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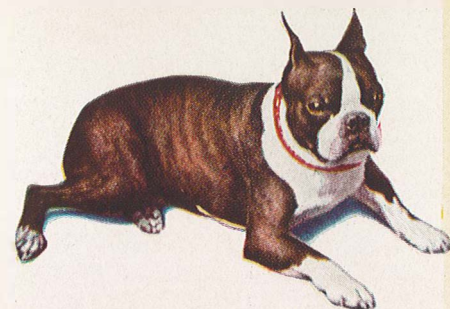
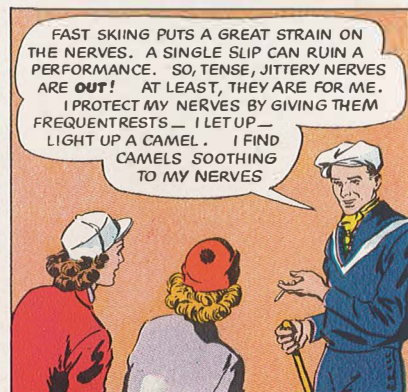
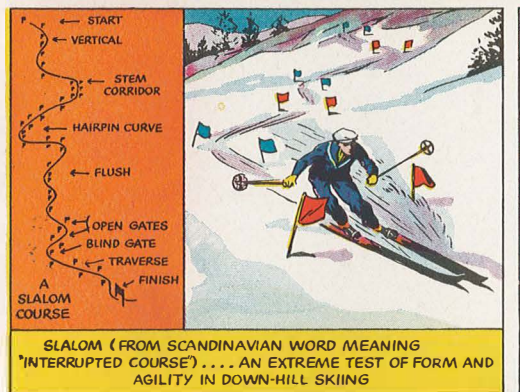
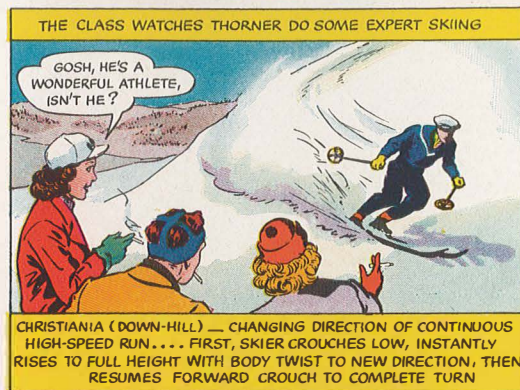
SPRING ISSUE
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"SKIING IS WONDERFUL SPORT"
WHEN YOUR NERVES ARE PLEASANTLY AT EASE

**SAYS HANS THORNER, NATIONALLY
 KNOWN SWISS SKIING EXPERT**



**HANS THORNER,
 DIRECTOR
 MOUNT
 WASHINGTON
 (N.H.) SWISS
 SKIING SCHOOL**



(left) THE BOSTON TERRIER, shown relaxing, is often called the "American Gentleman" of dogdom. Yet at rough-and-tumble play he's a bundle of flashing energy. His nervous system is hair-trigger fast, sensitive—much like our own, but with an important contrast. Right in the midst of strenuous action the dog stops, calms down—instinctively! We humans are not so apt to favor our nerves. Too often, we grind on at a task, regardless of strain. Yet how well it pays to give your nerves regular rests. Do it the pleasant way—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! In mildness—ripe, rich flavor—sheer comfort—Camels will add new pleasure to your smoking.



**COSTLIER
 TOBACCOS**
 CAMELS ARE MADE
 FROM FINER, MORE
 EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
 ...TURKISH AND
 DOMESTIC

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!
 SMOKERS FIND CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS ARE SOOTHING TO THE NERVES

ROLLINS FLAMINGO

ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

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COVER

"Cutting Campus"—An action photograph by Bob Belden



Gregg

Fate and the Baron

JESS GREGG

THE sun beat mercilessly on the crowded square, but the mob was in holiday mood and grinningly bore it. Gaily-garbed hawkers sold hot meats and ale at the top of their lungs. Crude chairs and stilts were vended for the people who wanted to miss nothing. There was a breathless inconsistency to the chattering—and little wonder! Today Baron Glencannon had decreed that the old witch-woman of Swill Alley was to be burned.

At last the trumpets blared and the crowds packed closer, trying to view the proud Baron on his dappled grey horse. His face gleamed with sweat under his hat and cape of fur; but of course it was unthinkable that a noble should be seen without furs, even in the hottest weather, or how would one tell him from an ordinary villain?

Behind him rode his knights, his swaggering private minstrel and his courts of ladies bowing under head-gear that defied comfort. The odours of the town mingled with the heavily spiced scents of the ladies who held their kerchiefs to their noses. They entered the square, the gold of their robes dueling with the silver of the armor.

Up to the shaded pavilion which the thoughtful Baron had provided the nobles, they rode and languidly dismounted. The ladies chose the choicest seats and immediately began verbally to claw out each other's eyes. The gentlemen took the remaining benches, grumbling because the hats of the ladies prevented them from seeing the spectacle.

A wave of jeers and cat-calls heralded the entrance of the blackest, yea, the wickedest woman in all England, who had attempted to bewitch even the good and just Baron Glencannon himself.

Bound and chained, moaning and mumbling, the old slattern was dragged through the streets. Her plump face hung in dead folds over her beady eyes and toothless gums, while her stringy hair lay plastered to her head where a decayed vegetable had struck her.

Baron Glencannon looked at her from the height of his horse.

"Well, hag," he roared, "Well, foul witch, what have you to say before these flames give you a taste of what you shall know for eternity with your lover, the Devil?"

A hush fell as the old hag seemed to search the crowd that oiled about her. The ladies in the towering hats held their kerchiefs even more to their faces, for more than one had daintily picked her way over the offal to Swill Alley to buy a love potion, and now feared to be recognized.

"Well?" cried the Baron.

"You are as wrong, good Sire, in calling me a witch as you would be in calling an impotent oldster a rakish libertine. I was a witch, I confess, but my powers have left me, as you, Sire, and your wife, Sire, have well witnessed—"

With a nervous gesture, the Baron had her mouth clamped shut. With a red face that was not due entirely to the heat, he commanded that old harridan be dragged up the mountain of fagots and bound to the stake. And the ladies of the court glanced at each other, knowing they had a morsel to investigate, for certainly this was more than just an ordinary witchcraft case.

For five years had the Baron sought the Lady Rowena, milk-and-honey daughter of a neighboring noble. She was impetuous in a household of sodden-spirited saints, beauti-

ful in a land of painted and leering court hussies, pure at a time when priceless virtue had little commodity. He loved her for her ankle-length gold braids, for her spirited ways, for her great green eyes, and for her skin that his minstrel called "white as the frost on an April bower." And, of course, there were her lands and dowry, for which he loved her most of all.

He might have had her long ago, for her father approved of him. But the independent and impetuous lady convinced the old noble that she should pick out her own husband, and the old man agreed to this revolutionary step that so annoyed the Baron.

And so her castle had been open to suitors, and tourneys were held and banquets. But of all the strong men, and romantic men, and rich men, and handsome men, and famed men that came to woo her, there were only two to whom she consistently dropped her handkerchief.

Baron Glencannon prided himself on being one. The other was that certainly less pow-



erful and not half so daring Count Featherstone. All the ladies loved the Count for his golden curls and unscarred visage, and when he rode in the tourneys he was so bedecked with ladies' sleeves and kerchiefs and ribbons and garters and stockings and veils that he resembled a clothes-horse more than a horseman.

Thrice had the great mustached Baron Glencannon challenged him to a duel to the end for the soft white hand of contrary and utterly lovely Lady Rowena. But she protested.

"No, no, kind sires, I beg you try no such thing. For should the Baron Glencannon be killed, I would instantly realize it was he I adored. And yet if it were Count Featherstone who died, I should know that he was my true love. No I forbid you to fight; I must decide for myself."

And giving a toss to her unbelievable head, she rushed from the room, leaving the two men to glare at each other.

And so the years had passed and Baron Glencannon's great mustachios showed a white hair now and then which he hastily colored with a solution bade by a mottled-faced old harpy who made charms down on Swill Alley.

"She makes love potions and communes with the Fates," said the fuzz-lipped squire. "She can change a man's Fate if she so chooses—"

"Hoath!" quoth the great-limbed Baron. "By the Swords and Beards of my Forefathers! I have an idea!"

And he swung on his grey dappled horse and galloped off to the castle of the fair Lady Rowena. 'Twas when the sun was pouring out her last few rays, preparing to sink into her slumber, that the Baron clattered into the courtyard and pounded on the bell.

He was ushered into the dimly lighted chamber of Lady Rowena. His face corded with scowls when he saw the Count

Featherstone, lute in hand, seated at the feet of his beloved.

"My lady," he greeted, "I hail you in the name of Glencannon, of all those who have borne it, and all those who will bear it." He bowed to her again and mopped his forehead. "My lady, I have waited for lo! these five years, hoping you would make your choice, and still you give no decision. Would you give your answer if one who was in communication with the Fates advised you?"

"Indeed, Sire, you intrigue me. Oft have I desired to consult such a source, but my father has forbidden me to deal with such hags as vend the black unknown. I will consent to leave it in her hands if I am allowed to witness the rites. And on hearing her, I will abide."

"Then seven days from now, I bid you both come to my castle and we will visit the hag of Swill Alley at midnight, and she will tell us whom the Fates wish Milady Rowena to wed."

"Agreed!" cried Count Featherstone.

And the Baron glowed like a great Yule log.

Six days later, proud Baron Glencannon made his way down loathsome Swill Alley. The squalid huts huddled together like heaps of dirty rags. And most sordid of all was the shanty separated from the rest by a circle of freakish rocks. Taking a last gasp of comparatively fresh air, the great man smote the door a cracking blow and pushed it open. Gangrenous clouds of brimstone smoke and cinders wove about him. He coughed and his eyes watered and reddened, and he held his fingers over his nose.

When at last he was able to open his eyes, he furtively stole a glance at the low-ceilinged hut. And inside his armor, his body quaked.

From the ceiling hung shreds of what once had been cats, crows and bats. Great bags of evil-smelling herbs were slung in the

corners and a box of bones spilled over beside him. Cobwebs fluttered their dusty tatters at him, and in the shadows skins of foul liquids were suspended. Weird symbols were chalked on the blackened walls and hard dirt floor. A black cat hissed at him, tore at his leg with a daggered paw, and then retreated with yowls of rage at the indifference of the armor.

The Baron saw the slow fire in the center of the floor from which the foul smoke came. Then two claw-like hands parted the clouds and waved them away. Before the smoke swirled back, he saw a crouched old slattern with a dappled, puffy face and a toothless leer.

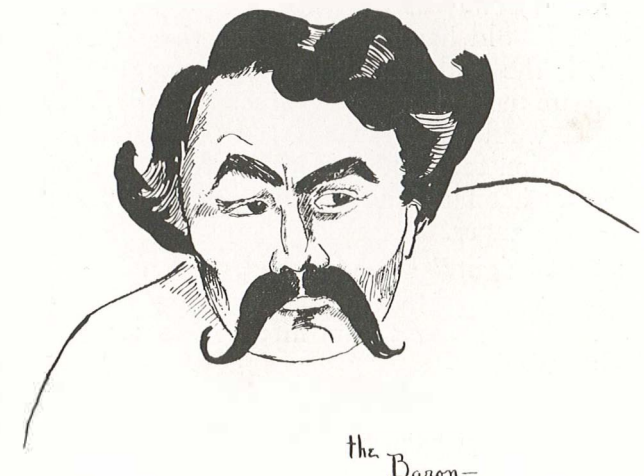
"Welcome, Baron," she croaked. "We have been expecting you all day, the spirits and I."

The knight felt his scalp stiffen and he backed up another step.

"You have come to see about the fate of Rowena the Fair. I will fix it for you, but I am a poor old hag, Sire, and I too, must pay much for the attentions of the spirits." She caressed and pinched her fingers together.

Baron Glencannon flung her a bag of gold that clinked as it struck the hard dirt floor. She weighed it in her hand and stuck a coin between her hardened gums.

"Count Featherstone gave me more, and



you must remember that Fate is built on a foundation of gold coins."

"Oh!—So! Fetherstone was here! Cheating! Trying to win her hand by bribery. By the Bones, by the Bloody Bones of My Sainted Forefathers and their Wives, I'll show him!"

And the Baron flung her two more purses of gold, took off his valued mantle of fur, and even squeezed off his emerald signet ring when the grim old creature coyly pointed at it. Slipping it on her shriveled thumb, she bowed so low that her tattered hair touched the earth.

"The Spirits will win you the lady fair tomorrow night. Come when the moon is high and the hour is midnight."

And she flung dead leaves and sulphur on the fire, and the smoke was so thick and evil that the Baron staggered from the room.

It rained the next night so they could not be sure when the moon was at its highest. Fearful of not being on time, the two men in armor and the girl with the black wimple across her face, rode their horses down muddy Swill Alley and waited in the rain until they heard the watchman cry that the hour was midnight.

Thereupon, the door opened and a blast of smoke burst out like a fleeing ghost. Shrieks of laughter and the yowls of the cat mingled and the three shadows entered the low doorway of the hut.

The old hag crouched over the fire, stirring the cauldron and trying desperately to create more of a smoke screen, but the drafts and wind utterly conquered her attempts. Vexation caused the wrinkled folds to dance about her face, and she flung her stick at her cat in anger.

"Tonight," she screeched, "the Fates are sulky. I will talk to them and they will give you their answer. But first, of course, I must be paid."

The two men did not favor her with a kindly glance as they each flung her a fat

purse. She gathered them up, crowing with delight, and scurried from the room. All was silent except for the angry bubbling in the greasy kettle.

Her arms full, the old witch reappeared and squatted beside the cauldron.

"Hello! High-Low! Ho-ell! Oh-hell!" she screamed, dropping three human teeth into the kettle, and glaring at Rowena who giggled uncontrollably.



"Now the blood of a mad eagle," she muttered, pouring something from the bloated skins, "and a strand of hair of a married nun." She pulled something from her pouch and cast it in. "A pinch of dust from the coffin of a rich Jew, the fingernail paring of the Wizard of Loutstone Alley (very rare, I might tell you, and gotten for me with much pains and expense by a devil friend of mine.) Now the tooth from an unborn babe"—It plopped into the pot. "Scales of a Dragon, a fistful of ashes of three burnt witches—all friends of mine, though not nearly so clever), the eye of a serpent, the tongue of a liar. (I always put that in a love philter—lying is so necessary in marriage.) The sweat of a ghoul. And lastly, plenty of hellebore, for it is hellebore that reaches the Fates first and so must be put in last."

Flinging this in, she stirred the mess with enthusiasm and the light from the fire reflected the sweat on her furrowed face. Then breathing the fumes, she rolled her eyes back into her head and fell on the floor in a trance. The three people leaned forward and their emotional tension was so great they nearly collapsed beside her.

From her toothless mouth came weird sounds, and then with an unearthly shriek she leaped up and confronted them with pinpoint eyes.

"The Fates have spoken. They have told me personally who must be the mate of the maiden Rowena." She paused dramatically. "It is he!" and she pointed a long finger at the Baron Glencannon.

The Baron clasped the yielding maiden to his breast. Count Fetherstone threw open the door and departed.

"I can insure a happy marriage with many children, as well as an immunity from infidelity for an extra pound of gold," the witch whispered to the happy Baron,, helping him on his horse.

He pressed the coins into her hand, and she hobbled back into the house.

"May they live happily ever after," she ceremoniously cried, spitting into the kettle.

And so the Baron married the Lady Dowena with much pomp and style. There were fourteen days of wholesale hospitality for all the neighboring and distant nobles. There was banqueting with minstrels and jugglers and dancing actors. There was free wine for all and merriment in the streets. There were tourneys and pageants and gifts. And Baron Glencannon glowed like a sword in the forge.

And then the guests went away and the Baron settled down to live with his new Baroness; and it was not long before he found that her beauty was not all he thought, for she used paint pots, stilted shoes, and laced in her figure. Worse, those very spirited ways that had intrigued him now threatened to govern him. The Baroness Rowena nagged him and ruled him until he did whatever she desired. She was a very determined woman.

And thus a year passed and every day the Baron's wrath grew and every day he cursed the hag of Swill Alley for getting him into such a predicament. But it was on the day that he found that his Baroness was still meeting the Count Fetherstone that his vessel of wrath broke, and he ordered the ancient sorceress dragged from her lair. It was her fault that he was married to this woman.

And so it was on their first wedding anniversary that the hag was hauled onto the mountain of fagots and bound to the stake, with her black cat chained at her side and all her herbs and horrid potions heaped beside her. And it was none other than Baron Glencannon who threw the flaming torch into its midst, for he was an honorable and just ruler who wished to protect his people from a fate such as he was experiencing.

Monarch of Melody

WARREN GOLDSMITH

IN THE Vienna suburbs the year 1797 saw the birth of a genius. This genius was not at all impressive to look at for he was short and stout, with a pudgy face, a pasty complexion indicative of very poor nourishment, thick spectacles, and bushy, black hair. Life was bitter towards him for his tragically short existence consisted of a struggle against abject poverty and bad health. Recognition seldom came his way, and his real friends were few in number. Fate carried him off at the pathetically youthful age of 31. He was Franz Schubert, one of the greatest musical composers the world has ever known.

It is as a master of melody and songs that we know and love Schubert. His exquisite melodies and harmonies are prominent in all his compositions, and he wrote between 600 and 700 songs, such as "The Erl-King", "Hark, Hark, The Lark", "Serenade", and "Ave Maria", which are sung the world over. Melody and harmony came to Schubert so easily that he would conceive and write a song in only a few minutes time. No matter where he was, he would jot down his songs on any paper he could find, and he wrote his famous song "Hark, Hark, The Lark" in twenty minutes on the back of a bill of fare. Musical ideas often came to Schubert at night, and he would immediately arise to write them down. In his time, bottles of sand were used for blotting paper, and frequently when he got up in the middle of the night to write down his songs he was so sleepy that he reached for the bottle of ink instead of the bottle of sand, and thus ruined half his manuscript before he realized his mistake. As he was too sleepy to rewrite his song, he would return to bed, leaving the song neglected for many days.

Of Schubert's ten symphonies his "Unfin-

ished" Symphony No. 8 in B Minor, with the possible exception of his "7th Symphony in C Major", stands alone. Indeed, it is one of the most famous and beloved works in all music. This symphony is termed "Unfinished" not because it was interrupted by the composer's death, but because, unlike the conventional symphony of four movements, it contains only two movements and the first nine bars of a third movement. These two movements are so lyrical—they so thoroughly search and appeal to the human emotions, that they say all that Schubert had to say; perhaps all that any musician could say. Realizing, therefore, that he could go no further, he abandoned the symphony after having composed its superb two movements, and the great work was not performed until nearly forty years later.

When we consider that Franz Schubert lived only 31 years, his output of music was truly vast. He composed not only songs and symphonies, but also twenty string quartets, quintettes of unearthly beauty, twenty-four piano sonatas, six masses, two sacred cantatas, motets, hymns, and even operas. The piano, especially, absorbed his attention, for he not only wrote a large number of piano compositions, but played the piano fairly well. His piano technique, however, was not of the best, for on one occasion he stumbled while performing one of his own piano compositions. Getting into more and more trouble as he tried to play, he finally jumped up from the piano stool and in a rage yelled to his friends: "That stuff is only fit for the devil to play!"

Schubert forgot nearly as quickly as he composed. It is related that once a song of his, written in too high a key, was transposed by a copyist to the desired key. When Schu-

bert saw his transposed song in strange handwriting, he examined it and said: "That's not bad. Who composed it?"

Except for a few hiking excursions in the country with friends, Schubert spent all his life in and around Vienna. In that city, he and a group of his closest friends lived a Bohemian existence such as that so successfully portrayed in Puccini's opera, "La Boheme". Schubert himself was the leader of this little circle who worked desperately hard to earn any money, and then gayly, recklessly spent in on champagne and all sorts of entertainments. Once, when Schubert had sold a song, he treated his circle of friends to a concert by the famous violinist Paganini, and the tickets were over two dollars each. Every member of Schubert's coterie did artistic work of some nature. Moreover, these friends always lent each other their clothes and personal possessions, for poverty caused the comrades to share everything in common. One day Schubert was unable to find his wooden spectacle case, but finally discovered that one of his friends who did not have enough money to buy a pipe had taken the spectacle case, filled it with tobacco, bored a hole through the end, inserted a stem, and was smoking away in a most contented fashion.

Hardships in Schubert's life were promoted by the composer's retiring nature, for this made him refuse an advantageous post as court organist, and held him back from intimacy with the master musicians Weber and Beethoven. Schubert's incapability to handle business matters caused his publishers to ruthlessly take advantage of him and one publisher who bought many of Schubert's

songs for approximately ten florins each, made more than twenty-seven thousand florins from a single song.

During Schubert's life many of his compositions had been pitifully neglected. Upon a certain occasion his "7th Symphony" met with such hostility from the orchestra that the performance of the symphony had to be cancelled, and this work, like his famous "Unfinished" Symphony, was never even heard by the fated genius. Eleven years after his death, Schubert's "7th Symphony" was performed under the baton of Felix Mendelssohn, the renowned composer of the music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Unappreciated, ridiculed, consumed by poverty and ill health, too humble to impress the aristocracy, unfortunate in his love affairs, Schubert's life was indeed sad. In 1828 fever of the typhus sort and irregular living killed the gentle, lovable, eccentric man. Despite the tremendous amount of music which flowed from his soul, Schubert died before his God-given musical powers had reached full maturity, and what immeasurable heights of greatness his music would have attained had he been permitted to live longer, we can only conjecture, for even at his death he was very great and was rising higher, higher. Thirty-one is such a tragically early age at which to die. Yes, Schubert's life was certainly interrupted.

The tablet over his grave in Vienna, which is next to Beethoven's, bears the following inscription:

Music Has Here Entombed a Rich
Treasure
But Much Fairer Hopes
Franz Schubert Lies Here.

If troubles make a saint of me
Perhaps I'm well rewarded.
Still it is hard for me to see
Why all my hopes are thwarted.

JACK BUCKWALTER

So Long, Seldom

By ANNE ANTHONY

CORKY SUGARMAN was typically "circus." Looking at him, you'd know intuitively that he owned a small semi-successful road show and carnival. His reddish hair was slickly parted and brushed. His grey derby was always cocked at an impudent angle. And his gold tooth pick had been in and out of every pawn shop west of the Big Muddy.

Corky sighed and twirled the solid gold tooth pick on its plated chain. Business was fine. Business was booming. But Corky sighed. Sure, and who wouldn't in his place—with the star of his leading act quitting him cold just like he did the first of every October.

Corky's star act was nothing more nor less than *Seldom Seen Sam and his Musical Clowns*. Now, maybe you've seen an orchestra made up of clowns before. Lots of people have. But until you've seen Seldom and his Boys cutting up on everything from a piano on wheels to a bass 'cello with a Pekinese sticking his head out of the sounding hole, well, you've still got something to live for.

Corky sat on the edge of Nedra's dressing table. Nedra was the bearded lady of the show, and genuine, too. She was sympathetic. She patted the show owner's hand. "Can't you talk to him? Offer him more money? A gate cut maybe?"

Corky looked doleful. "Not a chance. I tried that last year. Yeah, and the year before."

Cynara, the blond who put on a black wig and told fortunes to the yokels at two-bits a throw, slitted her green eyes wisely. "There's a mystery about that guy, 'Seldom'."

Nedra said with a jerk of her shoulder at

Cynara, "She's been pullin' that psychic stuff so long she's beginning to fall for it herself." She laughed a short, shrill laugh. "For the last four years Seldom and his fiddle have shown up along with the first Robin. It's got so Seldom's arrival is a surer sign of Spring than Tex, the Trapeze Wonder's hay fever. He builds the clown orchestra up into the hit act of the show every summer, and then leaves without explanation the first of October. Nobody knows where he comes from or where he goes." Nedra stopped short of breath. She looked at the blond fortune teller with contempt. "And little Miss Sees All Knows All Cynara, says there's a mystery about him. My, it must be wonderful to have a sixth sense like that."

Cynara's fingers curled slowly into claws, and she made a spitting noise like an angry cat. But in spite of the reflections sarcastically cast on her intelligence, she was too smart to tangle with the muscular bearded lady.

Momentarily diverted from his troubles, Corky laughed. "Sic 'em, Cynara. Sic 'em. Nedra can't hurt you. Much." And he went out of the ladies' tent swaggering characteristically and chuckling.

In the main tent Seldom and his Boys were practicing. Seldom always put on a grand finale that was a darb to mark his last performance before his yearly disappearing act.

Even Corky, hard-boiled show man that he was, could never grow accustomed to the music that Seldom managed to pound out of those half-baked clowns and their weird assortment of instruments. And that little brown fiddle of Seldom's. That lad can out-fiddle any fiddling clown you ever

heard. The rest of the boys always stayed on with the carnival, but without Seldom and his music box the act just wasn't there. Corky always cancelled it until the following spring when he hoped Seldom would show up again.

Corky envied the lean, dark fellow. He was the happiest damn' fool he'd ever seen. The other clowns seemed to catch the holiday mood he always wore. Their crazy contortions and antics in their long white night shirts and bare feet sent every audience into such hysterical gales of laughter that the aerial bicycle act with the safety net in the other ring couldn't evoke a single shiver, no matter how reckless it grew.

But the startling thing about Seldom and his Boys was their positively inspired burlesques of the classics. If you ever heard them do the Anvil Chorus, you're humming it yet.

Seldom was drilling his clown orchestra in the March from Aida, and loving every second of it. Lord, what a kick that happy-go-lucky devil got out of life. Corky watched grinning as Seldom scratched a bare heel with his fiddle bow without losing a beat in the music.

And how the audiences laughed with him that night. They turned that little double ringed circus into a Clown Concert, starring Seldom and his Fiddle.

That night after the last show, when all

the elephants had been put to bed, the dancing horses curried and combed, the boa constrictor fed, and the seals returned to their tanks, Corky gave a party in the commissary tent for Seldom.

Everybody was there—the midget troupe and the thin man, the Leopard skin girls, and the Wild Man from Borneo all of them—to give Seldom a real send-off. Nedra and Cynara came in together, but they weren't speaking to each other. Each of them had guessed that the other was a little in love with Seldom, and the air between them was thick with jealousy darts.

Everyone was pretty well drunk when Seldom finally managed to slip away. Corky saw him go, but didn't stop him even for a last "goodby" and "don't forget we'll be expecting you next spring along with Tex's hay fever." Corky just watched him as he walked down the road into the daylight. The circus owner sighed and twirled his gold tooth pick. There went a real guy.

Corky didn't go in for that kind of thing, so he wasn't there to see the opening of the Metropolitan season with Aida, starring Madame Gretchen Silver and with Samuel S. Grover, that promising young maestro directing the orchestra. Probably he wouldn't have recognized the young old man with the baton anyway. He was accustomed to seeing Seldom in a long white night shirt with a fiddle under his arm and a laugh on his funny, twisted mouth.

REVERIE

It's when the rain begins to fall
And mist around the windows roll
That I realize just how very small
We are in body and in soul.

Night shadows creep on silent feet
And night sounds crash their tiny spheres
And indicate the passing years
Amid the rain's continued beat.

VIRGINIA MORGAN

The Eye Can Lie

SECAR

Nor that any of us intend deliberately to deceive our fellowmen, but to be faithful to pure truth makes life so difficult. As this is a worldly article on fashions, so to speak, and not on character building, we may as well proceed in the groove we have dug for ourselves and explain a bit why we advise pulling the well-known wool over all *gullible* eyes. It's this matter of figures and the absolutely flat aspect of greeting a new and strenuous day at Rollins on orange juice and coffee (especially if chocolate doughnuts wink at you as you whizz by). Just throw optical illusion dust in the eyes of your public and most any bulge or bump magically disappears. The whole effect seems quite streamlined, the whole effect quite dazzling.

You must have met that obliging personality, "Optical Illusion," some time in your long careers. This is evidenced by the quarters that go to the upkeep of the solarium instead of for mulberry leaves for silk worms. Rollins girls believe a tan on the legs is worth two stockings any day. They've caught on to that trick, but there are such a multitude of subtle fooleries which only the application of the principles of line and color can conjure. Designing schools teach these. Designing women seem to know them intuitively but what about we poor landlubbers struggling to keep afloat?

As we're dealing with figures we'll go mathematical first and mention horizontal and vertical lines. Vertical lines make the eye travel up and down. (There are other lines which make the eye travel up and down, too, of course, but those are generally obtained by whizzing by the donuts). When the eye has traveled up and down several times it gets tired and the last trip seems

longer and the distance greater, thus giving a feeling of greater height than there actually is. To apply this principle immediately, before its intricate implication escapes us, let's mention a concrete example. We'll mix all the possible vertical lines devisable in one dress: striped material, princess lines unbroken by a belt, pleats in the skirt and V neckline with pointed collar, long sleeves and a zipper down the front. There could be other vertical lines thrown in, but we never were good at pitching and realize there is a limit to all good things. Long straight jackets, streamers, tucks, rows of buttons, all the ups and downs of clothes will result in a taller appearance and generally slimmer lines.

If you've digested that, we can easily tackle horizontals, since, of course, the law of opposites applies. The eye gets just as tired traveling back and forth from East to West or North to South or whatever latitudinal relationship the subject and object enjoy. Thus a sensation of width results. Now if you sway in the breezes like a tender sapling and have obtained no sturdy oak qualities from "Moo-moo club," you may prick up your ears. We will scramble up an outfit for you. Take a grey skirt striped around with black (stripes are VERY good this year). Top it with a red sweater with a square neck and horizontal rows of pearling—or the cable stitch if that's too difficult. Anchor the two together with a wide lemon yellow belt—well, if you feel psychologically that isn't your color—turquoise, then. This is called breaking up the lines of the figure and it'll break you up all right. If we've over-emphasized a bit to get our point across, we hope you'll realize our intentions. Horizontal hallucinations are also present in

the lines of pockets, tiered skirts (forecast for fall), ruffles, and all the devices that get the idea and the eye across.

Now if you have the devilish problem of a dual figure requiring slenderizing in spots and filling out in spots (in other words spots before the eyes) don't see your oculist, but combine your verticals and horizontals. This seemingly difficult manoeuvre is really mere child's play. If your hips are large drape them one of the vertical varieties and encase the upper half in horizontals. The waist will look larger, the hips narrower, the whole more balanced. Of course we could have



put the hips in a dark skirt below in a light waist, but that would be going off on another tack and we have enough points to juggle here. Just wanted you to know there are other moves.

Now the colors you wear can make you scintillate even if you are the "mousey" type. No need to tamper with your own natural tinting by which we mean your peaches and cream, your auburn highlights, your dreamy blue. I'm sure one of your dearest friends must have said to you at one time or another, "Darling, I never noticed your hair was so red!" (She may have been pulling the old "meow" or you may never have worn that shade of green before. The closely guarded secret for the analysis of this phenomenon is the principle of color. I was appalled to find a senior art major who didn't know her primary colors, red, yellow and blue, or their corresponding compliments green, purple, and orange. So maybe it's news to you. Match or compliment the shade of your skin eyes or hair for the effects that'll get them. Here's a little homework to idle away your spare time. Hold up different colors to your face and find out how they effect your coloring. If you're the chameleon type it ought to be rather a shock to find out you have green eyes and redish hair when you wear chartreuse and blue eyes and golden blond hair when you wear blue. It's just optical illusion. And may you all be gay deceivers from now on!

People who are always right
Fill us with elation
Still I think they sometimes might
Go on a vacation.

JACK BUCKWALTER

Secar

Poems

MARTHA BLOCH

LYRIC

I shall not stay to see the flower waken,
I cannot linger for the dew to dry,
Nor may I, at the radiant birth of morning,
Hear one bird cry:
The sun will unravel the darkly spun cocoon
But the moth will die.

AND WE LIVE ON

I have not seen your face for years
Nor, likley, ever will again—
Is the pain gone, that shone there when
You stood up straight before my tears
And touched my hand and saw me go?
Were you too young and I too proud
To speak of grief—or love—aloud?
The things we did not say were true,
And we live on, as others do.
What happened I no longer know.

RENEGADE

No longer look for me in sheltered ways
Wherein the suave patina of the past
Still coats the living in an antique glaze,
A mannered surface, formal first and last,
Spell, if you will, the ancient formulae—
Encroaching wisdom for the crusty strong
To write into their laws—but not for me,
That no more to their coterie belong!

No man shall friend me now for many a day;
Not till I've watched the seven seas in storm,
In slum and jungle single made my way,
Unaided found me food and kept me warm,
And, stumbling all alone, have learned to light
The hand-dipped candles of my thought at night.

Turn of the Tide

"OLD TRAILCRAFTER"

IT WAS late. Under a brilliant Florida moon the sea was as smooth as an oil slick. Up in the bow of my canoe, I could see the glistening of varnished gunnels, now beaded wet with the night sea dew, reflecting the moon's rays back at me as I paddled along, close to the broad, white beach.

The night was warm; hardly a breath stirred. The only sound was the rhythmic, shallow wash of the waves as each long, greasy swell broke on the sand with a splash of phosphorescent fire.

Paddling at a diagonal across Old Doctor's Pass, I noticed the tide was still coming in. On the opposite side, I pulled my canoe high up on the beach and turned it over. "Old Doc's" was the largest of all the passes along these lonely miles of beach. From here down, I knew I would come to many of these miniature rivers that flowed back and forth with the tides, first sweeping into swamps and then out to sea again every few hours. They were narrow and I planned to swim across these as I came to them.

Clad only in shorts and carrying a sheath knife and a canvas sack, I wandered down the beach in search of the huge Loggerhead sea turtle. These great creatures lumber out on the beaches on the lower coast of Florida in the late spring to lay their eggs in the sand. If you can catch them before they reach the water they are easily killed and yield delicious meat.

Walking down the beach, I came to these river-like passes from time to time, and wading down the steep drop of their banks, I shoved off in the warm salt water and swam across.

Every detail of that last pass I can remember now. It was the largest I had swum

yet. It must have been a full hundred feet across. I remember noting, vaguely, as I swam, that I had to head a little to seaward. Yes, that tide was still coming in.

Not far down from this last pass I found her. A big Loggerhead turtle. She must have weighed almost three hundred pounds. Butchering her was a job and I was covered with blood from head to foot before I had finished.

Attracted by the blood, clouds of mosquitoes, biting viciously, agonized my naked body. I suffered them as long as I could and then, in almost a frenzied haste I hurriedly finished the butchering, and, stuffing the huge chunks of bleeding meat into the canvas sack I ran back down the beach to the pass.

With the thought of getting away from the torturing insects uppermost in my mind, I waded right in, and, dropping two steps down the steep edge of the bank, was completely submerged. The salt water stung the itching bites pleasantly.

The moon was right overhead. Bright as day. Shifting my sack of meat in a sort of cross-chest carry, I struck out for the opposite shore.

This time I found myself having to swim a little toward the swamp end of the pass. "Of course," I thought, "That moon being overhead, the tide is going out now. Wonder what this current looks like when she hits those little breakers." Shifting my sack of turtle meat, I rolled over and looked seaward.

Then with a sudden, horrifying shock, I realized what I had done!

Slicing toward me from the direction of the sea were big, triangle-shaped fins cutting the surface of the water. Sharks! I had

forgotten. These waters were infested with them!

My God, what had I been thinking of? I had a sack full of bloody meat and I was covered with turtle's blood and slime! The outgoing tide had swept the scent of this meat and blood out to deep water! I was so covered with blood they wouldn't know me from the meat! They'd tear me to pieces!

"Drop the sack—Drop the sack!" my mind started repeating to me. But panic had laid hold of my senses and I clutched the meat only tighter and began clawing the surface of the water frantically with my free arm in a desperate effort to reach the opposite shore. Visions came before me of chopped and mutilated fish I had taken off lines. For an eternal second, turtles I had seen with all their flippers snapped off to raw stumps, swam before my eyes. More fins! Where had they all come from so quickly?

"Drop the sack—Drop the sack!" my mind started stuttering again. I tried but couldn't. I was kicking frenziedly now.

That one arm wasn't helping much. Faster! I couldn't get a breath. I remember dimly wondering what part of me they would tear at first. Would the salt water burn my ripped flesh?

Once I had seen a girl's body sharks had been at. Parts were missing. Not a pretty sight. Was that I screaming? Kick, you idiot! God, don't let them get me! By now I could hear the gurgle of water rolling up in front of those nearest fins as they shot towards me, following into that bloody flow the tide was carrying out to them. "Drop the sack!" Something began again. Something brushed against my leg. I drooled, sick—choking.

The shore! Right in front of you! Kick for bottom, you fool! I struck deep. Again and then—something hard. Bottom. I climbed; grabbed; clawed up the steep slope, my legs going up and down in the water like pistons. Suddenly a terrific tug jerked the sack from my panic-stricken clutch.

I scrambled out on the bank and fell into a gasping faint as the sharks churned the water into a foam over the sack of turtle meat.

THIS HIGHER EDUCATION

So, ploddingly, we progress
through musty pages
In this long, gaunt room
with its aged breath.

This is "Art 251"
In which we learn—
through gleaming adjectives
and lurid colored print—
the essential components of
beauty.

While, outside, the sun
kisses the lush sweetness of azaleas
and the pulse-quickenning music
of honey-voiced songsters
is lifted tenderly
by a timid breeze.

DICK KELLEY

Sink Hole

LOUIS BILIS

THE river was rising, slowly seeping between tall grasses and reeds along the bank and a great sink hole—smooth, black, in its bottomless depths. Short twilight and a full Florida moon over the St. Johns river flats. The scattered remains of cattle reflecting the moonlight. Soft breezes, although it is mid-winter, the grasses rolling before them as ocean water, gently rustling. A lowing murmur from herds of cattle, the night noises from insects and the distant rumbling of an alligator in the mating time.

Head low, a cow dog followed a cold familiar trail through the grasses and reeds. He stopped at the edge of the sink hole—a low whining. He was there that night of the hurricane, when Jack The Brander had plunged with his panicky mare into the viscous, hungry clay. Shivering, the hound had waited until the storm passed, but the great hairy arms that had cracked the necks of bulls had threshed the surface of the sink hole for only a moment. Then it had become again smooth, slick and treacherous.

Joe had been left the hound; the dog now went to him when it was hungry. But when Joe and Grover and Walter and Ed camped near Old Hell-sucker, as they called the sink, the hound, stirred by some age-old loyalty, followed the old trail to whine his salute to Jack The Brander, who understood dogs. Then he would run back to Joe and growl with the other dogs at the rim of the firelight as they tore meat from the bones given them.

The river was rising; in a few days the flats would be under water. Only the shell mounds, here and there, capped by palms which had seeded above the graves of forgotten races, would lift their whited heads above the racing water. On the flats the

cattle would drown; on the shell mounds starve.

Tomorrow would be a hard day of riding, of letting of blood in the corrals back in the flatwoods, of branding each man's calves so that they might bear the mark of his ownership as they left off their sucking and roamed through the lands of pine and oak and scrub. Tomorrow—well, Joe and Walter and Grove and Ed knew—the crack of the long rawhide, the strain of body in the saddle, the long call and echoes, the struggle of dog and horse and man to get a thousand head of cattle out of the miring flats before the flood came.

Joe's axe cracked into a live oak block. He laid a great chunk in the flames, close beside the big skillet, already steaming. A mess of possum, yams, palmetto hearts, and rice—blood for tomorrow's work.

"Funny 'bout dogs", Joe, in drawling Southern tones. "Funny 'bout dogs; some ways better'n humans. Seems like I've heard elephants be th' same way. Not fergettin' enemy or kindly actin'. But they don't mope neither; most humans does."

"Thinkin' o' that hound o' Jack's?" This from Ed. Jack had been his first pardner. "Th' hound'll be comin' round shortly."

"An' workin' mor'en two other dogs to-morrer", added Grove.

"Recon he'll be by ol' Hell Sucker at th' Resurrection", said Joe. "Well . . . he were Jack's first before me."

The fatwood blazed between the oak, the skillet steamed. Beyond the firelight four cow ponies browsed on long tethers. At the rim of the glow a dozen dogs, alert, restless watched their masters or moved noiselessly looking long into the ageless jungle of palmetto, vine and cypress. For clouds had

risen in the east, clouds heavy with rain from over the Gulf Stream, racing clouds, drifting clouds, black clouds. The moon slid behind them, the stars twinkled and died.

"Need tarp'lins t'night," growled Walter. "Mebby better shorten them tethers."

"Better git up more oak," said Joe. "Skeeters'll eat us alive iffen th' fire goes out."

"Better, mebbly, make a rain break o' these palmetter leaves," said Walter, drawing his big knife. "Holp keep th' rain offen th' fire."

Firm friendships, confidences—the gifts of nature to men who live in the open spaces. Strong men, loyal to the codes of their heritage. Patriotic men, their fathers had followed Joe Johnston at Atlanta, their fathers' fathers had been with Green at Kings Mountain. Men whose homes were their castles; wives their partners, and sons the heirs to their titles.

"Our budget balancin'," said Ed, "depends on that storm, th' price o' beef and our gittin' th' cattle outen this mire afore they bogs down. We-all kin git th' cows out; we can't do nothin' 'bout th' prices. Iffen th' prices goes down th' wife'll do th' budgetin'; women folks is better'n men at budgetin'."

"Bah — I'm still votin' Democratic." Grove was a bit belligerent on the subject. Twenty years before in No-Mans-Land he had picked up a couple of medals but his grandmother had once owned a small plantation in the seething vortex of the "March to the Sea"

"I votes Democratic too," said Ed, "but iffen some o' them Damn Yankees don't stop votin' that-a-way, this country's sure goin' broke."

"Waal," drawled Walter, "th' gov'mints done set on borryin' an' spendin' that five billion; we-all mought as well be in on th' barbecue sauce, that's what I says."

"Iffen that rattler in Berlin gits another button on his tail," said Ed, "we'll be sendin' our cows in tin cans over 'crost to feed Gen'el Grove here an' his Tough Riders.

Dogged then th' price o' beef'll go singin' up like a lark."

Grove rolling his Bull Durham, tore the paper. He threw it in the fire. "Don't mind canned beef," he said, "but this here corned willie we had was worser'n salt rattlesnake."

Walter had strolled off to see what had startled the horses. Now he came back to the fire, his rawhide in hand.

"Speakin' o' rattlers," said he, pointing, "they's one what's pinin' fer comp'ny. Bet any one of yuh a heifer I kin clip off his head at th' first crack."

"Take yuh", from Ed.

Three cowboys rolled cigarettes and circled back of the snake. Walter threw the long coils of his whip back of him, away from the reptile. Startled, the snake wriggled into the firelight. Its forked tongue flashed between its teeth like a tiny, wind blown flame. Its tail shook; there was a rattle as of dry peas in a pod.

Walter measured his distance with a sure eye, stepped forward with his left foot, bent slightly and brought his right arm forward and down with the speed of a catapult. His wrist jerked back. The great whip cracked. The snake's head jumped into the air; its scaly body rolled, writhing among the dead leaves.

"That," said Ed, "was a fat, old, lazy snake."

"Fat snake, fat heifer, I'll brand her in th' mornin'," said Walter.

A gust of wind, big drops of rain cut short the fun. Each man looked to his horse, spread his tarpaulin and rolled up feet to the fire.

Long hours of the night — smoke, rain, wind. Now and then a man got up and added more wood to the fire. The dogs hovered about, alert, each dog now and then sniffing his master. Only Jack's hound trotted away just before dawn; he came back at daybreak as Joe was pulling on his wet boots. Jack, The Brander, knew dogs.

DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN

Hitler — Master Psychologist?

P. R. KELLY

BEFORE tracing the origins of the attitudes of the Germans today, we must go back into the troubled days after the World War, when a proud people, their spirit humbled, were lost in a muddled maze of political strife. The war had completely disrupted their entire outlook, and beset by economic and social ills, they groped for something to give clarity and meaning to their lives. Into this setting came Adolf Hitler, mystic, prophet and fanatical proponent of the rights of the Germanic peoples.

Much as the world rants at Hitler today, we must give the devil his due. The man is a rabble rouser—yes—but he displays an almost uncanny ability to comprehend the psychological implications of Germany's plight. He realized, as few before him, that the Germans are a race of militarists, who loved, even in the time of Julian, (if we are to believe our Gibbon) to obey, rather than to think. For all the philosophic dissertations of German's writers, and all her work in the field of science, Germany's population is chiefly comprised of stolid, dogmatic folk, who are, by some strange paradox, highly emotional, if the right chord is struck. And Adolph Hitler plays with infinite skill on this national organ.

Hitler strikes no half-notes. In every case, he has been careful to give a clean-cut distinction between what and how the German should think, if he is to be a helpful member of the new National Socialist State. All the aims of the Nazis are given positive aspects . . . anything which might detract from the Nazi ideology is painted in distinctly negative colors.

Do they seek to possess? Then he gives

clear outline to their unspoken desires by advocating restoration of the lost colonies. Loving and liking, devotion, tenderness, kindness, helpfulness, loyalty and so on down the line are twisted about to conform to Nazi standards. They are to love, in order to breed more fodder for the Nazi armies. They are to be kind, helpful and loyal only towards those whom the party big-wigs designate as being fitting recipients of such display. Their service is dedicated, first, last and always, to the Nazi movement. Concentration camps and other fitting reminders help keep the importance of maintaining the right attitude at all times.

The study of attitudes in Germany is interesting because in this country today, is being made the greatest, the most comprehensive and scientific mass effort ever made to create, control and maintain mass attitudes, that the world has ever seen. Every device known to modern man is used in an effort to drown the individual under a barrage of concentrated propaganda. Every newspaper is controlled from a central agency. Every magazine is supervised. Private letters that might contain "subversive" thoughts are censored. The radio assails the ear of the patient listeners with a carefully chosen dose of pro-Nazi programs. Movies, theatres, and all entertainers are under strict surveillance. The church, which might offer some other ideas on the divine sources of Nazi authority, is subjected to scathing attacks. Any material that might in any way break down the case for the Nationalistic State has long since been consigned to flames.

Most of all, the Hitler regime has aimed

at the indoctrination of the young. Jesus Christ is outmoded in the minds of the young Germans . . . Adolf Hitler takes his place, pleasantly shrouded in a glowing mist, his eyes fixed dreamily on far-off places. In the schools, the text books have been painstakingly revised. The Jew, on whom der Fuehrer heaps the burden of carrying all the woes of the human race, is depicted in vile sketch and repulsive word. He calls for every negative attitude . . . dislike, hatred, unkindness, antagonism, destructiveness and unlawfulness, in his effort to completely convert the nation to his creed.

He appeals to the urge for group and class loyalty by perverting its meaning, using a fundamental human urge to base purposes in his attempts to draw the racial line, that broad and all-inclusive margin which magically expands and contracts to include or repel whole nations, according to Herr Hitler's momentary whim. The idiotic theme of "Pure Aryanism" with its fluctuating standards, attempts to cultivate the negative attitudes towards all those who oppose the aims of this self-appointed "Saviour."

There is no true patriotism save that of the Swastika, and Internationalism can be effectively and practically practiced only if the Nazis rule the roost. "Humanitarianism is great stuff," says Adolf, "but charity begins at home." In other words, help Germans only, and remember that only good little Nazis who heil respectfully and are careful not to think too much are capable of being designated to carry on humanitarianism in its highest sense, which is that spreading to the rest of the misguided world the only true philosophy . . . that of the Nazis.

The Jews are to be hated. They are treasonous. So is anyone who puts self before state. For anti-internationalism, canny Adolf turns unerringly to another universal scapegoat—the Soviet Union. Lurid pictures of hordes of wild-eyed monsters, all with peculiarly Russian features, cavort over

miles of subsidized press material. If there is a heavy rain fall in Bavaria, and three chickens are drowned, it is the work of "The Bolsheviki . . . those dirty Jewish despoilers of the world's peace!"

All abstract principles are carefully lined up with the nice, neatly pigeon-holed Reich plan. Idealism is skillfully guided into the proper channels. Instead of worshipping the dreams of independent thought, the young Nazi worships the dream of being killed on a happy field of battle, while ancient Gods look down with benignant smiles on him, and a band plays "Horst Wessel," somewhere in the distance. Every conscious thought should be directed towards the ultimate goals of the Nazi brain trust, and the only true happiness lies in self-mastery, which represses all such sentimental tommyrot as, love of neighbor, class, group or even family. All these should be subservient to THE STATE.

The opposition to investigation and the opposition to any really analytical thinking proceeds unabated, day and night. In Germany today, thinking is a crime . . . unless you think nice, clean Nazi thoughts, trimmed with pretty black swastikas and enlivened by a mental "Heil," every five minutes. After all, if ignorance is bliss, as many would have us believe, it is possible that Herr Hitler, in his mystic way, had pulled the proper rabbit out of the hat for the Germans.

The burning question of the moment is . . . "Will Hitler succeed?" Because of the terrific penalties extracted from those who dare to exhibit any independence of thought in Germany today, it is impossible to know just what the attitude of the nation as a whole tends to be. At any rate, social psychologists should find in the Third Reich, a vast testing field and proving ground for their pet theories. Whatever its political value may ultimately prove, the Nazi movement will, in a left handed way, make its contribution to science.

CIO Moves In — And Out

JOE HANNA

IN THE early summer of 1937, the Committee for Industrial Organization declared a strike on "Little Steel" in Youngstown, Ohio. The men who were working the afternoon shift in the plants of the Youngstown Sheet and Tube and the Republic Iron and Steel were asked—or rather demanded—to quit at the end of their turn that night and to help prevent the next shift from entering the mill. The next morning steel production in this prosperous valley had dropped off to a mere shadow of the previous schedule.

When the strike was called, I had been working with the Sheet and Tube Company for exactly one year. To me it was a means of paying for my first two years in college; to 15,000 other workers in the valley it meant food, clothing and shelter. But even then, 15,000 doesn't represent a majority of the populace in a city of 175,000 people. If the strike had affected these people only, there would have been comparatively little to worry about; but Youngstown is a city that depends almost entirely on its steel mills. A great majority of the men were married and had large families to support. Business houses in the city and neighboring towns were used to the bi-weekly checks of the wage earners and a wide-spread credit system had been built up on the strength of continuing employment. The valley was rapidly recovering from the depression and steel production was amounting to about 80 or 85 per cent of capacity—the highest level since before October, 1929.

I have been asked time and again by people who read of the strikes in the daily papers and *Time* and *Life* magazines, if the men had a legitimate reason for walking out and if not, "why did they do it?" Naturally it is difficult to determine whether or not

their reason was legitimate; however, if one were to acquaint himself with all or most of the facts, I am sure he would conclude that there was little excuse for the steel strikes.

The strike was called by the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, a subsidiary of the C. I. O. The flame was kindled and nursed by professional organizers who have more than once had the names "Red" and "Radical" tacked after theirs. They claimed that they wanted complete bargaining power and a "check-off" system for their members. Complete bargaining power, of course, meant a closed shop, and workers who were not members of the C. I. O. would soon find themselves without a job. A check-off system was defined as the collection of union dues by a deduction from the worker's pay check. Naturally, the constitutionality of these two un-American practices did not bother the C. I. O. for, since they were not a corporation they could not be sued nor brought to justice for the acts of their members, and besides, the administration was all for them as I will prove later.

Were the employees of these companies dissatisfied? Undoubtedly some were; the pertinent question is: Did the workers have good reasons for being dissatisfied with their working conditions? My opinion is that they did not. A few months before the strike, workers were given a raise in pay that brought the hourly rate of the common laborer to sixty-two and a half cents an hour and the semi-skilled and skilled workers' pays were similarly increased. This made the laborer in the steel mill the highest paid of any of the ordinary workers in industry. The Youngstown Sheet and Tube maintained, and does today, an employee's benefit fund, complete hospitalization, company food stores, and houses and lots for sale or

rent to their employees. The worker pays \$1.50 a month into the benefit fund which is never touched for any other reason than to pay compensation to injured workers. While incapacitated, a man will receive \$10.50 a week for thirteen weeks. I once drew such a weekly check while kept from work with a broken ankle. Never was there any question about my receiving the money nor was the check ever late. A competent staff of nurses and doctors are constantly on duty in well-equipped hospitals to care for injured men. No one is permitted to work if he so much as scratches a finger, until he has been to a nurse to have the wound treated and receives an OK to return to his job. Much of the work in a large steel mill is dangerous, but every precaution is taken for the workman's safety. The finest brands of food are sold in the company stores to Sheet and Tube employees on a non-profit basis. Splendid homes are rented and sold at the lowest possible rates to the workers. All in all, the company was trying in every way to make the worker's life a safer, easier and more pleasant one. Judge for yourself whether or not the strikes were justifiable.

Why was the C. I. O. beaten in their fight against "Little Steel" when they had just completed an overwhelming victory over United States Steel, world's largest producers? My answer is this: In their effort to gain control over the steel industry, the C. I. O. committed such atrocities that public opinion turned against them. Law-abiding citizens were so outraged at the practices of the ignorant mob that they turned all the forces of a sane democratic government on them. Four people were killed as the result of an outbreak on the picket lines. Mail trucks of the United States government were overturned and the contents inspected for foodstuffs for the maintenance men in the mills. What did the government do about it? They reprimanded the local pos-

tal authorities for permitting the mail to go into the troubled areas.

Strike codes recognize the necessity of having maintenance men in industrial plants. A large steel mill cannot be left on a moment's notice without some disastrous effect. But this meant nothing to the rabble on the picket lines. They made every possible attempt to stop the run of food into the plants. They cut freight rails with acetylene torches and shot at airplanes trying to drop food to the loyal workers. During the thirty days of the strike, the Youngstown Sheet and Tube made no attempt to produce an ounce of steel.

Shortly after the strike was called many of the men realized the foolishness of their move and began a "Back to Work" movement. In a few days a great majority of the workers on their own volition had gone to one of the local banks and had signed their names to a petition requesting police protection for their return to work. The sheriff, perhaps the most competent the county has ever seen, deputized hundreds of willing men despite political opposition by the county commissioners who tried to stop any payment of salary to the deputies. Thus on a certain Tuesday night the nerves of the entire valley were tense, for the next morning at seven o'clock thousands of men were going to try to break through a picket line of thousands more. The alert sheriff foresaw trouble from the headquarters of John L. Lewis—the mines of Pennsylvania. He had all roads to the city blocked and armed deputies stood guard over the city. That night 3000 men armed with every kind of weapon from baseball bats to Thompson machine guns were stopped on the main routes coming from Pennsylvania. That same night Lewis made a plea to the President of the United States to "stop this bloody massacre before it could start;" that night, Governor Martin L. Davey of Ohio declared martial law in the Mahoning Val-

ley and sent 5,000 militia men to the troubled area. By the next noon there was not a picket to be seen, only hundreds of young soldiers with their heavy rifles.

That was about all there was to the strike. In a few days most of the men gladly returned to their jobs, happy to be earning a good living wage again. A few perpetual trouble-makers loafed about the almost deserted headquarters of the C. I. O. The leaders went home crying something about "injustice" and "investigations." There were investigations—outrageously one-sided

affairs which tried to tack the blame on the companies. When these failed Lewis turned on the Democratic leaders and declared them all traitors, for he and his organization had contributed enormous amounts of money and votes towards Roosevelt's election; but the echoes have mostly died out. The strike impoverished the entire valley, but today the workers are gradually getting back to the level which they once enjoyed before the C. I. O. moved in. The story of Youngstown and its steel strikes holds a moral of great value to all industry—Capital and Labor.

A Tale From the French

PART III

D. W. BRADLEY

THE thunder of fifty thousand marching feet, steadily approaching the Rhine, awakened French border garrisons early on that day in March. Firmly and menacingly those thudding feet pounded closer. The field green helmets, coal-scuttle shaped, rose and fell in long lines—waves on the ocean.

Was it an invasion? No one knew. The wires to Paris hummed with action. Closer came the German troops. Nervous French advance stations at the bridge heads raised their rifles. Then the command echoed—"Halt!" The green lines stopped and deployed rapidly. Shovels and picks were subsituated for guns—the entrenching had begun. The Nordic sons of Hitler were there to stay.

And in Paris and London, that same morning, notes were delivered to the State Departments from His Excellency, the Reich-fuehrer of Germany, announcing the reoccupation of the Rhineland and proposing a six-foot demilitarization treaty to be con-

cluded after Germany's new position had been recognized.

Thus always do the Dictators advance; taking, then offering appeasement if what they have taken is forgiven.

This time it was the French government who appealed to England for immediate action. The League Council was summoned. Baldwin offered the proper condolences to the Juai d'Orsay, much was said about England's first line of defense being on the Rhine, and the whole thing became a tempest in a teacup, because the French government found that it would be too expensive to mobilize the army, and thus enger the newly devaluated franc.

The Treaty of Versailles had provided for mass action by the allies in case of military movements along the Rhine. But that agreement was old and almost forgotten. The retreat of the Democracies had become a rout. Each one thought only of itself and how to get out from under the avalanche.

Today we may ask the question:—"Why

didn't France fight then—then when she had a chance of winning easily?" This is plainly a case of hindsight being better than foresight. For if we go back to those troubled days during the spring of 1936, we find that the condition of the world was more favorable to France.

China and Spain were at peace. Italy was supposedly still allied with France. Russia had just signed a strong treaty with Paris and Prague. Poland, Yugoslavia, the Baltic Entente and Austria were hostile to Germany. Why should France deliberately start a war—even if she had just cause, which may thought she did not have, merely to regain the Rhineland and plague the world into pandemonium? From all aspects it appeared that Germany was being held well within control. A war might alter positions—Let well enough alone, decided the War Cabinet, and the chances are any one of us would have said the same thing if we had had possession of the facts at the time.

Yet the choice was wrong, as we know

now. It was wrong only because one could not figure on the curious coincidence of so many events to distract the attention and strength of France. She was to be attacked on all sides, nor was she destined to be strongly supported by her own allies.

From that day in March 1936, when Hitler invaded the Rhineland, to this, France has not had a moment's breathing spell. The vultures are waiting to pluck her very bones. But once again the French people have proven their strength in times of crisis, for each new blow has been met with new determination to resist and rebuild. The spirit of Clovis and Louis XI, the strength of the Bourgeoise, and the glory of Napoleon is not yet dead, as we shall see. The tale from now on is one, not of grievous error, but of grim battling, where the giving of an inch might mean collapse, and when the last sign of that gnawing inner-fear can mean complete loss of National confidence. Terrible odds, but France still survives.

(To Be Continued)

THIS HIGHER EDUCATION

These hands, that knew your hair
These lips, that knew your kisses
This body that was yours . . .
Turn, now, to
the exciting pursuit . . .
of scholastic honors!

Well, then
We sit in this room
Warmed and shadowed by the sun
And the voice drones on
in rippling, soothing, sleep-inducing cadence
And I nod . . .
Dreamily, heavy-eyed
Suspended mystically in an azure world of mist.
Who cares
about the atomic theory?

DICK KELLEY

The Worst Race on Earth

WENDELL DAVIS

THAT little Narragansett Bay city, Newport, R. I., summer hub of America's society, was a very bustling place. And social events were hardly the hub of it either. Probably few were those in America or England—and certainly not a single person in that quaint seaport—who didn't realize that the 1937 episode of the historic America's Cup racing was only a few days away.

Excitement ran in and out with the tide. Each new arrival of a great yacht with its celebrities aboard, caused ripples to run up Thames Street, and if an automobile tire should have suddenly blown out, there is no hazarding what might have happened, so keyed were everyone's ears for the starting cannon scheduled to boom just before noon the following Saturday.

The "Big Fleet" of spectator yachts were rapidly growing into Times Square proportions, between five and six hundred boats of all descriptions making ready to churn and re-churn the Narragansett Bay waters for choice "ringside seats".

All this for the "Worse Race On Earth".

It was this time that Henry McLemore, eminent sports debunker and United Press Sports Editor, published an article in the Saturday Evening Post entitled, "The Worst Show On Earth". With all his profundity of language, McLemore assailed sportdom's most expensive classic as the "worst spectator sport". "The worst seat in any baseball, football, tennis or polo stand," he stated, "is better than the choicest seat in an America's Cup duel"—and yet, at least half a million two legged beings were awaiting the time to jam themselves aboard fishing smacks, excursion steamers and great steam-driven yachts in a frenzied attempt to catch one

glimpse of those immense "birds of flight". The flotilla in itself amounted to billions of greenfold.

If Mr. McLemore had rephrased his title to the "Worse Race On Earth" and fitted the make-up of his story to such as that, proponents of yachting might have had one less concern in those hectic hours before race time; for in the minds of the bloody racing salts, America's Cup racing is clearly "no race", but emphatically a "show".

Picture two half-million dollar investments pitting brains and brawn in a setting that, allegorically speaking, only the annual United States deficit would in part explain the expansiveness of the meeting. There's Ranger off Fort Adams, tuning up, her sleek white sides gleaming in minute polished brilliance, her duralumin spar reaching 166 feet (12 building stories) into the blue overhead, her 87-foot waterline bulging the equally hued waters of Narragansett Bay, and her 7550 square feet of canvas fairly gasping for the breath that the Atlantic air possessed at the moment.

There's Endeavour II up to weather, her deep Britain blue contrasting the whiteness of Ranger. Measurements practically identical, her only obvious difference in design was the construction of bow. Hers was razor-sharp, Ranger's blunt.

The betting was terrific. Some knew what they were betting about, most of them didn't; yet according to the figures, between \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 were wagered on the "Worst Race On Earth". The question before the public was "would American skipper, crews, designers, and big boat builders continue their 16-time successful defense" of a cup with a full valuation of \$49.50.

The rich history was known by all. A 100-

foot schooner, named America, costing \$30,000, had licked the tar out of all the English tars back in 1851, and ever since, English yachtsmen have spent multi-millions in an effort to regain the famous "Ould Mugg". Today, the hull investment along for a Class J sloop ranges around the \$400,000 mark.

After the first few disastrous challenges, English yachtsmen and designers decided that the supremacy of England was at stake, and that something should be done about it. But just as soon as English designers pencilled new ideas on the boards, their American contemporaries were one jump ahead of them. In the early years of cup rivalry, the boats were of the type where speed was not the only essential. Seaworthy and fitted with quarters for crew and passengers, they were practical boats as well as race horses of the sea.

Then, as the new century had its inception, attempts were made to limit sail area, length of waterline and overall, mast height, the weight of the keel. But with all the changes, England was still without success.

Those were the days of Sir Thomas Lipton. The beloved sportsman, they called him, but probably one of the greatest business men in sport. America's Cup challenges to him were great publicity for his tea, despite the millions he invested in his so-called quest for the Cup. Lipton Tea might never had become a family word if the "grand old sportsman" had not challenged the New York Yacht Club during a span of thirty years—and kept losing.

No, America's Cup races can never be regarded as true yacht racing. Those thousands witnessing the 1937 debacle, and the one in 1934, in '30 and so on back, could tell you that. Ranger trimmed Endeavour in four straight races, and those of us yachting enthusiasts who viewed our first America's Cup classic that first week in August, 1937, were sorely disappointed. It was clearly "The Worst Race On Earth"; but it was not the

"Worst Show On Earth".

In our opinion, there will be no more "Worst Races On Earth". Not that America's Cup racing is over, for it isn't and never will be. But the days of million dollar racing is past, and the introduction of smaller yachts with close racing competition is on the threshold. When T. O. M. Sopwith left these shores two years ago, he said "never again" to this writer; but further inquiry with his intimate friend, Capt. Scott Hughes, British yachting expert, later inferred that "if smaller yachts might compete for the Cup," the British airplane manufacturer "would probably return."

"The smaller yachts" unquestionably refer to the present Twelve Meter Class which has been growing popular in recent years. Last summer, Vanderbilt and a group of his New York Yacht Club cronies gave rebirth to this class in racing competition, and on the other side, Sopwith was doing likewise.

Twelve Meters are 68-feet long, cost around \$40,000, are popular in the Scandinavian countries as well as here and in England. There are a dozen in the United States and this winter at least three more are under construction. America yachtsmen, including Vanderbilt, are preparing for next summer's invasion of England at the invitation of Mr. Sopwith for a series there in this class, and there is great possibility that English yachtsmen will return for a Twelve Meter classic sometime in September.

As far as future America's Cup racing is concerned, a lot depends on the success and friendliness of the Twelve Meter racing in England this summer.

Should the New York Yacht Club, owners of the coveted trophy at present, accept England's probable challenge for an America's Cup race in Twelve Meters within a few years, yachting followers will no longer witness the "Worst Race On Earth"; yet, on the other hand, the "show" part of it will be gone!

On Modern Poetry

this stuff called poetry
is very mixing.

one word may be on one
corner

and the following
on the

it's like putting a puzzle together.

fitting . . . trying . . .

until you want to scream.

it has no f

o

r

m:

just words and more words.

one

of the page,

other.

following the
other.

no sense

no rhythm.

it talks of candles and horned toads

in the same b r e a t h ;

the

of elephants and cherry cider—

choo choo trains and cold ham:

and then they like the moral side—

complexes and psychiatry—

or the psychological reaction to

such things as

b-r-i-d-g-e-s.

this modern poetry is silly.

i get headaches deciphering it.

maybe you like it.

CAROLYN NAUGHT

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CRY FROM FLANDERS

When we of youthful hopes were sent to fight,
Both praised and glorified by those behind
We marched, with beating drums, into the night
To seek
The torch our father's left for us to find.

The great adventure lured us 'til we met,
With fearless hearts we greeted it in joy
And laughed, as cannon 'round us spat out death,
Made ribald jokes of that which we'd destroy.

And when a voice would call "thou shalt not kill!"
We'd heed it not, but beat our drums more loud
And slaughter those toward whom we had no ill,
This was our cause, our heritage,—our shroud.

For soon our own flesh felt the bite of steel,
We scattered, fled back through the slime and gore,
And one by one we fell, 'til all the field
Was strewn with us, who knew of hope no more.

No time before to think, but plenty now,
As mangled, torn, and dying in the mud
Our blackened lips moved, forming one last vow,
To you, our sons, we throw no torch of blood

Fight not to right the wrong that others made!
For if you try to gain by what succumbs
Recall our vow, and hear from where we're laid,
The beat of shattered hands on shattered drums.

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