregnant with drama and color; a brilliant procession of poignant character; a work splendidly indicative of the author's breadth of imagination; a significant addition to historical literature; an important literary event.

Such a description would contain a grain of truth. More exact and certainly more truthful is the following opinion. "Crippled Splendor" is a perfect example of a modern phenomenon already very much in evidence in many different fields; specifically the influence of the moving picture industry. Its effect on fashions, the theatre, various industries, etc., to say nothing of ideas and ideals, has long been accepted. However its effect

on modern literature has not been definite until now. Evan John's novel, which will undoubtedly be followed by a score of imitators, has the dubious distinction of being the first to demonstrate the definiteness. It is practically a scenario. The short scenes which make up the book are typical of movie action, dialogue, and setting. There are a few acting and stage directions thrown in for clarity. However in choosing the scenes, the author has erred. For he has, with a few exceptions, avoided or merely hinted at the most dramatic incidents. That sort of thing would never go on the screen, except in second-rate picture. Perhaps Mr. John ought to see better shows.

If "Crippled Splendor" sounds interesting to you, yet you are allergic to the printed word, don't worry. Made at a sum akin to the national debt and minus its beautiful title, it will appear at your local theatre next year.

ROBINHOOD RAE

* * * * *

"MY SISTER EILEEN"

By RUTH MCKENNEY

"My Sister Eileen" was censored before it was written. Ruth McKenney says people refused to believe the worst that happened to them so she had to eliminate some particularly exciting episodes from the book. After reading the book, even a usually cynical reviewer has to admit that she was perhaps right in withholding the worst. As it is, this reviewer wondered if he were being a little too gullible in accepting all the incidents as unadulterated truth. Regardless of these spasmodic qualms, "My Sister Eileen" is a gay, witty book written for entertainment and

not to expound the evils of modern dictatorships and capitalism.

Miss McKenney goes back to her childhood days taking with her her sister Eileen and the reader, who little foresees the troubles he is going to dash into and wriggle out of with these two mad-cap companions.

First the reader goes, armed with a large hat (to hide behind it in too terrifying moments), to a movie house of the early 1920's. There he is amused by Fatty Arbuckle, horrified by Lon Chaney, thrilled by Rudolph Valentino and Theda Bara, breathlessly excited by melodramatic serials of the day. His verdict is the same as that of Ruth and Eileen—no tears, no good.

He then goes through music lessons with Eileen and elocution with Ruth; and with that ordeal safely past accompanies them to camp. Once there they immediately establish themselves as the bad sports of the camp and go about acquiring a permanent dislike for our friends, the birds.

The reader watches Ruth and Eileen grow up into a champion debater who cuts no ice with the men and the belle of the Epworth League, respectively. So on to college, newspaper work, to life in New York. Finally the reader, too exhausted to follow them further, watches as they dash out of sight pursued by the Brazilian Navy.

This isn't the great American biography. The author would be insulted if anyone claimed that distinction for her book. It is merely a collection of amusing anecdotes about childhood and adolescence. Just as there are some dull days in life there are also some dull chapters in "My Sister Eileen". In all fairness it must be said that when Miss McKenney is dull, she is very, very dull. However for the chapters entitled "Hungah" and "Our Friends, the Birds" the reader willingly excuses her for her occasional lapses from grace.

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Views & Re-views

Until 1929 the Federal Bureau of Investigation's men had no means of self-defense other than their fists, yet they were expected to bring before public justice ruthless murderers, kidnappers, and many other types of criminals too numerous to mention. When it was found that the crime wave could not be stopped unless some strenuous measure was taken, the President of the United States issued orders that the federal men were to be equipped with competent weapons so that they might not only be able better to protect themselves, but to protect more fully the American public and its interests.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation, organized in Washington in 1905 for the purpose of maintaining a law enforcement body, which could really protect the American public, is the most complete scientific crime laboratory in the world, and in its building many of the great crime cases in history have been solved.

As cases come into the Washington office, they are immediately assigned to the branch office nearest the scene of crime, and a squad of agents from that office starts work in solving the case. It may take them outside their district; if so, they either have to turn the case over to men of that district or get authority to proceed themselves, which is sometimes better than having men unacquainted with that particular case, carry on the work. There is only one division in the service which has complete authority to work anywhere in the United States and that is the famous "Roving Commission Detail" which is made up of six squads of seven men each. These men are used only on cases where the criminal they are after tries to evade capture

by constantly fleeing from one state to another.

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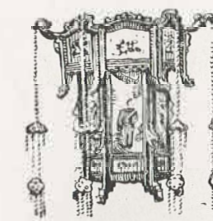
Another view; Yes, we have the best crime laboratory in the world, and probably the best criminals in the world; certainly the tallest buildings in the world, but how about having the lowest criminal record in the world (we believe held by one of the Scandinavian countries). We regret to say that the old American word *best* must be used once again, for low criminal records go hand in hand with best educational systems.

In syphilis control and social hygiene, plans for an expanded program of education to 35,000,000 young men and women throughout the nation were announced in New York by Dr. William F. Snow, Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the American Social Hygiene Association.

These activities, made by an "anonymous contribution" of \$25,000 will attempt, in addition to bringing knowledge of the venereal diseases before youth, to provide biological information and guidance in preparing young men and women for stronger and more enduring family relations, the announcement stated.

* * * * *

Further conclusion; We believe, the fact that the donor did not reveal his name illustrates the common social fear that people still labor under. This great barrier is one that prevents such necessary moral education. Nevertheless the donor is to be congratulated.



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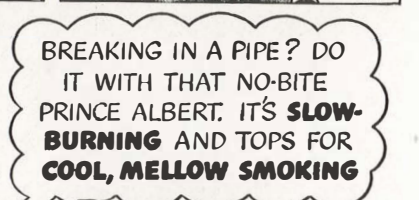
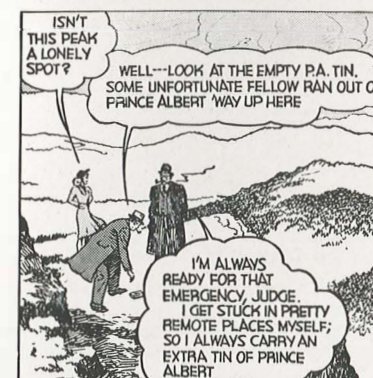
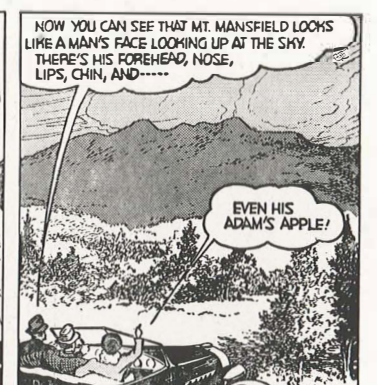
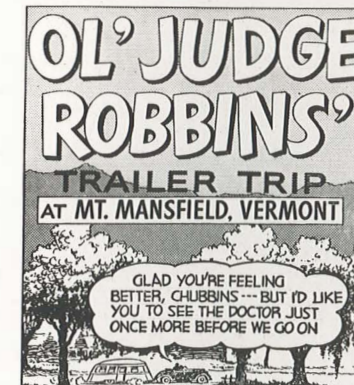
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