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1939

Flamingo, FW, 1939, Vol. 13, No. 2

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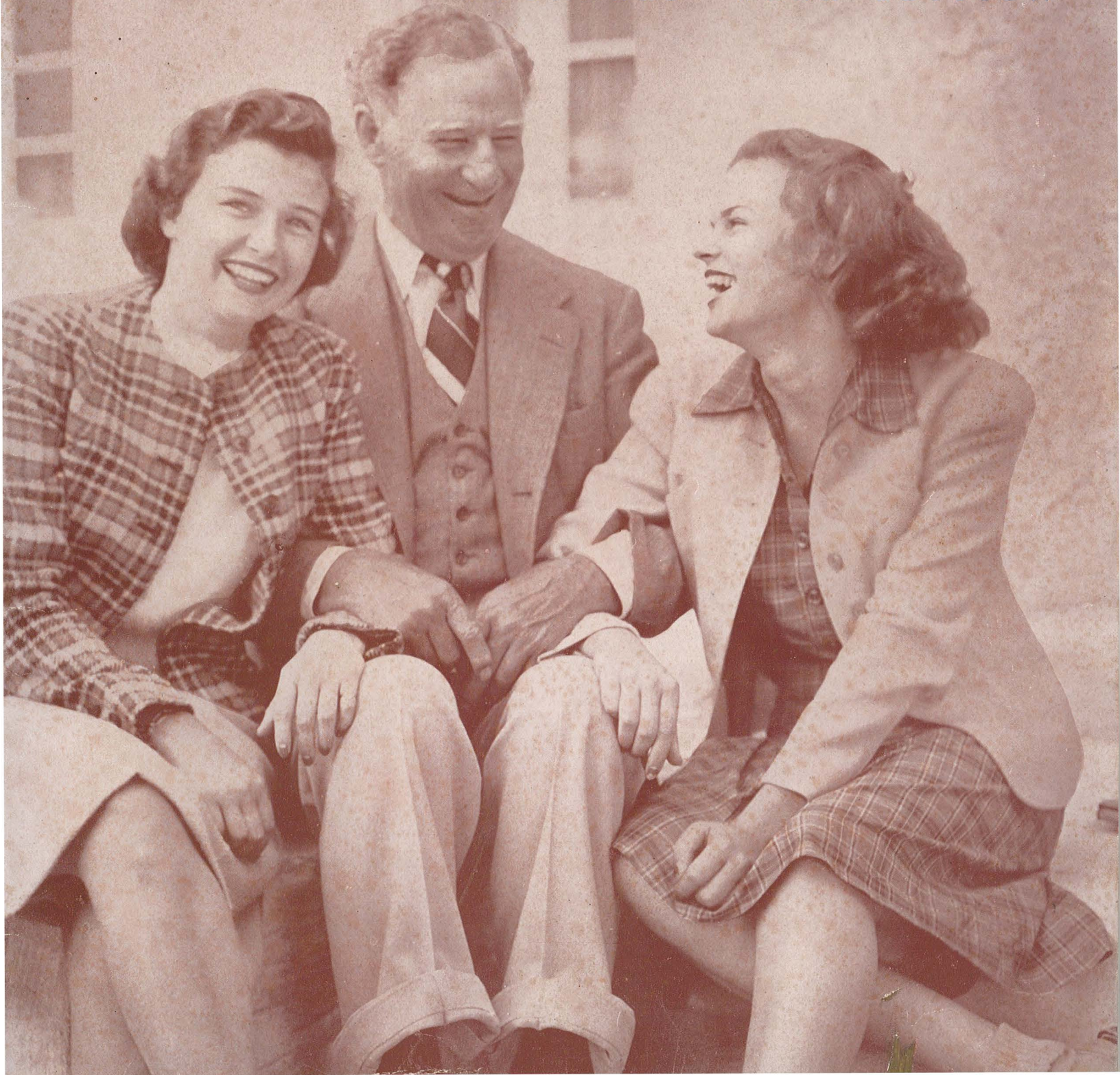
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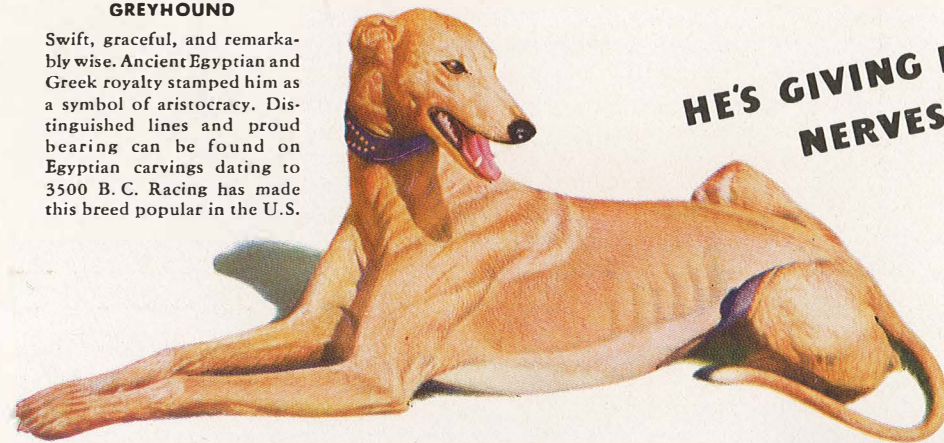
FOUNDERS' WEEK EDITION



Let up before your nerves get Tired, Tense

GREYHOUND

Swift, graceful, and remarkably wise. Ancient Egyptian and Greek royalty stamped him as a symbol of aristocracy. Distinguished lines and proud bearing can be found on Egyptian carvings dating to 3500 B. C. Racing has made this breed popular in the U.S.



HE'S GIVING HIS
NERVES A REST...

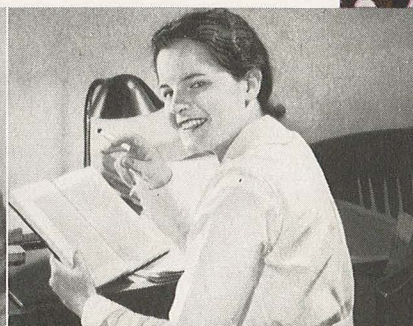
AND SO IS HE

IT'S thrilling to watch the flashing greyhound in full flight. But it's *important* to note that when the race is over he *rests*—as the greyhound above is doing now. Though the dog's highly keyed nervous system closely resembles our own, the dog *relaxes instinctively*! Life as it is today leads us to ignore fatigued nerves. We carry on despite increasing tension, strain. Be kind to your nerves if you want them to be kind to you. Pause a while, now and then. LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Let the frequent enjoyment of Camel's mild, ripe tobaccos help you take life more calmly, pleasantly, profitably!

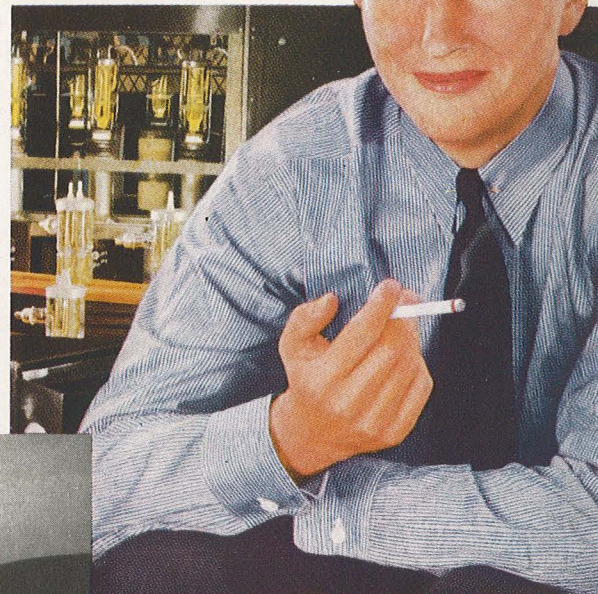
These busy, happy folks give their nerves a chance—they "Let up—Light up a Camel"



SALESMAN JOHN K. SPEER finds Camels good partners in his business. "On my job, I can't afford tense nerves," says Mr. Speer, "so I ease nerve strain often. I let up and light up a Camel. A pause and a Camel gives me a swell sense of well-being."



X-RAY TECHNICIAN Audrey D. Covert says: "My work requires great concentration. Naturally, it's a strain on the nerves. My simple, pleasant method for avoiding ragged, upset nerves is to rest now and then, and let up and light up a Camel."

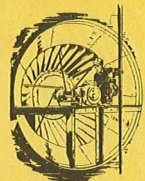


A SOUND ENGINEER controls the complicated equipment which puts a radio program "on the air." You'll find many a Camel smoker in this nerve-straining profession.

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



DID YOU
KNOW:



—that tobacco is remarkably sensitive to moisture? That at one stage, practically all the moisture is removed from cigarette tobacco, and just the proper amount restored for manufacturing purposes? That there are more than 40 huge air-conditioning machines where Camels are made? Camel spends millions to preserve the mildness and richness of finer, more expensive tobaccos.

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

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ROLLINS FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

VOL. 13 FOUNDERS' WEEK EDITION No. 2

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COVER

Fred Stone, Dean of the Stage, advises on Rollins life.



He Walked on The Water

ANNE ANTHONY

HE WAS living there long before I can remember, before I was born I guess. In that odd little hut on the steep side of Old Fearless, the sharpest and the highest mountain within hundreds of miles. Old Zachery was how we called him. He might of had another name, but none of us knew it.

Skinny's dad and mine were both riding for the Silver Shoe pack outfit then, and Skinny and I thought it was exciting having a real hermit living off in the hills. Old Zach looked the part, too. His grey hair hung in a tangled mane around his shoulders and lost itself in his enormous, matted beard. Winter and summer alike he wore a kind of robe-like affair that he made himself out of cast-off gunny sacks. Once Skinny and I tried making ourselves a pair of sandals like he wore of pine bark and deer thongs, but the efforts were unrecognizable when we had finished.

No one ever saw him without his rifle under one arm and his Bible under the other and at least one of those great, gaunt cats following him or riding on his shoulder. He never spoke to anyone, but if you happened to meet him in the woods or on the trail he'd meet your eye and hold it until you'd lower yours with a feeling of 'shame that you couldn't understand.

Did I mention the cats yet? From the time I was colt-size on I was frightened silly of those cats. Skinny held them in a fine contempt, so I tried to pretend that the sight of one of them didn't give me goose pimples and make the hair stand up on the back of my neck. I used to spit disgustedly through the gap in my front teeth at their mention, but, Lord, how they scared me!

Old Zach had at least fifty of them. Anybody who had an unwanted litter of kittens

always left them at the foot of the scant trail that led to his shack, knowing they would be taken care of. No one ever presumed to take them up to his door. There was a certain dignity about the old fellow that we all respected without deigning to admit it, and Zach didn't like company. He preferred his cats.

I remember one moonlight night Dad had to go after a ramuda of horses up by Sunday Lake. They had been grazing thereabouts for nearly two weeks and might have drifted several miles in any direction. I loved night riding and could make myself handy when I wanted to, so Dad let me saddle up a little paint pony I liked to ride. I felt important and thrilled as we took out side by side, and very much a man as the trail narrowed us down to single file.

It took even longer than we had thought to round up those horses, and it was close on to midnight when we had 'em headed down the trail for camp. Dad was 'way up front leading, and I was at the end of the string feeling less important, very tired, and oddly nervous. The little paint felt my nervousness and shied skittishly at every moon-shadow. When we stopped to drink the horses at the intake to Sunday Lake I felt him trembling under me, and he hardly wet his nose in the water to clear it of dust, not drinking at all. Dad called to me that the horses were acting queerly and to keep my eye out in case they smelled a bear in the neighborhood.

The horses heard it first, pricking up their ears sharply, old Zachery singing down on the little half-moon of beach. He was clear across the lake from us as we rounded the bend, but the moon was so bright we could see him plainly. And the cats were all around him. Old Zach was striding up and

down on the little beach, his great, hoary head thrown back singing with wild abandon that old hymn that had sounded so tame in church:

"I've seen the lightning flashing—
I've hearn the thunders ro-ol!
I've felt sin breakers dashing—
A-trying to conquer my soul!

Then I've hearn the voice of my Savior
A-telling me still to go o-on.
He promised never to leave me—
Never, no never—alone!"

And those cats, hundreds of them it seemed, silent and ominous, swarming around his feet, following at his heels like a pack of hounds. It was a weird sight and strangely beautiful. I know he must have heard our horses, but he did not stop because of them, rather he raised his voice as if they were friends who had come to hear him sing before. I feel sure that he was unaware of Dad's and my presence there.

I don't know if it was our story that started the legend about Old Zachery's walking on the water. I could almost believe it myself after seeing him standing there at the lake's edge with his drab, grey hair silvered by moonlight, his great voice thrilling the very animals of the night, and those cats thronging at his heels.

Dad went to work the next summer for the Kiltner outfit over on the next range of mountains. The pay was better, so we stayed three years there. I had seen Skinny only three times in those three years, so I was plenty glad when the Silver Shoe sent for Dad to come back to them at the same pay he was getting from Kiltner.

Skinny and I were awkward and ill at ease with each other the first day we got back. Three years had made us almost strangers. But one day together and we were buddies again. Naturally, we talked about Old Zach and his cats. Now that I felt myself a man grown—and drawing half pay from the

Shoe—I confessed my childish fear of Zach's pets. I nearly fell off the corral fence when Skinny owned up to the same fear and even admitted in a burst of confidence that he still felt the same chill whenever he saw them.

The country had opened up a lot. The Shoe was making more money than ever before off the campers and hunters. They even put a telephone in the main lodge to take telegrams and reservations that came from the city. Folks seldom ever saw Old Zachery any more. He kept to his hut and the back hills where campers didn't go.

Then one morning soon before daylight the crew was just sitting down to breakfast when two fellows we'd set up in camp the day before came staggering into the lodge white and shaken. They'd walked fifteen miles in the middle of the night by moonlight until the moon had gone down and then by flashlights and matches. They claimed they'd seen Old Zach walking on the lake with his pack of cats at his feet, his head thrown back, singing, not looking where he was walking.

We explained to them about the old hermit, how he took in all stray cats for miles around and how he walked with them on the beach, singing. The two fishermen felt a little sheepish then, saying it must have been a moon-mirage that made them think he was walking on the water. They wouldn't go back to the lake, though. A couple of the boys went up and broke camp for them, and helped them pack their car.

I had to pass by there the next day on my way over Barren Pass with a mule load of supplies for a couple of trail builders. They were making trail into Lady Bess Lake, a pretty little piece of water and virgin fishing. The boys in the bunk house all thought it was a damn' shame to name it after the boss's fat daughter.

Anyway, I forgot all about that as I passed old Sunday. It was broad daylight, high noon, in fact, but I couldn't help feeling cold

and shuddery remembering the night I'd seen Zach and his cats on the sandy little beach across the lake. I wondered for a moment, dreading the trip back in the darkness, if I might think of some excuse to stay the night with the trail builders and come back in the morning. But then I called myself a horse's so-and-so and snapped out of it. You can do that when the sun's hot on the back of your neck.

It wasn't so easy coming back. I dumped my load with the trail makers, had a quick snack with them, and started back. It was black dark before we crossed Barren Pass, but my horse and the mule on the lead-rope came along quickly without hesitation. Soon the moon was up so I could see too.

It was riding high and bright when we stopped at the intake to Sunday. I felt almost like the same scared kid who had paused there nearly four years before, and the feeling was borne out as I felt the horse tense under me. We came on along the trail then with me giving the horse more spur than was necessary. I had the odd feeling of hoping to see Old Zach and his cats again as we passed—and in the same second conscious of fearing that I would see them.

It was a strange sound that came to us from across the lake as we rounded the bend in the trail. Not Zachery's weird, wild singing. But the fearful yowling of a pack of cats. I saw them then, a shadowy company of lithe, moving bodies, prowling the short length of the beach and back again. The moonlight struck up green fire as it caught here and there among them a pair of eyes, and their voices set up a strange mixture of sound, a blending of fear and joy, agony and exultation. But their master was not with them.

There was no need to spur my horse then. He was as frightened as I. I could hear the mule's terror in his breathing and his fear maddened little feet behind us. But through all the noise of flying hooves, frightened

breathing of the animals, and my own pounding heart that thundered wildly in my ears, penetrated the dreadful yowling of those cats.

The boys in the bunk house laughed at me when I told them, and I laughed too, trying to hide my fear under a show of braggadocio. But they winked at each other and wanted to know with exaggerated concern why I was so pale.

Anyway, they found old Zach's body in the lake two days later. He'd been there about four days—since approximately the time those two fishermen thought they'd seen him walking on the water. Personally, I don't believe in modern miracles, and your guess is as good as mine.

The cats have turned wild and make interesting hunting for the guests of the Silver Shoe. But more than once on a moonlight night I've seen a pack of them there on the narrow strip of beach on Sunday Lake, not as many as there used to be, and more ragged looking. They're silent now so as not to advertise their presence to the hunters, but to me they're an ominous and fearful sight still.

MEMOIR

If, in the weary course of time
We're mindful not of present things—
Realize once, once long ago,
We bartered trial for pleasant things.

If, as the slow dull years roll on,
Our Mem'ry dims and we're wont to woe;
Realize once we laughed at years,
And challenged life, once, long ago.

If, as the endless hours creep,
Th'unwrinkled face gives way to Age,
Realize once, once long ago,
We scorned the utt'rings of the sage.

Carolyn Naught



Florida's Fish Bowl

JOHN SMITH

IF YOU want to play Jules Verne with all the security of ten feet above sea level, plank down your cart wheel and stroll down the corridor of exclamations, where phrases of "Must be all of ten feet" or "Well I'll be damned. Just like a vacuum cleaner!" or "Does he always grin like that, Mama?" and "whiskers just like a cat's" are not the slightest bit uncommon any hour of the day. For you're circling the largest indoor aquarium tank in the world at Marine Studios, a few miles south of St. Augustine, and getting pretty testy about the whole thing, because every porthole is blotted from view by tilted heads and peering figures, intent upon something beyond the glass.

"Oh!" squeaks a woman directly ahead, stepping back and laughing in embarrassment at the same instant. "That thing with the whiskers, whatever his name is, ran right into my window."

She passes on, and seeing your chance, you adroitly slip in behind her, and at last have a full view of this man-made briny deep.

If you are the sort who whistles when pleased or surprised, you'll whistle; if you're of the breath-catching school, you'll hold it for an instant, for your first view of this Florida fish bowl will startle and thrill you, and instantly the world of reality around you is snuffed out.

Scarcely five feet ahead of you, in green-tinted water so clear that you can see spectators seventy-five feet opposite you peering back, is a grinning, cavorting fish of kid grey with a white tummy, rolling up and down as he swims, often turning complete somersaults in his abandon, his eyes hidden in a crease seemingly caused by his amused countenance. Beside him bound two equally grinning companions, breaking the surface when he does,

and plunging downward to play in the depths again, all seldom more than three feet apart. Had you been standing at the top of the tank when those three sleek, shiny backs momentarily broke the surface, you'd have received a hiss of air from the trio for your trouble. For these big denizens of the deep are mammals, and breathe from a small, dark orifice near the top of their head. Below, where the light is soft and penetrating, there are no ripples, no reflections. It is as if they and all the other fish in the tank, were suspended in air, or noiselessly playing in a colorless substance. Every detail, however small, is visible. One of the porpoises has been scratched on his tummy, and a faint, red line traces the scar. His smooth skin wrinkles and flexes as his powerful tail propels him in his merry circle. Head on, he swims toward you, and you now notice for the first time his tail is horizontal, not vertical like most fishes'. Like a great paddle he fans it up and down, often spurning toward one of his companions and rolling over at the same time, tickling his stomach on the other's pectoral fin.

Zoom! Something all soft brown and looking dry as a bone brushed past your square porthole. You jumped back, too. Peering forward once more, you can see him heading toward the opposite side. Such speed! He looks like a furry ten-pin torpedoing through the water. There! He breaks the surface, and from your point of view eleven feet below, you see him instantly bound downwards, heading in your general direction. Quick, now, and get a look at him. Long, stiff whiskers, bending to his speed; large, soft brown eyes, much like a horse's; and a funny, knock-kneed pair of flippers where he should have a tail . . . he's gone. But right behind him is his mate, and she's enjoying the trip, cru-

ing at half speed. She's a sea lion, and as she gracefully glides by your window, she winks at you. Fresh! No, she's only using her left flipper and tail flipper, and apparently resting her left eye too. That soft, furry coat doesn't seem a bit wet, and when she breaks the surface to bark, her whiskers cause a mess of little bubbles in her wake. Now that you notice it, she's blowing bubbles all the time, like an underwater express. Of course, she doesn't weigh a thousand pounds like her cell mates, the porpoises, but she and the Mr. make up for that in speed and agility.

Off to your left, and perhaps out ten feet or so on the sandy bottom, a big, barnacle rock rouses itself and swims forward a foot or so, only to become motionless again. This scaly Tony Galento of the deep is a giant Jew fish, which you immediately nickname Hitler. He's by far the ugliest and most monotonous looking creature in the entire exhibit, including the immense loggerhead turtles. When he first took up residence here, the authorities put him in the rectangular tank with the sharks, but it was considered best for all concerned that they move him, having seen him casually swallow a six foot sand shark in about two gulps. Yet for all his mere five hundred pounds, he floats with the ease of a light bulb, and the old bullet wound in his side testifies he's been around a bit. He behaves like a perfect gentleman now, though one night it is believed he got a bit hungry and ate the exhibit's only octopus.

What the devil! Who's this paper thin fellow with his mouth puckered in a soundless whistle, insolently staring at you? You might as well move on, for so long as you remain he'll give you stare for stare, and consequently block the view.

As you leave the circular tank, and pass down the corridor to the rectangular and largest tank, your mind, in all probability, is digesting and analyzing lots of things. One of these may be the clarity of the water, or perhaps you are amazed by how much the

whole exhibit resembles a chunk of ocean bottom that had been wrenched loose several fathoms under the waves and transported intact to this aquarium. For scientific study and motion picture facilities, it is unsurpassed in the world. All the delicate, many colored tropical fish, each with its odd shape, from a prickly pin cushion-appearing fellow down to the flat, transparent skates that slither along the bottom, sucking in sand and silt, and expelling it out immediately, keeping only particles having food value. All the patience of labor in placing real coral and sand and shells on the bottom, and a sunken derelict whose protruding ribs offer shelter to shrimp and amber jack is its own reward in the magnificence of the display. For it is underseas life, grim or humorous, as it exists in the ocean itself, and replacement of smaller fish to feed the giants is only natural.

Approaching a window set in the bottom of the exhibit, you hear a chatter of voices about you, in which the word "shark" is prevalent. Eagerly peering upwards you're disappointed and dismayed to see what appears to be a white pancake with a slender barbed tail gliding over you. He closely resembles a giant bat, and this underseas "Dracula" actually propels himself by a flapping of his "wing tips", giving an eerie appearance as he noiselessly sails around the tank, his tail stiff and trailing behind.

Looking toward the opposite side, through the maze of fish, you can make out three sharks. The largest, which now approaches you, must be about twelve to fourteen feet long. He's slightly above you, and you can distinctly see the jagged, white row of teeth in his scimitar-like mouth. He's grey, and a Sand shark. As you watch him, you cannot help observe what a muscular marvel he is. Predatory, fated to be ever hungry, roving, relentless, he never sleeps, never lets up his ceaseless swimming round and round. From the moment he is born he must keep that great tail moving, his sinister, chinless face

constantly on the watch for food. This particular fellow is not anthropophagous (sounds bad and it is: means 'man-eater') but he doesn't appear a bit underfed or thin around the ribs. And to get technical, he has no ribs, or any bones at all. He's all muscle and cartilage and when he rests on the coral bottom, he seems to partially deflate like a half filled inner tube. Almost insensible to pain and possessing terrible potentialities when aroused by blood in the water, this scavenger of the deep, this garbage can of the sea (for his stomach will digest a horse's hoof), with his weird, expressionless eyes will keep your nose pressed against the glass in awe and respect until something else will claim your attention. Perhaps it's the six foot green moray eel hiding under a bit of coral, waiting for dinner, or the awkward, skinny-legged crabs that touch everything within reach of their slender feelers.

But be it mammal or cold blooded, man eater or strictly vegetarian, or any one of the hundred oddities of marine life the aquarium boasts, you have at Marine Studios an opportunity to see it live in relation to its environment and enemies, as close to natural existence as human ingenuity can present it.

Remember, when you go, leave the fishing equipment at home. None allowed. You laugh? Don't, for almost every day some indignant customer splutters something about being a taxpayer and all as the attendants politely but firmly remove from his unwilling hand a line with bait, smuggled past the guard at the turnstile. This irate person fails to see the parallel of not taking a gun to the zoo, so why a fishing pole to the aquarium?

If possible, arrange it to be there at ten in the morning or four in the afternoon, which

is feeding time. Fed by hand, these thousand pound porpoises will literally stand halfway out of the water, on their tails, to get that succulent bit of chilled mullet. And when the sea lion manages to snatch the dinner away under the porpoises' very noses, then things begin to happen.

Don't take my word for it. I'm only an enthusiastic observer. But don't forget I warned you.

JASON

A meteor wanders thru the void
Of interstellar cold.
It's seen a thousand worlds grow dim,
A thousand stars grow old.
And ere its frigid flight is done,
Ten million more will die.
But even then this voyager
Will hurtle thru the sky.

'Twas here in icy Pluto's prime,
When red Mars ran with life,
Passed when cloud wrapped Venus
Was torn by war and strife.
It circled round a mighty sun
Beyond the System's reign.
But in the eons yet to come
It would return again.

A blackened cinder is the Sun,
About which corpses turn.
A Universe in which the light,
Of life has ceased to burn.
'Tis then the wanderer returns
Unto the system's fold,
To crash upon the parent star,
Its tale of space now told.

DEJAY SHRINER



More Than Words

FRANCES LYNN

HUME THAXTON's huge body almost filled the doorway that led from the back porch into the kitchen. "It looks a little dark in the West," he said. "Maybe we get that rain today."

"Maybe we do," replied Ella, his wife, as she darted back and forth from stove to table in preparation of the noonday meal.

"Dinner ready before long?" he asked.

"Dinner's ready now—that is, soon as I make it to the refrigerator," and she ducked under his outstretched arm and on out to the well at the back of the house.

A brown jug and a battered tin pail tied to a rusty chain dangled in the cooling depths below, and as Ella pulled at the chain she said to herself, "He hadn't ought to be a-stretching out his arms to me at dinner time."

The man's eyes glowed as he watched the movements of the woman at the well, for he loved her. "She plays at everything," he mused. "Calling a well a refrigerator—and believing it." But he was not displeased with her at that moment. "She's so light a good strong wind could blow her away . . . but it never has . . . and it never will." His face was almost tender. But the flame in his heart died down as the old recurrent thought took possession of him: "If only she were a praying woman."

When Ella returned, Hume was noisily washing his face at the bench on the porch.

A berry-brown boy in threadbare overalls, followed by a little girl in like attire except for a faded pink sunbonnet, had come to await their turn at the wash-bench.

"Pop's wasting water again," whispered the girl, Anna, to her brother. "Splashing it everywhere, when 'twould wet mom's zinnias."

"Shssh," cautioned the boy.

"Many worms on the beans, Lal?" asked Hume of his second-born son.

"It ain't worms, Pop, that's wrong with them beans . . . It's lack of water—and if it don't rain soon I'm giving up."

"Tut, tut, boy! Where's your faith?"

"Faith's one thing—rain's another," came Lal's tired voice.

The threadlike tinkle of a silvery bell broke the stillness of the stifling air . . . Dinner was ready.

Long ago Ella's grandmother had given her the bell to use in calling her dolls to tea. Through all the years she had cherished it; and now in this heart-breaking sun-baked plains country it played gallant accompaniment to her courage, which sometimes wore thin but never quite through . . . She was calling her dolls to tea.

The dining table occupied the center of the screened front porch that was living room by day, and sleeping-quarters by night during the summer months. The table-covering was a flimsy green cotton cloth, the only one Ella owned. It was a bit faded from daily laundering, but withal still valiant. Three parched pink zinnias peeping from a chipped china vase formed the centerpiece. Odd jelly glasses polished and gleaming held the tea that had been made at dawn and hung in the well. The daintily moulded butter-pats had chilled till they held their shapes to the satisfaction of their maker. A steaming crock of navy beans, a platter of boiled onions, and a frazzled wicker basket of piping hot cornmeal muffins completed the menu.

The children stood behind their chairs until the mother and father were seated; then they slipped into their seats, bowing their heads.

Hume Thaxton was at his best when pray-

ing aloud. At such times he appeared to be a man of matchless vigor, so strong his voice, so powerful his words.

For weeks on end he had been beseeching his Lord to send rain. Now, at this particular time he entreated at such length the carefully prepared dinner was suffering. The butter-pats were softening, the tea losing its chill, the muffins their crispness.

The children were tired and hungry. They had been working for hours under the scorching sun, trying to encourage the flagging garden.

As Hume continued to remind his Lord that he was laying hold of his promises, Anna, the small girl, unable to longer control her thirst, placed her dry lips to the outside of her tea glass. This gave so much comfort that she could not restrain her desire to taste the cooling drink—so she sipped and sipped ever so quietly until the glass was empty. In her haste to set it down upon the table, her tired little fingers loosened their hold, and the glass crashed to the floor just as the father reached the peak of his plea.

As the booming of a cannon ceases, so Hume's voice ceased. Raising his head he aggrievedly addressed his family: "There's no reverence in this house. Small wonder the Lord withholds his blessings."

"We have blessings a-plenty in this house," said Ella. "Here's the blessing of food right before us all . . . Pass the beans to your father, Lal," and she made her voice light and gay.

"There'll be water for the garden before another summer," she continued. "Jed will be here this time tomorrow, and he's got it all figured out to get water from the pond or the well or somewhere, without carrying it bucket by bucket. He calls it irrigation work . . . I'll be glad, for my back's got a little stitch now from last night's watering."

Ella and the children had done their best to save the garden. Every evening after sundown, for ages it seemed, they had gone to

the pond located in the pasture quite some distance from the garden-patch, making trip after trip to fill the buckets which they emptied at the roots of the garden things they had so lovingly planted. But the soil grew thirstier . . . and the water in the pond became lower . . . How they would miss the green stuff . . ."

But Jed was coming home tomorrow, and everyone was glad. Everyone except the father. For he had said to Ella: "You set too great store by that boy." And she had answered: "No more than he is due. Not every boy works his way through school, and at the same time holds a job on the outside so he can send money home to his folks." There was no bitterness in her.

"Well, he didn't need to go off to Agricultural School to learn farming, when I could of taught him all he needed to know right here at home."

"But look at the way he works during his vacations. He mends the tools, and works the soil, and doctors the cattle, and . . ."

"O, that's enough," said Hume, as though he could not bear to hear more of her words. "Anyway, he won't be doing much this vacation, because here it is nearing August before he shows up . . . And school was out in June."

"But, Hume, he was staying with his work at the garage as long as he could . . . He knew we would be needing the money."

And Ella went out in the yard and fed the chickens.

The past summer when Jed had been home he had suggested that they get a helper to work the farm for shares, but his father had rebelled at the idea. "There's four of us here—five, if you would give up your high notions and stay home year 'round," he had said. "Together we ought to be able to manage, with God's help, to tend our own little patch of land without bringing in outsiders—who would likely as not have notions too."

And Jed had answered: "Surely, Father, we should not make mother and little Anna work in the fields," to which Hume had roared, "I'm the head of this house!" . . . then humbly, "Me and the Lord."

And now, Jed was coming home again.

The day of his arrival dawned in oppressive dryness. Ella arose at four o'clock. She had not been able to sleep, for visions of the garden's being watered had danced blithely through her mind all of the night.

"You are up and about mighty early," Hume grumbled. "It feels sort of close, like we might get that shower today . . . But who am I to question the will of the Almighty?" And he turned over and went back to sleep.

Numerous tasks beckoned to Ella, and she set about her work with much heart. She mixed chicken-feed. She made a fire to boil water for the tea. She fed and milked the cow. She washed the table-cloth, and swept the kitchen floor.

When the clock pointed the hour of five she roused the children. Always she was breaking her heart calling these little ones to rise and take upon themselves the labor of their elders.

"Wake up, sleepyheads! Your big brother comes home today!"

Quickly they bounded out of bed, and soon were ready for the breakfast which their mother had somehow managed to prepare.

The smell of the food was sweet to Hume's nostrils; but he would eat later.

After the breakfast had been served and the dishes cleared away, the mother and the two children went to the garden to gather the best of its fruits for the dinner they would set before the big brother. But the garden yielded little, for the drouth was claiming every growing thing.

Jed had written that he would be with them by noon, and true to his word, his rattling old car pulled up to the door on time. His face glowed at the sight of his own

people. How he loved them! He thought his heart would burst of joy.

He greeted his mother affectionately. He tossed his little sister above his head, as she liked to have him do. As he hugged her close he thought her small body felt like wisps of straw. He flung an arm around Lal's thin shoulders, and told him that he was no longer a *little* brother.

"But, where is Father?" he asked, looking anxiously around.

"Out back smoking," volunteered Anna.

Jed hurried to the back of the house. "It is good to see you, Father . . . You are looking fine!" And Hume suffering himself to be embraced by the strong arms of his son, felt a passing thrill of pride in the strength of this boy—flesh of his flesh.

"It is time you're getting home. There's lots of work to be done around here . . . And I don't have the strength I used to have. But . . . I'm leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Re-seating himself, he continued his smoking. "After dinner," he said between puffs, "I'll show you around the place. Guess you are itching to get to tinkering . . . Tell your mother to hurry the dinner."

Thus Jed was greeted and dismissed.

Lal and Anna helped Jed unload his car. They were anxious to see what gifts their big brother had brought them this time.

Their eyes danced as they were handed their presents. Soft kid house-shoes for the mother; a dainty pink parasol for Anna; a shirt for Lal; and a splendid leather bound Bible for the father who had reluctantly joined the group at the sound of their gay voices.

Ella slipped her tired feet into the pretty slippers—she would wear them to dinner in honor of the day. Little Anna rushed out into the sunshine and gleefully raised the parasol in all its glorious pinkness. It reminded her of a morning glory. And never had Lal owned such a shirt. Reaching out for the

Bible, Hume said, "This is too fine a book for a sinner like me, but I have always wanted such a one . . . And the Lord has answered my prayer." Tomorrow would be Sunday, and he would carry it to church, not too proudly he hoped,—still, he knew in truth it was the finest Bible in all the country 'round.

At dinner Hume gave thanks for the return of the prodigal son, and closed his prayer without asking for rain, an omission unnoticed until it was too late to do anything about it. "How vexatious!" he scolded himself.

"It is great to be home," said Jed, feeling the strength of the ties that bind a family . . . "And this is the finest dinner in all the world."

Hume's face darkened. "We are plain people, and we never have fine dinners."

But the spirit of the boy was rejoicing, for he had suddenly made a decision, and cold lusterless words could not chill the shining thing in his heart. "Mother, Father," he said, "I have just decided that I shall not go back to school this fall,—but spend the year working here, putting into practice some of the things I have learned. Then, the *next* year, I will go back and finish—if everything goes well."

"But, Jed," Ella protested. "Jed . . ." And her face was as a morning sky that had been darkened by a cloud.

"There is work to be done here, Mother . . ." But he could not let his eyes meet hers.

"Let the boy have his way, Ella," said Hume. "Guess he sees that he can't learn farming out of books."

"But, Father," said Jed, "I have learned . . . O, just give me a year, and I will prove to you the value of ideas I have seen worked out. . . It is true that all of learning does not come from books." And he begged as one condemned. "Now, consider irrigation. . ."

"Irrigation nothin" Hume interrupted disgustedly. "If the Lord can make things

grow out of seeds, he can tend to the watering without man tampering with his plans."

"All right, Father. Let's forget irrigation, though that's the thing for this part of the country. Take fertilization, or the control of insect pests, the classification of soils, or whatever interests you most . . ."

"None of it interests me, and I'll take none of it. . . Eat your dinner, and while you are eating, be thinking about patching the roof of the barn before the rain comes and the feed-stuff gets wet. The shingles and nails are waiting. I got a ride into town last week with Joe Grimes, and I ordered the things sent out like you said last time you wrote. The lumber yard folks wanted their money right off, but I told them I would send it in by you this week."

And shoving his glass toward Ella for a third serving of tea, Hume looked across the table at his son and asked: "Have you got the money? . . . I'm a little short just now."

Jed drew a shabby bill-folder from his pocket. "Yes, I have it," he said. "Here . . . take it . . . it is for you to use, as you think best, around the place . . . We will drive to Plainville this afternoon—and I'll mend the roof as soon as we get back." And he returned the empty bill-folder to its pocket.

As Hume eagerly took the money, Ella thought, "How hard our boy worked for that . . . and now it is gone."

Hume's mood became genial. He was thinking how proudly he would lay a bill on the collection-plate at church on the morrow—and then too, there was the foreign mission fund to which he was always in arrears.

As Ella and Anna began clearing away the dishes, Hume and his sons went out to look over the premises.

"Father," said Jed, "we have good land here, and we can have a first rate place within a few years. It will take a lot of work, but we can put it over . . . can't we? . . . Can't we, Father? . . ." And he drew close to

his father's side. But Hume moved away.

"Yes, this is good land, and we can make it yield us a living, at least . . . that is . . . if you can forget some of your fancy notions."

"The old question again!" thought Jed. "Some day we must settle it." But to his father he said, "My notions are not fancy—they are just practical."

"Tut, tut, with your words," said Hume. "What time you want to go to town?"

"Whenever you say; but there's a little work to be done on the car before it will go another mile. I pushed it pretty hard getting here . . ."

"Gee, Jed!" broke in Lal, who up to that time had said nothing. "I bet you are tired as everything, and . . ."

"Hush, when your elders are speaking!" commanded Hume.

Lal left them and went into the house. "Mom," he said, "turn down the bed in the good room so Jed can rest a mite before Pop makes him go to town. He hasn't slept for ever so long . . . hurrying home to us. Pop is hard, Mom . . . I don't like Pop . . . Sometimes I hate him."

"My boy, my boy! Don't even think such things, much less say them."

Lal's heart was sore within him as he walked slowly towards his garden, where everything was dying of thirst. The bitterness of defeat was in his mouth—dry as the dust of the plains. He flung himself face down upon the hot ground. "Oh, God, don't let me hate this land. But let me die if my truck dies . . . Amen." Then he remembered that he should go help his brother with the car.

Hume, leaving the boys with the car, came into the house. "My! My! But the sun is hot. It has got to rain soon!"

"Where are the boys?" asked Ella.

"Fiddling with the car . . . Soon as they finish, we're going to Plainville—that is, Jed and me."

"Can't Lal go, too? He gets away so sel-

dom,—and he is such a good little boy. He works so hard,—let him go. Please let him go."

"No! There is work for him here."

"I will do his work," she pleaded.

"You do too much of his work now . . . You don't know how to handle boys . . . You have ruined both of them . . . And the girl too,—she is thoughtless as a grasshopper."

Ella gave up her beseeching. "Anyway, I think Jed should rest a bit before you all go."

"Tut, tut" he is strong as a mule—and as stubborn too. And Hume walked across the hall and into the good room, where he threw himself upon the bed that had been prepared for Jed. "Hand me the new Bible there on the shelf, will you? I'll read a few chapters while I wait on the boys." And soon he was snoring.

Listening to his heavy breathing, Ella thought almost aloud: "He aims to be good . . . He aims to be good . . . For he is a praying man."

The next morning brought the Sabbath. Ella and the younger children were up earlier than on week days, for they had all of their morning work to do, and in less time. Always on Sundays they went to the little church a few miles away. How they loved their Sabbath days! It was good to visit with their fellowmen; it was good to take part in the service.

Now, on this Sabbath day the children were light and gay, for they would not have to ride to church in the dingy old spring-wagon. They were going in Jed's car.

As they drove away little Anna said, "I smell rain, it is in the air. It will be here today."

"I hope you are wrong, little sister," said Jed. "Your big brother hasn't mended the barn roof yet . . . We were late getting back from town last evening."

"Anyway, it will rain today," she persisted. When they arrived at the church, Hume

was the first to alight. Lal helped his mother and sister out of the car. "Hurry, boys, hurry," said Ella. "Your father is already going in."

"Mother," said Jed, "Lal and I are going back home to cover that leak over the feed-stuff. We will come back just as soon as we can. That wind is getting stronger every minute . . . the rain can't be far off now."

With anxious hearts Ella and Anna slipped into the church, and took their seats by Hume who was already in his accustomed place, engaged in prayer. Though she knew he must feel their presence, Ella was thankful that he could not know that the boys were absent. A little later he would be absorbed in the service, and would forget about all of them.

Ella did not enjoy herself as usual, for she knew that Hume would not like the boys' not being there. After what seemed ages, the congregation was dismissed. As Ella neared the exit she heard the car sputtering outside—then saw it come to a stop. Jed jumped out. Running towards them, he said, "The rain is coming, and we will have to hurry,—but if we step lively we can beat it." Then turning to Hume, he said, "Father, the roof is almost fixed. I left Lal on the job while I came back for you."

"A Sunday job?" coldly queried Hume. So! you and your brother did not stay for services? You preferred to go home and tinker?

They were in the car hurrying away before Jed answered: "We saw the rain coming, and we went back. Wasn't that all right?"

"You well know that it was not all right. The Sabbath Day was meant to be kept holy. But I suppose that is something you learned at school—disobedience to the Lord's commands."

"But, Father . . ."

"Silence . . . You have this day disgraced my household."

"The ox was in the ditch, Humey," Ella spoke soothingly. She called him "Humey" only in their more intimate moments. But he would not even hear her voice now, and she became uneasy.

They reached home in breath-taking time. The sky became darker and darker. Hume jumped from the car almost before it had stopped, and rushed madly toward the barn where Lal was tacking down the last shingle. He stood at the foot of the fragile ladder that the boys had used in gaining the roof.

"Come down from there, you wicked boy! Disgrace to a Christian father! Defying the Lord on the Sabbath! Come down! Come down!" he commanded. His face was as dark as the clouds overhead, and his voice was as loud as the thunder.

"Just a minute, Pop," panted Lal. "Only two more nails." And he hurried as fast as he could, for the wind was coming stronger and he was afraid he would be blown away.

"Come down!" Hume roared, "or I am coming up after you."

"One second, Pop," begged the boy as he set the last nail and lifted his hammer.

Hume started up the ladder, and his new Bible was clutched carefully under one arm. Steadying himself with his free hand, he was midway to the top when he missed his footing, or it may be that the ladder broke—no one could say,—but of a sudden there was a crash. And there was a stake that had been driven into the ground near the foot of the ladder; and Hume's body was pierced by that stake.

Ella knelt at the side of the fallen man. She knew that death must be very near, for no soul could tarry long in such a tortured body.

"Go quick to Joe Grimes' place, Jed! Tell him to phone Doctor Simpkins that your father is bad hurt . . . Tell him to come fast as he can." Her voice was hoarse.

"Let's get him into the house, Lal . . . An-

na". But their combined strength was not sufficient to lift the heavy body.

"Don't try," Hume gasped. "Leave me lie." With his last consciousness he sought the eyes of the woman hovering over him, and whispered: "The Lord gives . . . And the Lord takes." And then he was no more.

And when he was no more, the rain began to fall—timidly at first, as though it were afraid; but after a while it came at a sprightly rate.

Once more Ella and the children struggled to reach shelter—but they gave up and settled down beside the body to wait for the return of Jed.

Little Anna picked up the bright new Bible and wiped its cover with the skirt of her one pretty dress. Then the rain came faster—and with trembling fingers she raised the pink

parasol, holding it carefully over the father's face. "A morning glory in the rain," she whimpered.

Jed returned shortly. He and Lal managed to drag the broken body into the house, where they placed it on the bed in the good room.

Then the doctor came. He would notify the undertaker at Plainville just as soon as he reached home, he said.

When the children had left the room, the doctor continued: "This is a terrible shock, Ella Thaxton . . . but he was a God-fearing man. . . ."

"Yes," said Ella, "God-fearing a-plenty . . . But the Lord gives and the Lord takes . . ."

And her face took on a new brightness.

STUPIDITY

A curse on their stupid blindness
Who prate of the soft cheeked rose,
Dew that sparkles, or dawning
That comes as the starlight goes.

A blight on these stupid sightless
And their praise of the snow white dove,
Or the "flawless" lines of the Venus
Or the tint of the clouds above.

'Tis they who stare at a sunset
'Til its light has shuttered their eyes.
'Tis they who prattle of diamonds
Or a night 'neath the tropic skies.

Yet, I pity them in their darkness,
Who never voice the vow
That more than their rose or goddess
Far lovelier art thou.

DEJAY SHRINER

MIST OVER GERMANY

Through cool, sweet morning mist as yet unset,
The scintillating sunlight sparkles—yet
We poor folk, who plow in early morn,
See not the glory of a new day born.

Each dawn we keep with you this silent tryst,
For we are thine, thy children of the mist,
Like those unlearned, and seeking books unwrit,
We wander, spectres in the grey of day unlit.

Like outstretched mother's arms you soft surround us,
While seeming to protect, you daily harm us;
Through fault not ours, we help him camouflage,
And we, the flesh, are shadows in mirage.

Send us a wind, oh elements beyond,
And sweep away this mist by which we're bound.
Give us a place to feel the warmth of sun,
A chance to see this land which once we won.

Till then it's not for us to ask him why
But thank him for our plows, my friends and I.
Till then you'll hear our muffled groans of toil,
The plod of naked feet on naked soil.

DOROTHY BRYN

LAMENTATION

There is no one in whom I can confide;
There is no niche wherein my heart can hide:
How futile seem the tears we're wont to spend
On sacred things abused! A bitter end.

Will come of this—this cunning deviltry.
This cannot be my land, my Germany!
Lighthearted joy, fulfill our one desire,
And rid our hearts of ugliness and ire!

CAROLYN NAUGHT

Rollins

The Campus in Picture

Edited by

JEAN FAIRBANKS • BOB BELDEN • JACK MAKEMSON



*Siesta
Gate*



*The
Warbling
Waiters*



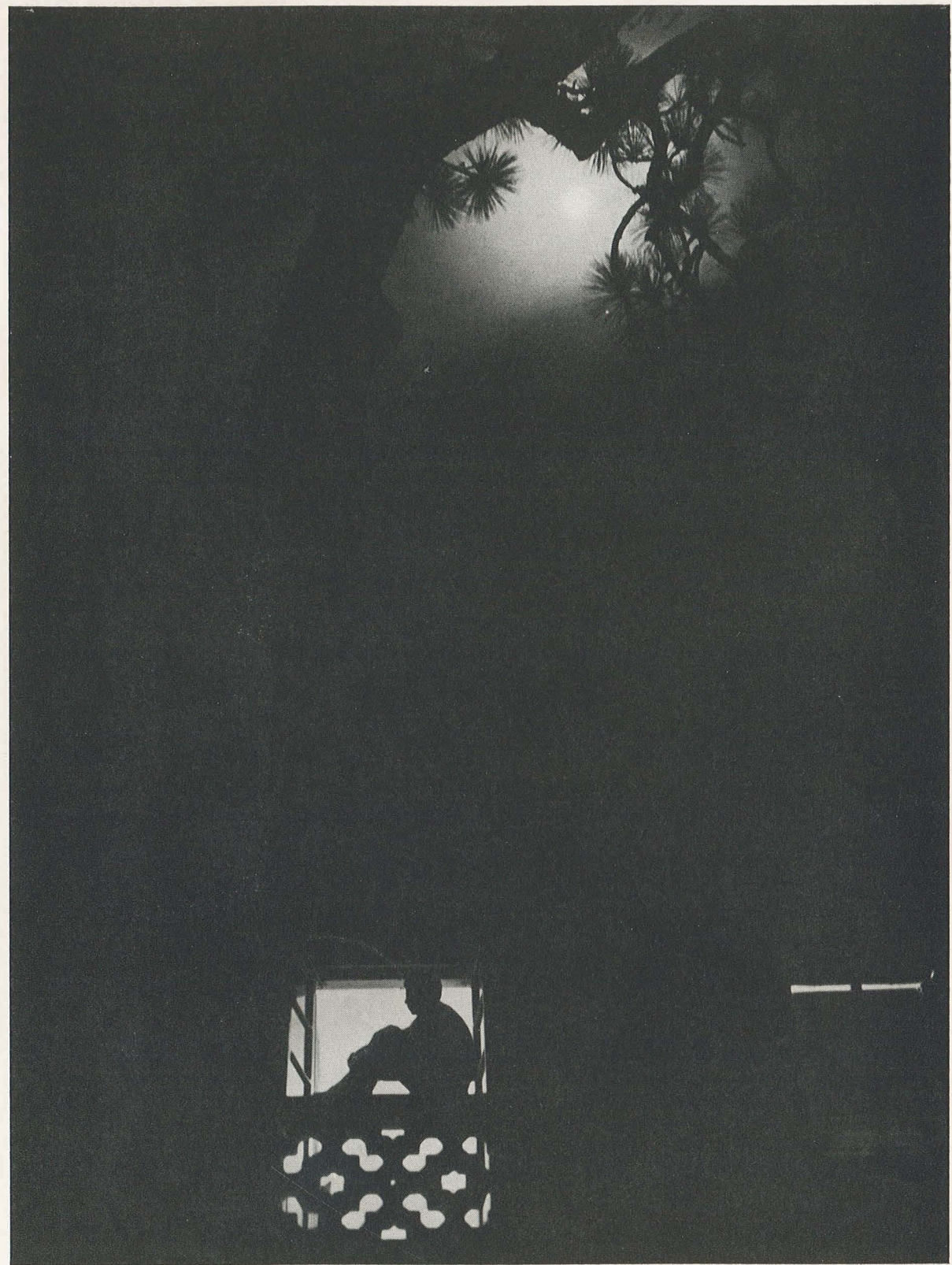
*Rollins
Idyll*



*Radio
Quiz*



Trilogy



Nocturne

Poems

WALTER ROYALL

CALL OF THE BLOOD

I've never seen quaint London Streets
Or roamed on Sussex Downs
Or launched myself on the many fleets
That have sailed from English towns.

Three hundred years have passed away
Since I've bowed before a king,
But when the hedge-rows bloom in May
I'd England-ward and sing.

Not I the mortal who can say
"Wherever I shall lie
Upon a bit of English clay
Shall look the foreign sky."

Three hundred years, I must repeat,
I've lived on Freedom's shore
But the old enduring longings beat
For English fields once more.

The Belle

Old wrinkled lady sitting in the sun
Beholding apple blossoms on the breeze,
What resignation in your gaze, for done
Your life of watching ships return from seas.

The apple blossoms and an oriole
Are all that hold within your feeble brain;
But once you were a belle of wide repute
And with a queenly grace dispensed your reign.

A meeting-house upon a curved green hill
Remembers you; and in the vesper dusk
The rustle of your gown comes down the aisle,
The atmosphere is sweet with pungent musk.

The church remembers—nothing else at all—
Your captain's gallantry; few know
Who sailed upon an unreturning ship
For farther shores, full twenty years ago.

FINALE

Now strangely quiet all my past loves lie,
Nor do they raise a disapproving hand,
Nor even lift a finger; they imply
Finality; and sleeping, understand
That only dust can blow about the land.
Their love, indeed, is no more than the dry
Erratic whining of the wind above the damned—
Too delicate for air to petrify.

But now upon the pyre of other days
We build a form exquisite in its mood;
A Phoenix-love that mocks at all decays,
So clever it will even Time elude.

How strangely quiet, how secure they lie,
Those loves that questioned once and learned reply.

ST. AUGUSTINE

This is the town whose every street
I'd walk upon with lighter feet
Than in another town.

This is the spot whose quiet charms
Have rocked a nation in their arms
And seen it grown.

This is the realm where glittering sand
Has made an Anastasia land;
And for a crown.

A light-house beacon flashes far
Across the night-dark waves—a star
No cloud can drown.

This is the town—St. Augustine,
So beautiful, so bright, so clean;
No heart bows down.

PATHS

I walked the way in early dawn
When rose-tinged mist had spread
A veil of filmy splendor on
The pale verberna bed.

I walked the way in morning bright
When all the world was fresh—
Electric with a radiant light
Reflecting stone or flesh.

I walked the way in noontide sun
When all along the street
The gossamer waves, mirage-like, spun
The aerial harp of heat;

Adored the way a saffron time
When rays were pounded gold
Drawn out of sunset's wealth sublime—
Primordial Law controlled.

I walked the way with you one night,
With you;—the stars, the moon,
That rent the curtained darkness quite
Could never know how soon

The vibrant longings of my heart
Would loose their straining ties;
A wandering ship had found its chart
Initialed in the skies.

I went the way with you, and so,
I'll never go again;
For fate could not repeat, I know,
So exquisite a pain.

BELOVED

Tomorrow you will rise and leave this land
That we have learned to cherish: fragrant grove
Of pines, the lilled pond, the stretching band
Of road, the oaks and moss that interwove.
The house will echo strangely and the dust
Will settle slowly with the passing days.
The jasmine vine outside the door will thrust
Its perfumed asterisks in careless sprays.
Tomorrow, when the morning bird appears
And sings upon the oleander bough,
He'll sing a little longer—no one hears;
He sings upon another tree-top now.

Beloved, I will learn my task at last
To understand the Present is the Past.

RETURN

Robin, if you're heading North
Stop at a tangled lane
And tell the wild rose and the fern
That I shall come again.

And Robin, if you linger there
And build your nest in Maine
Then tell the earth that when I die
There shall my heart remain.

And tell the sea that I would be
A subject of its reign,
And tell the fields I'd lie content
Beneath their golden grain.

Call The Kettle Black

JESS GREGG

WHEN you bum aroun long enough
you get to enjoy a good day jest
like you can enjoy a good meal or a
good woman.

This day in El Paso was really too hot
but I liked it cuz it was the kinda weather
that made you feel Sunday-dinnerish—sleepy
an real peaceful. I could sorta stand a Sun-
day-dinnerish feeling as my meals lately
were sorta spaced.

Hell, I didn have nothin to do an the day
was clear an easy with the cicadas buzzin
electric-like in the trees an the air so still it
stuck to you, so I jest hung aroun the park
there. It's a nice place. Lotsa shade an
benches an in the center there's a fenced-off
bit with a pool where they gotta coupla al-
ligators.

It's real fun to watch em, big lazy ole crea-
tures that don hardly move at all cept to
follow the trees shadow aroun. They jest
lie there like dirty ole sacks till someone
throws a cigarette butt on em. Fer a few
minutes they don know from nothin, but
purty soon it begins to burn thru their hide.
Then the ole things roll and twist an paw the
groun an stretch open their jaws an writhe
as funny as anything.

I wasn throwin any cuz I have a conscience
about tosstin aroun good cigarette butts to
gators that don get the real benifit out of em.
But this guy nex to me. Jeez, he was a
wonder. He'd keep flippin em, never missin
em, an when the gators begin to flop aroun
you could hear his big laugh in hell I bet.

He was a big guy. I felt like a shrimp be-
side him an I'm over six feet. He had black
hair on his hans an knuckles an his arms was
jest a regular crazy-quilt of tattoos.

Not such good tattoos at that. All wimens

legs an bloody hearts an initials an stuff that
was rough-done.

I gotta hunner an niney-eight, he says to
me, proud. Did em all myself.

A guy nex to him gives him a nudge.

That is, he goes on, cept on my back an
they was part done by my fren here.

He points to this guy beside him. I din
like his looks much. Real pasty with a skin
which looked like a braille book I seen once.

After rollin em, the fellas would tear their
cigarettes in two to make more. All the folks
was crowded aroun watchin an holdin their
sides with laughter at the way those ole
gators squirmed. The kids, the fat house-
wives with their marketin an Mexican ole
ladies and business men in shirt sleeves. It
was real good to see so many diffrent kinda
people havin so much fun together.

Sunnly, the big guy nudges me an says
looka that, will yuh.

He points to a woman who was draggin a
kid along by one arm. I seen her type be-
fore. Lotsa curls with dimoud stars in em, a
real hard face alla time searchin mens eyes
like as if from force a habit.

The big guy winks one a his beady eyes at
me an a snake of a smile wiggles accrosst his
face.

A Jaurez woman, he sneers.

Wonner where she got the kid says the
pasty face kid.

Nobody answers but we all smile.

The kid looks real like her, cept—oh I
dunno—sorta cute an soft an his eyes are
alive.

He'd been ridin a hobby horse, but he falls
down an it breaks. Musta been cheap any-
way, but the way this dame carries on, you'da
thought it was a hairloom.

Thas right, she shouts when he comes up

with the wooden head in one han an the stick in th' other. Break everything you get yer paws on. Jeez Chris!

Well the kid ain ole enough to know that when a woman is onreasonable like that, you can't fix things up with a frennly kiss. He goes up to her an snuggles close, perplexed-like an ready to fergive. Well this dame she jest pushes him away.

Fer Gawds sake, she says thru her teeth, cantcha quit that stuff and gwan away an lemme alone.

She goes over to the drinkin founin by us an leans over fer water. The big guy nudges me again.

Jeez he says, ain that awful? Looky.

Leanin over with only that one lil red cotton dress on, you saw more a her then I guess she usually showed fer nothin. On her lef bres was tattooed a flower. Blue petals it had, with a pink center that wasn no tattoo mark.

Ain that turrible? repeats the big guy.

The lil kid whose been fiddlin aroun with the hobby horse, sticks it together again like you know it ain gonna last an comes runnin up to her like he jest swum the Adlannic.

She didn even looka him. Jest stood there starin off into nothin. He tugs her skirt an she wheels aroun like to slap him good. The kid dodges like he was used to it, bawlin out jest the same.

The people in the park was watchin her real silent. Me, I coulda spit.

With a snort a anger the big guy turns back to the gators. Fer a minute he puffs his cigarette then he flicks it with a gorjus curve that lands it right where the leg joins the gators body. Right where the burn gets the best results.

Well darned if that ole gator didn right away start in pawin the groun an twistin like he was hell-bent fer the booby-clink. Honest it was a scream. We was laughin like crazy when this damn woman pushes me aside real rough. She leans over the founin quick an

takes a mouthful a water an then squirts it out where the cigarette is burnin the gator.

Its real quiet all of a sudden. She turns aroun an glares curl-lipped at everyone, the big guy in perticular. At firs she don say nothin, jest looks. Then she snarls it out loud.

You bastards ain human.

An grabbin the kid by the arm she drags him off after her, fast.

We was sorta still fer a minute cuz we cant figger her out. Then the pale guy trys to laugh, but it was sort uva flour-an-water laugh so it didn count.

Watch her drag thet lil tyke away, the big guy says real sudden, his voice sorta wigglin with deep feelin. It jest gripes me in the stummick to see that pore lil kid treated so cruel by a slut like that. An he flips another cigarette butt straight at the yawnin mouth of a gator, in genuine disgust.



Thank You George

P. R. KELLY

WHO, that tall guy with the big shoulders? Why, that's Harry Easterly. Honest to God . . . yes, sir that's the same guy you used to chase home from school every day. Some change, eh? You mean you been back in town a whole hour and you ain't heard *that* story yet? Well, sit down, man, and lemme give you a earful.

You remember how skinny old Harry used to be? Gosh, how you used to kid him! And run! . . . say, I can see him yet, just a sailin' down that hill with you snortin' along behind him, yellin' like a Indian. Yeah, I remember that, too . . . those awful sissy white stockings his mom used to make him wear. Never will forget the time you and Jim Moroney got him down and dipped 'em in that tar to make them black like ours. He like to die yowlin' for his mom that day. He was a funny kid, for a fact. But look at him now. One of the town's leadin' lawyers, vice-president of Keewanus . . . and got two of the prettiest darn kids you'd ever wanta see.

Oh, well, I was just comin' to that. Right about two weeks after you moved away, we was playin' bounce out down there by Stoney's old lot . . . there's a nice big double house there now, fellow name of Grant put 'em up around two years before the depression started. Well, 's funny, I can remember almost every thing just like it was yesterday and it's been . . . 'um, let's see—been about twenty year now. Yeah, well, like I was sayin', I was pitchin' and George Firth was up and just then Harry comes along with that little white mutt of his. Sissy lookin' kind of a dog, just about like Harry. George had that big police dog of his there and you know how he could rip 'em up. How 'bout that time

he grabbed old Smitty by the leg when he chased us for hookin' his grapes? Yeah, well, anyway . . . right away Balto, that was that mutt's name, Balto he tore right out after this little dog and the little purp ran right back by Harry and he stooped over and picked him up, his old eyes just about poppin' he was so scared and his face whiter'n ever. Balto came tearin' up there and stopped right in front of Harry growlin' and showin' his teeth. I guess I'd a'been scared too. But George, he got mad. He told ole Harry to put his damn sissy kiyoodle down and let'em fight. Harry just stood there, lookin' kinda sick. Finally George reached over and yanked the purp right outa Harry's hands. That's about all there was to that ole purp. Balto just grabbed 'im up and zowie! the purp was kickin' and throwin' his legs up in the air, just afightin' for breath. I guess Balto broke his neck . . . he was sure a strong hound! Ole Harry he just bent over the pup and picked 'im up. He was cryin' just like a regular baby. And he didn't say a word. He knew he better not. Hell, George coulda' killed 'im with one punch. Harry stood there lookin' at us for a minute, his eyes all puffy and the tears streakin' all down his face. Then he turned around and went up the street. I guess it wasn't his fault he was so sissy. Not havin' any old man and bein' raised by that old maid aunt of his must've done it.

Harry was about thirteen then, a real tall, skinny kid. Looked like he never got enough to eat. And he never used to play any of the games with us. Not that we wanted him to! But from that time on we started to see Harry doin' funny things. He got a job that summer workin' down at the county farm center. They tell me he like to kill

himself totin' those big grain bags around. But he stuck it out. Come winter time he looked a little more like a human being. He got a little tan on that white skin of his and his legs and arms didn't look so terrible bad, like they used to. I used to see him comin' home . . . he used to walk that three miles down and back . . . and he used to look just about all tuckered. Then that winter, Ike Jones that used to live down there by the Pond used to see Harry come trottin' out past his place real early in the morning. Ike used to get up to do the milkin' 'bout five and he said ole Harry used to float by there, rain or shine, about five-thirty. Of course we never knew what he was up to . . . he never talked to any of us and we never saw him except to chase him and throw stones at him. Funny thing was that he wouldn't cry any more. We thought he was practicin' runnin' so's he c'd get away when we chased him . . . and that only made us hate 'im more.

He went and got a job workin' after school during his first year in high school. We like to drop over when we see what he was tryin' to do. There he was, workin' on the ice wagon, tryin' to move those big chunks of ice with those skinny arms of his. We use to razz him plenty about that, but he never let on he hear us. He got away with it, too. And that spring he goes out for the track team when the coach finds out about him runnin' like that and danged if he don't make that team and win a couple of races that first year.

Harry was always a smart son of a gun and he did pretty good there in grades. And he kept gettin' bigger. When he wasn't runnin' he was workin' . . . if he wasn't workin' he was down in the gym foolin' around with the weights and the bars and such stuff. But he still wasn't near the size of George. George was like a bull, if you remember. He didn't get no littler, neither!

Well, sir, it went on like that for quite some time. We didn't bother Harry much

any more; fifteen year old, most of us was by then and all girl crazy. Harry he just never paid us no mind at all, just kept goin' along in the quiet way he had. And George, he was playin' football, bigger and tougher than ever. But Harry was a sight to behold. All that runnin' he done put a leg and chest on him like a giant. And that ice totin' . . . man, what an arm that boy had from that! He had a real athletic build, nothin' like George or yourself—you're too chunky. Harry's a wee bit fat right now . . . but I guess you can still see that he was pretty good.

Right about that time old Sloanie our superintendent and Seikel, the athletic director got together and decided we was to have a boxing team. I'd been tossed out of school on my ear 'bout that time and I never did go back. But Joe Morey, he went out. You know Joe always liked to fight. So did the other guys that went out for it. All of them but Harry. Yes, sir, old sissy Harry Easterly went and tried to make that team. They had Rattle Kichline there as an instructor. Rattle wasn't no Perfessor but he knew all there was to know about that boxin' business. And right away he sees Harry is a natural. He's got a nice, easy stance, two good solid legs and those sloping shoulders that mean punching power. And quick! Why man, old Harry really moved like a streak. We just couldn't get over it. In two months he was as good as many a perfessional, they say. He wanted to learn, just kept practicin' all the time. Rat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat he'd make that punchin' bag say and then wham! he'd turn around and whale into the heavy bag. And he was just as nice and cool and polite as ever. Even after he cleaned up in his bouts that winter, he never got puffy about it. People started to forget all about Harry bein' a sissy. He got elected president of his class.

I said people forgot about Harry bein' a sissy. I should 'a said . . . *some* people. George Firth never did. He never got *quite*

as mean as he used to be when they was little, but he kept burnin' into Harry all the time. But he never could get Harry's goat. We never would'a known what was under that guy's noodle if it hadn't been for that dance.

It was just another of them kid affairs over at Seibert's old ball room up there over the Orpheum. Harry never bothered with the girls much but he was there that night with Helen Winters, that cute little kid from up on Mulberry Street—paw used to be a engineer or somethin'. And of course, George was there, foolin' around with Peggy White . . . yeah, she always was kinda perky. It was right about the middle of the dance I guess, when we first started to notice what was goin' on. George was followin' Harry around the floor, tryin' his best to bump into him. He and Peg was makin' out like it was great fun, pointin' at Harry and Helen sorta funny like, and sorta showin' off. Harry didn't pay no mind to 'em the first couple times they bumped 'em. He just said excuse him and kept on dancin'. But then he began to notice that all them bumps wasn't accidental. Even then I don't believe he'd a got real sore if George hadn't whirled into them real hard and slammed his big hoof down on Helen's toe. She gave a screech and George he just laughed and started to dance away.

The music stopped just then and it got awful quiet. Everybody stopped and looked at those four. Helen stood there on one foot, wincin' and holdin' the other in her hand. Harry was white as a ghost . . . and he looked like he was goin' to bust out cryin' just like he use to. It's funny but I remember hopin' at the time he wouldn't. But say . . . he sure did look ready to turn on them faucets. That's where George made his mistake. He turned to Peggy and made some sort of a wise crack, I guess. I never did hear, but Harry sure must have. He walked over to George, real deliberate like and said—just like he was sayin' how de do—he said, "George, I'd like to see you outside." Be-

lieve me, boy, there wasn't a pin dropped in that there room. If there was I could have heard it . . . and told you whether it was a straight one or a safety pin. Everybody stood there for a minute and then the guys all made a dive for the stair. There wasn't nobody goin' to miss that! The girls they all got together in bunches and started jabberin' like fools. A couple of them came sneakin' down stairs later to see what went on.

We piled down those stairs plenty fast and got out under the light on the street corner in the alley back of the Orpheum. George he came blusterin' down, with his coat already off, lookin' real tough and swaggery like. Harry come down right after him and stood there, waitin'. He took off his coat too, folded it real neat and placed on the curb. It was a sure 'nough toss up. Harry was fast and strong, but we was all thinkin' a little bit in the back of our heads that George was goin' to make him cry just like before. George was still the toughest kid in the gang and he was bigger than ever now. We was all set to see a lalapalooza.

Harry walked right up to George. 'George', he says, speakin' real slow-like and low. 'George' he says, ever since that day your dog killed Sport I been awaitin' fer this. All that ice and grain I toted . . . you helped me. All them miles I run, you helped me. Now I'm goin' to thank you George!" 'Put up your hands!' he says, and jumps back. Well, I'll say this for George. He wasn't afraid. He come a tearin' in there with his ole head down and his big fists poundin' like pistons. And right then and there we knew it was all over. Harry just flicked out that left hand of his, snapped him off guard and wham! he socks him right on the jaw. George just went right over backwards. He lay there for a minute shakin' his head and then I looked at Harry. He was standin' there with his eyes narrowed and his fists ready. All of a sudden he straightened up and a funny little smile came in his face. Just

then George got up and made a dive at Harry again. And Harry flicked him off again, did a funny little shuffle step and then, just as we were all waitin' for him to pound that right home again . . . he could have done just like fallin' off a log . . . just as we're all there watchin' to see George go down, Harry steps back and don't shoot it.

And after that it was just funny. We all knew that Harry could have mangled George. But George was bull headed. He wouldn't give up. He kept borin' in, swingin' like a rusty gate. And ole Harry just stepped around him, not hittin' him hard, but just tappin' him enough to throw him off balance and make him miss. I guess they'd still be at it if Sparky, that cop with the big nose, hadn't come along and bust it up. From that time on, Harry was O. K. with us. We knew he could have pounded George . . . and didn't.

George he never did get over it. He just went from bad to worse. Finally about two years after Harry started to practice here he was washed up for fair. Been in jail a couple of times and couldn't hold a job at all.

Well, sir, just about that time, things was pretty bad and . . . huh? . . . what's that? Oh, yeah, I was just comin' to that Harry had a nice new home and a big car and he said he needed a good gardener and chauffeur. So he gave George the job. Yep, that's George helpin' him in the car now. Maude Feist, that works over to Harry's place says they get along great. Maude says she can't understand it but one time she heard Harry tellin' his wife that George Firth helped him more than any one . . . and Harry's just as polite as ever. Listen, now, when George closes the door. Hear him? He said, "thank you, George!"

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Symphony In A Minor

WARREN GOLDSMITH

TSCHAIKOWSKY, the famed Russian composer who lived from 1840-1893, had for many a year intensely disliked chamber music. (Quintettes, quartets, trios, sonatas.) In fact this great man who was frightfully nervous and sensitive said that the very sound of chamber music actually hurt his ears. The years, though, seemed to cure Tschaikowsky of his great distaste for this musical form, because in 1871, he produced his "Quartet in D Major", the beautiful "Andante Cantabile", which is loved the world over. Three years later, he gave the world his second quartet in F, and in 1875, he produced still a third quartet in E flat minor.

Nadejda Von Meck, in 1876, was Moscow's richest woman, and this widow, a great patroness of the arts, loved music above everything. Hearing Tschaikowsky's compositions, she became so devoted to them that she decided to correspond with and financially aid the composer. Consequently, a correspondence sprang up between Tschaikowsky and Nadejda Von Meck which lasted for thirteen years. For thirteen years this remarkable woman gave the composer a pension which enabled him to write his beloved music, but this assistance came only with the complete understanding that Tschaikowsky and his benefactress should never meet. For thirteen years these two poured out their lives and souls in long letters, and through these letters their friendship became of a very deep and spiritual nature, just as if they had frequently seen each other, and yet, true to their strange understanding, they never actually met. Even when they passed each other on the street or met at concerts, they never exchanged a single word. Nadejda's letters never ceased to inspire Tschaikowsky, for she zealously encouraged him to write some of his finest

works. Moreover her intense sympathy and understanding, her perpetual encouragement, and her financial backing gave the naturally unhappy and rather morbid composer more joy than he had known during his entire life.

At the commencement of this story, I mentioned Tschaikowsky's once violent dislike for chamber music—a dislike which he had eventually defeated. By 1881, he had penned at least three string quartets, but soon these works were to be eclipsed by a trio for piano, violin and 'cello—one of the greatest compositions, in that form, which the world has ever known. He started work on this treasure of chamber music in January of 1882, and at this time he wrote the following interesting letter to Nadejda Von Meck:

"My dear, what do you think I have begun to write? You will be astonished! Maybe you will remember suggesting to me once, that I write a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, and maybe you remember my answer—in which I told you plainly how I disliked that combination of instruments. And now, in spite of this antipathy, I have decided to make a trial with that kind of music. I have already written the beginning of the trio; I don't know whether it will be successful or whether I shall even complete it. But I want to finish at least as much as I have sketched.

"I hope you will believe me when I tell you that my chief reason—or rather my sole reason—for reconciling myself to this combination of strings and piano, which I never liked, is to give you pleasure. At other times I have tried, it is true, to put my musical ideas into forms new to me. I want to overcome all technical difficulties, and to this inspira-

tion is added now the warm encouraging knowledge that perhaps I shall please you by so doing!"

Upon receipt of this letter, Tschaikowsky's devoted benefactress was embarrassed and upset that her beloved friend should make such a sacrifice for her happiness, because above all, she did not wish him to labor at musical forms distasteful to him—especially just for her sake. She quickly wrote him to this effect, and his answer was:

"At the beginning, it was a real effort to reconcile myself to this combination of instruments, but now the work interests and intrigues me, and again I love to think it will give you pleasure."

In Moscow, October 1882, Tschaikowsky's completed and revised trio was first performed in private. This magnificent work is dedicated: "To the memory of a great artist", and the occasion of the trio's first performance was the anniversary of this great artist's death. The man thus honored was Nicholas Rubenstein, who founded the Moscow Conservatory of Music. That Tschaikowsky's impassioned trio should be dedicated to him was by no means strange, for the feelings of the great Russian towards Nicholas Rubenstein bordered on adoration, and Tschaikowsky had previously dedicated his mighty B flat minor piano concerto to Rubenstein.

The Trio "To the memory of a great artist", more than one hour long, is of vast length for chamber music. Because of this, and especially because the immense technical and interpretive skill demanded of the musicians, this intense composition is seldom performed. It deserves to be heard far more often.

Only two movements comprise the trio, the first of which is an elegy, and the second, a theme with variations. The elegy commences with a long theme stated in a minor key. This melody is slow, stately, mournful. We immediately realize the true depth of Tschai-

kowsky's lamentations over the passing of his devoted friend. The intensely slow, sad, opening tempo ends—the time suddenly becomes moderately fast and passionate in character. Poor Tschaikowsky is madly longing for Rubenstein, in his eloquent, frenzied music. We hear furious scale passages for the violin, while a little further on the instrument soars and sings in its warmest, richest capacity. Pounding, high-wrought notes issue from the piano, as if Tschaikowsky himself were pouring out his heart over the keys. The 'cello sings full-bodied, utterly sweet accompaniments. More and more impassioned the trio becomes, as the three instruments, blending together, seem to transcend all earthly things. The music expresses despair, and the instruments appear ready to weep as they cry out the composer's words: "Ah, my dear friend is gone—gone forever. Never will I see him again. My grief is almost too deep to bear. Oh, how I miss him."

Again the mood changes. With soft, flowing piano and 'cello accompaniment, the violin sings a tender melody—not slow, not fast. Although still very sad, the music has brightened somewhat, for this section seems to embody Tschaikowsky's reminiscences of bygone days with Rubenstein, and his grievous regret that those days will never come again. The music is so clear and frank. We can even see the two men walking side by side, perhaps arm in arm. The wistful theme is softly repeated by the 'cello, and then the violin elaborates on the melody, which becomes louder and brighter, as if Tschaikowsky were suddenly elevated and consoled by the thought that, after all, he and Rubenstein would be reunited in the next world. The great composer's spiritual elation, however, lasts but a short time, since he quickly plunges into the deepest grief and yearning. The music changes from major to minor, retarding at the same time, as the lugubrious opening theme once more announces itself. Repetition of foregoing material follows, and the first,

or "elegy" movement, of the trio ends in the deepest, most hopeless gloom.

The trio's second movement, which is a main theme, with variations, deals entirely with Tschaikowsky's personal recollections of Rubenstein, and of the man's individual characteristics. Each variation denotes different characteristics and moods of the artist, and judging from the movement as a whole, Rubenstein must have been a man of great energy, as well as of strong personality, for the music is often very quick and forceful. Tschaikowsky wrote this long and extremely varied second movement in the freest style, for each variation is very different in nature, tempo, and rhythm. At first, the theme is expressed by piano alone. A melody which is low, sweet, simple, and hesitating, perhaps implies that Nicholas Rubenstein was an exceedingly good-natured, modest, sensitive, and self-controlled man. Later, however, this melody becomes turbulent, and we hear rushing scales and all sorts of elaborations from the three instruments—passages which severely tax the technique of the musicians. Like so many great artists, Rubenstein was undoubtedly very temperamental, and easily became excited. We hear a variation which is very slow, lingering, and gloomy. Maybe Rubenstein, like Tschaikowsky, was subject to intense introspection and to dejected, morbid spells. Again the theme appears, this time brilliantly disguised as a dreamy, sweeping waltz, and here the composer might have intended to express not only Rubenstein's refined manners and social poise, but also an acutely graceful and sensitive artistic judgment.

As the movement progresses, a radical change in mood and rhythm ushers in a lively mazurka, which is a colorful dance of Polish origin. Without stretching our imagination, we can picture Rubenstein in a very gay mood, perhaps at a lavish dance of the Russian Imperial Court. Until the end of the movement, there is practically no wist-

fulness and melancholy, as though Tschaikowsky was temporarily far too busy dreaming of his associations with Rubenstein, to realize that the latter is dead. But as this movement draws to its close, the jovial, loud, exalted music suddenly gives way to the funeral melody that opened the trio's first movement. Now this melody is clothed in darker hues than ever, as though the composer were abruptly awakened from his long, delightful reminiscences by some death pang which reminded him that his cherished Rubenstein is in his grave. Thus an atmosphere of the darkest gloom and despair ends the Trio "In memory of a great artist".

This trio is fascinating, beautiful, and noble from beginning to end, yet, strictly speaking, it is not chamber music, and thus Tschaikowsky failed to some degree in his endeavors. Chamber music is what its name implies: music to be played in a small room to an intimate group of people. These facts, together with the very important point that trios, quartets, and quintets should never be orchestra in nature, show that chamber music should be more or less low, restful, and written in a manner appropriate to this most personal form of music. Music composed for three or four instruments should never be so dramatic in scope and so intricate in structure that it causes the listener to say that it is far more like orchestral music than like chamber music. But this is precisely what the listener says, when he hears the Tschaikowsky Trio, and this fault is what causes the great work to lose some of its musical worth, and to fall short of being actual chamber music.

Tchaikowsky was a composer of mighty symphonies and symphonic poems. His musical thought was in terms of the orchestra, and being primarily an orchestral composer, he was unable to keep within the bounds of a trio. His Trio "To the memory of a great artist" is so emotional, lengthy, and varied in mood, that it should have been

written for full orchestra. The piano part, especially, is so gigantic, important, complex, and all-inclusive of that instrument's tonal range, that it often sounds as though it were simplified from an entire orchestral score, as does a piano when, while assisting the soloist, it takes over the orchestral score of a piano concerto. The scoring of the three instruments, the great technical difficulties of each instrumental part, the intensity and richness of the trio, and indeed is entire breadth of conception; make the composition far too orchestral.

Many famous conductors and composers have transcribed works of music from their original forms to the medium of the orchestra. Why, therefore, could not a gifted musician or composer, transcribe for orchestra, Tschai-kowsky's "Trio in A Minor"—"To the mem-

ory of a great artist", and rename it "Symphony in A Minor?" With really skillful orchestration and otherwise proper handling, the trio would find its full expression and would reveal its utmost beauty and meaning if converted into orchestral form. Moreover, it might well become one of the very popular works in the symphonic repertoire. I strongly feel that the labor of transforming this trio into a symphony would be far more than just worthwhile, and I am certain that this task could be successfully accomplished. I love this trio, but would love to see it improved by being transcribed for full orchestra. Someday in the not too distant future, I shall be most eagerly awaiting the first performance of Tschai-kowsky's "Symphony in A Minor"—"To the memory of a great artist."

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The Legend of Gomez Point

"OLD TRAILCRAFTER"

IN THE stern of our bobbing canoe, Red, my grisled conch-guide, ran a brown, gnarled finger down the salt-stained coastal chart he held in his hand. Pushing a dirty, broken fingernail through the maize of island markings and keys that compose the vast expanse of Florida's mysterious Ten Thousand Islands, he stopped, finger tip tapping on a key.

It was marked "Panther Key." A short snub-like point jutted out into the Gulf on its coastal side. On the chart, this was merely marked "Gomez Point." The chart markings on it showed "Palms." That was all.

"We camp there tonight," Red said mysteriously and rolled up the battered chart.

* * * *

As we paddled out through Porpoise Pass, the key suddenly loomed up out of the sea. At first just a dark strip of land on the horizon; then her two tall, weather stained palms, the ones marked on the chart, mushroomed up against the sky.

"There's a queer story about this heah Panther Key," Red said suddenly from the stern of the canoe. Then he lapsed into exasperating silence.

The mysterious air that he had taken on since pointing out this key on the chart that morning, made me all the more curious.

Before coming down from the North, I had heard vague tales about these Florida coastal keys. They had been the hide-out of thieves, buccaneers and pirates. Blood from untold killings have stained their white sand beaches and spattered the glossy green mangrove leaves. Their murky, mosquito-infested interiors reeked with mystery. Looting of rich merchant vessels followed and then—buried treasure!

I tingled with anticipation.

I waited. Red said nothing. "Well—," I ventured, trying to push him on. Only the steady rhythmic splash of his paddle answered my impatient inquiry.

Out on the horizon, a white streak now circled the edge of that dark strip at the water line, glinting in the afternoon sun. The bright coastal beach, appeared first as a thin silver strip, then thickened, pushing the key up out of the sea on its shoulders. Larger trees focused into shape. The two cocoanut palms reached higher. They were old. What had they seen? We paddled on.

Soon Red stopped paddling; let his blade drip over the side of the canoe for an instant, then reached for his pipe. I knew the story was coming.

"The pirate, Gasparilla, use to have these islands for his hideout," Red began, sucking long draughts on his ancient pipe. "He'd run his boats out of these keys, catch a merchant vessel out of New Orleans bound for Philadelphia or New York, kill the passengers and crew, loot it and then run back into these islands. No one could ever catch him 'cause they didn't know the channels that run back through this mass of mangrove keys."

"His right hand man and first lieutenant was Gomez, the worst cutthroat villain of his bloody crew. Only by sheer ruthlessness and brutality did Gomez maintain order in his chief's murderous band."

"Several times, warships of the United States Navy were sent down to clean out this robber's nest, but never could the federal sailors ever take anything but a life boat up those narrow uncharted passes. Ambush of these small parties was frequent and terrible."

"One, the man-o-war 'Redbird', anchored off shore here and sent in a party of sixty

men. Even after they were a week overdue in coming out, no amount of force or punishment could make those terrified sailors on board the vessel form a rescue party. Finally, after two more weeks of waiting, the ship hoisted anchor and sailed away. No one has ever found out what happened to those men."

"Years later, after a bloody battle, Gasparilla and his band were caught, taken to New York, tried and all hanged. One managed to escape. Gomez. Only he knew where millions in loot and gold were hidden on these keys."

Red stopped paddling to relight his pipe. I held the canoe on its course while he rummaged around in the pack for matches. We were getting into shallower water and the huge ground swells first lifted our canoe up on their smooth crests and then slide her down into a deep trough. The key disappeared and reappeared with monotonous regularity.

"Later, he settled on the point of this here Panther Key," Red resumed, between puffs. "He built a lonely little shack under those two cocoanut palms. Had a little sloop and used to sail into Caxambus (a little fish camp about 30 miles distant) about once a month and buy provisions. The uncanny thing was that he always paid his bill in gold coin. Spanish pieces of eight."

The booming of the surf on the beach now came out to us. The big rollers flayed the outer oyster bars and beach unmercifully, making a low, ominous pounding-roar. The palm leaves of the two trees whipped straight out in the wind. Clusters of cocoanuts clung into the foliage of each tree, afraid to fall. Flocks of pelicans wound slowly around the key, flying in perfect formation. The tangled mangrove bordering the beach looked dark and sinister.

"He wouldn't let anyone come near this island," Red was saying, "except a boy from

Caxambus, who, in his child-like way, had struck the fancy of the now aging old pirate. As their friendship grew, the boy would often spend days and sometimes weeks with the old man. It was rumored in Caxambus that the boy was finally told by the old man where the Gasparilla treasure was hidden. But no one ever knew for sure, and, when back in town, the boy refused to talk.

"Years passed. The boy grew into young manhood and went to New York to work.

"One month the old man didn't come in for his provisions. A week passed and still he didn't show up. A fishing boat put out from Caxambus and they found him, dead, in his little palm thatched shack. A peaceful death was his reward for a violent life.

"A frenzied search of the shack, premises and island revealed no trace of hidden wealth. They buried him right out on that point ahead there and sent word to the boy in New York to come immediately. He would surely know where the treasure was hidden.

Flocks of Gulls wheeled and screamed overhead. A porpoise rolled in the shallow water near the bow of the canoe. The palm trunks shone a bleached hite in the waning afternoon sun. Long trailing seagrape vines criss-crossed on the beach. A wave of ugly, red land crabs swept scurrying back into the jungle as we approached the shore. The underbrush was dark and forboding. Cocoanuts were strewn about. And everywhere,—everywhere—there were diggings—diggings—mounds of dirt and sand.

"The day the boy was leaving for Florida he was stricken by pneumonia, rushed to the hospital and died there two days later without talking," Red finished, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"To this day no one has ever found that treasure."

The bow of the canoe grated on the sand and I stepped out on Gomez Point.

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HITLER ALSO HAS A "NEW DEAL"

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

A Tale From the French

DON BRADLEY

THE Spring of every year since 1934 has brought, with its freshness and budding life, the stark terror of threatened war. By June 1935 the dictatorial nations had so completely gained the upper hand in the game of power-politics, that, though few realized it, France and England were helpless to do anything but watch and hope.

London and Paris were highly suspicious of each other. Neither could depend on the other's support in diplomatic maneuvering, and at this crucial point, Mussolini acted.

He knew very well the conditions in his favor. Since 1933 his general staff had been planning on the Ethiopian conquest. France would not oppose. Laval had seen to that, and England could be expected to delay until too late.

The moribund League of Nations would gasp and groan at Geneva, but a little bluff, with much hysterical rabble-rousing, could be employed to scare it into submission. And above all, Il Duce knew, that once the war was under way, nothing could stop it but a general conflict. On this he had to gamble, but not too greatly, for there on the other side of the Alps and drawing nearer to the Rhine day by day, Hitler waited.

In one thing only did the Italian leader err. He forgot British public opinion. This and this alone, nearly threw Europe into a World war. It was all the cabinet and Baldwin could do to keep from precipitating the Continent into a mad shambles, with England unprepared.

When the sordid methods employed by Mussolini at Wal-Wal in December 1934 to force Ethiopia into war, had been thoroughly

aired by the League, it became apparent that the affair was a put-up job, so raw that even the common people couldn't swallow it.

While the Italian troop ships steadily crawled through the Suez, all during January, February and March of 1935, England and France were having great trouble quieting public opinion.

The situation became so delicate that the British fleet stationed in the Mediterranean received orders not to give any cause for Italian aggravation.

Mussolini's newspapers were howling for war with the English viper. Even within the British Cabinet itself, the statement was advanced that to tempt Il Duce too far would be to drive him into a declaration of war, which of course would be highly regrettable in that such a catastrophe could only increase the suffering present in the world.

This rather peculiar philosophy seems to have become the policy adopted by England during the dangerous days of African warfare. Yet the British lion had to make a gesture of strength, though its Realpolitik did not need it.

On one side we have the English fleet withdrawing from advanced positions at sea, and on the other side, the Downing street agents provoking oil sanctions at Geneva. Add to this the cold shoulder given to Selassie, the betrayal of the English voters desired program of aid to Ethiopia, and you have a perfect picture of post-war muddled Realpolitik, the policy of ignoring the weak and hindering the strong, but never implicating itself, a policy that has led England into mistakes she may not correct in a generation.

Mussolini bullied his way forward, never

giving in by so much as an inch, while the world waited, hoping for action of some sort.

It came, but not from the source expected. The League of Nations, urged on by England, though secretly dissuaded by France, finally imposed sanctions on Italy, sanctions that were useless for they covered only materials that were of no value. The important oil sanction was never imposed. England couldn't enforce it, and France didn't want it.

Italy laughed at the League's feeble dictates, and pushed the Ethiopian campaign, more vigorously than ever.

Early in December 1935, the now-famous Hoare-Laval proposals to Italy, on accepting two-thirds of Ethiopia, and calling off the war dogs, were haughtily rejected by a glory-

inflated Duce, and the dubious honor of originating them forced Hoare's immediate resignation from the English Cabinet. Laval retired from action later on in January. Both men were made the sacrifices of their respective Governments, put on the block to cover the horrible blunders of supposed statesmen.

Finally to make the bitter cup the more bitter, Flandin, new French Foreign minister, sabotaged, for the last time Eden's attempts to have oil sanctions passed by the League.

And while the Democracies were sadly contemplating their many errors, while London and Paris trembled to think of the future catastrophes they had foolishly prepared, on March 7, 1936, Hitler marched into the Rhineland.

To be continued.



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The Spring Outlook

DICK KELLY

TO THE four hundred-odd students who make up the enrollment here at Rollins College, this subject may seem unimportant. But to the little group that will step out into an unusually troubled world, never to return to the comparative security of this college, it may have suddenly acquired an unusual and perhaps, foreboding significance.

For the outlook, for the nation, is at best none to heartening. Chief cause for the discouraging drop in the recent up-surge has been the continued unrest from Europe, particularly troublesome because America, powerful and capable of self-sustenance as she may be, is still as responsive as a weathervane to every shift of the fickle European winds. It is becoming more and more evident that the security which nations grope for is not to be ours in any part, as long as war scares continue to make our markets resemble elevators in their fluctuations.

The dismissal of Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Nazi financial wizard with its portent of the possibility of the inauguration of the inflationary methods which he so strongly opposed; the sweep of the Spanish insurgents upon Barcelona with the increasing likelihood that Spain will exist solely as a link in the chain of Fascist states; all these things which seem remote and far from Rollins, may reach out long tentacles of fate to clasp and grip the lives and destiny of this year's graduating class. In such an atmosphere, healthy and enduring industrial recovery, with its subsequent promise of new jobs, seems impossible.

Yet it should be remembered that the situation is constantly in flux; indeed it is entirely possible that the entire world and national outlook may have changed before this appears in print. For as always, the spring

brings the promise of new things, and the increasing trend of the New Deal's seeming reconciliation with business and the beginning of the active construction period may well team with government pump-priming to swing faltering business barometers back to the upward trend.

What then, is the chance of providing jobs in the next year? Of course, it is to be hoped that Rollins' graduates, with their own peculiar heritage of vision and self-sufficiency which our unique educational system seeks to develop, should not be tremendously affected by the following data. Yet the part affects the whole, and vice versa. While the information is not particularly adapted to group, our destinies are irrevocably part of the group upon which the predictions are based.

A prominent government economist, drawing upon the experience of three past depressions and recoveries—those of 1893, 1907 and 1920 seeks to show the answer to the employment problem.

Industrial production in 1938 amounted to about 104% of the 1923-25 average (regarded as a norm) but should have been 150% of the 1923-25 average for full employment of all the nation's employables.

In other words, we need a 50% increase in industrial production in 1939 to assure jobs to all. Yet, unless Europe's chaotic state is calmed, there is little assurance that we will reach much beyond 120% of the needed 150% to assure full employment, and if the unsettled condition persists in begetting business setbacks, we may never approximate even the 120% in the current year.

If all goes well, and recovery is not further impeded, we may, at the end of this year reach an increase in production that is about half the amount necessary for full em-

ployment. If this expectation is realized, there would still remain out of employment over 6,000,000 people, compared with the 2,000,000 who were unemployed in 1929.

Yet the outlook, returning to our Rollins graduates once again, is not as bitter as might be suspected. Without indulging in any self-commendatory panegyrics, it is safe to say that almost without exception, Rollins graduates are more competent than many other

college graduates in their ability to make the most of any situation. After all, there's always room at the top . . . and always room for a good man in any field at any time. So we'll all watch these June graduates take to their troubled waters with a great deal of interest . . . and a sincere belief that, gloomy statistics and threatening outlooks or not, there's still a lot to be done in this unsettled world of today.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Edited by Jack Buckwalter

"FLIGHT INTO OBLIVION"

By A. J. HANNA, *Professor of History*
Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida

Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, Va., 1938, \$2.75

A guardian angel of literature must have hovered about Professor A. J. Hanna's head when the idea of the title for his book, "Flight Into Oblivion" came to him. It is certainly a million dollar title; but the amazing part of the whole work is the fact that the book, though apparently written to present only facts for history lovers, maintains the intensity and drama which its title promises.

What a shame that Professor Hanna is an erudite historian, and not a novelist. Here, in a brief composite of two-hundred and fifty pages, is enough material for a hundred novels. The very subject matter reflects the most romantic and colorful period in American History. The period before, the period after, and the Civil War itself, have been treated from innumerable stand-points; and when we hear that another book has been written about the "Great War Between the States", we sigh and say, "What, are they rehashing that again?" But Prof. Hanna's book is different; he has probed a mine of material that is refreshing and delightful.

"Flight Into Oblivion" deals with the escape of the Confederate Cabinet from Richmond. It seems to be the scheme of life that the victor shall live forever in the memory of his nation—but that the vanquished shall fade from the minds of men. Such was almost the case with the leaders of the Confederacy. It remained for the Professor of Florida History at Rollins College to be interested enough to search through old journals, letters, and records and present to

the world the final summation of the lives of these men.

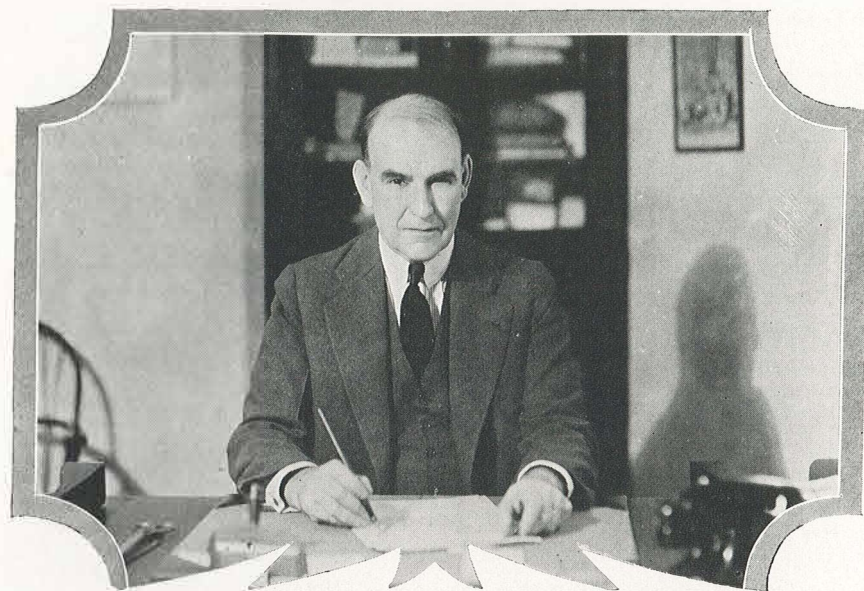
From Richmond we follow the flight of these Confederate leaders down through North and South Carolina and into Georgia. Whether we have the blood of the "Damned Yankees" in our veins or not, we are eager that these men escape the traps which the Federal Government has set for them; through the hardships of travel as it was in those days and particularly under the conditions—the sandy roads, the rains, the lack of sympathy which seems to dog the tracks of the defeated,—we learn that here are men of real metal.

Prof. Hanna has told his story in such an easy subtle manner that the force of the tale is not realized until the book is finished. His recording of Jefferson Davis' escape and capture—and the fact that Mrs. Davis' devotion to her husband was the cause of his capture, is a fascinating revelation and the framework for a novel or a motion picture.

The book possesses not only one of such adventures but several. Next, from a purely adventure view-point, are the thrilling escapes of the brilliant Jewish Benjamin; whose disguise, journey through Florida, sea voyage to Nassau and Havana, and final success in England, where he was taken under the wing of Disraeli, are instances enough to make another "Anthony Adverse" from real historical facts. The experiences and fate of Breckenridge, the pure-blooded aristocrat of the Old South; of George Davis, and of Robert Toombs are equally as enlightening and refreshing.

Mr. Hanna's description of Florida at this period is something else again. Of course Florida still has its share of mosquitoes—and nice fat juicy ones they are too, in the spring

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of the year—but from certain paragraphs which describe Breckenridge's struggle through the wilderness that was then Florida, it is with sincere gratitude that certain readers know the 1939 version of that state, for Mr. Hanna says, "The General indulged in the unpleasant reflection that a man with his arms tied and face exposed would be killed by these insects in two nights."

The book might be twice or even three times as long as it is. Mr. Hanna has not shown us much of his ability at description; and it is our loss, for here and there are charming glimpses of nature.

Apparently the author was carried away with the high spots, and well he might have been for there were many of them, but we would have liked longer and more detailed views of the valleys of these episodes, and more of such passages as: "Mr. Moseley's ferry carried Breckenridge and his escort across the deep placid waters of the Suwannee River early on the morning of May 16. Massive live oaks formed an almost interlocking archway over this dreamy stream whose banks of limestone had been curiously sculptured by the water. The vivid coloring of cardinals flashing by the travelers contrasted sharply with the gray thickets along the road. Continuing on the seldom traveled St. Augustine road, the Breckenridge party passed through a wilderness of pines—"pine barrens" as Audubon called them—tall pines, miles of them, beneath which grew rank grass, here and there mixed with low bushes of saw palmettos. For nearly twenty miles there was no sign of water as they jogged through the flat, sandy woods, avoiding scores of gopher holes lest their horses stumble. The summer heat of Florida made their progress slow, as did the mosquitos and other insects which the General describes as "countless and intolerable". No sound greeted them other than the swishing of the pines in the light breeze, the hum of the insects, the grunt of "razor-back" hogs, the occasional "bob-white" of a

distant quail, and the song of the meadow-lark."

The book itself is unique in its editing. Throughout the pages are delightful sketches by Prof. John Rae; and there are plenty of maps—a modern, psychological touch of real genius on Mr. Hanna's part, for he must have realized that the modern reader is "map-minded", and wants to know where he is going.

"Flight Into Oblivion", written as an accurate historical study, has much of the quality of a novel and, from such a stand-point, is far more interesting than countless novels; and as an important historical record it is the harbinger of a new and delightful presentation of history.

WALTER ROYALL

* * * *

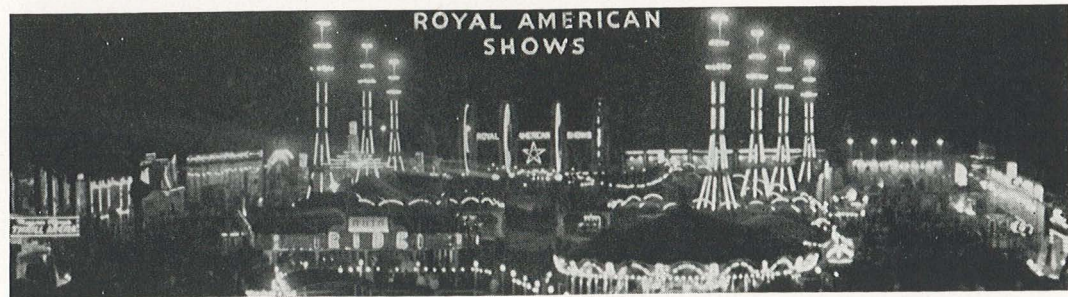
"SAILOR ON HORSEBACK"

By IRVING STONE

When the proverbial sailor comes ashore for a few hours off, he is immediately set upon by a host of harpies: dock Daises, phony pals, tricky touch artists, glad-hand gamblers and all the rest. The poor sailor—an ever trusting person, it seems—plunges in, has a short-lived good time, then loses his money and his head, gets into a mess of trouble, ends up in a barroom brawl and is carried back to his ship by a fellow tar. With salt-stained planking under his feet again he is alright.

So it was with Jack London—with one tragic exception. He got so mixed up with the harpies, that his shipmates couldn't find him, and his newfound friends didn't know where to find his ship, nor would they have carried him there if they had known. Jack, a sailor, therefore spent his life trying to become a landlubber. He never succeeded.

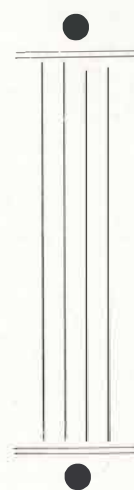
The above is probably an unfortunate allegory; for it is partly metaphor and partly truth. Jack London was a sailor. When he was barely seventeen he bought the *Razzle*



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Dazzle, which included, along with spars and sails and bilge pump, Mamie, sixteen year old queen of the oyster pirates. This necessitated his being king, a position which required of its holder a good deal of time and energy and muscle. He was a sailor all right. And he did become a landlubber. His desire to have the things he hadn't had in his strange childhood (spent in various parts of California, as was most of his life) and the needs of his "nervous" mother, made him give up the sea for some steadier occupation. That is the truth of the allegory.

The metaphor is this: Jack London got out of his element at a very early stage in the game. And he never got back in—really. His position could (but shouldn't) be compared to Mr. Hitler delivering an address at the annual meeting of the Cloak and Suit Dealers of greater New York. He met with considerably more success than would Der Fuhrer under those circumstances, but the odds were about the same. He was a sailor on horseback. It was only London's tremendous energy; his irresistible drive; that pulled him through. Through what? Through the most diabolical scheme that Fate ever hatched for any human being. If you want to squirm, just pick up *Sailor on Horseback* and read almost any chapter. They're all filled with the "unbelievable complications, the easily avoidable tragedies, the disillusionment, the misunderstandings, the devilish twistings of purpose, the heartbreaking events" that beset him all his life.

Of course, there was a compensation for all this misery. Shortly after the turn of the century, Jack London was the Kipling of America, the most celebrated figure in literature and the most widely read, (also the presidential nominee of the Socialist Party and the possessor of an army of friends). He was getting the unheard of sum of seven hundred dollars apiece for short stories and eleven hundred dollars a week as a war correspondent, even though there was no war.

Despite all that he was always from 50 to 250 thousand dollars in debt.

It was these ever present debts that killed "Rex" London. His superhuman efforts to get out from under them wore down his mind and body until they became too weak to stand the strain. The final break came November 21, 1916.

The author of *Sailor on Horseback* is an excellent reporter. From what this reviewer knows of London from Anna Strunsky, who had a profound spiritual effect on the "king of the oyster pirates", and Roy Nash, who used to box with him and therefore might well have had an entirely different effect on him, he is accurately pictured by Mr. Stone.

Just how different that picture would be if someone had carried sailor Jack back to his ship in the beginning this reviewer wouldn't dare to guess.

ROBINHOOD RAE

* * * *

GUNS OR BUTTER

By R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART

R. H. Bruce Lockhart, himself a Scotsman, has lived for 25 years in Central Europe. He is intimately familiar both with existing conditions there and with the important personages in each country. On the other hand, he is also well enough acquainted, throughout the section about which he writes, to know equally well the proverbial 'man in the street', and communicate to us the opinions and reactions of the ordinary citizenry of these countries.

"Guns or Butter", a book of national interest, is important not only because of the ability of the author to speak with such authority, but also because of its ominous content. In this book we do not have pictured for us the mad excesses of the Nazis; we are not shown a country in the grip of terror but unable or afraid to make any effort to free itself from an inner parasite; we are not led to believe that all Germans are passing through a period

of temporary insanity or barbarism. To the contrary, we see the triumphal entry of Hitler into Vienna and the jubilant and ecstatic welcome extended to him upon his return to Berlin. We see Hitler enthroned as the idol of the German people instead of the hated tyrant we should like to consider him. He is the chosen ruler of his people and the object of their worship. Naziism is a more or less barbaric philosophy which appeals to the Germanic brute instinct, while at the same time making appeal to the passions. Not only a matter of intellect, Naziism rises also from the senses. To quote a brief passage from Mr. Lockhart's book:

"A Freudian, I believe, could write an interesting analysis of the importance of sex in the development of the Nazi movement, not in the narrow sense in which the layman understands sex, but in the broader aspect of the influence of the general relationship between men and women on the character of a nation. My own view is that the war psychosis in Germany is closely connected with the relationship of the sexes and with the position of woman in the State. There is some hope of preventing wars if you make woman the companion and intellectual equal of man. War becomes inevitable when you reduce the status of woman to that of a broodmare. Apart from what may be a deliberate desire to produce cannon-fodder, this relegation is nothing less than a return to the primitive state in which the main functions of man are those of the warrior and the lover. There is, I admit, one flaw in this argument. Not all women are pacifists, and to many the warrior-lover is still the most attractive of all males."

Thus, from Mr. Lockhart's book we see that the real threat from Naziism goes much

deeper than most other contemporary writers on the subject would seem to feel. It makes no attempt to frighten or anger the reader by describing atrocities and excesses such as those we usually read of, but, rather, it calmly and quietly illustrates the very real appeal which Hitler has for the German people, and their enthusiastic allegiance to the Nazi principles in support of German ambition. We awake as from a dream after reading this book to find all the false hopes with which we have been consoling and deluding one another blasted to bits. We find that what has appeared as a horrible nightmare has served to give back to the drab post-war Germany some of its old fire, pomp, and color. It is not something which the Germanic peoples are lightly prepared to abandon at the first opportunity. Mr. Lockhart makes us cease our wishful thinking and consider cold, unembellished facts.

But the book is not merely a statement of present conditions in Nazi Germany, it is also a travel book. Mr. Lockhart gives us intimate glimpses of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, King Boris of Bulgaria, and King Carol of Roumania, as well as many other people prominent in Central Europe. He shows us the chief cities of the Balkans and introduces us to students, farmers, and business men. He takes us to diplomatic functions and to Nachtlokals with their Russian Gypsy orchestras. We ski with him on snow slopes in Sweden at midnight and view the dark majesty of the Czech mountains. However, above and beyond all this, interesting as it is, looms the specter of the Nazi brute with its seductive appeal to the senses as well as to the intellect.

ARTHUR BIFIELD



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